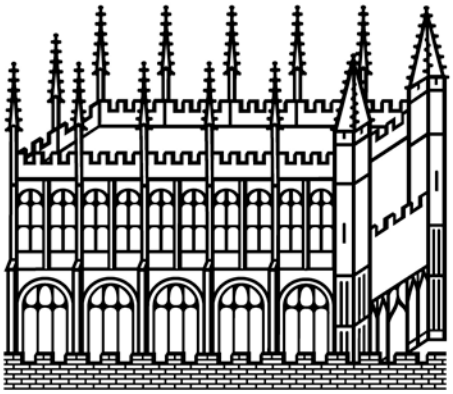

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P. R.

THE

WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION,

Dedicated to

HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERAS, THEATRES, &c. &c.

VOL. I.

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No. 1. LONDON, JUNE 1. V

THE KING.

In commencing our work, dedicated as it is to the world of rank and fashion, we might well be considered unpardonably deficient in taste, judgment, and propriety, did we not devote some part of our columns to the illustrious Monarch, from whose example and patronage that world derives its spirit, elegance, and splendour; not that our feeble voice is needed, to celebrate the many excellencies of his mind and heart, but we wish to show in this, the beginning of our task, how much we honour and esteem them, and are eager that all who favour us with their countenance should know how decidedly and entirely our sentiments are opposed to those of certain persons belonging to the press, who delight daily to pour out their *grovelling* abuse in the face of Majesty, and endeavour, *by their* miserable and false invectives, to sully that glory which shines so proudly and so highly above them, and which their mean souls will only allow them to envy whilst they cannot approach. Among the first of these are the sapient writers in the *Times* newspaper, who absolutely, debarred as they must be, by the mediocrity of their stations in life—from any communication with royalty and fashion—have the egregious folly to pretend an acquaintance with the movements, sentiments, and circumstances, of their betters, instead of wisely keeping to the dull prosing affairs of the commercial world, in which alone they can wrangle and debate without exposing themselves to merited ridicule. In its despicable and feeble sneers at all that is great and illustrious, the *Times* is imitated by several daily and weekly papers of inferior note, which take their cue from their master, and follow in the petty road of vulgar malice. As a thousand curs yell together at the moon, so do those obscure scribblers unite in inveighing against that rank and excellence, whose lustre too evidently displays their comparative meanness and insignificance. We will not stay to give them a more particular notice, (almost beneath that we have already bestowed,) merely assuring them that, by their absurd and disgusting attacks upon the sacred person of their monarch, they can only render themselves contemptible in the eyes of every loyal and honourable man.

The generous character and charitable deeds of His Royal Highness the Duke of York would alone render the stings of his frivolous enemies entirely pointless; but he has also the gratification of knowing that the same hack-writers who ridiculously endeavour to detr his good fame, are the identical low-minded fell strive in paltry fashion to dishonour their King. opinion of mankind gives the lie to their assertic the many munificent acts which His Majesty is ally performing towards the public, sufficiently p impossible it is for his subjects to render too lar mage to his greatness—or too great a degree of tion to his generosity. His noble gift of the roya his intention of relinquishing the rich collectio tures that adorn his palace; the establishment of society of literature,—and not only these, but t sand other encouragements bestowed on the sciences, amply prove how liberal is His Majest spirit, and how great his anxiety to patronise an whatever may conduce to the happiness, improven gratification, of his people.

But, above all, let His Majesty be honoured marked favour he displays towards the *native* the country. Many of the leading members of circles, we are sorry to say, are much too pron the preference to *Foreign* rather than *English* a doing so are guilty of manifest injustice, as imperative duty of all who hold the power of a genius in its toiling march after fame, to em power in favour of their own industrious and h dowed countrymen, and thus the more effectual the realm at large. Such is the practice of H King:—the poet confesses his liberality; the pai to celebrate his kindness and encouraging atten skilful combiner of harmonious sounds is proud d due deference to his admirable taste, at the s that he gratefully acknowledges his boundless ge and all men of learning and science experienc tronage and favour. Let the servants and ad His Majesty follow this excellent example of t narch, and the arts and genius of Britain will the with redoubled vigour.

In closing the willing tribute which we thus and proudly pay to our King, let us confess that, great and powerful may be the country and pe which he presides, there is nothing they have mor of deservedly than the illustrious and gifted M whom they are governed.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.

His Most Gracious Majesty arrived at his Palace, in Pall Mall, on Saturday evening May 15th, about half past six o'clock, escorted by a party of Light Horse, in his travelling carriage and four, from Windsor Castle. His Majesty left the Castle at twenty minutes after four o'clock, accompanied by sir W. Knighton. On Sunday mornings May 16th and 23d, the King, attended by his Household, heard divine service performed at his palace, in Pall-mall, by the Rev. Dr. Blomberg.

The Duke of York, the idol of the army, as well as of every individual who ever had the slightest intercourse with this illustrious prince, has been passing some days at Newmarket; he has since arrived in London, in excellent health, to the great delight of his numerous friends. A more perfect gentleman does not exist; easy and unaffected in his manners, mixing with the nobility and gentry, without pride or ostentation, and returning the bow of the humblest individual.

Atholl, duke and duchess of, in Great George-street, Westminster.

Bedford, duke and duchess, at their house in St. James's-square, from Woburn Abbey.

Devonshire, Duke of, in Piccadilly, from Naples. His Grace arrived about eleven o'clock, Tuesday, May 18, A.M. from Dover, and after alighting for a moment at Devonshire-house, proceeded in an open carriage, attended by several outriders, in deep mourning, for Chiswick. The remains of the late duchess were brought in her own carriage to Devonshire-house, at a late hour in the evening. The arrangements were so privately conducted as not to be known in the neighbourhood.

Grafton, Duke of, from Newmarket.

Leeds, duke of, in Bruton-street, from his seat, Hornby Castle, Yorkshire.

Rutland, duke of, from Newmarket.

Rutland, dowager duchess of, in Sackville-street, from Belvoir castle.

MARQUISSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Bath, marquis and marchioness of, in Grosvenor-square

Bute, marquis and marchioness of, in Piccadilly.

Chandos, marquis, at Buckingham-house, Pall-mall, from his seat, Wootton

Huntley marquis and marchioness, and the ladies Montague, in Lower Grosvenor-street.

Londonderry, Emily, marchioness of, at her house in St. James's-square, from her seat, North Cray, Kent.

Lothian, marquis, from Scotland.

EARLS AND COUNTESSES, VISCOUNTS AND VISCOUNTES BARONS AND BARONESSES.

Abingdon, earl and countess of, in Great Cumberland Pl

Aylesford, dowager countess of, and the ladies Finch, in nover-square.

Ashburnham, earl of, at the Cobourg hotel, Charles-str Grosvenor-square.

Athlone, countess of, at the Admiralty.

Arran, earl of, from his seat, Arran Lodge, Sussex.

Althorp, lord, from his seat, Weston Hall, Yorkshire.

Allen, viscountess, and miss, in Charles-street, Berke square.

Abergavenny, earl of, in Berkeley-square.

Aboyne, countess of, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square

Beauchamp, countess, and lady EmilyLygon, at their ho in St. James's-square, from the Continent.

Belmore, countess, in Harley-street.

Bentinck, countess, in Welbeck-street.

Brownlow, countess, in Cavendish-square.

Bentinck, lord W. from Lynn, Norfolk.

Berkeley, lady Charlotte, lady Mary, and lady Caroline Berkeley-house, in Spring Gardens.

Bentinck, lord and lady Frederick, in Fitzroy-square.

Bentinck, lady Mary, in Charles street.

Carhampton, countess of, at her house in Bruton-str from her seat in Kent.

Caledon, earl and countess of, at the earl of Hardwicke' St. James's-square.

Castle Coote, earl and countess of, at Batt's hotel, Dove

Clonmell, countess of, and lady Charlotte Scott, in Up Brook-street.

Cork and Orrery, countess dowager of, in New Burlingto

Chichester, earl and countess, and lady Mary Pelham, St ton-street.

Carrington, lord and lady, and the hon. Miss Smith, f their seat, Wycombe Abbey.

Clonbrook, lord, in Clarges street, from Gloucestershire

Cecil, lord Thomas, at Kirkham's hotel, Lower Brool from Lincolnshire.

Cavendish lord G. H. from Newmarket.

Cremorne, lord, in Pall Mall.

Darlington, earl and countess of, and family, in St. Jan square, from Cheltenham.

Dynevor, earl and countess, and Miss Rice, in Dover-str

Drummond, lady Mary, and Misses, in Bryanstone squa

Euston, viscountess, in Grosvenor Place.

Elgin, earl of, at the royal hotel, St. James's-st., from Fra

Enniskillen, earl of, at Batt's hotel, Dover-street, f Ireland.

Effingham, lady Howard of, and Miss Mansfield, in De shire Place.

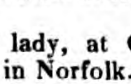
Gage, viscount and viscountess, in Albemarle-street.

Gordon, lady Catherine, in Charles-street, Berkeley-squ

Gosford, earl of, at Blake's hotel, Jermyn-street.

Gower, lord, lady, and family, at their house, in Albem street, from the Continent.

Galway, viscountess, at Holding's hotel, from Bawtry.
Grenville, lord, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, from Dropmore.
Hardwicke, earl of, countess and family, at their house in St. James's-square, from their seat, Wimpole, Cambridgesh.
Hare, earl, countess, and the ladies Brudenell, in Upper Brook-street.
Hotham, lady Frances, in Upper Grosvenor-street.
Kingston, earl of, at Miller's hotel, Jermyn-street, from Dublin.
Lisburne, earl of, at Long's hotel, Bond-street, from a tour.
Lennox, lord F. from a tour.
Longford, earl of, countess, and family, at the St. George's-hotel, Albemarle-street, from Ireland.
Lieven, countess, and her two sons counts Paul and George, at Ashburnham house, from the Continent.
Lennox, lord George, at the Bath hotel.
Lovaine, lord and lady, from Brighton.
Lynedoch, lord, at Warren's hotel, Regent-street, from Newmarket.
Leitrim, countess of, and the ladies Clement, in Great Cumberland Place.
Mulgrave, earl and countess of, and the ladies Phipps, in Harley-street.
Manners, lords Charles and Robert, from Newmarket.
Northesk, lord, at the Bath hotel, Arlington-street, from a tour.
Powerscourt, lady, at the Cobourg hotel, Charles-street, Grosvenor square, from the earl of Darnley's, Cobham hall
Rosslyn, earl of, and lady J. St. Clair, at their house, in St. James's-square, from their seat in Scotland.
Roden, earl of, at Batt's hotel, Dover-street.
Radnor, earl of, in Lower Grosvenor-street, from his seat, Longford Castle.
Roscommon, earl and countess of, at Fladong's hotel, Oxford street, from Ireland.
Rothes, countess, and the ladies Leslies, at the St. Petersburg hotel, Dover-street, from their seat in Surrey
Stanhope, earl and countess of, from Kent.
Sandwich, countess of, in Dover-street, from Hinchinbrooke, Huntingdonshire.
St. Germains, earl and countess of, at their new residence, in Seymour-street, from their seat in Cornwall.
Spencer, earl and countess, in St. James's Place, from their seat, Althorp, Northamptonshire.
Surrey, earl and countess of, at Norfolk-house, St. James's-square, from their seat, Worksop-manor, Notts.
Spencer, lord Robert, at his house, in Arlington-street, from his seat, Woolbeding, Sussex.
Suffield, lord and lady, in Park-lane, from their seat, Gunton hall, Norfolk.
Townshend, lord C. and lady, at Gould's hotel, Jermyn-street, from their seat in Norfolk.
Vaughan, lord, at Long's hotel, Bond-street, from a tour



THE CLERGY.

Litchfield and Coventry, bishop of, and Miss Ryder, at Rickham's hotel, Lower Brook-street, from Litchfield.
Norwich, bishop of, in May Fair.

Douglas, hon. and rev. James, and Mrs. at the Cobo tel, from Sussex.
Neville, rev. George and lady Harriet, in Mount Grosvenor-square.
Wyatt, rev, F. C. at Fenton's hotel, St. James's-stree Oxfordshire.

BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND LADIES.

Astley, sir Jacob, and lady, in Hereford-street.
Bromley, dowager lady, and Miss Curzon, in Berkeley
Baker, sir Edward, and lady Elizabeth, in Stratford-
Brabazon, sir W. at Fladong's hotel, Oxford-street, Continent.
Bloomfield, lady, at Gordon's hotel.
Blackwood, hon. sir H. from Brighton.
Bolton, gen. sir R. at Fenton's hotel, St. James's-str a tour.
Borough, lady and Miss, in Portland-place.
Barham, lady Caroline, in Queen Ann-street, west.
Booth, lady and Miss, at Scaife's hotel, Lower Brool
Cathcart, sir Andrew, at Gould's hotel, Jermyn-str
Cotterell, sir G. and family, at their house, in Curzo
Chetwynd, sir G. and family, at their house in Curzo
Crespigny, sir W. de, lady and family, at Champ Camberwell, from their house in Hampshire.
Domville, sir Compton, lady and family, at the St. hotel, Albemarle-street, from Sussex.
Doyle, sir Charles, lady and Miss, from Brighton.
Euston, sir John, at Marshel Thompson's hotel, Ca square.
Floyd, sir H., lady and family, at the Hyde-park ho Norwich.
Fitzherbert sir H., lady and Miss, at Fladong's hote street, from Farleigh, near Maidstone.
Foulis, sir W. in Duke-street, Manchester-square.
Gardiner, sir James, at the Bath hotel, from a tour.
Gore, sir J. at the Waterloo hotel, from a tour.
Gunning, sir R. in Devonshire-street, from a tour
Grey, sir Thomas, in Bond-street, from Ramsgate.
Hobhouse, sir B. and family, in Berkeley-square.
Inge, lady and family, in Montague-square.
Ingilby, sir W. and lady, at Nerot's hotel, Clifford-
Ibbetson, sir H. at Batt's hotel, Dover-street.
Innes, sir James and lady, in King-street.
Jerningham, sir George, lady and family, at Bat Dover-street, from their seat, Copey-hall, Norwi
Lopez, sir Manasseh, in Arlington-street, from Dev
Lascelles, lady Louisa, in Upper Grosvenor-street
Murray, lady S. M., in Baker-street.
Ogle, sir Charles and lady, at Holding's hotel.
Oakley, lady, at the Hanover hotel, Hanover-squ the Palace, Lichfield.
Otway, sir Loftus, and lady, in Regent-street, mington.
Parker, sir W. at Fenton's hotel, St. James's-stree
Pringle, lady and Miss, in Stratford-place.
Sawyer, sir H. and family, at the Royal hotel, St street, from their seat in Devonshire.

Trollope, sir J., at the Royal hotel, St. James's-street.
Trowbridge, sir Thomas, from his seat, in Sussex.
Vidian, sir H. at Gordon's hotel, St. James's-square, from his seat in Hants.
Wilson, sir T. M. at Charlton, Kent, from the Continent.
Williamson, sir H. at Mivart's hotel, Lower Brook-street, from his seat, Whitburn, Durham
Wigram, sir R. and lady, in Connaught-place, from a tour.
Wynn, sir Watkin and lady H. W. in St. James's square, from their seat in Wales.

ARMY AND NAVY.

Austin, col. and Mrs. in Park-lane.
Aubrey, col. from a tour.
Archdale, gen. from Ireland.
Brand, hon. gen. and family, in Upper Seymour-street, from Brighton.
Boat, capt. at the British hotel, from a tour.
Berkeley, capt. at Berkeley-house, Spring-gardens.
Clarke, capt. at Shadwell's, from Italy.
Cowper, capt. and Mrs. in Queen-street, May Fair
Dundas, col. at Nerot's hotel, Clifford-street.
Egerton, major-gen. in Albemarle-street.
Ford, col. M. P. and Mrs. Ford at the Cobourg hotel, Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, from their seat in Ireland.
Ferguson, capt. at Miller's hotel, Jermyn-street.
Garth, capt., Mrs. and family, at Hyde-park hotel, from Berkshire.
Hope, capt at the Royal hotel, St. James-street, from Scotland.
Heathcote, capt. Mrs. and Miss, at the Hyde-park hotel.
Hanmer, sir Thomas and lady, at Kirkham's hotel, from Flintshire.
Harvey, rear-admiral and Mrs. at Miller's hotel, Jermyn-street.
Holt, capt., Basil, in Bury-street, St. James's.
Loftus, gen. and Miss, in Wimpole-street.
Moulsey, capt. from Paris.
Mason, capt,. Mrs., and family, at Blake's hotel, Jermyn-street, from Dover.
North, major, in St. James's street.
Ord, gen. from his seat in Hants.
Scobell, capt. R.N. at Long's hotel, from Portsmouth.
Stewart, capt. 15th hussars, at Fenton's hotel, St. James's-street, from a tour.
Tomlinson, major, and the Misses, at the Cobourg hotel, from their seat in Cheshire.
Tighe, capt. from Paris.
Talbot, col M. P. in Audley-street, from his seat, Malabede Castle, Ireland.
Welch, capt. Fletcher and Mrs. at Marshel Thompson's hotel, Cavendish square.
Wilson, admiral, Mrs, and Miss, at Nerot's hotel, Clifford-street.

ESQUIRES.

Atkinson, J. esq., and Miss, at Nerot's hotel, Clifford-stre
Allen, J. H. esq., in Portland-place, from his seat, in Wal
Brown, Dennis, esq., M. P., and James Brown, esq., at He derson's hotel, Westminster, from Ireland.
Benfield, — esq., in Green-street.
Boothby, — esq., and lady, in Montague-square.
Burton, Dr., Holles-street, from Oxford.
Buckle, — esq., and Mrs., at Scaife's hotel, Lower Broo street.
Bifer, — esq., and Mrs., at Scaife's hotel.
Barry, — esq., at Scaife's hotel.
Becher, W. esq., and Mrs, from their seat, in Ireland.
Brown, P. esq., at his house, in Devonshire-square, fr Bath.
Burrell, Walter, esq., at the British hotel, Jermyn-stre from his seat, in Sussex.
Boyce, J. esq., at the British hotel, Jermyn-street.
Bourchier, S. esq., in Wimpole-street.
Burton, Dr. and Miss, in Holles-street.
Brure, C. P. esq., in Devonshire-street.
Blackett, C. esq., in Gloucester-place.
Chinery, J. esq., at Nerot's-hotel, Clifford-street.
Cartwright, W. R. esq., M P., from his seat, in Northampto shire.
Collingridge, — esq., and Mrs., at Batt's hotel, from Irelan
Crawley, — esq., in Charles-street, Berkeley-square.
Clive, H. esq., M. P., in New-street, Spring-gardens.
Coventry, hon. Mr., Mrs., and Miss, at Blake's hotel, J myn-street, from Cray-place, Kent.
Cavannagh, Thomas, esq., and the Misses, at Nerot's hot Clifford-street.
Curzon, hon. Mr., in Welbeck-street.
Clermside, Dr., in Somerset-street, Portman-square, fr Paris.
Drummond, Mark, esq., at the Waterloo hotel, Jermy street, from his seat, in Scotland.
Duncombe, — esq., Mrs., and Miss, in Great Cumberlan place.
Edmonds, — esq., and Miss, in Charles-street, Berkele square.
Elliot, — esq., in Orchard-street, from Binfield-park.
Goulbourn, H esq., M. P., from Dublin Castle.
Gooch, T. E. esq., M. P., and Miss, at Blake's hotel, J myn-street, from Suffolk.
Gordon, T. D. esq., and Mrs., in Gloucester-place, from th seat, in Norfolk.
Hastings, Mrs., in Portugal-street, Grosvenor-square, fr Daylesford.
Heathcote, G. esq., from Normanton-park, Lincolnshire.
Heathcote, R. esq., at Fladong's hotel, Oxford-street, fr Newcastle-under-line.
Herbert, W. esq., and Mrs., in Lower Grosvenor-street.
Harrington, E. esq., in Davies-street, Berkeley-square.
Hanham, — Esq., and Mrs , in Portman-square, from th villa, at Roehampton.
Impey, E. B. esq., at Fladong's hotel, from Norwich

Littleton, — esq., in Portman-square, from Teddesley-park, Staffordshire.
Leeds, J. esq., in Somerset-street, from his seat, in Oxfordshire.
Meade, — esq., and Miss, in Lower Berkeley-street, from Northamptonshire.
Mansfield, — esq., and Mrs., at the St. George's hotel, Albemarle-street, from their seat, in Herts.
Norris, R. esq., at Fertac's hotel, St. James's-street, from his seat, in Yorkshire.
Pemberton, — esq., Mrs., and family, from a tour.
Pringle, J. esq., at Thomas's hotel, Berkeley-square, from Scotland.
Selwin, — esq., and Mrs., at their house, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, from Down Hall.
Shakerley, C. esq., at the Hyde-park hotel, from Stanford-park.
Tattam, — esq., and Mrs., at lady Sykes's, in St. James's-place, from their seat, in Cheshire.
Trevor, hon. H. and Mrs., at the Cobourg hotel.
Wyvell, M. esq., M. P., at Fenton's hotel, St. James's-street, from his seat, in Yorkshire.
Wainwright, — esq., in Queen-street, May-fair, from Calcot-court, near Reading.
Walker, — esq., and family, from their seat, in Derbyshire.

MRS. AND MISSES.

Astley, Miss, in Hereford-street.
Barnard, Mrs. and Miss, in Hill-street.
Barham, Miss, in Queen-Ann-street West.
Beauclerk, Mrs. C. and Miss, in Chesterfield-street.
Baring, Mrs. and Miss, in Portman-square.
Bowles, Mrs., at Montague-house, Portman-square.
Capel, hon. Mrs. B., in New Norfolk-street.
Crawford, Miss, at Nerot's hotel, Clifford-street.
Drake, Mrs. D. J., and family, in Upper Brook-street.
Dickinson, Mrs. F., in Bulstrode-street.
Foster, Mrs., at Blake's hotel, Jermyn-street, from Dover.
Finch, Misses, in Charles-street, Berkeley square.
Grey, Mrs., in Lower Grosvenor-street.
Garnier, Mrs. and Miss, in Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square.
Grimstone, Misses, in Upper Grosvenor-street.
Houblon, Mrs. N., in Devonshire-place.
Keppel, Mrs., in Pall-Mall.
Murray, Miss A., in Great George-street, Westminster.
Pigott, Miss, at her house, in St. James's-place.
Robinson, Mrs., at Miller's hotel, Jermyn-street.
Sparrow, Mrs. and Miss, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square.
Simson, Mrs. and Miss B., in Saville-row.

CHANGES AND DEPARTURES.

His MAJESTY left his Palace, in Pall-mall, Wednesday afternoon, about a quarter before three o'clock, in his travelling carriage and four, for Windsor. We are credibly informed, that our beloved Monarch's departure from London was hastened by the advice of his physicians,—the delicate state of his Majesty's health requires country air and exercise, which he is not able to enjoy in the confined situation of Carlton-Palace. His stay at Windsor will be of short duration—it is his gracious intention to return to town with the least possible delay—preparatory to some grand fêtes which are currently reported to be in progress at Carlton and St. James's-Palaces. The presence of our much-loved King always gives life and vigour to the capital His absence throws a gl votaries of fashion, of which few can have ar less they mix in the assemblies of the polite w therefore, ardently and impatiently wait the re Majesty to town. The season, in London, short, that whatever can contribute to its prospe not be neglected by the higher ranks. We kno son can regret the necessity of his Majesty's ab London more than he does himself, but when h depends on temporary retirement, and as we s country air and exercise, he must be a *most d ject* that would desire, or *even wish*, his prese place that *might be* prejudicial to his health ar God preserve his Majesty many years—that able to appreciate more and more the affection of his subjects.
Alexander, — esq., from Gerald's hotel, for India.
Arundel, lord and lady, from the duke of Buckingh Stowe.
Ashburnham, right hon. J. W., to the Continent.
Blount, sir E., bart., to his seat, in Shropshire.
Bristol, the dean of, for Oxford.
Brooke, colonel, and Mrs. L., on a tour.
Burton, rev. Dr., and Miss, from Scaife's hotel.
CLARENCE, DUKE OF, left town Saturday morning and proceeded to Woolwich, where the royal on board the Royal George yacht, commanded Adams. Captain Wolmer arrived the previo make preparations for the reception of th The yacht sailed without delay after his ro ness got on board, with a fair wind, for where she was expected to arrive on Sunday, time for the royal duke to dine with the por preparations having been previously made for th
Cathcart, sir A., and general Romilly, on a tour.
Cuthbert, Mrs., from Chandos-street, for Bath.
Coigne, duke and duchess de, for Paris.
Castle-Coote, lord, on a tour.
Elgin, earl of, and lord Bruce, for Broom-hall, Sco
Edge, rev. J. W., and Mrs., from Thomson's hote dish-square.
Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Offley, for Christ-Church,
Effingham, countess of, for her seat, in Berks.
Exeter, marquis of, for Newmarket.
Egerton, Mr. and Mrs., for the Continent.
Ford, sir F. bart.; rev. C. Ford, from Thompson Cavendish-square.
Fade, col. M. P., Mrs., and family, on a tour.
Grafton, duke of, for Newmarket.
Lismore, dowager countess of, for Hastings, Susse
Northland, viscount, for Brussels.
Norfolk, duke of, for Paris.
Ogle, admiral sir C. and lady, for Worthey, near W
Rothes, countess of, the ladies Leslie and family seat in Kent.
Richmond, duke and duchess of, for their seat, G
Rivers, earl, for Newmarket.
Suffield, dowager countess of, for North Cray, Ken
St. Alban's,, C. B. esq. for France.
Sitwell, sir George and lady, and family, for Franc
Sandwich, countess of, for her seat, Hinchinbrook
Shelley, J. esq. to Horsham.
Surrey, earl of, for Worksop manor, Notts.
Stewart, sir M. S. for Edinburgh.
Vernon, Mrs. and family, for Dover.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT.

HIS MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM.

NEVER, we may venture to pronounce, was so splendid a scene exhibited to a grateful and loyal people, as the Court held on Thursday, the 20th of May. How gratifying must it have been to the feelings of our beloved Monarch, to behold so great a conflux of nobility and gentry crowding to do homage to his worth, and rejoicing to find him sufficiently in health to undergo a fatigue which must ever attend so thronged a drawing-room. Many, among the old nobility, who have not been *constantly* in the habit of going to Court, were, on this joyful occasion, present; so interested are all in the preservation of His Majesty, so attached to his person, and so anxious for his health. One feeling alone actuated every member of this most august Court; that of party was done away, and the eye of the oppositionist beamed with the same delight at beholding his sovereign, as that of the most staunch ministerialist, as they pressed together towards the throne, with equal ardour, and equal sentiments of loyalty towards their truly PATRIOT KING. Not only was the Court a scene of magnificence, that proved the prosperity and affluence of a nation, happy in its peculiar advantages, but every avenue leading to St. James's was thronged with well-dressed people, who were tempted, by the fineness of the weather, to go forth, in order to catch as near a view as possible of a host of Court beauties, whose charms were heightened and set off by every aid of the toilet, and the most radiant jewels of the east. After a long succession of comfortless days, attended with continual rains, this propitious day was enlivened by a cheering sun, and reminded us of some lines, written by an old poetess, we believe, on the coronation of George I.:

" So fine a season, and so snatch'd from storms,
Shews Heaven's delight to view what man performs."

The windows of the houses, at the Court end of the town, presented a charming *coup-d'œil* of elegance and beauty, in the well-dressed females that were there stationed, and an universal feature of joy and pleasure seemed seated on every countenance.

His Majesty repaired to the Palace on Wednesday night, to apartments which had been prepared for his reception. Thursday morning, he rose, after an excellent night, with a degree of alacrity and cheerfulness, which afforded the highest pleasure to the officers by whom he was attended. After breakfast, His Majesty inspected the new drawing-rooms, for the first time, and expressed himself highly pleased with their gorgeous decorations.

The soldiers, on duty, were all in their new uniforms, and the bands of the Horse Guards continued to play during the day in front of the Palace next St. James's-street.

The gates to the arcade were not opened for the admission of the company till one o'clock precisely; and from that period till after three, the carriages were continually setting down.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PALACE.

The company, on crossing the arcade, entered a long passage, which, with the staircase, is finished with the greatest simplicity. The walls are distempered of a dead st
lour, and the floor is covered with plain rush matting
are lighted by Grecian bronze lights, with moon
placed on plain granite pedestals, which have an
quakerly neatness, quite in unison with this part of t
fice.—The exterior walls, which have recently been c
or stuccoed, are sprinkled with black and white, in im
of granite.

On ascending the staircase, the company entered a
gallery or guard-room, converted into an armory, th
of which are tastefully decorated with daggers, swor
muskets, in various devices, such as stars, diamonds,
and Vandyke borders. There are a few specimens of
and head-pieces, beautifully burnished, which give
liancy to the whole. The floor of this room is covere
plain matting. Here were placed the yeomen of the
in full costume, with their battle-axes in their hands

The next room entered was a small chamber,
with some excellent specimens of tapestry, in fine pr
tion, from the ceiling of which, hung an elegant char
In this room was the person appointed to receive th
containing the names of the parties to be presente
the circumstances under which such presentation was
place. A duplicate of the card was subsequently handed
lord in waiting, and every precaution taken to prev
introduction of improper persons. A similar practi
invariably followed at the drawing-rooms of her late M

The Presence Chamber is fitted up in a style of me
splendour. The walls are covered with crimson
and the window-curtains, which hang in rich and lu
folds, are composed of the same material. The
and basements are formed of broad carved and gilt
ing, and extend to every part of the room. On enteri
eye of the spectator is first attracted by a looking-glas
usual magnitude, which reflects, in duplicate, the
of courtiers as they approach—it extends complete
the ceiling to the floor, and is, perhaps, not to be ex
in point of size, by any other glass in the kingdom.
east end of the room, is a painting of King George
cond, in his parliamentary robes, and on the oth
hang two large pictures of Tournay and Lisle. Th
ture consists of sofas, ottomans, and stools covere
crimson velvet, trimmed with gold lace. From the
hangs a superb *or-moulu* lustre, containing two rows
of three branches each, and at each end of the ap
are two splendid candelabra, elegantly gilt, calcul
receive twelve lights each.

The next room is fitted up in the same stile of dec
and contains an excellent full length portrait of his
jesty, in the robes of his order. On each side of
two paintings of the celebrated sea-fights, by lord H
the 1st of June, and by lord Nelson, at Trafalga
brilliant effect of the whole is considerably height
the addition of three magnificent pier glasses, reachi
the ceiling to the floor. From the centre of the
also hangs a delicately-chased Grecian lustre.

The third and last room is that in which the Ki
his Drawing-room, and which we have described

Presence Chamber. This, in point of gorgeous and rich decoration, far exceeds those to which we have just alluded, although the style is somewhat similar. The throne, upon which his Majesty receives the company, is splendid beyond all description, and, in point of size, and magnificence of effect, far exceeds that in the House of Lords. It is composed generally of rich crimson Genoa velvet, thickly covered with gold lace, and is surmounted by a canopy of the same material, on the inside of which, is a star embroidered in gold. There are three steps for his Majesty to ascend, which lead to a state chair of exquisite workmanship, close to which, is a footstool to correspond. Over the fire-place, is a full-length portrait of his present Majesty, in his coronation robes, by Lawrence. On each side of this picture, are paintings of the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo. In the former, the duke of Wellington is the most prominent figure. In the latter, his grace also stands conspicuous. The piers of the room are entirely filled up with plate glass, before which, are some beautiful marble slabs. The window-curtains are of crimson satin, trimmed with gold-coloured fringe and lace. The cornices, mouldings, &c., are richly gilt, and the other embellishments and furniture of corresponding elegance, presenting a *coup d'œil* in every way suitable to the dignity and splendour of the British court.

Behind the Presence Chamber is his Majesty's closet, in which he is to give audience, and receive the members of his own family, foreign ambassadors, cabinet ministers, and officers of state. It unites every thing that is grand, and although smaller than the other rooms, is not less appropriate. It contains a state chair and footstool; elegant writing table, with buhl inkstand, and other useful furniture. The King's dressing or private room is beyond this.

There is another room belonging to this spacious suite, which has undergone a complete repair, but which was not opened.—It was the old ball-room, but has been entirely new-modelled upon the French plan, and is intended as a supper-room for a series of evening entertainments, which it is said his Majesty intends giving; and for which purpose, a communication has been made with the old kitchen. The walls are of white ground, richly gilt in compartments, of various descriptions. It has five *or-moulu* lustres, increasing in magnitude to the centre, and when completed, it is thought, will not be exceeded by any other apartment of the same magnitude in the kingdom.

The company continued to increase every moment; and at length the pressure became so great, that many of the ladies sustained considerable inconvenience. The outer rooms became truly oppressive; and, amidst the general confusion, several serious losses were proclaimed; but these were unavoidable: diamonds, pearls, and other rich and costly jewels, with golden bracelets, armlets, and brooches, were every where trodden under foot, and for the moment were irrecoverable. Many of these valuables, will no doubt, be altogether lost to their owners. Some were fortunate enough to regain possession of their treasures, but others ceased to pursue their search, as hopeless. Similar confusion took place after the presentments, and much irritation was excited by those who became momentary victims to what many of the fashionable world would call "the delightful squeeze."

The gentlemen pensioners, who were stationed in different parts of the rooms, were under the command of the earl of Courtown, and they wore, by special order, the costume which was presented to them at the late coronation. On the landing of the principal staircase, two of the men belonging to the first regiment of life guards were stationed, dressed as cuirassiers. The marshal's men and porters all appeared in their state liveries. The different branches of the Royal Family, as they arrived, were received by the band playing "God save the King." The duchess of Kent, and the princess Sophia Matilda, came in state, as did the speaker of the House of Commons.

At twenty-five minutes past two o'clock, his Majesty left his closet, and entered the principal drawing-room. When he had taken his place on the throne, he received those entitled to the entré, consisting of the foreign ambassadors and ambassadresses, the cabinet ministers, the great officers of state, and others.

It will be expected we should say something of the dresses. Notwithstanding that great hoops are laid aside, a monotony yet prevails in the *grande costume* required on those occasions The head-dresses, in particular, which are almost invariably found to consist of diamonds and "a profusion of feathers." Petticoats of gold and silver lama, and more or less splendidly ornamented, form also another source of sameness.

THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

Wore over a rich white satin under dress, a splendid silver lama robe, richly embroidered in columns, at the bottom, with fulness of lama, with rich rolio, above this a flounce of lama in style of a drapery, finishing with a handsome border of lama round the body elegantly trimmed with silver, and superb ornaments of Brussels lace. The manteau was composed of a rich gold and silver tissue, tastefully trimmed with lama and rolio.

DUCHESS OF CLARENCE.

A tulle dress, richly embroidered in silver lama; the satin train embroidered to correspond.

DUCHESS OF KENT.

A tulle dress, elegantly embroidered in gold lama, the train to correspond.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER.

Over a petticoat of white satin, a superb dress of tulle elegantly embroidered with pearls in wreaths of roses and stars, interspersed with bouquets of jacée and pearl stars; body and sleeves profusely ornamented with pearls, jacée, and Brussels lace; rich brocaded white tissue train, superbly embroidered with pearls in wreaths and stars to correspond.

Among some dresses, made by Mrs. Bell, on this occasion, we cannot forbear particularly mentioning one of Mrs. Colonel O'Brien, for the peculiar taste, fancy, and elegance, displayed in this costume, we found it particularly deserving admiration, of which we leave our readers to judge by inserting a minute description of it.

MRS. COLONEL O'BRIEN.

A superb dress of silver lama, with splendidly figured ornaments, representing the Cambrian plume, embellishing the border, and tastefully arranged with full-blown roses and silver wheat-ears, terminating at the bottom with a rich silver rouleau, with a Vandyke edging of silver; the petticoat of silver lama to correspond, handsomely ornamented with a treble fall of blond lace, intermixed with half-blown roses and silver wheat-ears, and finished at the bust with a rich silver bouillon called *frivolité*; the train of rich pink lama ornamented in serpentine chains of silver *frivolité*, with bouquets of roses and wheat-ears; the train fastened

waist with a pink satin belt, embroidered with silver, which gives a charming finish to this tasteful dress. The head-dress composed of pink, and white feathers and diamonds.

The presentations will be given in the next Number, to be published on the 1st of July.

LADY HOLLAND'S CONCERT.

Lady Holland entertained the fashionable world on Monday night, May 3, with a musical treat by Rossini. The magnificent residence is on the Terrace, in Piccadilly, near Hyde-Park-Corner. The three superb drawing-rooms, and the saloon on the ground floor were lighted up. The concert commenced at half past ten, and concluded at one o'clock. The following were present:

Duke and duchess of Montrose, the ladies Graham, earl Whitworth and the duchess of Dorset, earl and countess of Plymouth, earl and countess of Delawarr, earl of Cardigan and the ladies Brudenell, sir Charles and lady Cockerell, sir Charles and lady Knightley, the ladies Montague, countess dowager of Liverpool, dowager lady Selsey, lord and lady Ashtown, and lady Dacre.

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX

Entertained a splendid party on Monday evening, May 3, at which were present:

The foreign ministers, duchess of Leeds, marchioness of Salisbury, earl and countess Verulam, and marchioness of Westmeath.

LADY BROMLEY'S PARTY.

The dowager lady Bromley had a very charming party on Friday night, May 7, at her residence in Berkeley-square. About two hundred fashionables were present.

LADY DES VOEUX'S BALL.

Her ladyship opened her house in Harley-street, which has recently been furnished in a style of superior elegance, with a most brilliant ball. Dancing commenced soon after eleven, and was kept up with great spirit till a late hour. There were present above two hundred fashionables, among whom were,

Princes Leiningen, Gortchacoff, Sangusyko, and Lodislas Sangusyko, duchess of Richmond, marquis of Anglesey and the ladies Paget, marchioness of Waterford, and lady S. Beresford.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S GRAND ENTERTAINMENT ON BOARD THE HECLA, *&c.*

The *déjeûné* given by Captain Parry, on Tuesday, May 4, as a farewell entertainment, was most numerously attended, and a more splendid assembly has rarely been seen on the bosom of "Old Father Thames." At one o'clock the dancing commenced with a country dance, opened by captain Parry and lady Susan Eliot; quadrilles and waltzes succeeded, and were kept up until a late hour. On each side of the vessel the inscription, "Long live George IV." met the eye, and at the head of the ship a transparency, representing the crown with "G. IV.," had been prepared. Variegated lamps ornamented all parts of the ship. The ladies were very numerous. If beauty really possesses the fire-kindling powers which poets ascribe to it, the cargo, on this occasion, of the Hecla and Fury might be opposed with no small advantage to the *seas* and *icebergs* with which the daring navigators will soon have again to contend. Between the decks of the Hecla tables were placed, which were covered with all the delicaci
taste could select to excite appetite.

To make the treat in all respects complete, a
party of vocalists were invited; among those who
were Sir G. Smart, Mr. Hawes, Mr. Leete, Mr.
Madame Pasta, Miss Paton, and Miss Goodall.
songs and glees were sung: the following were
number:

"When winds breathe soft," by Miss Paton.
"Bid me discourse," Miss Goodall.
Glee, "The merry month of May."
"Tu ch' accendi," Madame Pasta.
"Di Piacer," Miss Paton.
Glee, "O, my Love is like the red, red Rose."

The celebrated romance, "Deh, Calma," from t
of *Otello*, Madame Pasta.

"Peaceful slumbering on the Ocean," Miss Goo
"The banks of Allan Water," Miss Paton.

At a quarter after two o'clock, Captain Parry c
earl Bathurst and ladies George and Emily to h
They were followed by other visiters of rank, and
pany generally were admitted to the tables bet
decks. These were covered with wines, jellies, cre
and innumerable delicacies. Shortly after four o'
guests began to take their leave. The gratified th
too numerous to be soon embarked; and it was l
that hour before Captain Parry and his officers co
of a *clear ship.*

MR. N. ROTHSCHILD.

This munificent and princely merchant gave a mo
tuous fête at Stamford Hill, on May 7. It was
by a dinner, at which was present prince Polig
other members of the foreign corps *diplomatique.* T
quis of Huntly, sir Charles and lady Rowley, s
and lady Hammond, were also present. In the
there was a grand concert of vocal and instrument
led by Rossini. The visitants exceeded 150; they
the highest rank and opulence.

MR. STUART NICHOLSON'S CONCERT.

Mr. Stuart Nicholson gave a grand musical enter
in Portland-place, on Friday evening, May 7, to a
fashionables; among whom we noticed, the du
Hamilton, the duke of Wellington, prince de Polign
quis and marchioness of Lansdowne, marchioness
meath, prince Gortchakoff, duchess of Montrose
ladies Graham, lord Stopford and lady Charlotte S
lord and lady Gwydyr, prince Sangusyko, prince
Sangusyko, marquis and marchioness of Bute, and
Essex.

THE GRAND ROUT AT NORTHUMBERLAND-HOU

The opening of this princely mansion, on May 8
the utmost curiosity among the chosen circle invite
rout given on the interesting occasion. The domest
in full state liveries; they were stationed at ten o'
the long gallery, or corridor, which is called the e
hall. About half past ten o'clock the duke and du
Gloucester arrived. At the principal entrance h
(the host) met the royal personages with two silver-b
lights; after resigning which to an upper servant, h
his arm, with the manners of a perfect gentleman
lady: it was accepted with all that amiability w
much distinguishes her royal highness. The stair

cited the extreme of wonder and delight. It is said that nothing of the kind can be compared to it.

The idea of this staircase is taken from the tasteful model of the Greeks. A double flight of steps rises from the floor on the right and left, composed entirely of beautiful white marble. The balustrades are entirely of brass, representing a solid mass of Vitruvian scrolls, exquisitely chased, and richly gilt. The scroll terminates in the centre, with the crest of the duke. In front, ascending, there is a beautiful screen of four pillars of *verde antique*, within which is a passage leading to a music-gallery, which was on that night filled with plants: it has a coved roof, from which light is admitted, and this is supported by Corinthian pillars of *verde antique*, the capitals of which are bronze. The lofty walls of Scagliola marble reflected the noble *pillared* lamps with an effect quite magical.

On ascending the grand staircase, the visitants entered the anti-drawing-room. The hangings of this apartment are of a lavender-coloured silk, striped, and enriched with sculptured mouldings of gold; the chairs, ottomans, *&c.*, are of a very beautiful Brazilian wood, richly carved and gilt, covered to suit the walls; the centre of the ceiling is terminated by a noble chandelier, finished and chased in brass.

In this room there is one of the most unique cabinets in the world, being composed of the finest specimen of ivory carvings, after the celebrated picture of Teniers, the mounting of which is ebony and gold; and this latter alone, perhaps, is not to be equalled.

From this room they proceeded to the state apartments, *i. e.*, the saloon and drawing-rooms, forming an extent of seventy-four feet. The hangings are of a rich geranium damask, framed with broad gold mouldings; the draperies have sumptuous bullion fringes, of great depth; the mirrors are of magnificent dimensions, with pier-tables and frames of the most exquisite carving; the sofas, chairs, ottomans (and particularly one of the latter, which was placed in the middle of the room,) attracted great admiration. This piece of *bijoutry* was entirely covered with gold embroidery, forming all kinds of fanciful devices; and it was whispered to be the production of the fair hands of the lady hostess. One of the glasses was placed in a situation to reflect the whole suite of apartments,—a distance of nearly one hundred feet. There were six pedestals in this room, composed of the finest portions of the yew-tree, with ornaments, shewing what can be effected by talent in carving; they excel any thing of the kind ever attempted, and are richly gilt. Each carries a candelabrum in metal, supporting seven branched lights; these, with the chandeliers, lighted up the apartments most brilliantly. The carpets are of the finest qualities, the colours green and gold, which, with the geranium walls, have a most charming effect.

The suite terminates with the blue-room, a most captivating apartment. The walls are hung with blue and gold satin; the ceiling painted white and gold. A most beautiful screen decorates one side, which ingeniously conceals a door that leads to the drawing-room, and renders the apartment uniform throughout. As a corresponding piece of furniture, a grand pianoforte, composed of Brazilian wood, and sumptuously carved and gilt, is appropriately placed. The chairs, *&c.*, are of the most beautiful designs, with an Axminster carpet, manufactured to finish the *coup-d'œil*.

By a new mode of ventilation the coolness of the rooms was preserved. The company did not leave till three o'clock. The ladies' heads were a blaze of brilliants; the dresses (many of them) were festooned, and looped up with real oriental pearls. Many of the gentlemen wor and garters.

There were twenty-four of their graces' servants i and silver, and nearly the same number of the upper hold in state uniforms. All the females were like state liveries, dressed in white, with lace caps.

Among the company present were—

Their royal highnesses the dukes and duchesses rence and Gloucester.

Prince Leinenstein.

AMBASSADORS—The Netherlands, Neapolitan, verian.

DUKES—Athol, Montrose, Wellington.

DUCHESSES—Richmond, Athol, Montrose, Dorset ager Leeds.

MARQUISES—Chandos, Exeter, Downshire, Huntly chester, Camden, Salisbury, Aylesbury, Lansdowne, G

MARCHIONESSES—Exeter, Emily of Londonderry, shire, Huntly, Stafford, Camden, Cholmondeley, Sal Winchester, Lansdowne, Waterford.

EARLS—Surrey, Gower, Harewood, Clare, Whi Manvers, Harrowby, Bathurst, Chichester, Wicklow

COUNTESSES—Powis, Sherborne, Surrey, Gower, wood, Pembroke, Galloway, Manvers, Ilchester, low, Aboyne, Dartmouth, Harrowby, Bathurst, Bro Cowper, Fortescue.

The whole of this magnificent and unique mansi renovated by English artists; and the whole of the facture is the produce of this country.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the w the second assembly on Friday night, May 14, wa numerous than the first. The same forms and cere were observed. In addition to the apartments w already described, the tapestry-room was opened beautiful saloon becomes doubly interesting from traying the architecture and verdant scenery of Greece. Interspersed in several rooms were glazed ca containing miniature portraits of the early branches illustrious house of Percy, and around which are a of precious gems. Some incalculably droll represe of ancient mysteries sculptured in ivory, drew fort wit, vivacity, and good humour.

THE COUNTESS OF CASSILLIS' ROUT.

At Cassillis-House, in Privy Gardens, on Thursda ing, May 13, a splendid rout was given, when six s apartments were thrown open. The greatest novelt night was the grand saloon of Flemish tapestry, wh forded the highest delight. The mansion is altogeth nificently furnished, and the display of taste and mun could not be excelled. The visitants came at elev retired at two o'clock. There were present :

The prince Alexander Gortchakoff, and two oth sian Grandees of the Blood Royal; the Sardinian, H rian, and Neapolitan Ministers; also, Duke of C Duchess of Leeds, Marchioness of Exeter, the Duc Athol and Ladies Murray.

MR. AND MRS. W. CAMAC

Gave a sumptuous dinner on Thursday, May 13, house in Mansfield-street, to a select few of the and leading Fashionables. The taste of this lady verbial, and we understand nothing could surpass t and magnificence of the preparations The followi some of the distinguished visitors:

The Duchess Dowager of Richmond, Lady Louisa Lennox, the Marchioness of Waterford, the Marquis and Marchioness of Cholmondeley, the Earl of Winchelsea and Mr. Finch, the Earl of Kinnoul, Viscount Folkestone, Lord Thomas Hay, the Hon. John Tollemache, Sir John Beresford, the Messrs. Brisco, &c.

THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON'S ROUT.

Her Grace opened Apsley House, on Monday evening, May 16, for the first time this season, when the three drawing-rooms and the library were exhibited. The party met at midnight, and broke up about two o'clock. The apartments were lighted up with more than ordinary brilliancy.

THE HON. MRS. BRIDGMAN SIMPSON'S BALL.

In Saville-row, at the late residence of the Cavendishes, a splendid ball and supper were given on Monday night, May 17. The saloon and drawing-room were the apartments appropriated for the dance, and they were fitted up with much taste; all the recesses were filled with exotic plants. The dancing commenced at half-past eleven; the supper took place at one, and about half past three o'clock the party broke up. The following distinguished fashionables were present:

Duke of Wellington, the dowager duchess of Rutland and lady Elizabeth Norman, duchess dowager of Richmond and the ladies Lennox, earl and countess Manvers, countess of Mountnorris and lady J. Annesley, earl of Scarborough, earl of Shaftesbury, the ladies Ashley Cooper, earl of Cork, lady and Misses Petre, earl of Clare, lady Julia Petre, countess of Dartmouth and Ladies Legge.

MR. HENRY CHAMBERS' GRAND CONCERT.

This lady's concert boasted a combination of talent rarely witnessed at a private house. Rossini never appeared more inclined to display all his powers; and this exertion produced the happiest effect. The saloon in which the concert was held, is an apartment of peculiar dimensions; that and the rooms adjoining resembled an amphitheatre of flowering shrubs, consisting of exotics so rare and fragrant as to astonish and delight the visitants. The hall, the staircase, the antirooms, were all similarly adorned. The concert commenced with a duetto, Mercadante, Remorini, Placci; and ended with a terzetto, by Rossini. Among the company present were:

Dowager duches of Richmond, prince Gortchakoff, Marchioness of Westmeath, countess of Warwick and ladies Greville, prince Sobinsky, lord and lady Dynevor and Miss Rice, lady Ellenborough and Misses Law, lady and Miss Duncombe, lady and Miss Trollope, lord Auckland and Miss Eden, Lady Anne and Misses Beresford, lady Eleanor Lowther, Captain Vernon, earl of Kinnoul, lord and lady Tullamore, the marchionesses of Hertford, and Cholmondeley, the countess of Mountnorris and lady J. Annesley.

SIR WILLIAM ADDY, BART.

This gentleman gave a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music, on Monday evening, May 17, at his noble residence in Hill street. The first professional performers were engaged. Present:

The duchess of Rutland, earl and countess of Denbigh, earl of Caernarvon and the ladies Herbert, earl and countess of Limerick, and the ladies Perry, marquis and marchioness of Winchester and lady C. Paulett, lord Clonbrock, and countess of Listowell.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWN'S ASSEMBL

At Lansdown House, on the evening of the grand day, a blaze of fashion and elegance graced her lad party in full costume. On this occasion the mag suite of rooms were thrown open for the first time t son; consisting of

1. The matchless statue gallery; 2. The noble 3. The grand saloon; 4. The great drawing-room; banqueting room, wherein the refreshment table set out.

The lawn and shrubberies were illuminated; th hall, staircase, &c., decorated with plants. Card table set out, but conversation took the lead; the principa being, the drawing-room of the day.

THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK'S BALL.

Her Ladyship made her *entré* in the Fashionable W Tuesday night, May 18, with a ball of peculiar taste arrangement, and an elegant supper, at her hous James's-place. The two drawing-rooms, the anteroo great staircase, and the hall, were profusely decorate plants by Mr. Stevens of Duke-street. The dancin menced at eleven o'clock with a new French Quadr

Among the company present were many foreig distinction; the earl and countess of Sherborne, of Westmorland and the ladies Fane, lord and lady D

PARTIES PROPOSED AND APPOINT

Monday, May 31.—Duchess of Wellington's gran lady Owen's rout, Portman-square; Mrs. Garnier' Grafton-street.

Tuesday, June 1.—Countess of Limerick's Ball, in field-street; Mrs. Cooke's Party, in Upper Seymour- Mrs. Chaplin's Ball, in Welbeck-street.

Wednesday, June 2.—Sir George Talbot's Party; Al grand Ball.

Thursday, June 3.—Lady Harriet Bagot's Ball, i Cumberland-place; Mrs. Camac's Ball, Mansfield- Mrs. Atherley's Ball, in Park-lane.

Friday, June 4.—The Duchess of Northumberland' Mr. and the Misses Benyon's Ball and Supper, in St. J place; Mrs. Chichester's Ball, in Baker-street.

Saturday, June 5.—A Déjeuné à la Fourchette, kins' in the Regent's Park.

Monday, June 7.—Prince Leopold's First Assem Marlborough-house; Mr. and Mrs. Du Pre's Grand Portland-place; Lady Astley's Party, Hereford-street Henry Chambers' grand Ball; Mrs. Watts Russell's Portland-place.

Tuesday, June 8.—Mrs. Oake's Ball, in Upper Se street; Mrs. Miles will open her house in Hamilton with a grand Fete.

Wednesday, June 9.—Almack's grand Ball.

Thursday, June 10.—Miss Heneage's Ball, in Albe street.

Friday, June 11.—Lady Trollope's Ball, in Cumb place; Signor Rossini's Concert, Almack's.

Monday, June 14.—The first day at Stowe. A n spectacle, i.e. the review of Yeomanry of the count after which a Fete, in the style of the ancient R Prince Leopold's second Assembly.

Tuesday, June 15.—Second day, at Stowe. Th Grand Entertainment in the House.

Wednesday, June 16.—Third Day, at Stowe. The commencement of the Grand Fete to the Ladies.

Thursday, June 17.—Fourth Day, at Stowe. A Morning Exhibition; preparations for a Village Festival, in a style of pastoral simplicity; evening the celebration of it.

Friday, June 18.—Fifth Day, at Stowe. A Masquerade, in the style of the Carnival at Venice.

Saturday, June 19.—Sixth Day, at Stowe. A Déjeuné of a novel description in the Wilderness.

Monday, June 21.—Seventh Day, at Stowe. Lady Astley's Ball, Hereford-street.

RACES TO COME.

June 2, Epsom. 9, Manchester. 15, Ascot Heath. 22, Edinburgh. 23, Buxton. 23, Leeds. 23, Woolwich Garnsa. 29, Lancaster. 29, Bibury.

HYDE-PARK.

On a fine Sunday during the fashionable season in town, this sylvan scene is completely crowded by strings of carriages, and numerous well-dressed happy-looking pedestrians; even many ladies of birth and title do not scruple to descend from their carriages, and, with a footman following, if unaccompanied by their husbands, they mingle in the motley throng. It is a truly gratifying sight to a good-natured mind to see numbers of young people, who, perhaps, in close apartments in our dark pent-up city, we behold one day in the week coming here to breathe a pure air, and treading the verdant sod; like butterflies, arrayed in all the glowing tints of spring, they enjoy their short summer's day, and cheerfully recommence their tasks on the morrow, looking forward with the eye of hope, that the next Sunday will be equally propitious to their enjoying again the same innocent and healthful pleasure.

Yet it was easy to see, that these pedestrians, who had a long and toilsome walk to perform before they reached their respective homes, looked with an eye of envy also, on those who were seated at their ease in splendid carriages, and who seemed to them forgetful of the past, unmindful of the future, and conscious only of the pleasures of the present. *Alas!* how many aching hearts were in the elegant barouche, or the coach with two pampered footmen behind; the rushing chariot with four post-horses, raising a cloud of annoying dust, perhaps was carrying a fond mother to a dying child, or an injured husband was endeavouring to forget the scenes of his former happiness by his travels. From the gilded carriage of the peer to the *demi-fortune* of the more humble tradesman, all were vehicles to carry a load of care, disguised in gaudy attire, and wearing the mask of pleasure on the visage It is not on a Sunday, but on a fine day in the week, usually known by the name of working-days, that we must look among the carriages for those of *highest* distinction.

The superb fitting up of several of the spacious apartments of Carlton-house Palace verify the report that has for some time been in circulation, amongst the parties of the nobility and gentry, that it is the intention of our beloved monarch to give several balls there this season. This intelligence has infused much life and spirits amongst our artists, our purveyors for the toilet, and also *other purveyors*, who, if not employed in *adorning* the human form divine, are yet extremely requisite to its preservation,—for neither princes nor beauties can live on air. We feel much rejoiced idea of this news being confirmed: the king's presenc the sun, cheers and vivifies every object within its infl and, where the sovereign reigns in the hearts of his p he is looken up to with an adoration almost equal t of the ancient Persians towards the glorious luminary

It was our intention to have written some strong re on the duel between the Marquis of Londonderry an Battier;—we are, however, relieved from the task General Order issued by command of His Majesty. T servations are just and proper. That a nobleman of so courage, military talents, and honour, possessing every that is valuable to a gentleman, should have had his li to hazard from a cause which he had no right persona defend, has created surprise of no ordinary kind. The tary order will prevent similar occurrences: Mr. Batti been struck off the half-pay list of the army.

A correspondent assures us, that three *ladies* (and h their names) have left town without attending His Ma drawing-room, in consequence of its having been de *Their* departure is a subject of no sort of importance public in general—but as they have had the *meanness* fuse taking or paying for the court dresses they had or and which were really made to the time desired, we hesitate to give publicity to the contents of the lette to us. The dress-maker was to have been paid a larg for the dresses. The ladies, however, having refused for them, she has been obliged to put up with the l the hope of receiving their future *certain* orders. Is probable that His Majesty's last order, respecting pre tions, has had some effect on the *ladies*, as to haste departure from London? We have heard that many been *smuggled* into the presence of His Majesty, at the ing-room, who had no right or claim to such a disting honour. The new regulation will make future dr rooms much more select—it will not prevent ladies o family, or distinction, from being presented to His M —but it will keep *ladies* away who have not the s means of attending to the elegance of costume requ Court. It is a fact, that many have been in the habit tending in the most paltry dresses; and which the been seen in at Willis's rooms, and other public asser with trains made of *dyed silks*. If ladies are prev by poverty of circumstances, or any other cause having dresses proper to wear in the presence of our b Monarch, they should not intrude themselves where is elegant, noble, and munificent, alone should appea

A most extraordinary individual is driving about tow a female by his side, in a stone-colour dennet, pick red—a cob-horse, (God help the poor creature,) with net on the harness. This *would-be fashionable*, dresse in the *Jehu* style, is of a sallow complexion, and mo healthy. We have no doubt of his belonging to a family—but, really, such a person *aping* the manne coachman, should be more cautious when driving t the public streets. He goes *helter-skelter*, through thi thin, to the great annoyance of His Majesty's subjects- tling to the horse to urge him forward. If he is learning to and prefers exhibiting in London, we would advise be less infuriate, and more humane to the animal. sure this *bit of fashion*, he is much laughed at for his tricities. He has not the appearance nor the manne gentleman—it is the coronet on the harness alone t save him from insult.

A novelty has just made its appearance in London—a landau, drawn by six horses, driven by *three postilions*, in full-dress liveries. We could not ascertain the name or title of the spirited owner. There were two ladies and a gentleman inside the carriage.

Some publications have been ignorantly assigning several gentlemen of rank and distinction to the widow of that much-lamented and opulent gentleman, Mr. Coutts, without any sort of truth for such assertions. It is disgusting and shameful that such *clap-trap* publications should take the liberty to mention the name of a lady so highly deserving of every eulogium that can be paid to her. Her liberality to every class of trade's-people is universally known; and the good she does, exceeds all belief. Her expenditure alone is of so much consequence to several of her trade's-people—that we have heard she has saved many an individual from ruin. There is a lady-like demeanour and kindness in all she does, as to make her universally respected by all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance.

CITIZEN KNIGHTHOOD; OR THE LORD MAYOR AND HIS SPOUSE IN THE DUMPS.

ALTHOUGH the city and its affairs may be considered as rather out of our element, yet we think a casual mention of its illustrious members—their loves and their heroisms—their whims and festivities—cannot fail to prove somewhat amusing to many of our readers, whose luckless fates may have doomed them to a woful ignorance of the proceedings of their turbot and turtle-loving fellow mortals. In this conviction, we beg to relate the following interesting anecdote:

All the world knows, (or, at least, ought to know,) that the once plain *Mr.* Peter Laurie, is now *Sir* Peter, and we doubt not that the worthy knight is as well-deserving of this high title as the high title is of him;—but whether so or not, neither the one nor the other appears to have given satisfaction to his eminence, the mayor; for we understand, that when Sir Peter honoured him with a call, in the pleasing expectation of receiving some friendly congratulation on the joyful oocasion of his promotion from mere citizenship to absolute knighthood, his worship received the good knight with a stiff demeanour, and lowering countenance, and basely dared to censure him for accepting the title so often conferred by Majesty on its faithful servants. Now, this would not do at all—what! should a knight, a noble and valiant knight, "with all his blushing honours thick upon him," be insulted and reprimanded by "a popinjay"—a very haberdasher? "The pride of my knighthood forbid!" thought Sir Peter, and astonishing the mayor by a gallant and contemptuous frown, he hurried from *the presence* in as chivalrous a manner as can possibly be imagined.

Thus was a fatal blow given to the strict friendship which had long subsisted between these two great men, and another soon followed—for, shortly after this event, Lady Laurie, the fair spouse of Sir Peter, was at an evening party, where also came her highnes, the mayoress, in company with her lovely daughters. On meeting the knight's wife, one and all saluted her by the odious and inappropriate appellation of "Madam," whereas that of "my lady," was indubitably her just right and title: "Paltry envy!" muttered the knight's dulcinea, and turned contemptuously to others of the *assembly*; but, even as twenty jackdaws will caw if one of their tribe should happen to set the example, even so did man, woman, and child, of the party, borrow the phrase of my lady mayoress, and her offspring, and "Madam, madam," continually rang fended ears of Lady Laurie, till at length her patri asserted its new-born dignity, and she quitted the apartment in high and *meritorious dudgeon*.

Since writing the above, we learn that on the Su sequent to Sir Peter Laurie's being created knight, to Mr. Irving's chapel in all due state, and on his was saluted by the grateful exclamation of "Mak the king of Scotland's carriage!"—Knighthood an in one short month! this is, indeed, too much mortal to bear, and we have sad apprehensions fo fect security of Sir Peter's sober senses.

BATH.

We understand Madame Catalani, Mrs. Salmon Braham, are among the number of vocalists engage great Musical Festival, which commences June 15.

Bath races are postponed until July 14, and days, in order that they may not interfere with W races, as a number of horses are engaged at bot There are 30 horses already named for the Some stakes, and great sport is anticipated.

The latest and most fashionable arrivals at this city were:

The earl and countess of Cavan, lord Lowther, s H. Williams, sir Wm. Elford, sir G. Benny, sir A. ter, sir E. and lady Penrose and family, sir Hugh Pal C. Howard, lady C. De Willoughby, gen. Hart, M gen. Mowbray.

CHELTENHAM.

The accession of visitors to this beautiful place early period of the year, by far exceeds all precede scarcely possible to conceive a more cheerful an ing scene than the several promenades, the Montp Royal Wells, and the Sherborne, present every the Montpelier Walks are much frequented by the able world. A band of extremely skilful musici constant attendance during the hours of drinking ters, and the *coup-d'œil* is at once most brilliant mated. The Duke of Buccleugh has been amongs merous fashionables who frequent the Montpelier

Amongst the arrivals were the marquis of Bute, lo viscount Adair, lord John Montague Scott, lord Ennismore, dowager lady Audley, lady Crawley, g C. and lady Sherbrooke, vice-admiral sir Wm. major-gen. sir G. R and lady Bingham, major-g Mrs. Burrows, lieut.-col. Parkinson, lady Caroline lady Cecilia Brabazon, hon. Mr. and Mrs. Trevor, Hawkins, gen. Shaw, gen. Burton and family, ma and family, major Richardson, major and Mrs Crow

BRIGHTON.

There is no change, nor is there any indicati change, at the Pavilion. No company, for some ti have been admitted to interior inspections of the apartments at the palace; and the interdiction is st nued.

The following are the last most fashionable arriv

Countess of Erne, sir R. and lady Dallas, hon. M lemache, rev. A. Coopes, rev. E. Tower, rev. G. rev. H. Rose, major Irvine, major Martin, and Mr.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

English Dukes.

HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK, PREMIER DUKE AND EARL OF ENGLAND.

ALMOST every genealogist who has exerted himself in throwing new lights on the origin of this very ancient and noble family, has only contributed his share towards perplexing posterity; and, indeed, there is room to suspect that opinions may be delivered to future ages, without their being properly ascertained.

The first of this illustrious family we find on record, is Auber, count of Passy, in Normandy, who married Adelina, daughter of Hubert, count of Evreux, by whom he had, with two other sons, William Bretiville, who succeeded to the earldom, on the death of his father; but dying childless, the honours of his family devolved to Eustace, his second brother, who had one son, named William. The third son of Auber, was Valerin, lord of Vernon, in Normandy, who, with his nephew, attended William the Conqueror into England. The son of Eustace, before-mentioned, was named earl of Glocester, and steward of England, with a large tract of land: but the unfortunate youth was slain at Cardiff, and, having no issue, the estates devolved to his uncle Valerin, called also Beauson.

His successor, named Roger Valerin, was in great favour with the king, and received many castles and manors, as a bounty from the crown; amongst which, was the castle of Howard, in Flintshire, which gave the family the name of Howard. The first possessor was frequently compelled, in those troublous times, to resort, for safety, to this castle, which occasioned its being called his *den*; and for succeeding ages, and we are informed, to the present time, the place is called Hawarden. This Roger had a son named William, born in the above-mentioned castle; who was in high esteem, in the year 1100, with king Henry I. William married Maud, the widow of the earl of Norwich, who was father to Hugh, created earl of Norfolk, in the year 1135. By this marriage it was that the family became enriched by considerable possessions in Norfolk and Suffolk, which descended to their son, sir John Howard, knt., who, by Helen, his wife, had two sons. Sir John Howard, the eldest, had no male issue. Sir Robert Howard, the second son, married Joan, the daughter of sir Thomas Mere, by whom, he was the father of sir John Howard; who married Anne, the daughter of lord Grandison, and widow of lord Bardolph; their issue was another sir John Howard, who, by Catharine, daughter of sir John Bruss, had one son, sir Henry Howard, who, by a daughter of sir Henry Trusbut, was father of sir William Howard. The life of this sir William was active, and beneficial to the public: he was sent, in the year 1293, with John de Batford, to determine causes on the northern circuit; and he was summoned to attend the parliament, in the twenty-third year of the reign of Edward I.; and the last we hear of this great man was his attending the parliament held the first year of Edward the Second's reign. His portrait was represented, in Judges' robes, with two others, in a window of the church of Long Melford, in Suffolk. A copperplate, tak this, has the following inscription:

"Pray for the good state of William Haward *, chi of Yngland; and for Richard Pycott and John Haug of the lawe."

Sir William Howard had two wives; Alice, dau sir Edward Tritton, and Alice, daughter of sir Robert by the latter, he had no issue; but by the former, he sons, John and William; the youngest of which die less. Sir John, the eldest son, and heir of sir Williar man of eminence, even in his father's life-time; eleventh year of the reign of Edward II., he was ap governor to the castle of Norwich, and, in the year 1 was sheriff for the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk; ceeding troublesome and dangerous office in those da long after, he received a command to arm five hundr foot-soldiers and archers, with "hactoons, bacine gauntlets of iron," and to conduct them from the port well, in Suffolk, in order for their embarking aga French.

The service which he rendered to Edward II., was r fined to the person of that prince; for he was loyal an to his successor. The favours bestowed on the knight, were a tribute due to his merit, as appears continuance in the reign of Edward III., though hi prevented his receiving an equal share from that m In 1328, he was put in commission with Thomas Big of Norfolk, and others, to quell some riotous insurrec Norfolk and Suffolk, which greatly alarmed the Cou died, three years after. By his wife Joan, daughter de Cornwall, who survived her husband forty-three ye had an only son, sir John Howard, who was constituted of the North Seas, in the ninth of Edward III., and nished with a proper navy for such a charge. In t 1345, he was appointed sheriff of Norfolk and Suffol married Alice, sister to sir Robert de Boys, of Ferst Norfolk, to whom she succeeded in that estate. Sir Jo vived his wife, who died in 1374, and was alive i when his eldest son, sir Robert, who was born in 133 Of the youngest son, John, there is no account. The named, sir Robert, was, in the second year of the Richard II., committed prisoner to the tower of Lond detaining Margery de Hartford from her grandmother, t Nevil, with whom, on her petition to the King, she had b pointed to remain, till the divorce that was then per the court of Rome, between her, and her husband, J Brewer, should be properly discussed. How sir Rob cured his enlargement we are not informed.

Sir Robert died before his father, on the 18th of Jul aged fifty-two years. He was married to Margaret, d of lord Scales, by whom he had one son, sir John H who became heir to his grandfather. He was twice m first to Margaret, daughter and heir to sir John F Tofte, in Norfolk; secondly, to Alice, daughter and sir William Tendring. By the former of these ladies, father of two children; John, who was also a knig

* By this we may see that the original name of thi family was Haward.

Margaret, married first to sir Constantine Clifton, of Buckingham Castle, in Norfolk, and afterwards to sir Gilbert Talbot. Sir John, the brother of this lady, married Joan, daughter of sir Richard Walton, who received from her father, in dowry, in the ninth of Henry IV., the manor of Ocle. The issue of this marriage was one daughter; Elizabeth, who carried the honours of her father and mother to the Veres, earls of Oxford, by marrying John Vere, at that time earl. The father of Elizabeth, countess of Oxford, died on a journey to the Holy Land, in 1409, in the life-time of his father; and Joan, who had a second husband, sir Thomas Erpingham, of Erpingham, in Norfolk, died in the year 1424.

By the latter wife, sir John Howard, above-named, had two sons, Henry and Robert Howard. The former was married to Mary, daughter of sir Henry Hussey of Sussex. On the death of his father, Henry, pursuant to a will, dated at Stoke-neyland, the 1st of April, 1435, took possession of the manors and other lands in the county of Norfolk, belonging to the Howards. Robert, the other son, was, however, he that continued the line.

We must not, however, omit giving some account, as appertaining to genealogy, of sir John Howard, of Stoke-neyland, which estate he obtained by his wife. On the 2d of July, 1405, the sixth of Henry IV., he was appointed with sir Gerrard Braybrook, to raise and embody all men capable of bearing arms, in order to oppose a French invasion, daily expected; he afterwards made a voyage to Jerusalem, where he died, the 17th of November, 1437. We now proceed to those who first bore the titles of *Dukes* of Norfolk.

Sir Robert Howard, by marrying Margaret, the daughter of Thomas de Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, ennobled this ancient family of the Howards by the title of Duke. This lady was in a direct line, from Edward I. of England, and from Philip, the Bold, king of France. To illustrate the grandeur of the Howard family, it is requisite to set forth her pedigree.

Edward I. married Margaret, daughter of Philip, king of France, and by her was the father of Thomas de Brotherton, who was born in the year 1300, and created earl of Norfolk, at the age of twelve years, by Edward II., his half-brother. This Thomas de Brotherton had a daughter, named Margaret, who married John, lord Seagrave, which Margaret, is mentioned in history, as duchess of Norfolk. Elizabeth, their daughter, married John, lord Mowbray, who had a patent granted him, signed the 12th of February, 1386, of the office of earl-marshal of England, to himself and his heirs. On the 29th of September, 1397, Richard II. advanced him to the dignity of a duke of Norfolk. The eldest daughter of this Thomas, was Margaret, who, when the male line became extinct, inherited a moiety of the possessions of the Mowbray family*.

The children of sir Robert were John, and two daughters, Margaret, married to sir William Daniel, baron of Rathwire, in Ireland, and Catharine, the second wife of Edward Nevil, baron Abergavenny: a match which incurred the censure of the church, and brought on an excommunication, which was taken off by pope Nicolas V., in the year 1448.

John Howard, the first duke of Norfolk, son to sir Robert, and heir to sir John, his grandfather, distinguished himself at the battle of Chastillon: he was deeply engaged, also, in that unhappy struggle for royalty, between the houses of York and Lancaster, on the side of Edward IV. In the second year of that monarch's reign, we find sir John Howard emplo the naval service; and in the eighth, he was appointe surer of the king's household. In 1470, he was made c general of all the king's forces by sea, during the c tions raised by the earl of Warwick. In April 22, 14 was elected a knight-companion of the most noble o the garter.

In the beginning of the year 1483, after being of th important service to his royal master, in several negot with France, John, then lord Howard, was sent as amba to that kingdom, to remind Louis of the treaty of m between the Dauphin and Elizabeth, the daughter of E IV. He returned, and confirmed the report of the king's perfidy; for he saw the lady Margaret of A daughter to duke Maximilian, son to the emperor Fr contracted and espoused to the Dauphin, at Amboise great pomp. This drew from Edward violent protestat revenge; which he would, no doubt, have carried into tion, had not death hurried him away in the midst of h tile preparations.

Lord Howard's fidelity to the house of York, recomm him to Richard III., who, six days after he began to created him duke of Norfolk, and his son, earl of Surr duke of Norfolk, he had full power to grant to any per persons, the office of marshal of the King's Bench, of m of the Exchequer, and office of marshal's crier, befo steward, and marshal of the king's household. As a ba his office, he was impowered to bear a golden staff, tip each end with black, with the arms of the king at or and those of his own family at the other. He contin receive the most unbounded favour from king Richar the raising this respectable nobleman by such disting proofs of esteem, marks the infinity of Richard's p genius.

John Howard, first duke of Norfolk, fell in the famou tle of Bosworth-field; but very differently were his re treated to those of the Usurper. His grace was con with all suitable decency and respect to Thetford, in N to be inhumed in the family sepulchre. He was first m to Catharine, daughter to lord Molines, and Eleanor, hi His second wife was Margaret, daughter of sir John worth. By the first lady, the duke had one son, Thoma of Surry, and four daughters By his second lady, Ma duchess of Norfolk *, his grace had several daughters.

The earl of Surry, known for his attachment to the of York, was looked on with a jealous eye, by Henry he, however, reaped the benefit of preserving a politic bearance; and on the breaking out of the rebellion a Henry, the lieutenant of the Tower offered the keys to t of Surry, who rebuked the officer for his infidelity, res not to be an accomplice in such perfidy. He was soon forth from his imprisonment, restored in blood, receive the king's favour, and enrolled among his chief friend did Henry repent his favours, for the duke shewed hims every occasion, one of his most faithful adherents.

This Thomas, second duke of Norfolk, had the hon standing godfather to the eldest son of king Henry VIII., queen, Catharine of Arragon, in the second year of th narch's reign. The retirement of his grace from cou owing to a violent disgust he had taken to the overb Wolsey; and when he waited on the king, at Richmo give in his resignation of lord treasurer of England,

* The other moiety went with the sister and co-heiress of Margaret, into the Berkely family, by her marriage with James, lord Berkely.

* There are some curious bequests in this lady's wil we shall notice hereafter.

instantly given to his son, the earl of Surry, who was then amusing himself on the bowling-green.

By the attainder of the duke of Buckingham vast possessions fell to the crown; manors in various parts of Suffolk, with the advowsons of church-livings, which were granted to Thomas, duke of Norfolk and his heirs. His grace, by his last will, dated 1520, desired that his body might be decently buried in the priory church of Thetford, in Norfolk. Among other particular donations in his will, he bequeathed his great hanged bed, paled with cloth of gold, white damask, and black velvet, embroidered with the letters T and A; as also one suit of hangings of the story of Hercules, made for the great chamber of Framlingham, in Norfolk, to his son and heir-apparent. His grace was buried, according to his desire, at the priory of Thetford, and with great solemnity.

This second duke of Norfolk married two wives; first, Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir to sir Frederic Tilney, of Ashwell Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and relict of sir Humphrey Bourchier, knight of the bath: the second was Agnes, the daughter of Hugh Tilney, Esq., of Boston, in Lincolnshire. By both these ladies he had a numerous progeny: by Elizabeth he was the father of ten children; the eldest was Thomas, afterwards duke of Norfolk. Sir Edward Howard, the late duke's second son, was grandfather to Catherine, the fifth wife of Henry VIII., king of England. The other sons of Thomas, second duke of Norfolk, died infants; but the ninth child was Elizabeth, who married Thomas Boleyn, viscount Rochford, afterwards earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, by whom she had issue a daughter named Anne, who, by her husband, Henry VIII., was mother of Elizabeth, queen of England.

By his second wife, Agnes, before mentioned, Thomas, second duke of Norfolk, had two sons and four daughters. The first son was William, ancestor to the extinct earls of Nottingham, and to the earl of Effingham. The second was Thomas Howard, who was committed to the Tower, attainted on suspicion that he aspired to the crown, and, to further his designs, had sought to marry lady Margaret Douglas, daughter to Margaret, queen of Scots, and niece to Henry VIII.; he died in the Tower, November 1, 1536.

The daughters were, 1. Anne, married to John Vere, earl of Oxford; 2. Dorothy, married to Edward Stanley, earl of Derby, till the year 1709, when James, the tenth earl, dying without issue, the title devolved upon Edward, a younger branch of the earl of Derby; 3. Elizabeth, married to Henry Ratcliffe, earl of Sussex; and 4. Catherine, first married to sir Rhese ap Thomas, knight of the garter, and secondly to Henry D'Aubeney, earl of Bridgewater.

[In order to give a clear and succinct account of the various interesting and noble progenitors of the truly illustrious family of the Howards, we are under the necessity of postponing the conclusion of *this* article in genealogy to a future number.]

LONDON.

LONDON! what shall we say of it in only the limited space we can allot to one particular subject—of London, the great, the magnificent, the largest, noblest, and most wealthy, city in the world? How stately is its river, for ever covered by ships ready to convey our riches to all quarters of the globe! How graceful the rainbow-like arches that form a safe passage over the deep beneath! How grand the various buildings th their proud heads above the tide! And then, a internal qualities—what unrivalled mansions con present themselves to notice throughout its almost less extent! Here (for Westminster and London considered as forming but one vast capital) we h venerable Abbey to remind us of the glory of years, and there the grandeur of St. Paul's, king-like on all the subject edifices for miles aroun everywhere do we meet with the mingled pride and of the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian order various too and multiplied are its public institutions for business, others for instruction, thousands for ment—hotels, taverns, arcades, assembly-rooms, tions, theatres, greet us on all sides without numbe eye is dazzled with the splendid decorations and r its shops, to and from which countless thousa continually going and returning. Then too, at its extremity, what an incessant concourse of rank and glitters along in dashing equipages—princes, lords bers of parliament; and, above all, what beautiful with the forms and the features of seraphs—eyes and, diviner still,

Oscula, quæ Venus
Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit:

clad, morever, in costly garments, whose rarity a gance are alone surpassed by the graceful cha their fair wearers! Quitting the gay for the bu of the metropolis, what industrious crowds do we bent on some pursuit or other,—none idle, and ev appearing to have the cares of the whole world u hands. What myriads of vehicles throng the some for convenience, others for labour; and the of all assuming an air of the utmost importance.

Though London possesses a due share of t and crime that must inevitably attend on all great how much superior in extent is its good to its evil What regularity and order reign within its immen cincts! How active its magistrates, and how praise its police! How great, too, is the host of virtue, and talent, it contains! Poets, painters, musician of science, statesmen, and patriots, make it the g field of their pursuits, and in it reap the gratifying r their labours so well deserve. Whilst singing the of their eternal city, and speaking of the Brit scarcely belonging to the world, terming them ultimos," and "toto divisos orbe Britannos," little did the bards of Rome imagine that, when the could scarcely be said to exist, the latter should i turn become, as it were, the sovereigns of the and possess a capital so populous and so bound this.

Briefly to conclude, we may say of London, ar greater truth, what has been applied to a celebrat on the continent,—they who have not seen it ha nothing.

FASHION AT THE COURT OF OLYMPUS.

FANCY having attached herself blindly and inordinately to INVENTION, was with him hurled down from Mount Olympus to this nether world, and commanded by Jupiter never to appear again before the immortals, till she had found her faithful handmaid, TASTE, whom she had lost sight of by following too implicitly the often wild suggestion of her husband; for Hymen, by the consent of Jupiter, had united them, hoping that, after the violence of their affection had, in some degree, subsided, the aberrations of their multiplied ideas might be checked, and that each would aid the other in producing all that was elegant and lovely.

On the descent of this pair to what was to be their future abode, they entered the dominions of REFINEMENT, and were kindly received by VARIETY, the reigning queen. Here FASHION was brought forth, the offspring of Fancy and Invention, for ever new, for ever young, versatile, and delightful. Her infancy was marked by every trait, that afterwards so eminently distinguished her character. Flora caused her choicest treasures to spring up under the feet of this captivating child. FASHION would stop to admire the beautifully diversified and richly perfumed objects; but fond of what could dazzle the eye, she gathered only those that yielded the most brilliant colours; she would have been happy to have given her preference to the rose, but the thorns wounded her fingers, and with her garment filled with every species of flower, and gaily-coloured weed also, that she could collect, she ran weeping to her mother because she could not obtain the most valuable—the rose, without injury. Her mother put on gloves, and cut the roses for her; then she tried to teach her how to arrange the confused collection she had brought.

FANCY grouped the flowers together prettily enough, and FASHION, even in her infancy, felt delighted, and embraced her dear mother over and over again: but she loved her father also, and was always willing to listen to his suggestions, though they were often wild and extravagant. He picked a quarrel with Flora, and determined on teaching his daughter to make flowers, which he christened after his wife, calling them *Fancy* flowers. He picked the blue off the corn-flower, and taught his child to make blue roses, gold violets, and a number of queer-looking blossoms, which never had been seen in any garden. He showed her how to stamp her name on them; and the mark was indelible, because they were found extremely becoming. Flora felt offended, though she knew very well that Fashion would resort to her treasures again.

FASHION soon attained the captivating aids of adolescence: her parents, in the palace of VARIETY, had imbibed such a love of change, that they were resolved to seek a new abode, though no one could be more suitable to them and their daughter than that they at present enjoyed: but they longed to shew her the world, and also to exhibit *her to* that world. They were all three seated one day on the summit of a hill, commanding an extensive prospect over the land of Refinement, when they fancied they caught a glimpse of TASTE be her steps towards the portal of VARIETY's palace; desired FASHION to repose awhile, and they eagerly ened to join *her*, who perhaps might be the mea their recovering their former exalted station.

Iris at that moment had descended on her painted and the messenger of Jove was charmed with the ap ance of the frolic nymph, who was endeavouring in to catch at the colours of the beautiful bow on whi goddess was borne. Iris quickly enveloped her light in the varied mist, and bore her to Olympus.

> "The speed of gods time counts not,
> Though with swiftest minutes wing'd."

So much of her parent FANCY was discovered in varied movements of FASHION, that the celestials delighted with her. Like a spoiled child, she di what she pleased, and Jupiter, himself, could not but laugh at her sportive tricks. Venus, only, s averse to her; she wanted no adorning, yet, she in FASHION a rival, that not only seemed, in ma stances, likely to be preferred to herself, but she a experienced, on her account, the neglect of her so pid, and of her three handmaids, the Graces, who w busied in decking out the new favourite: Cupid himself quite a fool for her, and Venus often cha him severely for it, whipping his godship with roses in spite of all his promises, as soon as the smar over, he again offended: lost his arrows, that Venu destined for some peculiar mortals; and FASHIO the time, was only laughing at her little lover; f chief occupation was the adorning of her person would pluck the feathers from Juno's own bird, and ment herself with them in so charming a manner Juno, herself, could not be angry: emboldened b indulgence, FASHION began to pick the feathers the necks of Venus's favourite doves, so that the "n of the smiles and loves" appeared as if she was dra poor, sickly, *earth-hatched* birds, that were mou while to add to her vexation, Cupid was so bew by this new power, that he was often seen strutting laced up in stays, with pantaloons that appeared li petticoats, or with his hair all in a hurry, scratched a high tuft on his head, with an opera hat under hi and a coat cut away behind, like a swallow's tail. all in tears, besought Jupiter to turn FASHION Heaven. "If I do," said Jupiter, "I shall give h finest quarter of the earth for her dominion: it is po and civilized; and it is where your power is owned; for the women there do not rely on beauty whereby to captivate the hearts of men." Minerva, gravity seldom forsook her, could not forbear smili behold Venus in such a taking. "My dear sister, she, "you have little to fear from FASHION; well-g she may be a powerful ally to Love; but has sh sometimes shewn herself so silly and capricious, make him often declare, he could not endure her? her, then, to do as she pleases; only give her enough; she has been so early tutored by VARIETY though she cannot *destroy* beauty, she will often s

figure it, that your true votaries will not only ridicule, but abjure her power." Jupiter, himself, though he approved his daughter's wisdom, thought her speech too prosing and serious for the subject. He knew well the powerful influence that FASHION will ever maintain over refined mortals, and he knew it from the moment when he caused her to be brought forth.

Venus did not much relish what Jupiter had said about bestowing on her rival that portion of the earth, which, ever since she quitted the island of Paphos, she had exclusively marked out as her own. She had recourse to an attendant on her husband, named DEFORMITY, whom Vulcan had brought to Olympus, as a foil, to set off his own uncouth figure. This person set about teaching FASHION what would best become her; and, captivated with every thing new, the versatile nymph easily gave into the snare. Deformity had no hips; she, therefore, suggested the idea of the enormous hoop, and gave it to FASHION, as an article sure to be generally admired, because every one would look alike. Unused to the troublesome disguise, FASHION displaced everything that came in her way; knocked Cupid fairly down, overset the vases, filled with ambrosia, and spoiled Juno's best robe. DEFORMITY, next, squeezed up the fine, easy shape of FANCY's daughter in a pair of hideous, stiff, long stays, so that the poor nymph could hardly stir, and, absolutely cried with pain. Though Cupid, at first, ridiculed, yet he pitied her, and seemed to be coming round again. DEFORMITY having hurt her hump-back against Vulcan's forge, now thought she had best shorten FASHION's slender waist: accordingly, she gave her an enormous *Nelson*, which, instead of placing in its proper station, to make the folds of the robe hang full and easy from the waist, she put it exactly between the shoulders, and above that a sash, with a large bow, so that FASHION appeared as humpy as DEFORMITY. Next, the malignant power made her adopt the long petticoat, because the ancles of DEFORMITY were of a most capacious rotundity. FASHION, with her little agile feet, and fawn-like limbs, was so embarrassed with this new invention, that she appeared quite awkward; yet she was taught to consider it *dignified*, and so she really thought it; but she did a deal of mischief; she swept away more than half the little constellations that composed the starry pavement of Jove's court: she never was an early riser, but, if the whim took her of rising with Aurora, she carried off those morning dews with her long skirts, that the goddess had treasured up, to fertilize the earth.

It happened one morning that Flora came to Olympus, to lay before the throne of Jupiter the first beauteous tributes of Spring; the clamour, at that instant, was unanimous against FASHION, who stood like a culprit, her long garments drenched with dew, and her hair decorated with such a profusion of tawdry and ill-assorted feathers, that her head might have been mistaken for a jay perched upon a scare-crow. Flora could scarcely recognise in this figure, the blooming child, that used to plunder her gardens and fields, to adorn, with wild delight, her beautiful tresses. Flora, had, however, this day, made such exquisite offerings, that she was listened to with peculiar complacency, as she kissed the footstool of Jove: sh plored him to grant her the boon she was about t "Speak, my child," said Jupiter, kindly, "say, wh your request?" "O, sire of gods and men," said "I ask the pardon of two, once highly-favoured be whom you lately banished your presence, to wander the earth. FANCY and INVENTION have now reco their faithful attendant, TASTE. O, father, receive again, exalt them to the station they formerly h Jupiter nodded assent; INVENTION, FANCY, and T were received, but FASHION, by the undissenting of all the gods and goddesses was to be banished Mount Olympus. Jupiter, however, conscious that enmity proceeded chiefly from the dread of her f power, caused the punishment to conceal a high rew he gave to the versatile power, EUROPE, the mos fined quarter of this habitable globe; and gave her, for constant guides and attendants, ELEGANCE TASTE, charging her never to lose sight of them: VENTION and FANCY were, by frequent visits, to by their suggestions, both mistress and maids.

FASHION's favourite abode was situated near the of VARIETY, whom she finds the same kind and n ficent sovereign as before: FASHION finds her cou often requisite, in pleasing her votaries; but she times, too much biased by them; yet, though she has often prone to follow the advice of a gaudy atten belonging to VARIETY, named WHIMSICALITY, it i justice to FASHION, to assert, that, for several years she has been conspicuous for her true attachment to GANCE and TASTE.

VARIELI

SONG.

Awhile the sparkling tear-drop laid
Enshrin'd in Beauty's eye;
Then o'er her rosy cheek it stray'd,
But stray'd—she knew not why.

It fell to earth; no more were shed,
And Beauty heav'd a sigh;
A blush upon her cheek was spread,
But spread—she knew not why.

Young Love came by—his cheek was flush'd,
Bright shone his laughing eye;—
He rais'd his voice, and Beauty blush'd—
And blush'd—she well knew why!

THE TROUBLES OF A BASHFUL MAN

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN yet "*tener in cunis*," I was thought a rem able ill-favoured child by every one but my mother, (good woman!) in the excess of her parental fondn considered me to be possessed of as much lovel as any mortal babe of them all. The unfriendly opi that was thus formed of my infantine beauty, conti to operate against me in maturer years, and, at the ag sixteen, I was scarcely deemed more "*candore n*

bilis" than when in my cradle—in fact, various disagreeable reflections were continually thrown out against me;—one pleasant fellow, for instance, would vow, that with a small degree of alteration, I should make a most excellent substitute for an Egyptian mummy; whilst another would simper and declare, that were my face only a few shades darker, (it was always dark enough, heaven knows!) he should not be able to distinguish me from a tattooed Indian. My kind, judicious parent, was for a long time the only being who consoled me under these manifold insults, but, at length, some of her acquaintances began to relax from their blunt sarcasms, and (by way of enjoying a different species of joke, as I have since been convinced, by doleful experience,) first one, then another, gave it as a matter of candid opinion, that I was suddenly much improved in appearance:—this delighted me beyond measure, and knowing that

"Qui change une fois peut changer tous les jours,"

I sincerely hoped to be in a fair way of shortly becoming irresistible by my personal attractions.

This heavenly delusion, alas! did not continue long. My destiny brought me to the metropolis, where I soon found myself to be as much a butt for ridicule as in my native town: this circumstance considerably diminished my nascent vanity, and it was afterwards completely destroyed by the three following events, which, Mr. Editor, I will now briefly relate for your better edification and amusement.

I had daily to walk through a particular street, somewhere between Mile End and Hyde Park Corner, and daily was I moved to inexpressible joy by the conviction of being invariably regarded, *en passant*, by fair and favouring eyes from the parlour window of a certain house on the way. Bashfulness has always been a constituent part of my character, and it was long, very long, ere I dared to direct a full gaze towards the hallowed window in question; on the contrary, I was accustomed to hurry past, blushing over eyes and ears; and although when at a distance from the object of my thoughts, I resolved to look boldly and straitforward; on drawing near, all such resolutions speedily vanished, and my visual orbs never failed to turn towards the ground as naturally as possible during my hasty transit by the cherished dwelling of my fancied enamorata. How was I charmed at the idea of being beloved—and how often, after suffering from the detestable ridicule of my companions, did I mentally exclaim—"At all events, there is one fair creature whose sentiments towards me are only those of admiration and attachment!" Pity me, then, Sir, when I tell you that having at length mustered a sufficient quantum of courage to cast a steady regard towards the heaven of my dearest hopes, I found—what?—that this radiant being, this angel of earth, this beautiful and constant admirer of my face and person, was (again I entreat you to pity me, Sir,) was—the protuberant corner of a dimity bed-curtain!

A few months subsequent to this melancholy occurrence, there happened another, still more mortifying, which gave a second deadly blow to my vanity, thus it was: During my perambulations, I was once greatly charmed by the beauty of a female, who appear to be a chambermaid, and so deep was the wo inflicted on my too-sensible heart, that I was al resolute enough to follow her footsteps, and where she resided; after this, I did not fail to ta opportunity of passing the house into which I h her enter, and in doing so, my delighted ears w nerally greeted by what I fondly deemed to be a sm laugh, proceeding from the area window. Now, the action of the risible muscles is as frequently by unfavourable as by favourable sentiments tow person or event that causes it, yet did I never, f ment, doubt my fair *soubrette* had fallen in love and that she could, in consequence, scarcely re joy whenever the object of her idolatry passed by, now greatly consoled for the unfortunate affair of curtain, and, little suspecting the good judgmen ears, at length took the determination of adopti decisive steps in the matter—and take them I with a vengeance. Having made myself as muc Adonis as possible beforehand, I heroically pau in front of the area to which all my dreams piness were linked—and judge, pitying Sir, ho dreams were annihilated, when, looking into the and being greeted by the usual apparent half-su laugh, I discovered (the bare recollection distra that the delightful and long-loved sound—the sou formed all my joy—proceeded from nothing whate the bill of an abominable parrot! I mentally pr the power of wringing its detested neck!

One might reasonably suppose that these cumstances, connected, were quite sufficient to re to the lowest state of humility;—but no, Sir,— ther was to happen, ere I could be brought to a d of my own absurd conceit. A short time ago, I casion to pass the day at a country inn, during was again drawn into the rosy (rosy, indeed!) f love, and this by the youthful daughter of the l With what speaking eyes did I regard her when approached me—how did I sigh at every sweet w uttered, and with what romantic ideas did I retire after having been waited on at supper by the de damsel herself! I doubted not, for one instant, conquest was mutual, and about midnight, was co in this notion by the gentle approach of the gentl steps along the passage. How my heart beat- leapt from my restless couch, and listened with br attention at the key-hole!—the steps came nea nearer, and, finally, paused close to my portal: t my bosom overpowered with delight, for I hea seemed to me a whisper—an indistinct, hesitating —all my soul was on fire—I opened the door in silence, and intense expectation—when (horrib rible!) in walked—no doting, charming woman great tom-cat!

Such, Mr. Editor, were the doleful events that to his present state of humility,

Your obedient serva

SCHEMING.

SCHEMING is now the order of the day, and long may it remain so; it is the spice and seasoning of society, the stimulus of human life, the spring of activity, without which one half the world would have nothing to do, and the other half nothing to talk about. A scheme is a never-failing topic of conversation, in which the wise and the ignorant can take an equal share, and on which every one feels himself qualified to deliver an opinion. I am myself a great admirer of scheming, and have built many a goodly castle in the air for my private amusement, and indulged my excursive fancy in such speculations, and not contented with the projected tunnel under the Thames, actually drew out a scheme for a similar communication across the Atlantic, furnished with iron railways and steam carriages for the conveyance of passengers and merchandise, and had some idea of employing the powerful agent of steam in the construction of a machine for navigating balloons in a voyage to the moon. In this last scheme I had provided the aëronaut with a pneumatic apparatus for the manufacture of atmospheric air till he should arrive in the atmosphere of the moon, where he would most probably meet with this indispensable support of human existence. But these and many other schemes equally important, and, in my opinion, practicable, in the present advanced state of science, have never yet been submitted to the public, and probably never will.

Though the schemer may be called, by the cool calculator and sagacious philosophers of the age, a *madman*, and his most important and useful projects ridiculed as impracticable, yet the universal encouragement given to scheming at present proves that he is, in fact, a most valuable member of society, and highly laudable for attempting what no other man would have done. The boldness of his plans, and the fertility of his genius, deserve and receive the most unqualified praise. With a degree of prudence that would do credit to the most finished statesman, he takes advantage of public credulity, and lives on the profits it affords him; for, in this land of speculation, support and encouragement ever await the ingenious: and the public easily catch at any scheme that promises either profit or utility. But why should the innocent and industrious schemer be thus an object of ridicule, while the schemer in foreign securities, who draws others into the same vortex of ruin with himself, escapes without public opprobrium and disgrace? The true schemer, however, luckily for himself and the true interests of the public, has a mind above such petty considerations; he soars above the grovelling opinions of the vulgar, and, trusting to the patronage of an enlightened and generous public, sets all reasonable calculation at defiance. This is the age of puff, profession, and panegyric, and he employs them to their utmost extent. The newspapers teem with his plans, and the monthly periodicals discuss their merits; the schemer and anti-schemer "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war;" long is the contest, and zealous the combatants; objections are raised and answered, theories are broached and refuted; but vain is the struggle, the public, and the public only, is the unprejudiced umpire, and to the public the app made. The schemer, undaunted by sarcasm and u by ridicule, has by this time attained popularity; his is in every mouth, and his scheme the theme of tongue. He convenes a public meeting, at which h ters elaborately into the minutiæ of his long-pub prospectus, and points out, in all its relative bea the advantages of his scheme over every other. H guments carry a plausible face of conviction; a h friends and speculators rise in his defence; the ring with applause at the eloquent speeches deli objections are made and answered; resolutions fr proposed, and carried; subscriptions are advanced, a mittee is formed, a treasurer appointed; and the m dissolves to the mutual satisfaction of the schemer a audience.

Scheming is, in fact, one of the means of human ence, and perhaps of all others the least hazardou profitable. It affords a constant employment both to and body, and is the fruitful source from whence we derived many of the public conveniences we now The brilliant illumination which now enlivens our st was the result of scheming in a private individual, after having tried many minor experiments on his premises, in the course of which he more than on caped being burnt in his bed, magnanimously ext the benefit of his discovery to his neighbours, and w enjoy the fruit of his labours in the establishme companies for the purpose of supplying the town inflammable air, which may by a further improveme rendered portable, to the utter destruction of ta chandlers and oilmen. Another great schemer wa projector of the National Schools; and to him we that dissemination of intellectual light among the classes, which has rendered children more learned their parents, set the servant upon a footing wit employer, and inundated the metropolis with c ushers, nursery governesses, and companions; and I fear will render an industrious serving man or se maid a perfect *rara avis*. This I admit to be one failures of scheming; and though I never can allow "ignorance is bliss," and thence infer that "'tis fo be wise," yet I cannot but deprecate the application system that shall bring forward the son of a col brought up at one of these establishments, befor admiring audience, to answer questions in divinity would puzzle the brains of the son of a bishop wh matriculated at the university.

Besides the above, who may be called schemers large scale, there are others of an inferior description, though they depend upon the public for support an tronage, are as inveterate puffers as any I have mentio they gull the public, and live upon its credulity. this class are all quacks, who of the scheming famil the most ignorant and dangerous. Then there are lit schemers, from whose well-stored portfolios and al arise the swarms of hebdomadal publications no much in fashion, and to which the public owe gratitu some innocent and valuable information, and above a downfal and, I trust finally, the extermination, o

radical schemers, whose effusions of blasphemy and treason were fast sapping the national morals. To this numerous fraternity might be added the matrimonial schemer, who professes the most ardent affection for the lady's person when he speculates for her property; the fashionable schemer, who directs all his talents to attain an ascendency in the court circles, observes all the rules of etiquette, and but too frequently ends his career by submitting himself to the rules of the King's Bench. In short, scheming is one way or other the occupation of all; each has his scheme either of profit or pleasure; and to all it proves, as it cannot fail to do, the only employment by which a permanent interest can be excited, popularity ensured, and the best interests of the public promoted.

T.

SONG IN HONOUR OF VENUS.

Still were the waves when the Goddess of Love
From the foam of their bosoms upsprung;
Bright as the bright moon which smiled from above,
And flush'd with divinity young.

Slowly she rose from the foam of the billow,
Beneath the blue arch of the sky;
Where many a pale star had sought out a pillow,
And slept in its cradle on high

Oh! bright were the skies, and peaceful the earth,
When the Goddess of Beauty was born;
The sea-nymphs sang blithely and loudly in mirth,
The blue tritons wound their vast horn.

The gods of the vale and the sprites of the mountain
Gave praise to the Queen of Delight;
And Naïads uprose, from Bœotia's fountain,
To weave her a girdle all bright.

They twined it with love, and they twined it with pleasure,
They bathed it in beauty's sweet breath;
Then hied to the Queen with the new-woven treasure,
And placed it her bosom beneath.

They bound it around her, and bound it in glee,
And magic was blent with the zone,
Which gave all its power to the child of the sea,
And made young hearts for ever her own.

ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD.

KNIGHTS OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

THE romantic and trivial cause of this order (being founded on the circumstance of a countess of Salisbury having dropt her knee-string at a ball) is now, we believe, universally discredited. Edward III., who instituted this noble order, was too warlike a prince to attach such importance to so puerile an incident. His chief business was to gain the hearts of the soldiery; and he engaged the best soldiers in Europe. With this view, he projected the setting up of king Arthur's round table and proclaimed a solemn tilting, to invite foreigners of courage and quality to the exercise. This solemnity was fixed at Windsor, on the 1st of January, 1344; and the king ordered that this entertainment should be held annually, at the sam at Whitsuntide. The knights, magnificently ent at his majesty's expense, ate together at a table, diameter, which was called the round table. having lately given his garter for the signal of a f battle, took occasion to institute this order, mak garter its particular distinction; from whence tha number which he incorporated into a fraternit named the *Knights of the Garter*. By this gar knights' companions are symbollically put in min always by the maxims of good faith, sincerity, ligion; to push an enterprise with resolution, but undertake any thing contrary to the statutes of the not to violate the engagements of friendship, th arms, the privileges of peace; nor to do any thing to the articles of probity and honour. This mo order of knighthood was founded in the twenty-th of the reign of king Edward III., in the year 135 patrons were the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Vir George, and St. Edward the Confessor.

To qualify a person for this honour, he sh of unblemished character; and, as the king is at of the order, he should not be less than a knight, must be one that was never known to abet, in any faction against his prince. He should be a gentle name, arms, and blood. No knight that has be victed of heresy or cowardice, can be admitted order: he is likewise subject, after he is chose degraded at the pleasure of the sovereign, if, b tinism and extravagance, he wastes so much of perty, as renders him incapable of maintaining racter honourably. The habit of the order upon days, is the garter, mantle, surcoat, hood, colla George, and cap. At the middle of the collar ha picture of St. George, sitting on horseback, who, thrown the dragon on his back, encounters him tilting spear. The garter, which is blue, was, foundation of the order, worn a little below the the left leg, which still continues, having thi wrought on it, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*; wh made in French, because at that time our king p the greatest part of France, and was at war for the and our laws were then in the French language, wi also universally spoken at the English court.

There is an officer belonging to this order, calle king at arms, whose business is to manage and the solemnities at their installations and feasts.

When the sovereign designs to elect a compan this most illustrious order, the chancellor belongi draws up the letters; which, passing under the sov sign manual, and the signet of the order, are sent to son by garter principal king at arms, and are to thi

"We, with the companions of our most noble ord garter, assembled in chapter holden this present da castle at Windsor, considering the virtuous fidelity shewn, and the honourable exploits you have don service, by vindicating and maintaining our just ri have elected and chosen you one of the companio order. Therefore, we require you to make your spee unto us to receive the ensigns thereof, and be r

your installation upon the ——— day of this present month, &c."

When the garter is buckled round the leg, the following words are said:

"To the honour of God, omnipotent, and in memorial of the blessed martyr St. George, tie about thy leg, for thy renown, this noble garter; wear it as the symbol of the most illustrious order, never to be forgotten or laid aside; that thereby thou mayest be admonished to be courageous; and having undertaken a just war, in which thou shalt be engaged, thou mayest stand firm, valiantly fight, and successfully conquer."

The elect knight is then brought before the sovereign, who puts about his neck a sky-coloured ribbon, from which depends the image of St. George on horseback, in wrought gold. The following admonition is then given:

"Wear this ribbon about thy neck, adorned with the image of the blessed martyr and soldier of Christ, St. George, by whose imitation provoked, thou mayest so overpass both prosperous and adverse adventures, that having stoutly vanquished thy enemies, both of body and soul, thou mayest not only receive the praise of this transient combat, but be crowned with the palm of eternal victory."

Clothed in the rich and splendid habits of his order, the knight goes to the chapter-house, where, disrobing himself of his upper garment, he is invested with a surcoat of crimson velvet, lined with white taffata; during which time the following admonition is given him:

"Take this robe of crimson, to the increase of your honour, and in token or sign of the most noble order you have received, wherewith you being defended, may be bold; not only strong to fight, but also to offer yourself to shed your blood for Christ's faith, the liberties of the church, and the just and necessary defence of them that are oppress and needy."

Then the sword is girt on, and bearing his cap in his hand, he proceeds, between two knights, to his installation in St. George's chapel; and garter king at arms laying his right hand on the new testament, the following oath is administered:

"You being chosen to be one of the honourable company of this most noble order of the garter, shall promise and swear by the holy evangelists, by you here touched, that wittingly or willingly, you shall not break any statutes of the said order, or any articles in them contained, the same being agreeable, and not repugnant to the laws of Almighty God, and the laws of this realm, as far forth as to you belongeth and appertaineth; so help you God and his holy word."

When the sky-coloured velvet mantle is given, the following words are used:

"Receive this robe of heavenly colour, the livery of this most excellent order, in augmentation of thy honour, ennobled with the shield and red cross of our Lord; by whose power thou mayest safely pierce troops of thy enemies, and be over them ever victorious; and being in this temporal warfare glorious in egregious and heroic actions, thou mayest obtain eternal and triumphant joy."

At the great solemnity of the installation of a k the garter, his helmet, crest, sword, banner, and pl to be set over the stall in the chapel of St. Ge Windsor, as a mark of honour, and are to remain his being of that order, the plate containing the ins of his name, titles, &c.

LOVE'S HOME.

Love wander'd from Venus in search of a home,
And stray'd to the haunts of mankind;
From the cot to the palace, and even the tomb,
But still no abode he could find.

At the cot meagre Poverty open'd the door,
Love shrunk from his frown with a sigh;
He never had known a refusal before,
And the tear of regret fill'd his eye.

"I'm a wanderer benighted," he plaintively cried
"My garments are drench'd in the storm;
The wants of a child may be quickly supplied,
And your cottage, though humble, is warm."

Stern Poverty answer'd, "No lodging is here;
Your tears and complaints are in vain;
I've no warmth of compassion your sorrows to ch
My companions are Famine and Pain.

"Besides, I perceive, though you wear a disguise
That Love is the name you should bear;
From my presence you sought an abode in the ski
And Beauty has nurtured you there.

"But if an asylum you seek with mankind,
Bend to yon gaudy palace your flight;
For there wealth and beauty together you'll find
With pleasure and youthful delight."

To the palace Love hasted, but quickly he found
The portal was guarded by Pride;
She refused to admit him so dripping and drown'd
Though he sought not his person to hide.

Pride laughingly cried, "You are surely a cheat,
Love is frolicsome, sportive, and gay;
He never came here as a wanderer yet,
Nor till Pleasure had shewn him the way."

Love, disgusted, withdrew, as the shadows of nigh
Fell dark o'er the glittering dome;
And as the gay landscape was lost to his sight,
He beheld the deep jaws of the tomb.

At the entrance sat Death, and grim-visaged Despa
Love, trembling, besought a retreat;
Death answer'd, "The living are never found here
No pulses of pleasure here beat.

"To the arrows of Love faded beauty shall owe
My summons to rest in the grave;
At thy specious smiles while a wand'rer below
To me yield the young and the brave."

Love, frowning, took flight, and to Venus return'd,
Cried, "A wand'rer no longer I'll roam;
By the cruel rejection on earth I have learn'd,
That in Heaven alone is my home."

SUMMARY OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

It is not the plan of this work to enter into lengthened disquisitions on new publications; our intention is to direct our readers to works of merit, and to make short and interesting extracts from them.

A work of considerable merit has appeared, entitled *The Wonders of Elora; or, the Narrative of a Journey to the Temple and Dwellings excavated out of a Mountain of Granite, and extending upwards of a Mile and a Quarter, at Elora, in the East Indies.* Elora is situated about 260 miles from Bombay, 650 from Madras, and about 1000 from Calcutta. It is surprising that, with all the eagerness which British tourists manifest to explore the most distant parts of the world, the wonders of Elora should remain so little known; those excavations which "dispute with the pyramids the first place among those works which are undertaken to display power, and to embody feeling, without being subservient to utility." Captain Seeley, the author, has carefully examined, and ably described, those splendid monuments of forgotten ages. He is of opinion that "no monuments of antiquity in the known world are comparable to the caves of Elora, whether we consider their unknown origin, their stupendous size, the beauty of their architectural ornaments, or the vast number of staircases and emblems, all hewn and fashioned out of the solid rock." We cannot spare room for extracts from this important work. To build the Pantheon, the Parthenon, St. Peter's at Rome, our own St. Paul's, or a Fonthill Abbey, is a task of science and labour; but we understand *how* it is done: but to conceive a body of men, however numerous, attack a solid mountain of rock, 100 feet high, and excavating by the slow process of the *chisel*, like the one we are speaking of, with a mass of sculpture and carving in endless profusion, the mind is bewildered in amazement. We earnestly invite our readers to purchase the work.

A Tour through Parts of the Netherlands, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, and France, in the Years 1821-22, is worth perusal, and will be found particularly interesting to those who have travelled. The description of the little village of Brock, near Amsterdam, is amusing. "It is," says the author, "so remarkable for the neatness of its appearance, as probably to be unique throughout the world.

"Remarkable as are the Dutch for the cleanliness of their dwellings, this village, even amongst themselves, is considered as a curiosity, and, in fact, it is nothing short of the burlesque.

"At the entrance into the village is posted up the ancient *lex scripta*, requiring that every rider, on passing through, should dismount, and lead the animal by its nose; and that no person should smoke in any part of the village without a guard over the ball of the pipe, in order to prevent the ashes from falling out, on pain of forfeiture of the pipe in question. Such is the purport of the public notice at the entrance into this little miniature town. These, and many other similar regulations, are still scrupulously observed by the inhabitants. Not a cat or a dog is to be seen loose in the village; and certainly, during my visit here, I did not see one tobacco-pipe without the re guard, and I may almost venture to say, that I saw a tobacco-pipes as male inhabitants.

"This village is built partly round the banks of a circular lake; but these are the residences of the we inhabitants, and are ornamented in the highest fashion, with plenty of green, white, and yellow pai favourite colours in the exterior of all Dutch houses whole appearance of these buildings bespeaks th minute attention to neatness; the windows are of lied brightness; every thing has a shining air of fres and the stranger looks in vain for a grain of dirt, or ticle of dust, for these are scarcely to be found up ground.

"But there is another custom here, which, for its larity, deserves particular notice. Almost every h the village has two entrance doors; one is the c and usual entrance, the other is opened only on tw sions: one to let in the bride and bridegroom af celebration of the marriage ceremony, the other them out on their way to their last home; a somewh sentimental idea for the bride, on crossing for th time the threshold of her new residence, but quite c teristic of this phlegmatic people."

A very short analysis of "*Trials, a Tale,*" will a full idea of the contents of the work. "Trials" divided into two separate tales; for, though blend one, each distinctly comprises the history of a female placed in the most trying circumstances. Ca St. Aubyn's is particularly well told. Her marr is made miserable by unfounded jealousy; her ungo temper occasions a breach between her husband and at the very moment when his duty as a soldier calls the continent; he falls in his first battle, and Catherine a prey to unavailing remorse. Augusta B the object of her fears, is a finished portrait of the h coquette, trifling with the happiness she is incap appreciating, in the cold spirit of sheer malignity next heroine that appears on the scene is a youn whose prudence and rectitude of principle are opposed to her husband's instability and extrava Both go through trials enow. Catherine's are th severe: there are no miseries like those we ma ourselves.

Capt. Cochrane, the son of the well-known Mr rane Johnstone, and nephew of the admiral, and of lord Cochrane, has just published his "*Narrati Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberia tary, from the Frontiers of China to the Frozen S Kamschatka, performed during the years* 1820, *and* 23." It is a work abounding with curious in tion. His travels were the most eccentric that ev undertaken at any period; and we think his acc them likely to be more popular than any work of t which has been published for many years. The n journeying adopted by the author, and the advent which it exposed him, are so entirely romantic, that we had the certain proof of their truth, we could n believe them, than we believe the chivalrous *rades* giants and monsters for the disenchanting of dams

knights-errant of old. These, indeed, had their chargers and squires; but Capt. Cochrane chose to go forth on foot and alone, to traverse strange lands and brave inhospitable climes.

In 1820, when, as a commander in the royal navy, he had nothing to employ his time, and evidently partaking of a portion of that spirit of oddity and enterprise so strongly and variously developed in his family, he offered his services to the Admiralty to explore that grave of European endeavour, the interior of Africa. This offer not being accepted, he turned his attention towards Russia; and, having previously wandered over France, Spain, and Portugal, determined to walk from Europe into Asia, and thence into America by its northern limits!—"a journey of many thousand miles, and over a country considered as next to impassable."

We quote from the Preface the following general statement of the author:—

"I frequently walked, and as frequently rode, and was thus enabled to go over a vast extent of country in a short time; and such is the kind disposition of the Russian character towards a stranger, as evinced in my case, that I feel convinced that, by studying their manners and customs, partaking of their amusements, shewing respect to their religion, and otherwise conforming to their rude notions, the empire of Russia may be traversed by a foreigner in every direction, with much convenience, plenty of food, good lodgings, and even suitable raiment, without molestation, and this for so inconsiderable a sum, that to name it were to challenge disbelief. I shall, therefore, only state that the expenses of my journey from Moscow to Irkutsk (by the route I went, six thousand miles,) certainly fell short of *a guinea*."

In fact, it appears that our countryman not only travelled as a pedestrian, but that he walked and worked his way *in forma pauperis*.

ON FEMALE DRESS.

On ancient female dress it is difficult to carry the retrospect very far back, without setting the pre-inheritors in a light that might be wanting in that delicacy which we wish ever to preserve in our unspotted pages. It is not easy to say to whom we are indebted for regular clothing: most probably it was to the *Romans;* but the dress most in vogue for several centuries was that worn by our Saxon ancestors. It consisted of a limber kind of stay, called jumps or boddice, a mantle thrown over the head and shoulders, and a light petticoat reaching just below the calf of the leg. The furniture of the feet and legs was composed of dressed skins, open before, and drawn together with lacing, perhaps in imitation of the Roman buskin: this was worn indifferently by both sexes. In the ninth century, by the wise conduct and address of the great King Alfred, peace and regular government became established; in consequence of which commerce began to extend itself, and arts and sciences to flourish. As the members of the world grew rich, and ingenuity prevailed, something new was always presented to oblige and decorate the female sex; they, in return, sought to cultivate the dawnings of good taste, and became studious to themselves amiable to such kind donors. This na made dress a serious care, and engrossed a consid part of the attention; and we accordingly find th tween this period and the Norman conquest the lad England were very richly adorned. From the N conquest down to the seventeenth century the g manner of the ladies' dress was much the same, as, present period, they were particularly emulous of serving a good shape; and the contours of the wai arms were unremittingly attended to, their garmen sleeves being made to fit close. A ruff about their and just so much of the bosom left exposed as gave an opportunity of decorating themselves with a necklace, called a *solitaire*. Their heads were d with a black coif, or hood; the hair combed up full b and a high-crowned hat finished the pretty py Notwithstanding the portraits of Reuben or of Va it is a moot point whether this dress was not contin the Restoration, since it was certainly worn by a females of the Protector Cromwell's family, whose Elizabeth, and whose grand-daughter, Bridget Be were remarkable for the sumptuousness of their att certain particular occasions. Painters often emplo imaginations to render their female portraits lovel regard but little the fashion of the age, and this dent in the works both of Reubens and Vandyck, si see many women of fashion painted at the same tim they flourished, in the old garb, by other painters; w therefore, naturally suppose that those painters ha the fancy of those two great masters, but drew from wh continually before their eyes. Vandyck has shewn women ought to be dressed, and meaner hands ho *were* dressed. There is a real grace in Vandyck's d that merits imitation from every age; but the dre tually worn at that period had neither grace nor pro The ruff was not only awkward, but it conceale beauty of a well-made and white throat, and whic most delicate minded female might display withou impropriety.

After the Restoration this thought struck the beauties, and they imitated every thing in Vandyck's ner of dressing his portraits. Had they been satisfied this style of costume, they would have handed down all that was graceful and elegant: but it was a re licentiousness; and the peculiar feature of the times a too great laxity of manners, the female fashions nerated into indelicacy. This, however, expired a succeeding reign became more correct; the turn of t ing among the men was changed,—and, as they c to admire the exposure of charms, too common to eye to be long pleasing to any, the ladies became correct both in their dress and conduct. But one ex is sure to produce another; from their shapes bein easy and exposed they now became too stiff and co Vandyck was no longer regarded as their model having no certain rule to dress by, it was mere ac that governed their choice of dress.

At England's memorable revolution, a war comm with France; the French ladies took it in their hea dare the Englishwomen to dress like them; in this pr

their heart, they invented high-heeled shoes, and erected little castles on the tops of their heads, by these means, raising themselves to the height of our British grenadiers. Advice of this coming by the way of Holland, the British ladies sounded to arms, and in little more than a month, became a match for the Gallic belles. On the peace, the English dames were peaceable also; but they shewed their good-nature by adopting many French fooleries; and, on resuming the war, under Queen Anne, the sprightly French again set their wits to work, and introduced the hoop-petticoat: they have been accused in inventing this wonderful machine, to have been actuated by rather a sinister view; their own climate being somewhat warmer than that of England, they fancied that what might be cool and refreshing to them, would, most likely, give the British ladies the rheumatism. Besides they had been informed, though falsely, that the English women had not good legs, and this fashion would be the certain means of exposing their rivals' defects. The first rotund of this kind, that they got conveyed here, by some smugglers on the coasts, was near seven yards in circumference, and this was done, with an intent that it might be seized, and exposed to public view, which happened accordingly, and it made its first appearance on the lady of a great statesman, who claimed the honour of setting the first fashion of it in London; and making a bold stroke, she wore it first at Court. Next, we imported from France, after the peace of Utrecht, the *sacque*. The handsome wife of an alderman of London, it is said, first wore that dress at a lord mayor's ball: and a good-looking French priest brought in the cloak, with a hood, called a capuchin, which was long in favour: but the hood was not long of use; for soon after, the ladies began to vie with each other in the extraordinary magnitude of their heads: compassion for the multitude, during a scarce harvest, caused the disuse of powder, and the heads gradually diminished in size; a charming Grecian style of dress was adopted; but being carried to excess, the waist was ridiculously short, broad, and shapeless. For several years, the contour of the form has been strictly attended to: corsets have been invented, that closely embrace a fine form, without confining it. Cleanliness, elegance, and tasteful ornament, are the chief auxiliaries, at a British lady's toilet, and it may now be justly deemed an altar erected solely to the Graces.

DEATH OF LORD BYRON.—May 14.

A courier arrived in town on Friday morning, with the intelligence of the decease of lord Byron, at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, after an illness of ten days.—On the 9th of April, lord Byron, who had been living very low, exposed himself in a violent rain; the consequence of which was a severe cold, and he was immediately confined to his bed. The low state to which he had been reduced by his abstinence, and probably by some of the remaining effects of his previous illness, made him unwilling, at any rate he refused, to submit to be bled.

George Gordon, lord Byron, was born in 1788, was the representative of a family which ascends to the Norman Conquest. The peerage was conferred on Byron for his services to the royal cause in the Edge-hill and Newbury, in which he was enga six of his brothers.

William, lord Byron, who succeeded to the fa nours, in 1736, was committed to the Tower in killing his relation and neighbour, Mr. Chawo duel, fought at the Star and Garter Tavern, P by the light of a candle.—A verdict of wilful mu been returned by the coroner's jury, and his lord tried by his peers, in Westminster Hall, and fou of manslaughter; but discharged on the plea of p when brought up for judgment. This lord died stead Abbey, May 17, 1798.

The hon. John Byron, his brother, born at N Abbey, on the 8th of November, 1728, is disting our Naval History, for the hardships he encou the expedition under commodore Anson, and for t dition he himself commanded shortly after the co ment of the last reign. The son of this vetera Byron, the father of the poet, was born in 17 distinguished himself in the annals of gallantr seduction of the marchioness of Carmarthen, wh her divorce, he married. On her death, he marr Gordon, a Scotch lady of noble descent, an heir estate at Rayne, in the district of Gairwih, in th of Aberdeen; he died at Valenciennes, on the 2 gust, 1791. His lordship's mother died in Scotla he was on his travels, in 1811.

Lord Byron succeeded to the titles and estate death of William, the fifth lord Byron, which t in 1798, when he was only ten years of age.

At the close of the year 1798, he was removed row, and at the age of little more than 16, he student of Trinity College, Cambridge. At 19 Cambridge for Newstead Abbey, and the same y to the world his "*Hours of Idleness.*"

On arriving at the age of manhood, lord By barked at Falmouth for Lisbon, and from thence p across the Peninsula to the Mediterranean, in with Mr. Hobhouse.

On the 2d of January, 1815, his lordship ma Soham, in the county of Durham, the only da sir Ralph Millbank Noel, bart., and, towards the cl same year his lady brought him a daughter. Wit weeks, however, after that event, a separation to for which various causes have been stated. His while the public anxiety was at its height, left t dom with the resolution never to return.

He crossed over to France, through which he p pidly to Brussels, taking in his way a survey of th Waterloo. He proceeded to Coblentz, and then Rhine as far as Basle. After visiting some of the markable scenes in Switzerland, he proceeded to of Italy, and took up his abode at Venice, whe joined by Mr. Hobhouse.

His patrimonial estate received lately a large in the death of lady Byron's mother, and a valuable c said to be worth 50,000*l*., had been discovered on dale estate before he left England, so that at his must have been in the possession of a large income

FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITIONS.

The lovers of the fine arts never had a greater treat offered to them, than that which has been produced by this year's exhibitions. A new collection of the works of eminent artists has been opened in Pall-Mall East, upon a plan of liberal encouragement to genius and to talent. We are happy to witness this proof of a really good and pure taste for the arts; as it gives to a man of *rising* merit the fair occasion of trying his powers; and to him of *acknowledged* merit, the ability of "shewing up" his works in a gallery of art, in preference to the solitary exhibitions which have so frequently, of late years, been the sole resource of men of talent, unblessed with the addition to their names of even an H.A. We do not pretend to enter into the justice or injustice of the causes which produced those effects, but express our sincere pleasure that *the end is come*. Among the number of excellent specimens displayed here, we could not avoid noticing Mr. Richter's admirable "*Widow*," which is excellently conceived, and ably executed. All the world look at it, and are struck with the remarkable coincidence of two exhibitions on the same subject. Mr. Reppingelle's "*Sessions-house*" is also a chaste specimen of art, and does him infinite credit. Mr. Haydon, who has been so long known, and much approved, as an historical painter, has not, however, added to his reputation by the picture in this exhibition.

We visited the Water Colour Exhibition with feelings of the deepest interest. Never was there such a strength of talent brought out; never was there such a display of tasteful beauty, nor subjects more happily chosen. Mr. Barrett's "*Evening*" and "*Sunset*" are exquisite *morçeaux*. Mr. Fielding's scene from "*L'Allegro*" does him infinite credit. Mr. Cox has also given us able proofs of the manner in which nature may be delineated, as well as many other meritorious contributors; but the strides with which Mr. John Varley overleaps his competitors are vast and astonishing. Witness the succession of grand and sublime subjects which he offers, year after year, to public observation. His first magnificent work, of the "*Burial of Saul*," upon which we dwelt, in long and mournful gaze, through the deep and sombre foliage of the funeral ground, at a sky lurid and rich, is beyond the conception of an ordinary mind.

Next came the "*Burning of Tyre*,"—a great effort, considering the difficulties to be surmounted in producing the effect of flames upon the water, and also by day-light. His next essay was a scene from one of our once-favourite poets. He who has seen this picture, must think with regret of the fall of him who gave birth to the idea so beautifully embodied by the artist; and he who reads the "Bride of Abydos," will rejoice that such a memento exists of the Selim and Zuleica of Lord Byron. Last year came the highly classical picture of "the Tomb of Thomson;" whose death we lament anew, in sympathetic feeling with the friend and the painter who have celebrated it. The production of this eminent master in this twentiet bition, is of the golden age, called, in the catalogue *of Peace*," which defies criticism, and leaves to en a bed of thorns to repose on. Numerous and meri as we acknowledge are many other of the exhibit confess there is not one who pleases us like Varle one who gives to nature such touching grace, such guishing effect.

To those who study the human face divine, the Academy always presents ample food for spec Amongst this class, we particularly remarked, wit pleasure, the president's fine portrait of the amiab graceful Duchess of Gloucester, the interesting C of Mr. Calmady, and his Grace the Duke of Devo In domestic scenes, we viewed, with our usual the representations of Wilkie, Mulready, and Leslie in himself a host. Mr. Wilkie's "*Smugglers*" a "*Cottage Toilette*" are exquisite for characte colour; and would stamp his name with celebrit the larger efforts of his easel never been submi the public. Mr. Mulready has hit off a Widow's co in so happy a style; with so just a display of humo so rich a tone of colouring, as does him infinite both as a man of discernment and an artist. Mr. painting from the inimitable Cervantes, is most char executed. We could not avoid wishing that we h perusal of this subject in our private apartment; we might indulge unrestrainedly in the broad mir humorous scene is calculated to elicit.

It would extend our limits too widely, were we t vidualise every master whose reputation ranks high English school of painting: their several works their best eulogy. Messrs. Chantry, Flaxman, and macott, have also presented us with subjects in scu in their usual style of beauty; as well as many gentlemen who study that interesting branch of art

THE OPERA AND THEATRES.

Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius * plerumque secat res.
Hor. Sat. 10., l. 1., v

King's Theatre.—The only events at this worth noticing have been the appearance of Signo morini, in the grand Maestro's opera, *Il Turco in* and that of Madame Caradori, as Zerlina, in M *Il Don Giovanni*. The first was very successful new *debût*, and promises to be a great acquisition establishment. The daily journals have forestalle any rapturous effusion in which we might have wis indulge on Caradori and her performance; they, as revel in all the luxuriance of eloquence, and the ex tions of "divine," "charming," "enchanting," " site," "amiable," and "beautiful creature," are ech

all sides. Oh! the romantic rogues! However, we will go so far as to say that she sang very sweetly, and received much and deserved applause.

Whilst on this subject, we will venture to express our marvel at the preference shewn by the fashionable part of the British public for foreigners and foreign entertainments, whilst it seems utterly careless of the proceedings of our great national theatres. This may have arisen, or, at all events, been greatly increased, by the hippodramatic mania which has of late days taken possession of the managers of the latter; for no intellectual mind could long experience pleasure in the dull, tedious, and gaudy, spectacles they have lately been so fond of bringing forward; whether this, or whatever else may have occasioned the secession of rank and fashion from the patronage of the national drama, even the sublime effusions of Shakspeare cannot, at present, allure them from other pursuits, and the noblest performance of the noblest tragedy does not appear to possess for them a thousandth part of the charms that exist in the picturesque skip of an opera-dancer, or in the sagacious shrug of an Italian's left shoulder. When will this strange whim be done away with?

Our theatrical department will be conducted on a plan totally different from that of all the other numerous (or rather numberless) periodicals which daily, weekly, monthly, and annually, present themselves before the wondering public. Instead of giving our own sentiments on the various novelties of the drama, we propose to point out those of some of our contemporaries, not omitting to notice the delightful specimens they so frequently furnish us with of the sublime and the whimsical in their remarks. Many have had ability enough to throw light upon the mysteries of nature; but as to the mysteries of dramatic criticism, he must indeed have a genius far beyond that of the sages of Greece and Rome, who could cast even so much as the beams of a farthing rushlight upon that impenetrable obscurity which overspreads the pages of theatrical lore. By pursuing this plan we have every hope to afford our readers much amusement, and also to enable them to form as good an idea of the subjects under consideration as if we had solely adhered to our own judgment, instead of dazzling with the brilliancy of our fellow-labourers' critical exertions. We do not, however, mean entirely to exclude our own sentiments; but shall state them at any time when a fitting occasion offers, or when in our wisdom we may deem it *necessary* so to do.

Having said thus much, we proceed to notice the principal theatrical novelties of the last month: at the head of which stands *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, revived at Covent Garden, with a complete set of spick-and-span new accoutrements, suited to the times in which the events of the drama took place. With these all the morning-papers express their perfect satisfaction, except in a certain degree. The *Herald*, of *Bow-street celebrity*, liked not the plumeless casques worn by the heroes of the night; and, as the editor is a man of some taste, we suppose we must hold this objection valid. And now, as to the grand feature of the performance,—the wonderful attraction of the night,—the *Falstaff* of Mr. Charles Kemble! The prosing *Times*, after a very laudable essay on the character itself, speaks rather favourably tha wise of this gentleman's new effort; but, at th time, he makes out, in a very clear manner, that *n* ever represented Sir John as he should be. "Coo lineation of him," says the mathematical critic, *angular!*" We would really recommend this worthy to add explanatory notes to his commen especially to such an one as this: "His (Mr. Ke face looks striking and handsome through the fatt for what mortal on earth can otherwise come writer's true meaning, excellent in its way as it su The *Morning Chronicle* gives a negative kind cism, and sagely asserts that the new knight of mensions was better than *some* had been, but not *as others*. The difficulty of arriving at such an im conclusion must be incalculable, and we cannot too commend it. The *Herald* is quite facetious on the and declares that Mr. K.'s "*exit upon all fours* pr more mirth and excited more applause than an *passage* of his performance;" to which the write that the actor chuckled too much, and made all his j off like great guns. This critic must certainly be a p comparisons are too happy and excellent for a mer writer*. Such are the sentiments entertained daily journals of Mr. K.'s personification of the knight of Eastcheap. With Young's *Hotspur* th three papers do not seem at all satisfied; one ca long-winded,—another says he pronounces *i* like finds considerable fault with his villanous contrac "I will" into "I'll," which is certainly a very matter; and a third damns him with faint praise. Cooper, too, comes badly off in the *Prince*. The *nicle* considers him meritorious in the serious parts character, but only so in those of a *naïve* descr The *Herald* adjudges his execution of it to hav tolerable; but the *Times*, the barbarous *Times!* says, with all the sang-froid imaginable, "Coop very bad in the *Prince*." Ye praise-worthy profes the histrionic art, be not dismayed by these ill-n fellows! The antidote follows close upon the Read,—read the amiable pages of the *Post*, whe will all find ten thousands of laurels showered upo heads. "Thou, Young, art inimitable! Cooper art *highly* respectable! Kemble! thou dost 'blaze

* We were once acquainted with a very wort derly lady, who never said any thing she considered improper without devoutly adding "Heaven forgive and on our asking her particular motive for so doi replied, it was to "wipe off" the offence committed preceding words. We suppose the *Herald* acts upon what a similar principle; for a few days after the appe of its *severe* and *humorous* criticisms on the new *Fa* gravely says: "Though we feel *obliged* to speak *son unfavourably* of Mr. C. Kemble's personation of *Fal* is due to that meritorious actor that we should in *c* admit that we have met with some *good judges* who that, when he becomes *mellowed* in the part, his pe ance will *rather* add to than detract from his well- reputation."—What do our readers think of this? Is critic one of the kindest souls that ever lived?

passing expectation itself; and," proh Jupiter! the critic says, by way of climax we suppose, that "thy manner of dressing the part did add considerably to its *gentlemanliness!*"—Thus have we brought forward the opinions of these diurnal connoisseurs in theatricals respecting this new revival, to which we only think it necessary to add our recommendation of each, as being quite perfect and sensible in every respect. Let our readers compare one with the other, and form their own decision upon the merits of the case.

A word or two of Miss F. H. Kelly. We are glad to observe that one and all of the above journals agree in the commendation of her performance, as it shews, at least, that they feel some compunction for their late ungenerous conduct towards her, and compunction in critics is far from being a joke. Miss K.'s representation of *Juliet*, is truly admirable, and could only be imagined by the mind of genius. Neglect and envy may for a time obstruct her path to fame; but let her be convinced that sooner or later she will meet with the ample reward her talents so well deserve. She has our best wishes for her success.

Shakspeare's comedy of "*Measure for Measure*," has been revived with but inferior success at Drury-Lane. Poor Terry appears to have cut a sad figure in *Angelo*, and Liston was far from being *au fait* in the fop. Macready, as *Vincentio*, and Mrs. Bunn, as *Isabella*, entirely supported the piece, and shone as diamonds of the first water amid the common-stone-like dulness around them.

At the same theatre, the play-going world lately received a severe shock from being suddenly disappointed in their expectations of beholding a great tragedian in his best character. In the hero's absence, Macready undertook the part of *Richard*, and performed it in his "usual noble and animated style," as the papers observe, in their accustomed pithy and resolute manner.

The Minors continue to be as edifying and gorgeous as ever; whilst Mathews (cruel man!) has yet no mercy upon the sides of his loudly-laughing auditors.

RICHARD THE THIRD IN A HOBBLE;

OR, THE BUSKIN AND PETTICOAT ENTANGLED.

THE "clouds" that were "buried in the deep bosom of the ocean" have re-ascended, and once more "lower upon the house" of poor Richard; one of his buskin buttons unfortunately got connected with the intricate flounce of a petticoat, and the monarch fell accordingly. Oh! Richard, Richard! thou hast belied thine own particular words; and, instead of not being "made for sportive tricks," hast proved thyself by far too friskish for the grave character of a warlike monarch, having been found guilty of gambolling in "a lady's chamber," and, for all we know, "to the lascivious pleasing of a lute," thereby woefully "o'erstepping the modesty of nature."—So much for metaphor. But, lest we should subject ourselves to the charge of levity in descanting on a serious subject, we will repeat with becoming gravity what all our readers have, no doubt, read and heard of scores of times previously to our calling their attention to the matter,—that the far-famed sentative of Shakspearian heroes has lately been cr a romantic connexion with a *young* lady of a " *age*." The fair creature, we are told, was captiv that great man's exquisite delineation of the l *Romeo;* his piercing eyes, the graceful tap of his on the residence of feeling, the peculiar and freque junction of his hands and hair, all united and see ther, were irresistible: then the melting tones of h as he uttered such soul-moving sentences as these:

" How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night
Like softest music to attending ears!"
" There's more felicity
In carrion flies than Romeo; they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
But Romeo may not; he is banished!"

" Silver sweet indeed," repeated the fond woma a sigh; and from that moment she became impa as the beauteous Juliet herself. But alas!

" The course of true love never did run smooth and Richard and his lovely lady Ann, have now to over the wreck of their felicity, for with them

" Still 'tis hopeless love and endless sorrow."

Under such galling circumstances, we were not at prised at hearing it announced, from the stage, t hero was so sick and sadly, as to be incapable of going the fatigue of fighting and dying as usual;— wondered at the unfeeling audience, who could be they did, on an occasion so melancholy and romant our parts, we sat perfectly mute on our critical thi in the pit, and were amused by the following tr between three bucks, seated close by us:—" Confou *Cox*-comb," said one, "'tis all sham"—" Sham, echoed another, " he is only *cooing* amongst the I suppose."—" At all events," roared the third, not out of the way for want of a *suit*."—Here t rung, the curtain drew up, and the three punsters taciturn. We really fear the monarch's unseasona sence must be attributed to the fatal effects of passion, in spite of his *secretary's* elegant and s letter, addressed to one of the morning papers, merely attributes it to common illness.—*Apropo* will the world say to the new official situation? secretaries of state look to their consequence, or th soon be entirely eclipsed by the rank and brilliant of this prime minister of Richard of York.

BON-MOT OF THE LATE LORD MELBOU

The celebrated Foote, having been tormented fo time by a violent tooth-ache, at length consented t the tooth eradicated by the late Chevalir Ruspini. it was drawn, notwithstanding its carious state, Foo lamented its loss, as it was one of those teeth that particular use in articulation. Lord Melbourne, wh present at the operation, said, " Pho, pho, Foote! be so concerned about the *only* bad thing that ever out of your mouth."

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

GRAND COSTUME, OR RECEPTION DRESS.

GRECIAN robe of pink satin, with white facings down the skirt, ornamented with silver frivolité bouillon, and superb silver tassels; round the border of the robe, a rich bouillon of silver frivolité covers the hem, and is surmounted by a row of white marabout feather trimming, the plumes separate and upright. The petticoat is of white tulle, with four rows of puckering of the same material; the puckers confined by diamond work of silver frivolité. The corsage is of the same material as the robe, and is an improvement on the Gallo-Greek style; the antique robings being formed of rouleaux of pink satin and blond; sleeves to correspond. Hans Holbein toque of white satin and blond, studded with silver, and surmounted by a rich plume of ostrich feathers in different directions. Earrings, necklace, and bracelets of diamonds.

SPANISH BALL DRESS.

An Asturias robe of transparent net, faced with cerulean blue, the sides of the robe embroidered in floss silk, or appliqué, with white regal ornaments *à la Bourbon*—bows terminated with silver *aiguillettes*, fasten the robe in front; a rich white satin petticoat trimmed round with a *ruché* of tulle. The body of the robe is tastefully arranged with a rich Vandyke blond-lace, which terminates at the waist. Sleeves of tulle made tight to the arm, surmounted by a short sleeve of blue and white satin in Moorish indentings—sleeves slashed round the arm with blue satin, and Spanish satin cuffs. An Andalusian toque composed of blue satin and white tulle corded with silver, and a silver net, forming one side of the head-dress; ostrich feathers, *à l'Espagnole*—sandal slippers of white satin.

PREVAILING FASHIONS THE LATTER END OF MAY, AND THOSE IN PREPARATION FOR JUNE, 1824.

In addition to our numerous resources, we have been indulged with the inspection of several very elegant articles of female attire, by one of the most approved Marchande de Modes at the Court end of the town, whose taste has long been regarded by the greater part of the nobility and gentry, as the criterion of fashion, and classic elegance.

The small Parisian mob or cornette, either of fine lace or blond, according to the time of day, yet reigns the favourite head dress for in-door costume. These little tasteful *coëffures* are remarkable for the beautiful flowers with which they are surmounted; the half wreaths are composed of the most choice species of the frutrix, the single holly-oak blossom, and the small Guelder rose: when the queen of the parterre, the rich Provence rose is in the wreath, there are seldom any other kind of flowers, and the damask rose has only its deep tints relieved by sprigs of Portugal laurel, clematis, jessamine, or myrtle blossoms.

The turbans for evening dress are very costly; one in particular, light as well as rich, excites universal admiration: it is of tulle, ornamented all over in treillage work, of narrow white satin, on which is a row of puffing, *en coquilles*, of white satin, forms t edged with ruby-colour, and in the centre, over head, is a large star, formed of Glauvina pins. turban, of the coronet kind, is elegantly chaste; tirely of white satin, profusely trimmed with pear the coronet part, depend pear pearls, of immens a plume of short Marabout feathers, plays above; any long plumage would obscure the intrinsic ap of a head-dress that can only be worn by a lad great wealth or high rank. The most superb we have yet seen, has just been finished for a lad latter description; it is of peach-coloured tulle, satin ornaments in stripes, underneath, adorn pearls *à l'antique*; in order to display these ornam hat stands off very much from the face; the crow fusely scattered over with pearls, and superb white ostrich feathers, with a small plume of Ma at their base, finish this magnificent, and novel he Fancy, ever on the alert to bring out something produced a very curious and whimsical head-dres nevertheless, wears on its form the stamp of high to a pretty face, and where there is to be foun *distinguée*, indicative of true style, it can only be b It has the appearance of a triple hat toque, the of pale pink satin, turned up and down in vario and united, in a manner, by a transparent caul tulle: about, and underneath the various little bri white Marabout feathers; these are lightly and t disposed, and the whole forms an *unique* and head-dress for the opera.

A dress of coloured Chinese crape, of a dark l seems much in favour with ladies of rank, either a costume, or a carriage out-door dress. It is ma ally high, is faced down the front with satin the the robe, and Brandenburghs, with splendid tass the bust, and are continued on each side of th down to the feet; a superb lace colerette finishes throat. A dress of Canary yellow *gros de N* much worn at social dinner parties; the body is m plain and simple, *à la Vierge*, and the sleeves with but a slight fulness in the mancherons; the enriched by a beautiful ornament of *plûche de soie* in bias stripes of two different colours, purple an about two shades darker than the dress; the pu a light colour, and that, rather of the Parm Muslin and cambric petticoats, of the most exqu broidery, are now much in request, with pelisses *de Naples*, either plain or figured; the latter prevail most in pelisses, but spencers, of the most and novel kind, are chiefly of plain silks, and bett the elegant manner in which they are now orn we shall only mention two we have seen, just for ladies who rank high in fashionable life. *gros de Naples*, the colour a beautiful pink; it i

at the bust, with numerous straps, entwined in each other, and forming a treillage work, that appears to stand out, distinct from the plain part; but it should be seen to be properly appreciated; the mancherons are finished in the same manner; and the trimming at the wrists corresponds, but more lightly and simply. The other spencer was of a fine etherial blue; and the bust was ornamented with embossed vine leaves, wrought about with tendrils, in brocade embroidery, executed in the most exquisite manner. The Indian or Japanese rose-red, for pelisses, was still in favour the latter end of May; becoming as it is to almost every complexion, it seems, however, ill-suited to the refulgency of a summer's sun; it is still seen on very distinguished females, but will, no doubt, very soon be laid aside; the pelisses of *gros de Naples*, of this colour, are ornamented with a representation of oriental foliage, worked in narrow rouleaux, across the bust and down each side in front, and give to this out-door envelope a truly classical appearance: the beautiful light and cheerful colours for summer, require but little trimming, and what they have, is extremely simple: the diversity of ornament seems most displayed across the bust and at the mancherons: the collars chiefly stand up and turn down again; but this rule is not without exception; some collars are broad, pointed perceptibly at each corner, and fall over the shoulders. The Cachemire shawls have no longer white grounds; the favourite colours for the ground-work are bright gold-colour, or olive green; the borders are finely variegated, and they are all of the square kind.

A favourite material for carriage bonnets is white tulle over stiffened net: one we find particularly elegant; it is ornamented with a full half-wreath of flowers, representing the Scotch thistle, and sprigs of Highland heath; and these delicate blossoms, as well as the thistles, are all made of feathers; to the flower of the thistle, this material gives a semblance that may be mistaken for nature. Figured *gros de Naples* bonnets are also much in request; they are of various colours, but when of pink, they are generally crowned with full bouquets of roses. A carriage dress-hat, for paying morning visits of ceremony, is of pink *crêpe lisse*, with separate pink feathers of the Marabout playing beautifully over the front. Bonnets for morning exhibitions and the public promenades, are of *gros de Naples;* the favourite colour a light lavender-grey, lined with white; this bonnet is ornamented with blossoming branches of the mezereon.

We cannot forbear drawing the attention of the members of the fashionable world to the unrivalled excellency of the flowers made this season; art is so closely taught to imitate nature, that a superficial observer cannot distinguish them from the choicest treasures of the garden; they are formed of fine cambric, and some, where the texture and appearance of the flower will permit, are of feathers: there *are* flowers, that like a watch, require several different hands in their composition; the wealthy, therefore, by patronising this delightful art, while they adorn themselves with that ornament, the most appropriate to female beauty, are encouraging and aiding to support, the sons and daughters of ingenuity and industry.

The material chiefly admired for ball dresses, is of tulle with a broad border of fancy flowers, wrought in co beads: the corsages are light, and generally con straps of white satin, edged with narrow rouleau laid across the bust over tulle; blond ornamen added, and sometimes form the short sleeve, which nerally surmounted by a flower or trimming to s border on the skirt: where the ball is very splendid, ladies in *grande costume*, the favourite trimming is bullion, now called frivolité bouillon, from the nove ner in which it is twisted.

The colours most approved are pink, Canary y lavender, and light lavender-grey.

NATURAL ANTIPATHIES.

Henri III., of France, the conqueror of Jarnac, not see a cat without shuddering.

The duke d'Epernon, who protected the perso queen, and braved the excommunication of an archb trembled when he saw a hare.

Albert, marshal of France, fell backward in a s at the sight of a pig, that was served up for dinner.

Scaliger, that wonder of erudition, that ocean ence,—Scaliger shuddered at the sight of water-cre

Chancellor Bacon swooned away whenever ther an eclipse.

The learned Boyle, who brought the pneumati chine to such perfection, could not bear the sou water that issued from the top of a tub or barrel.

La Motte le Vayer could not endure the sound violin, while he delighted in the noise of thunder.

Marie de Medicis fainted at the sight of a noseg flowers.

I DO MY DUTY.

"*I* do *my* duty," says the officer of Police, "in hu after offenders, and seizing them where I find them."

"*I* do *my* duty," cries the soldier, who, in servi king and his country, displays, in the heat of battle, a roic courage, mounts the scaling ladder, amidst a c of artillery, and sees death approach, with his counte unchanged.

Does not the magistrate, that pillar of social order *his* duty," likewise, when he holds the threatening over the heads of the guilty?

The lawyer, when he defends the accused party, equally "*his duty;*" he performs the important par called upon to act, and by the persuasive force of hi quence, he sometimes saves the innocent and wretched punishment.

"I do *my* duty," says the faithful subject of the "in paying, without a murmur, the taxes, which th gencies of the state demand."

What a noble use does that man make of his fortun stretches forth his hand to succour indigent worth? heart feels gratified with having comforted the wret and in the transports of his joy, he inwardly exclaim have done *my* duty."

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department will contain the Paris *Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regula accurately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic inform every circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Men and Manners, Opera and Theatres—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, the Continent in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

INVOCATION.—"*Oh! Thou bright luminary, resplendent Sun, infuse into our hearts the beams of Hope and Joy!*"—Such was the invocation with which the southern Indian addressed the God of his adoration, the sun; and such has been the prayer, offered up to Phœbus, for this fortnight past, by our youthful Parisian fair. But, alas! scarce do its re-animating rays peep forth, but a sky surcharged with clouds succeeds, and oversets all their plans. What will become of those elegant dresses prepared for the fêtes? Those pretty *blouses*, made of the finest muslin? Those light straw hats, ornamented by a simple branch of roses or lilacs? And hats, bonnets, and toques, adorned with every kind of flower, to emulate the coming spring?

However, amidst this universal consternation, hope, the last sentiment that remains in the mind of man, is not yet extinct; all is bustle and agitation; the shops the *magasins de modes*, where novelty is likely to be found, are visited: amongst desires and hesitations, the choice, at length, is fixed; and while they trust to chance, they wait the event with fortitude. Why should not the triumph that a pretty woman may obtain by her dress, be allowed the same protection that attends the success of such or such an enterprise? the result of which may be only owing to that chance, which so often decides our destinies.

"See how brightly the sun shines!" said Madame de S——, as she entered my dwelling, last Tuesday morning. "My dear friend," said I, gravely, "remember that saying of a wise man, *we must wait till the evening, before we can say the day has been fine.* But to dispel the uneasiness that torments you, I must tell you of a wonder, the merit of which exceeds every thing we have seen hitherto. This phenomenon is as new as it is delightful; it will suit every season, and every circumstance—would you believe it, I have seen a CRYSTAL hat."—"*Crystal!*"—"Yes, my friend, really *crystal.* Do not be alarmed at its fragility, for this hat, so far from breaking at a moment of impatience, is worked into so light, so transparent and subtle a texture, that it can be bent to any form, without losing its beauty."—"But what stuff *is* this hat made of?"—"Ah! that's the inventor's secret: he confided it to me; and shall I betray him that I can tell you, is, that according to the temp of the season, and the aid of your imagination, y compare this charming hat to those little bubbles on the surface of a brook when a light zephyr agi glassy waters; or to those drops of rain, that cr on the foliage when the chill air announces the a of winter; and all these brilliant comparisons will on the warmth or coldness you may find—in y imagination."

—— When a ball is in agitation, every lady is health, and she waits for nothing but her hair- After the dancing is over, every one is more or tigued, all have taken cold, and then comes the the physician. There are a great many project before our fashionables take their departure for th try. Monsieur has his recollections to write down seriously occupied with his literary *debût.* Mad tends her saloon to be ornamented with tapestry, an tually employed in embroidering a footstool; a vis rives; the pen is mended, and the needle is ready; the morrow, they visit, they chat, they take an ai horseback; the next day they dine in a large part finally, weeks and months pass away, and there is ready either for the printer or the upholsterer.

SOIREE DANSANTE.—"Ah, if you did but kn pain and fatigue of assembling such a party, you pity the fate of the master of the house." Such remark made to me by my friend Mr. B——, w evening before had given a ball, or rather a *soiré sante*, as it is agreed to use that term, although an but good French.—"It is thirty years," added Mr. "since I began to entertain friends at my own hou that period nothing was easier. A single violin was for the dance; and the neighbouring tavern-kee happy to assist my cook in preparing supper. B different now-a-days! A ball is a state-affair. three days are scarcely sufficient for the preparation workmen are all artists, and Heaven only knows ference which it is necessary to pay to these gent They turn the house out of window. First comes holsterer, attended by five or six assistants. He ta doors off their hinges; removes my furniture in substitute couches, garlands of flowers, and card- pierces all my curtains with hooks; displaces the

of my aunt, which for forty years had never been touched; and despatches my poor library into the garret. The professor of culinary chemistry, vulgarly called the cook, haughtily declares to me that he cannot operate in my kitchen, which is much too small; and I am compelled to construct a pantry in my coach-house. The director of the orchestra, who no longer plays country dances, but who executes solos, assures me that he should be disgraced if it were known that he consented to be placed on the ground, between two doors; and requires me to build a gallery in my saloon. Finally, at six o'clock in the morning, when all is over, and I want to go to bed, I can find neither my bed, nor my night-cap, and am obliged to *bivouac* in an arm-chair, on the field of battle, among the fragments of supper, the expiring lamps, and the cards with which the floor is strewed."

—— There is still the same fickleness for the handles of bell-ropes as for jewel caskets. It is no longer the fancy to have cut crystal balls, neither gilt balls, with ornaments in bas-relief; but the newest mode is two small vermilion hands.

—— When canes and parapluies are deposited in the peristyle on the staircase, leading to the different public spectacles, the numbers that are given in exchange for the objects they receive, are inscribed on a little square of wood; but at the *Theatre Italien* where every thing is in a style of superior elegance, they give an imitation of ivory, on which the numbers are engraved, and deeply indented.

—— It is now some time since, that almost all the corners of the streets, formerly occupied by those who sold lemonade and wines, have been succeeded by *Magazins de Nouveautés*—it is the triumph of coquetry over gluttony.

—— We have seen a breakfast service in China, where every different article is in the form of a shell. The handles of the cups, *&c.*, are formed of branches of coral. The tea-tray itself, is one large shell.

—— In former times, every one was desirous of having his house in a quiet neighbourhood. Now, as if by speculation, the wealthiest individuals make a kind of bazaar of their houses; there are shops on the façade, the building is heightened, so as to contain a few more inhabitants, and the porter is banished to the lower end of the court.

The following novelty well deserves record. It is a most extraordinary fashion, and has one great advantage; it will never be imitated by the lower classes; it is highly whimsical; and never could have been imagined, except by some Crœsus of Great Britain! You have often seen buttons of polished steel, of plate, and of mother-of-pearl; those that are covered with cloth, silk, and stuff of every kind, are common enough, and you may think it scarcely possible to invent any other: but those have been replaced by buttons of a novel kind; they are not made in any particular manufactory; they issue from the workshops of the state, for it is government only that has a right to make them. These buttons are nothing less than guineas, which an Englishman thought proper to put on his coat; and you may fancy what a pretty price a great-coat would cost with such trimmings. But think what advantages there are in this invention! If a button is missing, you have only to open your purse and replace it. If your p is stolen, or you have left it at home, you can take a ton off your coat, and pay for what you want; so your coat serves to garnish your purse, and your p to garnish your coat. If this fashion takes, we calculate the fortune of a man by the buttons or coat. Certainly, it may expose a man to accid but what are *they* compared with the advantages named? For example Lord R——, perceived the time he returned to his house, that all the buttons a back of his coat had disappeared. "Perhaps," sai "they wished to take a pattern of them," and he ord that they should be replaced. His vanity was, no d flattered by the curiosity the trimming of his coat hac cited. Why not take advantage of this novelty? make use of bad coin in the same way that this Eng man did of his gold? It would be a means of every maintaining the rank that he holds in the world. petty workman might wear buttons of copper; the cou and the lawyer, without a brief, might risk a twenty piece; the heads of the law a piece of five francs; then only the higher class of society, such as peers, g lords and bankers, may presume to wear a piece of What say you to it, sir?"—My interlocutor walked without saying a word; he seemed lost in though think he has got hold of the secret, therefore I haste publish these details, to be beforehand with him.

Componium.—Every succeeding day, this instru is more and more appreciated by the public; the po of which are so astonishing, that to believe them, it be heard. We merely *say, to believe in them*, since, after having heard it, we are still at a loss to conc how, by the *mere fact of its organization*, it can pro that infinitude of variations of a theme, which it rec by a procedure belonging to the inventor, and how it re-produce the divers parts of these variations, which most capricious imagination might create. To be b we will quote the expressions of Messrs. Biot and C from their report of the Componium: "This instru forms divers parts of its variations; successions so di sified, and brought round by so arbitrary a principle, even the person, who best knows the construction o mechanism, cannot foresee, at any instant, the conc that his fancy is about to suggest."

—— Women and billiard-players are compared t ther; the one party *dreams* only of a *blouse*, and *sp* only of a *blouse:* the other also, whether awake or asl cries incessantly *seven's the main.*

—— In the hotel of a noble, or other wealthy ma fashion, *not one inch* of the wall should be seen in its tural state; and, above all, the doors, ceilings, and fl exercise the artist's talents. It is said that several p ters *al fresco*, &c., have been employed at General R.'s an expense of 60,000 francs.

—— In every house where there are young ladies, see them busily employed embroidering *blouses* of c bric or clear muslin, generally in four rows round the tom, worked in coloured worsteds. The labour of Penel was to unravel at night the task she had executed du the day; but *our* ladies often seize the opportunit

adding a little to their industrious exertions, and intrude on the midnight hour.

—— A lady of great judgment compares the first introduction of a young person into society to an officer who enters the army in time of war. "A single campaign and a single season of balls and routs," she says, "will form each of their characters better than all the theories and preparatory lessons that can be given to them."

—— The bad weather which we have had hitherto has retarded the opening of the new avenue leading from the the Italian Boulevard to the Opera-House. It is, however, intended to be opened for public use in the course of this month.

—— Almost all the cards of invitation to fashionable parties, which have been issued this season at Paris, are addressed,—"For my last Monday, Tuesday, or Thursday,"—thus shewing the ardent desire the writers feel to be thought on the eve of departure.

—— We are constantly meeting in society with men who pretend to judge decisively on the merit of a picture,—the value of a horse, the price of a diamond. In the same arbitrary tone the ladies speak of the quality and beauty of a shawl. "It is middling! it is vulgar! it is worthy of a queen!"

—— The restaurateurs most in request have banished from their tables those long printed bills of fare they formerly used, and which were always covered with grease before the dinner was ended. In its place they have adopted a neat and novel plan. In the interior of a small octavo volume, bound in red morocco, they have introduced an alphabetical arrangement of the principal courses, so that you may readily order a dinner without the trouble of turning over leaf after leaf.

—— It is vulgar to breakfast here until mid-day; consequently, the dinner hour is seven o'clock. About three or four in the afternoon the pastry-cooks' shops are filled with the most elegant idlers in Paris, who, in default of seats, lounge from side to side devouring cakes and drinking Claret, Burgundy, and Madeira, without distinction. The pastry-cook seated behind her counter, has an eye over all that passes; and, if the *eater's* memory should fail, she takes good care not to lose by *hers*.

—— It is a common saying every where, that two persons, who are perpetually quarrelling, agree *like a dog and cat*, or *like fire and water*. Now, nothing can be more erroneous than the latter comparison, as the restaurateur, Pétron, on the Boulevard Montmartre, can prove, who has united them so closely that they act like two faithful friends. On entering the garden, you observe, in the centre of a basket of flowers, a fountain in play, composed of several branches, which fall like sheaves of corn into a basin, in the middle of which is placed a crystal bowl. When the hour arrives for lighting up the interior of the hotel, they set fire to the gas, which emanates from a pipe placed in the bowl, and by that means the basket of flowers, the liquid sheaves, and the garden, become at once illuminated.

—— The variations in the weather during the late season of pleasure occupied our fashionables unceasingly. If barometers could but assure us what weather we should have on a particular day, no instrument would be s
in request as a *barometer!* However, in spite of
tainties, Paris presented a scene of most agreeable
sion. Here you beheld on one side of the street
hurrying to his coach-maker's, to see if his arms we
perly quartered; and on the other side was one
his tailor, or bargaining for a horse which he would
the morrow. The ladies, too, were hurrying away
milliners, and choosing new articles of dress, with
commands that they only should be seen in such o
hat on the Boulevards! Notwithstanding this e
pretension, two similar hats were exhibited ther
one in a coach with four horses, the other in a hi
bury. Did the milliner then presume to break th
fidence reposed in her it is asked? No, no; but
these ladies found the fashion congenial to her ta
had the address to make a hat for herself like tha
was prohibited.

—— The lighting of a great tea-warehouse in th
St. Mark is very ingenious. The gas is brought t
the arms of four splendid China figures, two male
female; and as there are also a great many other
figures in the same apartment, those above-nam
placed in front to do the office of servants to the ma
and their ladies.

—— Morning neck-cloths are fastened at the e
small eye-glass set in gold, we are continually
with people whom we wish to *avoid*, others whom
pleased to see, and some whom it is our *inte*
salute.

Fashionable Furniture.—The finest orn
bellows are made of citron-wood or ebony, in the
a lyre. Bell-pulls are covered with an incrustat
sembling mother-of-pearl. Drawing-room curta
made of lemon-colour silk damask: the emerald
is equally in use for bed-rooms. Small window-
are no longer to have *two* fastenings; *one* is now
quite sufficient to exclude the prying eye of a nei
These little ornaments must be made of worked
and trimmed with fringe.

—— In ornaments of jewellery we have obser
toise-shell rings, which bear a cipher, or two go
rows crossed. This ring is termed *à la Chevalièr*

—— Bracelets *à la Cléopatra* are fastened by e
stones, surrounded with a wreath of acanthus leav

—— The Berlin papers present us with an
instance of that false sensibility into which some
in this age are apt to run. It states that the w
a certain magistrate had a favourite dog, which,
died, she was anxious to inter near the tomb of her
spouse. For this purpose she offered 2000 cro
the parish officers, who refused her inconsistent p
One of her neighbours, in compassion to her
granted her a piece of garden ground at a great e
and the funeral obsequies were appointed acco
The dog was laid out in a mahogany coffin,
crowned with myrtle, and habited in a satin robe
with lace. Cakes and wine were distributed to th
tators, and the ceremony about to commence, w
tumult became so great that an armed force was

to put an end to the ridiculous scene. The dog was, therefore, carried out of the city and privately buried. One would suppose this good lady was deprived of her senses; however, it is observed that no other part of her conduct exhibits any trait of insanity. She visits her husband's tomb regularly every day, and wipes the scalding tears from her cheeks with the same handkerchief which she used to wipe the sweat from his brow in his dying moments, and which has been nailed to the coffin ever since his death.

PARISIAN THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

M. PAUL, the most aërial and agile of our dancers, has distinguished himself by a very meritorious action, which is marked by a disinterestedness and a generosity that confers the highest honour on his character. He has given up all the fortune that he acquired by his talents, to save the honour of one of his family, who had committed himself in some commercial affairs of an unfortunate nature. The managers of the opera, touched with the noble and fraternal devotion of Paul, gratified him with an extra benefit, which took place on a Sunday, at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. The first performers at the opera, Talma, and Mademoiselle Mars, Madame Monbelli, and the best actors of *Les Variétés*, contributed to the splendour of this representation, which was one of the most attractive that has been given for some time. It was composed of the second act of *La Cenerentola*, *Shakespeare Amoureux*, the ballet of *Flora and Psyche*, and the humorous piece of the *Bear and the Pacha*.

The last new dramatic pieces are characterized in the following manner:—*Ipsiboë*, brilliant; *Jane Shore*, horrible; *La Maussade*, witty; *La Penelope*, vulgar; *Et Le Pied de Nez*, too long.

THEATRE L'ODEON.—The Barber of Seville has been successfuly performed at this Theatre, under the direction of M. Castel-blaze, who, in vain, attempted three following years to produce the Marriage of Figaro on the boards of the Theatre Feydeau. His great success in the provincial theatres, aided by a new set of vocalists, bid fair to gain him, amongst the Parisians, all the popularity he merits. It will, doubtless, be remembered, with what care he formerly translated and adapted the pieces of Pergolesi, Cimarosa, *&c.*, to the French stage—we have now the enchanting music of Mozart and Rossini, the *text* unaltered—the pen of sacrilege has not dared to curtail one note. There is, generally, great difficulty in adapting French words to Italian music: but that of the "Barber of Seville" is so pure, so lively, so ingenious, that no one can weary at hearing the entire opera, even with the burlesque verses which M. Castel-blaze has substituted for the witty prose of Beaumarchais. De Pezaro, as the "Barber," gains great applause, even from those critics who frequent the Italian opera. The orchestra is led by M. Crémont, from St. Petersburgh, whose performance there, at the time Madame Fodor was in that capital, was much praised. Some of the amateurs say, "we do not stand in need of foreign music in France; we have plenty of native talent in the country." It may be so—bu fine arts are of *all countries*, and while they tend to mote pleasure and hilarity, will be cherished whe they are to be found. The theatre "Vaudeville" i deavouring to make up for much lost time. Two pieces have been performed there; one entitled *Curious Woman*," from a work of Madame Genlis other is called "*Leaving School*,"—neither of these p are very meritorious. The "*Labourers*" of the "The of Variety," although of a trifling species, and not comic, presents a faithful picture. This piece is a cu medley both of dialogue and character—a wise fe chocolate-maker figures away with a French shop-b a blunt, uncouth, female silk-mercer, with a sentime tin-man, and a bombastic hatter, who plays the Ca are prominent parts. This humorous little piece comb wit, and bad taste; the most pointed language, follo by words fit only for an artisan's work-shop. The wh sical situations into which the parties are, howe thrown, together with the good acting of the perform ensure its success.

We regret that we cannot give any extracts from French Theatrical Dictionary, lately published by Ba It is said to contain twelve hundred and thirty-t truisms—some of these cannot be very pleasing to actors and actresses. Spiteful wit, and cutting epigra are to be found in abundance. The authors also bo insert the *origin* of the greater part of this ingenious ternity. Under this head, also, a great many errors crept in, which, perhaps, is not the fault of the biog phers, who seldom come at *that* truth, except in the cords of the parish vestry.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

THE book from whence the succeeding abstract was tal is entitled—"*The Art of being beloved by a Husba in an Address particularly directed to newly-mar Ladies.*" The author, Mr. Pradel, gives for his mo these expressive lines:—

"Men make the *laws*;
But women form the *manners*."

According to Mr. Pradel's theory, nothing is more sible than for a wife to triumph over all the defects of husband. First he supposes the husband may be sessed of the passion of avarice—he would then have wife exhibit in her domestic management, the most fect order and regularity. "This step taken," he s "there will not long be wanting opportunities to s some more decided proof of parsimony than usual, w will allow of a comparison being drawn between fault and a prudent economy. The wife should n give her advice as *good*, and with an air of confide (which is always wounding to self-love,) but by speak doubtfully of her own judgment, the husband will m sensibly feel its strength, and be better disposed to adopt

For the wife of an extravagant man, Mr. Pradel's cret consists in an habitual resistance of the allureme of profuseness.

"The wife of a passionate man should, by all means, avoid contradicting him. The remedy for this defect, says Mr. P., must be applied by the physician instead of the patient—in which little word, ye find the enigma solved—*Be patient.*

"Yes; heaven made women
To correct the ferment of our souls;
To soften our chagrins; to mould
Our tempers; and by their
Sweet urbanity, to make
Men better."—VOLTAIRE'S *Nanine.*

Mr. Pradel, after having established it as a maxim, *that all men have a great deal of vanity,* recommends to wives never to wound that feeling, even in the most trifling instances. "A woman," he says, "may have a great deal more wit than her husband, but should always appear ignorant of it."

For the cure of an inconstant husband, the following advice is offered:—"Love neatness without luxury; pleasure without excess; dress with taste, and, above all, becomingly—a spice of coquetry is useful to women. Vary the form of your dress, and, above all, the colour. If, on a certain day, when disagreeable events occur, (as in every household will sometimes be the case,) the dress should be of a deep decided colour—on the following day, put on a white garment, by which means, a pleasant change will be given to the ideas, and the most agreeable results will be produced. These things appear puerile to most people who do not reflect, but they are of infinitely more importance, in married life, than a thousand other notions, which are too apt to be insisted on. Women are never sufficiently acquainted with the ascendency they may, *if they please,* exercise over the mind."

This author, also, shews how greatly a woman deceives herself, who tries to make that man jealous whom she desires to attach exclusively. "No one is ever cured of a passion," he observes, "which has once taken deep root in the heart."

"We are too apt to break out into vehement, reprehension of those married persons, who setting out in life with apparent adoration of each other, begin, at last, to quarrel—to have their separate parties—and flying different ways, finally, lose sight of each other! but the fact is, *such* persons, have not sufficiently studied their parts. Harmony does not always exist in families—the piano—and the human mind, both require careful tuning."

Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman of too much Sensibility; or, An Important Lesson. By Madame La PRINCESSE CONSTANCE DE S——. *Paris, 1 vol., 8vo.*

"Jealousy," Madame la Princesse de S—— writes, "is a misfortune so common to women; it has so much influence on their happiness, it makes them commit themselves almost in every way: it offers, however, a useful and important lesson." This little romance is written in an epistolary style, and contains forty-five letters. Foreseeing that her readers would find in these many things incredible, Madame la Princesse de S—— says: culated what time was requisite to write these l as quickly as possible. I calculated with care the that must take place between each letter; and I tify that, though it is not usual to write so twenty-four hours, it is, at least, possible."

The first letter is dated *Wednesday, at one o the morning.* Madame * cannot persuade her M. ** can be arrived, as he has not addressed a to her.

The second letter begins as follows: "Good my dear friend; here I am; I have passed a night. Thy image, and that of this woman, hav been before me. I beheld thee, I heard thee spoke *to* thee, dear and cruel friend; and m twenty times did I awake, my forehead covered v spiration, and in an anxiety of mind I cannot Shall I try? I know not how. No; woman h soul a crowd of sensations that the most ten cannot comprehend; they would appear to h delirium."

Madame * wishes to know what rendered M. patient to pay his respects to the beautiful and c Madame B. the moment she entered the conce the kind of attention he paid her; the air of myst which he seemed to address her; though his acqu with her was but short. "Men are such strange she says, "they cannot refuse any thing to a wo is a stranger to them; and the one who most me regard is generally she who obtains the least of it

The sixth letter makes known the connexion Madame * with M. **. She says, "We ought n united by indissoluble ties, but we are not; a events may separate us: and who does not know a feeling mind, the bare possibility of so great a mi is sufficient to poison the certainty of the sweete ments? Let a man be ever so much in love, he i in some degree, actuated by interest; can a woma sentiment even think of it? O cursed money!"

In the seventh letter, Madame * recalls the circu of that day when, for the first time, her heart an M. ** understood each other.

This is the eleventh letter. "Did you neve rience, my dear friend, what it was to be looking some one you impatiently expected? A person but it is not the one you wished for; another, third, the same disappointment. Twenty more the least resemblance of form, even the colour clothes, excite emotion; and, tossed about unceas a thousand contrary feelings, the head becomes gi whole machine is worn out, and the mind at length so irritated that it approaches despair. Such is dition; yet I endeavour to conceal, even from my excess of my disquietude. The more it appears t real cause, the more I seek to deceive myself. Una able fortitude! strange weakness of the human When we are carried away by passion, we create sand chimerical fears; we have yet a kind of plea abandoning ourselves to this delirium. It seems secret voice spake, and told us that perhaps it w

the sport of imagination; but when certainty comes,—when we can say to ourselves, this is so,—we become more reserved, and seek to conceal from ourselves even what we have seen. A few minutes ago, and nothing could stop my conjectures on the delay of this note, which I have so ardently wished for; and now I find a thousand reasons to excuse its not coming. I say to myself, perhaps you are not yet awake,—that some unforeseen business has hindered you from sending me an answer, as if I was not your most important concern. I even think you may be ill. Ill!—O! the thought is d dful! but yet I prefer it to those ideas that bring that w man to my mind, whose image unceasingly pursues me."

In the thirtieth letter, her anxiety is at its climax. Night is come, and not one line!—In the thirty-first, she consoles herself with think g that M.** is not insensible. "She never could have loved him," she says, "if the fire of sensibility, that divine flame which cannot be confounded with any other had not shone forth in every feature of his countenance."

The thirty-fourth letter begins thus: "What! shall I again behold you there? Will you place yourself beside me? Shall we again experience those hours of soft delight, that sweet effusion of soul, that delicious silence that accompanies the look of tenderness, and after which the first word, however fond, always appeared to us too cold and indifferent?"

In her forty-second letter, she says to M. **, "You imagine, perhaps, I shall abandon myself to despair. Well! you are deceived. I walk backwards and forwards; I laugh; I sing. Behold me dressed out, glittering with ornaments. Suddenly I say to myself, 'It is to this festival I must go.' For the first time in my life, perhaps, I have sought to please by those fleeting charms with which nature has endowed me. I have succeeded; I look at myself, and am dazzled. I hope that when I appear at this fête a murmur of admiration may arise on all sides till it touches thy heart. I shall then step forward in triumph. I shall behold thee by the side of that woman, and shall pass on, after having cast on thee a look of contempt and disdain. Now I am tranquil,—*quite* tranquil!"

The negligence of a servant in omitting to deliver a note was the cause of all this trouble. M.** informed Madame * that his uncle was about to be married to Madame de B., and that instant he was to set off to be one of the witnesses of their marriage, which was to take place at night in the country. "No one," he tells Madame * "was to be informed of this private marriage till the last moment only the Baron de G., who, during the concert, was to come and inform me of it from my uncle, inviting me, at the same time, to be at the château de B, at one o'clock in the morning. Judge of my surprise! of my raptures! But this is not all. This day is, in every sense, about to become the happiest in my life. Just as the baron quitted me, heaven and love suddenly inspired me with the happy thought of interesting Madame B. in my behalf, and of obtaining, through her means, what my uncle had so long promised me. It seemed to me that on this day he could refuse her nothing that she asked. In short, my dear friend, all that I have time now to say is that I found her at home, that she has promised to put end to-morrow to all our family differences, and that will procure for me a title and a fortune above what I e could have expected. One day more only of constra and we shall belong to each other by a happy union, w I shall offer you a rank and fortune worthy your acce ance."

The marriage took place in a week after, and the un was a happy one.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM A VARIETY OF ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC SOURC

"We have lost every thing, my dear friend," said the you ful Emma, the moment that I entered her dwelling last day morning; "we have lost every thing! *except our nour* *."—"To have invented the most graceful trimm for a dress, that could have appeared this spring," replie as I saw displayed, on a sofa, the pretty dress, intended to figured away in at the Thuilleries, "and of which, we, day, shall set the fashion; in effect, nothing can be m simple, nothing can be more elegant, although for these first days, we have distinguished several dresses as rema able for the brilliancy of their colours, as for their nove How much do robes of different colours, such as rose, bl lilac, and yellow, predominate over white? But those colo are many of them shot; thus, pale lilac and iron-gray, come opal, and this seems the favourite trimming of the d Canary yellow, with a slight tinge of pistachio, is cal primrose. Ingenious effect of human skill! By the m innocent stratagems, the art is discovered of giving to forn fashions all the charm of novelty."

The *corsage-blouse*, (or drawn body,) is now formed large flat plaits, which surrounding the waist, seem dra together by the belt. The collars of pelisses are cut points, and these points are edged with narrow fringe puffed beading; at the front of the corsage are two or th flat plaits, which are carried down the length of the petticc leaving a space between them about two hands in bread on each side of the last plait in front, are placed ribbons which are formed large bows, that are set at equal distan down the middle of the skirt.

Pelerines and coleretts are round, whether *à la ne* (which is the name given to those collars which are slash and bordered with plaiting of lace or muslin,) they are w alike over high or low dresses. The sleeves are wide, a a number of little wristbands, very close to each other, cend almost as high as the elbow. We counted more th twelve of these wristbands on a dress of opal-coloured Cac mire gauze, lined with slight silk of the same colour; body of this elegant dress was in flat plaits; at the bottom the petticoat, about a hand's breadth apart, were three ro of double quilling, in gauze. There is every appearance this being a favourite trimming this summer.

The greatest novelty are blouses of Florence silk or Marceline, with tucks, and a row of embroidery, in silk, tween each tuck; the embroidery represents branches of o blue-bells, and coquelicots, in wreaths.

Rice-straw is much in favour for hats, perhaps, beca

* Memorable saying of Francis I., when taken prisoner the enemy.—*Note by the Translator.*

these hats are generally worn by very young or very pretty women. Their form is round, and this shape is the most fashionable, whether the hat is of gauze or *gros de Naples*. The various ways of ornamenting them is a difficult task to explain; we must first undertake to account for the versatility of taste, and the caprice of fashion. The Ipsiboë hat is, indeed, original, whether we regard its shape or the whimsical association of its colour with its ribbons, or the three aigrettes, which surmount it, which are *red*, *yellow*, and *black*.

We have distinguished some beautiful hats of Canary yellow gauze, ornamented with full bouquets of blue-bells; these flowers are spread out in such a way, as to cover a great part of the crown in front, and some of them droop on one side, over the brim. We have remarked, also, some hats of straw, or of *gros de Naples*, where a single flower, with a *thousand leaves*, is placed in front: this new flower gives to these hats an extreme elegance and grace. Some hats are adorned with all sorts of verdure, in flowers and foliage made of feathers, particularly four little pine-balls, and white thistles.

ANOTHER DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Except Leghorn hats, which they dare not cut away too much, on account of their value, there is scarce a hat that has any brim behind, and, indeed, very little at the sides; this brim neither stands up nor falls, so that the face remains discovered. The fashion being uniform, it is the ornament above and round the crown of these hats to which the chief attention is paid in our *Magasins de Modes*. Sometimes it is a corded ribbon, in large puffs, placed in bias, from the top of the crown to where the brim commences; sometimes, round this crown, it is a pipe of ribbon, rolled in a spiral manner, with a fringe hanging from it. One of the most distinguished trimmings for a Leghorn hat, consists in a branch of the peach-tree, with its blossoms, and a few little peaches just formed: it is placed in front of the crown, and comes forward a little way on the brim. Some straw-hats are of a square form, and are broad in the brims. The trimmings on Sparterie, or open chip-hats, consist in cockle-shell puffings of taffety, edged with a stripe of Sparterie. Bonnets of taffety, and those of *gros de Naples*, either white lilac, or myrtle-green, are trimmed with puckerings, and are as general as they were last year.

Light coloured spencers of *gros de Naples* are much worn; some are made with loose bodies, *en blouse*, and with very full sleeves; others with strait backs, like a riding-habit; some are ornamented with Brandenburghs, laced across, and have a falling collar. A muslin petticoat, with three bias folds at the border, is worn with spencers.

On blouses of Organdy silk, are seen rose-buds, with leaves of two shades of green; or, sometimes, purple lilacs, with foliage. Others are trimmed with double SS, and have sweet peas between the SS. The manner of placing the SS, depends on taste; some are upright, others incline, others are cross-wise, and the sweet-peas are sometimes round, sometimes long. Green foliage, in embroidery, very often represents the wall-ivy.

From the Journal des Dames.

The colours most admired for silks by the fashionables are American green, peacock's-neck green, and the water of the River Jordan; this latter colour is a dark grey. If a bonnet is of this colour, a plume of feathers float over it, the colour of the tree of Judea, or ribbons of that colour.

The first time *L'Auberge Supposée* was performed there was a very full audience at the Theatre Feydeau elegant ladies wore white hats, ornamented wit of the acacia, or dress caps, with heath in blos hats were of cane. A Hungarian plume, mad feathers, of rose colour, lilac, and white, forme ment of some white hat made of cotton.

At the benefit of Madame Barroyer, at *Les Varié* a hat of white crape, trimmed with blond; the square, and was formed of white satin ribbons; t feathers overshadowed the crown, and part of the white chip hat was surmounted by a plume of m three colours, white, pink, and blue. There w turban-toques of Lyonese silk; these were of da and worked in with gold.

White gowns are yet but little worn, either at t or the promenades. Barège silks, lawn, cirsakas and printed muslins (principally checked) predom

Barège dresses are made in *blouse;* the sleeves pelisses of jaconot muslin or of the bark of trees or two pelerine capes, and are fastened with a r tons from the top to the bottom.

Half-handkerchiefs of black lace have appeared warm weather came in. Silk scarfs also are wo saca brown, or of marshmallow blossom colour. are ornamented by a broad layer of yellow satin.

From another Number of the Journal des

In the place of ribbons it is now the mode to n lappets of crape or gauze to tie down the hats; placed underneath the brim, are cut in bias, b ribbon, or trimmed round with blond, and term rosette.

Some hats of white chip are worn turned up side; they are ornamented with a full plume of thers, or a bunch of early roses, and leaves spr the form of a packet of feathers.

Hats of Sparterie (a material very much resem willow) are trimmed with a very broad ribbon) of brown. The fichu of Sparterie that ornaments th these hats and the front is bound with ribbon. are also ornamented, sometimes with blue gauze p a fan round the crown, and which serves to su puffs of a rosette in front.

Several Leghorn hats are simply ornamented w satin rosette, placed on one side, the ends of fringed.

The crowns of transparent hats, either of gauze are trimmed round the crown with crape in plaits; of a horse-shoe. These hats are ornamented be blue-bells.

On split straw hats large bouquets of various fl worn, interspersed with gauze and detached b yellow jasmine.

Little dress caps are ornamented with flowers petals, and are black at the bottom of the cup, ha a heart or a black point; these are called *Ourik* and every mixture of red and black, or black and called *à l'Ourika*.

Some straw bonnets have crowns that are high right side than on the left.

The new dresses and pelisses, which have pele have a collar formed of two rouleaux; there is at the top of the sleeve.

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THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, *&c. &c.*

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ARRIVALS IN LONDON.

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

Arrived at his Palace, in Pall-Mall, on Tuesday night, June 8, about a quarter before eleven o'clock: in about twenty minutes after, the servants in the hall were surprised at a peculiar noise that proceeded from the sitting-room; however, they took no particular notice till they heard it again, and then one or two of them opened the door, and a volume of smoke and flame burst forth with alarming rapidity. The whole establishment were immediately alarmed, and His Majesty, on hearing the cause, went for personal safety to a remote part of the building. Sir William Knighton was one of the first on the spot, and took an active part in endeavouring, with the servants, to extinguish the fire whilst in its infancy. The fire was happily confined to the sitting-room, in which the damage sustained is most extensive and irreparable. The ceiling is entirely consumed, and nothing but the girders are to be seen. Four inestimable portraits have been completely spoiled by the heat, and the canvass is so blistered that scarcely any trace of the portraits are visible. They consist of a beautiful full-length portrait of the late Duke of Cumberland, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; another of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, by the celebrated Hoppner; another portrait of Louis XV.; and another of the Duke of Orleans: this was supposed to be one of the finest pictures ever executed by Sir Joshua. A half-length portrait of George II., and a full-length portrait of his Queen, were the only two saved from the devastation. When the loss of the above valuable paintings was made known to His Majesty, he appeared evidently much concerned, as they were highly esteemed by his late revered father. The disaster is supposed to have originated in the following manner:—From the ceiling of the sitting-room, which has of late years been used as a waiting-room, was suspended a superb lustre, and to keep the dust from approaching it, it was enclosed in a large holland bag, which hung below the bottom of the chandelier. Immediately under this bag, stood a small table, upon which were placed some lighted candles, and it is, therefore, beyond a doubt, the flame issuing from them caught the bag, caused the sad calamity.

His Majesty was amongst the most alert, and lent a wil hand in placing the county engine, and getting it to work doing this, His Majesty did not escape an effective sh from Smart the engineer, who, unconscious of the rank of assistant, meant to improve his position without was words. When he was informed whom he had made so with, he begged pardon with due submissiveness; but King, with his usual good humour, told him not to mir the quickest way was the best.

We are informed that, during the fire, His Majesty c into the court-yard, dressed in his usual plain manner, wearing a travelling-cap. Whilst walking about, he was costed by one of the watchmen of the Palace, who, being acquainted with his person, told him, "he must not v there, as no strangers were permitted to walk about that p at that hour." The King took no notice of the mistake, continued to walk about; but the watchman was not to driven from what he considered to be his duty, and wa the act of laying hands on his Sovereign. for the purpos putting him out of the court, when some of the attend came up, and informed him of the rank of the illustr "stranger." The poor watchman's consternation at this covery may be easily imagined: but the King soon kin relieved him from his embarrasment, by good-humoure laughing at the circumstance, and telling him to think more of it.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, who was at a p very promptly arrived in full dress costume; and assisted the amiable suavity of his deportment, to inspirit the sons employed in extinguishing the fire. The soldiers, others, who were employed on this occasion, were afterw regaled with wine, and other refreshments. A party of Guards paraded the interior of the Palace the remainde the night.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK, from Wi sor, in most excellent health and spirits.

Prince Leopold came to town, attended by Baron Sto mar; on the evening of the Duke's arrival, he gave a su tuous entertainment to several of the nobility.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.— individual has been more calumniated than this illustri Prince, by a mean and contemptible race of writers, enem to royalty, and the government of this enlightened coun We are rejoiced that the day is passed for such abuse,

that all now, with some few exceptions, join heart and hand in loyalty to their King and his family.

The reception of the Duke at Plymouth and Devonport, was of the most gratifying description; every possible mark of attention was paid to the Royal Visitor, who on more than one occasion, must have been reminded of former days, when, as PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY, he was stationed there, full of youthful frolic and Jack Tar-like spirit. On his Royal Highnesses' *first* arrival at Plymouth, in the year 1786, he espied, in the neighbourhood of the Dock-Yard, the Royal Arms over the door of a house in a very shabby street. He inquired "*who had ever lived there?*" "The late Duke of York," was the reply. "*Then so will I.*" "Your Royal Highness will surely not lodge in so disagreeable a place as that is?" said his companion. "*And why not?*" replied the Prince; "*if it was good enough for my uncle, it is certainly good enough for me;*" and he immediately engaged the lodgings. His charities were unbounded; the tale of distress never met his ear unrelieved. One particular subject *still exists* as a witness of his kind and charitable concern for his fellow-creatures.—A little boy, about five years old, was once playing in the street where Prince William Henry resided, and attracted his particular attention by the manliness of his deportment, as well as by the cleanliness of his ragged habiliments. His Royal Highness was informed that he was the son of a very honest poor man, who had a numerous family to maintain by the precarious occupation of an ostler at a neighbouring inn.—Upon the representations then made to him, his Royal Highness determined to take upon himself the charge of the youth's fortunes—he was put to school, and at a proper period sent on ship-board, at his patron's expense; and by whose continued countenance, the protegé having acquired a very good property, and a very respectable name, has been raised to the situation of a Purser in the navy.

Some years since, whilst his Royal Highness was at Plymouth, a naval officer had seduced a young lady of the greatest beauty and accomplishments, since, however, married to a noble Earl, and by whom she has had several children. The affair made a great noise at the time. The officer had the meanness to *circulate hand-bills*, stating that the young lady *had seduced him—and had brought the misfortune on herself*—Such conduct had its merited reward—the officer was universally execrated—and by no one more than by his Royal Highness, who took an opportunity of evincing his displeasure in a way that the officer and his family have never forgotten. If we recollect right, he was soon after removed from the command of the ship—and never afterwards employed.

On the 8th of June, his Royal Highness arrived at Spithead, in the Royal Sovereign yacht, attended by the Redwing sloop of war, and Basilisk cutter; he was received by a royal salute from the platform battery, and also from each of the ships lying at Spithead, amounting to seventeen; Admiral Sir George Martin, G. C. B., Commander-in-Chief; Major-General Sir James Lyon, K. C. B., and G. C. H., Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth; and the Honourable Sir George Grey, Bart., K. C. B., Commissioner of the Dock-Yard, immediately proceeded to the yacht, to pay their respects to his Royal Highness, and had the honour to dine with him. On the following morning, he held a levee on board, which was attended by all the officers at present employed there, and also by Captain Sir Jas. A. Gordon, K. C. B. In the evening, the Captains at the port dined with his Royal Highness, and on the morning of the 10th, the yacht proceeded to the eastward.

His Royal Highness, we are happy to state, arri
residence in the Stable-yard, St. James's, on Sunday
June 13, to the joy of his amiable Duchess, and
rous friends. He landed at Deptford, at twelve o'
same day, having left Sheerness at six o'clock in the

DUKES AND DUCHESSES.

Buckingham, Duchess of, from her seat, Southgat
Norfolk. Duke of, from Paris.
Portland, Duke of, in St. James's square, from
Notts.
St. Alban's, Duke of, and the Ladies Beauclerck,
seat, Gatton, Surrey.

MARQUESSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Londonderry, Emily, Marchioness, from her se
Cray, Kent.
Lothian, Marquess, from Scotland.
Salisbury, Marquess and Marchioness, from t
Hatfield.
Tweeddale, Marquess, from his seat in Scotland.

EARLS AND COUNTESSES, VISCOUNTS AND VISCOU
BARONS AND BARONESSES.

Anson, Lord and Lady, at the Clarendon Hotel, Bo
from Staffordshire.
Anspach, the Margravine, from Naples.
Bristol, Earl and Countess of, in St. James's-squ
Putney.
Clive, Lady Lucy, in Grafton-street.
Clarendon, Earl and Countess of, and the Lady H
in South Audley-street.
Chetwynd, Dowager Viscountess, and the Misses,
gal-street.
Compton, Lord and Lady, at the St. Petersburgh H
the Continent.
Dundas, Dowager Lady, in Arlington-street.
Derby, Earl of, from the Oaks, Surrey.
Eastnor, Viscountess, at the Earl of Hardwicke
James's-square.
Falmouth, Earl and Countess, from Wotten, Surr
Fitzroy, Lady Henry and Miss, in Hertford-street,
Fitzroy, Lord Charles, at Thomas's Hotel, Berkel
Gower, Lord T. L., in Albermarle-street, from Sta
Graves, Lord, Lady, and Miss, in Saville-row.
Gort, Lord, at Nerot's Hotel, Clifford-street.
Kennedy, Lord and Lady, from their seat, in Scot
Kerr, Lord H., from Scotland.
Kilmorey, Earl and Countess, from a tour.
Lennox, Lord George, from his seat, in Sussex.
Lieven, Countess, and her son, from Dover.
Mayo, Earl and Countess of, in New Norfolk-stree

Manners, Lord Charles, in Portman-square.
Portarlington, Lord, at Nerot's Hotel, from Dublin.
Poulett, Dowager Countess, at Hyde Park Corner.
Pembroke, Earl and Countess, from Wilton House, Wilts.
Rodney, Lord and Lady, in Pall-Mall.
Stradbroke, the Earl and Countess of, in Hertford-street.
Suffield, Lord, in Park-place.
Stanhope, Earl, from a tour.
Stuart, Lord James, in Whitehall-place.
Talbot, Earl, from Kent.
Torrington, Viscount and Viscountess, from Yoles Court.
Townshend, Lady Charles, in Park Crescent.
Wilton, Viscountess, in Halkin-place.

THE CLERGY.

Chichester, Bishop of, from Brighton.
Elphin, the Dean of, Mrs. French and family, from Ireland.
Kevell, Rev. James, from Croft Castle, Herefordshire.
Luke, Rev. James, and Son, from Bath.
Mildmay, Rev. St. John, at Thompson's Hotel.
Meade, Rev. W. and Miss, in Lower Berkeley-street.
Petworth, Rev. Dr., from Stowe Market.
Williams, Rev. Mr. and Mrs., from Dublin.

BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES.

Bethel, Lady, and the Misses Codrington, in Park-lane.
Bloomfield, Lady, from the Stud House, Kingston.
Bolton, Sir Robert, Bart., from his seat, in Hampshire.
Drake, Sir T. and Lady F. E., from their seat in Devonshire.
Francis, Lady, in St. James's square.
Fitzherbert, Sir H., from Derbyshire.
Floyd, Sir H., Bart., from Tunbridge Wells.
Follis, Sir W., in Duke-street, Westminster.
Gerrard, Sir W., at Gould's Hotel, from Paris.
Lumley, Lady Sophia, in York Buildings, New Road.
Morgan, Sir Charles, in Duke-street, Portland-place, from Dublin.
Ongley, Lady, in Cumberland-place.
Read, Lady, and Miss, from their seat, in Gloucestershire.
Stoughton, Lady, and Miss, in Portman-square.
Wombwell, Sir George, from his seat, in Suffolk-street.

NAVY AND ARMY.

Berkley, Capt., at the British Hotel, Jermyn-street.
Cooper, Lieut. Col. and Mrs., from Bath.
Capel, Capt., R. N., in Portugal-street.
Cavendish, Lieut. Col., in Old Burlington-street.
Clayton, R. N., in King-street, Portman-square.
Callender, Capt., at the British Hotel, from Scotland.
Dalrymple, Col., from his seat, in Surrey.
Dalrymple, Capt., at the Waterloo Hotel, from China.
Davy, Colonel, at Fenton's Hotel, from Bath.
Drummond, Capt., in Stratford place.
Elwood, Major, and Mrs., from Newark.
Elliot, Hon. Capt. R. N., in Baker-street, from Scotland
Everard, Col., from Norfolk.
Egerton, Major-Gen., in Albemarle-street.
Ellis, Capt., R. N , from Portsmouth.
Fermor, General, from Brighton.
Furguson, Capt., R. N., in St. James's-place.
Gordon, Lieut.-Col., in Hill-street.
Grey, Col., from Paris.
Griffith, Capt., and brother, from Southampton.
Kelso, Col., and family, from Hastings.
Murray, Major Charles, and family, in Welbeck-street.
Madden, Col., and Mrs., from Litchfield.
M'Clean, Col., and Mrs., from Hull.
Rossi, Capt., and Mrs., from the Isle of France.

ESQUIRES AND THEIR LADIES.

Arkwright, J., Esq., and family, at Nerot's Hotel.
Angerstein, — Esq., and family, in St. James's square, fr
Blackheath.
Forbes, John, Esq., in Cork-street.
Fitzgerald, Keane, Esq., from Under Hill, Herts.
Gordon, John, Esq., in Gloucester place.
Grey,—Esq., at Kirkham's Hotel, from Dublin.
Houblon, John Archer, Esq., from Bishop's Stortford.
Hill, Walden, Esq., and family, from Wales.
Lumley, Saville, Esq., at Fenton's Hotel, from Brighton
Ogle, — Esq., in Dover-street.
Paris, Esq , in Upper Seymour-street.
Parsons, — Esq., and family, from Cheltenham.
Russell, F. Esq. in Curzon-street, May Fair.
Stanhope, Hon. L., from Surrey.
Wharton, J., Esq., from his seat, in Yorkshire.
West, James, Esq., and family, from Paris.

MRS. AND MISSES.

Bailey, Miss, at Thompson's Hotel, from Litchfield.
Bowles, Mrs., at Montague House.
Blackett, Mrs. C., in Gloucester-place.
Cotes, Mrs. C., in Lower Brook-street.
Cavendish, Mrs., in Stanhope-street.
Dickenson, Mrs., in Upper Harley-street.
Doyle, Mrs. and Miss, in Montague-square.
Fortescue, Hon. Mrs., and the Ladies Fortescue, at Ner
Hotel.
Gower, Miss C. L., in Hill-street.
Gray, Mrs., in Lower Grosvenor-street.
Maynell, Mrs., in Hanover-square.
Pardoe, Mrs., in Manchester-square.
Paget, Mrs. Berkeley, and family.
Rushout, Hon. Mrs., from Wanstead Grove.
Robinson, Mrs., from Raby Hall Lancashire.
Turner, Mrs. W., in Cavendish-square.

CHANGES AND DEPARTURES.

The best of Kings, George IV., left his palace, in Pall-Mall, on Saturday afternoon, June 12th, at half-past three o'clock, in his travelling carriage and four, escorted by a party of light horse. Our Sovereign arrived about 6 o'clock, at the royal lodge in the Great Park, Windsor, accompanied by Sir W. Knighton. His Majesty's pony phaeton was in readiness at the lodge; and shortly after his arrival he drove himself about the grounds, down the Long Walk, and through the Little Park, to the Castle, where the King arrived shortly after nine o'clock; we are happy to add, in very excellent health and spirits.

Ashburnham, the Earl of, for his seat in Sussex.
Arran, Earl and Countess of, and family, for Arran Lodge.
Arkwright, J. Esq., and Mrs., from Nerot's Hotel.
Anson, Lord, for Atherton, Staffordshire.
Bentinck, Lord and Lady W., by the steam packet, for Calais, on their way to Germany.
Bedford, Duke and Duchess of, for Woburn Abbey.
Blackburne, Sir J., M. P., for his seat in Lancashire.
Cecil, Lord Thomas, for Brighton.
Coventry, Earl and Countess of, and family, for Streatham.
Curwen, J.C., Esq., M. P., to Workington Hall, Cumberland.
Colville, General, from Pall Mall, for Ipswich.
Compton, Earl, Countess, and family, for Scotland.
Carrington, Lord, for his seat in Kent.
Dynevor, Lord, for his seat in South Wales.
Dodd, Major and Mrs., for Cheltenham.
Eastnor, Lord and Lady, for Riegate Priory.
Ellenborough, Lord, for Mr. Hope's seat, in Deepdere, Surrey.
Ford, Sir F., Bart., and family, to the Continent.
Foley, Lord, for Whitley Castle.
Gist, Josiah, Esq., and family, to Warrington Grange, Worcestershire.
Gort, Lord, from Nerot's Hotel.
Londonderry, Emily, Marchioness of, for her seat, North Cray, Kent.
Lethbridge, Sir Thomas and family, to Sandhill Park, Somersetshire.
Lansdowne, the Marquess of, for his seat, Bowood, Wilts.
Lennox, Lord George, for Goodwood Park.
Minto, Earl, on a Tour.
Norton, Capt., R. N., for Plymouth.
Nugent, Lady, for Stowe Park.
Pembroke, Earl and Countess, for Wilton House, near Salisbury.
Paulet, Lord H. and Lady, to West Hill, Hants.
Portland, Duke of, for his seat, Welbeck, Notts.
Peacocke, Lady, for Ramsgate.
Radnor, Earl and Countess, for Longford Castle, Wilts.
Staunton, Sir George, Bart., M. P. for Belmont, Worcestershire.
Scarsdale, Lady, and family, for Kedleston, Derbyshire.
Stanhope, Earl, for his seat, Kent.
Spencer, Earl and Countess, for the Isle of Wight.
Stanhope, Earl, for Yorkshire.
Salisbury, Marquess and Marchioness, for Hatfield.
Wall, Mrs., and family, for Hallow Park, Worcestershire.
Wedderburn, Sir J. W., for Yorkshire.
Wynne, Owen, Esq., Lady Jane, and family, for France.
Whitworth, Earl, and the Duchess of Dorset, for Knole.
Waldegrave, Lord and Lady, for Twickenham.
White, F., Esq., and family, to Farnham.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONAB
CHIT CHAT.

HIS MAJESTY'S DRAWING ROO

OFFICIAL LIST

OF THE FOLLOWING NOBILITY AND GENTRY WH PRESENTED TO HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, LAST COURT DRAWING ROOM, ON THURSDAY, 1824.

Arden, Hon. Miss, by the Dowager Duchess of Lee
Alexander, Misses Mary S. and Joanna, by the D Lady Saltoun
Astell, Mrs., by Lady Shiffner
Astley, Miss Agnes, by Lady Jerningham
Alvanley, Lady, by the Duchess of Leeds
Beauchamp, Countess of, on coming to title, by th tess of Clonmell
Browne, Mrs. General Thomas, on return from In Lady Christie
Banks, Lady, by Mrs. Wm. Jolliffe
Byrne, Mrs. Georgiana, by Lady (Sir George) Nuge
Bosanquet, Mrs. William, on her marriage, by Lad
Beauclerck, Lady Caroline, by Lady Frederic Beauc
Beauclerck, Miss, by her mother, Mrs. Beauclerck
Beauclerck, Miss Georgiana, by her mother, Mrs clerck
Brown, Mrs., by Mrs. Scott (of Harden)
Berkeley, Ladies Mary and Caroline, by the Cou Bathurst
Barham, Lady, by the Dowager Duchess of Rutlan
Brudenell, Lady Mary, by the Duchess of Dorset
Bayley, Lady Sarah, by Lady Harriet Bagot
Beresford, Lady Sarah, by the Marchioness of Wate
Berkeley, Lady C., on her marriage, by the Counte Euston
Boyle, Lady Sarah, by Viscountess Barnard
Byrne, Miss, by Lady (Sir George) Nugent
Burr, Miss, by her mother
Barrington, Hon. Mrs., on her marriage, by the Visc Normanby
Borough, Miss, by her mother, the Hon. Lady Boro
Brodrick, Miss Harriet, by Viscount Bernard
Bayley, Miss, by Lady H. Bagot
Burton, Hon. Mrs., on her marriage, by Lady Nuge
Bridgeman, Hon. Mrs. G., by the Hon. Mrs. Cou Boyle
Chambers, Miss, by the Countess of Clare
Conyingham, Lady F., on her marriage, by the Marc Conyingham
Collins, Mrs. Emma, by her mother, Mrs. Charles C
Cardigan, M. Le Comte Charles de, on his marriag
Cartwright, Mrs. W., on her marriage, by the Co Pembroke
Cust, Lady Isabella, on her marriage, by Dowage Brownlow
Chaplin, Mrs., by her sister, Mrs. Arbuthnot
Charteris, Lady Charlotte, by the Countess of Wemy
Cardignan, La Comtesse Charles de, by Mrs. Tre Rodd

Croft, Mrs. James, by Lady (Sir George) Nugent
Crofton, Miss Fanny, by the Countess of Galloway
Crawfurd, Miss Isabella, by Lady Kerrison
Christie, Miss Frances, by Lady Christie
Christie, Mrs., by Lady Christie
Campbell, Mrs. and Miss, by the Hon. Mrs. Grant
Cunynghame, Miss, by Lady Saltoun
Chatterton, Sir W. bart.
Clarke, Capt. Shadwell, on his return from Italy
Campbell, Miss, by Mrs. Campbell
Chambers, Miss, by Miss Blackwell
Calvert, Mrs. C., on her marriage, by her mother, Lady Rowley.
Dundas, Miss, by Lady Caroline Dundas
Dupre, Miss, by the Dowager Duchess of Richmond
Dawkins, Mrs., on her marriage, by Mrs. Sotheron
Doyle, Mrs. Frances, by Mrs. Rigby
Dillon, Hon. Miss, by the Countess of Lestowel
Davies, Mrs. on her marriage, by her mother, Mrs. de Crespigny.
Digby, Miss, by her mother, the Countess of Andover
Denison, Miss Mary, by Mrs. Denison
Duncombe, Lady Louisa and Miss Harriet, by Lady Charlotte Duncombe
East, Lady, by Lady Nugent
Edmonstone, Miss Charlotte, by her mother
Ennismore, Viscountess, by the Countess of Listowel
Fraser, Vice Admiral, on his going abroad
Frankland, Mrs., by Lady Sarah Murray.
Farnham, Miss Eliza, by her mother
Fitzgerald, Miss, by Mrs. Fitzgerald
Frankland, Miss Octavia, by the Hon. Mrs. Bowles
Fletcher, Mrs., by Lady Imhoff
Fletcher, Miss, by Lady Imhoff
Frankland, Hon. Mrs. by the Hon. Mrs. Bowles
Farquhar, Lady, by Countess Bathurst
Fludyer, Miss K., by the Countess Brownlow
Forester, Miss, by Lady Forester
Gwynne, Miss, by the Countess of Coventry
Gunning, Mrs. and Miss, by Mrs. Ross
Gifford, Lady, by Lady Colchester
Graham, Lady Emily, by the Duchess of Montrose
Gage, Lady Mary Ann, on her return from the Continent
Gardner, Miss, by Lady Imhoff
Gardner, Hon. Mrs., by Lady Imhoff
Hampdon, Lady, on her marriage, by Viscountess Melville
Heygate, Mrs., by the Lady of the Bishop of Salisbury
Henniker, Hon Miss, by the Right Hon. Lady Henniker
Hanbury, Mrs. on her marriage, by the Countess of Galloway
Honywood, Lady, by the Countess of Sheffield
Howley, Miss, by Mrs. Howley
Hislop, Lady, on her marriage, by Countess Bathurst
Howard, Miss, by Lady Henry Howard
Hall, Rev. Henry, on his Degree of Doctor of Divinity
Hamilton, Misses Harriet and Araminta, by their mother, Lady Hamilton
Howard, Miss A. by Mrs. Howard, of Corby
Halkett, Major-Gen. Sir Colin, on going abroad
Halsey, Miss Jane, by her mother, Mrs. Moore Halsey
Ingelby, Lady A. on her marriage, by Lady Rowley
Irby, Miss, by her aunt, Lady Selsey
Johnson, Miss, (daughter of Lady Lowe), by Lady Lowe
Johnstone, Lady, on her marriage to Mr. Weyland, by Lady Rae
Johnstone, Miss and Miss F. by Lady Johnstone
Jenure, Mrs. and Miss Herbert, by the Countess of wood
Knatchbull, Miss Anne and Miss C. by the Dowage Knatchbull
Kantson, the Chevalier de, Swed. Chargé d' Aff. Most Faithful Majesty
Knatchbull, Dowager Lady, by Dowager Lady Arund
Laurie, Lady, by Mrs. Magnay, as late Lady Mayore
Lucy, Mrs. on her marriage, by the Countess of War
Lethbridge, Miss, by her mother, Lady Lethbridge
Lambert, Lady, on her marriage, by the Viscountess
Lysons, Mrs., by Lady John Thynne
Lacon, Lady, by Mrs. John Round
Lawson, Capt., on appointment
Lowth, Lieut. R. V. 9th Regt. Infantry, on promotio
Londonderry, Marchioness, on coming to the title
Loftus, Mrs. George, on her marriage, by Lady M Walpole
Mayoress, the Lady, by Mrs. Magnay, as late Lady M
Mash, Miss, by the Marchioness of Westmeath
Morse, Miss, by Mrs. Morse
Madocks, Mrs. W., by the Countess of Coventry
Martin, Miss Jean Wykeham, by the Hon. Mrs. S. R. ington
Malcolm, Miss, by Mrs. James Buller
Macquarrie, Major-General, late Governor of New Wales
Montford, Lord, on his return from the continent
Mackenzie, Mrs. Stewart, by the Duchess of Welling
Murray, Lady George, by Lady Sarah Murray
Montague, Lady Emily, by the Marchioness of Huntl
Murray, Miss, by Lady S. Murray
Mandeville, Viscountess, by the Marchioness of Hu
Miles, Mrs., by the Countess of Ilchester
Musgrave, Mrs. R., on her marriage, by the Coun Warwick
Martineau, Mrs. Joseph, by the Hon. Mrs. de Grey
Moreton, Miss, by the Countess of Denbigh
Nayler, Miss F., by Lady Nayler
Nugent, Miss, by her mother, Lady (Sir George) Nu
Nevensan, Mrs., on her marriage, by Lady Barrett L
Norman, Miss Isabella and Miss Charlotte, by Lady beth Norman
Nightingale, Mrs. G., on her marriage, by the D Duchess of Rutland
Osborne, Lady Charlotte, by her mother the Duc Leeds
O'Brien, Mrs. Col., on her marriage, by the Righ Lady Ongley
Oliver, Mrs. Mansel, on her marriage, by Lady Nuge
Pellew, Hon. Mrs. F., by Mrs. J. Chaplin, on her from abroad
Price, Mrs. Robert, by the Marchioness of Waterfor
Pellew, Hon. Mrs., on her marriage, by the Duc Northumberland
Pomfret, Earl of
Parry, Mrs. Charles, by the Hon. Mrs. de Grey
Paget, Lady H., on her return from India, by the C of Galloway
Pringle, Miss, by Lady Pringle
Pole, Miss, by Mrs. William Stuart
Phillimore, Mrs. J., by the Countess of Liverpool
Paulet, Lady Arabella, Lady Henry, and Lady Ceci the Marchioness of Winchester
Peel, Lady Jane L., on her marriage, by Mrs. Peel
Pelham, Lady Amelia, by the Countess of Chicheste

Petre, Lady, on her marriage, by Lady Mary Petre
Phipps, Lady Lepel Charlotte, by the Countess of Mulgrave
Price, Mrs. R., on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Waterford
Reeves, Miss, by Lady Ingleby
Rice, Miss Charlotte, by Lady Dynevor
Rolle, Lady, by the Viscountess Barnard
Riley, Miss, on her marriage, by Lady Brownrigg
Rogers, Captain W., R N., by the Lord in waiting
Raines, Captain, on his return over land from India
Rose, Miss, by Lady Colchester
Robinson, Hon. Miss, by Lady Grantham
Rose, Lady, on her return from Berlin, by Lady Colchester
Rackham, Lady, by the Duchess Dowager of Rutland
Rendlesham, Rt. Hon. Lady, by the Dowager Lady Saltoun
Rowley, Lady, on her return to England
Rowley, Miss, by her mother Lady Rowley
Reeves, Miss, by Lady Anicott Ingilby
Ridley, Miss L., by Lady Ridley
Rooke, Mrs. and Miss Lucy, by Lady Brownrigg
Rice, Hon. Mrs., by Lady Dynevor
Stair, Earl of, on his accession to the title
Stuart, Miss Elizabeth, by her mother Lady George Stuart
Strange, Hon. Mrs., by Lady Sarah Murray
Stopford, Lady Jane, by the Countess of Pembroke
Scott, Lady Harris, by the Countess of Clonmell
Stenhouse, Miss, by Lady Bolton
Swinburne, Miss Elizabeth, by Lady Swinburne
Simpson, Miss C. B., by Mrs. Bridgeman Simpson
Stuart, Miss Villiers, by Lady Jane Stuart
Stopford, Lady Elizabeth, by the Countess of Pembroke
Stuart, Lady George, by Lady James Stuart
Sidmouth, Viscountess, on her marriage, by the Marchioness Huntley
Stopford, Lady Charlotte, on her marriage
Sherborne, Lady, by Lady John Thynne
Sieley, the Rev. T. H., His Majesty's Resident Chaplain at Lisbon
Stanley, Miss Isabella, by Lady M Stanley
Salisbury, the Marchioness of, by the Marchioness of Downshire
Strange, Miss, by Lady S. Murray
Turner, Miss W., on her marriage, and going to Constantinople
Theobald, Miss Thomasia, by Mrs. Theobald
Thomas, Capt F. J., R. N., by the Lord in Waiting
Tomline, Lady Prettyman, on coming to the title, by Lady Bolton
Tullamore, Lady, by the Countess of Uxbridge
Townshend, Lady Charles, by Lady Margaret Walpole
Trotter, Miss, by Mrs. Lindesay Bettaire
Tisdale, Miss, by the Countess of Sheffield
Thompson, Hon. Mrs. Beilby, by the Hon. Lady Glynne
Voex, Miss des, by Lady des Voex
Wheatley, Miss, by Lady Brownrigg
Wilson, Mr. W. Rae, on his going abroad
Wedderburne, Sir James W., on his return from Italy
Whitshed, Miss and Miss Harriet, by their mother
Wynn, Miss C. H. W. by the Duchess of Montrose
Whestphales, Lady, by Lady Strange
Worsley, Mr., Yorkshire Hussar Yeomanry, by the Lord in Waiting
Williams, Miss by Lady H. W. Wynn
Young, Lady, by the Countess of Belmore

THE KING'S LEVEE, AND COURT.

Wednesday, June 9, his Majesty held a Court an at his Palace in Pall-Mall. The usual attendants their stations between twelve and one o'clock. Th Hall was lined by the Police. Two of the tallest m Life Guards, upwards of six feet high, dressed as Cu were stationed in the Great Hall also. A detachm the King's Guard marched into the Court, with thei state uniform, soon after the gates were opened fo mission of the company.

A detachment of the Life Guards, dressed as cu arrived in Waterloo-place at two o'clock, when merous and superior band played alternately with th the Foot Guards.

His Majesty entered the State Rooms soon o'clock, where the Field Officer in Waiting, acc by the Colonel of the Guard, made a report to th the effective state of the three regiments of Foot Gu

The king entered the Royal Closet, when the Ea derdale was admitted to an audience, and delivered t of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. Geor Ionian Islands, worn by his late brother, Sir Thor land.

The Marquis of Lothian had the honour of an au deliver the Badge of the Order of the Thistle, wo late Father.

The Bishops of Bath and Wells, and Chiches admitted into the Royal Closet, and did homage Majesty upon their Election to their Sees.

His Majesty was surrounded by several of his R latives and Officers of State: among them were of York and Prince Leopold, who came in state— Highness's suite in two carriages.

OFFICIAL LIST

OF THE FOLLOWING NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEM WERE PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY.

Arabin, Mr. Serjeant, by Mr. Secretary Peel
Arentschild, Major General Baron Victo, on his re Portugal
Anson, Major, on his promotion, by Sir J. Anson
Aplin, Lieut. R.N., on his return from Service
Barry, Mr. on his appointment of Gentleman to his Privy Council Chamber
Best, Lord Chief Justice, upon his appointment
Bourdillon, Mr. B., by the Lord in Waiting
Burlton, Rev. Charles, on appointment
Burford, Lord, by the Lord in Waiting
Bunbury, Colonel, on his appointment, 1st Rif 60th Regt.
Baretto, Major, on his return from India
Boothby, Sir W., on his succeeding to the Baronet
Borough, Mr. on his return from the Continent, Borough
Best, Mr. by his Father, Lord Chief Justice Best
Broadhead, Mr. W. A. 7th Hussars, by the Lord i
Bateman, Capt., on his arrival from Ireland
Blackwood, Capt., R.N., by Lord Dufferin
Buchanan, Lieut. A., R.N., from a tour of Europe
Barron, Cornet, 17th Lancers, on his appointmen
Barne, Cornet, 4th Dragoon Guards
Buller, Cornet, E. R., 7th Dragoon Guards
Bentinck, Capt. Lord George, by the Duke of Port
Carrick, Mr., on his return from the Continent

Clements, Lieut.-Col., Grenadier Guards, on promotion
Chichester, the Bishop of, on his preferment
Crawley, Mr., M.P., on his marriage
Craven, Mr. Charles, by the Lord in Waiting
Charleville, Viscount, on his return from the Continent
Carrington, Mr. G. Colonial Agent from Barbadoes
Clowes, Capt. R.N. on his promotion, by Mr. Croker
Cotton, Capt. C. on his promotion, by Admiral Sir George Cockburn
Calvert, Captain, on his appointment, by Col. Townshend
Clerke, Capt. Shadwell, 57th Regt. on his return from Italy
Cathcart, Ensign, the Hon. A. F., 25th Regt. on his appointment
Devon, Mr., by Sir George Cockburn
Devon, Mr., on his marriage, by Sir George Pocoke
Davis, Mr. Russell, on his marriage, by Col. Sir R. Steele
Dutton, Sub-Lieut. 2d Life Guards, on his appointment
Eliot, Lord, on his return from Spain
Edwardes, Hon. Geo., 17th Light Dragoons, by Lord Kensington
Eden, Sir W., by General Eden
Floyd, Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry, on promotion
Fletcher, Capt., R.N., on his return from abroad
Fead, Capt., on appointment to the Pylades, by Sir George Cockburn.
Fludger, Lieut. F., Grenadier Guards, by the Earl of Brownlow
Graves, Mr., by Lord Graves
Germains, Earl of St., on succeeding to his title
Gilly, Rev. W. S., to present his Book " Researches among the Vaudois"
Griffin, Lieut., R.N., by the Lord in Waiting
Gordon, Lieut., R.N., by the Earl of Aboyne
Hamilton, Hon. G., on his return from abroad, by the Lord in Waiting
Hislop, Lieut. Gen. Sir T., on going to the Continent
Hall, Gen., on his appointment of Colonel of the 99th Regt.
Hunter, Col., Grenadier Guards, on his return from the West Indies
Horsley, Adm., by the Lord in Waiting
Hanbury, Mr., on his marriage, by Lord Graves
Hall, Mr., on going abroad
Hough, Capt. W., Bengal Army, on his return from India
Hothan, Capt. R.N., by the Lord in Waiting
Herbert, Capt., R.N , on his return from foreign service
Heath, Lieut. M., Royal Engineer, by the Lord in Waiting
Jervis, Mr., on being appointed his Majesty's Second Justice of Chester
Johnstone, Sir J., Bart., by the Lord in Waiting
Jervoise, Mr. T. C., by his father, Sir S. C. Jervoise
Jerningham, Mr., on coming of age, by Sir G. Jerningham
Knight, Capt. C., R.N., on his promotion and return from Africa
Keith, Lieut. the Hon. W., R.N., on his appointment to the Blonde
Leeke, Capt. H., on his appointment to the Herald
Littledale, Mr. Justice, on his appointment, when he received the honour of knighthood
Lefray, Mr. E., Judge at Surinam, on his return to that country
Lucy, Mr., on his marriage, by the Earl of Clonmell
Locke, Mr., from Dublin, by the Lord in Waiting
Lawson, Capt. T., Queen's Royals, on his appointment
Locke, Capt., 17th Lancers, on his appointment
Lowth, Lieut., 9th Regt. of Infantry, on his promotion
Maynard, Viscount, on coming to his title, by Sir Kerrison
Meade, Gen., on his appointment to the 12th Reg
Macneil, Col., 2d Life Guards, on his promotion
Martin, Capt. G. B., R.N., on his promotion, by Sir C burn
Nolan, Mr., on being appointed a Welsh Judge
Noleken, Baron
Nicolay, Gen., on being appointed Governor of Domi
Nayler, Sir G., Garter, on receiving the Insignia of t tuguese Order T. and S.
Naper, Mr., on his marriage, by Lord Sherborne
Ongley, Mr., Grenadier Guards, on appointment
Price, Rev. Dr., upon his departure from England
Price, Mr. Robert, on his marriage, by the Earl of Eg
Praed, Mr. J. B., on his marriage
Praed, Mr. W. T., by the Lord in Waiting
Perring, Rev. P., on being appointed Chaplain to th of Cambridge
Parkins, Mr. J. W., on going abroad
Reade, Sir J. Bart., on his return from the Continent
Reid, Sir J. Rae, on coming to his title, by Mr. Canni
Robinson, Mr. L. H., by the Lord in Waiting
Raines, Capt., on his return from India
Rose, Lieut. G. P., 15th King's Hussars, on his prom
Rose, Lieut., H. H., 19th Regt., on his promotion
Scott, Mr. H., by Mr. Scott
Somerville, Mr. W. M., by Sir M. Somerville, on hi abroad
Spankie, Mr., on his return from India
Suffield, Lord, by the Archbishop of York
Saunders, Rev. James, by the Lord in Waiting
Stourton, Hon. J., by his father, Lord Stourton, on of age
Spinks, Major, 92d Regt., on promotion, by Viscount
Sibly, Capt., R.N., on his return from foreign service
Saumarez, Capt. K. S., on his promotion, by Sir G. Co
Suasso, Capt., on his return to England
Shore, Lieut. Hon. H. D, 4th Dragoon Guards, by Teignmouth
Smith, Ensign Carrington, 99th Regt., on his appointm
Streatfield, Major, 87th Regt., on his return from Ind
Twiss, Mr. Horace, on being appointed Counsel Admiralty
Thornton, Col. H., 40th Regt., on his departure fo South Wales
Townsend, Mr., by Lord Sidney
Wise, Mr., Consul-General for Sweden, on his ret England
Warburton, Mr. R. E , by Major-General Egerton
Weymouth, Viscount, on his return from the Contine
Walden, Lord Howard de, as Under Secretary of Sta Foreign Affairs
Woodcock, Rev. Dr., on being appointed a Canon of Church
Wallace, Col. Maxwell, on appointment to the 5th G
Wilson, Sir J. M., by Lord Selsey
William, Sir James, on receiving the honour of knigh
Woodmass, Mr. Charles, by Sir D. Ogilby, Bart.
Weguelin, Lieut. Col., on his return from India
Wilson, Capt. T., R.N., by Admiral Sir R. Stopford
Wetherall, Capt., on his return from India, by the M of Huntley
Yarborough, Lord, on coming to his title

INVESTITURE OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

After the Levee his MAJESTY held an Investiture of the Order of the Bath. The Members of the distinguished Order having been robed in the Royal Robing-room, moved in grand procession through the Grand Hall and State Apartments to the Royal Closet, in the following order, SIR GEORGE NAYLER, the Genealogist of the Order, carrying the Order and Ribbon on a crimson Velvet Cushion; Mr. PULMAN, Principal Bath King at Arms, attended by the following Members of the Order, in their full robes:—

The Marquis of Huntley, Sir John Malcolm, Sir George Cockburn, Viscount Exmouth, Sir Henry Calvert, Sir John Doyle, Sir Richard Strachan, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Alured Clarke, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

An Investiture being formed with the usual ceremonies, his MAJESTY was graciously pleased to invest Sir JOHN OSWALD, with the Order of a Knight Grand Cross, in the room of the late Sir THOMAS MAITLAND.

THE KING.

It was generally remarked, that when Bonaparte left the Thuilleries to review his troops, however wet and unpleasant the morning, *the sun shone the moment* he was about to mount his charger to pass the lines in review. The same heavenly greetings have lately been observed on all recent occasions when OUR BELOVED and HIGHLY-GIFTED SOVEREIGN has honoured and graced the public with his presence on gala days. The mornings were lowering during the Ascot Races, with rain, fogs, and disagreeable weather, which continued almost to the hour appointed by his Majesty to go to the race-course; but the moment had scarcely arrived, when the sun with all its bewitching splendour appeared, and dissipated the gloom. The *happy period* of our beloved Monarch's reign is now come, when all ranks, high and low, rich and poor, vie with each other in ardour of affection and loyalty to the best of Kings. It is truly said that a more finished gentleman does not exist than George IV. There is a dignified grace and manlihood in all his movements that no King ever surpassed; certainly, no monarch of the present day can be compared to him. Long may our amiable King live to reign over his generous and noble-minded subjects.

The presence of his Majesty at Ascot Races gave life, spirit and gaiety to the vast assemblage of fashionables. London was almost without a person of rank or fashion during the days of the races. The King was on the course every day, generally accompanied by the Duke of Wellington, Duke of Dorset, and the Marquis Conyngham, in an open carriage drawn by four bay horses, with postilions and outriders dressed in scarlet and gold; the remainder of the visiters followed in open carriages. His Majesty was every where greeted with acclamations. He gratified his subjects by making his appearance at the window of the Royal Stand, where his Majesty took refreshments, consisting of potted meats and fruits, and about five left the Course for the Castle.

Tuesday Evening, June 15, his MAJESTY gave a grand dinner. Among the company were—

The Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Dorset, the Duke of Richmond, Earl and Countess Scarborough, Earl and Countess Warwick, Count Lieven, Lord and Lady Lord Manners, Lord Clarendon, Lord Graves, Apsley, the Marquis, Marchioness, and Lord a Francis Conyngham, Sir W. Knighton, Sir E. Na Deline, and many other distinguished characters.

The Band of the Royal Horse Guards occu Orchestra, and entertained the company until a late

The Duke of YORK also entertained a select party more, consisting of—

The Duke of Rutland, Earl Verulam, Earl Da Lord Cavendish, Lord Foley, Lord Clarendon, Lo mont, Sir John Shelley, and Mr. Udney.

The different races at Epsom were closely run, fi tested, and produced the expected gratification. happy to see four new grand Stands erected, two of v patronized by the Earl of Derby, and we hope to ann ounce a better regulation of the Course, which for a considerable time has been most shamefully n and productive of considerable danger. The com generally of the best classes. The Dukes of Y Gloucester were there, and a host of fashionables.

General Bosville, Mrs. Bosville, and their beau highly-accomplished daughters, are in the utmost account of the death of Lord Macdonald, a noble sessing all the amiability, goodness, and gentleness for which his noble family have been so long distin One of the Miss Bosvilles is a perfect resemblan late Princess Charlotte.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE JOH NEWSPAPER.

There are vermin that find their existence in the dest things infinitely superior, both in excellence and b themselves,—and there are men who, despicable as th they imitate, obtain profit and livelihood by exercis scandalous malice upon those by whom they are s in every qualification that can add lustre to rank, o to virtue. In this tribe, the DRIVELLING EDITOR *John Bull* newspaper stand conspicuous. From th their first appearance before the public to the pres they have been noted for uttering falsehoods, not on living, but even of the defenceless dead. During a lon however, their scurrilous invectives were evidently of a masterly, though evil hand; but latterly, t added dulness and stupidity to maliciousness and in all who have had the patience to peruse the late nu their journal, must have laughed at the fools, wh utterly despised the men. At no time have they give proof of the degraded state of their *wit*, than on Su 13th of June, in their paper of which date they h ally been so incredibly absurd as to publish the senseless paragraph:—

" ' Brest, Brest!' said his Royal Highness the Gloucester to an humble friend (who shall be ' where's Brest?'

' In France, Sir,' was the answer.

' That's odd, very odd, that they have sent hi said his Royal Highness, and he put his elbow breakfast-table, and began to think as much as he could.

' Who, Sir?' timidly inquired his Royal H companion.

taste was never displayed than in the interior decorations. The three capacious drawing-rooms were illuminated for the promenade and the dance; the hall, the great staircase, and the noble rooms on the ground, exhibited a blaze of light. The Ladies Charteris led off the quadrilles, with the Marquis Graham, Lord Kennedy, and Mr. Grey.

THE FESTIVITIES AT STOWE.

Tuesday, June 15.—The company which had been invited was so numerous that the accommodations at Stowe House were insufficient for the purpose of lodging the guests; and, consequently, the Cobham Arms Inn, at Buckingham, and other houses, were taken by his Grace. Among the fashionable assemblage of Nobility and Gentry who dined each day with his Grace were the following:

Lord Andover, Lord and Lady Arundel, Lord and Lady Breadalbane, Lord Braybrook, Lady Elizabeth Campbell, Mr. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Lord and Lady Carysfort, Lord Clanricarde, Mr. H. Cholmondeley, Mr. George Dupre, Mr and Mrs. East. Sir Edward East, Lord and Lady Fortescue, the Ladies Fortescue, George Fortescue, Esq., John Fortescue, Esq., Lady Fremantle, Sir Thomas Fremantle, Lord Glenorchy, Lady Glynne, Sir Stephen Glynne, Lord Geo. Hill, Sir Rowland Hill, Mr. Irby, Mr. and Mrs. Chandos Leigh, the Misses Leigh, Lady Littleton. Lord and Lady Nugent, Lady George Nugent and Miss Nugent, Mr. Nugent, Mr. and Lady Jane Neville, Rev. Geo. and Lady Charlotte Neville, Miss Neville, the Ladies Proby, Lord Sheffield, Lady Williams Wynn, Miss W. Wynn, Sir Watkin and Lady Wynn, Mr. and Mrs. Williams Wynn, and the Misses Williams Wynn, Major Pigot, &c.

The dinner-table of the State Room was spread for between 80 and 90 persons. In the centre was a massive ornament, silver gilt, having at the corners four figures representing the principal rivers of Europe, and in the middle the figure of Britannia supporting Fame, so heavy as to require four men to place it on the table. The dinner was served on silver plate, and the desert on gold; a rich service of English porcelain, having his Grace's arms tastefully executed in the centre, was also used. In an adjoining room the table was laid for 40 or 50 persons.

At four o'clock the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, the Marquis of Chandos, and their noble visitors repaired to the village church, where the ceremony of christening was performed by the Rev. Thomas a'Beckett Turner He was christened by the name of Richard Plantaganet Campbell Nugent Chandos Grenville Temple. The sponsors were Lord and Lady Breadalbane, the Hon. Mr. Grenville, and Lady Williams Wynn. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Hallelujah chorus was sung, accompanied by the band of the Bucks militia, and the family left the church.

After the christening the tenantry and yeomanry were conducted to the ball and tea-rooms. Supper having been finished, the immense silver bowl was placed on the table, filled with punch, and his Grace entered the room. Having advanced to the upper end of the table he desired them to charge their glasses, and proposed the health of the Infant Earl, who was the occasion of their meeting; this was drunk with loud cheering. He then addressed them nearly as follows:—

"Fellow Countrymen and Yeomen—Happy as I always am to meet my tenantry and yeomanry, I am more than ever pleased to meet them on the occasion of christening my grandson. May he and his descendants enjoy the happiness of being at the head of a yeomanry and tenantry equally honest and respectable as those I now see before me, and may t evince the same zeal in defending the Constitution and l of their country. Gentlemen, I drink your health, and h you will enjoy yourselves as well and as long as you ca God bless you all."

Loud and repeated cheering followed the address of Grace, who directly left the room. The Marquis of Chan took the place which his father had resigned, and said, would propose a toast which he was sure they would dr with enthusiam—"The Duke of Buckingham." It was dr with great enthusiam. His Lordship having quitted chair, the health of the Duchess of Buckingham and Marquis of Chandos and Lord Nugent were drank.

The Second Day was appointed for trials of skill speed. The races were excellent, and afforded much amu ment. The Third Day, the gardens were thrown open trial of skill in archery. The Duke of Buckingham and L Arundel first entered the lists; they were followed by ma others of the ladies and gentlemen, who shot alternately, at length Miss Wynn, the daughter of Sir W. W. Wynn, Mr. Nugent were declared the fortunate winners of the priz which were two silver arrows. The lady was then lifted one of the targets and carried a short distance being lou greeted by the spectators; the gentleman was borne to house on a target, preceded by a band playing "See the C quering Hero comes." He was also loudly cheered. T ladies and gentlemen followed in procession, two and tw each carrying an arrow. In the afternoon they amused the selves by sailing on the sheet of water in front of the hous

In the evening, that all might be partakers of the amu ments so liberally provided, a ball was given to the serva of the house, and of his Grace's visitors. About ten o'clo the exhibition of fire-works commenced.

A Grand Fancy Ball was given the last day, at which the Nobility and Gentry, mentioned in the account of first day's entertainment, and those residing in the neig bourhood, were present.

PARTIES PROPOSED AND APPOINTED.

Thursday, July 1.—Lady de Clifford's Ball; Mrs. Gre Wilkinson's Ball, in Upper Wimpole-street; Mrs. Ang stein's Ball, in St. James's square; Lady Ravensworth's Ba

Friday, July 2.—Mrs. Spencer Stanhope's Ball, in Lan ham-place; Mrs. Gordon's Ball in Baker-street.

Sunday, July 4.—The Fourth Meeting of The Coterie, Lady Salisbury's.

Monday, July 5.—The Countess of Sefton's Second Fête

Tuesday, July 6.—The Marquis and Marchioness of Lo donderry's Party; the Hon. Mrs. West's Ball, in Upper Gro venor-street.

Wednesday, July 7.—Almack's Grand Ball.

Thursday, July 8.—Mrs. Mitchell's Second Ball; M Blackwell's Ball, in Baker-street.

Friday, July 9.—The Marchioness of Waterford's Gra Ball, in Mansfield-street; Lady Barratt Lennard's Party.

RACES TO COME IN JULY.

1st, Knighton.—6th, Winchester and Ipswich.—7th, Te nes.—8th, Tenbury.—12th, Newmarket.—13th, Preston. 14th, Bath and Ludlow.—19th, Wells.—20th, Nottingha and Beccles.—21st, Cheltenham.—22nd, Bridgnorth.—27t Knutsford and Derby.

MRS. CHAMBERS'S BALL.

The pleasure anticipated by this lady's fashionable friends was realized on Tuesday evening, June 8, to a numerous party of persons of distinction attracted on the occasion. The decoration of the refreshment-room, viewed from the vestibule, excited admiration, being ornamented in a peculiar style, with a great variety of shrubs and flowers, nearly reaching the ceiling, which produced an enchanting *coup d'œil*.

MR. AND MRS. DU PRE'S BALL.

In Portland-place, on Monday evening, June 7, a very magnificent ball and supper were given by Mr, and Mrs. Du Pre to an elegant circle, exceeding 300 persons. The suite of apartments were illuminated in a style of great splendour by Grecian chandeliers and Bubl lamps. The dancing commenced with quadrilles in the grand saloon at a quarter past eleven o'clock. The supper was announced at half past one. Spanish and Polish dances were introduced after supper. The party broke up at four o'clock.

MRS. WATTS RUSSEL'S PARTY.

This lady, at her residence in Portland-place, entertained her friends with a concert of vocal and instrumental music on Monday evening, June 7. The house is magnificently furnished, and the entertainment, given on this occasion, corresponded.

THE HON. MRS. PELHAM'S SECOND ROUT.

At this lady's residence opposite Hyde-Park, and Connaught-place, a great proportion of the leading persons in fashionable life graced her party on Thursday evening, June 10. The three very fine and spacious drawing-rooms were thrown open at ten o'clock, also the library communicating with the conservatory, which was filled with plants of peculiar fragrance. The party did not break up till near three o'clock.

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S FIFTH ASSEMBLY.

The drawing-room suite of apartments in his superb mansion were opened to a select party of her Grace's friends, on Friday, June 11. The company began to arrive soon after ten o'clock, and were conducted, by the grand staircase, to a scene of enchantment, enriched with the utmost liberality that wealth and dignity could bestow. The amiable Duchess received her guests with that charming affability which diffuses pleasure to all around. The ladies looked divinely, from the fine glow of light shed through the apartments, and the contrast of the silver moon illuminating the garden, when seen through the windows, produced the most delightful effect. Refreshments were most plentifully provided in the supper-rooms, the light from which, on entering the court-yard, had a very splendid appearance.

MRS. COUTTS'S GRAND DINNER PARTY.

This amiable and accomplished lady gave on Monday, June 21, a most sumptuous dinner to the following noble and distinguished guests:—

His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Albany, the Duke of Wellington, Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Marquis and Marchioness of Huntley, Marchionesses of Bute and Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Harrowby, two Ladies Ryder, Lord Bristol and two Ladies Hervey, Countess of Guildford and Lady Susan North, Miss Gifford, Lord Lauderdale, Mr. Jekyll, Col. Cook, &c.

The repast was of the most rare, costly, and magnificent description. The utmost liberality and the most exquisite taste were evinced in providing the entertainment. It must afford the highest gratification to Mrs. Coutts' friends to know that the party consisted of the trious characters of the country, and of noblem tlemen of acknowledged talents. To see the h and noble-minded Duke of York gracing the pa presence, shows that he possesses a most amiab and the presence of the Duke of Wellington, the age, must have been gratifying in the extren lightful hostess. To expatiate on the highly-g men, gentlemen, and ladies, would much excee We are happy that Mrs. Coutts is again mix fashionable world—and that her mind is relieve tion of her grief for the loss of her worthy and husband, Mr. Coutts. She is a lady worthy of h tune—she has talents, and a disposition to disper doing so makes thousands happy.

The grand suite of rooms were opened, and time since the lamented death of the late hono spected Owner. The dinner was served up in t dining-room, and the tables appeared almost to the weight of every delicacy the season had aff wines, we need hardly report to be of the finest and in the greatest variety. Some of the Madei Hock, had been in Mr. Coutts' possession mo years.

In the evening there was a little music. Sir and Mr. Attwood alternately presided. Miss St Tree, and Miss Goodall gratified the company exhibition of what may be accomplished by While such a delectable treat is attainable by own sweet warblers, Mrs. couts will not find it call in the aid of foreign ornament. Miss Stepl of her Scotch ballads, almost electrified the co Royal Duke was most complimentary, and a lingly detained by the fascination of the Hostess cord of "sweet sounds" till past midnight.

MRS. MITCHELL'S BALL.

A ball, of peculiar attractions, was given by her house in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, evening, June 15. The four drawing-rooms, low, were illuminated at ten o'clock. The da menced at eleven, and ended at four o'clock, wit French, Russian, and German waltzes. The p of the supper was laid on side-tables; but Northern Princes, the Countess St. Antonio, Ba roness Werther, Duke and Duchess of Atholl, of Hertford, &c., covers were laid on a separat divided room. Here a party of sixteen sat do luxury the season could produce, with wines of r *We hope the other part of the company had som than bread and cheese and small beer. We think dious to invite a company, and then make so m tinction.*

GROSVENOR-HOUSE AND ITS ASSEMBL

The delightful scene which this superb and no presents, when lighted, the imagination can form idea of. On Thursday evening, June 17, it pre *ensemble* captivating in the extreme, for therein w all the fashion and beauty of high life. At the 642 persons had arrived. The crowd was prodig

THE COUNTESS OF WEMYSS AND CHARTERI

In Stratford-place, on Thursday, June 17, a was given to a circle exceeding 350 fashiona

has been married to Madame la Marquise de Choiseul, in Paris. The Lady was a widow; her mother was a very rich heiress: her brother is the present Lord Rancliffe. The marriage ceremony was performed in great state, and the bride was presented in form at the Thuilleries.

THE ECCENTRIC MAN, A REAL CHARACTER.—He is well known by sight at the West end of the town, by his gallantry to the ladies. Although a young man, his manners savour much of the old school; he never takes the wall of any woman; he never passes a carriage whilst the ladies are getting in or out (this may be considered selfishness instead of politeness, because he is a great admirer of an elegant woman, and having great taste in dress he wishes to judge if they are truly fashionable); but his principal motive is to have the honour of handing them into the carriage; some are so little used to that sort of politeness from a stranger, or perhaps from timidity, decline the assistance, but often has he had the honor of having his attention accepted, and the reward of an angel's smile, and has walked on with pride and delight at having met with a real gentlewoman.

He walks into all the fashionable shops, especially when he observes ladies in them, and to encourage trade admires aloud any thing that is tasteful and elegant.

He has a great aversion to carelessness and nonchalance, with which the present race of young men treat the ladies. It appears as if they were only thinking of themselves, and had not a drop of warm blood in them. As he endeavours to act like a man he does not care for the opinion of the world, and to shew his contempt of prejudice, he walked up Bond-street the other day with a toasting fork in his hand, to the great annoyance of pug dogs, poodles, and dandies, without the slightest intention of annoying any of them—he went into a shop for an ice, and having placed his fork on the counter, while he ate it, he observed three delicate-looking gentlemen, with stays on, look very seriously at it, and turn their eyes frequently towards the door—they soon got fidgetty and marched off. He supposed they took him for Neptune in disguise, with his trident. He generally dresses *à la militare*, with a choice flower in his button-hole. So eccentric are his habits, and so quick his movements, that he is often on the banks of the Thames at six o'clock in the morning, and, on the same day, all over Chelsea, Brompton, Kensington, Paddington, *the City (for he does not mind the vulgarity of the thing)*, and finishes the day in the fashionable streets and the Parks. He goes into the cellars of the poor and the distressed; visits prisons, like the philanthropic Howard, and when he discovers abuse in any quarter, never ceases till he has remedied it; he has been seen fencing at a post till he got a crowd round him, and heard people say, poor man; what a pity that such a fine young man should be in such a state of mind; but, as he suddenly turns round and laughts at them for their credulity, he opens their minds by saying "you must never judge by appearances." He is perfectly aware that had he been rich, his avaricious connexions would have endeavoured to have deprived him of that blessing—liberty, which has been the cause of great good to many. He is perfectly acquainted with all the sciences, and wishes to promote arts, manufactures, and commerce; and only asks the public not to be alarmed if he should walk about the street, with a fire-shovel in his hand, or a warming-pan, and probably one of these days he may be seen in Bond-street with a wheel-barrow, which he will take pretty good care to turn out of the way of every Lady, but most assuredly he will make every Dandy turn out for it

PARTIES, BALLS, *&c.*

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Tuesday, June 1, the Duke of Sussex gave a grand ent tainment. at his residence, in the King's palace, Kensingt The dinner party consisted of—the Duke and Duchess Gloucester, the Princess Augusta, Prince Leopold, Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Clarence, the Princ Sophia Matilda, the Prince of Leiningen, the Princ Feodore, the Prince and Princess Lovenstein and th daughter, *&c.*

THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK'S BALL.

Her Ladyship had a brilliant assembly in Mansfield-str on Tuesday evening, June 1st: the four spacious drawi rooms, the grand staircase, the great hall, and the corrido were illumined with a refulgence equal to that of a merid sun. Card tables were set out in the *boudoir* and ot apartments. The visitants exceeded four hundred.

THE COUNTESS BATHURST'S PARTY,

To meet the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

Countess Bathurst had a grand assembly on Tuesday eve ing, June 1, at her house in Great Stanhope-street, Ma fair, to meet the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islan but her Majesty was prevented attending from severe illne We understand *they have caught the measles.* The wh interior of the house was fitted up with great taste and e gance, and was most brilliantly illuminated. There we present between two and three hundred distinguished fashio ables.

THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN'S PARTY.

Her Ladyship gave a grand concert on Wednesday eve ing, June 2, at her house in Dover-street, which was e gantly and numerously attended.

MRS. W. CAMAC'S BALL.

Mrs. W. Camac gave a splendid ball and supper at h residence in Mansfield-street, on Thursday, May 3. T three drawing-rooms, furnished with crimson satin and go were appropriated for the dancing, and they were most bri liantly illuminated. Collinet and his band attended. R freshments were laid out in the blue satin drawing-room a Turkish tent. Supper was served up at one o'clock on t ground-floor. The banquet consisted of all the delicacies the season. After supper, dancing recommenced, and w kept up with the greatest spirit until four o'clock.

PRINCE LEOPOLD'S ENTERTAINMENT.

On Monday night, June 7, His Royal Highness gave grand entertainment at Marlborough House, which w brilliantly illuminated on the occasion. In the princip drawing-room at the west end of the house, in which t Prince received his distinguished guests, a grand conce was given of vocal and instrumental music. The whole the royal banquet was most superb and splendid. Most the ladies had new dresses for the occasion, and the displ of jewels was extremely brilliant. The concert conclud soon after one o'clock.

LADY ASTLEY'S PARTY.

Her ladyship's first party took place on Monday evenin June 7, at her house in Hereford-street.

'Miguel, Miguel, the Infant of Portugal,' was the answer.

'Quite proper, I think, Sir, with submission,' replied the humble companion, *jocosely*, 'nothing can be more natural Sir, than to send an infant to *breast*.'

'Very true,' said the Duke, *seriously*, 'I did not think of that before.'

His Royal Highness is not a person to be joked with."

We should not have disgraced our pages with such wretched trash for any other purpose than that of drawing down merited contempt on the hollow head of its author. Were our readers ever sickened with a more miserable attempt at wit? Why, the merest whipper-snapper apprentice about town would be ashamed to give utterance to so wretched and so pointless a pun. The fact is, the *witty gentlemen* in question have for some time found that their journal is weekly decreasing in circulation, and they eagerly seize every opportunity of endeavouring to recover their lost ground, whether by foul means or fair, to them is of no manner of consequence. But the amiable task of inditing the abusive department of their journal has, to all appearances, fallen into inferior hands,—to the care of persons, who, although as much the malignant abettors of untruth as their predecessors, do not possess the ability and power which the latter invariably displayed even in the most grovelling of their unprincipled effusions.

With regard to the subject of the paragraph which we have thought it our duty thus to hold up to public ridicule, little requires to be said. It in every way bears a lie upon its face, for all who know His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, (and who is *not* acquainted with him, from the exemplary and excellent tenor of both his public and private life?) are well aware, that neither he himself, nor any one whom he might consider worthy of his high patronage, could ever commit so egregious an offence against common sense as is the jargon above quoted, which can only have proceeded from the ineffable folly of the jolt-headed scribblers attached to *John Bull*.

We would advise the conductors of this paper to look to their proceedings, as we shall at all times be ready to administer the lash whenever their continual falsehoods and absurdities may render its application necessary.

HYDE PARK AND KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Hyde Park, in spite of dust and noise, was the favourite Sunday lounge of fashionable pedestrians during the last month, and the beautiful Gardens at Kensington were entirely deserted until last year, when the latter took their turn of favour, and the park was forsaken. This season, however, it would appear that things are to resume their old course, for the gardens are empty in comparison with their rival promenade, and the ladies seem equally fickle in loving and in walking. However, Kensington has lately boasted company sufficient and stylish enough to lead us to hope that its delightful grounds may yet have the preference over the monotonous path in Hyde Park, exposed as the latter is to all the tumult and dirt proceeding from the neighbouring carriage way.

About three o'clock on Sundays, wet or dry, the after-dinner folks make their appearance in shoals. Cranbourn Alley in fact broke loose—for the varied tints of the rainbow cannot exceed the brilliancy of colours displayed in the ladies' dresses. Table flowers were in abundance—the pione and the sun-flower took the precedence. The Duchess of Richmond's carriage has been seen occasionally in the Park—her equipage is elegant, and her white liveries like herself chaste and elegant. There has been a coronet in the park turning with the line o —the livery blue, with yellow small-clothes (c sibles), three or four elegant ladies in it, bu by two glass coaches, (which every one of comm ment might swear to,) for the coachmen had s and were unaccompanied by footmen—the cont markable. The ladies in the glass-coaches had the *tournure* of Whitechapel belles. Several qu vehicles of the gig species with four inside, a outside passenger the horse—for he had been the week, and his master, to reward him for hi gave him a holiday on Sunday, by taking him t with his family.

The Lady Mayoress, much to our surprise, l there: it is extraordinary, as every one knows th shut on Sunday; but probably it may be accou information was given by a fishmonger at the the town, that a quantity of fish had been bough dinner party at White Chapel, at *four precisely*. ral to suppose, that a person cannot be at two p same time. Or probably his lordship having bale of silks, required her ladyship's assistan suring the quantity *per* bill of parcels.

We are glad to see that *gentlemen* begin to lea eyes, for nothing can be more ridiculous than t stick a quizzing-glass in his eye; it looks as if nat given him sufficient brains to stop up the vac supports the glass in his scull; besides, com proves it affectation—for unless he shuts one ey cannot operate on the optics.

We can scarcely believe that Mrs. Hughes known as Mercandotti, the Opera Dancer, was to hope that she would be admitted at Court. have no right or claim to such a distinction—a we are happy her friends had the good sense to c Ball from persevering in the intention. It mus Mr. Ball himself, that could have suggested introducing his wife into the presence of his M the hope of afterwards taking her into the com Nobility and Gentry. What a monstrous idea! I will marry opera dancers, they must endeavour them, as they would *their game*. The compan dancers may be agreeable to some young bucks, alone they must confine themselves.

At Prince Leopold's musical party it was ob many gentlemen had *canes* or *sticks* with *quizzin* the top of them. We wonder they did not wa rooms, quaker fashion, with their hats on.

At More's botanical garden, a most beautif geranium has been patronized by that amiabl Coutts, whose sense, judgment and liberality are acknowledged. It is appropriately called the Co following plants at More's garden are also wel spection :—

More's General Mina—a lovely plant.

——— Pavonia Triumphans, a magnificent s the Geranium.

——— Igresseus Grandiflora, an extraordinar tiful specimen.

THE PRINCE POLIGNAC.—At last the myste loped. His Highness left London so suddenly, was "going to be married, and could not stay."

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PLACES OF RESORT.

[*It is part of the plan of this Publication to give details of Fashionable occurrences at the Provincial Places of Resort; we therefore invite communications on all subjects that may be likely to interest the World of Fashion*].

BATH.

THE arrangements in the Abbey Church, aided by its own antique beauty, rendered it, in every respect, most eligible for the celebration of the Grand Musical Festival. That noble composition of Haydn, the *Creation*, commenced the performance, which, in the hands of Messrs. Phillips, Sapio, Hawes, Wesley, Braham, Madame Catalani, Mrs. Salmon, and the noble chorus, received every effect that the highest musical ability could afford.

The Bath Theatre has closed.—A season by no means prosperous.

The last most fashionable arrivals at this favourite place have been :—Lord and Lady Cavan, Earl Manvers, Sir A. and Lady Hood, Lady Audley, Lady Hanney, Lady Smith, General and Mrs. Popham, Colonel and Mrs. Bulkley, Col. Conolly, Sir A. and Lady Elton, Sir R. Vaughan, Hon. W. Wickham, Judge Daly, Sir J. and Lady Kaye and family. Major-Gen. Sir J. Elley, Dr. Benny, Dr. J. Russell, Dr. Urquhart.

CHELTENHAM.

Notwithstanding the wanton misrepresentations of individuals, who are interested in depreciating the high estimation in which Cheltenham is justly held, and who are obviously ignorant of its flourishing state, it affords us more gratification, than we can well express, to witness its still rising prosperity.—We have never known this town so full—or seen assembled here so great a concourse of personages of the first distinction in the world of fashion :—to enhance this certainty of a prosperous summer—prosperous beyond all example—we need only add that not a day passes in which several letters are not received, requesting the friends of parties about to come here, to provide apartments for their reception. The increasing extent of the town is beyond all conception; whilst in the numberless improvements that are every where springing up, like the wonders of a fairy land, the beauties of the surrounding scenery are not only preserved but heightened.

MONTPELIER EVENING PROMENADE.——The delightful walks attached to the Montpelier Pump-Room are objects of peculiar attraction to the *beau monde* on every Wednesday evening, when the performance of one of the first bands in the country, gives an inexpressible charm to the beauties of landscape so lavishly adorning this favoured spot.

Our limits preclude a long list of fashionable arrivals at this most delightful spot; among the last are His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, Lord Dynevor, Lady Glyn, Lady Lindore, Hon. and Rev. Francis and Miss Knollis, Sir John Hawkins, Bart., Sir Christopher Bethel Codrington, Sir Oswald and Lady Mosley and family, Sir A. Agnew, the Bishop of Meath and family, Admiral and Lady Lucy Foley, Lady Carden, Lady Carn, Sir J. K. James, Sir John Packington, Sir G. Robinson and sons.

BRIGHTON.

The arrivals in this delightful town have very mu creased—the larger inns generally have been in full and very many of the best lodging-houses have re fashionable tenants for lengthened periods.

The Steyne and Marine Libraries appear gay ever ning; rank, elegance, and beauty have shed their res attractions on the loo and music pastimes at each plac

Lucombe has resumed his evening loo and music *mél* with flattering success; and in which he will speed followed by his contemporary Tuppen. It is by such e that a multiplied fashionable population, whose nu are not to be counted, is first manifested; for, wi amusements, the gay world would be, as traders are wi business—listless to the scenes about them, seeking a ch and with too much reason to be dissatisfied with every and every thing.

As a proof that the fashionable population is grea the increase, the subscribers to Donaldson's more double the receipts in that way, during the simila riod of last year. The reading-tables of this truly elegant liant, and well-furnished lounge, are constantly surrou by *ton* at all hours of the day and evening.

The spacious Colonnade Library of the indefati Wright, is thriving, as it merits. "*Lodgings to Let*," cards have disappeared—and good houses, in the be proved and expensive situations, are, at this time, in ple requisition.

A new Swimming-Bath has been opened here, at the tery-House, at the bottom of Great East-street. The or reservoir is circular, and with a diameter of 53 feet, consequent circumference of nearly 162, contains 10 gallons of water; the descent, by steps, is safe and easy first depth from the latter is three feet six inches but gradually increases to five feet six inches at the peri southward. In the centre, a fountain rises, which flo gallons in a minute, is constantly supplying the basin water from the sea, while its surplus is as constantly ca off, by visible and imperceptible drains. The action o fountain is such, that a ripple, similar to what is proc by natural causes on the sea, animates the surface o bath, the contents of which, by the means described, a often renewed, that a freshness is imparted to the liqui maining precisely equal, at all times, to that of ocean Light is derived from the ceiling and englazed cupola. dressing-rooms, suitably furnished, open to the steps o bath, entirely private and distinct from each other.

The races, on the celebrated old course, will take towards the end of July—it is supposed they will comm on the 27th.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.

This summer retreat, situate just without the fortifica of Portsmouth, is fast rising into repute, as a watering-p During the late war, the inhabitants were fully employ finding accommodation for the great influx of naval an litary officers who were continually rendezvousing here, ing for embarkation, or employed on the station; but, peace returned, their attention was turned to visito another class, and the first public act was to erect Rea rooms and a Library, on the beach, by subscription; have been, for the last three years, in the hands of a sp individual, who finding the number of visitors greatl crease, has, during the present Spring, erected a very

gant promenade-room, which was opened, for the season, with a ball, on the 7th of June, and, within one week, upwards of one hundred and forty families had entered their names on the subscription list, which, compared with previous seasons, promises a very full one.

The situation of the rooms, near the mouth of Portsmouth-Harbour, is very beautiful, always affording a change of scenery, and that of a very animated description: the preparations that are now making for the annoyance of the Algerines, creates a bustle in the Royal Navy, and the "Note of War," that is continually sounding, brings to mind the glorious deeds of former days, and a positive proof is afforded that

"Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls."

Among the entertainments of the Summer, the annual Regatta is intended to take place about the latter end of August, which, in a port of such magnitude as Portsmouth, is sure to produce a rich treat to the lovers of aquatic amusements: The Messrs. Sibly have also announced a grand Oratorio to take place, about the same time, at St. Paul's Church, Southsea, for which, the inimitable Catalani is engaged.

It is expected that the Royal George yacht will shortly be brought forward, for the purpose of conveying His Majesty across the channel; it being understood that the King's physicians have held a consultation, and have advised His Majesty to try the baths at Carlstadt, which they are of opinion would prove highly serviceable.

IRELAND.

It is with very sincere pleasure that we take upon us to record the conduct of the citizens of Derry—whose honourable manliness of character has led them to a justification of their venerable diocesan, against the base and malignant accusations of men, totally destitute of all principle. An address, voted by three hundred persons of repute—and presented by a deputation, consisting of the Dean of Derry, the Roman Catholic Bishop, the Presbyterian Minister, and several very respectable gentlemen, was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Hay, in the tone and language of true Milesians, who were anxious to rebut the calumny so undeservedly thrown upon their Right Reverend Prelate. Our limits will not permit us to be more diffuse on the subject, or we should be most happy to subjoin the address alluded to; but which we cannot forbear to repeat, is a most valuable testimonial of the characters of the accused, and his defenders.

——— "No might
Nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny,
The whitest virtue strikes."—RICHARD II.

Delicate Affair.—Two most respectable families, resident in a north-west county, have lately been plunged into a state of the deepest distress, by the elopement, within the last three weeks, of a Lady dearly and nearly allied to each, and upon whose fame and character heretofore malice had never dared to cast the shadow of a stain. By the death, some years since, of a most amiable Ecclesiastic, and subsequently that of his widow, three very agreeable and accomplished daughters were left at their own disposal with considerable fortunes, resident at the family mansion, which is s
rather a retired and lonely part of the county afore
distant about three miles from the residence of
spected connexions, whose regrets we now so d
plore. Little, very little, was it expected that th
ment, which was said to be the scene of benevo
charity, should ever witness the abandonment, the
of one of the sisters in question, the more parti
they had arrived at that age when it was imagined
begins to run through cooler channels, but such
painful duty to describe. About six months since,
and younger of those Ladies, from indisposition,
necessary to consult more sanative sons of Escula
their neighbourhood afforded, and for that purpose
parted for the metropolis, leaving the second, at
desire, to superintend and arrange matters at home
return. It was during this unlucky absence that fa
seems to laugh at all distinctions of station, brough
——'s door the itinerant *Minstrel Boy*, who is th
and cause of this lamentable transaction. It is said
has charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften r
bend the knotted oak," and so it appears in this i
for she, who had dared and overcome the blind goo
summers, yielded herself at last into his power, wit
a siege—so ravished and intoxicated were her sens
Pipe of this modern Orpheus. What passions can
raise and quell? Let it not be imagined, however,
alone was enraptured; the *Troubadour* was the m
esting and sentimental of lovers; though young, h
deficient in *playing a part* so likely to elevate and a
him; so he vowed he loved the Lady for herself a
she him because he lulled her melancholy. Thu
sweetest endearments on both sides, time flew unp
until a letter arrived which announced to the er
pair the intended return of the valetudinarians. At fir
says, there were some conflicts in the tender boso
Inamorata; but the woman who hesitates is lost, an
was not above the failings of her sex; so a flight
once happy home and country was suggested, agree
accomplished. The sequel we need not attempt t
neither the sorrows of the sisters, on their arrival a
or that of the friends. Pursuits would have been i

ARRIVALS FROM ENGLAND.—Lord George Seym
Hon. E. Trefusis, and servant; the Hon. Mr. Moss
of Roden, and family; the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton an
Captain Chaplin; the Hon. Major, and Lady Geor
Roos, and suite; Sir George Rich; Mrs. O'Brien;
of Carmarthen; S. White, Esq., M.P.; Colonel Pa

ANECDOTE OF ROUSSEAU, OR THE THREE NEEDFUL.

J. J. ROUSSEAU always regarded gentleness
first quality in a woman. Whenever he heard
boastingly detailing the qualifications, talents, an
of any young female, he used to place a few cip
after the other, and then concluded by asking,
gentle?" If the reply was in the affirmative,
placed it before the number of ciphers, accord
the value he attached to this quality. Somet
should ask, "Has she the three things needful
friend well knew these three things, on which
great a value; they were a sweet voice, a sweet
and a smooth skin.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

English Dukes.

HOWARD DUKE OF NORFOLK, PREMIER DUKE AND EARL OF ENGLAND.

(Concluded from page 15.)

In our last number, we gave the genealogy of this illustrious family, as far as the third Duke of Norfolk, and, on the 21st of May, 1524, on the death of his father, the Earl of Surrey became Duke of Norfolk. At this time, Cardinal Wolsey issued a decree, to levy through the kingdom, one-sixth of all lay revenues, and a fourth of the clergy's effects. This produced an insurrection in Suffolk. The Duke of Norfolk, who was appointed Judge on this occasion, was most lenient and moderate to the offenders: on the 16th of October, 1529, his Grace was joined in commission with the Earl of Suffolk, to demand the Great Seal from Cardinal Wolsey: and the Duke of Norfolk made use of Thomas Cromwell to signify to the Cardinal, that his retiring from the see of York would prevent his opponents from proceeding any further against him. That his Grace was deeply concerned in the downfal of this churchman, all historians are agreed; but, the death of his father-in-law, the Duke of Buckingham, was a recent, and powerful stimulus for revenge.

On the 11th of October, 1532, the Duke of Norfolk accompanied Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn to France: but, in 1535, he was appointed Lord High Steward, on that unfortunate trial, wherein the Queen was adjudged guilty and beheaded.

Early in 1536, the Duke brought about a reconciliation between Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of England, and her father, Henry VIII. In the thirty-first year of Henry's reign, the Duke of Norfolk purchased from the Abbot and convent of Sibton, the site of the religious house and lands belonging to it; and secured his purchase by an act of Parliament.

The Duke was one of the nobles sent down to the Commons, to declare the King's marriage with Ann of Cleves void; but the marriage that followed afterwards with the King and Catharine Howard, the Duke's niece, instead of aggrandizing, proved the destruction of his family: it was extraordinary that a nobleman, who had ever shewn himself so zealous a defender of his Sovereign, should be disgraced, and committed to the tower; and still more that this disgrace should also fall on his son; (of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter:) the commitment of the father was loudly disapproved by the people; it is supposed that his own Duchess, from whom he had been separated many years, was the chief instrument of his degradation.

Bills of attainder were brought against him; and the Duke remained in the Tower till Mary came to the throne; his Grace being one of six that were excluded from general pardon on the accession of Edward VI., during whose reign he was still kept a close prisoner.

In his old age, his Grace had the satisfaction of being in high favour with the Queen; and a thorough restitution of the Norfolk estate was made by the crown to the injured family. He had lived under eight successive sovereigns, and died at Kenning-Hall, on the 25th of August, 1554. Hi married two wives. Anne, one of the daughters of Edwa King of England; by this lady, he had only one child mas Howard, who died on the 3d of August, 1508, a buried at Lambeth.

His second wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Edwa ford, Duke of Buckingham, by whom he had two sons and Thomas; and one daughter, Mary, married to Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, natural son to Henry V Elizabeth, relict of Sir Gilbert Talbois.

Henry, the eldest son, continued the Norfolk lin Thomas, the Duke's second son, married three wive Elizabeth, second of the two daughters of John, Lord M and Christian his wife. By this lady, he had two sons and Thomas, and one daughter. The second wife of T created first Viscount Howard, was Gertrude, daughte William Lyte, of Carey, in Somersetshire; his third w Mabel, daughter of Sir Nicolas Brown, of Carshal Surrey, by whom he had issue, one daughter, France was successively married to Henry Pranell, a citizen an ner of London, Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, a dowic Steward, created Duke of Richmond, by Jame England.

The history of Henry Howard, commonly called th of Surrey, the late Duke of Norfolk's eldest son, has a tic feature attached to it, for the love he bore to the f raldine. The growing power of the Seymour famil made the Earl's father desirous of providing for h safety; he, therefore, projected a match between his son, and the Earl of Hertford's daughter, and anoth tween his daughter the Duchess dowager of Rich and the Earl of Hertford's brother, Sir Thomas Sey but neither the Earl nor his sister would comply. was the first foundation of enmity between those men, which, in the end, cost the Earl of Surrey h The Norfolk family, was, unhappily, divided agai self: the Duchess of Richmond hated her brother; Mrs. Holland, the Duke's mistress, fomented th ferences, and became an informer both against the and son. The Earl had been, as we before observed, mitted to the Tower, with his father, for reasons of and Sir Richard Southwell appeared against him, a cused him of want of fidelity to the King. The Earl the charge, and desired permission to fight the accu his shirt: this demand availed him nothing; a jury, was a common inquest, (not of peers, because the Earl w a parliament lord,) found him guilty, and he was beh on Tower-Hill on the 19th of January, 1546. He was the most elegant and learned of the English nobilit love for the fair Geraldine was a youthful passion; he brated her beauty in some charmingly written sonnets* according to the rules of chivalry, he published a cha at Florence, from whence the ancestors of Ger came, in honour of her beauty, and was victorious†.

* *Vide* Mr. Campbell's erudite and interesting work English Poets.

† The shield given by the Grand Duke of Tuscan that occasion, was long in the possession of the E Stafford's family.

The Earl of Surrey married Frances, daughter of John Vere, Earl of Oxford; this lady did not live long enough to witness her husband's sufferings; she bore him two sons and three daughters. Jane, the eldest daughter, married Charles Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, and, by her grandfather's will, had a fortune of *one thousand pounds*. Catharine, the second, married Henry Lord Berkely, and Margaret, the youngest, to Lord Scrope, of Bolton.

The sons were, Thomas, the *fourth Duke of Norfolk*, and and Henry who was, by Elizabeth, Queen of England, restored in blood: but all this profusion of royal bounty, only made him more ambitious, and the great share he had in favouring the Catholic religion, though professing himself a protestant, rendered him an object of dislike to the reformed. Northumberland-House, at Charing Cross, was built by him, and then called Suffolk-House. He died on the 15th of June, 1614, unmarried.

Thomas, the fourth Duke of Norfolk, succeeded his grandfather, at the age of eighteen. He was early married to Mary, daughter and heir to Henry Fitz-alan, Earl of Arundel, by whom he had a son, born at Arundel-House, in the Strand. This son was named Philip, in compliment to the King of Spain, Queen Mary's husband. The joy at the birth of an heir, who would thus blend the honours of the Arundel family with those of Norfolk, were damped by the death of his mother, on the 25th of August following, in the year 1557.

Queen Mary died on the 17th of November, 1558, and the Duke of Norfolk found means to ingratiate himself into the favour of Elizabeth. Scotland was in a state of distraction, owing to the severities of the Queen Regent, who was wholly in the interests of France: the real Queen, the unfortunate Mary, was then only seventeen years old. The Scotch were obliged to sue to Elizabeth for advice and assistance; she made use of the memorable saying of Valentinian, "Choose the French for friends, but not for neighbours." It was resolved then to drive the French out of Scotland, and the Duke of Norfolk was sent to Berwick, to treat with the Lords of the Congregation. His Grace settled a peace between England, Scotland, and France; which was favourable for the whole island of Britain.

In 1568, Mary, Queen of Scots, who had, successively married, after the death of the King of France, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell: the latter having gone into exile, took refuge in England. The Duke of Norfolk had ever been zealous for Mary's succession to the crown of England; he, therefore, contracted a friendship with Murray, the Regent of Scotland: the Duke was upright in *his* intentions, and void of all suspicion, when the subtle Regent availed himself of the open frankness of his temper. He proposed, to the Duke, a match with Queen Mary; to which his Grace modestly answered, "that it was full of danger; nevertheless, as far as he could, with honour, saving his allegiance to his prince and country, he would not fail her."

In 1569, the Duke's misfortunes began, which only terminated with his life. It was strongly reported, that he was soon to be married to Mary, and in reality, the affair had made some progress. The Duke was sharply reprimanded by Elizabeth, for having attempted such a marriage, and commanded to desist. On that very day, she refused to admit the Scotch ambassador, who came to solicit the deliverance of his Queen, from captivity; and Elizabeth was heard to say, in great wrath, "Tell the Queen of Scots to rest contented, else she may see, ere long, those on whom she most depends, hop without their heads."

His Grace, apprized of the Queen's threats, Kenning-Hall, in Norfolk, where he was so univ loved, that he might have raised a formidable ar defence from thence. He was conveyed, soon to Burnham, three miles from Windsor; his coffer and his papers seized; and, on the 7th of Septem he was committed to the Tower, denied counsel, a to manage his own cause. After a long trial, he w in guilty, and on the 2nd of June, 1572, was beh scaffold, on Tower-Hill.

After the decease of his first Duchess, his Grac Margaret, widow of Lord Henry Dudley, the your John, Duke of Northumberland, and daughter t Lord Audley, Chancellor of England, by whom he sons and two daughters. Philip was his only son his first wife; though Earl of Arundel, a jealousy in the cabinet, and he was debarred the honours ther. The unhappy Earl remained in custody, a 14th of April, 1589, was arraigned of high treas nothing could be proved against him, except his to the Roman Catholic religion, the Queen woul his death-warrant, being resolved, as she always s devote any one to death merely for being a papist therefore, *indulged* with imprisonment for life, guished in prison till the 19th of November, 1595 died, aged 39 years.

His Lordship married Anne, daughter of Tho Dacre, and by her he had a son, Thomas, born 7t 1592: this nobleman was educated under the di his disconsolate mother, who was a Roman C pattern of virtue, prudence, and goodness. Notwi the sufferings of the House of Howard for the Scots, James I. suffered him to lose all the honours his descent entitled him, by the late attainder. T Arundel, however, when very young, married the thea Talbot, third daughter to Gilbert Talbot, Shrewsbury, with whom he received an immens he was made one of the privy council, and James person, as godfather to his son. In consequence state of health, the Earl made a foreign tour, and turn, in the ninth year of King James's reign, he Earl of Arundel and Surrey. His name will be ev literature and the fine arts; in the latter he excell that knowledge was yet but in its infancy in Engla the accession of Charles I., he was appointed Ear at his royal father's funeral. When Princess Mary, to the King, was married to the Prince of Orang 2nd of May, 1641, she embarked, with her mother, under the care of the Earl of Arundel. After this, ship never saw his native country again: he expi dua, the 4th of October, 1646, in the 55th ye age.

He had six sons, the eldest, named James, died u and was succeeded by Henry Frederic, his brother the second year of Charles I., married Lady Elizabe one of the daughters of Esme, the second Duke of Le this marriage being contracted without the King's the new-married pair were confined at Lambeth: however soon set at liberty, and the Earl leaving th politics as soon as he could, consistently with that a he owed his Sovereign, retired to enjoy the pea mestic life, at Arundel-House, where he lived th and a half; and expired on the 7th of April, 1652.

The Earl had issue eight sons and three daught sons were,

First, Thomas, } successively Dukes of Norfolk.
Second, Henry, }

Thomas, the fifth Duke of Norfolk, son and heir to Henry Frederic, Earl of Arundel, was not concerned in public affairs, but was esteemed by all who knew him. Ninety-one of the principal nobility signed a petition to Charles II., that he might be put in possession of the noble title and demesne belonging to his progenitors; the King consented, and a bill was brought in at Westminster, on the 8th of May, 1664, and an act passed for his restoration to the title of Duke of Norfolk.

His Grace enjoyed his family honours near thirteen years, and died on a tour into Italy, at Padua, on the 1st of December, 1677, unmarried.

Henry, his brother, the sixth Duke of Norfolk, was born on the 12th of July, 1628. He signed the above-mentioned petition, and not waiting the event, set off for Constantinople. His Lordship returned to England in 1665—and on the decease of his brother, took his seat in the House of Lords, as Duke of Norfolk, on the 5th of January, 1678. He died on the 11th of January, 1683. He married two wives, and had a numerous progeny; his sons, by his first wife, Anne, daughter to Edward Somerset, Earl of Worcester, were Henry and Thomas; the elder of which, succeeded him, and became (Henry) seventh Duke of Norfolk.

On the accession of James II., his Grace was one of those who signed the order for proclaiming him King of England. His Grace was a protestant, and joined the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and five other Bishops, in that famous petition inviting over the Prince of Orange; he accompanied that Prince to St. James's, and among the Lords spiritual and temporal, he reminded his Highness of his declaration to call a free Parliament. In the year 1677, his Grace married Mary Mordaunt, daughter of Henry, Earl of Peterborough; for family reasons, he separated from her in 1685, and ten years after, he moved for an act of Parliament to disannul the marriage; this proved fruitless; but in April, 1700, he obtained a divorce. His Grace departed this life, in St. James's-Square, on the 8th of April, 1701, and was succeeded in his honours and estates by his nephew, Thomas, eighth Duke of Norfolk, the eldest son to Thomas Howard, brother of the late Duke. He claimed the honour of finding the King a right-hand glove, and supporting his right-arm while he held the sceptre. His Grace was strongly attached to the Romish religion, which rendered him a favourite with the King. He was appointed to succeed Roger Palmer, Earl of Castelmain, as Ambassador to Rome; in his return to France from Ireland, he was shipwrecked, and drowned, on the 9th of November, 1689. He married Elizabeth Maria, daughter of Sir John Savile, of Copley, in Yorkshire, Bart., who died on the 10th of December, 1732. The issue of this marriage was five sons and one daughter; the third son, Edward, was

Ninth Duke of Norfolk: he married, during his brother's life, on the 6th of November, 1727, Mary, second daughter of Mary Blount, of Blagdon, in Devonshire, Esq., whose ancestor, Robert le Blound, at the time of William the Conqueror's survey, was possessed of thirteen lordships in Suffolk. His Grace died childless, September the 20th, 1777.

Charles, the second son of Charles Howard, of Greystock, in Cumberland, became the tenth Duke; he married, November the 8th, 1739, Catharine, daughter and co-heir of John Brockholes, of Claughton, in Lancashire, who died November 21, 1784, he had one son, Charles, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, and three daughters; Mary, born in June, 1742, who died unmarried; Catharine and [illegible] died infants: His Grace died August 31, 1786, and [illegible] ceeded by his son, Charles, the eleventh Duke, w[illegible] 1815.

His Grace was a great encourager of improv[illegible] agriculture, and other useful arts. In his polit[illegible] ciples, he constantly adhered to those of his friend[illegible] Mr. Fox; he died without any legitimate issue, an[illegible] ceeded by Bernard Edward Howard, descended [illegible] nard Howard, Esq., brother of Thomas and Henry, [illegible] Norfolk, and Charles Howard, great grandfather of [illegible] late Duke of Norfolk.

This present Duke, the twelfth of Norfolk, was [illegible] vember the 21st, 1765. On April the 23rd, 1789, [illegible] ried Elizabeth, daughter of Henry, second and la[illegible] Fauconberg, which marriage was dissolved by act [illegible] ment, in 1794. The Duke had issue Henry Cha[illegible] of Surry, born August the 9th, 1791, married Dece[illegible] 27th, 1814, to Charlotte, daughter of George Granv[illegible] son Gower, Marquis of Stafford, and has issue, a[illegible] heir, born November the 1st, 1815, and other childr[illegible]

The titles are Duke of Norfolk, Earl-Marshal, an[illegible] tary-Marshal of England; Earl of Arundel, Surry, [illegible] folk, &c., Premier Duke, Earl, and Baron of Englan[illegible]

The motto of this noble and ancient family is, *S[illegible] invicta.*—"Virtue alone is invincible."

REDGAUNTLET,

A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTUR[illegible]

By the Author of "Waverley."

This work is ushered into the world without pr[illegible] epistle dedicatory. Redgauntlet is the name th[illegible] has chosen to give to an old Scottish family, wh[illegible] was a supporter of the Rebellion of 1745, and [illegible] lost *his head* at Carlisle, as many others did for [illegible] of the name of Stuart. The story is laid somewhe[illegible] 1765 to 1770, when the Pretender was suppos[illegible] framing fresh plots in this country, to gain hi[illegible] father's crown. In order to form his story, th[illegible] has brought upon the stage a greater diversity of [illegible] ters than in any of his latter productions, and [illegible] nected the general course of his tale with histori[illegible] sions and recollections. The early part of the [illegible] gives one of the best "*auld warld stories*," w[illegible] pen has produced; indeed, it constitutes the ge[illegible] were, of the fabric he is about to raise. This *d[illegible]* if it may be so termed, is introduced by a blin[illegible] named *Wandering Willie*, who is drawn in the [illegible] best manner, after Wilkie. The next, and, perh[illegible] most delightful character in the novel, is a po[illegible] body, named *Peter Peebles*, long well-known in t[illegible] liament-house (*Anglice*, the Westminster-hall o[illegible] burgh,) as an unsuccessful litigant in a suit whic[illegible] poor Peter's brain. These are two of the low cha[illegible] another of the same class is *Nantz Ewart*, the sk[illegible] a smuggling cutter, who is done to the life. T[illegible] character of the piece, and the most powerfully su[illegible] is *Mr. Herries*, of Birvenswork. He is the gr[illegible]

ter, the prime mover of every thing. Redingault bears a great resemblance to Guy Mannering. The story possesses the same degree of interest. Many of the characters are drawn true to nature. Redingault engrafts a beauty unknown even to the popular novel to which we have compared it. The author has tried the experiment of making his first volume epistolary, and the last two, narrative; but it is in the force and contrast of his *dramatis personæ*, that the great merit of this publication consists. None of the females are made very prominent in the work. *Green Mantle*, the heroine, is not the most prepossessing lady that could be imagined; and the rest are no more than mere necessary parts of the household furniture—though they vary from the Fiddler's wife to the popish sisters, Miss Arthuret's; and include a fair Quakeress, and a buxom Fisherman's wife.

UNEQUAL ALLIANCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD OF FASHION.

SIR,

As I am now able to write a tolerable letter, thanks to a kind master, and still kinder husband, I hope you will allow me to give relief to my heavy heart, by confiding some of its sorrows to you: yet, the woman, with a carriage, servants, and an ample allowance of pin-money, raised to all these luxuries from the humble *spear* of a servant, (you see I know how to express myself,) no one would think, could be dissatisfied: but, indeed, Sir, I *am miserable*.

I went, in the twenty-fifth year of my age, to live, as cook, at the house of the rich Mr. Bartholemew Barrickmundus; (I declare, that which is now become my own name, puzzles me more in spelling than any thing else.) My master was an old batchelor, about sixty-three; and, as I said before, very rich. Well; I gave great satisfaction in my place; I had good wages, and I was as happy and as merry as the day is long. Ah! I shall never see such times again; when the maids used to laugh at my funny stories; and I taught them all manner of tricks, to plague the coachman and footman, little imagining I should, one day, command them. Mr. Barrickmundus was, I think, of Dutch *distraction*, (I do not exactly know if that word is right:) he had a favourite niece, the daughter of his only sister; this niece he was crazy to see well-married; but nobody would have her, though she had a very large fortune; for, whoever wedded her, must take her name, and that was BLOCKHEAD. Now, where could a man of any kind of gentility be found, who would like, for the sake of a very ugly, deformed girl, to be called BLOCKHEAD; or to produce a race of *young* BLOCKHEADS, how little soever *they might deserve* to be so called? Miss, therefore, could not get a husband; she died young, and left all her riches to my master. Now, Sir, I must tell you, that Mr. Barrickmundus, if he *confisticated* the greatest part of Miss Blockhead's fortune, had no occasion to take her name; and there being an old third cousin of his own family, a Baronet, to whom he would succeed, he thought Sir Bartholomew mundus sounded better than Sir Bartholomew HEAD. This old cousin being very infirm, m thought it time to look out for a *hare*; (pardon I was thinking of the last we had spoilt by a bad know how to spell it,) I mean *heir*. The young his acquaintance had so plagued him, and laughe and played him so many tricks; God forgive they often got funny cooky, as they used to ca help them, that he resolved to play *them* one, i for he was as rich as a Jew; and, if he had mad of them a serious offer, the mamma would have at him. But who should he cast his eyes upon, —my stars!—I was a very likely, fresh-coloure bouncing young woman; I am very fat, now, in I pleased *his eye* as well as my cooking had pl *palate*; he married me! and I knew not, for a l whether I stood on my head or my heels. He shew deal of patience with me, and though I have dis him of his *hare*, (I *must* spell it the old kitchen does so still: he not only taught me how to be self, but how to spell, and other things fit for know: I could read and write a little before. I at first, I behaved shockingly at table; I ha very red hand, and the washes I have used to and sleeping in gloves *has* made me quite ill, at first, I used to cut my bread and cheese on *my thu* as to the silver forks, I knew not what to do w it was much handier for me to take up the gravy my plate with the point of my knife, or sop it bit of bread: then I would get up two or thre the middle of dinner, with a large piece of me fork, to stir the fire; and stood by it while I ni meat away, for we cooks often take our meals The footman grinned, my husband smiled, and v naturedly told me of my faults over the dessert; a generally made a hole in an orange to suck it, gracefully threw the rind under the grate; sop cuit in my wine, then put it to my mouth, then wine again; and finished by drinking off all the my finger-glass. In the midst of this blunderi viour, comes the baronetage; and I am now n In about two years, I had learnt to behave m enough for my husband to invite some of the no gentry to a grand dinner. They were civil eno when we happened to meet, while I was only M rickmundus, but now they were brimful of spite I could see it, but I kept up my head as high them. At my airs of consequence, which I sup not set very well upon me, they tittered and w I was quite overpowered, at first, with the soun *ladyship*, and *my lady*; now it sat as easy on band as if he had been a "*Sir*," all his life. poor aunt living with me, who did *so be-lady* would say, "Its my *lady's* desire that my *lady's* door should be kept open till my *lady* goes to my *lady's* chamber may have the air. My *la* must be ready to put on my *lady's* shoulders, *lady's* carriage draws up, to take my *lady* to Now, I am told, that among the really high-

term, *my lady*, is less used by the members of their own family, than by any one else. However, my aunt's pride did me some good; for it accustomed me to the title, at which I first used to start, and look frightened. But, O, Sir, at our grand dinner, a young minx of quality sat near me, and a gentleman told me she was very clever, and wore *blue stockings;* I did not know what that had to do with her cleverness; however, I offered to help her to some ragout, that stood next to me, assuring her it was excellent. "Oh, then," said she, "I'll certainly take some, my lady, on your recommendation, for I know you *must* be an excellent judge of *cooking*." She looked very impudent when she said it, and threw her bold eyes round. Some of the men drew down a long face, as they gave me a side leer; and the ladies put their handkerchiefs before their mouths; though I could see by their eyes they were laughing. My husband looked hurt, and his face was the colour of a roaring kitchen-fire: Ah! dear, hot as it might be, I had rather be standing over it, than endure what I often do.

There is one old lady, very rich, and of high family, who always pretended to be my friend; and she would sometimes come and chat away a whole morning with me; but she took an opportunity of mortifying me before a set of high-flown visitors. Quite forgetting myself, I happened to say to a lady, who had recommended me a new cook, my last having married, that she would not do at all for us; the old lady very abruptly asked, "Is she honest? Is she sober?"—"Perfectly so, ma'am," said I.—"O dear, then, if I was *you*, I should never heed her ignorance, because your ladyship is so well qualified, yourself, to teach her all that belongs to *cookery*." "My wife, madam," said Sir Bartholomew, with spirit, "shall never go down into the kitchen, to teach a cook her business."

Since that day, I have never seen this woman, except in Hyde-park; when a few Sundays ago, we stopt close together, there was such a crowd, before we could move. I was admiring a very fine-looking woman, who looked at me with very good-natured eyes, as I thought; but handsome is, that handsome does; I suppose she wanted to shew her wit, at my expense, for she said, loud enough for more than me to hear: "Oh! his cook, was she? Well! the carriage *looks* like a *tub of kitchen fat!*"

Now, *if I* had made such a comparison, how vulgar I should have been called! and it was very cruel, because I am really fat enough to fill the chariot, which, I must say, is of a very clumsy shape; and happier should I be over the profits of my kitchen-stuff than *in* my *carriage*.

They have been, of late, very busy in making alterations in the marriage act; I wish there was one, that would prevent those who have any claim to nobility from making unequal alliances. I do not mean that wealthy young noblemen should be forbid marrying the daughters of gentlemen, who, perhaps, may not have a sixpence; all that is very right; it divides the riches of the land better; and the young lady, who must be well-beloved by the gentleman, builds up a future house, and renders the state of matrimony one of happiness, because she is his equal in birth, or family, and is a fit companion for him to introduce to his noble acquaintance; who are not ashamed of her, because money is, in itself, notl dirt, and may be gained, (I could tell the witty l made her jests on our tub of a carriage,) even by *stuff*.

There is *no inequality* between the respectab moner's unportioned daughter, and the most distin peer, sufficient to cause a prohibition against uneq riages. But there surely ought to be something stop the degradation of a nobleman marrying his m and another, from marrying her who was one of tresses' acquaintance! Surely, such conduct is eve than that of a wealthy man of family, who expecti hour to be made a Baronet, marrying his cook-ma

SUSA

A COUNTRY DANDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD OF FASHIO

SIR,

I HAVE read your promised work with a great pleasure; and as not only myself, but all my acqua think me a *choice one*, I conceive I should cut figure as a *man of fashion*. Those who know m think I am *a confounded fool*, and those who say I am *devilish clever:* and all agree that I am oddity: so there's one chief step gained to becomin of fashion. By-the-by, Sir, I do believe I am a *que* for I drink with the *'Squire*, kick up rows with th *spirits*, smatter French with the travelled gentlem divinity with the *Vicar*, and law with the *Attorn* tics with the *Corporation*, and scandal and n with the *Ladies*. You see, therefore, I am a *mo* accomplished, as well as an odd fellow. Some ca *queer genius*, some a *wit*, some an *odd fish*, and *madman*. Now, Sir, having a large fortune, and by, licensed to do what I please, I will just give sketch how I pass my time. Every Monday I b in bed, get up in the afternoon and dine; walk fields with a lantern, till one in the morning, smoke a segar, and drink a strong tumbler of rea and water, and according to the custom here, of men, go to bed *muzzy*. Tuesday, I get up and fast by ten; dine at two, enjoy company till fou till seven, then drink tea, and peruse the Londo papers, sup at nine, and go to bed, *sober*, at Wednesday, I rise at six, ride till eight, saunter a three, dine with a friend, play at cards till twelv get *groggy* by two, and go to bed at four. The the week, I spend in playing with my dogs, talkin the weather, moralizing on the depravities of the a condemning the uncertainty of our climate. Some talk Latin to my barber, and jabber French to the at an inn; and when I do use hard words in Engli always to those who do not know their meaning. makes some people think me *vastly clever*, and vastly *otherwise;* for those who do not understa think me *very larned*, and those who do, call me *foolish*. As for you, Mr. Editor, you may thin you please; if you honour me, by inserting this

you will oblige me; if you do not, you will affront me. Believe this; and remember that I am, *bonâ fide*, your sincere well wisher,

AN ECCENTRIC COUNTRY DANDY.

Cumberland, June 18, 1824.

STANZAS.

LADY, fair Lady, there is not a star,
That rides in the blue arch of sky,
Not a splendour that beameth about the moons's car
More bright to my hope than thine eye;—
Than thine eye, which for ever upon me doth beam
In day's sober hour, and in night's fairy dream,

Lady, fair Lady, there is not a rose,
Which the bee, dainty gatherer sips,
Not a sweet plant that blossoms, a flower that blows
So red and so sweet as thy lips:—
And the hue of the peach do thy dimpled cheeks wear,
And soft silk tresses turn'd do thy ringlets appear.

Lady, fair Lady, the stars they will fade,
Their splendour all vanish away,
And chill winter shall come with its withering shade
When the rose bud must drop to decay;
And the worm it shall hollow the fruit for a grave,
As the hollow winds blow, and the autumn blasts rave.

Lady, fair Lady, then in thy dark eye
Let modesty still love to dwell,
And thy ripe lip and fair cheek, when vain ones are nigh,
Be defended by modesty's spell.
Then Lady, fair Lady, thy fame it shall bloom,
When thy form shall be wasted, thyself in the tomb.

J. F. STUART, Jun.

TO MARY ———

"———— Ay, thou art wed,
And all the swelling hopes of former days
In that one word are buried—ruined—lost!
I could perchance endure it didst thou frown;
But smiles—thy smiles—do truly shipwreck quite
Virtue, and hard forbearance. I am gone!"

OLD PLAY.

I'VE gazed on thee till oft I've deem'd
A perfect bliss attain'd,
And wild with wildest hopes have dream'd
A Paradise regain'd—

An Eden in my dazzled sight,
Seem'd then the only world,
As erst it was ere sunk in night,
To darkness man was hurl'd.

But out alas! such lik'nings prove
Like that fair garden's tree,
For heart, and hand, and cheek, and love
Are all forbid to me!

Despairing o'er the troubled waves,
Fit emblems of my breast,
I go—lest smiles should prove the graves
Of virtue and of rest.

I dare not gaze on charms as bright
As Eden used to wear,
Lest uncurb'd thoughts should change m
To be the *Serpent* there.

Away, away, the unconscious wind
Alone receives my sighs;
My heart, my faith I leave behind.
O bring them to the skies!

Cheltenham. J. F. STUART

SONNET.

PROUD as we are, I know that we should b
Much more than Man, or less, to shed no t
When pale and lifeless on an early bier
The innocent and beautiful repose
Like withered lily, or wind-rifled rose,
That sprung and faded in its infancy,
Just opening its fair buds, again to close;
Good as we may be, there is not an eye
So heavenward rais'd, it shall not rain soft
When drops a scion of the virtuous few;—
There's not a heart from earth so wean'd a
(When youth is call'd to blossom in the sk
That sighless views the child of hope decay
Though fled on angels' wings to brighter d

Cheltenham. J. F. STUA

THE GROANS OF MY UNCLE

GOOD MR. EDITOR,

However some of your Correspondents n their jokes upon speculation, and laugh at Chain subterranean Tunnels, joint Stock Companies, follies of the day, to me they are a cause of cease and uneasiness. Did the evil only fall upon the large, and was the intention of these mad-brai try only to pick the people's pockets, I could join as heartily as any body; but, Sir, they have d they have formed a conspiracy against me; yes peat it, *a conspiracy*. Now Sir, I know no ea son why *I* should be thus singled out as their Their families are unknown, and their lineag but Sir, I am proud to say that my descent is to from the ancient Lombards, whose arms of Thr Balls I have ever borne, and which I always ously display in front of my habitation. Yet th tionable antiquity of family is pleaded in vain. mosity and malevolence are directed against my istence, and they have maliciously determined to and take my ancient and honourable possession own hands.

In point of usefulness, I may challenge competition with the members of every profession; the physician may save the body, the lawyer may save the property, and the divine may save the soul,—but Sir, it is my proud prerogative to preserve all by my own power; as but for me, thousands would starve or be driven by their distresses to the commission of crimes, that would load the gallows with more victims than Jack Ketch could dispose of during the term of his natural life. In this respect, I have done more towards the preservation of good morals than the Mendicity Society, and have in my time saved many worthy but distressed ladies and gentlemen from jumping into the New River, treating themselves with a dose of laudanum, or by some other summary means of shuffling off this mortal coil. These, Sir, are public services, and for these I am now doomed to be branded with the opprobrious title of a usurer, be disfranchised of my ancient rights, and my name blotted from society.

My compassion is as eminent as my usefulness. I ever listen to the voice of distress; and my hospitable doors are ever open to the unfortunate. However ragged the applicants they never are known to sue in vain, but their requests are always complied with, without delay. Common prudence however requires me to take some *pledge* for repayment, with which their sense of honour always induces them to come provided; and for this I give them a *duplicate* of acknowledgment as a security for its return. As I run some risk in thus dealing my bounty to total strangers, I am bound in justice to myself to make it worth my while; but in this respect I am very moderate and conscientious, charging them only 20 per cent. upon my advances, for the return of which I never trouble them, but with a generosity worthy of a better fate, content myself with the possession of their pledges, the accumulation of which constitute my principal riches. I am a general merchant, dealer and chapman, in articles of every description, from the jewels of a duchess to the jacket of a dustman. But such is the admirable order of my store rooms, that every article, however minute, is ready for return at my call, and by the peculiar mechanism of a *spout* is delivered to the owner without delay.

I am the kindest *relation* in existence, as all my friends can bear witness; I never treat their applications with sour looks and long lectures upon economy, so common to uncles in general, or was I ever known to tax them with needless extravagance, but am ever both ready and willing to lend the *ready* upon good and ample security. But as I adhere to the excellent old maxim, that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," I never advance money upon bills or bonds, as I consider it not only the most intangible but the most ruinous of all systems. No, Sir, mine is always the *bonâ fide* security of goods, and these I receive without either scruple or inquiry, for I should consider it derogatory to my character to hurt the tender feelings of my friends by the display of officious curiosity; and as they know the deposits, however valuable, are in perfect safety, they intrust them to me with the utmost confidence. This is a most important advantage to many, particularly to the young of both sexes, who are enabled by my assistance to gratify their appetites without discovery, and avoid a cold refusal from son tended friend, of whom, I am sorry to say, there a too many, or the still more awkward predicament of asked for the money, when perhaps they never h least ability or intention of repaying it. It has, I been often asserted that I have been guilty of comp ing felony by receiving stolen goods, knowing them such; but this I now beg leave to state on the hon an uncle, that if in any case it has been so, it ha entirely without my knowledge, as I never make a quiries; which renders it impossible that I should be to the transaction, nor would it become me to s when so much confidence is placed on my integrity.

In the exercise of these acts of benevolence I hav employed for many years, and lived in general good and respect. My character has been untainted sa those malicious rumours to which philanthropy i subject, and I doubt not but I should still have con my unremitted exertions to lessen the sum of hum sery, had not the fashionable rage for speculation dis my repose, and stimulated certain individuals wh possessed of a large floating capital to form a most v and unmerited conspiracy against me. Now, Si am conscious of no misdeeds, but such as are comm all trades and professions, namely, that of fleecin public, which I consider to be a proof of their wea and my wisdom, I cannot refrain from thus pouring my complaints in your pages.

These accumulated injuries make me "groan in sp for in the above conspiracy I see not only my own but also the ruin of those unhappy individuals wh so long lived upon my bounty, and applied to me as friend in all their distressses.

Your faithful but persecuted Correspondent
MY UN

A SONG IN HONOUR OF LOVE AND BEA

THE thoughts of Love, the thoughts of Love,
Oh! they are sweet as Hybla's dew;
And sweeter dreams than those of Love,
The dreaming poet never knew.

The minstrel's gentle song of Love
Is sweeter than his strain of war;
He sings of fame, he sings of Love,
But Love than fame is happier far.

CHORUS.

Love governs all! in might he reigns,
And slaves and kings before him kneel;
Source of alternate joys and pains,
To all that think, to all that feel;
Love is a god, all gods above—
The universe is rul'd by Love.

Beauty is the loveliest flower
That blooms beneath the skies;
And oh! there lives a heavenly power
On Beauty's lip, in Beauty's eyes!

CHORUS.

Bard loquacious, saint austere,
Ever yet held Beauty dear;

Beauty's eye and Beauty's cheek,
Peace of sage's heart can break,
And mighty Love,
All else above,
Doth bid the Conqueror's bosom beat—
See, see—he kneels at Beauty's feet.

T.

THE MISERIES OF COURTSHIP.

'He best can paint them, WHO HAS felt them most.'

"DID you ever go a courting," Mr. Editor, as the servant maids calls it; that and being married are very different sort of things, as *I* can vouch—If you *ever* did, you may form a slight conception of the miseries I have endured, particularly when I tell you I am a modest man. What an ordeal to pass through is courtship; but never mind, 'tis but a preparation for what follows, "out of the fry"—I beg pardon for quoting any thing so homely, or, more properly speaking, any thing that comes so near *home*. As soon as it was made known that I was after all the "happy man," it seemed to be the sole purpose of all mine own, and "my intended's," relations, friends, and acquaintances, to convince me I was not such. "Well, Barnabas—fortunate dog—'pon honour—dev'lish fine girl—pretty fortune—capital expectations—good thing to be you." I only wish, as a punishment for his lying, one of them for a short time had his wish gratified.

And there were *my* female *acquaintances*, and my *wife's* female *friends*—I should have spoken of them first by rights, although Mr. Lindley Murray is ungallant enough to say that *we* (the masculine) are the *more worthy* gender. "Well, Mr. Barnabas, you are the fortunate man! Dear me, I should not have thought it, after Mr. Heaviside, the great bear on 'Change—and Counsellor Mum-at-Court—and Mr. Lionel O'Thunder, with his estate of two thousand a-year on the banks of the Liffey—had all been refused—really you are a happy man, Mr. Barnabas!" Happy man! it was a *misnomer*, as the lawyers say, to call *me* such.

Could there be any thing more terrifying to a modest man, than what I experienced the night after my proposals had been accepted. It was at "my intended's" parents, where a whole coterie of her friends, brothers, and sisters, had assembled to canvass over the length of my purse—the breadth of my merits—the most of my expectations—and in fact, the long and short of all I was worth in the world.

I am a man of quick feelings, and was always very sensitive on entering a room; on this eventful evening I felt more than my usual tremor—I seemed like some iniquitous dog who has been convicted of a despicable act, and I sneaked into the room with my eyes on the carpet. *To comfort me* there was a vastly ill-bred titter in circulation, and "quiz," I found to be the order of the evening.

In groping for a chair, after making a few hurried obeisances, among which my dearest was quite overlooked, her mother exclaimed to a young officer of the Light Dragoons, who was doing "the agreeable" to her amiable daughter, "Captain Bronze! you have Mr. Barnabas's seat." To my utter dismay, he instantly va chair in my favour. With my cheeks suffused wi and not daring to look up, I took possession viable post, with the satisfaction of knowing inquisitive pair of eyes in the room was upon m

And how do you think my wife that was ported herself? To my utter astonishment sh perfectly cool and collected, while I was comp wildered in a labyrinth of shamefacedness.

No eastern sultana could have enjoyed her p more satisfaction than when she put in force the which, as a matter of right, she expected from tunate suitor, or by *misnomer* the "fortunate m of course was bound to perform

———"as was my duty;
Honour to the shadow of her shoe tie."

Her handkerchief, or her reticule, was drop five minutes, while each alternate one was em wielding her fan, to the great recreation of licious soul present. The reader must be told t never cut out for what is termed, a "lady's man somewhat about six feet high, thick set, with ha appendages might serve a sculptor as a fit mod Digitals of Hercules. I am reckoned tolerably throwing a quoit, or sending a racket or cricket the air, but know nothing of "*doing the zephyr*" of the little girls prettily called my exertions.

What was my horror when the tea equipage wa in; here I felt was the "tug of war;" and no ened general ever felt more relieved at the c fierce engagement, than I did when the saucy-e man removed it. My "intended*" (will the r cuse the frequent repetition of this word; I ha *jection* to that of "WIFE"—) whether from a kindness in seeing her heart's choice in traini beau; or whether from a humane wish for amusement to the whole of her friends, determine me well employed. I never saw her consume bread and butter *before*, or, what is more su *since*. Her cup either wanted replenishing e minutes, or there was too much or too little su there was not near enough milk, or else a great much: so by one mishap or another, I made no five and forty journeys to the tea-table and back; occasions, one hand was usually employed with and the other with *my own*, for I could not find place for the latter, except upon one occasion, left it on my chair; which circumstance I unfo forgot on returning to it, and had actually seated derous body before I had discovered my carelessne may suppose, Mr. Editor, I did not remain long

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* I have often thought that there was a great defi the English language in not having a proper expre so interesting an object; sweet-heart is only curre apprentices and chamber-maids, and *lover* is onl cable to the male sex. To be sure we have got but that term at the present period would perhap *more* than was intended, if applied to a virtuous yo

rance—in less than a second a dreadful crash took place! the fate of the cup reminding me in every way of a quotation from Hamlet, that it was—

"More honoured in the BREACH, than in the OBSERVANCE."

The decorum of the company could no longer suppress the mirth that had been forming at my expense the whole evening; it burst like a huge volcano, the lava of ridicule streaming everywhere about me, and I left the room in precipitation and dismay. I leave the reader to guess with what sort of feeling I re-entered the room which contained "all that on earth was dear." I will not dwell on the many smothered smiles, and malicious inquiries, respecting "how I felt myself, after my accident?" which some "d——d good-natured friend" was continually popping in; nor paint my feelings when I discovered the ceremony of tea was not concluded; neither were *my miseries;* for my mistress handed me once more her cup, with the spoon composedly lying in the saucer, affording a gentle hint that it was to be replenished.

My walk—my air—my figure—my action—was all criticised;—it may be necessary to inform the reader that I always had a great aversion to that class of beings yclept Dandies; but on this unfortunate evening, I was weak enough to be persuaded to borrow one or two of their attributes, and accordingly my throat was incarcerated in a wire stiffner, which appeared like iron to my tender skin; and an odious whalebone-stuffed thing, called a hunting belt, metamorphosed a most respectable stomach into the prototype of an hour-glass. Thus encased and environed, I moved and acted with about as much ease and elegance as a raw recruit. For my own part, I could not move my head neither right nor left; and as for seeing any thing that was not parallel with my eyes, it was a useless attempt. But I am running away from the errand which my kind mistress employed me to perform—which was to get her cup filled—(not *emptied*)—"as I well remember." Well! having the treasure in my right hand, and my handkerchief in my left, with due precision and slow steps, (like a serjeant at a funeral,) I marched towards my adorable's throne—(a chair with a horse-hair bottom.) I had that morning received a lesson from Monsieur Zephyr, who teaches grown gentlemen to dance, and whether to make up for my former awkwardness—or to display my newly-acquired "airs and graces" in a fatal moment, (curse on my vanity,) I determined to put them in practice. I forgot, at the moment, the stock—and the belt—and my brother-in-law's (that was to be) tight inexpressibles, which, for an obvious reason, I did not before mention—but only thought of Monsieur Zephyr's instructions—"*right foot out—knees preserved straight—back gently bent, and head inclined forwards—left arm by the side, and right inclined towards the object*"—when, as my unlucky stars would have it, that part of my person, which the ancients supposed to carry with it so much honour, and which had before contributed so plentifully to the entertainment of the evening, was a little protruded beyond any other; and as my right arm was extended with the waiter towards my deary, a clumsy, or else a malicious footman, who was handing the toast to another fair, either by design or accident, gave the off ing part *such a brush*, as totally to destroy the equilib of its owner—the cup on the waiter, as if influence an amiable rivalry, simultaneously jerked off, and d sited its contents in the lap of my intended, as pl fully as Jove showered the gold into Danae's.

The patience, the good-humour, of my fair torme at once fled; she could no longer restrain her an she darted at me, *such a look*—"Clumsy!" was al said; but, bless my soul, with what an emphasis! b I could look round, she had left the room; every pa her dress flowing like a Naïad or some other godde "the watery deep." I remained for a few minutes, s with horror and confusion, and as soon as I could re the possession of my faculties, showed I could mak best use of them, by seizing my hat, and leaving house as fast as my legs could carry me.

The reader will think I had enough of Courtship- deed if I had regarded it as a foretaste of what I sh hereafter encounter, I should have till this day rem single, and, therefore, *as a matter of course*, HAPP

But the fates were against me; and after a te courtship, my fair one consented to abate the rigo her first charitable determination, and in her me goodness consented to name the day which was to me "the happiest of men."

I will not dwell upon the miseries of my wedding suffice it to say, I went through the purgatory of gratulation from my friends, the inquisitiveness o neighbours, who poked their heads out of their win on my going to and returning from church—the i dence of the rabble, who insulted me with marrow- and cleavers—and the saucy leers of the foot-boy chamber-maids where we were to pass the honey-mo

This moon, I found like all other moons, to be *variable*—it rose and set in a very short time. which, if patience will endow a man with a fee-sim "Elysium," I flatter myself, I am secure. I will no my readers with my domestic affairs; those wh married would not like such a repetition; and for su are single, I will not spoil by anticipation what the meet with in reality; but merely advise them to th second time before they propose as a toast, "*the s married*," without adding to it, and "the married ha

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TO THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

DARK Spirit of the Tempest! who dost shroud
Thy form of grandeur in the unblest sky,—
Speaking thy moody wrath in thunder loud,
Thy laughter the mad lightning—tell me why
Thou triumph'st thus?—And have the young stars b
Before thy terrors from their thrones on high,
And own'd thee for their conqueror—glad to fly
For shelter to the bosom of each cloud
That frown'd along the air! I love thee, Spirit!
Thou waker of the Ocean! and thy brow
Is what I worship, for my thoughts inherit
A portion of its darkness—the wild flow
Of thy deep music hath a tone divine:—
I love thy nature, Spirit! for 'tis mine!—

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS,

FOR JULY.

EVENING DRESS.

POLISH robe of lilac *gros de Naples;* the petticoat enriched at the border, with a full, and broad puckering of crape of the same colour, on which are laid flowers of lilac satin, representing the Iris, or purple *fleur de lis.* The tunique part, *à la polonaise,* trimmed with three rows of bias folds, each fold headed by a narrow rouleau. The sleeves short and full, and ornamented on the outside of the arm with one outspread Iris. The corsage made plain, with Bouffont drapery of lilac crape at the bust, confined in the centre by a white antique ornament, and near to the hollow of each arm by a white *fleur de lis.* A lilac belt with narrow white blond on each side, simply encircling the waist, in which belt is stuck a fan, with the outside sticks exquisitely wrought in filigree gold. A drapery of lilac gauze and silver lama, beautifully twisted, round the hair with a rosette on the left side, the ends lightly fringed with silver. Ear-rings and necklace of amethysts, or rubies, set in gold. Bracelets of gold filigree worn over the gloves, and fastened with one large ruby or amethyst, to suit the necklace and ear-rings. White satin sandal slippers.

BALL DRESS, OR GRAND FULL DRESS PARTY COSTUME.

Dress of tulle over white satin, with double rouleaux stripes of satin in bias down the skirt. Border consisting of a broad puckering of tulle or gauze, on which are laid large leaves of satin edged by rouleaux, and in the centre of each a blue flower; two rouleaux of satin above this border, on which are full and spiral bouquets, richly clustered, of the convolvolus. Corsage of white satin, trimmed across with blond. The hair drest short at the ears, and arranged on each side of the face in clustered curls, and at the summit of the head, inclining towards the right side, in long bows; the same side ornamented with a diadem of pearls and precious gems, and the hair elegantly entwined with a drapery of celestial blue gauze, and a plumage of white feathers on the left side. Ear-rings and bracelets of diamonds. A necklace *à l'Egyptienne,* forming a serpent of gold, with the tail in its mouth; the eyes of the reptile of brilliants. Regal mantle cloak of celestial blue *gros de Naples,* finished beautifully, with cape and trimming of swan's-down; the cloak fastened with silver chain, *cordon,* and tassels. White satin sandal slippers.

FASHIONS IN PREPARATION FOR JULY, 1824.

Every artist employed in the various articles of decoration for female beauty, is now sedulously occupied in giving the most elegant versatility to the suggestions of taste, and imparting to them that splendour, so requisite to be observed amongst the titled, wealthy, a guished assemblage that now graces our metrop

The carriage bonnets are peculiarly beautifu coming; one, in particular, struck us by the cha ciation of its colours, and the elegance of its for of lemon-coloured crape, lined and ornamented w the crown is adorned in drapery, *aux fers d* with pink fancy flowers of unrivalled delicacy, each interstice. A white satin hat is also well a the morning exhibitions, or paying carriage visits; it is *à la Reine Marguerite,* the whi pearl colour kind, and is finished round the cr gauze puffs edged with blond and white satin r a quilling of blond, so contrived as to lie on gives the appearance of a cap under this tastefu white crape bonnet, also, is expected to be much this month, for the carriage: round the crown ar of gauze, interspersed with branches of lilac, a the edge of the brim are lighter puffings, betwee which are little sprigs of lilac. Hats are in grea they are in the shape of *La Reine Marguerite*

The pelisses and spencers remain, at present, same as last month; some slight innovations h made in the latter, which we cannot regard as *ments;* some of these lace behind, and thereb the effect of an article so useful and appropriat mer costume, especially for the young; the b ill, and the bust is, by no means, improved; oth kind of fichu, of the same material as the spe which the arms are slipped, and the point before hind fasten under the belt; we must mention t gruities of fashion as well as her beauties; it s to shew the infatuation of many members in who prefer the skill of French dress-makers their own countrywomen: we speak this from we are well assured these changes in the spen finitely for the worse, are fabrications of a forei

The summer pelisses for this month merit an description. They are of the most tender an colours; the one we saw, was not quite finis when completed, it will certainly be one of the gant out-door articles that ever came from the an English Marchande de Modes. The colou beautiful blooming tint of the summer-rose down the sides in front, is an ornament that re long ostrich plume; the feather part is forme narrow satin rouleaux, most exquisitely wrou all done in a frame; the pipe part, up the cen feather, is formed of one well-wadded rouleau; bust, and mancherons, are finished in a light, ele truly correspondent style.

Small dress hats are worn at the opera and parties, with indented brims, and white pluma

ing over them; from the summit of the crown, hangs, on one side, a singular, but yet what forms a very beautiful ornament; it is a bunch of capsicums, made of white satin, tipped with silver; the brim of the hat is also edged with silver cordon; but this becoming head-dress looks best when finished with pearls. The toques *à la neige*, discovering the hair between in open work of intrinsic gems, are every way calculated for full dress; they are rather lofty and bind across the forehead, but not too low; their height is added to, by a fine plumage of white feathers; we saw two of these truly dignified head-dresses, finished for ladies who class amongst the highest order: one was composed of pearls and emeralds, which latter gem represented a row of green foliage on the summit of the edifice; the other was of Turquoise stones and pearls; but these, instead of being wrought into foliage, represented flowers. The Ceres turban is another unique and elegant head-dress; it is of white satin, entwined with pearls, and is ornamented with Marabout feathers, interspersed with ears of corn of a bright geranium colour, and others of gold. On the right side, just over the ear, are two broad leaves of white satin, one leaf standing up, the other depending; these are fastened by two gold ornaments, representing spears, which have each an oval head of coral and gold. The Cornette *à la Nymphe*, is a charming head-dress for receiving friends at home; it is of tulle and blond, with a wreath of delicate blush roses: some of these home head-dresses, have a small ornament on the summit of the crown, like a little hat *à l'Arcadie*. Coloured gauze caps, with white blond next the face, and lightly ornamented with flowers of suitable colours, are much in favour for home costume.

Amongst the new silk dresses, the greatest novelty in the manner of their trimming, is with a border of divided points, forming a kind of foliage, upright and reversed; the division in the middle of this ornament is fluted satin, put on *en limaçon*: this dress was made low, and was of corn-flower blue; with it was worn a most elegant fichu of blond, with an indented ornament falling back, richly trimmed with white satin rouleaux and blond; each indenting confined by satin strap rings, of close and very narrow rouleaux. Another dress was of Pistachio colour, and was ornamented with antique rosaces; both these dresses were of *gros de Naples*. The morning dresses are of printed muslin, which is at present, more in favour than white; we speak merely of *dejeuné costume*; silks are worn at all hours of the day, and India muslins, beautifully embroidered or trimmed with lace, are worn with spencers and pelisses, for white is indispensably requisite for those envelopes.

Ball dresses are superbly bordered with flowers, either in coloured beads, pearls, or polished steel, relieved by a splendid embroidery in coloured ribbon-work, the beautiful red lilac colour of the marshmallow blossom. When the tulle is embroidered with pearls, the corsage worn with it renders it a most chaste and beautiful attire. This corsage is of white satin, made in front *à la Grecque*. The part that represents the robings is open, and has tulle let in, edged round with pearls, which are relieved by the openings being edged with pink satin: on each side of these, next the front of the stomacher is an embroidery in pearls, representing the Scotch th The sleeves are of tulle, with straps to answer the part of the stomacher; the body is finished roun bosom with net, *en tire bouchons*, entwined with pe

The most approved colours are the rose of June, tachio, lemon colour, and lilac.

THE OPERA AND THEATRES.

——— Reidiculum acri
Fortius et melius—plerumque secat res
Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v.

KING'S THEATRE.—We merely mention the ap ance of Madame Pasta in Rossini's Opera of Tancred the purpose of asking our erudite readers if they ca form us what the Critics mean by a "*delicious* perf ance," an epithet especially patronised by the *Chro* which concludes its remarks on this lady's personific of Tancredi by the beautiful phrase of—"and a very *licious performance* it was!" These gentlemen are ways dreaming of the good things of this world we pose, and, being, moreover, metaphorically inclined ply the terms suited to a dish of turtle or venison the "fair enchanters" of the stage as they are often to term them*

On Thursday the 27th May, Catalani took her be at this theatre in the character of Susanna in Moz fine work†, Le Nozze di Figaro. She sang as be her high reputation, and received a due mee applause—but we cannot say that she reminded Hercules handling the distaff, which was curi enough, the case with the imaginative critic of the street Journal, who also says, that she flung out her ma less tones over the other performers." What a stra fling, to be sure, must that have been. How dexte are these critics at *bold, blooming* language, and more so on the occasion above mentioned, than he of *Times*, whose eloquence we think it our duty to bring ward whenever an opportunity offers; imprimis, the The house, saith he, was "excessively crowded, and sented an animated and brilliant appearance."—N he tells us, in the sweetest manner imaginable, of Cat ni's "easy buoyancy," and "playful grace," which "absolutely enchanting." Afterwards he vows she

* The learned Connoisseurs in colouring go still fu in their tropes and figures, and actually call any pain that may charm their critical fancies, "a *delicious* BIT A delicious bit! Oh, Gentlemen, gentlemen, do you re pretend to the honour of being in your sound senses?

† The *Herald* calls it "*That* most charming of all ras," and of the particle *that* doth this rare journal seem ticularly enamoured; "*that* admirable singer," "*that* cellent actor," "*that* enchanting actress," are its favou exclamations on the various occasions upon which it *de* to do its best *gratis* towards benefiting the well-deserv comedians on their benefit nights.

in "a most captivating style," and concludes his *glowing* tribute to her many incomparable excellencies by assuring us that "encore followed encore in *merciless* succession." This is a specimen of the grand—but we now come to the soothing part of the affair, where, in speaking of Ronzi de Begnis as the Countess, the critic expatiates in a divine strain on 'her lady-like and elegant demeanour;' on "the tender (what a lovely and pathetic word!) and lamenting airs," whose "delicacy and sweetness lost nothing in her execution of them," and "were given with a pathos and feeling that *thrilled through the heart*;" then he rhapsodises upon her "plaintive simplicity," which, saith he, "told more than words *a tale of ill-requited affection*." Our readers must allow all this to be what the critic in his own excellent manner would call "consummately beautiful," otherwise we pity the inferiority of their tastes. Madame Biagioli as the Page, and Begnis as Figaro, did credit to their respective parts.—Porto, in the Count, was altogether beyond our comprehension, but the character might have had a worse representative, we think, in spite of the cruel invectives of our *gentle* fellow critics.

With the exception of a well-conducted Concert, under the superintendence of a Mr. Cutler, and the appearance of their Sandwich Majesties in the boxes, nothing further of interest has occurred here, benefits being the order of the day, as is usual at this season.

Drury Lane.—Among others, Madame Vestris and our old friend Munden, have both taken their benefits at this theatre, the former on the 28th, and the latter on the 31st May, when he appeared for the last time before the public. The performance on the first of these nights was the Tempest, in which Madame Vestris appeared in the beautiful Ariel. Many and many were the pretty things we had intended to say on this occasion, but are effectually prevented from so doing by the usual monopolizing qualities of the *Herald*, which has put forth a specimen of pure eloquence on the subject beyond all praise, and we are confident that in transferring it to our pages we are bestowing great pleasure on our readers, and on ourselves immortal honour. Here it is, *verbatim et literatim*—"But the charms of the whole was, as *on this occasion* it ought to have been, the Ariel of Madame Vestris. If we say that this charming actress and vocalist surpassed *on this occasion* not only our expectations, but every thing we have yet witnessed in this character, we shall do no more than mere justice. The songs introduced *and inherent* were sung with the exquisite ease and expressiveness instinctive to this delightful warbler, and the dialogue was delivered with a tasteful attention at once to the sense and the harmony of the poet. But it was to the eye—(prepare yourselves to be put into extasies, ye happy readers of this our quotation!)—still more especially that the character was realized. The fine limbs and beautiful form of this actress seem peculiarly adapted to the part she assumes, and never could have been *exhibited* in a costume more calculated to *exhibit* all their charms, (oh!) while the great variety of action and attitude seemed so completely consonant to the functions of this 'fine spirit,' this 'delicate' agent of a benignant magic, as to realize to the senses this most beautiful of the creations of poetical imagin
We never before met with such a magnificent flo
guage; could poor Demosthenes, could Roma
peruse this, well might they be ashamed of thei
significance, and even our own eloquent Cann
confess that he is at all events second to one, an
lustrious one, the Critic of the *Morning Herald*
thing can eclipse the latter, it can only be the
the Princess Olive of Cumberland, and that indee
than astonishingly fine; for proof of which we
readers to the "valuable" pages of the Journal
tioned. Oh! we delight to stick to the *Herald*
sort of Don at criticism, and makes a dead set at
occasions.

By our troth, we have been so carried away by
rent of eloquence in one of our cotemporaries, th
noured friend Munden had no small chance of
tirely forgotten by us—we have, however, with
ficulty, recovered ourselves, and are now able
clearly that his farewell characters were SirRob
ble in the Poor Gentleman, and Old Dozey in th
Past Ten o'Clock—after performing which in
style, he took leave of the Public.

The only thing of a novel nature, in the way
ship which has been brought out at Drury-Lane
Mr. Elliston terms a "new, grand, magnificen
mantic melo-drama," (The Revolt of the Greek
met with the usual degree of success attending p
are only fit to attract the eyes of the lofty occupi
one and two shilling galleries.

Covent Garden.—Covent Garden appears
tirely eclipsing its rival in the way of novelty. It
duced what the play-bills called A Comedy in th
yclept "*Charles the Second, or the Merry M*
which met with a very good reception, and will,
endure for as long a period as all dramatic effus
done of late years; we need scarcely add, for on
The piece is a translation from the French of o
the translator no other than Howard Payne, E
What straits do the poor Managers seem reduce
not only are constrained to borrow from their m
tive neighbours on the other side of the channel,
lutely lay themselves under obligations to the
Minors, at two of which this piece (with a trifli
ence) was performed months ago. Seriously an
faith do we counsel the conductors of our large
establishments to hire a French writer at once,
one of English parentage to translate his produ
stanter for their boards; then at all events the g
lic would have the pleasure of seeing what non
held before them, whereas "quite the reverse,"
thews has it, is now the case. But we digre
principal characters were these:—

The King, ...	Kembl
Rochester, ...	Jones.
Capt. Copp, ...	Fawce
Edward, the page, ...	Durus
Lady Clara, ...	Mrs. F
Mary, (Copp's Niece,)	Miss M

The story is soon told.—Ned is smitten with the charms of Miss Mary, alias Copp's niece, apparent, (for she eventually proves to be Rochester's) and, very unwisely, the enamoured stripling makes a confidant of his hair-brained patron, Rochester, who tells his Majesty of the affair by way of a joke, and the joke-loving Monarch resolves to visit the young maiden at the "Grand Admiral" Wapping public-house, kept and conducted by her ostensible uncle, Capt. Copp. Here an amusing scene takes place, (despite the feebleness of the dialogue, which the *Times*, wise for once, justly calls, a caricature of the only excellence of the Court of Charles the Second,) which ends in the roguish peer picking his liege master's pocket, cutting his cables and taking himself off. The reckoning is called for—Majesty is moneyless and all confusion—leaves his watch by way of pawn with my uncle Copp, who suspects him of having stolen it, and gives the horror-struck monarch in charge to the potent constables—young Ned and his dear Molly; the King exerts his eloquence, gains on the soft heart of the lady and escapes to his palace, where Copp and his crew (having discovered the suspicious article to be royal property) arrive to restore the watch to its rightful possessor. Here they of course make every due discovery, and the lovers are rendered happy in the usual comedy-becoming manner.

The acting was certainly more than good, and "The Merry Monarch" stands every chance of revelling on the boards of Covent Garden theatre, until the appointed period of his natural death.

Another novelty has blazed forth at this theatre, tastefully denominated "The Castellan's Oath."—It was said to be a melo-drama, but seems not to have been considered by the critics as worthy of so illustrious a title; they appear to treat the affair in a very contemptuous style, and we therefore who only profess to be their humble imitators, will make very little fuss about it—merely begging leave to quote the well-framed sentence passed on this ill-starred production by one of those good-natured gentlemen.—

"A new melo-drama, or attempt at melo-drama, called 'The Castellan's Oath,' has been produced at Covent-Garden theatre. We have not had much that is good in this department of stage entertainment of late; but the present attempt exceeds in absurdity any thing that it ever fell to our misfortune to sit through. The action of the piece lies chiefly in the hands of Mrs. Faucit, whose cue seems to be the commission of as many follies within a given time as possible. In the first scene, she suffers a prisoner (for no reason) to escape; in the second, she is within an ace of getting her husband hanged, for the captive's defection. These misfortunes, of course, drive her out of her senses during the remainder of the play; and, in conclusion, she (a Countess) disguises herself as the ghost of a friar! It would be tedious to go farther into description of a piece which has nothing at all to recommend it, either in the composition, or the acting; it would have hard work to be endured in a second-rate minor house; and if the managers are wise, they will avoid any further exhibition of it."

Here indeed is a Philippic for those who love imitations of Demosthenes—terse, vigorous, and *multum in parvo*, in the most unlimited signification of the ph God help the poor author, whoever he may be.

In addition to the above, a new farce, called "M Man," and a gentleman, named Kent, have both m unsuccessful appearance at this theatre; where another Juliet, in the person of a Miss Nesbitt, of has gratified the public eagerness for novelty, a with a very favourable reception from that *bellu torum capitum*—the audience.

HAY-MARKET.—This well-conducted little the at length opened, and heartily do we wish it a suc campaign. Several new actors, and one or two manufactured farces have appeared, but neither t nor the other possess sufficient merit to require cular notice.

ON LAUGHTER.

The Dictionary of the French Academy defines la to be a certain movement of the mouth, caused by t pression excited by something that pleases us. T cients distinguished two kinds of laughter; one cau a movement of joy, the other, without any cause at

A plant, that grows in Sardinia, is said to hav duced a convulsive laugh, the result of which was ness and death, and from thence came the expressi *Sardonic laugh.*

If historians may be credited, Phocion was never either to laugh or to weep. Cato laughed but once in h it is true that he then laughed *long* and *violently*; s the Romans used to call a long and violent fit of au *a Catonian laugh.*

Socrates always appeared with a sneering smile countenance; and every one has heard of the laugh the philosopher Democritus.

When Cardinal Richelieu, worn out with the t greatness, fell into that stupor and weakness, which nerally the prelude to serious illness; his physician the following prescription; *Accipe Bois-Robert.* Robert came; his facetiousness and repartees re the all-powerful minister to cheerfulness and health was cured by laughing.

"Gretry, in his *Essays on Music*, says, a ma be known by the way he laughs, that is to say, his l ter, his smile, and his very hearty laughter. He "Certain men, look *yellow* when they laugh: th prone to *deceit*; others *green*, and they are *en* others *red*, they are *honest*, and *unsuspecting*; *blush* a little when they laugh, they are *candid*; look all manner of colours, and those people a most dangerous of all."

I laugh in my sleeve, when I hear a coward bo of his valour, and a coquette of her virtue.

Pain and pleasure, triumph and defeat, succes failure, are but too often separated by very short inte whence came that proverb that Racine places i mouth of Little John:

Tel qui rit Vendredi, dimanche pleurera
He who laughs on Friday, may weep on Sunday

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department will contain the Paris *Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regu accurately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic infor every circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Men and Manners, Opera and Theatres—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Pari the Continent in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

—— The Thuilleries, just now, are all the rage; all that is elegant in Paris, is to be found there. The charming verdure of that spot renders it far preferable to the Bois de Boulogne, where there is so little shade. At two o'clock, we behold, at the Thuilleries, one of those young mothers, who appear in a morning *deshabille*, because they are conscious that it becomes them better than being much dressed. The *darling child* is with her; and it is requisite, as people who live in style, that it should be accompanied by *two nursery governesses*, whose dress and carriage are as fresh, and correct as that of their mistress. At three o'clock, the *haut-ton* makes its appearance, the fashionables of either sex rival each other in elegance; it is then that the modish dame draws universal admiration for her taste, by the pattern of her printed muslin dress, or by the trimming, or embroidery of her India muslin. While the young men give the *ton*, by the colour or cut of a great-coat, by the shade or stripe of a pantaloon, and by the whimsical pattern of their cravats.

—— Last year, all the carriages were lined with striped cottons. This year, they make use of figured chintzes, either marbled, with Chinese figures, chequered or sprigged. Blue, green, lilac, or a rusty yellow, and brown, are the favourite colours.

—— The ladies now seem disposed to divert themselves again with *Pantins:* they have little punchinellos on their fans, which have one leg sculptured in ivory, or mother-of-pearl; this leg serves as a handle, and the point of Punch's wooden-shoe, the hook to it.

—— Four brides were lately invited to a ball. The marriage of the eldest had only taken place a fortnight before. The four brides had all formed a determination, that their husbands should dance only with themselves. At length, they changed one with the other, but yet did not violate their promise. They waltzed only together; they chatted only with one another, and these eight persons formed a separate colony in the ball-room. If this example should be followed, balls, in future, instead of being the crowded scenes they were formerly, will exhibit nly *tête-à-têtes.*

—— On Sundays, the quantity of carriages at the Bois d Boulogne, is considerable. They are filled with ladies, who encounter the heat of an ardent sun in c riages; white dresses are more general, and st very prevalent. Many ladies, who are past the wear large straw-hats, *à la Bèrgere*, simply t with a ribbon.

—— At eighteen, a young man leaves colle somewhat diffident, and he takes, as a model, o most extravagant male fashionists of the day. A he thinks he knows every thing, and, perfectl with himself, certain of succeeding in his efforts he gives himself up to all his fancies; at five-an he ceases to give the *ton;* and, as he is restore self, he finds how much he has been mistaken; h and finds happiness in a state, which, but a few fore, appeared to him insupportable.

—— Though there are several families in P have female negroes as nurses for their children, are never to be seen in the gardens of the T Those who have made this remark, and are su it, do not know that the most ample wages will pensate a negress for her being obliged to go any other head-dress than a Madrass handker that could be obtained from her, would be to let stitute a white handkerchief for a coloured one next place, a woman, with only a handkerchi round her head, even if she had a child in her ar not be admitted into the Thuilleries.

—— There is now a certain taste of economy ing, even in the most trifling instances; it is ve see young men, on the Boulevards, seated on n *two* chairs.

—— Self-love and vanity have crept into ever people, and made rapid progress even among Lately, a notary wanted a valet de chambre, a c and a footman. Their wages were agreed upon, were engaged; when, on a sudden, objectio started. The valet de chambre had never worn nor waited at table, not even at breakfast; and, he should not begin now. The coachman forew master, that he should never quit the box, to carriage door to any one: and, lastly, the foot his master that he should retain his brown co could not wear *his* livery, having just quitted t of a Duke, and he could not think of degrading h

—— The fashionables have not yet departe

country; they are occupied with the fine arts; they have had their portraits painted, for the exhibitions; and they have had views of their country mansions and parks, in perspective. This year there is a greater number of small pictures at the Louvre, than there were last year.

Every Tuesday, when the weather is favourable, some young ladies at N——, who have formed themselves into a society of pedestrians, have walking matches. They wear the following uniform; a short petticoat, pantaloons, fastened up above the ancle, a belt of blue or red Morrocco, to distinguish the candidates, about two inches in breadth; head-dress like the Bearnoise females, or in the Spanish style. The prizes consist of books, music, or different articles in dress.

Ladies who reside at their country houses or châteaux during the summer, and whose chief pleasure was in receiving their acquaintance, begin to complain of the fashionable style of dress that every one seems to wish to introduce in the rural scene. In the morning, they are content to wear a Leghorn hat, and Nankin half-boots; but, at night, however few the guests, they dress as they do in town, that is to say, they have a hat ornamented with feathers or flowers, and silk shoes. By the same rule, the servants are never seen without their dress liveries. The gardeners wear a kind of helmet, instead of a cap; the servant maids wear colerettes, and the shepherds have their plaited shirt-frills. A nobleman lately made the following remark on this subject: "You will soon find, that to please my good friends at Paris, I shall be obliged to have my cows washed with soap, and my Merino sheep combed."

—— One of the prettiest brides that has been seen at Paris for a long time, made her appearance lately at the altar, with a bouquet of Orange-flowers, made of very fine pearls.

—— Some statues are about being erected at Nancy, by voluntary subscription. On the Place Royale, an equestrian statue of Louis XV., is to replace the pedestrian statue, which stood there before the Revolution.

The pedestrian statue, in bronze, of Stanislaus the Beneficent, will occupy the centre of the horse-shoe, that terminates the Promenade, called Le Carriere. The other pedestrian statues will represent the Dukes of Lorraine, Leopold, and René.

—— If we look well into the means whereby certain individuals have acquired their celebrity, we should often find ourselves astonished at the quackery from whence such splendid reputations drew their origin. One of the most renowned physicians of the present day, may serve as an example in support of the above observation, if his real talent had not long ago obtained for him the most unequivocal success; but, when, while yet very young, having scarce finished his studies, Monsieur already enjoyed that reputation which he felt he must one day merit; he did not hesitate to make use of stratagem, while he was waiting for truth to do justice to his merits. Often while retired in his laboratory, the young physician waited for a feeble protector; one of his friends, disguised in the rich livery of a footman, presented himself at one of the most distinguished houses in the capital, and with well-feigned haste, inquired if Doctor * * was not visiting some c there? He did not fail to add, that the Countess of su a-one, or the Princess, &c., had sent all over Paris seek for him. This trick soon rendered his name, he tofore unknown, famous; and every one conceived a hi idea of a man so universally sought after; and wou have no other physician than Mr. * *, who, in a ve few years, acquired a celebrity, which is certainly n due to his incontestible skill.

—— Some new playing cards have been executed Frankfort, which are very beautiful. The costume of t Queens is particularly striking. The *Queen of Spad* is dressed in the newest French fashion; she wears satin hat, ornamented with ostrich feathers; and under th hat, is a little lace cap, tied under the chin, with a bow one side. A dress of slight silk, trimmed with bouffon of gauze, and bows of satin; the sleeves remarkab short; long gloves, half way up the arm; a pearl nec lace, and a *fichu* of point lace.

The *Queen of Clubs* wears a hat adorned with tw *esprit* feathers; under this hat is a *cornette* of blond; pelisse of *gros de Naples*, trimmed across the bust wi satin straps, forming Brandenburghs, with a Cachemi shawl, falling from the shoulders, in graceful drapery.

The *Queen of Diamonds* has a Leghorn hat, and Morocco belt round the waist, with a canezou body, a and a *fichu*, carelessly tied round the neck.

The *Queen of Hearts* has a white silk hat, ornament with ears of corn and marabouts; her dress made to fo in drapery over the bust. A pearl necklace and a sca striped with gold at the ends.

—— The handles of knives and of carving-forks a now of sculptured ivory, representing an epicure employ busily in eating, or a votary of Bacchus quaffing off bumper.

—— For these last two months, the country-houses the environs of Paris let at double prices. Every on feels a distaste at the bustle of the town, which will la till next winter. They purchase in Spring what they se again in Autumn. They *idolize* one day what they *d spise* the next.

—— *Le Café des Milles Colonnes* is yet in all i splendour; neither the *or molu*, nor the white veinin are tarnished. The drapery before each window, and o the opposite pier-glasses, is of green and orange-colou The elegant staircase, that leads to the billiard-room situated on the highest story, has a boldness and ligh ness of design that merit the warmest eulogium. Th staircase, alone, cost from fifteen to sixteen thousan francs; and the whole expense of erecting the coffee-hou cost one hundred thousand. Yet, who would believe it when it opened, a few months ago, a veteran, place at the bottom of the outer steps, could distinguish th cap of the sempstress, who was not to be admitted, fro the little dress-cap, &c., &c., &c. We may now fin there the caps of the commonest clear-starcher: we hav even seen a maid-servant, with a white apron, and a larg pair of pockets.

—— Every day, fashion and taste are found inspirin our artists to vary the paintings on those beautifu

table-lamps of transparent China: the form is either that of a bee-hive, a hut, or a tower. Here, under the vaulted roof of an old ruinous tower, we perceive a cave filled with barrels and bottles. The dim light which appears to penetrate this subterranean recess, throws a light on harlequin and pantaloon, who are employed in emptying the flasks of good wine. The effect of the light is truly magical. Above, are a few poppies, surrounded by morning vapours of silvery clouds. On one of the sides of the lamp, the light, (the effect of the rising sun,) sheds its rays on the flower which is known by the name of the Day-lily. On the other side, the fickle light of the moon rests on the Night-shade. This lamp has been sent as a present to one of the most beautiful women of the present age; it has for its device a motto, in German characters, inscribed on the flowers above-cited:

"By day, as well as by night."

ANECDOTES.

—— When Louis XV. lay ill at Metz, one of his physicians who was in attendance, presented a draught to him, to which the King shewed great repugnance; the doctor insisted on the absolute necessity of his taking it, but the monarch always put the cup from him. The physician, rendered desperate by this resistance, boldly said, "*I insist* on your taking it!" This expression roused the King from the stupor in which he was plunged; and looking up at the physician, he said, "*you* insist!"—"Yes, Sire, *I* insist; I must be *your* master, for a day, in order that you may always be *ours!*"

—— A poor German romance writer went, some time ago, to a bookseller at Dantzic with a manuscript, covered with dust. "What will you give me for this work?" said the literary man. "Ten crowns," said the bookseller. "There, it is," replied the poor author; "my wife is in child-bed, and I will go and take her the money." The celebrated Saxon academician R * * * happened to be there. "What would you pay me for a manuscript of that size?" said he, to the bookseller. "You, Sir," replied the bookseller, "twelve thousand franks." "Then it is mine," said the academician, writing his name on the manuscript; "count out twelve thousand franks to that good man." The bookseller counted out the money, and the poor author retired weeping, and blessing the academician for his good deed.

—— A rich merchant having some business of importance that had called him to Palermo, was about to return home, and consequently obliged to pass the mountains; he, therefore, thought it prudent to take every precaution possible. He went, as is often the case, to seek out the agent of a band of robbers, in order to *ensure* his safety. He was desired to declare what he had about him: he opened his pocket-book, and loosened his belt, under which he had concealed considerable sums, in paper, as well as in gold. The agent consulted his book of notes, and the merchant paid what was demanded for insurance; he then departed, with a confidential person, who was deputed to attend him, and who was for every accident on the road.

The first day past, without any thing vexa the following morning, in a narrow pass, two t sented themselves, who demanded of the m he had about him. His guide took upon him postulate, and assured his comrades that th was under proper regulations, that he had surance; and, in short, shewed them a pass had been delivered to him by the agent of the brigands, who were half-drunk, would not lis and held their stilettos to the merchant's brea commended himself to the protection of his g how great was his despair, when he saw hi others, and menace him with death, if he refuse them! He unfastened his belt; the guide tool it, and strewed the ground with pieces of gold. thieves precipitated themselves to the earth, for them; when the guide darted on them, lik and shot them both through the head. The trembling, knew not whether he had any thing to hope. "Take back your gold," said the him; "those wretches dishonoured our callin punished them. What would become of our surance, if a traveller could not depend on The remainder of their journey passed quiet and the thief, after having seen the merchant requested he would give every possible publi adventure, for the future security of commerce.

—— A young student, who was learning rh had no money, was very desirous of going to t he, therefore, placed himself at the door, cry loud as he could, and with a very angry air; pass; I am the son of the thunder; the eldes the thunderbolt; the cousin to the lightning; of hail and snow; the friend of hurly-burly; of Charon; the son-in-law of the Furies; th law of Proserpine; the husband of the Fates grandfather of the gods, demi-gods, and four gods." The door-keeper, astonished, and a ened, opened the door for him, with the condi would be silent, and not interrupt the perform

—— The manners of Russia offer a mos picture of contradictions; barbarism and civil there incessantly in hostility; in the mean tin cord in some instances, for they have both o character, corruption. Between the Boyard a there exist the same connexions; approachin those which once existed at St. Domingo, b colonist and the negro.

The little, trifling Parisian lady of fashion prodigy of rationality; of strength of mind, nimity of temper, when brought in contact wi covite lady; nor would it be difficult to deci the two would be superior in grace, in talent tive endowments, or in exquisite sensibility caprice, fits of anger, or nervous irritability, burgh can match Paris. The reason is obvious ards' ladies have their slaves, and Frenchw

not; at least they do not give that name to those who wait on them.

The Princess of T——wa, we are told by a traveller, passed her whole life in reading romances; stretched on an ottoman, and supported by cushions; her feelings were so exquisite, that the least emotion made her faint away. She doted on her children, though she saw them but seldom, and left them to the care of their nurses and her slaves. If she heard them cry, she was directly seized with a nervous attack; and her first care when she came to herself, was to order the bastinado to be given to the nursery-governess, or even to the preceptor who had inflicted this trouble on them. She often used to repeat the following phrase, "What a fatal present from heaven is a mind of too much sensibility!"

A young Russian nobleman, travelling in Germany, struck a Prussian postillion, who was a sorry driver, with such violence, that some one cried out, "Take care; you will be the death of him."—"If I am, I am rich enough to pay for him."—We wonder how much a postillion is worth, in that country?

PARISIAN THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

VARIETE'S.—*M. Pique-Assiette.*—M, Pique-Assiette is not an epicure without money; but one who has accustomed himself to dine always at a friend's table in town; so, he says, when, by chance, I am obliged to pay for my dinner, that costs me something. This day, he has not received any invitation. He enters the house of a restaurateur, not to undraw the strings of his purse, but to draw closer together the ties of some former friendship, for he hopes he shall meet with some of his acquaintance who will invite him to take a seat at their table. Soon after, the fathers of two newly-married couple, arrive at the *Feu Eternel*, (the sign of the restaurateur,) and inquire if their dinner is ready? Pique-Assiette immediately draws a pair of white gloves from his pocket, steals a nosegay from a vase of flowers on the counter, and fastens it to his button-hole, so that he passes for one of the guests. But while he is disposing his couplets for the dessert, a young officer arrives, who fancying Pique-Assiette to be his rival, asks him to give him satisfaction. An explanation renders them the best friends in the world. The officer offers him his dinner; the wedding repast is almost over, therefore, Pique-Assiette accepts it. He writes a line to excuse himself to the newly-married couple, and, at the same time, sends them his verses. He is just about joining his new acquaintance, when a lady, to whom he is paying court, and to whose dwelling he has not been for some time, arrives, and recollects him; a fresh obstacle for a second dinner. This lady, to whom he becomes reconciled, engages him to sit down to table with her. All the wedding-guests run in to reproach Pique-Assiette with the last verse of his song; for he had made a mistake, and given some against matrimony. The officer, and the lady, reproach him with having let them eat a good dinner alone: but an arrangement succeeds; the officer marries the niece of the lady, to whom Pique-Assiette is united; and, as the author the piece have requested him to sup with them, he begs the audience not to let him go supperless to bed.

THEATRE DE LA PORTE ST. MARTIN.—*Jane Sh* a melo-drama, in three acts.—Boileau's ideas on m dramas are, that they astonish many; but though melo-drama is a bastard, it, nevertheless, belongs to family. It is under the protection of the legislature Parnassus, as well as its other sisters. The three auth of this piece, should have recollected this precept, they would have avoided placing two actions in t work, namely, the conspiracy against the sons of ward IV., inheritors to the throne of England, and misfortunes of Jane Shore, and her *good* husband. T last personage does not suit the French stage. In E land, when a husband is betrayed by his wife, he is pit and cherished by every body; in France, he becomes laughing-stock—it is a country that delights in mocke The greatest part of the spectators, especially those w frequent the Boulevards, are ignorant of the customs the different inhabitants of this globe; and if the sc had been in China, they would have seen nothing Frenchmen. Racine was so persuaded of this, that gave a French colouring to all his characters. It wo have been easy to have made a very interesting drama Jane Shore. Our limits will not permit us to say h The managers and actors have done their parts to ma the drama succeed; we cannot say quite so much for authors.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

A NEW collection of *Thoughts or Maxims*, has lat been published. Without having the dryness of those Rochefoucault, or the formality of those of Montaig these maxims are full of moral truths, and are present with grace and precision. We extract a few, which w serve to give an idea of the merit of this little collection

"War against error, but Peace with illusion."

"We may sometimes repair the ill we have done; b never that which we have spoken."

"The wit would have you listen to him; the amia man listens to you."

"Take from some people their ridiculousness, and y cannot perceive that they are alive."

"The learned are sometimes fortunate enough to sol a difficulty; the ignorant know not any."

"The woman who has a tyrant for a husband, has ways power enough to obtain for herself what she d sires."

"Experience is a dark lantern, the light of which at least useful to him who holds it."

Poésies Religieuses, (Religious Poems.) By Mada CERE-BARBE.

THESE poems are not on those frivolous subjects, whi serve to dissipate the weariness of an evening part neither are they those vague and sentimental elegi

which obtain a smile of approbation, without touching the heart. Here every thing is great and serious; and demands long and important reflection. Certainly, those persons who devoted to the world only seek life in its agitations,—and those too, who are possessed of brilliant talents but frivolous minds, will only skim the surface. Poems that treat on death and eternity, will not offer to them either salutary or profitable lessons. What are the sublime conceptions of genius to them? What the noble harmony of an inspired lyre? The brilliant airs of a light Vaudeville, or the tinkling music of the ball-room, are to them far more striking, because it is not requisite to have SOULS to admire its beauty. The sounds of harmony were not invented for the *deaf*, neither for the *cold-hearted* does the profound literati meditate, and trace out his beautiful compositions: but there are yet in the world a few noble, great, and generous characters; there is, as they may be termed, a certain *family* of elevated and superior minds, who enjoy an existence among themselves, superior to that of common men. It is for such, the divine poet must think and write; to gain their suffrages such writers must disdain the vapours of a reputation too easily obtained, and the vanity of a rapid celebrity. It is for this end that Madame de Ceré-Barbé has composed her pious poems. This collection may, perhaps, be slow in its success; for this kind of work is not known sufficiently on its first appearance, but the success will be permanent.

Description and Representations of Birds in the King's Gardens; from the Collections of Natural History in the Museum at Paris. Paris, 1 vol. 4to.

THIS work is in numbers; every number composed of eight pages of letter-press, and four figures of birds in lithography, coloured.

Besides the four engravings of birds, there are in some numbers a plate, on which are the figures of nine different bills, or nine claws.

This gallery forms a work much more extensive than the Ornithology of Buffon; because, for the last thirty-five years the Cabinet of Natural History in the King's Garden, has been considerably augmented. The author renders by this publication a real service to those persons who seek amusement in the painting of birds. A very clear description accompanies the designs, which are beautifully executed.

It is well known that the Nightingale arrives in France unaccompanied, lives alone, and departs alone. M. Vieillot attributes this aversion to society from jealousy; because the Nightingale fiercely disputes the possession of the female with his antagonist; but Montbeillard says, that, instead of jealousy, it is the simple precaution of ensuring for the dam a safe place wherein to hatch, by her having a sufficient extent of ground; the nests being much nearer to each other where there is abundance of food.

Wild in the fields, the Nightingale becomes familiar in captivity, at least with the person who takes M. Montbeillard says, it attaches itself with but when once the acquaintance is made, it di the steps of the person before he sees him, a him by a cry of joy; when it is moulting, it itself in useless efforts to sing; and supply b liness of its motions, by the soul that it thro looks, the expression that its little throat refus

The *Rose-coloured Cockatoo*, a parrot, the whose plumage has been so long in favour with ladies makes a part of this gallery. M. Vie "Cockatoos seem willingly to mix in the socie they may be said to seek it, for they build the the rustic cot. Their motions are full of sprightliness; they love much to be caressed."

There are several *Toucans* in the gallery; t on their necks are much used in female dress.

In this gallery is also a *Blue Tom-Tit:* it bird, with blue stripes on a white ground, and that it looks like the effects of art.

Another bird of this kind, is the *Tom-Ti* mon in Holland and England, but very rare "If," M. Vieillot says, "we may judge of t liberty by what it is in captivity, we should not according to the Tom-Tit, the most mild a manners. The male and female evince much to each other, and display those kind and nat tions which we see in Canary birds. At least way all those have behaved which I had in my

Speaking of the common Tom-Tit in a state M. Vieillot makes the following remark:—

"Of all the little birds, these are the mos captious; they shew their anger by the ruffli feathers, their violent attitudes, the precipitan motions, and the reiteration of their cries. quick and petulant, the Tom-Tit is always he is seen flying from one tree to another, perc nately on every branch, and suspending his we most fragile twig; putting himself in all mann tures, often with his head downwards, balanci without letting go, pulling to pieces the jus buds for his food, and running round the trun into every little hollow place and crevice in the b Tom-Tits form, after their young are fledg composed of one or two families, that call to without ceasing; unite in a moment, separat again. They seem to fear as much being to each other as too near.

M. Vieillot regards the *Black and White* the fiercest of all Ravens. "This Crow," "differs from the black that are variegated with which are to be found in the north of Europe, by regularly marked with these two colours, and size and stronger beak. Its length is, at leas four inches; and its thickness is about that of hen. It often preys on lambs; and will ev rams, and other animals, during the winter w find no other food."

The *Magpie of Acahé*, common at Paragu

vary the sameness of this fashion, which last year had become general, many of these straw hats are of the most whimsical form; we have seen some, the brims of which were formed of large flutings, made of Sparterie.

White chip hats are the reigning mode; the crowns are generally ornamented with a wreath of moss-roses; and a bud of the moss-rose is placed in front, on the brim. Some white chip hats have marabouts placed on them, in a spiral manner; and under the brim, on one side, which is slightly lifted up, is placed a little tuft of marabouts; instead of these kind of feathers, it is sometimes those of the ostrich, well curled, and of three different colours. Hats of white Gros de Naples are trimmed with bows of striped Gros de Naples; generally white, striped with mahogany brown, and this striped silk also lines the hat.

A ribbon, which is now very fashionable, either for hats, bracers, strings, sashes, &c., is of a colour called the *flame of Mount Vesuvius*. A kind of sautoir is made of this ribbon, when very broad; it is pointed behind, the ends crossed over the breast, and brought under the sash.

Almost all the hats are *bouillonés* with *crape lisse*, gauffrée. Upon the crown is a star, a cross, or a rosette of satin edged with blonde: this ornament is repeated, in miniature, under each side of the brim.

White bonnets of sarsenet, or of Gros de Naples, are ornamented with a kind of honey-comb trimming of myrtle-green, lilac, or other fashionable colours.

The trimming on Barège dresses, that are shot, and that of striped lawn, the stripes coloured and shaded, have five bias folds, put on archwise, and forming draperies, sustained by buttons of the same material as the dress; three bias folds are sometimes repeated three times, and separated by a narrow flounce, caught up under the third bias.

With a pelisse of Gros de Naples, with a Pelerine cape, a scarf is never worn, but a collar falling over, is adopted, of embroidered tulle, and a scarf of Cashemire is hung over the arm. The favourite colour in Gros de Naples is a dark walnut-tree brown.

GENTLEMENS' FASHIONS.

Last year, it was the reigning mode to go in the same dress to a marriage as to a funeral; so much was black the order of the day. It is not so now; a man newly-married should wear a blue coat, with gilt buttons; a quilted under waistcoat, or one of white velvet; small-clothes of black kerseymere; silk stockings, with open clocks; shoes and buckles; his shirt frilled and ruffled, with lace laid in plaits like those of cambric; a muslin cravat, tied in the English manner, with the ends floating, fastened by a large diamond pin.

The tailors now make the great coats very full next the top of the arm, and tapering off scantier to the waist; (this is the kind of sleeve that is called *engigot*), but the gentlemens' sleeves are not so full as those worn by the ladies. The collar is hollowed out in the English fashion, and falls forming a kind of shawl.

There are now to be seen many boots and shoes of black deer's leather.

Violet is now the prevailing colour; coats, great coats, pantaloons, under waistcoats. In the mean time *componium* colour, or auricular brown, is fashionable for great coa among men of *ton;* white satin under waistcoats, quilted diamonds; they are also worn *entolinette*, in light grey, wit very narrow stripes of pale pink. The form of *gilets*, under waistcoats, is that of a shawl, and both sides alike.

The pataloons form a gaiter, and are hollowed out at th ancle, but almost imperceptibly. Linen, with satin stripe is the newest article for pantaloons. White beaver ha begin to be worn.

The riding-dress of a gentleman is green, with gilt button velvet collar, and the coat cut like a hunting-dress. Th hats are round, and have low crowns and narrow brims those who are addicted to anglomania, wear the crown rather pointed, and the brims of a moderate size.

Venetian pantaloons are much admired, they are of woo len manufacture, and are striped with the same colour.

Grey beaver hats, silk beaver, or straw, are worn in th morning.

Boots, with white pantaloons, loose, and not fastene under the foot; with these, shoes are often preferred.

Very few pantaloons of nankeen, but ticking and stripe cotton, the ground white, and the satin stripes very narrow generally blue or yellow, with a little cloud of lilac

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The World of Fashion *is open to the Communications of t Higher Ranks, who may be aspersed by calumniators. Th will always find us their champions in every circumstance whe character is defamed; and the libellers castigated to the full exte of their delinquencies. This Publication is intended to be a hicle for the particular use and amusement of the Fashiona World, and therefore we invite information of every fact that m interest.*

The Hints of R. C. shall be attended to, and his Number changed, if he will send us his Address. What he complains must be accidental.

Fashionable Life has been so much engaged during the Month, and we have so much to insert on the subject, that must beg the indulgence of our numerous Correspondents. shall have more space in our next for the numberless humoro Articles *we have received; and which will afford much inform tion and amusement to the World of Fashion and the Admir of Polite Literature.*

The long lists of Presentations to His Majesty at the late Dra ing-Room at St. James's Palace, and at the Levee at Carlt Palace, have occupied a very great space of the work. We inte this Publication, being the only one dedicated to the Fashiona World, to be a record of all the most important fashionable occ rences that can possibly be collected. The lists of Presentations His Majesty are, in our estimation, of little less importance th many official Government Documents—it is with that persuas we have been induced to give the names of the highly distingui ed Nobility and Gentry presented to his Majesty.

Persons who reside abroad and may wish to be supplied w this Work every month may have it sent to them to New Yo Halifax, Quebec, and any part of the West Indies, by Mr. THOR HILL, of the General Post Office, and at No. 21, Sherborne-la to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Ita Spain and Portugal; and to France & Holland, by Mr. COWI No. 22, Sherborne-lane, London.

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hung three inches over the brim of the hat. This fashion is very general. The strings fasten on one side, and form a bow.

Some hats of rice straw are in the shape of a jockey cap; about the crown, which is entirely round, are placed rouleaus of satin, at equal distances.

At a performance given at the theatre de la Porta St. Martin, for the relief of the indigent, there were a great many hats of white chip. Some of these hats were crowned with a plume of white curled feathers. Others were bound with ribbon of a very conspicuous colour; either yellow, blue, or *ponçceau,* with rows of the same coloured ribbon round the crown, and feathers of the same colour. Several hats of white Gros de Naples, camel's hair brown, or tree of Judea, had the crowns made lower on one side than the other; they were ornamented with a very large cockade of pinked silk, placed in front. Leghorn hats were ornamented with white and red roses. Ladies who wore the pilgrim's hat, in straw, very large, wore their hair arranged *a l' Enfant*: round the crown was only a simple white satin ribbon.

Spencers of silk are much worn for walking; they are many of them made in the blouse style, both in front and at the back.

Though blue is the favourite colour for riding-habits, yet there are several ladies who choose to distinguish themselves by more conspicuous colours. At the beginning of the month, a habit was remarked in the Bois de Boulogne, the petticoat of which was black, and the body white; another lady had a nankeen petticoat, with a red body.

The prevailing fashion is a white gauze veil, fastened round the crown of the hat, and thrown back. White cotton and chip hats, or those of rice straw, have besides flowers and ribbons, rouleaux, formed by what they call *levées,* (a technical term,) made of the same material as the hat. The *pilgrim's hat,* of Leghorn, is so immensely large, that the brim entirely covers the back and shoulders: a rosette of very broad ribbon, the colour a mahogany brown, walnut colour, or tree of Judea, is placed on the left side of these hats; and the puffs of the rosette are, at least, eighteen inches long. On some hats, instead of a rosette, is an aigrette, composed of seven or eight stalks or sprays, that resemble the quills of a porcupine. These stalks are striped, small as they are, with black and red, or rose colour and black, ethereal blue and white, or white and rose colour, emerald green and white, mahogany brown and white, blue and white, and jonquil and white. The small early cinnamon rose, yellow roses, and very large Provence roses are much in fashion. The dresses, at least ninety-nine out of a hundred, have all *corsages à la Blouse;* the sleeves very full, the upper part enormously so, two or three pelerine capes, and trimmed with four or five rows of bias folds, or flat tucks.

Dresses for the evening are made of Chinese crape, with flowers like those on the Cachemire shawls; they are trimmed with flutings bound with narrow ribbon, called *à la Bayadere,* which name is given to all colours in crape.

The most famous Marchandes de Modes have made some white hats of Gros de Naples, which have round the crown, three bias folds of tulle gauze, or crèpe lisse, (called stuff by the French). These folds are fastened by thr kles. There are also hats of watered silk, wi brims, trimmed with puckerings and bouillons kind of hats are ornamented with marabouts o curled ostrich feathers. The new hats of split the form of a man's hat: but they are entirely the brim is bent down over the forehead and beh cockade of white ribbon, cut in coxcombs, ornament.

The fashionists place on their fine leghorn h which they entwine with a band of straw, about in breadth: this band is turned round and roun and sometimes is carried even to the summit. S hats of white chip, have, round the crown and puffs of *Gros de Naples* or of ribbon, edged Beneath one side of the brim, a band, the sam forms three buckles, which are also edged These hats are surmounted by a plume of feathe together.

Walnut-tree brown, is a colour just come i We have seen some hats of this colour, in *Gro* they were trimmed with bows and puffings brown. Bonnets of white crape, and others loured crape, or lilac, have such large brims, and lower part of the face are entirely conceal the binding that borders them, is a curtain ve these bonnets are ornamented with the flowers balls, or with yellow roses.

Several dress-makers make use of coloured blouses, on which are printed *bouquets* of flow ing to the light in which they are placed, t appear either pink, lilac, or blue: they are na *peuses* (deceivers).

Amongst the embroidery in colours, may be the American berry. These berries, which are red, have, at one end, a black spot; the berr broidered on a line, but separate from each oth lines are divided by bias folds.

There are collars *à la Chevalière,* which have very decidedly marked out. Some collars are of muslin, with a letting-in of lace; these are c six points. At the public spectacles, some very ladies have been seen, with two broad ribb striking colours, sewn together, and crossed necks, at the chest from whence they spread f left, like straps, the ends being concealed unde

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Ipsiboë muslins prevail for blouses, Gros d a dark shade for dress gowns; the figure striped crosswise, shaded or Scotch plaids: much esteemed in half dress. Almazi half h are worn as a *sautoir*, over the gown; but s shawls, or sometimes black, of Cyprus or C are beautifuly soft: they are embroidered ri terns of large flowers, with a medallion in the shawl, surrounded with a border.

The skirts of blouses are laid in small plai on the frills of men's shirts.

Gauze ribbons, figured in a pattern of large have succeeded to the plaid ribbons, lately vogue.

Hats of split straw are yet worn in the round *Bolivar;* there are some of this shape in Spa

"When we look back," M. Quatremère de Quincy says, "on the period when Raphael flourished, we truly see all the principal parts of painting, as well as the qualities and gifts of genius that correspond with them, divided, by nature, into so many distinct lots, between four privileged and contemporary artists, who brought them to the highest point of excellence. Thus, no one has ever equalled Michael Angelo in design, Titian in his colours, Corregio in the charms of his pencil, and in *clare-oscure*, or Raphael for invention and composition.

"But when we come to compare these four great painters with each other, it must be owned, that Raphael has no more approached the perfection of his three rivals in what consists *their exclusive* merit, than either of them has equalled Raphael in those peculiar excellencies wherein his pre-eminence is indisputable."

Raphael died on the 7th of April, 1520, aged 37 years. His death was universally lamented: the writer of his life, thus speaks of that mournful event:

"How many *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, are lost to the admiration of after-ages! What sublime and beautiful ideas, ready to burst forth, are sunk into darkness! All that has life; all that nature produces; seasons, years, generations, people, and empires, succeed each other; genius, alone, has no successor; ages will pass away before any one can oppose, or even be brought into comparison, with a painter such as Raphael."

Raphael had a countenance regular and delicate, his head small, and his figure slim; but all his movements were graceful; and his dress announced elegance, a knowledge of the usages of polite life, and he had what is called the air of a courtier. Nothing could equal his kindness in teaching the principles of his art, which rendered his school the most numerously attended at that period. Several monarchs invited this great painter to their courts, particularly Francis I., but the Popes gave Raphael too much employment.

Raphael found himself so liberally rewarded for his painting of St. Michael, which Francis I. had ordered, that in gratitude, he sent him his work of The Holy Family. Those two paintings, and several others, formerly in the possession of Francis I. are now in the Royal Museum at Paris.

After what M. Quatremère de Quincy says of Raphael, as a painter, he considers him as an architect.

The following letter was written by Raphael to his friend Castigloni; when he was appointed chief architect of the building of St. Peter's at Rome:—

"Our holy father has loaded my shoulders with a heavy burthen, in charging me with the construction of St. Peter's. I hope I shall not sink under it. What gives me great comfort is that the model I formed is approved by his Holiness, and is admired by many other able men. But I aim at something higher: I want to find out the beautiful forms of the antique edifices. Will my flight be like that of Icarus? Vitruvius can, no doubt, give me great light on the subject, but not exactly what I want."

Vitruvius was, at that time, the guide and oracle of all the architects; but Raphael, who wished to soar higher, sent artists into Greece. There is no proof that Raphael handled the chisel, but tradition gives him a share in th formation of some statues. "Perhaps," says M. Quatre mère de Quincy, "Raphael might be ambitious enough t endeavour to rival Michael Angelo in sculpture. W may also presume, that according to the taste of his de signs, the style of his sculpture would have much more re semblance to the antique, than those of Michael Angelo.

Flanders, in the time of Raphael, was in possession some celebrated manufactures of tapestry. Leo X. wishe to procure some, and added to this luxury, the inestimabl value of Raphael's inventions; whence followed thos grand compositions, known by the name of Raphael's Car toons. A part of these are now in England.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM A VARIETY OF ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Several ladies who set the fashions, and young persons wear *fichus à la neige*. The denomination of these fichu took its rise from Madame Pradher, in the third act of *L Neige*, where she wears a *fichu-pelerine* of muslin, cut a round in long and sharp points.

In the morning, in *negligé*, our fashionables wear also pelisses *à la Neige;* these are of muslin, trimmed with lac down the sides in front, and round the border. The sleeve of these pelisses are made *en blouse*, and trimmed with lac at the wrists.

At the theatre Buffa, the first representation of *Ricciard e Zoraide*, several fashionables wore turbans, the cauls o which were of silver brocade, and the rouleau or turba part of striped rose-coloured gauze; the plaits of the turba were laid very regularly. The hair elegantly arranged, wa also seen, with a drapery of white or *ponçeau* for ornament forming a diadem in front, and floating on each side of th head and shoulders, like the lappets flying loose, belongin to caps or bonnets.

Blouse dresses of India muslin have five rows of em broidery, representing the blossoms of the tree of Judea and four bias folds; on the body are three rows of em broidery.

Among the new materials for dresses, are *moss muslins* and *Ourika* muslin dresses, in open work; these light arti cles are particularly appropriate for blouses. All the Sum mer dresses except those of worked silk, are made in th blouse form; however, they begin to leave off the dull uni formity of large plaits, and the trimmings of these dresse vary like others. We have remarked several which were trimmed with three narrow flounces, set on upside down the falling part of the flounce standing up, with the plaits tacked to prevent their falling. The bands that formed these flounces, were cut in bias, and doubled. The greater part of printed muslins are striped, as are the slight summer silks.

Hats are of striped gauze, rose-colour, lilac and white round the crown is a puffing of satin ribbon; which being at some distance from the brim, and bending towards the border, appears like open basket work. We have seen a pretty hat of white striped gauze, surrounded with this puffing in lilac. On one side was placed a branch of lilac, on the other a bow of lilac satin ribbon, the ends of which

beautiful than ours, but its manners are less gentle; it robs the nests of all those birds who are too weak to defend their young; and when chickens wander from their mother, this Magpie pounces upon them, and pierces their sculls, to suck out their brains. This bird has a black throat, a black crest, a white belly, and the tip of the tail is, also, white; the rest of the plumage is of a barbel blue.

A *Jay*, entirely blue, comes from South America.

Of *Gulls* there are a great many kinds; M. Oudart has painted several; not only unknown to Buffon, but some that were not to be seen in the King's Cabinet of Natural History, till very lately.

The traveller Levaillant has distinguished a *Starling* by the surname of the *Splendid*. M. Vieillot proves the justice of this denomination in the following manner:

"A beautiful emerald green prevails on the summit of the head and neck; at the bottom of that part it is terminated by purple and gold, which are faintly seen tinging the scapulary feathers; these are of a copperas green, as is the breast and belly; a beautiful blue, like that on polished steel, prevails on the little downy feathers of the wings, and those upon the tail; the tail is the colour of the drake's neck, shot with purple and violet; a white bar separates the green where it changes: the bill and claws are black, and the size that of a common Starling."

A Starling of another kind, is called the *Slave of the Palm-Trees*; and is, from its peculiar habits, an object of curiosity. "The instinct of these birds," M. Vieillot says, "is so social, that several pairs make their nests on the same branch of palm, and construct them on little stalks, which serve to support the seed; they place them very near to each other, and build the new ones on the old; so that these nests, so contiguous, and composed of sticks on the outside, being united to the stalks, form a circle round the tree, representing a mass of little branches tied up and packed together, with an ingenuity and labour that it is very difficult to destroy."

Annual Archives of Normandy, Historical, Monumental, Literary, and Statistical.

Among the various articles that this volume contains, we cite, as extremely curious, an account of the Chêne-Chapelle d'Allonville, in the Pays de Caux.

"The circumference of the Oak of Allonville, is thirty-four feet, above its roots; its height, by no means answers to its thickness, which continues as high as the top. Enormous branches, proceeding from the trunk, at seven or eight feet from the bottom, spread horizontally in such a manner, as to cover an immense space with their shadow. The trunk, from its roots to the summit, presents a form decidedly conical, and the interior of this cone is hollow, all the way down. Several openings, of which the lowest is the most capacious, afford entrance into this cavity. All the central parts have been long destroyed; it is only by its exterior saplings, and by its bark, that this ancient child of the earth exists at this da of vigour, adorned with exuberant foliage, with acorns."

In 1696, the lower part of the cavity of th lonville, was transformed into a chapel, wh seven feet in diameter; and over the chapel at the same time, a little apartment. This ch roof of shingles, and is surmounted by a steep vices, which are found in the trunk of the tr protected by shingles.

M. Marquis observes, that after forty ye grows but slowly. M. Bosc, in his *Treatis* among others of the Institute, in 1807,) menti as follows:

"The Oak d'Allonville presents, in the mi its trunk, a diameter of more than eight feet, gine it to be above 800 years old, even suppo is not probable, that it has continued to grow century. Certainly, this tree arrived at a sta pitude, whose top, heretofore, majestically clouds, is lowered and compressed, in every word, has not increased, in a proportionate long time. We may even take upon ourselv that its growth has been almost imperceptib 125 years that it was converted into a cha then be from 8 to 900 years old."

Monsieur Du Bois speaks of a cope, of ori facture, which has existed from time immem treasury of the cathedral church of Bayeux. before us, gives a very circumstantial accou ture, and also a description of the ivory caske tains the cope, and which is thought to have b into France during the Crusades. This c long; and is 1 ft. 3 in. and 7 nails in le 5 nails in breadth, and 4 in. 8 nails in he sculptured, in relief, in Arabic characters, an mation of these characters, birds are disposed tails of which are turned round in such a m unite with the various figures of the princ The two sides of this casket are chased with which contributes to its solidity. Our limits low us to say much of the lock, which is par rious. When the cover is put aside that is o hole, an inscription is discovered, that M. learned orientalist, at Vienna, has thus tra sent to Bayeux: "*In the name of an all-fo merciful God, whose justice is perfect, and is infinite.*"

M. Du Bois has rendered his volume of pleasant to general readers, as it must be to th given up to the study of literary researches on

---

History of the Life and Works of Raphael, tremère de Quincy. Paris, 1 vol. 8

Three centuries are passed away, since th Raphael, and no painter has yet appeared tha come in competition with him.

Evening Dress.

Invented by Mrs. Bell 52 St. James's Street

Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion July 1824.

Evening Dress.

The Costume has been made by Mrs. Tait, of No. 22. St. James's Street.

Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion July 1.1824.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, *&c. &c.*

No. 3. LONDON, AUGUST 1. VOL. I

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

Our highly esteemed and most excellent King arrived at his Palace in Pall Mall, on Friday Afternoon, July 9.

The idol of the Army, and of all who have the honour of his acquaintance, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, reached town, on Thursday, July 15, from Newmarket.

Prince Leopold has been backwards and forwards from Claremont.

The other branches of the Royal Family have so varied their movements, that we cannot particularise what they have been doing.

DUKES AND DUCHESSES.

Bedford, Duke of, from Cashiobury Park.
Rutland, Duke and Duchess of, from Brighton.
Sapieho, Prince and Princess, at the Pulteney Hotel, Albermarle Street.

MARQUESSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Chandos, Marquis and Marchioness of, from their seat Wootton, Bucks.
Landsdowne, Marchioness of, from Bowood Park, Wilts.
Worcester, Marquis of, from Paris.

EARLS AND COUNTESSES, VISCOUNTS AND VISCOUNTESSES, BARONS AND BARONNESSES.

Bentinck, Lord George, from Berks.
Bentinck, Lord Henry, from Oxford.
Cremorne, Lord and Lady, at the Hyde Park Hotel, from Brighton.
Cavendish, Lord G. H. and Lady, from Newmarket.
Carberry, Lord, from the Earl of Arran's, Surrey.
Elliot, Lord, at Fenton's Hotel, St. James's Street.
Lievens, Count and Countess, from Deepdene, Surrey.
Meath, Earl of, at Scarfe's Hotel, Lower Brook Street.
Nugent Lord, from Lilley's, Bucks.
Westmoreland, Countess of, from Italy.

BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES.

Anstruther, Lady and Miss, in Conduit Street.
Bacon, Sir Edmund and Lady, from Raveningham, Norfolk
Frederick, Sir John, Bart. at Read's Hotel, from Berwood House, Surrey.

NAVY AND ARMY.

Edwards, Colonel, at Blake's Hotel, from Paris.
Ward, Colonel, at Blake's Hotel, from Paris.
Harvey, Admiral, M. P. from Rolles Park.
Barrington, Colonel and Mrs. from Paris.
Mc Neal, General, at Gould's Hotel, from Bath.
Wyndham, Capt. at the Clarendon Hotel, from a tour.
O'Brien, Colonel, C. B. from Cheltenham.
Stewart, Capt. from Newmarket.

ESQUIRES AND THEIR LADIES.

Dingwall, Esqr. and Mrs. in St. James's Street, from their seat in Surrey.

Dicke, W. Esqr. from Maxtoken Castle, Warwickshire.
Hatton, D. F. Esqr. from his seat in Northamptonshire.
Reed, Esqr. and Mrs. from High Wycomb, Bucks.
Thornton, Butler, Esqr. and Mrs. from the Continent.

CHANGES AND DEPARTURES.

His Majesty has resumed his apartments at the Cottage in Windsor Park. Here it is the King enjoys exercise and privacy; for the instant he mounts his low phaeton, he enters the private walk, in the Green Park. Two servants precede his Majesty to open the gates, no other menials are in attendance. A second carriage, drawn by four ponies, in which are either the Marquis Conyingham, Lord Mount Charles, and one or more of the Marquisses beautiful daughters, follow the carriage at some distance. Windsor Park embraces, a circumference of nearly 27 miles; and the private rides, now solely confined to the Royal retinue, from their mazy windings make the circuit greater than 27 miles. His Majesty has purchased about 18 acres of land, at Bishopsgate, for seven thousand guineas; it is situated very near the great entrance to the Park, and to the Royal Lodge. The King is reported to have presented the cottage to Lord Maryborough, and here the noble Lord is to keep a pack of tarriers, to hunt three or four times a week, for the diversion of the Court.

The King is fully occupied in directing the operations of the improvements both at the Castle and in the Lodge, being resolved, as his Majesty observes, to leave the former in the state it was originally, and the latter fitted for all the comforts of domestic life. Sir H. T. is the entertaining *Antiquary* of the Castle, and is constantly amusing the associates of Royalty with extraordinary tales of other times relating to this Grand Palace. The profound and learned Theban describes the exact position of the rooms in each department of the Castle, where Henry and John of France, and Jamie the First of Scotland, and our own sweet poet, Surrey, were respectively prisoners. The stories about the gigantic size of Oliver Cromwell's Porter, and the siege this Castle sustained during the civil wars, are related by the worthy Baronet with all the eloquence and minuteness of the author of Waverley. This well-informed Antiquary points out the marks on one of the walls of the Castle by which the size of the Protector Oliver's Porter, so well known in history, is accurately defined; and many other particulars, equally amusing, and not generally known, are dilated upon to the amusement of the menials as well as the Nobles of the Court.

It is the King's intention to erect an equestrian statue of his late father, on Snow-hill, which is at the extremity of the long walk, at the summit in the Great Park, which, when the new private carriage-way is completed, will be a prominent object from the Castle. His Majesty intends to change the position of the statue of King Charles, and place it at the opposite point of the court, with the Monarch and the horse's backs towards the Round Tower, and their heads looking on St. George's Hall, and the apartments at present occupied by the King. All the paltry little huts, the alehouse, the guard-room, and other inconvenient buildings within the Castle, are, to be levelled with the ground; and the *keep*, which surrounds the main Tower, will be entirely cleared. The apartments in which his late Majesty died, and the large space, which, by him, was destined to contain the Royal Library from Buckingham-house, now given to the people, but which the Collector of the book affix as an heir-loom to the Castle, are likewi the changes the interior of this Princely Pala to undergo.

Althorpe, Lord, for Earl Spencer's seat in Nort
Anson, Lord and Lady, for their seat in Staff
Blount, Sir Edward, Bart. for Mawley, Salop.
Beville, Esqr. and Mrs. for Calcot Park, Ber
Beauclerk, Ladies, for Hall Place, Berks.
Bentinck, Lord H. for Welbeck, Notts.
Bolton, Sir R. Bart for Oxfordshire.
Bedford, Duchess of, for Tavistock House, D
Chetwynde, Sir G. Bart. M. P. and family, for
Coventry, T. Esqr. and Mrs. for North Cray
Calvert, John, Esqr. M. P. for Albury Hall,
Carrington, Lord, Lady and family, for High Wy
Clare, Earl, for Ireland.
Cassillis, Earl and Countess, for their seat,
Chetwynd, Lord and Lady, for Woodstock.
De Grey, Countess, for Bedfordshire.
Dartmouth, the Dowager Countess of, for Bl
Delap, Colonel and Mrs. for their seat in Surr
Dynevor, Lord and Lady, for Woodstock.
Eastnor, Lord and Lady, for Ryegate Priory
Ely, Bishop of, and family, for Ely Palace, Ca
Eastcourt, T. G. Esqr. for New Park, Wilt
Forrester, Lord and Lady, for Willie Park,
Gage, Lord and Lady, for their seat, in Su
Gilbert, East, Esq. for Hall's Place, Berks.
Hervey, Esqr. and Mrs. for Englefield Gre
Harvey, Sir E. M.P. Lady L. and the Mis
Park.
Inniskillen, Earl of, for his seat, in Ireland.
Isherwood, G. Esqr. and family, for Laurel
Lismore, Dowager Countess of, for her sea
Lansdowne, Marquis and Marchioness of, for
Lonsdale, Earl and Countess of, for Lowther,
Londonderry, Emily Marchioness of, for Nor
Langford, Lord and Lady, for Ireland.
Lievens, Count and Countess, for Deepdene,
Leeds, Duke of, for Hornby Castle, Yorksh
Nugent, Lord, for the Lillies, Bucks.
Pembroke, Earl and Countess, for Wilton
Peploe, Esqr. and Mrs. for their seat in He
Robinson, Hon. Mrs. for Durnford, near Sa
Stanhope, Earl and Countess of, for Cheven
Stafford, Lord and Lady, and family, fo
Norwich
Stopford, Lord and Lady, for Ireland.
St. Vincent, Viscount, Viscountess and famil
land.
Smith, Mrs. G. and family, for Cheltenham.
Stourton, Hon. P. for his seat, in Yorkshi
Stanley, Sir John and Lady, for Alderley P
St. Helens, Lord, for Knowl Park, Kent.
Scarborough, Earl and Countess, for Sandb
Salisbury, Marquis and Marchioness, for Ha
Thorp, Mrs. and Miss, for Chippesham, Pa
Tavistock, Marquis and Marchioness a
Oakley House, Bedfordshire.
Winnington, Sir T. Lady, and Captain, for
Worcestershire.
Wombwell, Sir G. Bart. for his seat, in Su

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT.

Kensington Gardens are still the favorite lounge; they are daily crowded by fashionable visitors. The band of the Life Guards attend and plays most delightful airs; which attract all sorts of company. We are fearful that the interruption and annoyance produced by the *canaille* will soon force the gay world from the Gardens.

Hyde Park is no longer a fashionable promenade. A few carriages have been seen on the usual road, but they have been few indeed; the favorite drive is to Kensington Gardens.

We very much regret the death of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands. It was the intention of our own amiable King to have received them with some marks of distinction. The immediate cause of their death was inflammation of the lungs. Every possible respect has been paid to their remains, which have been deposited in a vault under the Church of St. Martins-in-the-Fields until arrangements are made for their being conveyed to the Sandwich Islands. The King was only 28 years of age; he will, it is expected, be succeeded by his brother a very young man.

Few cases of *Crim Con* have excited greater interest in the Fashionable World than that of "Henry Baring, Esqre. MP. v. Captain Webster," and few have ever been attended by more aggravating circumstances as regards both the seducer and the seduced. Of all those whose criminal propensities render their possessors blots, as it were, upon the face of human nature, there cannot be one more unpardonable than he who deliberately supplants a husband in the affections of a wife, and the guilt of such a man is increased to its height when the mean seducer has been long hospitably treated at the board of his confiding friend, and esteemed and honored by the very children whom he relentlessly deprives of a mother. Such was the case with our amiable Captain—in the bosom of a family, who always treated him with every kindness, he has proved himself little better than a villain, by artfully destroying the dearest source of that family's happiness and pride—and yet, he is a soldier! A member of that profession which is esteemed, and ought to be, the very hot-bed of honor! his ingenuity might have found many ways of sullying each laurel acquired on the field of battle, but none more effectual than by becoming the vile seducer of his friend's wife.—Not even the specious defence of the common Sergeant can gloss over the enormity of Captain Webster's conduct. A seducer is always to be loathed, but the more especially when his victim is a wife and mother, and above all in a case like the present, where so many considerations ought to have intervened and dissuaded him from the perpetration of so base a deed. Far, however, are we from saying that blame is only to be attached to the defendant; on the contrary, we think with his counsel that, "such an attempt is out of the reach of youth "and passion themselves, unless the wife and the mother "forget the husband and the children, and make overtures "to which the impudence of ambition would never have "aspired." Be this as it may: let the lady be allowed her full share of criminality, let all Mr. Denman's assertions respecting the relaxation of affection between the husband and wife be taken for granted, however false, let her have been married fifty times previously, not one of these considerations not the whole of them connected, can in the least serve as a mitigation of the defendant's criminality in becoming the destroyer of a good man's honor, in turning traitor to the cause of friendship. Well did Mr. Brougha say with his usual eloquence, that, "the Captain, as a ma "of honor, should have shunned the charms of the wife "his friend; he should have remembered that these charm "formed no excuse for his unlawful attachment, and coul "not be pleaded as any palliation of his crime. He shoul "have remembered what he owed to the sanctuary "a husband's house, that husband being his host and friend "He ought to have remembered that this lady was the wif "of his friend, and the mother of that friend's children "If her age could be pleaded by the defendant in any a "tempt at palliation, it should be recollected how that ver "age augmented the sufferings which the plaintiff must no "endure. He had lost, not the society of a wife recently "acquired, but of a lady whose intercourse with him ha "been hallowed by the endearing recollection, now turne "into gall and bitterness, of more than twenty years "ardent attachment." All hearts, we are sure, will bea in echo to the sentiment conveyed in these words. Th sacred names of friend, husband, wife and children, were n obstacles to Captain Webster in the attainment of his cri minal desires, and the gratification of a sensual passion wa considered by him to be preferable to all sentiments of vir tue, to every feeling of honor. We leave him to his ow thoughts which must eventually be sufficient punishment fo his guilt; only regretting, for the sake of society at large that the Jury did not think proper to visit his offence agains the laws of rectitude and decency with a verdict more ade quate to the extent of the crime committed.

The man that manages that farrago of nonsense and folly the *John Bull Newspaper* thinks his paper never complet without insulting the higher ranks by some scurrility. Th comparing a gentleman of rank and allied to the first family of the country, to the Duke of Wellington's porter is an ab surdity, scarcely worth noticing. That a person in a *smok hole*, in a *dirty court*, in Fleet Street should have the impu dence to make such comparisons might be expected. Th higher ranks should not allow such a journal to enter thei houses.

A late number of the John Bull has the following para graph amongst its Notices to Correspondents.

"The editor of the Courier is informed, that the joke abou DI DO DUM, which he sported last night as new, appeare a few months since in Bull"

The editor of "Bull" is informed that the joke about D DO DUM* is as old as Methusalem and was one of the firs things we learnt at School.—So much for John's claim to no velty!

DANCERS AT ALMACK'S.—Dancing, we all know, ha been called "the poetry of motion," and there is n place where this rather fanciful species of poesy is dis played to greater perfection than at Almack's. Her youth, beauty and nobility all mix in one glorious as sembly; listen to music charming as themselves, convers in what bards call "*silver* tones," (we beg to note *en passant*, that we never could ascertain the precis nature of the tone, which these crazy fellows dub "silver,"

* The *Gerunds*.

When Dido's spouse to Dido would not come,
She mourn'd in silence, and was Di-do-dum (*dumb*.)

and bound along with a step of infinite lightness. To be sure, there are a few exceptions: for instance, Lord A———r will tear three flounces nightly; the Hon. Mr. U—— realises the *poetry* of motion in its fullest extent, and capers round with his feet quite *in verse*; the Misses B——— run into the other extreme, and, discarding altogether the poetry of the affair, pay no regard whatever to *measure*. These, however, are merely deviations from a general rule, and many are the elegant and perfect performances that take place in the course of a night at Almack's. The dashing Miss F——— and the gentle Lady G——— move around, the very personifications of harmony and melody; and we have seen the fair Miss B——— career between half a dozen dowagers so delightfully, that we could not avoid comparing her to a line of poetry, in the middle of a long parliamentary speech. Sir G. B——— hath a most graceful demeanour and nimble foot, but stares so horribly at his fair partner, whoever she may happen to be, that he reminds us of a knight, a friend of ours, who was so addicted to a similar habit, that he was once known to ogle a wolf out of countenance. It would be tedious were we more particularly to notice the rare exploits of these votaries of Terpsichore: we will, therefore, conclude by expressing our admiration of the whole collective body, assuring our readers that, if they wish to see rank and loveliness shine forth in all their brilliancy and grace, they should go to the unrivalled assembly at Almack's!

THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LATE LORD MACDONALD.—The deep regret experienced by all who were acquainted with the worth of this distinguished nobleman, can only be alleviated by contemplating the virtues of his successor, his late lordship's brother, Major General Godfrey Bosville; and who unites to the amiable qualifications that embellish private life, the distinguished bravery that belongs to his profession. This Barony is of Slate, in the county of Antrim, in Ireland; and the present noble family descends from the Kings of the Isles. In 1424, Sir Donald Macdonald's ancestor sat as Earl of Ross in the Parliament of Scotland: after nine baronets, Sir Alexander Macdonald was created a peer on the 17th of July, 1776. He married Elizabeth-Diana, eldest daughter of Godfrey Bosville, Esq. of Gunthwaite, in Yorkshire, (by Diana, eldest daughter of Sir William Wentworth, Bart. of Brelton) by whom he had issue, Alexander Wentworth, the late Lord, and Godfrey Bosville, the present, born October, 1775, with several other children, many of whom died young.

The late Lord Macdonald was amiable in private life, and eminent for his public virtues. His Lordship entered the army early in life, and had the honor of serving for some years in the 10th, when that regiment was under the command of his present Majesty. He afterwards raised a corps of fencibles, of which he continued in command as long as that description of force was judged necessary for the defence of the kingdom. He likewise represented the borough of Saltash in Parliament for several sessions, during which he was one of the most zealous and disinterested supporters of the principles of Mr. Pitt.

But it is from Lord Macdonald's patriotic labours, for the improvement of his vast estates in the Hebrides, that an estimate of his character is to be formed. Convinced that the first step to improvement is to render a country accessible, his Lordship made, with the assistance of government, upwards of 100 miles of public road on his own property, in the islands of Sky and North Uist; subscrib towards the formation of roads in districts leadi Islands, and built two handsome piers at Ki Portree, not only to promote the trade of those v generally as a protection to shipping in a tempe As an inducement to himself and his successors their own estates, he began a magnificent castl dile, according to a design by Gillespie, and carr far towards completion, and embellished it wit taste, that it is now one of the greatest ornam north. His Lordship's constant endeavours also the manufacture of Kelp, and introduce the cultu to drain the marshes and cultivate wastes, to ere mills and bridges, and by every means to provi employment for the lower orders, will cause his be long cherished in the hearts of a grateful popu

While other landowners were banishing the their properties, in order to introduce sheep, i Macdonald's boast that, of a population of 24 man had been compelled to emigrate from *his*. one remarkable circumstance more to this short s was his kindness to his tenantry, that, notwithst numbers, and the general distress for the last *not one* had his goods sequestrated from the tin ship came to his estates.

The present Lord and Lady Macdonald have family. They are all extremely handsome—the and of noble and generous dispositions—the y remarkably beautiful, and highly accomplished. donald is proverbially amiable, and notwithstand had a large family, she has so youthful an ap to be frequently taken for one of her daught cannot be a more delighful family.

MRS. COUTTS'S PARTY.—A weekly newspa zeal to attract attention, catches at every trifle out its invectives, regardless of the pain the s produce. Whatever effect a bold and impude may have on the mind of the individual attac considered, provided the abuse causes the *obscu* to *sell a few extra papers*. The whole car Coutts's life has been employed in doing go early years, when her income was small, she ev that little to many deserving persons. A mo lady does not exist, nor one more worthy of the possesses, nor the honors that are paid to her and also by the Nobility and Gentry. If the expects to increase the sale of his trash by sla superiors, he will find himself mistaken. He m abuse, and read it himself, few will be found to him in opinion that such satire will extend the spiritless nonsense. He adopts every manœuv his paper into notice, by taking the title of a large circulation, to make the public think the of the *Daily Times*, have an interest in the *Su* He issues false statements of the circulation newspapers to procure advertisements for himse there is no *trick*, *artifice*, *slander*, or *malice* adopt to support his tottering rhapsody. His the Bath visitors has caused his paper to be *k* decent society. We should not have noticed th so weak and pointless a journalist, had he n the noble and illustrious guests who were at M party. That a person in such obscurity, and

miserable talents for writing, should have the impertinence to comment on the nobility and gentry, who were at a private and select party of friends, shews a mind capable of giving an insult to rank and worth, whom he knows will not condescend to notice his vituperations. Prince Leopold does not escape his venom. He talks of his "*parchment grant;*" few have property without its being settled on parchment. The writer surely has no property but his paper, if that is a property, but which we very much doubt. To speak of *dukes* being *in waiting*, is another specimen of his *foolery*. Is being at a rich and generous lady's party to be called *in waiting?* If that is the case, no person can be visited without an improper construction being given to the object of the guest, and few would attend any entertainment if they should be liable to have their visits attributed to interested motives. We have, however, bestowed too much space on such a writer. If he continues his nonsense and does not improve his manners, he will find us ready to answer and correct his follies.

Sir William Curtis is arrived at Ramsgate from the Mediterranean in his own schooner. No sooner was it known that he had reached the shores of England, than every preparation was made to receive him with the highest marks of public respect; every thing put on an air of gaiety and hilarity, boughs of trees and flags were fastened across the streets, and the inhabitants dressed in their best array, linked three and three, formed a procession to meet the worthy baronet, who landed amidst the firing of cannon, and the cheering of the populace.

There is something so disgusting, particularly in a married man, attempting to seduce a female, that too much publicity cannot be given to such an offender. The brother of *an Earl*, and *a married man*, has been using every manœuvre to *inveigle* the affections of the daughter of a highly respectable tradesman in the town where he resides. His conduct has caused the greatest uneasiness to the young person's connexions, and has excited the disgust of his neighbours, and particularly as he is the *father of grown up daughters.* The powerful influence of his family, in the immediate vicinity of the female's residence, *awes* the inferior inhabitants, and, therefore, any decided measure might involve the poor girl's family in distress. We trust, however, that the *great man* will receive his *chastisement* from the young man who is paying his addresses to the female, if others have the *cowardice* not to defend her against the intrusions of a person however opulent, he ought to be an example to his poor neighbours particularly, and not employ his leisure in attempting to seduce their daughters. Away with such a man, however opulent and rich his family! His wife should teach him better manners, and the country people should cast him in the first nighbouring horse pond.

The conceited, opiniated, and GREAT Italian composer, who was to eclipse every body, and every piece of music, has lost his popularity with the nobility and gentry. His *hauteur* has absolutely *turned him out of doors.* Few have been mad enough to give him *fifty pounds* to assist at a concert, and *ten pounds* for a lesson of half an hour. The demand has met its just reward—that of disgust and neglect. It is said that he shewed, when at Brighton, a sort of *nonchalance*, not very agreeable to the illustrious host, and that his presence has not been again required. His behaviour to some musical Professors, when invited to dine at the Freemason's Tavern, was quite deficient of amiability and good breeding. He was offered a carriage and a deputation to accompany him—Oh! no! he could not, nor would not dine with a set of English Musicians; they were not company for him. It is a pity so *great* and self-opiniated a master did not stay in his own country. We are heartily glad that the Nobility and higher ranks have dispensed with his *wonderful* talents.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.—TWO ORIGINALS.—If a painter desired to personify content, we would recommend him to copy Mr. F.—Prosperity seems depicted on his countenance; how fresh coloured, and open it appears! it really does one good to contemplate his glowing cheeks, his coral lips, half open discovering his white and even teeth; it would make an invalid feel better to look on such perfect health.—He will give himself up for an hour to the most hearty laughter; but ask him *why* he laughs? he cannot tell you; it is an overflow of joy, and must have vent.—He never can stay long in the same place: he is in and out of a room, gets up, and sits down again, without any motive for so doing: he begins a sentence, interrupts himself in the middle of it, by striking the keys of a piano, if there is one in the room; or humming an air, he finishes his music by a *pirouette*; he shakes one person by the hand, slaps another on the shoulder; pinches your fingers, till he makes you scream again; while he feels himself the happiest of mortals!—When he rises in the morning, he never takes the trouble to read any political paper; and when he goes out, he does not take three steps, without some one pressing him earnestly to breakfast; another intreats his company to dinner, a third to supper; and their best endeavours are exerted to secure him.—If he lends money, he is sure to be repaid; though he speculates continually in the lottery, *he* is not ruined.—Mr F. is reduced to the same extremity in which Philip of Macedonia was once placed: he implores of heaven to send him some trifling misfortune, that he may, at least, know what it is.—To prove, (*says a satirist*) how much he is the spoiled child of dame Fortune, he became, in one year, heir to the estate of three uncles, and a widower! Such accidents could only befall such an one as Mr. F.—He will make speculations that would ruin thirty other men; he will gain, perhaps, by them, ten thousand pounds. If every thing was in devastation around him, he would remain standing.—But Fortune has him by the throat; he is choking with prosperity, he has his fill of happiness, and he will soon be unable to contain it.

LADY * * * *.—This is a poet and a learned lady; of all the women that the love of romance distinguished, no one, we believe, ever possessed a mind so capable of *receiving impressions*, as that of Lady * * * *. Nothing can equal the susceptibility of her heart, or the delicacy of her nerves. Not anything can be compared to the subtility of her wit, nor the elegance of her style. The melancholy imprinted in indelible traits on her visage, can only be compared to the delicate languor of her frame. Her ladyship swoons with grief at a tragedy. One page of Lord Byron's pathetic poems makes her ill for a week; the reading of Paul and Mary causes her to shed torrents of tears; and the *sorrows of Werter* bring her to the brink of the grave.—She has it in contemplation to write

work; but before she takes up the pen, she says it is requisite for her "to *see a great deal and to feel a great deal.*"—Her tender care extends itself to every thing around her; she lately saw a child, pursuing a butterfly; and just as he was on the point of seizing it, she cried out: "*Oh! you cruel child, who now will caress the Rose?*

Lady * * * * sometimes has a few of her romantic friends to breakfast with her; and highly favoured are those who are admitted to these sentimental parties. "Do take, some of these veal cutlets," said a lady to her one day. "I assure you they are particularly nice and tender."—"Alas!" replied the noble maiden, with a deep sigh, "the more unhappy then, are they." At this answer, which every one, however, thought borrowed, they all gave a shout of admiration.

Lady * * * * is no longer young, but she is not *too old* to marry; and it is thought that the Honorable Mr. S.—though younger than herself, will be the man of her choice; he is pensive, and, like herself, romantic.—What will all those poets say, who now form her court? They will write *elegies* to celebrate her happiness; and will scarce find sighs sufficient to express their sorrow. The boudoir of Lady * * * * will become the vale of tears! Oh! my Lady, can you ever support this heart-rending spectacle!

Calais was so full on the arrival of the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, that her Ladyship was obliged to lie on a bed placed on the floor, or she must have sat up all night.

MODERN SERVANTS FITTED.—A Gentleman, well known in fashionable life, being one day in a hurry, ordered his coachman, inadvertently, to bring him a *jug of water*. The coachman not having been hired to bring his master jugs of water, told the first person he met to take it; and she happened to be the cook; but to carry water to her master was no more the cook's place than the coachman's; and so no water was fetched. The master being impatient, and seeing the coachman before his window, enquired why he had not brought him the jug of water? "I told the *cook* to fetch it, Sir," said the coachman. "And why then did not the cook bring it?" said the master. "Because, she said, Sir, it was not *her place* to do it," replied the coachman. The master, therefore, ordered the carriage to be got ready; which being the coachman's business, he immediately did as he was ordered, and the coach was at the door in ten minutes. "Now, said the master, "be so good to drive to the *kitchen door*, and carry the *cook* in the carriage, to the *pump*, and manage to bring between you, after your morning's excursion, a full jug of water, or else both of you quit your places directly."

Anecdote of the sixth Duke of Somerset generally designated the Proud Duke of Somerset.

Many anecdotes are told of this nobleman's excessive pride, particularly the subjection in which he kept his Duchess, and that every servant was obliged to go out of the room backwards, that he might not turn his back upon his grace. An artist of the name of Seymour was famous in his delineation of that most beautiful animal, the horse; and the Duke sent for him to paint some of his favourite horses. His grace *condescended* one day to keep the artist to dinner, and, as he raised a glass to his noble lips, he sneeringly said, "Your health, *Cousin* Seymour. The bitter n Duke, nor his sneer were not lost on the quickly replied, "Why, my Lord Duke, since me of it, we, really, *are* of the same family." bridled his rage, till dinner was over, but soon Seymour he had no farther occasion for him. sent for another painter to finish the horses; bu though eminent in his way, had too much mode what Seymour had began, and took his leave honour the Duke had conferred on him, in thin pable of mixing his work with that of so grea The Duke, inwardly vexed, yet felt himself obl to Seymour to finish what he had began. The returned the following laconic reply,

"My Lord Duke,

You may now be convinc really a relation of yours, when I tell your G positively will *not* come.

"SEY

MISERIES OF LIFE.—How great soever th Chapters that have been published on this int ject, it is one so important to every possessor of tence, that we make no apology for specifying t additional "Miseries of Life," which have not, been previously noticed by any of our contempo

1. Washing your hands—having an ill-secure slip down upon the soap and water in the midst ways delightful operation.

2. Seeing a beautiful maiden at a distance and to employ all the artillery of eyes when neare cloud of dust introduced to your visual orbs at th her approach, and hearing her gently laugh at tune in passing by.

3. Reading aloud and being just arrived at th sage for the exertion of your oratorical power barrel-organ and bag-pipes commence squeakin under the window.

4. Telling a long and, in your opinion, an exc to a friend—seeing him suddenly fall asleep in th

5. Going to bed on a cold winter's night, placed yourself comfortably *in*—finding you ha put the candle safely *out*.

CURIOUS BILL.—We cannot take upon oursel for the *strict* veracity of this account, but we bel not, altogether, void of foundation. An En widow of beauty and fortune, had, for some raged the addresses of a gentleman her count was endowed with every personal gift, but his very mediocre. On an excursion last Autumn, t with a Colonel, a distant relation of her late hus was living, on his half-pay; he was a handson bernian, and very soon after her arrival by a l *main*, he received the Lady's vows at the alta carded gentleman cruelly piqued, but dissembli fication, on the return of the several parties, is sent her in the following account of his expences her sake, requesting her to settle it as soon as po out giving him the trouble to have recourse t bride is much chagrined at this conduct, and kn to act; as she dreads the exposure of her many te should she refuse paying the young man's expenc

	£	s	d
To new suits of clothes, and other articles of wearing apparel	250	0	0
To a chariot, servants and liveries	300	0	0
To a tour to Brussels	50	0	0
To that unfortunate trip to Rouen where Mrs. —— first met the colonel	53	0	0
To public diversions in, and about Paris	220	0	0
To Mademoiselle Pauline, her waiting maid, six pair of fine cotton english stockings, two lace veils, and ten louis d'or	20	0	0
To five men to watch, and inform me of all her male visitors	10	0	0
To a diamond ring	50	0	0
To the famous french fortune teller, Mademoiselle Lenormand, who, falsely, told me I should marry her	5	0	0
To a new pair of pistols to fight the Colonel	2	2	0
To loss of time and fretting (at least)	100	0	0
	£1060	2	0

The Duke and Duchess of BUCKINGHAM are proceeding on a geological survey of the Highlands of Scotland. His Grace's yacht is in waiting at Glasgow, to convey the noble tourists through the lochs, &c.

THE CELEBRATED LORD PETERBOROUGH AT BATH, 1725.—"Lord Peterborough is here, and has been so some time, though, by his dress, one would believe he had not designed to make any stay; for he wears boots all day, and, as I hear, must do so, having brought no shoes with him. It is a comical sight to see him with his blue ribbon and star, and a cabbage under each arm, or a chicken in his hand, which, after he himself has purchased at the market, he carries home for his dinner."

The distressing situation of a Noble Lord, with a family of thirteen children, and an income of barely £200 per annum to sustain his rank in society, has been very generally commisserated. A private subscription has been commenced by several Noblemen, with a view to enable the Noble Lord to maintain the appearance in the world which is expected from his name and rank.

Ridiculous and filthy Habits of the present King of Naples.—On the day before Christmas-eve it is the King's custom to go a-fishing, and on the following morning his delight is to exhibit himself, dressed in a white night-cap, and an apron round his waist, in the fish-market, selling his fish to the best bidder. There the Royal fishmonger may be seen surrounded "in all his glory," by the Lazzaroni, giggling, and eating bread and onions out of their filthy hands, and carrying on with them a conversation in their vulgar jargon, of which he is a perfect master.—His Majesty used occasionally to walk on the beautiful beach at the Chiaja, when he would suddenly seize one of the Lazzaroni, and throw him with great violence into the water, and, on the instant, jump in after him, and bring him safe on shore. It was this freak of his Neapolitan Majesty, which gave birth to Canova's two figures of *Hercules flinging Lichon into the Sea.*—On the last night of the Carnival, the King usually goes to the Theatre of St. Carlo, and having ordered a dish of maccaroni to be brought to him, scalding hot, mixed up with oil, cheese, and beef-gravy, being in one of the upper boxes, when the pit is crowded with spectators, all attentive to the opera or ballet, his Majesty will throw the greasy mess, by handfulls, on his loving subjects; and those who wish particularly to be noticed by the Monarch, will tumble head-over-heels and scramble to pick up some of it to eat. The King, on this occasion, always appears to laugh most immoderately at those who are evidently vexed at beholding the unctuous marks of Royal favour on their holiday suits.—*Venice under the yoke of France and Austria.*

EXERCISE.—The more luxuriously you live the more exercise you require. The *bon vivant* may depend upon the truth of the advice which Sir Charles Scarborough gave to the Duchess of Portsmouth: "You must eat less; or take more exercise! or take physic, or be sick."—Over feeding is the chief cause of the diseases which torment all those who are not absolutely among the lowest order of the poor.

CLERICAL CREDULITY.—A Reverend Gentleman, lately lost his mare, and after waiting, a few days, becoming quite uneasy in not gaining some intelligence of her, came to a determined resolution to have some conversation with the *wise* man, Mr. Isaac Atkinson. What can the world think, when a parson is so credulous? Well might the unthinking girl go to the same place to get her fortune told, when the parson of a parish goes to get some information of his lost mare.—

PARTIES, BALLS, &c.

THE CALEDONIAN BALL AT ALMACK'S,

ON Friday June 25, took place too late in the month for us to notice it. The Rooms never before contained so large an assemblage of rank, fashion, and beauty.

There were present, at midnight, *eleven hundred persons*, dressed in the costume of every country; and the brilliancy of the scene (from the quantities of diamonds with which almost every female dress was bedecked) was perhaps unequalled even in this the richest country in the world. The white plumage of the English belles formed a striking contrast to the sombre feathers worn by the wives of the Scottish Chieftains. At half past nine the Duchess of Richmond, and many other leading women of rank, arrived, from that hour till half-past eleven, arrived Mr. Canning and the other Cabinet Ministers, all in the Windsor uniform, the Duchess of Bedford, the Duchesses of Argyll, Somerset, Leeds, &c. The leading *Noblesse* remained in the banqueting room, on the ground floor, untill the arrival of the Princess Augusta, Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and Prince Leopold. The Duke of Argyll, as the head of the Highland Chiefs, attended the Royal Ladies, preceded by the ancient and renowned Piper, who came all the way from Gordon Castle to preside on this occasion; he marched up the stairs playing the reel of "*Tullochgorum*" with that degree of animation so peculiar to himself and the Highlands; all the ladies of rank followed, together with the Gentlemen. The dancing commenced at a quarter past twelve with a quadrille *à la Polonaise;* danced by two sets of tall, young and beautiful women, called "*The Ladies of the White*

Rose,"—The Rose of *Charley Stuart,* carried by the ladies in the right hand, for the first time since the years *fifteen and forty-five* (was a novelty).

'*Tullochgorum*' was the next dance, followed by '*Colonel M'Bean.*' '*Moneymusk,*' and '*Through the Wood to Davie.*' —about three o'clock the dancing had a pause, but about four it was partially revived; at five the music wholly ceased; at six the rooms were cleared.

The Duchess of Argyll wore a dress of massive golden tissue, her raven locks, and a prodigious plume of feathers of the same colour, producing a contrast with her diamonds, equalled only by

The Duchess of Bedford's jewellery which astonished all by its glitter, made a prodigious display indeed. Independently of the necklace, which cost at least fifty thousand guineas, chains of diamonds, with amethysts in the centre, decorated her Grace's dress from the black velvet Spanish hat to the girdle or cestus below the stomacher.

The Hon. Mrs. Hope was a moving firmament; and it was said that the cost in brilliants alone, in a dress of sombre magnificence (crimson) exceeded seven hundred thousand pounds!

Mrs. Montague and Miss Leeds' dresses were universally admired.

ENTRÉ OF THE PRINCESS POLIGNAC.

On Thursday night, July 1, Princess Polignac opened her house to 400 persons of distinction. The suite of state apartments, furnished in a style of great magnificence, were hung with silks of French manufacture, and tastefully decorated with flowers. The manners of the illustrious hostess were at once of the most elegant and amiable description.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD'S BALL.

In Mansfield-street, on Thursday evening, July 1, was attended by about 300 distinguished fashionables. The rooms were very elegantly fitted up, and the dancing displayed all the life and spirit of the family. The ladies Beresford gave an animation to the scene quite surprising. The dancing commenced at midnight, and concluded at half-past six in the morning.

MRS. ANGERSTEIN'S BALL.

In St. James'-square, at the late residence of the Earl of St. Germans, a ball was given on Thursday evening, July 1. It was the first of the family, and it began under very favourable auspices indeed. The hall staircase resembles an alcove, for producing which effect a waggon load of plants arrived from *the Woodlands,* the celebrated seat so called, on Blackheath. The dancing was kept until five o'clock.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY'S SPLENDID BALL.

The first at that spacious mansion, formerly called Holdernesse House, a *fête* was given on Thursday evening, July 1, in a style of extraordinary magnificence and taste.

The visitants entered a very fine hall from Park-lane, and ascended a staircase, branching off to the right and left, after passing the first flight of steps. This staircase is after an Italian model, and occupies a very considerable space. At the top, the first room is the anti-chamber, in the centre of which stood a superb specimen of the skill of Canova—a statue of one of the heathen deities, on a circular pedestal, composed of the same material as the figure, *i. e.* the purest white marble. The right led into the grand saloon, the cieling of which, by Italian painters, is exquisitely fine, and represents tropical birds of all kinds, the
filled up with sunken rosettes. The furniture co
richest cabinets, executed in the time of Louis X
of the richest mosaic marble, ottomans and chai
with the most admirable embroidery; at the
room a whole length portrait of the Duke of Wel
admirable likeness; at the opposite end another
elaborate production from the chissel of the immo
va.

Every apartment was illuminated with girandol
lights, except the first, which contained an *ormo*
lier of great dimensions. All the interior was illu
wax candles. At eleven o'clock the company b
rive: the dancing commenced half an hour after
drilles, and ended with waltzes. A regular supp
out in the old banqueting-hall at two o'clock. C
laid for fifty, and the tables were replenished
on the whole 300 supped, which was the extent of
The dancing was afterwards resumed, and kept u
o'clock.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON AND LADIES HERBER

Given on Tuesday night, July 8, at their nobl
in Portland-place, was most fashionably attended.

THE HON. MRS. WEST'S BALL.

In Upper Grosvenor-street, on Tuesday evenin
affords another proof how much the French qua
now in vogue. The dancing commenced in two
eleven o'clock, and ended at four in the morning.
per was given in the usual style at that lady's *fêt*
excellent. There were present about two hundred

MRS. COUTTS' FETE AT HOLLY LODGE HIGH

This amiable and munificent lady gave on Tue
8, one of the most splendid *fêtes* that has been
season, to a numerous assemblage of rank and fas
Majesty even could not have had more noble a
guished guests. The most exquisite taste was di
every *iota* that was intended for the comfort and
tion of the company. In the list of visitors, we subj
will be seen the names of some of the most illust
racters, the pride and ornament of this favoured
Fortune has blessed this liberal and highly gi
with riches to gratify her ideas of what ought
with large resources. Her expenditure must be v
derable, but it is wisely and judiciously dispersed
of incalculable service to many deserving person
were about seven hundred ladies and gentlemen
the first rank and fashion: they began to assemble
twelve o'clock, and continued increasing till six.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of York, a
Leopold: Princess Leiningen, and Gortchakoff.

DUKES—Wellington, St. Alban's, Leinster, De G

DUCHESSES—Richmond, Leinster, De Guiche.

MARQUISES—Hertford, Tavistock, Winchester
ford, Huntly, Tweedale.

MARCHIONESSES—Stafford, Winchester, Water
vistock, Dowager Lansdowne.

EARLS—Lauderdale, Gower, Grey, Rosslyn, Bri
borough, Morley, Carysfort, Dartmouth, Rochford

COUNTESSES—Guilford, Morley, Essex, Bristol
mont, Poulett, Carysfort, Harrowby, de Real.

LORDS—Holland, Glenlyon, Stormont, Deerhurs
Arch. Hamilton, Beauchamp, Rob. Seymour, Bing

tham, Hervey, Valletort, Garlies, Muncaster, Sey and Sele, Geo. Bentinck, Clifden, Carleton, Cranstoun, Duncannon, Arthur Hill, Gen. Hill, Rossmare, Petre, Rosehill.

LADIES—D'Ameland, Robert Seymour, North, Perat, Harvey, Ryder, Caroline Barham, Gower, De Grey, Katharine Stewart, Bloomfield, Lennox, Charlotte Lindsey Fitzroy, Beauclerk, Proby, Tierney, Holland, Farquhar, Caroline Stuart Wortley, Janet St. Clair Erskine, Burroughs, Strachan, Ann Holroyd, Andover, Stanhope, Sey and Sele, Townsend, Farquhar, Baker, Beresford, Cawdor, Conyngbame, Crichton, Louisa Duncombe, Elcho, Essex, Fitzpatrick Stewart, Graves, Heathcote, Dashwood King, Dowager Minto, Morgan Neave, B. Ponsonby, Mary Ross, Robert Spencer, George Stuart, Louisa Stewart, Stepney, Saltoun, Sheffield, Stronge, Harcourt, Hamond, Knatchbull.

The Vice Chancellor, Baron Garrow, Count and Countess St. Antonio, Count Vendramini.

SIRS—Francis Burdett, Philip Roche, David Dundas. Chas. Doyle, Thomas Stepney, Alured Clarke, Thomas H, Farquhar, Robert T. Farquhar, Charles Morgan, Edmund Antrobus, William Chatterton, J. D. King, Edward Baker, Walter Stirling, G. Althorpe, George Beaumont, William Cunynghame, Charles Hastings, George Rose.

GENERALS—Bligh, Phipps, Meade, Bayly, Fitzroy, Ramsay.

COLONELS—Gibbs, Robbins, Davies, Keate, Lindsay, Dalrymple, Lautom, Gordon—Major Davison.

CAPTAINS—B. Hall, Digby, Villiers, Madocks, Crawford, Peyton, Home, Cox, Tighe, Lloyd, Marjoribanks, Greville, Conroy.

MESSRS—Holmes, Hinchcliffe, Stewart Nicholson, Mill, Garnier, Blackshaw, Pigou, Barham, Willett, Knight, Bathurst, Townsend, Angerstein, Antrobus, Bowden, Barrow, Brook Greville, Trotter, Hugh Lindsay, Marjoribanks, Talbot, Wortley Wellesley, Mure, Wardrop, Davison.

MISTRESSES—Hinchcliffe, Stewart Nicholson, Miles, Garnier, Hoare, Davenport, W. Tighe, Mellish, W. Neave, Lloyd, Lindsay, W. Madocks, Paget, Angerstein, Antrobus, Bowden, Beauclerk, Hugh Lindsay, Broadhead, Barrow, Iremonger, Knight, Shuttleworth, A. Wellesley, Coxe.

MISSES—Hinchcliffe, Garnier, Tierney Seymour, Fitzroy, Knight, Barham, Coxe, Gifford, Townsend, Tisdall, Burdett, Broadhead, D'Este, Knatchbull, Rose, Marjoribanks, Fraser, Willett, Berry, Mure, &c. &c. &c.

In the rear front of the villa was erected a stupendous temporary room on floor cloth. The interior was decorated in a very fanciful style with pink, white, and blue stripes, hanging in close festoons from the roof, and forming fluted colums, surmounted by what are called *Turk's caps*. The walls were hung with *glorics* in pink calico. Within about sixteen columns, tables were laid, four in number, for fifty-four each; and these tables were five times replenished; the first three with every thing served on china, and the last two on massive plate.

In the house the great saloon, the large drawing-room, and another apartment were appropriated for the accommodation of 300 persons; add the pavilion, and then the whole are summed up. The banquet was of a peculiar description; and the effect, particularly in the long room (the temporary one), was peculiarly grand, from the richness of the set out, in which we ought not to forget the emulous display in dress, the matchless beauty, and the playful *badinage*, of the scene, which was heightened by the rare and excellent wines.

At seven o'clock COLINET's flageolet struck up its enlivened strains in the room called the Conservatory.

The dancing was led off by the Ladies LENNOX, Lord GLENLYON, &c. It was kept up with spirit till nine o'clock, and did not wholly cease till the hour of ten. Carriages were then ordered, but the departure of a few being protracted, a happy thought struck the hostess—a *petit souper* was ordered to be knocked up in a trice. It was over at eleven, and then Mrs. COUTTS herself quitted the scene for London.

The fore-front of the house has a long vista to the left, which reaches to a romantic road. From the esplanade there is an easy descent on the right, through walks and wildernesses, which lead to the state marquee, wherein the platform was placed for dancing. Two other tents were erected for serving out refreshments in, but owing to the state of the weather neither were used. One of the most pleasing objects was the *Bed of Roses*—literally a bed of roses—occupying a large space between the terrace and the valley. The visitants surveyed the contrasted colours around with great delight, when the occasional gleams of sunshine would permit the native charms to unfold themselves. Rising up the hill, the sight was lost in woods; but below, the perspective was one continued garden.

This unique retreat, which is not inaptly called "*a piece of Bijoutry*," has more claims on the pencil and the pen than this faint effort can give an idea of. It has so many advantages and decorations, both of nature and art, as to render it a very pleasing and elegant retreat. The villagers call it, "*The Garden of the Hill*." The military bands, stationed on the lawn, consisted of no less than seventy performers, all in full dress, consisting of the Duke of YORK's and Duke of GLOUCESTER's.

The bugles played in the woods, which added novelty to the effect.

There were three waggon-loads of plate used, and forty well-dressed attendants, out of livery.

Another judicious arrangement:—To every servant who came with the guests a two-shilling ticket was given, to be expended in refreshments in the neighbouring villages—Hampstead, Highgate, and Holloway. About 600 of these vouchers were issued.

Our correspondent observes, "I never saw a better regulated thing, in and out of doors, in the course of my life; and I have been present at not a few fashionable fêtes."

THE DOWAGER LANSDOWNE'S FANCY BALL.

This Fête was given in the first style of elegance and taste. The drawing-rooms were for the *Conversazione*—the apartments below for the Ball. The Marquis of Hertford was a Guerilla Chieftain, he presented a most terrific appearance; for never was mountain marauder better personified.

There were an infinity in the habits of Spanish Grandees and not a few in that of a Polish Warrior, or Swiss Peasant. Lady Strachan looked highly interesting as a gypsey fortune teller.

PUBLIC BREAKFAST AT HALL PLACE, BERKSHIRE, THE SEAT OF SIR GILBERT EAST, BART.

A magnificent *déjeuné* was given at Hall Place on Monday, the 12th instant, by Sir Gilbert and Lady East, to a

the distinguished families in the neighbourhood. The company were received at the grand entrance by the worthy Baronet and the lovely and accomplished Lady East. A select band from London was stationed in a marquee erected for the purpose, which played martial and other beautiful airs, as the company arrived. Twenty servants in splendid state liveries lined the hall, and from the magnificence and oriental sumptuousness which every where abounded, it seemed as if the Tales of the Arabian Nights had been consulted, and realised by the beautiful *coup-d'œil* which presented itself.

SIR JAMES BURGESS'S BALL.

In Queen Ann-street West, on Tuesday evening July 13, a splendid ball was given by this highly-esteemed gentleman to a party consisting of two hundred fashionables. The two drawing-rooms were formed into one: the dancing commenced at eleven and ended at four: the supper was served up in the dining-room and the library.

MRS. MITCHELL'S BALL.

The above fashionable Lady gave a splendid Ball and Supper on Tuesday evening July 13, at her residence in Charles-Street, Berkeley-Square, which was very numerously and fashionably attended. Dancing commenced at eleven, and was kept up with great spirit till five o'clock.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS VERULAM'S PARTY.

In Grosvenor-Square, on Wednesday evening, July 14, a dinner was given in a style of more than ordinary taste and splendour to the Duke of Gloucester and a party of seventeen.

THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD'S DÉJEUNÉ.

Thursday July 15 a large party of fashionables went up by water in the steam-boat, others in barges, and a few by land, to Queensberry House, at Richmond, where a sumptuous *déjeuné à-la-fourchette*, was given at six o'clock, in the grand saloon. There were two military bands of music in attendance. It was a most attractive spectacle.

MARCHIONESS OF CHOLMONDELEY'S CONCERT.

At Cholmondeley House, on Friday evening, July 16, four drawing-rooms out of a suite of seven apartments, on one floor, were thrown open at ten o'clock. The saloon for the *Conversazione;* the black velvet room for the Concert. Italian, French, and English airs were sung. The music commenced at eleven and concluded at two o'clock. The party, which was not numerous, broke up at the hour of three. The refreshment tables were amply supplied with ices, fruits, and confectionary, wines of rare qualities, and Roman punch. The servants all wore their state liveries, and a great degree of splendour was preserved throughout.

LADY ELLENBOROUGH'S PARTY.

Her Ladyship gave a Grand Supper at Cambridge House, on Friday evening, July 16, after Vauxhall. The Garden was illuminated, and the Band of the 1st Life Guards attended and played during Supper.

THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD'S CONCERT.

The mansion in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, was opened for the first time on Monday evening with a Concert of vocal and instrumental music, assisted most of the leading performers of excel the great object was to exhibit a new style of inter tion, and certainly the Noble Marquis (whose universally known) has, in this instance, excelle The visitants ascended one of the most magnificent ever beheld, blended with the most perfect simp hand rail of mahogany; the pillars of brass. led into the most superb saloon the eye ever beheld there were four doors of communication; the r enriched with ornaments in white and gold, and by fluted pilasters, having in their interstices sol looking-glass, twenty-six feet in heighth. The le room is 76 feet by 40, and it was lighted up by chandelier carrying 26 burners, which is dec finest specimen of workmanship after the style XVIII. yet exhibited in this country; in fact it wa by one of the first designers in Europe. This uni ment is furnished with the richest crimson damask cuted in Spitalfields. Four other rooms, almost equ tuous, led into the bow room next Piccadilly; for room is at the rear front of the house. Every one with their peculiar grandeur and taste; and t judicious arrangements, particularly the matchles gave the whole an appearance of enchantment three o'clock ere the party broke up. The comp to arrive as early as nine. About four hundred persons were present.

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PLA OF RESORT.

[*It is part of the plan of this Publication to give Fashionable occurrences at the Provincial Pla sort; we therefore invite communications on a that may be likely to interest the World of Fash*

BATH.

"THE gaiety of Bath has lately equalled the da Nash. There have been fancy balls, dramatic a splendid masquerade. The goddess of pleasure to have established her residence here. The gra meeting is just over—Braham, Catalani, Mrs. Sa *all the stars* have shed their brilliant lustre on abbey and theatre were not so well attended hoped: but the performances were highly gratify *harmonic* city."

Great dissatisfaction has been expressed by ma promoters of the Musical Festival, on account of sum left for the charity. The general idea is, t £2,000 were received. Now let us see how the items will appear:

Catalani, from London.....
Salmon, ditto.....
Braham, ditto.....
Sir G. Smart.....
Loder.....
Misses George and Love.....

Sapio and Lindley, £50 each	100
Phillips and Robe, £30 each	60
One hundred vocal and instrumental performers	300
Trumpeter, trombones, double drums, &c.	100
	£1,820

The above is independant of printing, which must have been considerable : exclusive of the erection of the orchestras, galleries, &c. at the church and rooms, and without allowing a farthing for servants, porters, refreshments for the principal performers, and so on.

Supposed receipts	£2,000
Supposed expenditure	1,820
Remainder for charity, printing, orchestra, &c..	£180

To the above it may be fairly added, that, had Catalani been able to sing at the three first performances, there would have been at least £500 more in the net account.

The most particular arrivals at Bath, have been : Admiral Searle; Lieut.-Col. Johnson and family; Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Newton; Earl of Cork, Lord Dungarvon, Baroness Raleigh, Hon. Misses Strutt, Sir Thos. Tyndall, Dowg. Lady Rivers, Lady Sylvester, Lady Thompson, Col. and Mrs. Palmer, Col. O'Neil, Col Strutt, Col. and Mrs. Woodford, Major Munday, Major Philips. Rev. Messrs. Casbard, French, Gully, Thompson, Wood- forde, Captains Brine, Hamilton, Millard, Parish; Lieut. and Mrs. Ship.

BRIGHTON.

This delightful place is becoming extremely gay—there are a number of spirited London visitors already sporting their equipages about the town. The Pavillion is prepared for some of the Royal Family who are expected.

The Loo and Music *Divertissements* at the Libraries, Tuppen's and Lucombe's occasion a crowded attendance: at the former a new male singer made his *entrée;* he is a foreigner, and is engaged to sing nightly. He has been in the habit, we understand, of singing at concerts of the nobility in London, but is unknown to the theatres His attempts are various: Italian, German, English, and French. During the lighter amusements at the above places, the reading tables of Donaldson are difficult of access, owing to the fashionable crowd, with whom literature and news are the magnet.

New Pump Rooms are about to be erected at spots where mineral waters have been found. These will assist to make Brighton attractive all the year.

CHELTENHAM.

The accession of company has lately been very considerable. We feel warranted in anticipating that, during the present summer, this town will be honoured by the presence of the most distinguished visitors; including several ministerial personages.—The promenades, at all times objects of attraction, now present throughout the day a scene of animation and gaiety that is quite delightful. The recent improvements which have been made in the Assembly Rooms, render them equal to any similar establishment in the kingdom. The Royal or Original Well continues to experience the most flattering patronage. The Sherborne Well and the walks are much admired and frequented by visitors of the first distinction.

ARRIVALS :—Duke and Duchess de Guiche, Sir W. Cunningham, Sir A. Wood, Lady Burker, Lady E. Lowther; Generals Ambrose, Bradshaw, Campbell, Darling, Jeaffreson, M'Neill, Peachey; Colonels Clayton, Frazer, Plenderleath, Roch; Lieut.-Col. Woodhouse, Majors Hervey, Richardson, Tandy; Archdeacon of Lismore, Rev. Dr. Gardiner, Rev. Dr. Kelly, Drs. Beattie, Cholmeley, Deson and family, Kelby.

WORTHING.

Although a long continuance of unpropitious weather has had a tendency to put a considerable check upon early arrivals; this place is now filling very fast. The improvements in the town since last year are very great. The Esplanade is now in very fine order; it has been widened several feet, as well as some parts of the carriage road which runs in a parallel line with it.

ARRIVALS :—Earl Cornwallis and family, Countess of Strathmore, Hon. Miss Cocks, Lady H. Mitchell, Conde de Funchal, the Lord Bishop of Chester, Archdeacon Goddard, &c.,

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.—A succession of beautiful weather for several days has brought a very considerable influx of company into the town, and has developped the actual strength of the season up to the present time; which, in point of numbers, exceeds very much our previous calculation. This was manifestly apparent upon the Esplanade in the afternoon of yesterday, and was attributable to the intense heat which prevailed throughout the day; and although putting a complete check upon much of loco-motion, was a powerful inducement to seek the refreshing breeze upon this delightful promenade. The window bills of all the large houses, as well as those upon a smaller scale, are disappearing very fast; and lodgings are proportionately in request. The Hotels and Inns are receiving a very considerable accession of company daily, and the Boarding-houses and Baths are full of life and bustle, which indeed pervade all the business part of the place. Parties to the Miller's tomb, and all the hills in the vicinity are constantly on the wing, and every thing in the shape of carriage, horse, or donkey, is in a constant state of requisition. The Libraries have assumed their usual attractive character, and music, singing, loo, &c. is the order of the evening. The theatre is expected to open very soon, which will fill up the remaining stock of amusement of this highly patronised and fashionable summer retreat.

RAMSGATE.

This delightful place is filling very fast. Nearly all the superior houses are taken, and by some of the first nobility. Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Prince Leopold are expected at Townly House the second week in August. The public amusements in the island have commenced with great *éclat.* Sackett's Marine Library is well attended. The superior and excellent pier is a constant source of attraction, —the only accommodation it is in want of, are seats.

SCARBOROUGH.

Scarborough was scarcely ever known to present so brilliant and fashionable a display of company, and that at so early a period of the season, as this year affords.

The delightfully situated Cliff and Spa Terraces have resumed their usual lively features by the groupes of elegant promenaders who grace them, and our fine beach has been frequently honoured by the appearance of his Grace of Devonshire, in company with Lady Morpeth. Amongst the fashionables may be enumerated the Earl of Seafield, Lady Anne Grant, Lady Penuel Grant, the Hon. Col. F. W. Grant, M.P. the Hon. Mrs. Grant, Sir Thomas and Lady Style, Sir Hugh Palliser, Sir Thomas and Miss Whichcote, Sir John and Lady Beckett, Lady Vane, Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Vernon, Hon. Miss Macquey, Mrs. Cunninghame, Miss Scott, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Field, Col. Gordon and family.

The distance from town, and fatigue of the journey, were long a disadvantage to Scarborough; but the facility of communication, afforded by the steam packets twice a week, has done away with those objections in great measure, the average passage being little more than four-and-twenty hours. The great improvement of the present year, is the enclosing and planting of the cliff on the road to the wells. The new line of houses extending from the London road towards the beach, is completed, and is called Brunswick Terrace.

SOUTHSEA, NEAR PORTSMOUTH.

A little summer weather has brought many visitors to this place, during the last month, although the lodging-houses are now by no means fully occupied. The promenade rooms have been extremely well attended, and the company have been enlivened two or three times a week by the attendance of the excellent band of the Royal Marines, in the mornings, besides the usual music in the evenings;—the number of subscribers already exceeds that of any previous season, with every prospect of a great increase. Great numbers have also enjoyed the benefit of cold sea bathing for which the beach is better adapted than any place we know: great improvements, we understand, will be made in the accommodations for warm bathing before another season, and which, combined with the extensive alterations that are going on under the superintendence of the Royal Engineer department in the immediate vicinity of the baths, will render them very attractive. The trips on the water have also been pretty general, creating a very lively scene on the surface within the Isle of Wight.

Lord Yarborough came into Portsmouth harbour, on the 6th. July, in his beautiful yacht, the *Falcon*, in order to fit out for a cruise to Cork and Lisbon: the *Falcon* is the finest yacht, of the ship class, in the Royal Club, she has a crew of thirty pick'd men and an excellent band. His Lordship gave a grand entertainment, on board, to the most distinguished persons in the neighbourhood, and sailed again on the 8th. His Grace the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Surrey arrived on the 11th. and are now enjoying the pleasure of yacht sailing. Lord and Lady Melville, intend making Ryde their summer residence; her Ladyship arrived here on the 8th. to proceed to the Island.—The Prince of Lowestein and consort have been viewing the dock yard, and other public departments, and left highly gratified. Sir Godfrey Webster arrived in his yacht, the *Elizabeth*, and is now gone on a trip to Guernsey, &c., he is shortly expected to return.—Lord Corry has taken up his residence on the Grand Parade. Many other arrivals place, but they are too numerous to make a Madame Catalani has presented a handsome to be contended for at the approaching Regatta, take place on the 28th. and 29th. instant, (Aug diately after Messrs. Sibly's musical festival, for is engaged.

IRELAND.

The Earl of Ormonde and family, are expected of his Lordship's estates, being determined upon, his Lordship to return. He has long been an abs

Mr. Long Wellesley may shortly be expected to native country. Under the superintendence o father, Lord Maryborough, the whole of his speedily be liquidated.

Lady Gore Booth and family have arrived at I the county of Sligo. We feel much pleasure in announce such an arrival, at a time when fas too much the other way. We rejoice to fin Lissadell family, who spent a princely fortune i native county, during many generations, have surest pledge of their intention to continue to r in Lady Booth's having lately caused considerabl and improvements to be made to the Mansion-h return of this old and respectable family was deservedly hailed, with the usual expressions of joy by a grateful tenantry to a liberal landlord occasions, such as bonfires, music, and taking from the carriages for the purpose of drawing th mile of the journey.

ARRIVALS FROM ENGLAND.—Earl of Kingsto Colonel Moore, Lord Mountcashel and Hon. Lord Arden, Hon. Mr. Perceval and family, Lord Marquis of Sligo, Hon. Mr. Barnwall, Hon. Rev. field, Hon. Major D'Este, Colonel and Mrs. Ros of Westmeath, Right Hon. W. V. Fitzgerald, M.P Cooper, Esq., M.P. Hon. B. Noel, &c.

SCOTLAND.

ARRIVALS IN EDINBURGH.—Viscount and Arbuthnot, the Hon. Colonel Arbuthnot, and the H Arbuthnot, Lord Gray, the Hon. John Gray Johnston; the Hon. Mrs. Fraser and family, Montgomery, Bart., M.P.

DEPARTURES FROM EDINBURGH.—Marquis dale and Lord John Hay; Earl of Leven and Earl and Countess of Crompton and family; Drummond, of Strathallan; Hon. Captain G. Sir S. Beckwith, and T. S. Beckwith, Esq.; Sir Lady Radcliffe and family; Sir John Marjoribanks,

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RACES TO COME IN AUGUST.

3rd, Newcastle, Stafford and Southampton.—4th ter, &c.—5th, Pottery.—10th, Tunbridge Wells, and Worcester.—11th, Nantwich.—16th, Oxfor Burton, Canterbury and Tavistock.—24th, Abi Exeter.—25th, Hereford and Swaffham.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

II.—English Dukes.

SEYMOUR, DUKE OF SOMERSET.

This noble family is of Norman extraction, and named St. Maur, from their place of residence in Normandy. Rogerus de Sancto Mauro is the first we meet with in England, in the year 1100. Milo de St. Maur, in the 18th. year of King John's reign, took part with the rebellious barons against that King: the next is Geoffry de St. Maur, who married the daughter of William de Rughdon.

Lawrence de St. Maur, in the 11th. year of the reign of Edward I. obtained a grant for a market every Thursday, at his manor of Rode in the county of Somerset, and a fair there, yearly, on the eve, day, and morrow of St. Margaret the Virgin. Departing this life in the 24th. year of Edward I. he left Nicolas his son and heir; who, doing homage, had livery of his lands. This Nicolas was in all the expeditions that Edward made to Scotland, and in the 34th. of Edward I. served there in the retinue of Henry of Lancaster, the youngest son of Edward Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster. Nicolas left a son Thomas, nine years of age, but of him we heat nothing further, only that he founded a little priory at Dulton in Wiltshire, annexing it, as a cell, to that of Semplingham in Lincolnshire.

To him succeeded Sir Nicolas de St. Maur, who, in the 21st. of Edward III. in the wars of France, was of the retinue with Maurice de Berkeley. He departed this life in the 35th. of Edward III. Nicolas his son and heir died in his minority, and Richard his brother, succeeded him. Richard left a son and heir 23 years of age, named Richard, who in the 22nd. of Richard II. went into Ireland with Thomas Duke of Surrey; he died in the 10th. year of Henry IV. leaving his daughter and heir, then a minor.

It appeared that Alice was born in the 2nd. year of Henry IV. in the house of Thomas Cressy, a mercer and citizen of London. She became the wife of Sir William Le Zouche, who, performing his fealty, at that time had livery of the lands of her inheritance.

Thus, according to Dugdale, the elder branch became extinct. The patriarch of the younger branch was Sir William de St. Maur, who settled in Monmouthshire: he lived in the year 1240. The following quotation, from Camden, may serve as an authority for the truth of the ancestry of this younger branch.

"Not far from Caldecot are Woundy and Penhow, the seats formerly of the illustrious family of St. Maur, now corruptly called Seimor; for we find, that about the year 1240, in order to wrest Woundy out of the hands of the Welsh, Gilbert Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, was obliged to assist William of St. Maur, from whom was descended Roger of St. Maur, who married one of the heiresses of the illustrious John Beauchamp, baron Hache, &c. &c."

How far the Earl of Pembroke assisted in gaining this part of Wales, we are ignorant. But we find Sir William St. Maur in possession of Woundy, Penhow, and other parts adjacent, very soon after. Fixed at Penhow, Sir William was induced to dedicate the church to St. Maur and erected a large castle, called St. Maur's Castle, with a park of the same name. We have no account of his marriage or his death; but he certainly was succeeded in his Monmouthshire possessions, by Sir Roger de Sancto Mauro, his son, who was Lord of the manor of Woundy, about the year 1269. The name of this family began early to be corrupted; we find it variously written St. Maur, Semere, Semor, Seimour, and, as now, Seymour.

Sir Roger died before the year 1300, and was succeeded by his son Roger; he married Joan, daughter of— Damarel of Devonshire; and had two sons, John and Roger, both Knights. Sir John, who died in 1358, had a son named Roger, born 1340, whose daughter and heir carried the inheritance into the family of Bowlays of Penhow, by marriage; which family bore the arms of the heiress, and terminated in a daughter and heir, who married Sir George Somerset, a third son of Charles, first Earl of Worcester.

Sir Roger Seymour, the youngest son, was seated at Evinswieden in Wiltshire. He married Cecilia, daughter of John de Beauchamp, Baron of Hache in Somersetshire. This alliance brought increase of honours as well as fortune. Baron Hache was descended from the Earl of Pembroke, from William Ferrars, Earl of Derby, and other eminent men of their time. The nobility of all whom, as also of several others, concentred in the right honourable Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford. The Beauchamps flourished in honour, from the time of Henry II. and this was the cause why Henry VIII. after he married Jane Seymour, made Edward Seymour, her brother, Viscount Beauchamp, and that his son Edward VI. advanced him to the honour of Duke of Somerset.

Roger Seymour, grandson to Sir Roger and Cecilia, succeeded his grandfather; at twenty years of age, he married Maud, daughter to Sir William Esturmy or Sturmy of Chadham in Wiltshire. Upon the death of the above Roger Seymour, John was, by an inquisition of the 10th. of Henry V. found to be his next heir, at the age of twenty, and likewise cousin and heir to Sir Peter de la Mere. He was soon after knighted, and appears to be one of the most considerable gentlemen in Wiltshire. After serving his country in many various shapes, he died in 1464. He had a son named John who died in the life time of his father, in 1463; his wife was daughter of Sir Robert Coker of Laurence-Lydiard, in Somerset; by whom he left two sons, John and Humphrey the latter settled at Evinswinden, and married Elizabeth daughter to Thomas Winslow of Barton, in Oxfordshire from whom most probably the Seymours of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire are descended.

The eldest son of John was only fourteen when his grandfather died. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Darell of Littlecote in Wiltshire; and had four sons and four daughters; his sons were Sir John, Sir George, Sir Robert, and Sir William Seymour; the last was made Knight of the Bath, at the marriage of Arthur, prince of Wales. John Seymour married a second time to the daughter of Robert Hardon, and by her had John Seymour Esq. who left four daughters his coheirs.

Sir John Seymour, the eldest son of John Seymour of Wol

Hall, succeeded his father in 1491, and in 1497, he attended the King at the battle of Blackheath in Kent, fought between his Majesty and the Cornish rebels, under the command of Lord Audley. He obtained the honour of Knighthood on the field for his bravery.

Desirous of serving his King and Country, he made a campaign, in 1513, in France and Flanders, and was present at the siege of Tourienne and Tournay, at the latter of which Henry VIII. made him a Knight Banneret; he was in great favour at court, and was appointed one of the Knights for the body of Henry VIII., and obtained the grant of Constabelwic of Bristol castle, to himself and Edward his son.

He departed this life on the 21st. of December 1536, and was buried in the chapel of Easton priory; but in 1590, his remains were removed to the church of Great Bedwin, Wiltshire, by his grandson Edward, Earl of Hertford, who erected a monument to his memory. He married Margery, second daughter of Sir Henry Wentworth, of Nettlested, in Suffolk, Knight of the Bath. By her he had issue six sons and four daughters. Sir John Seymour, who died unmarried; Edward, afterwards Duke of Somerset; Sir Henry Seymour; Thomas Seymour, afterwards Baron Seymour, of Sudley, and who married Catharine, widow of Henry VIII. John Seymour and Anthony, both died young. The daughters were, Jane, who was the third wife of Henry VIII. and by him mother to Edward VI., she died on the 24th of October 1537, twelve days after her son's birth. Elisabeth, her sister, had three husbands; 1st. Sir Henry Oughtred, 2nd. Gregory, Lord Cromwell, and 3rd. John Powlet, second Marquis of Winchester. Margery died in infancy, and Dorothy married Clement Smith, Knight of Little Baddow, in Essex, father of Sir John Smith, Ambassador to Spain.

Edward Seymour, first Duke of Somerset, seems to have divided his cares between his own private affairs and his attendance at court: he had no share in Wolsey's downfall; nor in the marriage, nor death of Anne Boleyn, and other tragedies of those days. It is true, his sister Jane was introduced to the service of Queen Anne, who, after the death of Catharine of Arrogan, behaved with a levity derogatory to her high state. Jane Seymour, then a finished beauty, captivated the King's affections. Anne conscious of her innocence, and piqued at her royal husband's conduct, strove to rekindle his love by exciting him to jealously; this defeated her purpose, and cost the injured Queen her life. The King, the very day after her execution, married Jane Seymour.

We have before observed, that Sir Edward Seymour, on the King's marriage with his sister, was created Viscount Beauchamp, and after the Queen's delivery, Earl of Hertford; in the year 1545, he was made Lieutenant General upon the borders of Scotland. We know little of his personal history afterwards, during the life of Henry VIII. whose executors, after his Majesty's death, recommended the Earl to have the care of the young King's person, during his homage. By letters patent from Edward VI. he was soon after created Duke of Somerset, with a commission to take charge of the Kingdom.

Sir Thomas Seymour, appointed Baron Seymour and Lord High Admiral of England, married the widow of Henry VIII. formerly Catharine Parr. Unhappily, he was a weak man, easily inflated with pride, and an unhappy feud broke out between him and his brother, the Protector. Charges were brought against the Admiral, first, for persuading the young King to take the government into his own hand for fortifying the castle of Holt with yeomen an that he was able to bring a thousand men int thirdly, his confederacy with Sharrington wh the Mint at Bristol into the Admiral's hands, sums of money, to enable him to carry on his practices; fourthly, his courtship of the Lady daughter to the late King; and, lastly, his co pirates and making himself master of the Scilly

Such were the charges brought against him, the Duke of Somerset did not vote for his b tainder, yet he signed the warrant for his ex the Admiral was beheaded on Tower-hill.

At this time the Duke of Somerset was about to b a palace; and he fixed on a spot of ground in where stood a parish Church, dedicated to the V and three Bishop's houses, viz. Worcester, Li Llandaff, all which he took possession of. Ha the place, he yet found more materials would for the fabric, than those demolished churches He therefore, resolved to pull down St. Marga at Westminster and a particular portion of the the workmen were interrupted by an insurre the multitude. There were some buildings, such as a cloister and a charnel house abou these he had pulled down, and left the bones in the fields; but these materials not being cient, he took down the steeple and a great beautiful Church of St. John of Jerusalem nea and such were the materials with which Som was formerly built.

This was foundation sufficient for public c the protector sunk in the estimation of the pe bellion took place in the western counties, a old nobility began to hold the Duke in con damped his vigour in punishing the maleconte published a proclamation, granting them pard would submit to Lord Russel, whom he had s the insurrection: this conduct only added to th the old nobility. A battle took place with th which they were totally defeated, and the ring upon gibbets.

The suppression of those rebels was effect noblemen, who disliked the protector; who, th sciousness of his own integrity, and what the pe from the oppression of the landholders, gave (b conduct towards them) a handle to his enemies. was then at Hampton Court, and the Earl o finding every thing ripe for the execution of h sembled the Lords of the faction in London; a rangued the people in the street, loading the Du set with abuse.

The public charges against him were, that h Boulogne to the French, and put his own broth the duke saw his ruin was resolved on; he fo ness among his best friends, and finding himself support, he was advised, by the Archbishop of and Paget, his two most faithful friends, to s trocious charges were laid against him, but, in arts and power of the Earl of Warwick, no o brought to pronounce him guilty of high t neither the Archbishop or other of his few dev made any struggle in his favor. A committee ritual, and four temporal lords were sent to e

in the tower, but were not to extort from him confession, by either force or fear. The Duke retained but a very small share of King Edward's affections; and to avoid plunging the nation in a civil war, his Grace found it better to yield to his fate, with prudence and moderation.

But the Duke felt himself truly obnoxious to the popish party, and particularly to the Princess Mary, who took every opportunity of mortifying him: his zeal had ever been great for the reformation, and the Princess could not forget the difficulties he had imposed upon her, when he was protector.

He was, however, partially restored to the King's favor; but Edward had an ill opinion of the Duke's dependants; the remembrance of his uncle's former confession startled his Majesty, and the Duke of Northumberland plied him so strongly with suspicions against the Duke, that orders were given for his being arrested, and brought to trial; he was found guilty, and sentence past upon him that he should be hanged as a felon: this was changed into decapitation, which, accordingly, took place on Tower Hill, the Duke behaving with the most decent submission.

He was unfortunate in his second marriage, the pride and ambition of his Duchess having, it is thought, been the means of bringing him to his untimely end: by this lady he had three sons and six daughters: his sons were, Edward Seymour, who died an infant. His second son, Edward Seymour, by courtesy, Earl of Hertford, during the life-time of his father; and who, by patent, in the first year of Queen Elisabeth's reign, was created Baron Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford; and had not his conduct drawn on him the Queen's resentment, he would, most probably, have been made Duke of Somerset; but he married privately Lady Catharine Grey, daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, by his wife Frances, daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Mary the French Queen, daughter to Henry VII, of England. This lady was not only nearly related to Queen Elizabeth, but younger sister, likewise, to Lady Jane Grey, and had the same pretensions to royalty as the Queen; who, naturally incensed at this alliance, was still more so, on Lady Catharine avowing her pregnancy, and thereby, adding to the number of rivals for the English sceptre. The noble pair were immediately ordered to the Tower, with especial command to the lieutenant, that they should not see each other. Lady Catharine was soon after delivered of a son, which increased the fears of Elizabeth. Edward Warner, then lieutenant of the Tower, a humane man, indulged the young couple, as much as he could, consistently with his own safety, in frequent interviews. The consequence was, the birth of a second son.

The Earl of Hertford was brought to trial, sentenced to a fine of five thousand pounds, and recommitted to prison. His lady was continued a prisoner, and died such, on the 26th of January, 1567. His lordship, who was set at liberty, after nine years imprisonment, in 1569, married a second, and after that a third wife, the former was Frances, daughter of William Lord Howard of Effingham, who died on the 14th of May, 1594, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The latter was Frances, daughter of Thomas, Viscount Howard of Bindon, and relict of Henry Pranel, *Vintner*, of London, who survived him, and married a third husband, Lodowick Stuart, Duke of Lenox and Richmond. These ladies bore no issue to his lordship, who died at an advanced age on the 6th of April, 1621, and was buried in Salisbury Cathedral.

His lordship, by Lady Catharine Grey, had three sons, the second of which, Edward Seymour, married Honora, daughter of Sir Richard Rogers of Brainston, in Dorsetshire. By this lady he was father of three sons and three daughters. The second son was William Seymour, afterwards the second Duke of Somerset.

On the death of his grand-father he succeeded to the earldom of Hertford. And on the restoration of Charles II, he met his Majesty at Dover, on the 26th of May, 1660, and was, on the 13th of September following, restored to the title of Duke of Somerset, being then upwards of seventy years of age, he survived these honors only seven weeks.

The first marriage of the duke, when Earl of Hertford, was with Arabella, a grand-daughter to the Earl of Lenox; being related to the King, this marriage without his Majesty's consent gave great offence; and the unhappy lady died a prisoner in the Tower, without issue. His second wife was Frances, daughter to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, by whom he had five sons and four daughters. The two eldest sons died unmarried, and the third, Henry Seymour, commonly called Marquis of Hertford, died in the life-time of his father, aged twenty-eight, in 1656. He married Mary, daughter of Arthur, Lord Capel of Hadham by whom he had issue William, the third Duke of Somerset and three daughters. This Duke was born in 1651, and died at Worcester House in the Strand, under age, and was succeeded in the dukedom by his uncle John, the fourth duke; who married Sarah, daughter of Sir Edward Alston. His Grace died without issue, three years and a half after his succession. For want of male issue in William, the third Duke of Somerset, the title reverted to Francis, who became fifth Duke, and who was grand-son to Francis Seymour, the third grand-son of Edward, Earl of Hertford, and next brother to William, the second Duke.

This Francis Seymour, was, on the 19th of June, 1640 advanced to the dignity of a Baron, by the title of Baron Seymour of Troubridge. He married two wives, first Frances, daughter of Sir Gilbert Prynne of Allington, in Wiltshire; his second was Catharine, daughter of Sir Robert Lee of Billesley, Warwickshire. His lordship died on the 12th of July, 1664, and left one son and one daughter, Charles and Frances: the latter married Sir William Ducie of Petworth, in Gloucestershire; created afterward Viscount Down, in Ireland.

Charles succeeded his father in the barony, but died the following year; he also had been twice married. By his first wife he had one son and two daughters; by his second, two daughters and five sons; the two youngest Francis and Charles, were successively Dukes of Somerset.

Francis, in his tour of Italy fell in company with some French gentlemen at Levice, in the Geneose Territory. Indulging in the levity of youth, they behaved with great indelicacy to some ladies of a noble family, in a church of the Augustines, whither they went in a frolic; and Horatio Botti, the husband of one of the ladies that had been affronted, shot the Duke dead at the door of his inn, on the 20th of April, 1678. It was in vain that Lord Allington, his Grace's uncle, demanded of the republic of Genoa satisfaction for the death of so illustrious a character; the assassin had fled; and the only satisfaction they could give the King of England for the loss of so great a subject was to hang the murderer in effigy!

Charles the sixth Duke of Somerset, was twice married first to Elizabeth, the daughter of Jocelyn Percy, the la

Earl of Northumberland; by whom he had three sons and four daughters. The eldest Algernon Seymour, became Duke of Somerset: the second duchess was Charlotte, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea, by whom he had two daughters.

Notwithstanding his attachment to James II, he could not bear to see the bigotry of the King in danger of overthrowing the protestant religion; and, therefore, joined in the invitation for the Prince of Orange. On the accession of Anne, he was appointed Master of the Horse; and on the 16th of January, 1710, the Duchess of Somerset was appointed mistress of the robes, in the room of the Duchess of Marlborough.

The Duke, by professing himself of no party, was rather disliked by the politicians of the day; but was, however, allowed to enjoy the favor of his Sovereign unmolested: but, firmly attached to the protestant succession of the house of Brunswick, he was accused of private correspondence with the Elector, and misrepresented to the Queen; upon which a shyness took place on her part, that ceased not till her death. After her Majesty's demise, the Elector named the Duke of Somerset second on his list, of seven great officers in the realm; and pursuant to this appointment, his Grace was the great cause of promoting quiet and conciliation between the contending parties. The Duke was continued in the privy council in the reign of George II, but accepted neither place nor office during the remainder of his life, which ended on the 2nd of December, 1748. A fine marble statue of his grace, done by Rysbrack, at the expence of his daughters, by his second marriage, (the Marchioness of Granby and Lady Guernsey, afterwards Countess of Aylesford) was placed in the senate house of the University of Cambridge, in 1756.

His only surviving son, Algernon, was the seventh Duke of Somerset; he married Frances, the grand-daughter of Viscount Weymouth, by whom he had a son, who died in the life-time of his father, and for want of issue male, the title devolved upon Edward Seymour, Baronet, the seventh in lineal descent from Edward, first Duke of Somerset. He married, in the year 1716, Mary, the daughter of Daniel Webb, Esq. by her he had issue four sons and one daughter; his eldest son was ninth Duke of Somerset, and was born on the 2nd of January, 1718. His grace was principal supporter to the Duke of Cumberland in the funeral procession of George II, and at the coronation of George III, he carried the orb, as his noble predecessors had done on such occasions.

This nobleman died unmarried and was succeeded by his brother, Webb, the tenth duke; he married November 11th, 1769, with Mary-Anne, daughter of John Burnell, Esq. and by her had four sons, the two eldest both died young. His Grace died December 15th, 1793, and was succeeded by his son Edward Adolphus, the present Duke. On the 24th of June 1800, his Grace married Charlotte, second daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, and has issue, Edward Adolphus, Lord Seymour, and other children. Heir apparent, Edward Adolphus, Lord Seymour, the Duke's eldest son.

The motto of this noble family is, *Foy pour Devoir.*—Faith for my Duty.

PEGASUS AND THE POETS,

OR A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN THE 70° N. L.

THE peculiar felicity of naturalists, is that discern ten thousand attractive charms in which the common race of men are foolishly given to consider as totally devoid of interest delicate limb of a flee, a fly's proboscis, or of a gnat's wing, have frequently been k throw them into the most extravagant and an old bone, or piece of rusty iron, fou fathoms deep in the earth, forms their *ne* of happiness, (and instantaneously sets ther ing, of antediluvian elephants, or Roma To these meritorious gentlemen, then, if to class of mortals, the following relation, w as *a fact*, cannot fail to be peculiarly int and to them especially do we address o

By a vessel lately arrived from the pleas of the north we have received informatio sudden thaw of the ice in 70° n. has given the skeleton of a very curious animal, wh have been long buried in the frozen mass. discovered by several philosophical t who were taking a charming and edifying the bosom of the congealed waters. A sho immediately arose from the highly-delighte bulators as they viewed this marvellous phen and an interesting dispute commenced as animal these strange remnants could possi belonged to. One gave his opinion that t (and those of the tail more especially), were ou use of by a Mammoth, another dubbed thi erroneous, and declared the ribs and verteb be no other than those of a very large siz whilst a third differed from his companions, endeavoured to convince them the skele that of one of the hogs that were kindly b by Noah in his ark. Just as these three men were in the very centre of their ar unfortunately for all, another suddenly cast upon a bony fragment which evidently app to that useful article a *wing*. "A wing!" trio in chorus. "A wing," echoed their fel vellers, and all the air repeated "a wing! a Their current of ideas was now entirely c and quitting plain reason, they jumped he heels into the regions of fable. One thought t alighted on the mortal remains of a griffi cond declared they were those of a hippogri third talked of nothing but the horses of t when a fourth, wiser than his brethren, thu pidly addressed them. "Tis neither Devil, hippogriff nor the charger of the sun, but P in my humble opinion. Are there not evide cations in his very bones of the fatal effects *overidden?* is not every limb covered *with* and his *left leg broken?* tis Pegasus, by the the Poets, I swear, 'tis *Pegasus* and *only Pe*

There is nothing in this world like decision. The speaker's impetuosity overawed his opponents, and at length one and all agreed that the reliques of the sacred and long-lost speed, whose foot struck Hippocrene out of Heiicon, were marvellously brought to light. They therefore carefully collected the precious fragments, and are hourly expected to arrive in this country with the hallowed and inestimable charge.

In the night of that day, on which this most extraordinary intelligence reached our ears, we naturally enough dreamt of the subject thus uppermost in our mind, and as

"*Dulce est desipere in loco,*"

we will here venture to relate the tenor of our vision.

Fancy carried us to the northern latitude of 70 degrees, where we stood on a high tower of ice, and saw the newly-discovered skeleton of the charger of the Misses Muse lying at some distance on the plain below. Our feelings of veneration may be more easily imagined than described, and they were increased tenfold when we saw the honored bones encircled by a crowd of illustrious Poets, all of whom wept most bitterly at the woful object beneath their eyes, and fell on their knees and kissed the adored reliques with the utmost devotion. Whilst they were busily engaged in this pious office, we beheld a snarling, queer-faced personage, advance towards them, who took a little man from their number, and began belabouring him most unmercifully: upon this, the insulted called for a ring, which was instantly formed, and the bard (whom we soon recognised as Horace) speedily gave the intruder a sound drubbing, and the disappointed Scaliger (for he it was, worthy man !) took to his heels with all expedition, amid the hootings and execrations of the whole poetical crowd. Master Flaccus, in the mean time was laughing most heartily at three or four droll-made fellows, who were sitting round a table and employed in criticising his work, *ab incœpto, ad umbilicum*; at length the satirist whispered to several of his friends, and they, with one accord, attacked the peaceful and well-meaning critics and laid them sprawling upon the ice; whilst the first circle of Poets were engaged in this scene of mischief, the scattered limbs of Pegasus became surrounded by a concourse of versifiers widely different from the former. In this new host of devotees we observed several worthies that were well known to us; one of whom a cross-eyed man with a counsellor's wig, was complaining that his publishers had been ten years in bringing forward a volume of sonnets from his pen, in consequence of the illegibility of the manuscript, and another, who looked very like a quaker, prated of nothing else but his own verses. These metrical annoyers of the public, at length began to dispute among themselves for the right of precedence in getting astride the rotten back-bone of Pegasus, which as fast as one mounted he was knocked off by another, that other by a third, and so on in succession, until they were unexpectedly attacked on all sides by those whose place they had usurped and who had left their other enemies, the critics, humbly kissing the ice; the intruders were already suing for mercy, when the sprawlers suddenly arose, and rallied their almost vanquished bands, which, however, were soon beaten off the ground, notwithstanding this welcome reinforcement; each of them now made ample use of his feet, when suddenly the ice opened beneath them and critics and poetasters were all buried in the chasm together; whilst the original possessors of the field sang a song of triumph and resumed their former station round the shattered frame of their once winged and favorite steed.

Here we awoke and found all to have been a confused dream, except as far as regarded the remains of Pegasus, which, as we at first stated, have been happily discovered in latitude 70 degrees north.

THE BUTTERFLY.

A translation from the French.

Born with the fair, etherial spring;
With the sweet bloom of roses dying;
And, underneath the Zephyr's wing,
In the pure air delighted flying;
And, hanging on new flowerets bright,
Made drunk with fragrancy and light;
Or, shaking its young wings on high,
Borne, like the breeze, along the sky,
In varying maze incessantly:—
Such the gay Butterfly's rare life:—
Image of thoughts to whose wild strife
No moment of repose is given;—
And, glancing o'er each sweet around,
Unsatisfied, it quits the ground,
And hies to seek for bliss in heaven!

Th. W.

PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF THE HOWARDS.

THE GENEALOGICAL ACCOUNT OF WHICH IS RECORDED IN OUR TWO LAST NUMBERS.

By the will of the first Duchess of Norfolk, who departed this life in 1494, we find, that she ordered her body to be buried in the choir of the church of our Lady, in Stoke-Neyland, exactly before her image, on the side of the high altar; and that immediately after her decease, her executors were to find three priests to say three hundred masses and three dirges for her soul, within seven or ten days after her decease. Likewise to find, if *it might be*, two *virtuous* priests, to sing in the church of Stoke, for three years, for *her* soul, the souls of her *husband*, John Norreis, Esq., Nicolas Wyford, and all others to whom she was beholden.

To repairing the church of Stoke, she left five marks; and to the guild of St. John, in Stoke, twenty shillings, to keep her obiit, and pray for her; and twenty six shillings and eight pence, to the house of St. John of Colchester; the like sums to the Nuns of Brosyard, and friars of Clare; twenty shillings, to the house of St. Botolph, and the like sum to the Grey Friars, and the friars of Sudbury, who were every one of them to keep her obiit, and pray for her. She bequeathed to her daughter lady Berners, and her husband, all her household goods, except plate; as also what belonged to her chapel, with the chalice, but that they should have of her plate, two great pots of silver, two flaggons, and six great bowls with covers. She constituted Edmund Daniel, Esq. Thomas Swayne, vicar of the church of Stoke, Newland, her executors; and her Lord, and son in law, the Earl of Surry, supervisors.

CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELISABETH.

It seems a very extraordinary thing, that Leicester and Pembroke should have encouraged the projected marriage between the Duke of Norfolk and Mary Queen of Scots; the two former noblemen being protestants, in high favour with Elisabeth, the one Lord keeper, the other secretary of state: "Such was however, undoubtedly the case, as we have it under the authority of the Talbot papers, in letters written to and from that noble family, during the precise time; and Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, being likely to know much, as he was keeper of the unfortunate Mary. There is no saying how far the politic craft of Elisabeth could carry her; for Leicester, we verily believe, betrayed the Duke to accomplish her purposes against Mary. Cecil the father of the, then, Lord Burleigh, declared that his cousin Cecil was the Queen's "*darling*," and that he was the cause of the Duke of Norfolk's imprisonment in the Tower; Marsham, one of the conspirators at that time, declared that Lord Leicester had two children by Queen Elisabeth; for which Marsham was condemned to lose both his ears, but was excused on paying one hundred pounds. Chipline, another, said also, that he hoped to see the Duke of Norfolk King, before the next Michaelmas; but when he was called on for an explanation, he said, he meant *King of Scotland*, not England. Fresh accusations of conspiracy were brought against the unfortunate Duke; unhappy wretches, supposed to be his assistants, were cruelly tortured, to make them confess, and, in such cases, men in agony, may be brought to confess any thing. Lord Burleigh asserted that the Duke had sent large sums of money to Scotland, and that he corresponded with Mary in cipher: Mary wrote to Elisabeth, intreating her mercy; but the jealous Elisabeth was only more incensed against her, imagining that the wretched Queen of Scots was leagued with in some desperate attempt: letters, in between the unhappy victims were found, measures taken against them became more for the Duke of Norfolk confessed the *let* the Scottish Queen gave up the *Alphabet* o

The dark and cruel policy of Elisabeth ciently seen in this projected marriage. T and unfeeling Leicester was privy to all of the Duke of Norfolk, from the beginning promised to lay them before Elisabeth, a his interest to obtain her consent to the He delayed it, till the Queen pretended to discover the affair, and so gave the a plot to what had been openly spoken the courtiers; whereupon, the Duke retire country, and Leicester was sharply repr though there is little doubt but that he act express direction. The Queen of Scots imprisoned under slight pretences; the of Europe, with a large party of her own were making loud remonstrances; and i requisite to criminate the ill-fated Mary charges. The plan, therefore, was suffere till the Queen of Scots had disclosed a evidence against herself, sufficient to ju increased rigor, wherewith she was from treated.

The Duke of Norfolk, at length, fell a the openness of his heart, and his own uns disposition; as we have related in the ge his noble family.

MY MAIDEN AUNT.

"Multi illam petiere: illa aversata petentes,
"Impatiens expersque viri, * * *
"Nec quid Hymen, quid Amor, quid sint conn

One would really suppose that the wick Naso, when he wrote these lines, must a sort of prophetic eye towards a mor present century, and that mortal could no other than my Maiden Aunt, Ruth H chaste memory; for they describe her and fortunes with all imaginable nicet were the lips that dared to put to her awkward question which by male can be to female; many were the fatal negatives s in reply; and many, oh! many were *the* grieved in silence at her unrelenting disposition. It will hardly be credited, one devoid of all those softer passions considered as the peculiar characteristi sex, should have the least touch of roma nature; but thus it was with my Aunt infancy upwards: in the hey-day of lif extremely prone to wander forth in solita either amongst the woods, or along the was passionately fond of the sea, and

observed that it gave her *great* ideas: once and once only, I had the curiosity to ask what these "*great ideas*" were? To which she merely replied by a look of ineffable contempt, and from that moment entertained a dislike towards me, which was afterwards increased to absolute disgust, by an occurrence now soon to be mentioned. This romantic part of my kinswoman's character continued to the hour of death, and in her 77th year she would frequently delight to have three or four novels in hand at a time. One may easily suppose that, however full the worthy creature's mind was of romance, there was a tolerably roomy nook left in it for the residence of superstition; and this, in truth, was the case, for almost numberless were the legends of supernatural appearances to which my fanciful relative gave implicit credence: the most remarkable of which, and the only one I can distinctly remember, was that of the ghost of a lawyer being nightly seen astride on the back of the weathercock of a village steeple, a most emblematical situation for the honest spectre, it must needs be confessed!—Those were not all the peculiarities that found place in the character of the eccentric Miss Higgins, of which, as prominent a one as any, was that of her making it an invariable rule to appear unlike every body else. In summer, when her neighbours were brightening in light and airy garments, she was wont to assume all the vestments of winter; and whilst every other female in the parish stepped forth enwrapt by tippets, muffs, and furred pelisses, the fair Ruth Higgins always appeared in a white dress, that might reasonably have been taken for woven gossamer. If a certain person lauded her neat apparel; in an hour afterwards she was to be seen bedizened in all the colors of the rainbow; or if, on the contrary, her garments were at any time commended for their costliness, hokus-pokus! and this camelion of a woman walked abroad, a perfect specimen of the "simplex munditiis." Was the delicate whiteness of her complection praised? a moment, and she blushed with all the honors of rouge. Did any one admire the healthy hue of her cheeks? magic! in the glance of an eagle, they looked pale, as the palest of white-washed ceilings! Such was the being, whose mortal displeasure I was about thus to incur.

Whilst on a temporary visit to the lady in question, I used chiefly to employ my time in painting.

One day I left her musing within the shady retreat of a summer-house, and proceeded to the parlor with the design of putting a final touch to a flower-piece, that had cost me much time and patience in the execution. Having made due preparation of colors, brushes and other necessary apparatus, I seated myself at the table, on which was placed a most beautiful china inkstand, greatly valued by my Aunt, as being the gift of a cousin of hers from the first degree of cousinship, nineteen times removed: it was replete with appropriate fluid and *(miserabile dictu!)* stood hard by the almost-finished and glowing work of my hands, on which I now began to exert my skill; I had just given it the last graceful stroke, when, attracted by a piece of down that had entered at the open window and alighted upon the table, up jumped from its seat, on a chair beside me, my tasteless Aunt's favorite little kitten, and instantaneously half the black contents of the china inkstand was flowing over the beauty of my imitative flowers. In a moment fell my open hand upon the kitten, and drove it to the very farthermost end of the room; then, with unrelenting wrath, I snatched up the fallen inkstand, and hurled it with might and main at the wandering animal. Seldom was I known to mistake my aim in the use of any missile weapon, and fatally for the feline criminal, the present instance formed no exception to the wonted exactness of my projecting powers, for the stand struck precisely upon its wiskers, and prone lay the kitten, having to all appearance quitted this mortal life; the valued piece of china became ten thousand pieces, and table, chairs, carpet, wall, cieling, windows, and window curtains were wofully bespattered by the unfortunate liquid it had contained. In the midst of this horrible confusion, and at the moment of my taking the laudable resolution, of decamping with all expedition, to avoid the effects of my Aunt's displeasure, which I well knew would be truly dreadful, who should enter at the parlor door, but the studious lady herself, with the seventh volume of an interesting novel in her hand. She closed it—I trembled with apprehension—she glanced first on me, then about the room, gave a sort of despairing shriek, and with the strength of an amazon, dashed the book at my guilty head, which I avoided by a dexterous movement, and smash went two very fine panes of first rate glass: this additional misfortune, together with the fury apparent in the demeanour of my romantic Aunt, (who seemed more like Até than plain Ruth Higgins,) really well-nigh frightened me out of my senses, and certainly out of doors, for off I went like a shot, and never stopped till far out of the reach of my enraged hostess.

Months, it may well be guessed, elapsed before I again dared to encounter the injured Ruth:—I met her at the entrance of the village church yard and respectfully put myself in a fit attitude to address her as became me, sinner indeed, as I was! She flew back as though she had seen the weathercock ghost then, resuming her dignified composure, moved forward, turning on me an eye of scorn, and pointing as she past to a neighbouring grave, as much as to say "Wretch! would to heaven thou wast dead and buried!" But to this present hour, I am neither the one, nor the other, having

lived to relate this history of my loving kinswoman, and to assure my readers that, far from ever entertaining any resentment at the unrelenting hatred she so long displayed for her affectionate nephew, the sentiments of esteem and respect which he held towards her, not only lasted to the day of her death, but even subsequently to that melancholy event, and after she was safely reposing beneath the elms and yews of the parish burying ground, he still cherished her memory, and in her honor, raised an additional tombstone, causing thereon to be engraved the following lines, borrowed from a well known poet and altered on purpose for the occasion:

" Beneath these rugged elms, this yew tree's shade,
" Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
" Within her narrow cell for ever laid,
" Ruth Higgins, the much-honored maid, doth sleep!"

TO A WITHERED FLOWER.

Sweet flow'r! that on thy native stem
Once shone the garden's purest gem,
Array'd in April dew;
Thy charms were stolen by hand as fair
As ever deck'd a maiden's hair,
Or o'er the wild harp flew.

And the fair hand that gaily drew
Thy beauty from the envying crew
Of sister blossoms round,
Placed thee within as soft a shrine,
As ever honor'd sweets, like thine,
Fresh-gather'd from the ground.

Sweet flow'r! I tore thee from thy rest
Upon my own love's heaving breast,
But pitied as I tore;
And when in joy I lay my head
Upon thy lost and lovely bed,
That pity grew the more.

That hour is past and now to death
Hath yielded all thy fragrant breath,
Thou fair and vernal flower!
But tho' thy leaves in ruin lie,
Oh, never will the memory die
Of that impassion'd hour. T.

ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD.

KNIGHTS OF THE BATH.

THE Order of the Bath was so called from the custom of the knights bathing before they were created; and was first instituted at the coronation of Henry IV, 1339; when he made forty-six knights who were bathed in the tower; and since that time it has been customary for Kings and Queens to create knights at their coronations, marriages, births of princes, and other public rejoicings. George I, re-established the Knights of the Bath, and erected it into a regular military order for ever.

The person, while receiving this honor, kneels before the King, who, after knighting him ribbon over his right shoulder, and acros and back, under his left arm, depending is the badge or symbol of the order, a sc thistles and shamrock, and three imper conjoined in a circle, all of pure gold, circle is this motto, "*Tria juncta in uno.*" the said knight is kneeling, Garter, ki administers the oath; which differs but that of the other orders of knighthood.

The number of Knights of the Bath i the pleasure of the Sovereign.

The collar is of gold, and is compos imperial crowns, and eight roses, thistle rock, issuing from a sceptre; all the foliage being enamelled in their prop and these are tied or linked together b gold knots, enamelled with white, fr depends the badge of the order. The s of three imperial crowns of gold, surrou motto, upon a circle of red, with ray issuing from the centre, forming a star; embroidered on the left side of the upp No knight elect can wear either the c star, before his installation, unless he of dispensation from his Sovereign; always granted when the knight elect foreign service.

LADY OLIVIA D**** OR GALL

WE have often heard the French peo the prevalence, and pernicious influenc glo-mania among their young countrym do not blame them: every nation in E certain tone that best becomes it; a Frenchman or a Spaniard wishes to be Englishman, he gives only *a caricature* c he tries to copy; while an English pers sex, by endeavouring to ape the Fren becomes a being yet more ridiculous.

French ladies no longer spread a sh over their faces, rendering it as con possible, to distinguish them from the but refined adepts in the art of coq seems almost exclusively to belong to laugh at the naturally modest Englishwo awkward efforts to copy them; for woman attempting to adopt the French s quetry, becomes unamiable.

Lady Olivia E—— was the only dau Earl of ****, his lordship's health wa declining state, and a temporary abode tinent for its recovery, gave him a habit thither every spring, from which habit a almost continual sojournment in France, requisite to his existence.

Here his daughter Olivia arrived at adolescence, when the mind, like ductil

easily the impression of the figures presented to it: Lady Olivia, therefore, was crazy after every thing *French*; while her fantastical manners made her the constant theme of *persiflage* among those beings she was so ambitious of imitating.

There is that apishness in imitation, that it is almost sure of seizing absurdities, instead of assimilating with what is elegant or praise-worthy. Lady Olivia E. took every possible pains to be thought *a French girl*, when she had, if we may be allowed the term, the most provoking *John Bullism*, imaginable, in her countenance: every turn of feature was so completely english, that, in spite of her *blouses*, her sleeves *en gigot*, her *bolivar hats*, and her head-dresses *à l'Ipsiboë*, or *à la neige*, her native country was still indelibly stamped on her countenance; while a firm and decided gait, peculiar to English ladies, spoke the nation to which she belonged.

In vain she tried to imitate the quick little steps, and *wagging kind of motion* observed by the French ladies; while her English pronunciation of their language, with her frequent mistakes, rendered her a perfect caricature. If she took a short excursion into the country, with her father, she heard the French peasantry call out to each other, "*Jarny! v'la une Anglaise!* Now, though Lady Olivia found good french rather difficult to understand, it was totally impossible for her to comprehend the jargon of the country people, which few but a native can be acquainted with: yet, in the above sentence, she could not be mistaken of their intent to ridicule her, and she felt herself cruelly mortified; yet, this instead of causing her to see her folly, only rendered her more ardent in her endeavours to attain all the graces of a French belle.

Such were Lady Olivia's defects; but her face was pretty, and her figure good, so much candour seemed seated on her English visage, her round kind of features gave to it such a character of good nature, that, in itself, it was sure of pleasing; but it had no expression of coquetry, no voluptuousness, so, that when she tried to put these on, she became only a subject for laughter.

The French ladies are not remarkable for having small mouths; and a certain beautiful lady, now well known in the higher gallic circles of fashion, has a mouth, (though furnished with two fine rows of pearls), very wide: the infatuated Olivia, therefore, tried all she could to widen the little rosy, full lips she had been endowed with by the goddess of beauty, and became charming sport to the lovers of quizzing, for *they* abound in *all* countries. Lady Olivia had dark grey eyes, where there is mind, there are no eyes more expressive, nor, indeed, more beautiful: the eyes of the lovely Mary of Scotland were of this colour: peerless woman! victim of woman's envy! Lady Olivia's were tolerably well set, but rather round, quite english, could not be put to school, nor be able to express a thing and every thing, if the mind had no sha Lady Olivia had turned them up, and turned th down, wafted the balls from one corner of sockets to the other, till her father began to h some apprehension she would squint, if good c was not taken to prevent it.

During these events, so important to Lady Oli who fancied herself improving every day, a you man, of the name of D—arrived from England, o pleasurable excursion to Paris. He was of an cient and honorable family, and to this their d cendant had lately fallen into immense wea through the means of Lady Olivia's father; his lo ship having exerted himself to forward his fortu in the world, had also, by his earnest persuasio caused a rich kinsman to bequeath to him all he worth. The chief motive, therefore for young D- visiting the capital of France, was to see his be factor, and, if he liked the daughter, which he no doubt but he should, he would endeavour to rep in part, what he owed to the architect of his fortu by taking the lady to wife; for the earl was not ri

D—was much pleased with the candid and o countenance of Lady Olivia; how different, thou he, to the artificial beings, that cross my pa wherever I go! D—reckoned like a young man, saw not the follies of the young Lady, before he suffered himself to fall in love, at first sight; a with an impetuosity, that made a part of his char ter, he laid before the earl those proposals wh were gladly accepted, for he loved the suitor, wh father had long been his bosom friend.

Lady Olivia liked him, very well, nothing mo all her passions were absorbed in the Gallo-Ma that possessed her. D— was, certainly, as he came more acquainted with her, very often sa vexed; but had he been inclined not to fulfill offers, he had gone too far to recede; and th man reckons so much on his own ability! thought, like Petruchio, he should, certainly, able to conquer *his* Catharine: she was young ductile. Alas! he had a more difficult task to p form than had Petruchio. Matrimony is a good tam but an *untoward spirit* is easier tamed by a lor husband, than *fantastical propensities*. Lady Oli by no means wished Mr. D. should recede from proposals; if she did not absolutely love *him*, loved *no one else*; and she discovered in him much good nature, that she felt assured she sho be enabled to persuade him to grant her all wished for. She was to make England her ch residence; but what of that? She would aston all her awkward countrywomen with her fre elegance; and she was promised, while her fat lived, to pass two months every year at Pa This request the captivated D. regarded as p ceeding from the fond affection of a daughter, gladly promised to make it three months, n

even four, whenever she desired it, and the marriage was hastily concluded by a protestant priest; Lady Olivia decorated with orange flowers, the same as the french brides, and making her naturally bright eyes look as dull and sleepy, as possible, in order to give them a delicious languor, and modesty at the same time. (Frenchwomen! ye will know this picture, and find it like yourselves!)

The *happy pair*, to use the newspaper phrase, set off very soon after to England, as it happened then to be the height of the fashionable season in London.

Before the honey-moon was past, Lady Olivia had contrived to ease her husband of a large portion of his wealth: not one single article would she wear, not one ornament would she adorn herself with, that was not french; her clothes must all be made by french sempstresses and french dress-makers. Her fans must be of the most expensive kind, as was every trinket, and heaven knows she had many, which were all expressly sent her from Paris! not an english servant would she allow to come near her, the awkward brutes! and gentlemen at her toilet, in spite of all her husband's remonstrances, and threatenings, she would insist on receiving.

Before she had been married a twelvemonth, the inroads she had made in D's purse were terrific; he expostulated, but in vain; she had, unfortunately, become to him an object of indifference, almost of dislike; she repaid him "scorn with scorn:" but one day, as they were both yawning over a *tête-à-tête* desert, she sighed out, "O dear, delightful Paris! why was I not born a frenchwoman!"

"You will go to Paris, soon, my Lady, said her husband: the havoc you have made in my fortune will not allow me to keep pace with your fooleries in England. "Fooleries," echoed his wife, "*Ah! misèricorde!*"—"Yes, my Lady; and it is only my respect for your worthy father that prevents me from instantly separating from you, and leaving you free to follow the vent of your foolish inclinations. You are become a laughing-stock even to the people you so much admire: you speak french not half so well as a parrot would, and pronounce it still worse: you have distorted a countenance, naturally good, and made it look worse than that of a clown, grimacing in a pantomime. You have worst of all, laid aside that modesty, which is the true characteristic of an Englishwoman; and must have a french valet de chambre! How shocked was I, the other morning, when I entered your apartment, and found him lacing your stays! because, forsooth, he was less awkward than your *sow-breed*, as you pronounce the word *soubrette*.

"I was more shocked at *your rudeness*," said Lady Olivia, "at entering my dressing room, without first knocking at the door, as every polite french husband would have done"—"What, Madam, is a husband to be excluded, where every foreign puppy has free access? —"No, Si free; they send up their names; I admit if it pleases me, but, sometimes, *J'ai un ca* "Silly young woman! How are you imposed They come to pay their court, only to laugh a and then, how you are gulled! your waiting is a *frenchwoman*, from *Jersey!* The dress- you employ, is no more Madame D— than she keeps up the former name of the co but she is an english young woman, marr an englishman, and she is only imposing o folly of her countrywomen." "Then, sir," Lady Olivia, in a rage, "it is you who pu on this imposition, to punish me."—"No, in I should have recommended to you, both for sake, and that of my own pocket, the Englishw of known taste, and real genius, but who scc resort to such subterfuge. However, my La am glad I have now an opportunity of speak you, with seriousness and resolution. While it in my power, I will use the residue of my la ple fortune in a genteel retirement in Switzer you have made me blush for myself in my country. If you do not choose to accompany will make you a sufficient allowance for a requisites of life, but none for its follies. income, separate from me, will be but n because you have put it out of my power to you much."

Lady Olivia burst into tears; they proceede from the deprivations she must endure, if sep from her husband, than from the separation though we will do her the justice to say, she not bear the idea of parting from him.

There was a time when her tears would have ted a great revolution in the determination o D—; at present he beheld them unmoved; her exclamation of "*Ah! Barbare!*" he r anger, and was about to leave the room; she b him to stay, told him she would go with him he pleased, and he, sullenly resumed his seat.

She had often heard it was very fashiona visit Switzerland, and she said, in as concili tone, as possible, "If we go to reside in Sw land, shall we, occasionally, visit Paris?" tainly, said D—" while your father lives.

We will now bring this narrative of facts to clusion, by informing our readers, that Mr. D— by dismissing his lady's valet de chambre, and n a reform that was attended with fits, sudde alarming indispositions (as he was told) yet h not to be moved: they repaired to Switzerlan by every indulgence and tenderness, Mr. hoped to effect a change in his wife's dispo and make her reconciled to a genteel, and habit of life; but every hour was counted th garded their journey to Paris. D—was kind duty; he no longer loved his wife, and she forgave his tyranny, as she termed it. On a

visit to Paris, an unprincipled frenchman, a known libertine, assured Lady Olivia, who was yet young and pretty, that she never would be regarded as a woman of *haut ton* in Paris, unless she encouraged a lover. A mind, like hers, naturally unfertile, and not well cultivated, was easily wrought upon to listen to these baleful suggestions: from obeying, implicitly, the dictates of folly, Lady Olivia soon became the victim of crime: a separation, in consequence, took place between her and her husband; and the aged father, unable to survive the disgrace, fell a sacrifice to his daughter's Gallo-Mania.

Variella.

SUMMARY OF WORKS OF MERIT.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE GILBERT, ESQ. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THIS work is so peculiarly interesting, that we make no apology for the long extracts we shall make from it. It is written in the deep tone of remorse and remembrance with which a man, after many years, would look back on the guilty and beautiful one, *his love had led to the grave.* The following narrative closely resembles the well known life of Jane Shore.

"Yesterday as we were coming home from shooting, it was a very hot day, and we went to a farm-house to make interest for a draught of home-brewed. Dallas proposed it, saying, as he pointed to a substantial cottage at a little distance, that he could not only promise me a mug of admirable ale,—but that he would shew me the prettiest country lass within ten miles. He had discovered them himself, he said, only a few days before, on a similar occasion,—and he had brought me this way, half on purpose, that he might prosecute his acquaintance with both.

"We approached the cottage slowly, and were partially concealed in our advance by the trees—the house standing at the extremity of the wood. As we drew nigh, I perceived a girl sitting, with her work, on the bench which is usually placed by the side of cottage doors. She was singing;—Dallas put his hand upon my arm to stop me, and said in a low voice: *There she is!*

"I had thus means to survey her leisurely—and I confess I was surprised. I had expected to see a blowsy country girl, with very red cheeks and still redder arms—whose beauty consisted in youth and freshness, and buxom make, and perhaps a bright pair of eyes. But this was a very different creature. Her form was certainly round and full,—and her cheek shone with a healthful bloom,—but she had none of the coarseness which is the usual concomitant of rustic beauty. I cannot quite say that the hand which plied the needle was the whitest I have seen—(the long sleeve prevented my judging of the arm,) but the glimpse of the neck which the crossed handkerchief permitted, betrayed a texture and a colour of skin which many a fine lady might envy as she puts on her pearl necklace, [*Par parenthè* nothing is so trying and just a criterion of the co plexion as how it shews with pearls; and I strong recommend no lady to wear them without the full certainty that they assimilate, instead of contrasti with the skin on which they rest.] The pretty c tager seemed to possess this most delicate ingredie of female loveliness; and the fine relief which furnished to the beautiful hair which was cluster (somewhat *artistement*, I thought) from beneath l cap, added greatly to that absence of all coarsene of appearance, of which I have spoken. Her voi too, was not what we should expect in one of l degree; we began to fear we should be observ skulking behind the trees, so we advanced towar the vision which had been the object of our conte plation. She recognised Dallas—(Hang the fello I grudged him his prior acquaintance,)—and w comed us both with a very pleasing and grace modesty of manner. Real modesty it, in truth, see ed to be;—for, though certainly conscious of beauty, and of its natural attraction to the eyes two young men—to say nothing of D.'s droppin gentle hint touching the early repetiton of his ac dental visit;—in despite, I say, of the gratified c sciousness unavoidable in a girl's mind, from th causes,—her whole demeanour was marked by quiet purity equally far from prudishness and af tation. We staid some time:—indeed, my com nion seemed in no hurry to terminate his visit— that I had full leisure to contemplate her. She certainly exceedingly pretty—more than pretty. clear skin, mantling on the cheek with the you blood of health, and on the brow and neck trans rently white—her brilliant hair—and her gene contour of feature,—I had seen as she sat at door. But now I observed the gracefulness of form—her springy and elastic gait—and, still mo the beauty of her large eyes as they brightened i a smile, or sank bashfully down as she listened what Dallas said to her. As I looked at them be I thought to myself that it probably would be bet for all parties if their fathers' houses were in rat less near neighbourhood.....

(The author then gives an account of his going dinner at Dalla's country house at Richmond; then proceeds):

"Three more friends of D.'s arrived one by o and at last Susan came in. *She is a very differ person from when I saw her last.* She was then beautiful girl—she is now an exceedingly woman. She is, or seems to be, a little taller; form is more fully developed, and her carri freer and more under self-command. But, ind if I had met her any were else, I might have b introduced to her as to Lady This, or Mrs. T'oth —and never dreamed of the pretty, modest, cou girl whom I admired three years ago. Not tha at all mean to say that there is the least im

desty in her manner or air—not the slightest;—but she is totally uncountryfied—she has nothing left of that touch of the romantic in her appearance which she had when I last saw her. One might have chosen her then for the heroine of a romance, or of a pretty, soft, gentle, tale such as —— —— would write, and ladies and lady-like gentlemen admire. But now she is very different. Dallas has spent a great deal of money, and taken infinite pains, for her education and improvement. Her manners are unconstrained and good; and her whole appearance in no way distinguishable from that of nine women out of ten whom you meet at a rout, except perhaps by a very suspicious superiority of beauty to almost every one of them.

"She sat at the head of the table at dinner; and did the honours as if she had never been accustomed to an humbler board, or simpler fare. I drank champagne with her—and thought of the bright frothing ale I had last pledged her in!—She was addressed as Mrs. Williams—an appellation concocted, I believe, from D.'s christian name;—and the guests, with the good taste and good feeling which I have more than once seen exercised on such occasions, paid her perhaps more delicate and respectful attention than if she had been possessed of all the immunities and honours of the place she occupied. Her own manners were, I have said, remarkably good—equally free from stiff and sensitive reserve on the one hand, and any thing approaching to levity on the other. Still there is always *something*—a certain conscious glance of the eye, if no more,—from which I have never seen any one placed in her unhappy situation totally free. I thought in particular that she did not feel quite easy when Dallas talked to me about going down to Kipplestone, in the autumn, to shoot.

"In the evening she sang, pleasingly enough, but to my mind not half so much so as when I heard her upon the bench at her cottage door. She accompanied herself by striking a few notes upon a splendid guitar, which was hung round her neck by a sky-blue scarf,—but it had not, in my eyes, half the effect of the work and the needle which had occupied her hands then. She looked very beautiful, certainly—for few things are more becoming to a woman than this—and if I had never seen her before I should have been much struck with her;—but there was something which appeared to me unreal and exotic in the whole business, as compared with the simple and natural peasant whom I remembered."

One night, coming from the theatre, he recognised her:

"Never, no never, in my life, did I experience a more violent and sickening shock. Gracious heaven! and *this* was the creature whom I remembered in her young purity and loveliness—whom I had so often seen surrounded with all that luxury and wealth could furnish for her pleasure,—at who ble, as I may call it, I had so often sat i midst of troops of admiring and flattering frien whom I had left, not four years since, the ad almost the idolized, object of affection to a who was one of the most feeling, generous, an ble of created beings!

"I had striven, since my last return from ab to obtain some tidings of poor, poor Susan; b vain. Dallas's death was so sudden, that he l will—so she sank at once from splendid wealth solute destitution; for his friends (no—his *rela* would do nothing for one on whom they had al looked with dislike and fear. Would, oh wo God! that I had been here. She, who had been to Dallas, should not have been treated thus.

"All this passed across my mind in one insta as the poor wretch raised her face to the light, a spoke. Heavens! what a face it was! her were bleared and red at the edges, and the were glazed with recent drunkenness. She ha is true, recovered her senses; but her eye reeled, and her breast still reeked, with the e of that poisonous debauchery. If there be, i human shape, one object more revolting, degra and humiliating than another, it is that of a *dr woman!*—and it was now presented to my ey the person of one whom I had known in al delicacy of female youth—who had been the and only love of my first and best friend. cheek was fallen and hollowed,—and an unw some, sodden, paleness, which overspread the part of it, was made almost hideous by the trast of a large blotch of coarse red paint was plastered upon each cheekbone. Of her f I could see nothing, for she was wrapped to throat in a large shawl which fell over nearl whole person, in folds in which grease, dirt, dripping wet seemed to struggle for supre I never beheld a more pitiable being!

"She was so much agitated by the sudde vulsion, both physical and mental, which sh undergone, that for some time I thought she have fallen upon the pavement where we stood. spoke with an agony almost amounting to incoher of what she had gone through—of her present dition. She told me that she was reduced t lowest pitch of distress,—that (and I fully be it to be true) she had not for the last six and hours tasted any thing *but gin!* Good God! an is the state to which we reduce those who l upon us their whole affection, who place in us whole trust!

"It was some time before I could at all com her; and then she wanted me to leave her t fate—"to die," as she said, sinking upon a stone—"to die *here!*" At last, after conside delay and difficulty, I procured a coach, an her conveyed to my house. I instantly sen

medical aid, and had a bed prepared for her. Mr. S. said that she had undergone so much, and was in so debilitated a condition of frame, that he could not yet say what hopes he could hold out of her ultimate recovery. This morning, I have had her removed to a lodging close to Mr. S's—who is really kind and active, as well as skilful. Poor, poor creature!

"It is not ten years since I saw this woman, beautiful, innocent, and happy—and, if it had not been for an almost incalculable chance, she would last night have perished in the streets!"

February 20.—"S. has just been with me to inform me of poor Susan's death."

A small volume of Miscellaneous Poems has just appeared, entitled "*Myrtle Leaves*" by T. W. Kelly. They are extremely playful and pretty, and worthy of being placed in the library of our highly accomplished readers; and, therefore, we unhesitatingly direct their attention to the work. It is dedicated to Chandos Leigh, Esq. a gentleman possessing a very refined taste, particularly for poetry. The following is a specimen of the style of the author.

WOMAN.

A Woman's love's the ruffled sea,
  Her heart the rock it lâves;
The shifting sands her constancy,
  Her plighted vows the waves:
Her jealous doubt's the raging storm;
  The vessel it has wreck'd
Her lover; his once favour'd form
  With ruin'd hopes bedeck'd.

A Woman's reason's thistle-down,
  Her vanity the air
Of words, which it is wafted on,
  To wander here and there:
On ev'ry idle breath it flies,
  But has no settled way,
And he, who on its aid relies,
  Is surely led astray.

A Woman's virtue is a star
  Which, in a wintry night
Shines brightly, but more coldly far,
  And chills us with its light:
Too temperate for fierce desire,
  Too chaste, too cold to win,
The tempting of a fiend 'twould tire,
  To Heaven itself a-kin.

A Woman's tongue's a busy bee,
  And scandal is the flow'r
On which it sips industriously,
  And feeds each Summer hour:
Her mouth, her lovely mouth! completes
  The well-wrought hive and home,
Her opening lips of richest sweets—
  The sweetest honeycomb!

A woman's eyes, tho' bright and brisk,
  And sweet beyond compare,
Have glances like the Basilisk,
  And glance but to ensnare:
Then if her love's possess'd, 'tis loss,
  Her beauty brings but pain;
Her vanity will reason cross,
  Her virtue's little gain.

Yet woman, she has all that's blest,
  A magic to enthrall,
For nature form'd her as the best
  And fairest work of all!
And oh! I will, while verse exhalts
  Her name, where'er she be,
Love, worship her, with all her faults,
  For woman still is she.

A very neat and useful volume has just been published by Messrs. Whittaker; it is called "*Beauties of the Dulwich Picture Gallery.*" The professed object of the work is to be a useful and a pleasant companion to the visitors of the Dulwich Gallery, which contains more than three hundred and fifty pictures: to discover the tenth part of which would demand more time and study than a great majority of its visitors can afford to bestow. It is for this class of persons the work is intended. The author has shewn considerable skill in criticism; he appears to have a perfect knowledge of pictures. No person visiting the Dulwich Picture Gallery should be without the work.

Naval Battles by Sir Charles Ekins, Rear Admiral C. B. R. W. N. from 1744 *to the Peace of* 1814.

We were extremely glad to see a report of Naval tactics, taken up by one of its gallant professors, and a subject treated with such gentlemanly feeling and critical precision, as must be best understood by one who has gained his knowledge by hard and severe study. When we consider the nice intricacies of that wonderful machine, a ship of war, when we behold her from the first dip of her prow into the water as she majestically glides off the stocks amidst the suspended breathings of thousands of spectators,—when we watch the progress of her fitting the ponderous masts and anchor hove on board, the cordage and sails attached thereto, when we see the yards manned and hear the heart inspiriting sounds of chearing from the jolly crew, and finally when we see this grand object, this interest of a thousand hearts, in full swell upon the bosom of ocean, who can help giving himself up to an enthusiasm both overpowering and delightful.

Admiral Ekins' work appears to have for its object the nautical improvement of our young embryo heroes by instructing them in the various manœuvres requisite for leading a ship into battle, and the errors which have arisen from want of foresight, or indecision in commanders, not destitute of personal courage.

The work of Admiral Ekins is written in three

parts, and illustrated by plates of the general actions that have been fought. As there is much uninteresting matter in these details, for readers unacquainted with mar time affairs, we will let the work speak for itself, by selecting *a few* of the many anecdotes, interspersed therein.

The imperfect state of our tactics, and the shy conduct of Vice-Admiral Lestock, in 1743, with the fate of Rear-Admiral Mathews, who gallantly performed an action which should have redounded to his honour, is interesting, as having operated very powerfully afterwards on the mind of the unfortunate Byng. Lestock behaved in a manner hard to be endured by a British tar, when his guns were cast loose for action. " The following short dialogue passed between Admiral Mathews and Captain Cornewall, immediately before the action, and sets in a clear light what *they* thought of the conduct of Lestock.

" Mathews was walking his stern gallery, when he was saluted by Captain Cornewall thus : Cornewall—' *How do you do, Sir ?*' Admiral Mathews—' *Do !* I can do nothing ; look at the Vice-Admiral !' Cornewall—' I have looked at him long with concern.' Mathews—' By G—, every one of these ships will get away from me!' Cornewall—' *I think if you were to attack these here* (meaning the Spaniards directly to leeward), you may stop them.' Mathews, Do you think so, and will you second me ?' The Captain answering in the affirmative, they immediately bore down into action."

This was something similar to the exploit of Nelson in St. Vincent's engagement ; but though Mathews " and his two seconds, with the Rear-Admiral, and gallant Mr. Hawke, in the Berwick, were almost the only persons who behaved in a becoming manner ! yet, strange to tell, Mathews was disgraced for breaking his own line, or rather for setting a noble example to the fleet ! !....

" Captain Cornewall had both his thighs shot off, and he had only life to express the agony he was in, by shaking his head at the surgeon below. He was the idol of the Navy, and a great ornament to it. He had been directed by the Admiral, immediately before he bore down, to attack the Real, in which he was determined either to conquer or die : this was his inflexible resolution, and he strictly adhered to it to his last gasp. Courage was far from being his only endowment ; his genius and knowledge were equal to any task that could be set in his profession : few persons came up to him, and none surpassed him. *Mr.* Mathews passed the short remainder of his days in peaceable retirement, and died at last considered by most people as entitled to their honourable compassion ; which is the tribute in degree next valuable to regret and public applause."

" On that important day, when Great Britain, single handed upon the ocean, first opposed herself to the infuriated spirit of revolutionary Fra Howe, deeply impressed with the ma the charge entrusted to him, zealous for try's honour, and perhaps inwardly *exul* prospect before him, could not conceal fro ter (the skilful Palinurus of the fleet) his gr to penetrate the enemy's line in the ver manner previously determined on. Fearir ship of the French Commander-in-Chief cond astern would not give him *room* t called the attention of the Master, Mr. missioner) Bowen, to that object. The seaman replied, conning the ship from ladder into battle, ' Never fear, my *make* room enough for ourselves presently

" His Majesty's ship, the Brunswick, guished by a large figure-head of the Du august house, proudly riding the wave hand upon his sword, and a laced hat up This figure was in the heat of the battle deprived of its hat by a cannon-ball. T the Brunswick, not feeling satisfied that leader should continue uncovered in the enemies, sent a deputation, in form, to deck, to request that the Captain (Joh would be pleased to order his servant to his *laced cocked hat* to supply the loss. T of course, immediately complied ; and th upon the head of the figure, remained rest of the action !"

Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land, by Wilson, F.A.S. 1 *vol.*

Mr. Wilson carried with him on his proper feeling of enthusiasm and spirit wh him to brave all the disagreeables an must expect to encounter, when explorin sities in regions that are but demi-civ where the climate presents such a variety and destructive insects and reptiles unkn ropeans. Of Alexandria, *as it is*, Mr. W speaks :

" Most of the inhabitants are in rags. are occupied about the harbours are in state of nudity. The number of female proportion to that of males. They are objects, having their faces covered w clothes, and small holes for the eyes, a cu is founded on certain religious tenets profess. The Franks live in a part of th tinct from the Mahomedans, and there remarkable prejudice to their dress as One of the regulations of police is, that is permitted to go abroad at night witho a light. There is a convent at a short dis the town, said to be built on the spot church of Athanasius was founded.

" When the expulsion of the French

in 1801, the British army finally evacuated the country in 1803. On this occasion a variety of privileges were secured to the inhabitants of Alexandria, which extended to all Europeans, in consequence of the exertions of Sir John Stuart. One of the most important was giving permission to the vessels of Europeans to enter, and make use of the *western* harbour, from which they had always been expressly excluded, by motives of jealousy on the part of the Mussulman; a port, in fact, which may be considered as the only one of perfect security on the coast of Egypt.

"Previous to the invasion of Bonaparte in 1793, ships of war, and those of merchants from Europe, had only liberty to enter the eastern harbour, which, from the little depth of water and its rocky bottom, was always attended with a degree of danger. Independent of the great advantage possessed by the one harbour over the other, the exclusion from that of the western had become offensive to Europeans, from the consideration that it was denominated by the Mahomedans "*The harbour of the faithful;*" while, on the other hand, the eastern port, appropriated for the Europeans, was branded with the appellation of "*The harbour of the infidel.*"

This invidious distinction occupied the particular attention of Sir John Stuart, who had the merit of accomplishing its abolition, by throwing open the western harbour to European vessels of all descriptions. Incalculable advantages have in consequence followed, as they now ride in all possible security, in sufficient depth of water, which is moreover capable of admitting any number of ships of the greatest burden.

"At Alexandria, I also remarked, that many of the Arab's servants slept on the outside of the door of the consuls' houses. A cloud of smoke from their pipes completely enveloped the place, which was only lighted by a solitary cruse of oil, and became almost suffocating. In such a spot, it is unnecessary to say, that sleep, nature's soft nurse, was frightened away; in fact, to use the words of our bard, it might be said to be murdered, by the swarms of vermin which made so formidable an attack. Language is perfectly inadequate to describe the dreadful suffering I experienced during this memorable night. I was compelled to have recourse to this receptacle of wretchedness for shelter, from the great dews which fall in Egypt after sunset, which are so destructive to health. A thousand times was I forcibly reminded of the torment which the Egyptians must have endured from the third plague. The whole operation I was engaged in during the night, was, attempting by every expedient in my power to ward off the vermin, but in vain."

When at Grand Cairo Mr. Wilson visited Joseph's Well, and reports of it in the following terms:

"This well is dug in the rock to the depth of two hundred and eighty feet, and is forty-two in circumference. A winding staircase leads gradually to the bottom, where oxen are employed in turning the wheels, by which a constant supply of water is thrown up for the use of the citadel. The machinery resembles, in some degree, the chain-pumps of a British man-of-war. About six hundred earthen pitchers are attached, at certain distances, to ropes, those descending, being inverted and empty, and the others ascending, upright and filled with water. The tomb of the vizier is shown in the side of the well at the bottom. A lamp is kept constantly burning over it. The staircase, by which I descended into the well, was about six feet in width, the rock having been left half a yard thick between the passage and the shaft of the well, by which means the steps of the stairs are supported, and holes are cut through to admit light from the shaft at convenient distances. The descent is easy, each step being six inches deep and five in breadth. Having reached the depth of one hundred and fifty feet, I entered a large chamber, which was also excavated, where the oxen are employed to move the machinery to raise the water from the lower parts of the well to the bottom of the upper part, from whence it is drawn by another set of these animals and wheels, to the top. The water is not considered, however, to be good; and a supply is brought by an aqueduct from the Nile, at Old Cairo, a short distance from the new metropolis.

"It may be observed, that, under the government of the Mamelukes, no Christian was permitted to ride on horseback along the streets of Grand Cairo, the capital, or in any quarter of the country, that animal having been exclusively reserved for the Mahomedans, who permit only the ass to be used by Christians, who in fact were formerly obliged to dismount and walk till the infidels had passed them. Sir John Stuart had also the credit of giving a blow to this indignity, and making a special stipulation, that Christians should be entitled the privilege of *riding on horses in all parts of Egypt.*"

Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe by J. C. L. Sismonde de Sismondi. Translated from the original with notes by Thomas Roscoe. 4 vols.

The literary world which owes so much to the rich vein of Mr. Roscoe's mind, has to thank him, for a very classical work rendered into English by his pen. The rise of poetry; together with that interesting band of Minstrels known by the name of Troubadours, and which first became an establishment in *Auvergne* from the romantic love of a youth called Peyrolls; whose art was so pleasing to the Dauphin that he gave the utmost encouragement to this devotee of the Muses; until finding that both the lady (who was the Dauphin's sister) and her lover, were *too seriously* attached, he drove him from court and Peyroll's then determined upon becoming a wan-

derer, and visiting the Holy Land in the suite of the king. The following extracts from the book will be acceptable to our readers. Mr. Roscoe thus speaks of the origin of the Troubadours.

"When the haughty baron invited to his court the neighbouring lords and the knights his vassals, three days were devoted to jousts and tourneys, the mimicry of war. The youthful gentlemen, who under the name of pages, exercised themselves in the profession of arms, combated the first day; the second, was set apart for the newly-dubbed knights; and the third, for the old warriors. The lady of the castle, surrounded by youthful beauties, distributed crowns to those who were declared, by the judges of the combat, to be the conquerors. She then, in her turn, opened her Court, constituted in imitation of the seignorial tribunals, and as her baron collected his peers around him, when he dispensed justice, so did she form her Court of Love, consisting of young, beautiful, and lively women. A new career was opened to those who dared the combat, not of arms but of verse, and the name of *Tenson*, which was given to these dramatic skirmishes, in fact signified a contest. It frequently happened that the knights, who had gained the prize of valour, became candidates for the poetical honours. One of the two, with his harp upon his arm, after a prelude, proposed the subject of the dispute. The other than advancing, and singing to the same air, answered him in a stanza of the same measure, and very frequently having the same rhymes. This extempore composition was usually comprised in five stanzas. The Court of Love then entered upon a grave deliberation, and discussed, not only the claims of the two poets, but the merits of the question; and a judgment or *arrêt d'amour* was given, frequently in verse, by which the dispute was supposed to be decided."

Best Intentions; or Reflections and Thoughts for Youth, Maturity, and Age, 12mo. 1 *vol.*

The writer of these series of Reflections has composed them, in a strong sense of moral and religious feeling; thereby shewing the powerful effects of such influence on a sensible and feeling mind. The thoughts are written in a plain but elegant stile; such as may amend the minds and instruct the hearts of the readers. The following on gaming and on life, are all the specimens that we shall select from this very excellent little work.

"*Gaming.*—Gaming is one of the most pernicious practices, and yet few are more enticing and bewitching; a man gains, he gains more, and he looks forward to the absolute possession of immense wealth; he calculates of certainty on the foundation of deceit, and because he has gained once, and yet a second time, he thinks himself secure in the favouritism of Fortune. Now he loses once, but fascination whispers it is but once: he still loses, the storm gathers round its victim, and he is still un of his danger; he now risks all his posses his possession is in an instant flown from of his grasp; he loses every thing- he solute misery and disquietude; he sinks int he is lost, his spirits fail, his fortune is his fond expectations of immense wealth like a dream, and now he is pennyless. retains that curse of habitual propensity to delusion; he scrapes from every corner th of his goods, and them also he sacrifices at of the uncertain idol,—he becomes in ac and dies with the most agonised feelings for his past folly."

"*Life.*—In what a state of uncertaint decision we exist! We rise in the mo lay our plans for the ensuing day, and them, in imagination, completed before commenced—sometimes a straw interv changes the course of the whole stream—u circumstances arise, and our opinions experience a change; our hopes fluctua time every prospect brightens—at anoth sky is obscured with portentous clouds, an each of these in some degree produces, necessary though unseen consequence of —so limited is our foresight—so capri wills—so full of waywardness our inclina so little are we acquainted with what the and power of God shall ordain to happ is only one point to which we should alw the glory of God and our inheritance hereaft only one path to that point—other matte our attention at stated periods, and dese for "he that will not work, neither shou but all these things, if we consult our true and bliss, will be subservient to the one thi —Is not this the principal thing? whatev circumstances may produce, attention to end of life should never fail, for peace is i

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THE DRAMA.

——— Ridiculum a
Fortiùs et meliùs • plerumque secat r
Hor. 1, S

KINGS THEATRE.—Dulness has here be vailing quality, and excepting a new ballet the manager, has indulged the public wit nothing of a novel description, like all o of a similar nature, this said ballet is turning chiefly on the contrast between an antiquated and that of a modern *Jadis et aujourd'hui, ou les deux Tantes* is The decorations were pretty and well se the dancing, as usual, quite *airy*. The It sichoreans equally disdain long garmen earth, their feet skip as high as their ve

short, and scarcely can the grasshopper outvie them in dexterous nimbleness.

Romeo e Giulietta has been repeated several times, Madame Pasta personating Romeo: on one occasion we regretted very much that this lady should have come forward at the senseless call of the five shilling gallery. The vulgar practice, of which this was a specimen, ought altogether to be done away with; at all events, let it be confined to the Pit and Gallery of an English Theatre, and not be allowed to disgrace such a fashionable resort as the Opera still is, however less so than formerly.

COVENT CARDEN AND DRURY LANE.—To what a state are we poor Theatrical Critics reduced! no less than five houses open at a time! the very idea possesses a large portion of the awful, and we entreat Messrs. Elliston and Kemble to "*shut up shop*" before the summer establishments commence their operations, or both these gentlemen must inevitably be guilty of manslaughter ere many days have past over their heads: the critics are all rapidly falling into a consumption, and in proof, positive of our assertion, we will take leave to quote the following from the pages of our dear friend, the Morning Herald. After mentioning that *the Devil's Bridge* had been performed for Braham's benefit, it says: "His (Knight's) '*Lad with the golden hair*' was laughable to the height; and in the encore he embellished it with a digression about ladies' smiles being the true philosopher's stone, and turning a carroty pole into golden hair, which was so nonsensically in unison with the character, as *to tickle the very frailty of laughter in all ribs.* "THE HOUSE CHUCKLED TILL IT CROWED AGAIN." Read this, ye managers! and learn the fatal effects your prolonged season has had upon the brains of this excellent Critic, nor on him alone, for many others of his tribe have given symptoms of serious indisposition, though none so decidedly as the above mentioned disciple of Zoilus—"The house *chuckled* till it *crowed* again!" —Oh! had this fine passage been written some centuries back, then could Longinus have boasted a glorious addition to his specimens of the sublime.

At neither of these theatres, has any thing occured worth mentioning, unless it be the appearance of Miss L. Paton on the Drury Lane boards: her success was complete, and she bids fair to divide with her sister the good opinion of an admiring public.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE AND HAYMARKET.—Mr. Matthews having concluded another of his extraordinary campaigns at the Lyceum, the regular Drama has commenced within its walls, and, on Saturday, July 3rd, the season was opened with the *Barber of Seville*, in which Mr. Philips, after an absence of 11 years, made his re-appearance before the British public, and *in spite of his teeth* (which are rather the worse for wear) got on very well indeed—so, at least, the *witty Times* tells the story. But Mr. Philips was a mere secondary novelty, compared with his pupil, Miss Harvey, who performed *Rosina*, with excellent taste—she is pretty and young and an ornament to the Stage, not only "in the present state of the Drama," as the *Herald* foolishly says, after a tedious criticism upon her performance; but she would have done honor to any theatre in the *brightest* æra of histrionic annals.—A Miss Noel, from Bath, has also charmed both critic and amateur by her first rate talents, and with the attractive qualities of those fair debutantes, added to those of our old favorites Braham, Mathews, Miss Kelly, Miss Stephens and "though last, not least," the worthy Joe Grimaldi himself, we doubt not this elegant little theatre will have an ample degree of success during the present season, despite the monopolising Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden.—

The Haymarket "continues in its career of glory," as our friends the critics-major finely phrase it—The manager has wisely revived many capital pieces of last year, and these, in conjunction with several novelties, have brought him roaring houses night after night—Let him sing "*Io triumphe!*" and laugh at his ungenerous rivals of the larger Theatres.

ANECDOTE OF A RUSSIAN PRINCE.—Prince Gagarin who was, several years ago, well known in England where he received the greatest part of his education lost, in one night, all his fortune at play; his houses his lands, his jewels, and even the very carriag that took him to the gaming house: he gained ther all back again, by staking the harness of his horse against them. After that time he left off play; bu in token of his acknowledgment, he had the har ness placed under a glass-case, and it now stand in the most conspicuous part of his drawing-room a Moscow.

INSCRIPTION ON A SIGN-BOARD IN THE WEST O ENGLAND.—Schooling for little boys and girls a 2d. pr. week; Those *as larns mannars, pays* 2 more.

ANECDOTE OF A CHAPLAIN BELONGING TO CHARLE II.—A Bishopric being vacant, Charles II asked hi Chaplain, Doctor *Mountain*, whom he should appoint "Why, Sir," said the Doctor, "if your Majest had but *faith*, I could *tell you who!*" "How s said the King "*if* I had but *faith?*" "Why, in tha case," said the Doctor, "your Majesty might say t *this Mountain*, be *thou* removed into *that See.*"

RETORT ON THE LATE LORD ASHBURTON WHE MR. DUNNING. An unfortunate gentleman by a suc cession of losses, had suffered imprisonment for hi debts in the King's Bench. Dunning asked him, i a tone, which as the gentleman thought bordered o contempt, why he went to prison? "To avoid," sai the witness very gravely, "the well-known impe tinence of *Dunning.*"

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR AUGUST 1824.

SEA-SIDE DRESS.

Dress of levantine or gros de Naples, of a pistachio colour, with five broad folds in bias, across the border, each headed by a narrow silk cordon of a beautiful rose colour; the *corsage* made *à la vierge*, with falling divided cape, narrow, and elegantly pointed at the corners, of the same material as the dress. French long sleeves, *en gigot;* the part from the wrist to the elbow, sitting close to the arm, and confined by bands corded with rose colour. The waist incircled by a band, the same material as the dress, bound with a narrow *rouleau* of rose colored satin, with a rosette in front. Fine muslin petticoat trimmed with Urling's lace. Hat of pink gros de Naples, the crown ornamented with satin, in treillage work, and full blown roses with foliage on the summit. Lappets to the hat of rose gauze, in bias. Kid shoes and gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of white gauze lisse, with superb border *en treillage*, of the lightest shade of rose colour, each *reseau* edged with narrow silver cordon. The *corsage* made plain, beautifully marking out the contour, with a trimming round the bust to correspond with that of the skirt.—Mancherons of *treillage* work, uniting with the ornament round the bust.—Rich ceinture of a delicate pink silver gauze, placed on the left side. Sicilian hat of rose transparent net edged with silver. Feathers shaded with pink. The hair arranged in full curls (on each side of the face) on which are seen a few white roses slightly intermingled with blond. Ear-rings, necklace and armlets of pearls.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Already do some of our fashionable summer retreats begin to receive a few of those distinguished individuals belonging to high and polished life, for whom, as the constant, and liberal patronesses of every art, the ministers of taste and fashion, are sedulously employing their various talents, in adding to beauty by those graceful, and well made garments, that give additional attraction to the *contours* of a fine female form; and in setting off the charms of a fascinating countenance by elegant and becoming head-dresses, which the artificial florist embellishes by the well imitated treasures of the garden, or, over which the plumassier teaches the the feathered tribes to wave in graceful dig

The various watering places begin, pa fill; and, this month, when the season borough generally begins, it is expected receive some of our most wealthy and families to that place of fashionable re chosen emissaries will follow where fashi and our usual correspondents will not be affording us every intelligence from all the haunts of the modish world.

The bonnets in preparation for this m peculiarly tasteful and elegant; we shall a few for the notice of our fair readers; o beautiful corn flower blue of figured gros de but it is a shade lighter than the corn flow that is made use of in gowns or peliss bonnet is lined with white, and crowned with of blue marabout feathers: the bonnet is li namented with white satin, and its lap composed of blue satin ribbon and *tulle;* is cut in bias folds; all the ornaments on thi independant of the feathers, are extremely cal. A very beautiful carriage bonnet is tra and is made of white stiffened *tulle*. It is orn on one side, with small white fancy flowers in stripes; the crown is trimmed with wh edged with pink floize silk trimming and pu *en dents de loups;* the interstices filled in blown roses, and crowned with a superb pink marabouts. A pink carriage hat i charming head dress for a young and h female; it is of gros de Naples, with a full ornament of broad blond, placed underne whence a rose bud is seen lying on the ha hat is ornamented with pink gauze, roses, a of the valley.

A favourite home cornette is of fine blond satin, beautifully ornamented with small of flowers on each side: just over the te each side, are two ornaments, in white sati senting cornucopias, from whence peep convo rosebuds, and lillies of the valley. All the nettes are particularly beautiful, and vary in the richness of their materials, and the of their ornaments, that they are fit for ever day, though, certainly, most appropriate costume: the flowers that adorn them are u Turbans seem much on the decline, elega

hats have taken their place, and are more appropriate to the summer, when so much time is spent in the viranda, or the garden summer pavillion; for *fêtes champêtres* there is no head-dress so truly classical: those of peach blossom satin, sprinkled with small pearls, and crowned with white feathers, are preferred to those that are all white.

There is but little difference in the make of the dresses since last month; the most recent novelty that we have seen, is a beautiful Polish robe dress of *gros de Naples;* the colour a lovely pink; the body is only partially low, and is made *à la Vierge;* the sleeves are short and very full, with slashes filled in with puckerings of the same material as the dress, and these puckerings are surrounded each by blond trimming. A tucker of blond stands up all round the bust. The usual rouleau ornament on the Polish robe, that seems to form the wrapping part of the skirt, and that all round the border, consists of rows formed of a kind of double rouleau of pink satin, separated in the middle by narrow silk cordon; the rich and beautiful effect of this trimming cannot be described. The sleeves of white muslin dresses for dishabille, are made *en blouse*, and the borders of the skirts are ornamented with flounces, set on rather scantily, and enriched with beautifully raised embroidery; the scallops, at the edge of the flounces, are worked in light and open kind of embroidery, a row of which is also introduced between each flounce. Dresses of *gros de Naples* continue to be trimmed at the border with bias folds like tucks.

It is expected that pelisses of fine India muslin, lined with light coloured sarcenet, will be much worn while the warm weather lasts. The variety of taste, at present, shews itself in adopting a greater mixture of colours than we have for some time witnessed; and there is also a feature of fashion less decided than we could wish; as those who have not taste or elegance, obtrude the heterogeneous mixture of discordant colours on the eye of refinement and delicacy, and the tawdry lover of finery consoles herself, in all the hues of the rainbow, at once, that she may wear anything now, for anything is the fashion. The tasteful lady, however, is never conspicuous, and is only distinguished by the sterling materials of the different articles of her attire, and the elegance and novelty of their make: she wears, as her out door costume, the beautiful petticoat of fine India muslin, embroidered magnificently, and finished at the hem with fine lace; and over that is the spencer or pelisse of the most beautiful light summer colours, generally of *gros de Naples.* White satin spencers, it is believed, will be worn for morning visits of ceremony, and dress carriage airings; they are a chaste and elegant article of dress, and admit of a variety of colours in the bonnet, &c. worn with them.

The colours most in requisition, are, barberry-leaf-green, canary yellow, corn-flower-blue and pistachio. Pink and etherial blue, as is usual in the summer months, are universally in favour.

TO ——

Too well I've mark'd the glances giv'n,
From eyes which once, I fondly thought,
Were lit with the pure light of heav'n,
And beam'd with love and beauty fraught,
Too well I feel,
Tho' I conceal
The pangs those looks of scorn have wrought.

Th'averted eye, the alter'd glance;
The frown where late such sweet smiles play'd,
I've mark'd them all, and rued the chance
That made me love thee—alter'd maid!
Thy scorn I feel,
Tho' I conceal
How breaks the heart thou hast betray'd.

Oh! keep no more that frowning eye,
That distant look, that glance severe,
Beauty may passion's flame deny,
And still its look of beauty wear;
Still, still advance
A favouring glance,
Though false it be, 'twill still be dear.

SONNET, TO MRS. P.

When my frail springs of life are losing tone,
And failing spirits mark advancing death
In all his pow'r, then would I quit this home,
In silence quit it, nor advance a breath
To bid this world adieu. Unless thy voice,
My fair one, call'd on my saddening mind,
For a brief space, a moment to rejoice
In thy lov'd presence; once again to find
In thy endearments, all my heart has sought,
And all my soul has long'd for; again taught
To seek in beaming glances of thine eye,
The wonted refuge of my misery.
These are alone the comforts I would prove,
And hail, as emblems of *eternal* love.

THE COMPLAINT.

Ah! Fanny dear, my pain remove,
My heart, my heart is mad with love;
Thy jetty flowing curls of hair
Are chains, that bind it prisoner:
Why should it thus be captive led?
Answer'd the maid and as she said,
She sweetly smil'd, "the cause is clear,
It is injustice to complain!
The mad, you know, should ne'er appear
Abroad, without a *chain.*"

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the Paris *Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regula curately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic informati circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Change Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on th in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

—— As the weather becomes warmer, so every one becomes colder to theatrical amusements; therefore, managers, authors and performers redouble their zeal, this season, to draw together a full audience.

——It is still fashionable to go to the café *Tortoni*, whether in coming from the country, or at the end of a public spectacle, or from Tivoli. Besides, this café spares nothing to render itself worthy of preference. The new lustres throw around a mild and pleasing light. *The agreeable Prévost* is extremely polite, and the spoons presented to the ladies are of vermillion.

—— Before a departure for the country, it is requisite to be furnished with a *donne-rose*, an instrument of polished steel which may be had at all the principal cutlers, and this, like a pair of scissars, is composed of two branches with rings, fixed on each other by a vice, and capable of being crossed over. These branches are round without, flat within and cutting: within is hollowed out, a tube, to receive, without breaking it, the stalk of the rose, that the instrument has just cut off. It is at the end of a *donne-rose* that a gentleman presents to a lady that queen of flowers.

—— *La fête de Nogent sous Vincennes* was, truly, a rural one. The country people having set up tents well lighted and properly disposed for the ball: the fashionable women danced on the soft verdure, by the light of the moon, having for a musician an old invalid soldier, who, in the space of two hours, gained several louis d'ors.

—— It is calculated that, when all the houses now building in Paris shall be finished, there will be one hundred thousand shops, taking in those of different passages, which will make nearly one shop for six furnishers

—— There is nothing but going and coming from the town to the country, and from the country to town. The sun drives the Parisians away, and the rain brings them back again. After breathing the sweet perfume of a rose, one is often obliged to wipe one's face with a handkerchief; and if we walk beside a river it is with clogs, and an umbrella in the hand.

—— The salon at Ranelagh, which stoo want of repairing, is ornamented in a mo and elegant manner. There is a very improvement in the mode of lighting it up.

—— One of the most curious gardens in rons of Paris, is that belonging to a M. painter at Fleury-sous-Meudon, near the Bois. There are to be seen more than a different species of roses, and varieties o singular kind, obtained by a culture that the mind the beautiful tulips of Haarlem.

—— In the country, the favorite carriage f mother, is a gig with four seats; seated o bench close to her husband, she has her ch lap; and if the child falls asleep, she give nurse, who, with the foot-boy occupies t seats.

—— About fifteen years ago, they tried to the fashion of chairs with painted backs, bu not succeed; now, painted arm chairs are shionable, and a designer of such and suc pattern is cited, and becomes a distinguish

—— Besides the tapestry and embroidery stuffs, ladies now amuse themselves with en on horse-hair; they cause to have drawn draw themselves, subjects that please t they work them as they would on canvas counting the threads.

—— There are in Paris twelve regular without reckoning places of minor amuse the departments, fifteen theatres, such as Bordeaux, Lyons, Rouen, Marseilles, Tou are constantly open; and there are sev companies belonging to which travel the circle assigned to them. The total numbe tres, therefore, is about a hundred, and the about three thousand actors and actress hundred are at this moment at Paris, where waiting in hopes that Fortune will favour t an engagement. If to these three thousand we add the authors, the composers, the m the scene-painters, the mechanists, etc., e be found that at least fifteen thousand per by the theatre. In this estimate the poor and in hospitals, to whom a tenth of theatrica is appropriated, are not included. It is

prising therefore that government watches over and protects a description of industry which at the same time contributes to the glory of our literature, spreads the use of the french language, procures a rational amusement for various classes of society, and supports so many families.

—— The baskets that are given as marriage presents, are furnished in that way that greatly enhances their price as well as their elegance. Instead of a cover, they are surrounded by marabout feathers; and at each of the four corners are bouquets of ostrich feathers. The whole ought to be sufficient for the trimming of several dresses and hats.

——It has been asserted that it was impossible to make our coffee rooms more magnificent than they have been for some time. However the *Café des Galeries de l'Opéra*, opened about five days ago, surpasses every thing that we before admired: there is at this *café* more sculpture, more gilding and carving, more bronze and cut crystal than are to be found in any other.

ANECDOTE, CONCERNING MARGOT DELAYE.—We have often heard of the fame of Jeanne d'Acre, sometimes of that of Jeanne Hachette; no one speaks of Margot Delaye. Yet she may be justly styled the heroine of Montélimart, and if not equal to the maid of Orleans, she may, at least, be placed by the side of the heroine of Beauvais.

Admiral Coligny had, with his artillery, made a considerable breach in the ramparts of Montélimart; already the city was threatened with an irruption, when Margot Delaye placed herself on the open ramparts, followed by a troop of females; she overthrew whatever presented itself, she drove back the besiegers, and after having left one of her arms on the breach, she bore the besiegers in triumph, into the town. The gratitude of the inhabitants of Montélimart erected a statue to this intrepid female, which, although much defaced, is yet to be seen.

LETTER FROM A FRENCH BRIDE TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

Paris, July 10, 1824.

You know, my dear Matilda, that some time since my marriage was announced, as expected to be one of the most remarkable that would take place this season: it was celebrated the day before yesterday. My husband was desirous that my bridal paraphernalia might be exhibited: I have not heard all that has been said about it; but, amongst a great many compliments and congratulations, there would certainly be a multitude of different opinions among those who understand such things; how could they pardon a female, of whom but little was spoken six months ago, having a set of jewels worth a hundred thousand crowns, five and twenty cachemire shawls, some of them embroidered with gold and silver; dresses of every kind and fashion; the most costly embroidered muslins, and the most rare and valuable feathers? Love will, I trust, preserve me from pride. I am going, with my husband, to pass a month at one of his estates, from thence we go to Baden and the Spa; where I shall often give a thought to the time when I shall return to Paris, and have the happiness of proving to you my sincere and lasting friendship. STEPHANIA.

—— In several country houses the furniture is composed of oak, on which is applied boiling vinegar. This preparation gives a yellow dye to the oak. Wreaths of antique rosaces, in mahogany, incrested, ornament this new kind of furniture. Under every bed is a large drawer, to put by coats or gowns without being folded up. These beds have the form of a Turkish divan.

—— The *Rossina-mania* begins to decline; the very poor success of *Ricciardo*, has, it is said, silenced the clamour made by the partisans of the *Maestro par excellence!*

—— The prettiest picture room is that of M—— there are blinds on the outside, and within are green and red curtains; folded muslin in plaits, from the cieling, with ribbons in transverse lines; a sofa, two conversation seats, a lamp in the form of a clock, the floor painted in mosaic, and a private door in bronze.

—— The price of a full length portrait is two thousand crowns.

—— The balls at the Park of St. Cloud are very fashionable this year. The most brilliant arrivals are from nine o'clock to eleven. At that hour are assembled all those *élégantes*, who have, for the greater part, their own carriages, and who reside in the neighbourhood. At this ball no one dances in a pelisse, or with a hat on; even young ladies take off their pilgrim's hat and their scarf. The gowns have short sleeves; and the shoes are not hid by *guêtres*.

—— Since the arrival of so many Spaniards in Paris, we hear the cry every evening, when the little sempstresses, with their black aprons, are quitting the shops they work at, "Ah! look at the *manolas;* there's the *manolas*. Oh! what *pretty manolas!*" *manolas* has the same meaning as *grisette*.

—— In the public promenades are seen little dogs with collars made of American berries.

—— Ticking, with very broad stripes, is the most fashionable lining for carriages: the tilburies are often lined with stuff made to represent tiger's skin.

—— When ladies of fashion ride on horseback, they wear drawers of knit silk. Riding-habits of damascene grey, ornamented with binding, and half boots that fasten on the ancle with covered buttons.

—— The large straw hats, now so much in vogue for children, shield their complexions, it is true, from the ardour of the sun; but they make them, when the brim is balancing over the forehead, to

look up, from right to left, and may give them a habit of squinting.

—— For tea in the evening, the most fashionable tray is of citron wood or mahogany; the handles, at each end, are in the form of a crescent.

—— The English have introduced a beverage called *sauce;* which is* handed round to every guest, before the boiled meat or stews. Every one takes a spoonfull, to give him an appetite; and epicures mix it with every dish, to help digestion.

—— *Camoens* is the subject of a small picture, which an amateur has just purchased for fifteen hundred francs. The poet is represented as just shipwrecked, and pieces of the vessel are seen floating on the waves. He has saved himself by swimming, and is holding by a rock with one hand, while he triumphantly lifts up his poem and his sword with the other.

—— M. Louis B. a quiet lodger in the department of the Pas-de-Calais, came to Paris to visit it, as an amateur: he was sitting a few days ago on one of the benches on the Boulevards du Temple, and as he was observing the variety of different sights, that offered themselves, he saw one of those salutary vehicles coming, that refresh from their ambulating sources the aridity of the pavement, and dispel the clouds of dust. Mr. Louis B. not habituated to the customs of the capital, attributed the water running out at the end of the cart to an accident, and, with that haste which undoubtedly evinced the goodness of his heart, the zealous Bolonais, gave notice to the water-carrier of what had befallen his equipage, but the smile of the man, and the jests of those who came round him, soon discovered to M. Louis B. his mistake; and laughing at the adventure, he returned to his friends, amusing them, as well as himself, with his provincial *naïveté.*

—— A man lying dead, his funeral was postponed for a day, and his servant was sent to inform a person, who had been forgotten in the arrangements with this unexpected retardment; the servant was so much the creature of habit, that he delivered the message as follows: "Sir, my master, charged me to present his compliments to you, and gives you notice that he shall not be buried till to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

THE ABBÉ PRIVAT DE MOLIÈRES.—The Abbé Privat de Molières was very poor, and he used, during the winter, to write in bed. He had one small chamber in the Royal College, where he was professor of philosophy. One night a thief knocked at his door, the Abbé opened it, and the thief entering demanded the philosopher's purse: who, much more attached to his works than to his money, said, witn his usual sang-froid, "Open one drawers in my bureau, and take what there." The thief opened the drawer, and throw about the manuscripts that were Privat de Molières, perceiving the disorder making, said gravely: "Ah, Sir, you have the drawer, and you are about to give me deal of trouble."

The thief much more greedy after mon papers, seized the Abbé's little pecuniary and rushed out without shutting the door. T cried after him: "Mr. Thief! you might have the civility to shut the door after you."

INCREDULITY.—The Earl of P*** was of t py turn of mind, that he resolved never to anything that was likely to afflict him. If announced to him the death of a friend, or a distressing event, he contradicted it. Hi ship's wife was dead, yet he always had placed on the table for the defunct. Lo paying him a visit, one morning, felt the Ea dog biting his leg, "Do not be afraid, Lordship, "my dog never bites"—"Do not b my Lord, said Lord C* * in the same tone as he knocked the animal down with his ca not be afraid; I never beat dogs."

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* We English declare ourselves perfectly ignorant of this *novelty* at our dinners.

Note by the Translator.

PARISIAN THEATRICAL INTELLIGE

LE BAISER AU PORTEUR, *(kiss the bearer)* title of a novelty at the *Gymnase Dramatique* write a vaudeville on a kiss, is taking a ve subject, certainly, at least in the present a in the time of chivalry, more than one lan have been broken to obtain such a favour. once became inviolable, when it was seale kiss: a kiss was then the pledge of fideli often served as a betrothment. But now small coin in general circulation, and of littl This vaudeville, however, is a very pret work, written on a kiss, of which the follo the story.

Derville, a heedless young spark, has ret to the country, to avoid his creditors, and to his aid all his philosophy to console him retreat, and seeing a wedding in the villa finding the bride very pretty, he accosts he with her, and gives her a kiss—all *philoso* But Thibault, the newly married man, is *not losophical;* he is very angry, and reddens lik let. Derville, to appease him, promises to in a way to be revenged. To accomplish t mise, he writes, on stamped paper, a draf kiss, payable at sight, to Thibault or orde that the person whom Derville may marry sh nour the draft. Very soon after, Madame V and her niece Jenny, that Derville was to hav ried, arrive at the village. The marriage, broken off is renewed, and Thibault sees him

the point of being paid by Jenny. But she, knowing the obligation of Derville, requires the paper from Thibault; for which the farm belonging to the castle becomes his own: but Thibault has no longer the draft; Jeannette, his wife, who found it where her husband had deposited it, had discounted it with the major of the regiment, of which Derville is the colonel; he goes to reclaim it of the major, and to fight with him. Jenny, not daring to tell her aunt the motive of her giving Derville a second refusal, excuses herself, by saying that the young man has many debts. Derville on his return, overhears her, and confesses that Jenny has spoken truth. Madame de Vervelle is well acquainted with some of Derville's little adventures, but, in regard to his behaviour at present, she looks upon him as a second Cato, and to put a stop to every obstacle, takes upon herself to pay all the colonel's debts, so that she soon settles with them, and their claims being fulfilled, she unites the lovers. All the villagers come to congratulate them, and Thibault, fortunate enough to recover his draft, presents himself for payment thereof: Madame Vervelle is bound to pay all Dervelle's debts, she therefore acquits herself of this last, and Thibault, by a title of indemnification, obtains the lease of the farm.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

On Education, by Madame Campan, with Advice to Young Females, &c. Paris, 3 vols. 12mo.

Amongst the unpublished pieces in this new edition, is found a letter written by Madame Campan in 1812, to a great man in office; wherein she exculpates the ladies of Saint-Cyr from having instilled into the minds of their pupils the pride of birth; and she observes, that, the mistress of a French boarding school, at an epoch when the word *noble* was erased from the French dictionary, she had great difficulty in suppressing the pride of the rich, the only distinction then existing. "The daughters of the rich bankers," she says "and contractors, spoke only of their châteaux, their equipages, and the diamonds of their mothers; and without my vigilance in combating this pitiful pride, the child that its parents visited in a hired cabriolet would have suffered much."

Madame Campan then makes the following remarks.

Although very young, the pupils knew perfectly well, if their father was a Count, a Baron, or a Chevalier; and the superiority of rank of a General of division, over that of a General of Brigade, and of the last mentioned over a Colonel, and so on; and they were as knowing almost, in these matters, as one at the head of the war department. This was certainly the work of their parents. It would be more easy to preserve them from this mania; they were admitted solely from the age of seven o eight years.

One single thing among a great number of chil dren, only, can make them forget worldly distinc tions. It proceeds from the rewards distribute among them on acconnt of merit. Madame Campa foresaw the objection: *This, too is vanity.* "If," sh says, "*you cannot destroy the principle*, wisdo should seek to *profit*, by it."

Before she established her school at St. Germai Madame Campan caused to be brought from Londo and Geneva observations on the rules of thos boarding schools where the young ladies had been These observations contained some details of holiday given every year when the studies wer finished; the works of the young scholars wer displayed; prizes were given in presence of thei parents. "I," says Madame Campan, "made th same distributions, but took care to avoid all th theatrical representations. Young french girl want no stimulus to make them good dancers.

Several letters from Madame Campan, hithert unpublished, are addressed to one of her pupils, wh was in 1818, the governess of a boarding schoo for young ladies: she writes to her as follows:

"Always recollect, that it is very easy to for a school to gain a livelihood, but that person i very *culpable*, if she does not feel a real affectio for young people. Say to yourself, as you look o each of those young creatures: she has lost he mother, I must replace her."

Madame Campan, next speaks of foreigners t whom some indulgence must be shown, becaus they are out of their own country. English female on their arrival at St. Germain, have the look o those birds that are full fledged and are just pu into an aviary. "But, she says, let them jum about after their own manner, and do not restrai them with an air of satisfaction and confidenc which soon familiarized them. They have alway remained my friends."

Madame Campan always advises the multiplying every means of emulation, without ever fearin that this spring will wear out. "Give them," sh says, "every month marks of your satisfactio Make them paint on the cases of their desks, th numbers 1, 2, 3, &c., and make the scholar partake of some different recreation every Saturday. Ther should also, without fail, be an inspection of their ta lents every three months. If all do not gain equall in writing, performing on the piano-forte, or drawing they will evidently succeed in one branch: becaus they must exhibit a page of writing, of drawing, an know how to play a new sonata."

Madame Campan forewarns this instructress that enemies will come even when she has fort scholars. Boarding schools, she adds, when no so numerous, had but few; but malevolence i

sure to attack success. Think continually of your reputation, and that of your establishment."

Madame Campan wishes, above all things that heaven would spare her former pupil from the success of *favours*. "Success," she says, that is produced by labour, frequently excites jealousy and draws on us calumny; but all the fury of envy is let loose on favourites. *The favour of the great*, is what every one is ambitious of, and which all mankind despise, when they have it not: they attribute it solely to fortune, who they know is blind, and never believe that benefits are proofs of merit. Go on in your humble and modest career of an instructress; employ in it that *constant*, that *superabundant* care, which very few do who undertake it; with that, success is certain, because it is founded on the interest of others."

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM A VARIETY OF ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

At the ball of St. Maur, there were Organdy blouses, worked in a feather pattern between the bias folds round the border. The most elegant headdresses were hats of white chip, surmounted with red poppies, or plumes. The ladies had on pointed handkerchiefs of white lace, which they kept on all the time they danced.—Bonnets of gros de Naples become daily more the mode; those of pale blue are ornamented with a very large rosette of white satin, which is placed on the top of the crown; those bonnets that are white, are lined with camel's hair yellow, and trimmed with pinked silk, *en chicorée* (that is like the curled leaves of endive) the same colour as the lining, and with blond.—On fine leghorn hats are seen bunches of pinks and red poppies, and green and black poppies.—There are some hats of white gros de Naples with the brims as large as those of straw; their trimming consists of a large rosette and a branch of honey-suckles, a gold wheat-sheaf, or some sweet peas.—There are some fashionists who cover the crowns of their white chip bonnets with a net *à l'Espagnole*, which is formed of small meshes in *crêpe lisse*, blue and white; the point of the net hangs down on one side, and terminates by a tuft of silk or an acorn of lace work.—The lappets of some morning caps are of ribbon checquered with blue on white; they cross under the chin, and then form a bow on the summit of the head.—Cambric pelisses button before, and are reckoned very elegant; the sleeves are composed of rows of clear and thick muslin, alternately disposed *en chevrons*; sometimes these chevrons are double, two and two, and then the clear muslin is let in. Two, or three pelerine capes finish the pelisse.

At the crowded audience for the benefit of Madame Théodore, there were seen many leghorn hats, ornamented with three, and some with fiv feathers; they were flat, and towered o the other. At the base of these feathers double rosette of white sarsnet ribbon. very small dress bonnets, and dress hats in in gauze, in crape *gauffrée*, or in *crêpe lisse*, ab they were ornamented with flowers; the favour were roses in full bouquets, with branch of sweet peas; the full blown r well as the buds, fell over the brim, nearl edge, while the branch of sweet peas was v round the crown. There were very few lad only were dress'd in their own hair; there v or three head-dresses *à la neige*.—Long slee almost universal, clear and puffed out, wit bands worked in feather stitch. On clear mus ses, are worn small fichus of the same materi large square notches round the border.—D striped shot silks of two colours strikingly such as Evelina blue, and the colour of th marshmallow blossom, are much in favour.— green ribbon on white chip hats, and ve ribbons of the same colour, forming a saut the bosom, the ends concealed under a sas same.—All the belts are *à la Léonide*, the either of gold or polished steel; at the v blouses, and other dresses that have the sl *gigot*, a small button in gold open work, co wristband.—Blue continues the most appro lour. At some milliners are to be seen bo walnut-tree coloured sarcenet, bordered honeycomb trimming, of walnut tree an the same trimming is used on sraw-colou nets, where the honeycomb is alternately colour, or Evelina blue.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDE

We are daily receiving some valuable articles, pa from anonymous writers. The various subjec extremely well written, lively, humorous and that we can pledge ourselves that no publication the WORLD OF FASHION *and* CONTINENTAL FEU *for amusing Literature.*

Our Correspondents, particularly at Fashionab cial Places of resort, are requested to continue to with information and criticisms, on the passing e may interest the polite World.

Our Readers are respectfully solicited to recom Publication amongst their friends. It is the only dicated to High Life, Fashionables and Fash periodical of the kind has embellishments that ca pared to it. The Fashions in the Monthly Public not Fashions, but are made up by individuals either taste, judgment, or knowledge of what is Ladies of rank, distinction and respectability.

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[illegible]

Invented by Mrs Bell, No. 52, St. James's Street.

Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion, Augt 1st 1824.

Evening Dress.

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THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLI
LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, *&c. &c.*

No. 4. LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1. VOL

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.

THE pride of his country, HIS MAJESTY, arrived on Saturday, Aug. 14th., in his travelling carriage and four, at his Palace in Pall-mall, a few minutes before one o'clock, from Windsor, escorted by a party of the 7th. Hussars. The King was received at the Palace by the Duke of Clarence. In a short time his Majesty held a Court. Soon after the breaking up of the Court, which was about half-past four o'clock, his Majesty left town, escorted by a party of the 7th. Hussars, on his return to his Lodge in Windsor Park, to dinner.

The Duke of York has been backwards and forwards to London and Brighton during the Month—Brighton, however seems to be the chosen residence for his Royal Highness. His health is much improved by the sea breezes.

The Duke and Duchess of Clarence are sometimes in London—but generally at Bushy or Kew.

The Princess Augusta has been lately in London—but is at the time we are writing at Frogmore.

MARQUISSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Northampton, Marquis and Marchioness of, from Paris.

EARLS, BARONS AND BARONNESSES.

Arlington, Earl of, from Paris.

Willoughby, Baroness de, at Whitehall, from Richmon
Carington, Lord, in Whitehall Yard, from Wycombe
bey, Bucks.
Manners, Lord and Lady, from Dublin.

ESQUIRES.

Haynes, Joseph, Esqr., at Long's Hotel, Bond-street,
Burderop Park, near Malborough.

CHANGES AND DEPARTURES.

Ashburnham, Hon. P., for Ashburnham Place, Susse
Aylesford, Earl of, for Rockington, Warwickshire.
Ailesbury, Marquis of, and family, for Tottenham Pa
Ashbrook, Viscountess, for Fern Hill near Windsor.
Biddulph, Mrs., for Chirke Castle, Denbighshire.
Beaumont, T. W. Esqr., and family, for Bradly
Northumberland.
Carnarven, Earl of, for High Clare, Berks.
Campbell, Lady and Miss, for Ramsgate.
Canterbury, the Archbishop of, and family, for Rams
Chichester, the Earl of, for his seat in Sussex.
Cassilis, Earl and Countess of, for St. Margaret's.
Carhampton, Countess of, for Payne's Hill, Kent.
Cholmondeley, Marquis and Marchioness of, and fa
for Cheshire.
Cotterell, Sir George, Bart., for Garnors, near Here
Carysfort, Earl and Countess, and the Ladies Proby
a tour.

Cowper, Earl and Countess, for Passinger, Herts.
Donnegal, Dowager Marchioness, on a tour.
Dartmouth, the Countess of, for her seat, Blackheath.
Dysart, Countess of, for Ham House, Surry.
Eastnor, Lord and Lady, for Lord Somer's, in Glouces tershire.
Essex, Countess of, on a tour.
Evelyn, Mr. John, for Wootton Park, near Dorking.
Ellenborough, Lady, for Tunbridge Wells.
Folkestone, Lord and Lady, for Radnor Castle, Wilts.
Fitzclarence, Colonel, for Hampton Court.
Fitzroy, the Ladies, for Leamington, Warwickshire.
Gloucester, the Duke of, is at Lulworth Castle.
Gosford, Earl of, for Ireland.
Gosford, Countess of, for Beccles, Suffolk.
Glynn, Sir Richard, Lady and family, for Gaunt's House, Dorsetshire.
Grantham, Lord, for the Isle of Wight.
Guene, Mr. Thomas, for Whittingham Hall.
Hertford, Dowager Marchioness of, for Mount Sion, Tunbridge Wells.
Harewood, Earl and Countess of, for Harewood House, Yorkshire.
Hughes, Colonel, and family, for Kimmel Park, St. Asaph.
Heathcote, Sir Gilbert, Bart., for the Isle of Thanet.
Hardwicke, the Earl of, for Wimpole Hall.
Henneker, Lord and Lady, for Chandos Place, Broadtairs.
Honeywood, W. P., Esqr., M.P. and family, for Mark's Hall, Essex.
Jervoise, Sir S., for Eadesworth Park, in Hampshire.
Kerr, Lord and Lady M. and the Misses, for Holme Word, near Henley upon Thames.
Lamb, Hon. F., for Brighton.
Long, the Misses Tilney, for Bath.
Limerick, Earl and Countess of, and family, for Southill Park, Berks.
Langford, Lord and Lady, for Englefield Green.
Lowther, Colonel, for Cottesmere, Rutlandshire.
Lansdowne, Dowager Marchioness of, for Hampton Court.
Lennox, Lord George, for Sussex.
Manners, Lady R. and Miss, for Manor House, Sutton.
Messing, Colonel and Mrs., for Hertford Bridge.
Macdonald, Hon. James and Lady Sophia, for Lundham Hall, near Woodbridge.
Macclesfield, Earl of, for Sherborne Castle.
Northampton, Marquis and Marchioness of, for Castle Ashby, Northamptonshire.
Ouseley, Sir G. and Lady, for Woolmers, in shire.
Palmerston, Lord, to Rumsey, Hants.
Plymouth, Earl and Countess of, for How Broomsgrove.
Poulett, Dowager Countess, for Poulett Lodge.
Pierepoint, Hon. P., for Evenly Hall, near Bra
Rigby, Mr. and Mrs., for their seat, Misly Ha
Richmond, Duke of, for Petworth, Sussex.
Rutland, Duke and Duchess of, for Belvoir Cas
Smith, Hon. Lady, for Earl Galloway's Seat i hamshire.
Salisbury, Marquis, and Marchioness, for Hatfi
Shaftesbury, the Earl of, for St. Giles' House, I
Stourton, Dowager, Lady for Middlethorpe, ne
Surry, Earl and Countess of, for Worksop, Man
Scarborough, Earl of, for Yorkshire.
Selsey, Dowager, Lady, for West Dean, Sussex
St. Antonio, Count and Countess, to Wimbleton
Spencer, Lord and Lady R. for Woodbeding, Su
St. Albans, the Duke of and family, for Gatbou,
Stafford, Marquis, and Marchioness and family, ham Hall, Staffordshire.
Talbot, Earl of, at his seat in Staffordshire.
Talbot, the Hon. and Henry Talbot, for Inges Litchfield.
Tavistock, Marquis of, for Oakley House, Bedf
Winchester, Bishop of, for Farnham Palace.
Wall, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Hallow Park, Worc
Wynn, C. W. Esqr. M. P. and family, for their s bighshire.
Wynn, Right Hon. C. for Scotland.
York, Archbishop of, and the Lady Ann Vern Palace.

ARRIVALS FROM ENGLAND IN IRELA

Sir Dudley Hill, Bart., Admiral Isaac Coffin Hart, M.P. Lord Sherborne, Colonel O'Brien and

ARRIVALS IN EDINBURGH.

His Grace the Duke and her Grace the Duche ford, Ladies Georgina and Louisa Russell and Miss Russell, the Marquis of Queensbury, and W. R. K. Douglas, M.P., the Right Hon. Visc Auckland, the Right Hon. Lord Bruce.

DEPARTURES FROM EDINBURG.

Lord Russell, Lord Charles Russell, and the R Lord Cosmo Russell, the Hon. A. W. R. M'Donald Sir William Eden, and General Eden.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT.

THE KING.

It is with extreme pleasure we have to state that His Majesty continues in the enjoyment of the best health. We are happy that our Sovereign has abandoned, for this year, his intention of visiting his Hanoverian dominions. The delightful environs of Windsor are, at present, his favorite rural attraction.

His Majesty, on Thursday August 12, (being the anniversary of his birth) was graciously pleased to lay the first stone of a new Tower in his Royal Castle of Windsor. The stone was hollowed in the centre, in which cavity was placed a glass containing the present coins of the realm, and upon a glass plate was inscribed the following:—

"George the Fourth, by the grace of God,
King of Great Britain and Ireland,
Defender of the Faith,
Laid this Corner Stone of a New Entrance
To his Castle at Windsor,
Which has been, for upwards of Seven Centuries,
The Residence of his Royal Predecessors,
On the 62d Anniversary of his Birth-day,
August 12, 1824.
Jeffry Wyatt, Architect."

In the evening the King received at dinner their Royal Highnesses the Duke of York; the Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Gloucester; the Dukes of Wellington and Dorset; and several of the Nobility had the honour of being present.

The upper part of the King's Household were entertained with a Grand Aquatic Fete at Virginia Water, by desire of His Majesty, in commemoration of the Anniversary of his Birth-day. A sumptuous cold Collation was provided, and the day was one of the utmost conviviality.

ALTERATIONS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The Round Tower (or Middle Keep, as it is termed in Ancient Record), is to be entirely detached from the surrounding buildings; and, instead of the dwarf brick wall, with which it is at present partly surrounded, it is to be entirely encompassed with a magnificent rampart of stone, an improvement which has, for years past, suggested itself to every enlightened visitant of the Castle, but which it was reserved for the tasteful era of our present Sovereign to carry into effect. The round French windows in the body of the Tower, together with other parts of the Castle, which were introduced by Charles II. in compliance with the ruling fashion of his age, but which are by no means in unison with the other parts of this majestic edifice, are to be replaced by the original Gothic. The preparations for the foundation of the new Tower, which is to form one of the sides of the grand entrance, are also nearly completed. This has long been a desideratum. When the Allied Monarchs visited Windsor, in 1814, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, concurred in remarking the great addition to the view of the Castle if the entrance had been parallel to that unrivalled avenue, the Long Walk. This suggestion is now about to be fully acted upon; the grand entrance to the Castle will be under a magnificent archway, and the spectator standing in the Court-yard (which is principally for this purpose to be lowered seven feet) will command a view of the whole of the Long Walk, and this will be terminated by a beautiful equestrian statue of his late revered Majesty, with its pedestal fifty feet in height. Another entrance is making to the Quadrangle through the curtain, connecting the Devil Tower with the Round Tower from the town of Windsor.

The Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg has left England for some months—his Royal Highness went from Ramsgate to Dover—he walked some part of the way with his servant, and slept at Mrs. Wright's—he embarked the following morning, and reached Calais in safety, where his Royal Highness was received by a guard of honour similar to that which was mounted at Dover—his Royal Highness bowed graciously and gracefully on quitting the English coast, but his Royal Highness was so delighted with the reception he met with on the continent, that he treated the whole *French* guard of honour with a dinner and bottle of wine per man, at *Quillacq's* Hotel—a mark of affection and kindness to our gallic neighbours, which we very much regret he bestowed on them.

The *snarling curs* that write for the *John Bull* newspaper are quite *mad*, and must be muzzled like other dogs. They asserted in one of their late papers a most infamous *lie* of Mrs. Coutts;—it does not require to be refuted, so foolish an absurdity must have emanated from madmen. Some disappointed miscreant is no doubt the author of the infamous abuse the above newspaper is so fond of inserting against a lady of such real goodness, liberality, and lady-like deportment. We can tell the journalists that they are deceived, in all the reports sent to them of Mrs. Coutts. She has not a particle of ostentation; her riches she disperses with a liberal, humane and charitable hand; regardless of its amount, provided it is likely to do good. That such a lady should be consantly assailed by an assassin of her good name, is generally regretted. She has, however, too intelligent and correct a mind to be annoyed by any libellous attack. Her correct and faultless nature should be indifferent to the scurrility of any individual.

Mr. Bish, the principal proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, has evinced his loyalty to our highly esteemed King by giving one of the most splendid *fêtes* ever witnessed. He drew together, to celebrate his Majesty's birth-day, August 12, upwards of 13,000 respectable persons—all breathing loyalty and affection to the best of Kings. Mr. Bish deserves the patronage of his Majesty for the loyalty he inculcates amongst all classes, and particularly amongst the English youth. They are taught by those entertainments to love and admire their King; who may be said to be their father; as he protects them from foreign agressors, and their lives and property by wholesome and salutary laws. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Bish. He is a disinterested and loyal gentleman. Some particular proofs of his Majesty's favor should be conferred on so intelligent a citizen of London.

The order for prohibiting persons carrying parcels through the Parks has, we presume, been withdrawn, as several persons, carrying parcels, have been seen going through unmolested.

Lady Oxford, Mrs. Hutchinson, the Danish Countess Bourke, Lord Holland, and Lady Morgan, have been all prohibited, by an ordinance of the Emperor of Austria, from entering his dominions: the three former as suspicious political characters; Lady Morgan on accouut of her writings, and Lord Holland because he is "well known as an enthusiastic adherent of Radicalism, and even in the English Parliament openly utters the most insolent abuse of the Allied Monarchs!"

A gentleman the other day at a Police office in London, produced a letter he had received from his butcher, com-

plaining that his housekeeper had discharged him, because he would not consent to charge the master a higher price for his meat then was really paid, to enable the trust-worthy servant to pocket the difference, which was stated to be a very common practice with these gentry.

Lord and Lady Macdonald, the Hon. Misses Macdonald, the Hon. Godfrey and James Macdonald, have left Edinburgh on their way to Armadale Castle, their seat in the Island of Sky.

PRINCE ESTERHAZY'S AMBROSIA.—Take four ounces of terra Japonica finely pulverised; one ounce of fine sugar candy, also powdered. Grind two drachms of the best ambergris with twenty grains of musk. Dissolve, also, half an ounce of pure gum tragacanth in about three or four ounces of orange-flower water. Mix all the ingredients together, so that they shall form a stiff paste, which is to be rolled up into pieces of the thickness of a straw. Cut these into small lengths, each about the eighth part of an inch, and lay them in a clean paper for use. They will be found to be a very superior perfume for the breath.

Miss Paton, the admired vocalist, has contradicted the report of her being married to Lord Lennox.

MATRIMONIAL INTELLIGENCE, FOR THE SUMMER OF THE YEAR 1824.—Intelligence called matrimonial, may be divided into two heads, viz., remarkable events occurring among those already bound in the strong fetters of Hymen, and the connubial speculations and intrigueing operations of the unmarried part of man and womankind,—of those who are continually boasting of freedom, but who would gladly forge their own chains upon the first reasonable opportunity that offered for so doing. On the first of these particulars we have little new to say, as the world is already acquainted with the several *faux pas* extraordinary that have lately set the brains of rank and fashion all agog for judge, jury and damages.—Mrs. Baring, Lady Erskine, and others have cut a prominent figure in the——— annals of the present year, and eke the illustrious lady of a renowned city Alderman, whose romantic and impassioned amours with a certain fidgetty tragedian have caused more eyes than one to shed tears of sympathy over the relation of their mutual sorrows. Various rumours have been in circulation respecting the cause for deferring the prosecution against this hero; the most interesting of which is, that the gloomy event itself has so deranged his faculties as entirely to disenable him from making the necessary arrangements with his men of law, and in consequence, the injured member of the turtle-soup and turbot club has, with a humanity of forbearance hitherto unparalleled, consented to put off the hour of vengeance till such time as the bad man, who destroyed his (the Alderman's) peace, may be better armed for the contest than at present; so stands the case with this our fashionable trio. Now, as to the second department of our report, viz., the various intrigues and speculations of the unmarried race of men and "*ladies bright*," a poor summer would this have been, had it not brought to light many amusing affairs, in the way both of comicality and romance, and brought to light it has, as will appear "by what follows in the sequel," as novel writers say: it is known for fact that the dear delicate man, who fainted in Kensington Gardens some time ago, did so, entirely out of love for a *petite* apprentice, who had been cruel enough to destroy the healthful tenor of his nerves, by words that fall ungently from the lips of love; we are assured however that the *lady* had no intention of being the cause of any thing so s
swoon. The next thing of *importance* that
notice is, the marriage of Miss Beaumont wit
clerk in the East-India House, which event
trumpeted abroad both far and wide by our bu
contemporaries, not to be behind whom in t
matrimonial novelties, we beg leave to inform
able readers that the matchless brunette, Emili
Harrietta, Anne, Maria, and Isabella Snape, who
cut such a figure at eastern Almack's, is now t
led bride of—not a clerk in the East India Ho
little Humphry Hedgehog, apprentice to a ham
merchant, in Shoreditch: we are informed that
ful couple live as happily together as bacon an
make them—may Cupid throw his sweetest ro
thornless path!—After this heartfelt prayer, we
to mention that three cosmopolites (by this t
course, mean Scotsmen have lately made strenuou
towards obtaining the fair hand of a *foreign* lady
but as yet without the slightest appearance o
she disliked the *ruby*-coloured hair of the one;
retained so much of the peculiarity of his n
of euphony that his most refined and eloquent t
"as the idle winds;" for the lady could not at all
their import, and she was fain, on several occasi
for an interpreter; the third, who was the most
of the three, having as little apparent chance
as his brethren, in so desperate an extremity
an Irish acquaintance, who advised him to hav
to Prince Hohenlohe. Sandy, however, althoug
mon, was too wise to adopt his miraculous
friend's recommendation—and thus the matter
stands,—many other interesting affairs we coul
but are not disposed to gratify the curiosity of
too much at one time.

Next as to young gentlemen, and *not old*
are to be disposed of in the Matrimonial Baza
subject we could, with ease, pen volumes, so n
the list of unmarried marriageable sinners! Al
women and music, (and therefore the whole
elegance and fashion) must often have remarked
variety of pathetic and airy songs that have
musical lady's most musical portfolio: so in
multifarious are the candidates for connubial
under our special observation. Should any
ladies or gentlemen (titled, or untitled) think i
to consult our unworthy selves for advice in th
pursuits of matrimonial game, we beg to as
that we shall, at all times, be happy to lend our
towards succouring the distressed—provided, a
in course, that they have no objection to "
marteau;" for our continual motto is

"Point d'argent, point de Suisse,"

as is generally the case with every professe
whether his tact lie in the medical, legal,
department—and ours consists in a happy un
the three. At present we can only say that
single but even married personages are out upon
and among the foremost of the latter class is lady-
(one and all will easily fill up the blank), w
Lord is rapidly on the decline, and she, wis
thinks it prudent to tie a new string to her bow
one be broken.

The Printer's Devil has become vociferous in his demands for this our lucubration, and we are constrained reluctantly to obey the summons, leaving

"Much spoken, much unsaid."

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—His worship, the Mayor, and his family, the Aldermen, Sheriffs, Common Councilmen, and other busy bodies of the City of London, we consider to be fair game for all those who are fond of that delightful and truly edifying amusement—quizzing: for when haberdashers, pastry cooks, ironmongers, sadlers, stationers, and other *honorable* professors of the *fine arts* pretend to style and elegance, their vagaries never fail to be the very soul of all that is ridiculous, and are therefore prime subjects for every rogue of a journalist whereon to exercise his satirical wit. But when any editor, or underling so far forsakes the path of consistency and reason, as to confound even Royalty with these senseless cits above mentioned, then indeed ought we to turn upon the writer and dub him as exquisite a fool as any of those against whom he exerts all the force of his *mighty* genius. Now, H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, has thought fit kindly to favor a late festival of the valiant mayor and haberdasher with his presence: this mode of action was every way charitable, as it in all probability, prevented his lordship's heart from breaking through utter mortification, at the mournful desertion he has on all sides experienced. The wise, the more than sapient conductors of that astonishing paper, *John Bull*, have chosen to rank the Duke with the paltry aspirants to fashion who did all they could to set the Thames on fire some few weeks since. That any *block*head should be so extremely *woody* as to think that by abusing and *endeavouring* to ridicule the brother of his lawful king, he could gratify and amuse his readers and benefit the cause he so speciously pretends to advocate, is *surprising*, and the wiseacre possessing such a sage idea, may indeed be hailed as the prince of fools: but the *John Bull* began with scurrility, has risen through scurrility, and will die in consequence of scurrility—its editor is pleased to imagine that he may snarl at an illustrious member of the Royal Family with the same impunity as at a foolish purse-proud cit; but he will assuredly find himhimself wofully mistaken.—The very name of the Duke of Sussex is enough to throw contempt on all the Solomon like journalist says, and when a set of poor fellows, who are well acquainted with the airy abode of a prison, choose to growl and yelp at the heels of Royalty, they only render themselves the ridiculous idiots they would fain show their superiors to be, and bring additional lustre on the heads of those whom the hapless creatures have in an hour of extraordinary sagacity considered to be suitable marks whereon to aim their feeble shafts of nonsensical *witticism*.

We hear strange things of the decreased circulation of the John Bull newspaper, and can assure its proprietors that, by abusing the highest rank and the highest fashion, they are on the right road for putting a final stroke to the ruin of their once excellent, entertaining and popular journal.—

MORE ADULTERY.—LIEUT.-GEN. SIR JAMES ERSKINE, BART., *v.* LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE MURRAY.—This is another of those disgusting cases of libidinous depravity which, unhappily, too often occur even amongst the rank and fashion of this capital. We are much given to boast of our modern superiority in virtue and decency over the ancients; but, although the latter went so far in their moral unworthiness as to make a frequent and willing transfer of wives to their bosom friends, we are not acquainted with any circumstances, either in the Grecian, or Roman annals of criminality, that can well be said to surpass many late affairs in all that is abominable and vicious. In the disgraceful Crim. Con. between Captain Webster and Mrs. Henry Baring, the lady being at an age, when reason and virtue ought surely to have an entire control over the stirrings of lust and the allurements of vice, added greatly to her share of guilt. In the present case, the mature years of Sir George Murray, must deprive him of every shadow of excuse for his unprincipled and adulterous conduct, and Lady Louisa, is certainly old enough to have known how to behave in a more decent manner than she has done by deliberately taking Sir George Murray as her paramour. Women, however even in their guilt, are far from being objects calculated to excite feelings which that guilt ought invariably to produce: they lose their virtue—they sacrifice their fame and character—yet we pity, not abhor them; for criminal as they may be, they are still women, and as such, we must indeed have the breasts of stoics, to treat them long either with harshness or contempt. But it is in turning from them to their paramours, that we feel all the force of honest indignation, to think that brutal selfishness and lawless lust, should so frequently trample with execrable pleasure upon all that is beautiful and good and happy,—that vice should contaminate virtue,—that guilt should prevail over innocence, and a villain destroy the domestic happiness of the happiest family.—No one has shown himself more capable of exciting these indignant sensations than Lieutenant General Murray. That a man of 53 should disgrace his years by conduct unpardonable even in youth, need not be wondered at, for morality and honor are far from being the inseparable companions of age: but that a soldier, high in rank, whose duty it is to set an example of propriety in military and civil virtues to his junior brethren in arms—that such a man, we say, should so far become oblivious of every honorable sentiment of every sense of decorum, as to act the contemptible seducer, and in so doing, to submit to the degradation of a disguise and assumption of false names, to descend even to untruth, to sneak out at a back door in order to avoid an injured husband whom he dared to call friend—all this must make each honest man despise the hypocritical *hero*, and lament that rank and title should be thus grossly abused, without any punishment being imposed on the abuser, with the exception of a payment amounting to a few hundred pounds, allotted by the considerate verdict of a calculating jury.

We sincerely trust that this may be the last case of sickening Crim. Con. on which we may consider it to be our painful duty to animadvert: the list of guilt is made long enough by the lower orders of mankind, and the higher classes should disdain to swell the disgusting annals of british criminality.

Rules to be observed by forlorn Widowers and sorrowful Bachelors in their delectable Advertisements for Wives, &c. &c. &c.

When a man is so unfortunate as to have no other means of obtaining that greatest of all earthly blessings, a true and lawful wife, than by public advertisement, the necessity

of the case will always justify the most unlimited deviation from truth—*ergo*: though the advertiser be so far like a cyclops as to possess but one ocular luminary, we do consider him amply warranted to state that his *eyes* are of a peculiar and refined beauty, having more resemblance unto transparent jewels than to mere human visual orbs, and this he may, in truth, assert with a clear conscience, provided he be furnished with a glass eye, which, alas! is too often the case in these mechanical days, when eyes, teeth, arms and legs are changed with as little inconvenience as a gentleman's coat, or fair lady's muff! Again, if an early and injurious fondness for sweets should have robbed both upper and lower jaw of every individual tooth, still do we hold it for good, that the advertiser should boast in elegant terms of his "twin pearl-rows," and though he should have lucklessly been in the wars and lost an arm, or leg; or arm and leg both, nay, both arms and both legs—yet nevertheless, he would be exceedingly reprehensible did he not discourse in sounding phraseology upon the ineffable symmetry of both arms and both legs. Next, let his face be colored as much in imitation of copper as it may, he should make it a primary point to expatiate on his snowy forehead and rosy cheeks. Should he even be hump-backed, there is no reason for his saying a syllable of the mountainous excrescence: on the contrary, let him declare without hesitation that his shoulders are remarkable for their inimitable *roundness* of beauty. To all this it may be answered, that, each of these vain boasts of any luckless advertiser, at the moment of an interview with the tender-hearted fair-one, who might graciously deign to reply to his wants thus publicly exprest, would lose whatever good effect it had previously worked in his favor: but however great may be the plausibility of this objection, it takes not one iota from the wisdom of our counsel, in proof of which assertion we will relate what follows:

An unfortunate gentleman, who had already reached the melancholy climacteric of 50, bethought him of the means of obtaining a wife who should form the solace of his declining years: this was no easy matter; for, however, regardless the fair sex may be of beauty in the opposite half of the race of mortals, they are, notwithstanding, generally averse to accept of the blind and lame in the quality of husband: now our hero had only one eye, and even that was far from being a piercer; his left arm had been utterly disabled by coming in contact with the ladder of a lamplighter's apprentice, and his right leg had suffered a doleful metamorphosis from proper flesh and blood, to bloodless wood; from a shape that would have turned a dancing-master's brain, to an insignificant piece of tapering timber. However,

"None but the brave deserve the fair,"

and our man of fifty advertised in splendid style, declaring himself to be faultless both in mind and form. Had he told the truth, not a lovely creature would have appeared; whereas, by thus acting Gulliver and Munchausen, he drew a whole bevy of elegance around him. Now came "the tug of war." One exclaimed "Dear me! only one eye, shocking!" and fled in utter dismay: another shrieked; whilst a third shouted—"the wretch has lost an arm!" and a fourth burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and, looking towards his eastern wing, began rhapsodizing upon the beauty of his mahogany foot. In verity, our hero waxed wrathful, and, "mad with extreme despair," meditated a general attack upon the company assembled: but at the moment in whi about to put this fearful design into execution, spirit entered the room, and fell deeply in love tip of the now happy man's ear—that tip count all his defects, and the delighted pair were shortly united in the bonds of everlasting attachment.

Thus was intrepidity rewarded, and thus is the of our advice entirely demonstrated.

Thunder drum at the Amphitheatre, or, Won of a Horse, formerly belonging to Mr. Astle

THIS charger, given by General Elliot, to Mr. A the latter was in the corps, called Elliot's Light called the "Spanish Horse," and lived to the ex age of forty-two years. Mr. W. Davis, the p prietor and manager of the Royal Amphitheat fond of this horse, for its wonderful tractabilit treme docility, that, highly to the honour of his when the poor horse, from having lost his teet was unable to eat his corn, Mr. W. Davis, a decrepid, aged, and nearly worn out animal, tw loaves every day, out of his own private p horse had been accustomed, at a public perfo ungird his own saddle, wash his feet in a pai fetch and carry a complete tea equipage, and tak of boiling water off a flaming fire, and act, in the manner of a waiter at a tea garden.

When nature was exhausted, and this wond druped paid its debt, Mr. Davis, to perpetuate caused the hide to be tanned and made into drum, and it now stands on the prompter's s theatre, and when its rumbling sounds strike of those who are acquainted with the circu serves to their recollection as his "parting kne

ORIGIN OF SOLDIERS DOING DUTY AT THE ROYAL.—In the reign of George II. when Quin a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, one night, durin formance of the Beggar's Opera, (it being t vailing custom to admit noblemen and gentle the scenes,) a hot-headed person, flushed with to the rosy god, in a very interesting scene, stage, amidst the performers. Mr. Quin was scenes and expostulated with the nobleman, on priety of his conduct. The latter struck Mr. returned the blow. This being witnessed by man's companions, they drew their swords, and fight ensued. The police of the town not being strict regulations as at present, neither so numer fective, the proprietors were obliged to call in ference of the district watchmen. The noble remained in custody all night; the next mo were examined by the magistrates, and held to they made restitution, and were discharged. hearing of the outrage, sent privately for a ringleaders, and lectured them severely on the conduct; and was pleased to order, that, in guards should do duty at the play house, ev which custom has never since been dispensed its adoption has had a very salutary effect in riot and disorder.

SOVEREIGNS.—A modern writer has declared aversion to the name now given to our gold supports his opinion by the perversion that n

on the most innocent expressions, even in the mouth of a staunch royalist; he very wittily remarks the suspicion that the following phrases, from any one who had a bad piece of coin of this kind, might excite.

"I have got *a dreadfully bad* sovereign.

"I wish I could *change* my sovereign.

"I am sure the sovereign I have got is not worth *twenty shillings*.

"I have but *half* a sovereign.

"And how many of his Majesty's most devoted subjects, if they were to speak their minds freely, most cordially and daily wish, to have *more sovereigns than one*."

HOW TO DISCOVER AN ENEMY.—During the regency of the Duke of Orleans, while Louis XV. was in his minority, a knight palatinate being on a visit to the French court, related the following anecdote to Madame, the Duchess of Orleans, the Regent's mother. This knight had served many years in India; where, at a certain court, the first minister and the keeper of the seals hated each other mortally. The latter having one day occasion for the seals, found they had been taken from the casket in which they were usually kept. He was of course greatly terrified, for his head depended on their production. He went to one of his friends, and consulted with him what he should do. His friend asked him if he had any enemies at court. "Yes," replied the keeper of the seals, "the chief minister is my mortal foe." "So much the better," replied his friend, "go and set fire to your house directly; take out of it nothing but the casket in which the seals were kept, and take it directly to the chief minister, telling him you know no one with whom you can more safely deposit it? then go home again and save whatever you can. When the fire shall be extinguished, you must go to the king, and request him to order the chief minister to restore you the seals; and you must be sure to open the casket before the Prince. If the seals are there, all will be explained; if the minister has not restored them, you must accuse him at once of having stolen them; and thus you will be sure to ruin your enemy and recover your seals." The keeper of the seals exactly followed his friend's advice, and the seals were found again in the casket.

SYRENS.—In the Calcutta journal, dated the 10th of March, 1823, there is an extract from a letter from a Mr. John Shillaber, to Mr. James Wallace of New York, saying he had seen a syren that was taken on the coast of Japan, by an American Captain, named Edes. The following is the description given by Mr. Shillaber. From the head to the tail it was twenty-seven inches in length; its arms were well formed; the hands small and plump, white and delicate; the bosom was exactly like that of a woman; the neck perfectly well turned, the features of the face were flat and harsh; stiff hair hung as low as the waist; the mouth was large, but the lips beautiful; the teeth resembled human teeth; the holes of the ears were but slightly perceptible; the rest of the body ended in a fish's tail; but the transition was so gradual, that it required a strong magnifying glass to perceive the first scales. It is between the rocks that this extraordinary being is generally to be seen; it is very cunning and very difficult to be taken."

MORE'S Botanical gardens in the King's Road, continues to be a resort of our tasteful fashionables, by a particular attention to the cultivation of *geraniums* we are indebted for some rare and valuable specimens of this elegant branch of horticulture. We highly recommend to the notice of amateurs a new and superb geranium entitled *Pelargonium*, Duke of York; his Royal Highness having honored it with his particular approbation.

CURIOUS COMBINATION OF NAMES.—An English privateer, named the *Terrible*, in the year 1758, was famed for fighting the most desperate naval action on record. The name of the commander was Captain *Death*, and the ship was equipped at *Execution* Dock. The lieutenant's name was *Devil*, and that of the surgeon, *Ghost*.

A very fine boat has been conveyed on a carriage, drawn by seven horses, from the dock-yard at Deptford, to Virginia Water, for the use of his Majesty. She has been fitted up with the greatest attention to serve as a fishing-boat, &c. and is sufficiently capacious to contain the band.

The Duke of Buccleugh, now about 18 years old, is soon to enter at Oxford. On coming of age, he will succeed to two dukedoms, those of Buccleugh and Queensbury, and to the Earldom of Doncaster. It is also said he is the direct descendant of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, and that he has also a just claim to that ancient title. The estate to which his Grace succeeds, is probably the largest landed property in the united kingdom, being a rental of 100,000*l.* a-year in Scotland, and (on the death of an old lady) a nearly equal amount in England.

The Prince of Saxe-Coburg has shown a remarkable instance of generosity towards Rossini. The custom with this Italian composer is, never to go to any musical *soirées* for less than fifty guineas. He three times presided over concerts for the Prince, for which his Highness sent him 500 guineas, and a diamond pin.

The collection of coins belonging to the late Mr. Dimsdale, the banker, has been sold at most extravagant prices. A Queen Anne's five guinea piece produced 34*l.* A five pound piece of Charles I. 40*l.* 10*s.* An Oxford crown piece with a portrait of Charles I. on horseback, and a view of the city of Oxford under the horse 69*l.* A twenty shilling piece of Charles I. 14*l.* Queen Mary's ryal in gold 63*l.* Edward the Sixth's pound sovereign 14*l.*

There is a curious anecdote of Ferrand Count of Flanders; who having been accustomed to amuse himself at chess with his wife, and being constantly beaten by her, a mutual hatred took place, which came to such a height, that when the Count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bovines, she suffered him to remain a long time in prison, though she could easily have procured his release!

One of the late Duke of Hamilton's amusements, which he practised to get an appetite for breakfast, was to take a wherry at Westminster-bridge, and to give a waterman a guinea to row against him to Chelsea, where, if the waterman arrived first (which was seldom the case) he had an additional reward for his dexterity.

The Earl of Yarmouth, heir to the noble house and splendid fortunes of Hertford, is returned from Paris. He has lately much improved in health—his constitution being extremely delicate.

The Duke of Queensberry once bet a considerable wager that he would convey a letter fifty miles within an hour,

without the aid of horses, carrier pigeons, &c.; and this he effected by having it enclosed in a cricket-ball, which twenty-four expert cricketers transferred to each other, by which means the ball passed more than fifty miles in the given time.

John Bull says he does not prefer Washington Irving to Mr. Campbell: we should be glad to know how he forms the comparison—he might as well say he does not prefer Sterne to Goldsmith.

Dr. Lister, in a chapter on vegetable excrescencies, gravely says:

"The stiff-haired, or prickly cater-pillar feeds on leaves, *without any* puncture, or prejudice, *save that it eats them up.*

The following important intelligence was lately communicated by the Morning Papers:

"On Sunday, Mr. *Kean*, accompanied by his *secretary*, Mr. *R. Philipps*, left town *in his travelling carriage and four* for Holyhead: from thence he proceeds *immediately* for Dublin.

It is really amusing to see these slaves of the public give themselves up to such utter absurdities. We also heard that four monkeys, in the quality of outriders, accompanied the carriage, and that during the whole journey they kept up an amusing conversation with their brother apes inside the vehicle.

New Code of honor—or rules extracted from a work lately published in Red Lion Square.

HUSBANDS

1st. To prove their domestic habits should pass their lives at the gaming table.

2nd. To afford protection to their wives should never be seen with them abroad.

3rd. To improve their morals should send them annually to Paris.

4th. Who divorce their wives to assert their *honor*, should bear as hardly as possible on them, and shew equal *lenity* to the seducer.

5th. Should enter into a treaty of *amity* with him for their *mutual advantage.*

LOVERS

1st. Must cultivate the friendship of the husband.

2nd. May use *all* stratagems to seduce the wife.

3rd. If sued for damages must *delicately* avoid alluding to the pursuits of the husband—never *hint* the wife was neglected.

4th. At 35, should rest their defence on their *youth* and *inexperience.*

5th. Always to assert the *lady* to have been the *seducer.*

By strict adherence to these *manly, honorable* rules, lovers need have no fears of passing the remainder of their lives in banishment.

WITNESSES.

All oaths, and perjuries allowable (if not *detected.*)

MAGICAL CLOCK.—Droz, a Genevan mechanic, once constructed a clock which was capable of the following surprising movements: there was seen on it a negro, adog, and a shepherd; when the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. This clock was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was delighted with it. "The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit; if your Majesty touch one of the apples, which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the fidelity of this animal." The King took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, and barked so loud, that the King's dog, which was in the room, began also to bark; at this, the courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as the The Minister of Marine was the only one that stay. The King having desired him to ask the o'clock it was, the Minister obeyed, but obtain Droz then observed, that the negro had not Spanish, upon which the Minister repeated the French, and the black immediately answered h new prodigy, the firmness of the Minister also f and he retreated precipitately, declaring that the work of the devil.

DANDYISM IN A MINISTER.—Prince Kaunitz, M ter of Austria under Maria Theresa, was exces ful about his dress, particularly about his wig was dressed upon his head, by his valet-de-cha as soon as row upon row of curls had been di and scientifically arranged, the hair dresser emp a pound of powder into his pouch, and from an the door made for the purpose, puffed it into an When the room was completely filled, the Pri mask on his face, entered it, and took a few s backward and forward until every hair of his p riwig had received its due quantum of powdery p

PRINCELY EDUCATION!—The *infant* Duke de cording to a letter from Paris, is already in haughty, and acts the future Louis XIX. wit gravity. The genuine spring of the youthful fact, impeded by a routine of the most imposi the chief tendency of which, however, is to i the poor boy himself, who is thus formally m false estimate of himself and of every thing As he proceeds from one apartment to another ceded and followed by two armed pages or atte loudly exclaim, as the door opens, "*Monseigr de Bordeaux!*" which announcement is re-e room to room as the child passes, who assumes t step and solemn demeanor of a Monarch of B he thus makes his way to the apartments of his

THE DISCOVERIES IN THE MOON have furn amusing conversation in London, and therefore detail to such of our readers as may not have has been published on the subject by Prof hausen, in Munich, in the first third-part of the many plain indications of inhabitants in and especially of a colossal building. The *Mu* communicates some of the most remarkable res from a great number of observations made last answer three questions—

"1. To what latitude in the moon are there i vegetation?

"2. How far are there indications of animate

"3. Where are the greatest and plainest tra the surface of the moon?

"With respect to the first question, it appe observations of Schroter and Gruithausen th tation on the moon's surface extends to 55 degr titude, and 65 degrees north latitude. Many servations have shewn, in the different colours changes of the parts, evidently covered with kinds of phenomena, which cannot possibly b except by the process of vegetation. To the tion, it is answered that the indications fro existence of living beings is inferred, are fo degrees north latitude to 37 degrees, and perha south latitude.

"The answer to the third question relates vations pointing out the places on the moon' which are appearances of artificial causes, alte face. The author here examines the appeara duce him to infer that there are artificial ro

directions, and he also describes the great colossal edifice, resembling our cities, on the most fertile part, near the moon's equator. It is remarkable that it stands accurately, according to the four cardinal points, and that the main lines are in angles of 45 and 90 degrees, and a building resembling what is called a star redoubt, is attached to it, which the discoverer presumes to be dedicated to religious purposes; and as the Selenites can see no stars in the day time (their atmosphere being so pure) he thinks that they worship the stars, and consider the earth as a natural clock. The essay is accompanied by several plates."

PARTIES, BALLS, &c.

THE HERTFORD FETE.

THE Noble Marquis was determined that his taste and munificence should not be called in question, and therefore he has given a ball and supper to the Ladies, in a style of more than *oriental* magnificence.—The *suite* of five rooms —the proportions are prodigious—were more brilliantly illuminated than before, and their matchless furniture, in the style of Louis *the Fourteenth* being reflected by the infinity of mirrors, produced an effect quite magical. The visitants began to arrive at ten o'clock; a promenade till a quarter past eleven. Dancing commenced half an hour after, with a quadrille (a new one, played by *sixteen* French performers), led off by the Ladies Clement and Charteris, Lords Chesterfield and Cholmondeley.—The *coup d'œil* was heightened by a perspective view in the rear of the music gallery, the tapestry saloon, a kind of fanciful *boudoir*, upon a large scale, the walls of which were hung with a scriptural subject—"*Our Saviour healing the sick.*" Personified by groups of figures, as large as life, admirably executed. Indeed, it is very probable that this may be, what it is said to be, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the early Gobellin School.—There were four sets of dancers at midnight. The supper hour was two, but it was half-past when the banquet commenced in the dining room, beneath the ball room, now opened for the first time. It was a glorious spectacle, to see the display of glittering plate, and the infinite variety of dishes, served up in every captivating form, aided by a plateaux of singular grandeur, bearing the finest flowers, and the whole lighted up by branches of gold and frosted silver. The most delicious wines—French, Spanish, Italian and Hungarian. Fruits of this year's growth, from the south of France. In short, every thing was provided in profusion.—At four o'clock, the dancing recommenced, with renovated spirit; at six, the music ceased.

Among the company present were:

The Dutch Ambassador and Lady, the Portuguese Minister and suite, the Neapolitan and Sardinian Ministers, the Princes Gortchakoff and Leinengen, the Duke of Dorset, Duchess of Wellington, Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, Emily of Londonderry, Marchioness of Cholmondeley and Lord Henry Cholmondeley, Marchioness of Hertford and Miss Fitzroy, Marchioness of Westmeath, Earl, Countess, and the Ladies Bathurst, Earl of Westmoreland and the Ladies Fane, Earl and Countess Leitrim and the Ladies Clement, Earl and Countess of Aboyne and Lady Catherine Gordon, Earl and Countess of Uxbridge, Earl of Shaftesbury and Ladies Ashley Cooper, Lady Saltoun and Misses Fraser, Earl of Burford, Earl of Kinnoul, Countess of Sefton and Ladies Molyneux, Lady C. Stewart, Lord A. Hill, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Secretary Canning, Mrs. Canning and Miss Canning, Countess Wemyss and the Ladies Charteris, Countess of Clarendon and Lady Elizabeth Villiers, Lady Ramsden, Mr. and Misses Ramsden, Lady Elizabeth and Miss Palk, Captain and Mrs. Horace Seymour, Mr. Rosson, Mr. Herbert and Mr. Lloyd, Sir Charles, Lady, and Miss Rowley, Sir G. Talbot and Misses Talbot, Sir William Elliot, Lord Ravensworth and Misses Liddell, Countess of Jersey, Mr. and Miss Cavendish, Earl of Chesterfield, Mrs Freemantle and Miss Harvey, Lord and Lady Tullamore, Countess of Warwick and the Ladies Greville, Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, Sir Charles Greville, Mrs. Boehm, the Ladies Fitzroy, Mrs. Hoare, Mr. Russel, Count Vaudreuil, Miss Villiers, Lord and Lady Fitzroy Somerset, Lady Hyde Parker and Miss Onslow, Dowager Marchioness of Landsdowne, Mrs. Coutts, Admiral Sir Richard and Lady Strachan.

We have great pleasure in stating, that the contrast between the French chandelier and the English one was so strikingly in favour of the latter as to produce even comments from the company.

No branch of the Royal Family was present.

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PLACES OF RESORT.

[*It is part of the plan of this Publication to give details of Fashionable occurrences at the Provincial Places of Resort; we therefore invite communications on all subjects that may be likely to interest the World of Fashion.*]

BATH.

ALTHOUGH this is not the season for this delightful and favorite place the fashionable arrivals have been very numerous. The peculiar attraction of the city and its environs will always make Bath well attended at any period of the year. The following nobility and gentry are among the recent arrivals.

Earl and Countess Falmouth, Le Prince Phillippe de Batthyan Strattman, Lord Acheson, Sir A. and Lady Elton, Lady A. Somerset, Adml. and Mrs. Dilkes, Adml. Purvis, Col. and Mrs. Fisher, Col. Grant, Col. Little, Major and Mrs. Thorne, Major Woodward; Earl and Countess Clarendon, Viscount Corry, Lord Beresford, Lord Dungarvon, Hon. Mr. Corry, Lady Belvedere, Gen. and Mrs. Riall, Col. and Mrs. Fearon, Major Fellowes.

CHELTENHAM

Is now crowded with fashionable visitors, beyond all precedent; and the wonderful increase of buildings seems but to keep pace with the still rising estimation of the town. The promenades are thronged morning and evening—the libraries throughout the day are frequented by the *beau monde*, and the Assembly-Rooms brilliantly attended. Amongst the personages of distinction who have been honouring Cheltenham with their presence, his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester has endeared himself to all classes of society by the urbanity and condescension of his demeanour. He visited the Montpelier Pump-Room every morning at an early hour, and remained on the walks mingling in the gay and fascinating concourse for some time.—The well denominated No. 2. at Mr. Thompson's Montpelier Spas was deepened last winter, and we are assured that the water it now produces is precisely similar in its properties to that of the Harrowgate springs.

THE ROYAL AND SHERBORNE WELLS are every morning honoured by the presence of a large concourse of the *beau monde;* and the beauty of the walks, which are laid out with admirable taste, is a theme of universal eulogium, whilst the healthful properties of the waters sustain the high reputation which the springs of Cheltenham have so long and so deservedly enjoyed.

THE THEATRE.—The attraction of the distinguished Amateurs, and their unrivalled estimation in the favour of the fashionable world, is unabated. They have honoured Mr. JONES, of Covent-Garden, by sustaining for his benefit the principal characters of *The Way to get Married*, which was followed by *Charles II or the Merry Monarch.* Colonel BERKELEY ably personified the gay, the giddy, whimsical, and volatile *Tangent*,—and in his ever-varying moods, and the ludicrous incidents and dilemmas into which they hurried him, evinced all that talent and judgment which dramatic study, regulated by a close observance of mankind, can alone mature. Mr. DAWKINS, whose acting has more the manner of a veteran professor of the histrionic art than the unpractised air of an Amateur, played *Caustic* very finely. Capt. AUGUSTUS BERKELEY performed *Capt. Faulkner* with feeling and effect.

ARRIVALS.—Duke of Rutland, Earl of Lisburne, Lord and Lady Alvanley, Lord Holland, Lord Vaughan, Hon. John Vaughan, Hon. Mrs. Tracy and family, Sir R. Dunkin, Sir J. Elley, Sir. J. Miller, Sir A. Pratt, Sir J. Eustace, Lady Bryce, Lady Elam, Major-Gen. Molyneux; Lord John and Lady Russell, Lord Gosford, Dowager Lady Gosford, Lady Throgmorton, Lady Barham, Lady Somers, Viscount Molesworth, Hon. Berkeley Noel, Admiral and Lady Lucy Foley, Sir Geo. and Lady Garrett, Sir Wm. Parker, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, Gen. Rumley, Gen. Gough, Gen. and Mrs. Marriott, Major-Gen. Bradshaw, Col. Nelley, Lord Apsley, Sir W. and Lady Habgood, Sir R. and Lady Kemys, Sir J. and Lady Nicholl.

BRIGHTON.

This fashionable place is filling fast. Rank, elegance, and beauty give splendour and fascination to the libraries at all hours of the day, and evening—loo and music, at Tuppen's, and at Lucombe's have lost nothing of their original attractions. The recent valuable addenda to the catalogue of Donaldson has very considerably multiplied the number of his *tonish* subscribers. Carriages, with new arrivals, now rattle into the town hourly—but so extensive is the place become, and so capacious and plentiful are the consequent accommodations offered, that but little inconvenience, as yet, has been found in searching out and engaging houses and lodgings.

The Duke of York is a frequent resident at the Pavilion. His Royal Highness enters into sociable conversations with many of the gay circle he meets with in his rides and walks.

The arrivals and departures have been so numerous that our list to be accurate, must necessarily be limited. The following are amongst the arrivals of rank: Lady Longford, Lady Peacock, Major.-Gen. Gordon, Sir J. Grey Egerton, Bart. Sir J. Taylor, Sir G. Moore, Vice Admiral Lawford, General Russell, Captain John Worth, R. N.

WORTHING.

The present delightful weather has a corresponding influence upon the movements of our visitants, who are all upon the alert, and pleasure parties is the order of the day, every species of vehicle being in a constant state of requisition; the different boats in the roads are also in full employment, and give a degree of animation to the scene on the esplanade indescribably delightful.—Our arrivals pour in rapidly every hour, the window bills are disappearing in a similar proportion, and a very full season must c the natural result.

The theatre has opened for the season. The ments of the interior, during the recess, have b fully renovated and increased, and the house n a most elegant and cheerful appearance;—this, c the comfort and convenience which result to v the construction of the house, and particularly cannot fail to ensure to the spirited and liber Mr. Trotter, the general and undivided support of and inhabitants.

PLYMOUTH REGATTA,

Which took place on Tuesday August 3, pr of the gayest weeks there ever remembered. of the highest rank and respectability, from all p kingdom, commenced pouring into the town Friday in the preceeding week, and on Sund upwards of 30 noblemen and gentlemen's yacht sembled in Stone-house Pool, displaying beautiful of marine science. The models and trimmings these elegant vessels surprised and delighted m oldest and bestjudging nautical men, while was admired and well spoken of.

The prize was awarded to the *Jack-a-lantern* T. A. Smith, Esq; M. P. The *Arrow* returned starting-post, and the *Sabrina* second; but the given after some dispute, to the *Jack-a-lantern* the two former had broken the regulations in r of one another and the buoy, and had not go prescribed course so correctly as the other had the second, *the Lord of the Isles*, 45 tons, Mr. had the prize. The third prize was won by Capt *Betsy*, 18 tons. The fourth prize was won by *Anne*, 6¼ tons. The largest or Ladies cup held quarts, and was surrounded with nearly thre solid double-twisted gold cable, passing over s and terminating in superb handles. The princ was Neptune mounted on a large dolphin, sur Tritons and the sea-nymphs blowing *conchs*.

Previous to the opening of the theatre at the b the evening, about 80 persons sat down to a pu at the Hotel, when the prizes were awarded. men present included many strangers, but a were Sir William Elford, Sir T. D. Acland, R. Ne Lord Yarborough, &c. The ball was very fu played much elegant costume; upwards of were present who kept up the dance till a late ho the hundreds who joined in the gaieties, we noti lowing:

Duke of Norfolk, Earl and Countess Morley Countess Grey, Lord Melville, Lord Yarboro Boringdon, Lord Leveson Gower, Sir W. and L Sir T. Dyke Acland, Sir M. and Lady Lopes, S Sir T. B. Martin, Sir R. Seppings, Sir George I. Coffin, Lady Mead, Hon. Capt. Pellew, M.P Hare, Capt. Wollaston, Sir J. and Lady Copley,

On the Wednesday there were some rowi contested with spirit: *The women were d neatly in white*, and "pushed out" in style; t on this day, was exceedingly numerous and To those who are not accustomed to see wom sight must have been very striking—but they ply between Oreston and Plymouth and often in and troublesome water and are considered the A boat rowed by *old hands* always preceed Majesty in the aquatic excursions, which he year 1789 when he honored that ancient port, at which time he resided at Earl Morley's be in that neighbourhood.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

III.—English Dukes.

LENOX, DUKE OF RICHMOND.

The Duchess of Orleans, sister to Charles II, young, beautiful, neglected by her husband, but admired by every one of the French court, was too easily persuaded by the plausibility of Louis XIV to become a party in the intrigues of that time, in order to humble England, by the treaty that followed, relative to Holland, in favour of the French nation.

Accordingly the Duchess, to negotiate this business with her brother, paid a visit to the English court, in May, 1670. She was accompanied by Louisa Renée de Penencoüet Querouaille, daughter to the Count de Querouaille, in Low Bretagne: she was a lady of extraordinary beauty and commanding address; the King was captivated with her, and prevailed on her to re-visit England: she consented, and the enterprising Duke of Buckingham was sent to* escort the lady over.

Her extraordinary complaisance in returning to England at his request, wrought upon the King's easy temper, so that he was determined to place her on an equality with the first subjects in his realm; and on the 19th of August, 1673, Louisa Renée de Querouaille was created, by letters patent, Duchess of Portsmouth, Countess of Farnham, and Baroness of Petersfield, in Hampshire. At this time the French King and Charles were so politically necessary to each other, that it would have been difficult for them to refuse a favour that either might request, of a *private* nature. Charles, conscious of this, used his interest in favour of the Duchess, and asked for the territory of Aubigny, in France, which, by the death of Charles Stuart, sixth and last Duke of Richmond and Lenox, had reverted to the crown. This request was complied with, and a grant issued accordingly in December 1673, in favour of the Duchess of Portsmouth, during her natural life, with remainder to such of King Charles's sons by her, as he should appoint. In the month of January, 1684, a fresh grant was signed by the French King at Versailles, by which the territory of Aubigny was erected into a duchy, and the possessor made a peer of France.

The King of England had one only son by this lady. Charles, the first Duke of Richmond, named Lenox; he was born on the 29th of July, 1672, and his father was present at the ceremony of his baptism. In the third year of his age, August 9th, 1675, he was created a peer of the realm, under the titles of Baron of Lettrington, in Yorkshire, Ear of March, from the Marches in Wales, and Duke of Rich mond in Yorkshire: the same year, on the 9th of September by letters patent, passed in Scotland, he was also create Duke of Lenox, Earl of Darnley, and Baron Methuen o Torbolton, in that kingdom: in both instances the titles wer limited to the male heirs.

His Grace served in Flanders as aide-de-camp to Kin William, but we find him unemployed during Queen Anne reign. He died at Goodwood, in Sussex, on the 27th of Ma 1723, and was buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel.

He married Ann, the relict of Henry, Lord Bellasyse Worlaby, second daughter of Francis, called Lord Brudenel he had issue:

1. Charles Lenox, born May 18th, 1701.
2. Louisa, born December 24th, 1694, who married Jame the third Earl of Berkely. On the 13th of October, 171 her Ladyship was appointed lady of the bed-chamber Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales.
3. Anne, born June 24th, 1703, married in 1722 to Wi liam-Anne, the secend Earl of Albemarle, her Ladyship w also lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Caroline, and lived a very advanced age.

Charles the second Duke, succeeded his father in English and Scotch honours. On the 14th of Novembe 1734, he succeeded his grand-mother in the Duchy of A bigny. His Grace had been long standing in the army, a was, on the 3rd of July, 1739, made brigadier of the King forces, and on the 6th of June, 1745, was made a lieutena general. He did not long survive his appointment colonel of his Majesty's royal dragoon-guards, the blu which took place on the 17th of February, 1749; he expir on the 8th of August following, universally regretted.

His Grace was married, at the Hague, on the 4th December, 1719, to Sarah, eldest daughter of William, L Cadogan, and by her, who died on the 25th of August, 17 and buried with her husband in the Cathedral of Chichest he had issue:

1. Georgina Carolina, born the 28th of March, 1723; May, 1744, she married Henry Fox, Esq. afterwards L Holland. His Grace the late Duke had other daughters a sons, but his seventh child, Charles, succeeded him third Duke of Richmond. We cannot, however, pass o his eleventh child, Sarah, justly reckoned the most beauti woman of her time; she was born in London, the 14th February, 1744, and was the first of ten lovely maid daughters of Dukes and Earls, that supported the train her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte, at her coronation.

To Lady Sarah Lenox extreme beauty might, perhaps, said to have been a fatal gift; in the year 1762, she married to the late Sir Charles Bunbury: an accomplish and handsome young nobleman, caused her to forget conjugal duty, and the marriage with Sir Charles was solved; some years after, her Ladyship married a Ma Napier, and resided with him, not many years ago, in Ital

Charles, the third Duke, was born on the 22nd February, 1734. On the accession of his late Maje George III, the Duke was appointed lord of the bed-ch

* Historians say that the volatile Buckingham left Louisa de Querouaille, to follow some intrigue of his own; and that the lady, having determined on the part she was to act with the enslaved monarch, got to England in the best way she could: certain it is, however, that she was received at Whitehall with the honours almost due to a queen; Buckingham did pretty much as he pleased with his merry master, and blameable as was this neglect, no notice seems to have been taken of it.

ber, which post he afterwards resigned. His Grace married on the 1st of April, 1757, Mary, daughter of Charles Bruce, Earl of Aylesbury; his second lady was Caroline, daughter of the Duke of Argyll.

His Grace died December 29th, 1806, without issue, and was succeeded by his nephew Charles, who became fourth Duke of Richmond.

When Colonel Lenox, he was well known to the army, and equally esteemed in it for his bravery, his kindness to the soldiery and his amiability, and suavity of manners in private life: his conviviality diffused gaiety around him, and rendered him the delight of the foreign garrison. His death was somewhat sudden, during his governorship in Canada; his Grace married, September 9th, 1783, Charlotte, daughter of Alexander, Duke of Gordon, by whom he had a numerous issue. He was succeeded by Charles, his eldest son, the fifth and present Duke, born August the 3rd, 1794, and married April 10th, 1817, to Caroline, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Anglesea, and has issue, Charles, Earl of March and Darnley, heir apparent, born March 27th, 1818, and other children.

His Grace is a major-general in the army, and was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington; he was severely wounded at the battle of Orthes, in France, on the 2nd of March, 1814.

His Grace is Duke of Aubigny, in France; which was confirmed and registered in 1777, and confirmed again, March 18th, 1816, by Louis XVIII, by causing the estate of Aubigny to be re-assigned to him.

The motto of this noble family seems to derive its origin from a gallant compliment paid to the beauty of the first founder of their honours. *En la Rose je fleuris.*—I flourish, (or I blossom), in the Rose.

IV.

FITZROY, DUKE OF GRAFTON.

THE first Duke of Grafton was Henry, the second natural son of King Charles II, by Barbara Villiers, then made Duchess of Cleveland: she was married to Roger Palmer, Esq., to whom she bore one daughter, Anne, who married Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex. His Majesty was so captivated by the personal attractions of Mrs. Palmer, she being esteemed the most beautiful woman of her time, that he extended his favour to her husband and child; the latter he adopted, and created the former Baron Limeric and Earl of Castlemain in Ireland. Charles was very profuse in bestowing honours on this lady; and had five natural children by her, three sons and two daughters.

1. Charles, Duke of Cleveland, (title extinct in 1774).
2. Henry, Duke of Grafton.
3. George, born in Merton College, Oxon, on the 20th of December, 1665, created Baron Pontefract and Earl of Northumberland, on the 1st of October, 1674, and Duke of Northumberland, on the 6th of April, 1683.

The King's daughters by the Duchess of Cleveland, were Charlotte, married to Sir Edward Henry Lee, and Barbara, who died an English nun at Poiteuse in France.

We come now to speak of Henry, first Duke of Grafton, his Grace's interest was by no means diminished at court, after the accession of James II. Grateful to his sovereign, he opposed the Duke of Monmouth's pretensions; and in 1687 when the Pope's nuncio made his appearance in England, the Duke of Somerset declined introducing King, and the Duke of Grafton was prevailed o his place, which conduct put a dagger into the enemies, who did not fail to compute his comp proof of his attachment to popery; but, when h were put to the test, they were sufficient to v memory from such aspersions.

On the landing of the Prince of Orange, t Grafton was one of the protestant nobles that sig tion to his Majesty, desiring him to dispel the people, by calling a regular and free parliamen his Grace hesitate, when he found matters carrie length, to espouse the party of the Duke of M and join the Prince of Orange: it was plain, ho the Duke of Grafton wished for an accommod brought about with the King; for when it was the House of Peers, whether "the throne, being ought to be filled up with a regent or a king," of the forty-nine that voted for a regent." Yet with the Duke of Ormond and the Dukes of S and Northumberland, did not long resist the v majority, in acknowledging the Prince and Orange King and Queen.

He embarked, as a volunteer, in the expedit Cork, in 1690, and received a wound from a shot two of his ribs were broken. Of this wound his on the 9th of October in the same year. He m bella, daughter and heir of Henry Bennet, Earl of by her he had one only son, Charles, the secon Grafton, who was born October 25th, 1683, and his father at seven years of age, and his moth death, as Earl of Arlington, she having enjoyed t in her own right, at the death of her father.

At the age of seventeen, his Grace set forwa travels, and after having made the tour of Euro turned to England, and took his seat in the House the very day he came of age, the 25th of Octo At the coronation of George I, he carried St. crown. In the following year he was sent to one of the lords justices, in order to keep that king and prevent assistance from the rebels, then ragin land. The Duke's conduct on this trying occa great satisfaction to his Majesty. On the ac George II, he was re-appointed Lord Lieutenant a *rotulorum* of the county of Suffolk, as he had b preceeding reign. In the year 1713 he married daughter to Charles Somerset, commonly called M Worcester, eldest son to Henry, Duke of Beaufor he had three sons and three daughters.

His eldest son was George, commonly called Euston, who was born on the 24th of August, 17 nobleman was one of the four who supported the George II, at his coronation. In 1741, he married daughter of Richard, Earl of Burlington; she die the following year; her husband survived her till July 1747, when, by his death, without issue, his devolved upon the eldest son of his brother.

Charles, the second Duke of Grafton, of whose dants we have been treating, was a remarkable with George II, and it was observed that his Majes he heard of his death, was more sensibly affected was at the loss of any subject, even of the blood roy

His grace departed this life on the 6th of May, of years and honours, and was succeeded by his g

Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton. His Grace married on the 29th of January, 1756, Anne, only child of Henry Liddel, Lord Ravensworth, by whom he had issue, one daughter and two sons. The marriage of his Grace was dissolved by act of parliament, March 23rd, 1769.

The third Duke deceasing March 8th, 1811, was succeeded by his eldest son, George Henry, the fourth and present Duke of Grafton: his Grace was born January 14th, 1760, and married November 16th, 1784, Charlotte Maria, second daughter of the second Earl of Waldegrave, by the late Duchess of Gloucester, and by her, who died February 2nd, 1808, he had Henry, Earl of Euston, born February 28th, 1791, married at Lisbon, June 20th, to Mary Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Honorable Sir George Cranfield Berkley, G. C. B. an admiral in the Navy, brother to Frederick Augustus, Earl of Berkely, and has issue a son and heir, born August 4th, 1819, and other children. His Grace also has other children.

The motto of this noble family is, *Et decus et pretium recti.*—At once the ornament and recompence of *virtue.*

This motto we imagine to have been given to one of the virtuous *sons* of the *Duchess of Cleveland!*

DIFFICULTIES OF CONVERSATION.

Mr Editor,

I do not know any thing more painful to the sensitiveness of an Englishman, than the difficulty to begin a conversation with an entire stranger. Let him be ever so sensible and well-informed;—let him have gathered his knowledge upon the banks of Tiber or of Thames, it is all the same, the first entry to familiar conversation is torturing in the extreme; and when the effort is at length made, the sapient remark that "the *weather is fine*"—or "it is *very dirty*"—or "*very cold,*" unlocks the portals of the organs of speech.

I am unwilling to trouble you with an account of any of the difficulties which I have undergone in this particular misery; but various and heavy they have been; and so much to my mortification, that my intimate friends have often been asked, "*if I was not a fool!*"—An impertinent French author has said, that the English always begin conversation with remarks on the weather, and that such subjects are only the resort of those, "who do not know how to say any thing better." But this I positively deny; and without quoting any of my own country men (or WOMEN, *God bless their sweet tongues!*) as authority, I will give you, Mr. Editor, a few remarks upon some of the wits and geniuses of France, extracted from a recent publication.

"Descartes for instance—that philosopher rendered immortal, by his scientific discoveries—Descartes was always silent when in company: and M. Thomas, his eulogist has described him, as having possessed a mine of the richest intellectual metal, but none of currency.—La Fontaine was artificial, dull and heavy. That inimitable author of some of the finest moral tales in the world, did not know how to give a verbal description of any thing he saw.

Corneille was upon the rack when in society: he could not then speak that language correctly, whose beauties, he has taught all men to admire; and of Marmontel it was said, by one of his contemporaries, "I will go and read his works to recompense me for the time I lose by listening to him." Nicole wittily said of a man of the world with whom he had been associated: "He bears the palm away from me in *the Drawing-room*: but he surrenders at discretion on *the stair-case.*"

J. J. Rousseau in his Confessions, book 3rd. says: "I find it absolutely necessary to preserve the utmost coolness and composure when I write: judge then, what I ought to be in conversation, when to speak correctly, one must think in a moment, of a thousand things: the *idea only* of such a necessity, is sufficient to intimidate me and to make me forget the most trifling. I cannot comprehend how it is that people venture to talk in a large company; for, at every word they utter, they should pass in review, all the persons by whom they are surrounded: they should know all their characters, all their histories, in order to make sure of never saying any thing that should offend any one."

But there have been many splendid specimens of wit and genius, exhibited by highly gifted men of the French nation, who have shewn their *cast* in SOCIETY, as well as in the STUDY; for instance, Fenelon, Fontenelle, Montesquieu possessed conversational talent of the first rate. That of Fenelon, was gentle and insinuating; he well knew the secret of drawing all men to his opinion. Fontenelle was lively and satirical; his discourse was enriched by the most animated and brilliant sallies.—Montesquieu's conversation resembled his writings, it was wise and profound, like his "Spirit of the Laws"—pointed and amusing, like his "Persian letters."

It was said too of Mad. Scarron that "her manner of relating a story was so fascinating, that she always found means to make her auditors forget the ROAST-MEAT was deficient."

Having endeavoured to prove by the above eminent examples, that taciturnity does not always proceed from ignorance, nor a common place conversation *awkwardly delivered*, from the want of *better knowledge*; I trust *my cause* and that of *hundreds* (nay *thousands*) of my countrymen to your kind indulgence, and the pages of the World of Fashion.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS.

Hapless Echo! why, oh! why,
Plaintive, dost thou thus reply
To ev'ry noise around;
When, 'midst all the murmurs near
Falling on thy list'ning ear,
Narcissus' voice can never sound?

Silence, Echo! for 'tis vain
Heark'ning for his words again,
The lovely youth is dead:
Know'st thou, Echo! where he died?
On a fountain's lonely side
His verdant grave is spread.

Know'st thou, Echo! how he fell?
List! the sad truth I will tell,
And cause thy tears to flow.
Gazing on a streamlet clear,
Wond'ring he beheld appear
A bright face in the rill below.

Foolish boy! he never deem'd
'T was his own fair form that gleam'd
Reflected in the wave;
But some nymph of neighb'ring wood,
Beautous, in the crystal flood
He thought had come to lave.

Then he panted to embrace
Body with so fair a face,
And leapt into the rill:
Nought was there; but when on shore
Weeping, he reclin'd once more
The form was in the water still!

Rapturous words escap'd his tongue,
To the fount again he sprung,
And sought his image there;
With the splash the vision fled,
To the shore again he sped
And perish'd in despair!

Perish'd—and his blood became
A fair flower, which bore his name;
And when, upon the green,
Nymphs drew nigh to raise his pile,
Sorrowing for his death the while,
That yellow flow'r alone was seen.

Then, sweet Echo! tell me why
Thou dost, plaintive, thus reply
Unto each murmur ever:
Wailing at his hopeless love,
Pan may call thee from the grove—
Thy dear Narcissus—never!

Th. W.

A NEW CHAPTER ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

One might as well attempt to number all the red parallelograms of metamorphised earth, that, in their beautiful variety, adorn this brick and mortar metropolis, as to enumerate the words, phrases, periods, pages, chapters and volumes, that have been exquisitely rounded off upon that most inexhaustible of themes and adorable of divinities—Love! Towards this end all the powers, not only of simple addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, but even of logarithms, algebra, a other department of the mathematics wou ployed in vain. Poets make him their losophers hug whilst they defame him stick him upon canvas, girls die for hi men for his sake quit the politics of n those of the *boudoir*, and were it not terposing effects, the London cockney ar risian *badaud* would kill themselves wit and grimace.—His sway is as irresistil reign is irregular, the exertions of D prove fruitless when opposed to him, great Jeremy Bentham himself, despite lative dexterity, could invent no law the young Deity within the bounds of and decorum. Of what wondrous effe been the cause even from creation d He (confound him!) made Adam cra bidden apple and prize the company more than Eden's garden of gardens. the devil among his fellow Eternals—n an injured spouse, rendered his mother regardless of common decency, and ga a broken leg, after having caused him to out of Heaven. On heathen ground h terrible dust, for Hercules he turned into and poisoned the gentleman afterwards Orpheus and half a score others alive to the no small annoyance of Dan moreover

> Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful s
> Of woes unnumbered

was entirely owing to the machinati quondam little god, who rendered A " the king of kings," more obstinate tha stubborn of long-eared chargers. He plagued Ulysses' life out, made Penel woman, and, as every one knows, cause to think as little of a world as of In more modern times his omnipotence itself in all manner of monasteries a ries: fat friars and lay-brothers have tendance upon him, and old Abbesses nuns have thought much more of h— than any other. He next took to arms the brains of many thousand Knight after which, he " played old nick" with ry, set England to loggerheads with bewildered the imagination of Louis-le-G among no class of mortals has he greater ravages than with the *genus i tum:* of poetry he is the very soul—it without him, as several chaste modern amply demonstrated. Would that the been content to live in verse withou its professors!—Euripides he torment brace of wives; Anacreon turned dru honor; Sappho, the most immortal of the Leviathan of Literature vulgarly a

teously terms "*she-poets*," drowned herself to get rid of him; Horace worshipped at his shrine, and master Naso he obliged to take a trip to the Euxine. In later times, he immured Tasso in an hospital and made Petrarch spout sonnets everlastingly; he sent Camoens fortune-hunting and induced Corneille to take what our friend Jonathan Oldbuck calls a slip of womankind, as his critic—Chaucer he rendered any thing but decent; he caused the bewitching Anne Hathaway *to have a way* of charming the heart of Will Shakspeare; Cowley, Waller and others he rendered metaphysical; he worried Milton and disgusted Dryden so much that he wrote this brutal epitaph on his dear wife:

Here lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now she's at rest—and so am I.

Yet further, he addled the brains of Alexander the Little and made Martha Blount omnipotent:—Addison he rendered ambitious of a woman of quality, who well nigh teazed the poet to death; the sober Dean he converted to a Romeo, and constrained Prior to worship an angel in the shape of a trull. Add to these my uncle Toby, whose amours with widow Wadman every one is acquainted with, and no doubt can then be entertained of the wisdom displayed by the ancients in dubbing Cupid the "King of gods and men." At all hours and in all places both man and woman are susceptible of his delicious poison: kings on their thrones: heroes in battle; senators and judges in council and court, have not been able to resist him on occasion, and we once knew a farmer who became desperately impassioned upon seeing a chubby country girl feeding pigs! Women are his peculiar slaves, he makes them laugh, cry, talk *and be silent*, just as he pleases, which last effect is a sad proof of his marvellous authority."

From Love, let us proceed to lovers, beginning with what blundering grammarians call the *worthier* gender. A more amusing object in nature there could not be than a Lover, were it possible for us to overlook and hear him at all hours: his actions would frequently be delightfully ridiculous, and his soliloquies movingly absurd: but he is celebrated for dissembling his feelings in the presence of others; yet let him play the hypocrite as he will, an observant eye soon ascertains him to be the devoted, humble servant of a woman, and his every action will be found to justify the exclamation of "*O toties servus!*" A true lover blunders, stammers and stamps on people's toes every other second, and we beg to assure our readers that unless a fellow do this he is no lover at all; but a mere half-devotee, more saint than sinner, and the very essence of insipidity:

"Let no such man be trusted!

One who is justly entitled to the appellation of lover, should be nothing better than a post in all other company than that of his guiding angel: a perfect *il penseroso*, he should sit, watch in hand, and count the tedious moments as they pass; let him be deaf to all music, save the sweet tones of her "silver-seeming" voice, and let him think of no stars but her eyes, of no rubies but her lips!

As regards lady-lovers, they are, generally speaking, such accomplished hypocrites that none but their favored idols are at all aware of the real state of their feelings; they can sham utter indifference with perfection, and rail against sentiment and passion till they effectually prove themselves to be both sentimental and passionate. But women are dangerous things to meddle with, and we must therefore decline saying a word more on so perilous a subject.

We would here caution some of our fellow mortals from intruding themselves, as it were, upon the society of lovers: many think it an excellent joke, forsooth, to interrupt the communion of heart with heart, and soul with soul; but did they know the horrible extent of the annoyance of which they are the cause, could they tell what raptures they destroy, were they able to conceive the mental imprecations that are thereby brought down upon them, well convinced are we that they would soon become acquainted with better behaviour.

"L'entretien des amans veut un entier secret."

And we recommend all who have any regard for their own welfare, to shun this gentle race of beings as they would his Satanic Majesty: a single pair of the doves of Venus, once enraged, are more to be dreaded than all the wild beasts of the Royal Menagerie put together.

Enough of lovers! they are the mere sport of the young god or devil (we hardly know which name suits him the better of the two) to whom we have dedicated the beginning of our chapter, and whose reign will only end, "when all things shall have returned to their original chaos."

SONG.

'Tis evening now—and the lark is winging
Its joyous flight aloft in air;
In the hawthorn bush where the linnet is singing—
Merrily, merrily, free from care!

'Tis evening now—and the winds are sighing
As they waft on their gentle way;
The busy bee to its home is flying—
Merrily, merrily, blithe and gay!

'Tis evening now—and behind the mountains
Phœbus hath hid his godhead bright;
The fish are sporting along their fountains—
Merrily, merrily, swift and light!

* * * * * *

'Tis midnight now—and divinely is flowing
The blue of the measureless sky;
Beneath it pale Diana rolls glowing—
Merrily, merrily, smiling, high!

'Tis midnight now—and the stars are filling
With sparkling lamps the azure skies;
The sounds of waterfalls, peaceful and thrilling—
Merrily, merrily, fall and rise!

'Tis midnight now—and the moon-beams are dancing
Across the streamlet and over the lea;
Thro' hill and thro' dale the faries are prancing—
Merrily, merrily, full of glee!

Th. W.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

I HAVE lately paid some attention to the modern improvements that are goingon, both in and out of the metropolis. Nothing is now to be seen but building at all points of the compass; not a green field, nor even a garden remains within five or six miles in any direction. Poor cockneys! what will they do for the walks they used to delight in, to Peckham—Rye, Primrose Hill, and other places of rurality, once so famous for their beauty, the excellencies of their tea and hot rolls, their bottled ale, and other country luxuries. I can sympathise in all their feelings, for having been born and bred in the country, I am perfectly alive to the severity of their privations. If, indeed, the houses erected on those once delightful spots, that boasted so many picturesque views, were in the style of building suited to the situations; and were adorned with lawns, shrubberies and pleasure grounds, they would still be ornamental; but no, building is now a speculation of profit, and excludes every idea of architectural embellishment. Oh capability Brown! Oh classic Price! ye spirits of rural improvement and sylvan beauty; what would your refined taste say to the interminable Rows, Terraces and Places of formal and tottering brickwork, the "beggarly account of empty boxes," that now deform the fair face of nature with undeviating monotony, and by their reiterated parallels shut out from the inhabitants even the refreshing verdure of the far distant hills. Or if perchance, a cottage ornée is erected, to break the general sameness, under the fascinating title of Myrtle Lodge, or some such sylvan appellation, its beauty is despoiled by a patchwork cement in *professed* imitation of *stone*, which exhibits on its chequered surface every variety of shade, from the dusty hue of Egyptian granite, to the sickly yellow of time worn Portland, or plastered on every side with a dazzling white of the same composition, is relieved by bright green doors and shutters, on the former of which brass knockers and bell handles, glitter in the sun. In the front garden, adorned with stinted evergreens, the shining leaves of the holly, blend with the spreading foliage of the dwarf fir, the cypress and
These are interspersed with holly hocks
to the summit of the parlour windows,
ing down in proud pre-eminence upon
aspiring host of peonies, sunflowers,
golds, by which they are surrounded.

These increasing neighbourhoods swe
rishes in which they are situated to
tural bulk, and the churches are found in
accommodate the numerous worshippers
temples become necessary; but here
must condemn the taste and judgment
architects. Oh ye shades of Jones,
Langley! arise and behold with weepin
ment the model of the Parthenon, perf
Egyptian windows and doors, flanked
phage with doric porticos, supported
Egyptian cariatides; finished at the we
with a heavy Ionic porch, and pedim
gantic dimensions; and to complete
ture, the edifice is surmounted by a f
the Pagan tower of the winds crowned
mit by a christian cross! nor is the i
objectionable; for how can we reconc
simplicity of our national worship and
character of a church, the theatrical l
leries with their scarlet draperies; and
palm tree pillars that support them? L
tres, where folly holds her court, be
and glaring as crimson and gold can r
for these such ornaments are appropri
the name of common decency, of soun
the solemn service of our Creator,
churches bear more resemblance to
amusement for the children of vanity
edifice where are held the assemblies
christians engaged in the service of t
Though I am not a Puritan, I cannot hel
upon a text of such importance; but
time nor space will allow of my indul
plification, I shall dismiss the new c
which the above is a specimen, with
hope that the commissioners, under wh
they are built, will add to their esta
Sub-committee of Taste, by whose c
the designs may be rendered more co
the purposes for which the edifices ar
I am in common with many learned ant
cognoscenti in favour of the long explo
style which, I am happy to observe, has
ted in a few of the new churches, a
a grandeur and neatness, more in acco
the true idea of ecclesiastical archite

Having thus spoken of the buildings
in the environs, it becomes necessary
those in the metropolis; and here, th
praise must be awarded, yet I wo
some improvements that would add gr
beauty and convenience. Regent Stre

appendages is certainly, as a whole, a magnificent design, and a national ornament; but why introduce among the more finished columns of Greece, the whimsical and mishapen pillars of Turkey; or destroy the symmetry of Langham Place with a new church, the form and size of which is, "so strange and unnatural" as to be compared to no other building civil or religious? Yet, strange as it may appear, it is said to be designed as an eye-trap to the vista of Regent Street, and considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of architectural science. Certainly the greater the distance at which it is seen the *better*, but in my humble opinion it would be better still were it *not seen at all!* Next in magnitude as a national undertaking is the new Museum; of this no judgment can at present be formed, but its necessity is obvious, from the want of room in Montague House, and the consequent injury that many parts of that collection have sustained from neglect. Speaking of this establishment as a source of public information, I would beg leave to suggest that the foundation of public lectures on Natural History, Mineralogy, &c. here, would be of the greatest benefit to the cause of science from the facility with which specimens might be obtained, and the advantages that would accrue to visitors from such regular forms of instruction. A reprint of the library catalogue in a cheap form with a classification of its contents, under the distinct heads of History, Biography, &c. is a desideratum. This, however, as far at least as the reprinting in the present form, is, I am happy to hear, in contemplation; and I much wish that the other part of the above suggestion could also be adopted, as it would add incalculably to the value and utility of the publication.

Of the other numerous improvements at the West-end of the town, much may be said, and I cannot help passing a few strictures on the Wellington trophy erected by the *Ladies* in Hyde-Park. I am aware that the subject has been severely handled by the newspaper writers, and I am not to be deterred by the anathemas that have already been passed upon this most indecorous figure, from adding to the number and declaring it a public disgrace to *british taste*, not to say *decorum*. As a copy from the antique, it is creditable to the talents of the artist; but that which was appropriate to the taste and feelings of the hardy sons of Greece, where statuary was made subservient to religion, is totally inconsistent with the commemoration of a military hero of the 19th century. It is said to represent Achilles; but let me ask what similarity, what relation is there between that hero of antiquity and the victor of Waterloo, either in personal character, or the ever memorable events in which he was engaged? Besides, what possible period of his life can be indentified with that of Achilles at the court of Lycomedes, where he was by a stratagem discovered, from the circumstance of his being attracted by a suit of armour which that crafty chief Ulysses, had brought on purpose to detect him; and which, it is highly probable, he retired to put on; and it is this very action, which Achilles with the modesty of youth concealed, that the statue in question represents? *Oh tempora, oh mores!*

At Westminster the improvements are great, and highly creditable to the talents and research of the architects. The restoration of the abbey is beautifully correct; and that of the hall equally so with the exception of the North-West corner, which, though a fine grecian design, and exhibiting great elegance, does not harmonize with the Norman Gothic character of the northern front. Of the new entrance to the House of Lords, and the King's staircase, we must confess great ingenuity has been displayed, though every true lover of antiquity must lament the destruction of some fine remains of gothic embellishments, in grotesques, foliage, &c. of which not a vestige exists, except a few loose drawings, made by an artist who happened to be present during this barbarous act of modern spoliation.

In the city we have the restoration of St. Paul's and the *new nose* to the statue of Queen Anne; though I think the repairs should certainly have been extended to the *four quarters of the world*, whose figures ornament the base of the statue, and whose *dis*figured countenances call loudly for surgical assistance; as, in their present state, they are a disgrace to the statue. The Royal Exchange has also been renovated, and many stories are told of the statues of the several kings; Charles I. is said to have lost his head at the moment of removal—James II. to have tottered and fallen from his pedestal without being touched, and the sceptre to have fallen from his hands; and many other circumstances both curious and interesting, which time and space compel me reluctantly to omit.

At the Bank the most *radical* reform is rapidly proceeding. The modern taste of the ingenious architect has led him to discard the spreading foliage of the Acanthus from the Corinthian capital, and substitute in their place rows of *stinted curls*, which bear a close resemblance to the *natty wig* that decorates the pericranium of the Lord Mayor's *coachman*; but upon making this remark to an architect, he silenced my complaints by informing me that the model had been taken from the *ruins of the temple of Vesta*.

Having thus noticed some of the most prominent of our modern improvements, I shall close this paper, by remarking, that though much real con-

venience has been obtained, by the removal of old buildings and the erection of new ones, much still remains to be done, for which I have ventured to throw out a few hints; and however insignificant they may be esteemed by the ruling powers of modern taste, have long been an object of solicitude and conversation to

THE GOSSIP.

THE HEART'S TREASURE.

What gift has kind Heaven to us mortals presented,
More rare than the jewel that glows in the mine;
More sweet than the breeze from Arabian groves scented;
More rich than the goblet that sparkles with wine?

The jewel that hangs on the bosom of beauty,
No value conveys to the shrine of the heart;
Demands no affection, inhances no duty,
To the victim of sorrows no balm can impart.

The spice scented gale that its odours diffuses,
Betrays by a kiss, but no constancy knows;
The heart's gentle ties of affection refuses,
And thro' its dark temple no pleasure bestows.

The goblet that sparkles with purple profusion
May lull for a moment the throbbings of grief;
But short is the reign of its blissful delusion,
And deeper the pangs from their transient relief.

For the tear of affliction, mute offspring of sorrow,
The heart has a treasure that heav'n has bestow'd;
That seeks not from earth's fleeting riches to borrow,
The source whence its sacred perfection has flow'd.

The mild smile of friendship more radiance discloses,
Than the beams of the jewel that glows in the crown;
More sweet is her breath than the perfume of roses,
Her joys more serene than the goblet can own.

Her soul-breathing accents in joy or dejection,
Can heighten each pleasure, or soften each smart;
Then prize this sweet offspring of heav'n-born affection
As the treasure that Mercy bestows on the heart.

Γ.

THE WHISPER.

What is the messenger of love
At parting's hour, when accents prove
The feelings are all speech above?
The whisper.

Then from each lab'ring bosom swell
Those sighs, those thoughts no tongue can tell,
But in the list'ning ear shall dwell
The whisper.

What can those anxious fears bespeak
That stain with tears the pallid cheek,
Or sorrows bursting silence break?
The whisper.

Yet trust not this insidious friend
It sometimes serves the traitor's end
And vice with deepest crimes may blend
The whisper.

Thus as the self-same breath may shar
The sigh of love or cheat the ear
With falsehoods guile, let truth forbear
The whispe
Γ.

REMARKS AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON SCIENCE OF ASTROLOGY.

No. 1.

IF all the errors and absurdities contained i logical works could be exhibited at one vie would feel surprized at the disgrace into wh science has fallen; nor will it be wondered a it is understood that all who have written u subject, however opposite their opinions r have pretended to adhere to the principles lemy,* as though they were fearful of it known, that they in the most trifling point from that author.

Those who set themselves up as profess deavour to make every one believe that th his volume as sacred; when at the same ti a chance if many of them have a copy of hi in their possession, or ever read it through new work makes it appearance before the which is rarely the case, it is sure to be about as the true doctrine of Ptolemy, wh inspection it proves to be nothing more collection of old aphorisms, injudiciously s from other works of the kind, and which ha been compiled under the same circums indeed hardly any one has ventured to adva thing original since the days in which that flourished; almost every work of the kind been published since his time, has been more than a collection from different autho of which there is to be had at present a m luminous specimen, called *Sibley's Illustra Astrology;* a work in which may be fou quality of effects resulting from a □ *(squa* or ☍ *(opposition)*——of the ☉ *(Sun)*——and *nus)*——and the ☉ *(Sun)*—— and ☿ *(Mercu* described in full. Aspects that according arrangement of the planetary system, never *nor ever can* be formed by those bodies. This shews how astrological works have been without experience, and yet the public are that this work is founded upon the sublime pr of the immortal Ptolemy.

* Claudius Ptolemy, the author of the Quadr flourished in the second century after Christ, in the Antonius Adrian, in Alexandria in Egypt; many his work contain a portion of truth which serves to us that the art of Astrology was much better unde his days, than it is at present; but it is very abst from a variety of causes rendered almost unintelligib

By such means the young student in this art is led to believe, that every word contained in the Quadrupartite is truth, he of course begins to study it, and if he cannot understand it at first, thinks he must pore over it until he can; at last finding it a mass of confusion and contradiction, and many parts of it wholly unintelligible, he throws it aside altogether, condemning the science as founded upon fiction, and its followers, fools and impostors; and had it not been for such men as Lilly, Pyne and Coombes, there is little doubt but the science would be disbelieved altogether.

Lilly has written several works upon the subject, but it is certain that he did not explain it in the light in which he understood it himself; there was a secret by which he was guided in all his predictions, that he never published to the world; his work upon nativities is therefore as ill calculated to convey information, as all others of the kind, and consequently unworthy of attention.

However, there are many persons now living, that have not only seen those two modern artists and had their opinions, but have witnessed the completion of many of their predictions, the greater part of which were fulfilled with such an extraordinary degree of correctness, as to leave no doubt upon the mind of any one, as to the possibility of foretelling events by the Science of astrology; unfortunately neither of those gentlemen have left any work upon the subject behind them; but it is evident from the nature of their predictions, that they were in possession of a secret or system, that has, at least for many centuries, been very little known and not to be found in any books.

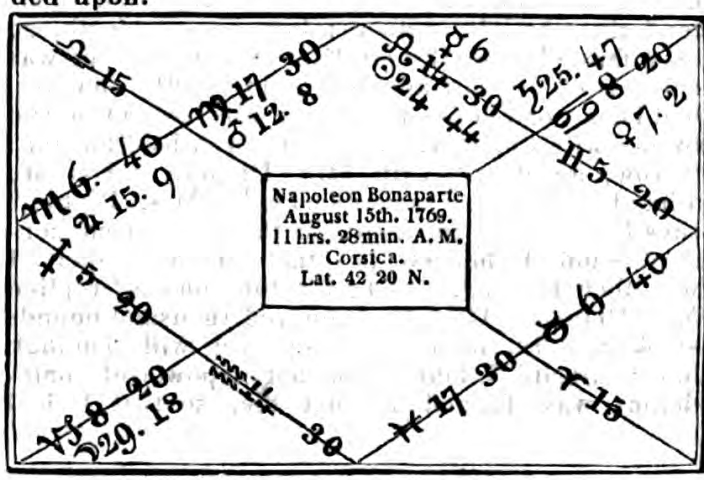
When any one went to consult Mr. Coombes, they were always asked for their age and the hour of their birth, if they did not know the hour at all, he would reject them: but if they knew the time within half an hour, he would take a few minutes to erect the figure, and would then without any study go through the whole of the nativity, in a manner that gave satisfaction to almost every person that went to consult him, and in doing this he seldom exceeded three quarters of an hour.

From these facts it must appear plain to every thinking person that whatever system or secret knowledge he possessed, it enabled him to handle the science with great ease, and must have been very simple, and easy to comprehend; and, at the same time, affords the most convincing proofs that *there is* a system, widely differing from the laborious one laid down by Placidus and Partridge, and which is not only simple in its nature, but contains much more of truth and information. That such a system should become generally known, is the most ardent wish of the author of these remarks, who intends, in the course of this work, as far as his *observation* and *experience* will enable him, to lay before the public, the means of acquiring a much more complete knowledge of the science than any the present rules afford, by introducing a system that has been founded upon natural principles and experience; more than two thirds of which will be entirely *original*, and is so plain and simple in its nature, that a child of an ordinary capacity may, in a very short time, become acquainted with the whole of its principles.

When this is explained there is no doubt but it will lead to a better knowledge of the effects of *Directions* which are at present involved in great obscurity, partly owing to the general ignorance of the effects of *radical Positions*, and the belief in the ridiculous doctrine of the *Lords of Houses* and *Dispositors*, which can have no foundation in nature.

However before it is possible to proceed in explaining the principles of a new system, it is absolutely necessary that some of the absurdities, which have hitherto prevented the advancement of this Science should be exposed, and proved to have no effect.

The greatest obstacle to the attainment of a better knowledge of planetary influence, is the general belief in the doctrine of the Planets *Essential Dignities*, as laid down by Ptolemy in the quadrupartite, p. 49, which has puzzled and confused every one who has attempted to make any progress in it, and yet all who have written upon the subject, have given a table of the same, with a pretended explanation of what they could never understand and which was evidently erroneous: the discovery of the *Georgium Sidus* proves it at once, but admitting for arguments sake that such dignities *do* exist, it must appear plain to every one that they have not been rightly assigned; the Georgian should have dignities somewhere as well as the rest, consequently the whole system, as it has stood since the days of Ptolemy, has been founded upon error; however the public may rest assured that such dignities have no foundation in nature, and ought to be wholly rejected, and until they are, no farther improvement can be made in astrology. But as facts are at all times the most convincing proofs, I have inserted the nativity of Napoleon Bonaparte, in order to afford the public an opportunity of judging how far the dignities of the planets are to be depended upon.



Upon examination it will be found that only the ☉ *(Sun)*—— was essentially dignified at the time of that extraordinary man's birth— surely no one will venture to assert, that was sufficient to cause him to rise from a state of poverty and become one of the greatest Emperors in the world, and yet I can perceive no other testimony according to the doctrine of dignities, for ♂ *(Mars)*——who according to that system would be ruler of the ascendant, has none in the sign ♍ *(Virgo)*—— where he is posited, this is at once a convincing proof that it is not necessary for ♂ *(Mars)*—— to be in essential dignities to make a soldier.

The sign ♐ *(Sagittarius)*——being on the cusp of the second house, which is said to be the house of gain, ♃ *(Jupiter)*——becomes the ruler of it, by being Lord of that sign—he is also out of all his dignities, and unfortunately placed in the house of ♂ *(Mars)*——according to the common rules of astrology this would have denoted great poverty.

It may also be observed that the planet ♄ *(Saturn)*——was in his detriment, and ♀ *(Venus)*——☿ *(Mercury)*—— and the ☽ *(Moon)*—— out of all their supposed dignities—from all this it is evident that if a planet's being powerful, depended upon its being essentially dignified, this man could never have risen above the sphere of life in which he was born.

J. ENGLISH, *Teacher of Astrology.*

DIFFICULTIES ATTENDING ELEVATION IN LIFE.

To the Editor of the World of Fashion.

As you seem to be a kind of Overseer, as one may say, of the fashionable world, I make bold to inform you, that I am a man of fashion, or rather, I should say, a man of fortune, that is *desirous* of being a *man of fashion;* thank my stars, I can say, I have got a fashionable wife and family, at all events!

About a year ago, the great deputy Split-plumb, having fined for Sheriff, had yet no objection to attend the Sheriff's dinners; but he, at length, so over feasted himself, one Michaelmas, that he was carried off by an apoplexy; his will, however, had been some time made; he was second cousin to my wife's mother, and left us his whole fortune: "Now, my dear," said Mrs. Diaper, "you are a hundred thousand pounds man." "Mrs. Diaper," says I, "look at the state of the 3 per cent consols"—and I handed her the sunday paper, I was then reading, "A fig for the consols" replied Mrs. Diaper, "There is a hundred thousand pounds stock, and so, my dear, I hope you will soon look like yourself." I found now that a powerful confederacy was formed against me, so that I had nothing left me but to submit. I, therefore served, what I thought, a *dignified* silence looked as big, as possible. It was now re that we should emigrate; and as the art sciences have been travelling westward, eve the creation, it was agreed that *we* shou westward, also; and I consented not only to draw my forces from Fleet Market, but t should also evacuate our villa at Hoxto scene of all my former glory, the yew tre chinese bridge over the narrow ditch, the the Venus, the Bacchus, the Shepherdess wi scarlet and gold petticoat, *all was to be* However, as it was requisite that I shoul time allowed me to wind up my accounts, layed our removal as long as possible. I on all my numerous customers, informing that I was about to leave off business, and to have my accounts *settled*: to this they object, but they did not seem in any hu pay; one lady, who had made a great n the world, and who *paid nobody*, but whose champion I had once been, said to me, Mr. Diaper, I am told you are going to le city: Oh! do not so neglect the *bridge*, th brought you safe over." She was always a baggage; I took her meaning; but I want money, and swallowed her wit as well as I She then resumed, with that fascinating air was enough, indeed, to win the heart of a "I did hope, my excellent friend, to hav you, in a very short time, Lord Mayor. not forsake the city." I must own the title s flattered my vanity, that I was tempted t her a receipt in full, of all she owed m lordship!—what a sound that had; and wha my wife not give to be called my lady ma dressed in white and silver, decorated with dia and my daughters dancing perhaps with princes and ambassadors.

I soon found an alarming change had place in my family, in spite of all I could say told it was requisite, as we were to perform West end of the town, that we should rehea parts in Fleet market. It may be called a ism when I tell you, that the first symp discord amongst us arose from harmony: dest girl said, she must go to the *concert sp* to hear *the Catalini.* I thought at first, she one of them there musical things as play b selves, such as the panharmonicon, or the automaton; and yet I wondered they shoul such things at a spiritual concert; howe girls have taste in music, it must be said; herit it from me; for I have stood for ho near the shop door, as possible, listening the revolutionary songs that have been c forth; from the french *ça ira*, to *non mi* so I willingly gave my consent for the fen

go and enjoy themselves: but what was my surprise, when I saw my wife and daughters, in full dress; and Mrs. Diaper, whose hair was changed from a bright red to jetty black, told the shop-boy, to call a coach, and then, ordering me to send for them in time, they jumped in, and set off for the King's Theatre. The night turned out to be so wet and sloppy, that not a hackney coach was to be got; a friend of mine, who, (*patriotic*, like myself,) had also a great aversion to *taxes*, kept a *no tax* one-horse-chaise, or *cart*, as the fashionables call them; and therefore, I resolved, to borrow it. The arrival of this carriage caused a great sensation amongst the whips at the Opera House; and on my asking one of the men at the door, very civilly, for Mrs. Diaper, a dozen footmen, with the most impudent peals of laughter, cried out, "My Lady Diaper's carriage!" amidst a confused din of laughter and oaths, which surpassed anything I ever heard, even in Fleet Market, I stayed till my family arrived: they refused, at first to take advantage of my neighbour's kindness; when a heavy shower of hail made them glad to avail themselves of the shelter of this humble vehicle.

My wife had often *wished* for a *coach*, she now found she *wanted* one; the colour of which became the first matter of serious investigation, and next the ornaments on the pannels. Mrs. Diaper had a near relation, an undertaker, so she insisted on having something like a hatchment; and, at all events, as I was likely to be nominated Sheriff that year, to put the city arms on my coach. A friend of mine, an honest sign painter, advised me to put my own coat of arms on it; this flattered my wife's pride extremely; but on our application at the Herald's office, we could not find that any of the Diapers had, at any time, borne arms.

In the middle of May, I purchased a villa in one of the midland counties, with a farm. Mrs. Diaper was very anxious to remove from Fleet Street, and I hoped we should go and enjoy the rural scene for a few months, at my new country seat. "My dear," said she, "you must not think of leaving town, till the winter is over." "Winter, my dear," said I, referring her to the almanack, "is over!" "Yes," said she, with a contemptuous toss of her head, "at this end of the town." Having heard the West India and American merchants say, that the seasons are different in different places, I yielded to my wife's superior knowledge.

We removed for the winter to Russell Square; and I must confess it was the warmest winter I ever experienced. Mrs. Diaper proposed to give a concert, and to throw our two drawing rooms into one: as I was always fond of a good song at our *patriotic* club, I made no objection; but I was not pleased when Mrs. Diaper told me that a celebrated Italian composer and his wife were to lead; and I knew the expence of engaging them would be enormous. "Fiddle faddle, said she," why, my love, it will cost you no more than the price of the tickets. "Tickets!" echoed I. "Ah! *petit bon homme*! (a french term of fondness she has lately learnt) have you so much *bonhomie*, then as *not* to know, that *nobody* can come in without tickets? not *even you*, love!" I thought this very strange, that I must buy a ticket to enter my own drawing room. However, I bought a ticket of admission from the siguor, and down I sat, listening impatiently for the song; a woman, on a prodigious large scale, and past the prime of life, did, certainly, sing; but I could not understand a word; and though her voice may have been once very sweet, it was nearly about to become a mere thread. Our rooms were so crowded, that it was impossible to move: the ladies said it was a delightful squeeze: squeeze enough! I was almost squeezed to a mummy! for where so many ladies were standing, I should have been the rudest man in the world to have kept my seat. There was a general call for refreshments, but as there was not room for the servants to enter, none were produced. I did not altogether disapprove this economy; therefore I sat very patiently to hear one famous flute player sticking up one end of his flute in the air, which is called a *grace* in flute playing; I cannot say I liked his ups and downs, and his flourishes and his skill in *tongueing*, as they call it; I had rather hear "*Kitty of the Clyde*," and "*Nancy Dawson*," played in a good, straight-forward way. Then the signor, who looked mightily pleased with himself and his wife, did nothing, after he had flourished over a few notes on the piano, except directing the other musicians, who seemed to me to be only tuning their instruments, for three long hours, and then I was told the concert was over!

In the crowd and hurry of departing, a lady fell down on the stairs; I stooped to assist her, and, unluckily, my new *brutus* fell off. Ashamed of my bald head, I clapt on the wig that had fallen on the stairs; nor did I find out my mistake, till I went to a looking glass, when I found a huge plat, wound round and round, in what they call the Apollo's knot at the back of the head, and two long ringlets, *à l'Isis*, I think is the term, hanging down on each side of my face. Anxious to restore the property to its right owner, I caused the following advertisement to be inserted in a fashionable morning paper.

"If the lady who took a gentleman's *Brutus*, alias wig, at the concert in Russell Square, will bring it to No.—she shall receive her own Cleopatra wig in return."

To this very liberal advertisement I never obtained any answer. I had soon other business to attend to, my family complained of ill health, and change of air was pronounced requisite. I then hoped to have visited the farm: but they declared it impossible to travel so far in their weak state. I then proposed cheerful lodgings at Poplar, Mile-End, or Blackwall; I was attached to old Hoxton, so I men-

tioned that place; but the very name increased my wife's indisposition, and caused the symptoms to be so alarming, that the sea air was prescribed as absolutely requisite to the saving of her life. She resolved then to go to Brighton; she had often before wished to go to Margate, but then she was afraid of steam: but now how delightful it was to go to the sea, by land! and in our own coach, too. So to Brighton we went: we have found there tolerably decent lodgings; almost as good as the house in Fleet Street, and only twelve guineas per week.

Mrs. Diaper and her girls take to the water like so many otters; one would imagine that they, as well as many other english people, were born with fins and web-footed, this annual immersion in sea-water seems so very requisite to their existence. I am pleased myself with the notice every one takes of me; they say, "there goes the famous patriot, Mr. Diaper." This notice, however, does not satisfy my wife, she is continually dinning in my ears, "Mr. Diaper, you are a very good looking man; you must, positively, become a man of fashion!" Anxious to gratify her, by imitating men of fashion, I observe all their ways; and I have, now, put myself into THE WORLD OF FASHION; but alas! I must inform *you*, who are the Editor of it, that my sorrows, since then, are greatly increased: not to trespass, however, any longer on your pages, which may be destined to better purposes, I must reserve the rest of my difficulties, for a future number. BILLY DIAPER.

SUMMARY OF WORKS OF MERIT.

LETTERS ON THE CHARACTER AND POETICAL GENIUS OF LORD BYRON, BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES,

Is a work of considerable merit, and will be appreciated by poets and poetical readers. The following quotations are applicable to Lord Byron's poetry and his life. It is a fair estimate of his character and his writings.

"He had the powers of copious and rich fiction: but it wanted one essential part of the fiction which is requisite to the highest poetry—it was not cast in the mould of truth. All the characters of his creation partook of the defects of his own mental and moral composition. They are beings of violence; of extravagant and partial endowment; of scorn at moral ties; of splendid vice; of disdain of the state of existence in which they are moving; of mysterious claims to excellence above their destiny, which exempt them from the common restraints of life, and entitle them to do whatever eccentric and audacious things passion or caprice prompts, without loss of esteem or admiration, as if in revenge for their degradation among creatures of an inferior order.

"The fiercer passions seem to have prevailed exclusively over the mind of Lord Byron. Tender affection, timidity, sorrow, sympathy, appear to have had little influence over him; a love of power and of the unlimited exercise of his capri anger and violent resentment at whatever t his purposes, were his habitual temperam did not seem that any hold could be mad his conscience, or the nicety of his regard interests or happiness of others. He was c lived according to his own humours, and will was his law.

"In one sense he could not be prope to have any enthusiasm, because enthus uniform, sincere, and cannot change; wh his fits of highest fervour he could change at raillery, sarcasm, and jest; he could ridicu he himself had the moment before admir and could turn round upon those who agre him, by taking the direct contrary side.

"When he was pleased, he could be g and kind; but no one was certain of bei to please him, or to continue to please him. offence without cause; and revenged, without trifling or imagined injuries. Goodness gave pleasure, as goodness; but only so far as pened to suit some transient humour."

There can, we think, be no question t the lameness or deformity in one of his lir a powerful effect on his feelings. The p always took to conceal it, by wearing cloth particular shape, and other means, show even this accident, not worth a second tho a high intellect, absolutely preyed upon h Of his compositions, Sir Egerton thinks the the most perfect; and this, together with higher efforts, he attributes to the nursing mood in wildness, in solitude, and in Had he continued to live in society, he probably never have been an eminent poet.

"There are *parts* of his writings which equally given up on *moral* grounds. Som *personal* attacks are malignant, low, and me could only have sprung from base and ung passions; while some of his praises are as and unfounded as his censures! It could b shown that he has bitterly, foully, and unpro attacked some whom he in his heart admire he studied intently, whose spirit he ende to catch, and to whom he was indebted fo noble thoughts, and some powerful language

"I hear that the irritable passions whi Byron displayed in mixed society, at that before his departure from England when at all in the world, made him very offensi sometimes very ridiculous. It is proba the consciousness and shame of this wa the causes which made him seek and lo tude.

"This irritability is an unfortunate thing fo but it is very common: perhaps not in t degree as Lord Byron had it, because Lord passions were always more violent than those people. An early habit of mixing much in t

might have softened it; but then, probably, would have also had a strong effect in taming the energy of his genius. So it is, that good and evil is mixed in this world."

This is a work of uncommon merit, and will have a place in every library.

Flora Historica, or the three Seasons of the British Parterre, by Henry Phillips.

Our readers will find much curious information in the following extracts:

MIGNONETTE. *Reseda Odorata.*

"It is not yet an age since this fragrant weed of Egypt first perfumed the European gardens, yet it has so far naturalized itself to our climate as to spring from seeds of its own scattering, and thus convey its delightful odour from the parterre of the prince to the most humble garden of the cottager.

"The *Reseda Odorata* first found its way to the south of France, where it was welcomed by the name of *Mignonette*, Little-darling, which was found too appropriate for this sweet little flower to be exchanged for any other. By a manuscript note in the library of the late Sir Joseph Banks, it appears that the seed of the Mignonette was sent in 1742, by Lord Bateman, from the Royal Garden at Paris, to Mr. Richard Bateman, at old Windsor; but we should presume that this seed was not dispersed, and perhaps not cultivated beyond Mr. Bateman's garden, as we find that Mr. Miller received the seed from Dr. Adrian Van Royen, of Leyden, and cultivated it in the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, in the year 1752. From Chelsea it soon got into the gardens of the London florists so as to enable them to supply the metropolis with plants to furnish out the balconies, which is noticed by Cowper, who attained the age of twenty-one in the year that this flower first perfumed the British atmosphere by its fragrance. The author of the Task soon afterwards celebrates it as a favourite plant in London.

——— 'the sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed.'

"The odour which this little flower exhales is thought by some, whose olfactories are delicate, to be too powerful for the house, but even those persons we presume must be delighted by the fragrance which it throws from the balconies into the streets of London, giving something like a breath of garden air to the "close-pent man," whose avocations will not permit a ramble beyond the squares of the fashionable part of the town. To such it must be a luxurious treat to catch a few ambrosial gales on a summer's evening from the heated pavement, where offensive odours are but too frequently met with, notwithstanding the good regulations for cleansing the streets and the natural cleanliness of the inhabitants in general. We have frequently found the perfume of the Mignonette so powerful in some of the better streets of London, that we have considered it sufficient to protect the inhabitants from those effluvias which bring disorders in the air. The perfume of Mignonette in the streets of our metropolis reminds us of the fragrance from the roasting of coffee in many parts of Paris, without which some of their streets of business in that city would scarcely be endurable in the rainy season of the year.

"Although it is so short a time since the Sweet Reseda has been known in Europe, we find that it has crept into the armorial bearings of an illustrious family of Saxony; and as Cupid does not so frequently bestow honours of heraldry as his father Mars, we cannot avoid relating the romantic tale which introduced this fragrant and modest little flower to the Poursuivant-at-Arms.

"The count of Walsthim was the declared lover and intended spouse of Amelia de Nordbourg, a young lady possessing all the charms necessary for the heroine of a modern novel, excepting that she took delight in creating little jealousies in the breast of her destined husband. As the beautiful Amelia was an only child of a widowed mother, a female cousin, possessing but few personal charms, and still less fortune, had been brought up with her from infancy as a companion and as a stimulus to her education. The amiable and humble Charlotte was too insignificant to attract much attention in the circles in which her gay cousin shone with so much splendour, which gave her frequent opportunities of dispensing a part of that instruction she had received on the more humble class of her own sex. Returning from one of these charitable visits, and entering the gay saloon of her aunt, where her entry or exit was now scarcely noticed, she found the party amused in selecting flowers, whilst the Count and the other beaux were to make verses on the choice of each of the ladies. Charlotte was desired to make her selection of a flower; the sprightly Amelia had taken a Rose; others a Carnation, a Lily, or the flowers most likely to call forth compliment; and the delicate idea of Charlotte in selecting the most humble flower, by placing a sprig of Mignonette in her bosom, would probably have passed unnoticed, had not the flirtation of her gay cousin with a dashing colonel, who was more celebrated for his conquests in the drawing-room than in the field of battle, attracted the notice of the count so as to make his uneasiness visible, which the amiable Charlotte, who ever studious of Amelia's real happiness, wished to amuse and to call back the mind of her cousin demanded the verse for the rose. The Count saw this affectionate trait in Charlotte's conduct, took out his pencil, and wrote for the Rose,

Elle ne vit qu'un jour, et ne plait qu'un moment.

which he gave to the lovely daughter, at the same time presenting the humble cousin with this line on the Mignonette:

Ses qualités surpassent ses charmes.

"Amelia's pride was roused, and she retaliated

by her attention to the colonel and neglect of the Count, which she carried so far as to throw herself into the power of a profligate, who brought her to ruin. The Count transferred his affections from beauty to amiability; and rejoicing in the exchange, and to commemorate the event which had brought about his happiness, and delivered him from a coquette, he added a branch of the sweet Reseda to the ancient arms of his family, with the motto,

Your qualities surpass your charms.

A Tour in Germany and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire, in the years 1820, 1821, 1822. 2 vols. 12mo. 1824.

THE author commences with some general reflections on the prejudices of the English traveller, in favour of his own country, and contrasts the dreariness of the east of France and its open country with the inclosures of an English landscape. The contrast is striking:

"In a well cultivated part of England, even the winter landscape is not entirely desolate. Every where the smoke of the farm-house rises; the merry inmates are, at least, heard from within; at every turn one comes across a sportsman; the seats of the gentry are more blithe and bustling than ever; to say nothing of the resolution with which stage-coaches, and stage-coach travellers, hold out against the worst that winter can do. All around are sights and sounds of human industry or human enjoyment. In France, man seems to be as dead as nature. The traveller looks out over an endless, dreary extent of brown soil, seldom varied by the meanest cottage. The country population is drawn together in the villages, and these villages must be sought for to discover that the country is inhabited. It would seem that even the peasant cannot endure the comparative solitude of an English farmer's life. Like his brethren of Paris, he must have the pleasures of society."

Speaking of French cookery, he says, "No one portion of God's creatures is reckoned fit for a Frenchman's dinner, till he himself has improved it beyond all possibility of recognition. His cookery seems to proceed on the very same principle on which his countrymen laboured to improve Raphael's pictures, viz. that there is nothing in nature or art so good, but he can make it better."

In nothing, perhaps, is the superiority of England over the continent greater than in the comfort and facility of travelling.

"What the Germans call a diligence, or *post-wagen*, dragging its slow length through this delicious scene, is a bad feature in the picture. Much as we laughed at the meagre cattle, the knotted rope harness, and lumbering pace of the machines which bear the same name in France, the French have outstripped their less alert neighbours in everything that regards neatness, and comfort, and expedition. The German carriage resembles the French one, but is still more clumsy and unwieldy. T gage, which generally constitutes by far the part of the burden (for your diligence is a se all work, and takes a trunk just as cheerfu passenger), is placed, not above, but in t Behind the carriage a flooring projects fron the axle of the hind wheels, equal, in len breadth, to all the rest of the vehicle On built up a castle of boxes and packages, tha rally shoots out beyond the wheels, and tov above the roof of the carriage. The whole w increased as much as possible by the strong intended to secure the fortification from all in the rear; for the guard, like his French will expose himself neither to wind nor weat forthwith retires to doze in his cabriolet, le its fate the edifice which has been reared wi labour and marvellous skill. Six passenger many bold men can be found, are packed up two, more happy or less daring, take their p the cabriolet with the guard. The breath o insipid to a German without the breath of h the insides puff most genially right into each faces. With such an addition to the ordinar coach miseries of a low roof, a perpendicula legs suffering like a martyr's in the boots, an dalously scanty air-holes, the diligence b a very black hole. True, the police has dire denunciations against smoking, and Meinh conducteur, (he has no native appellation) cially charged with their execution: but M the conducteur, from the cravings of his ow tite, has a direct interest in allowing them to and is often the very first man to propose them to rest. To this huge mass, this comb of stage-coach and carrier's cart, are yoke meagre ragged cattle, and the whole dashe on the finest roads, at the rate of rather mo three English miles an hour, stoppages in The matter of refreshments is conducted with philanthropical degree of leisure, and at eve siderable town, a breach must be made in gage castle, and be built up again. Half travelling in one of these vehicles is enough a man loathe them all his lifetime.'"

Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts, and Opinions, and preserved by Letitia-Matilda Hawkin

THERE is much entertainment in these volume recollections are indeed sometimes of perso might have passed into oblivion without a and without any consequent regret; but m of another description; and even the less int tend to elucidate and strengthen the general tion.

"Sir Hans Sloane was the first English ph made a baronet. The rank was conferred on George the First, on his accession.——

"Experience shows that the preference of

to *important* excellence is common; but what will be said to a lady of some pretensions in society, and who had resided at Rome, who, in a comparison of painting with sculpture, declared the latter was more agreeable to her, because 'it took a better polish?'

"In noticing the aptitude of the ignorant, to seize on the minor parts of excellence, I must record the astuteness of a sailor, who gazing on a ship, the name and head of which were the Queen, muttered that it was the king's concubine, and not the queen, for she had no wedding ring on her finger.

"It is told that a milliner of Bath, caricaturing sensibility, was detaining Quin, while buying a pair of gloves, with expressions of her ardent desire to see him make love. Quin who seems to have been the Dr. Johnson of the stage, if we may judge from the character of his replies, answered, 'Madam, I never *make* love, I always buy it *ready made.*'

"When the Irish King at Arms waited on the then Bishop of Killaloe to summon him to parliament, which was a ceremony requiring the formality of the heraldic attire, the bishop's servant, not knowing what to make of his appearance, and not clearly comprehending the title with which his memory was charged, introduced him, saying, 'My Lord, here is the King of Trumps.'——

"Goldsmith happened once to stop at an inn on the road, in a parlour of which was a very good portrait which he coveted, believing it a Vandyke; he therefore called in the mistress of the house, asked her if she set any value on that old-fashioned picture, and finding that she was wholly a stranger to its worth, he told her it bore a great resemblance to *his aunt* Salisbury, and that if she would sell it cheap he would buy it. A bargain was struck, a price infinitely below the value was paid. Goldsmith took the picture away with him, and had the satisfaction to find, that, by this scandalous trick, he had indeed procured a genuine and very saleable painting of Vandyke's.——

"Soon after Goldsmith had contracted with the booksellers for his History of England, for which he was to be paid five hundred guineas, he went to Cadell, and told him he was in the utmost distress for money, and in imminent danger of being arrested by his butcher or baker. Cadell immediately called a meeting of the proprietors, and prevailed on them to advance him the whole, or a considerable part of the sum which, by the original agreement, he was not entitled to until a twelvemonth after the publication of his work. On a day which Cadell had named for giving this needy author an answer, Goldsmith came and received the money under pretence of instantly satisfying his creditors. Cadell, to discover the truth of his pretext, watched whither he went, and after following him to Hyde-Park Corner, saw him get into a post-chaise, in which a woman of the town was waiting for him, and with whom it afterwards appeared, he went to Bath to dissipate what he had thus fraudulently obtained."

THE DRAMA.

——Ridiculum acri
Fortiùs et meliùs * plerumque secat res.
Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v. 14.

KING'S THEATRE.

After a season, chiefly remarkable for having brought the "*great*" Rossini before an English public, this unfortunate theatre has closed. We cannot say much for the spirit of the Managers: they have failed in many things and blundered in more—and their first of failures and greatest of blunders was manifested in the glorious career of that illustrious coxcomb and Italian jackanapes, Rossini — the *maestro*, the modern musical wonder! His whole stay in England was distinguished by the most ridiculous vanity on his part, and by merited contempt on that of the judicious nobility whom he offended by his mountebank absurdities. His *reign* was concluded in a manner worthy of him—and the man who considered himself as the equal of George the Fourth, who would not deign to associate with English composers, (men, by the by, possessing far more genius than himself) who termed himself the greatest man of the age—was (name it not in Gath!) on the point of being made prisoner by a stable-keeper. We think he did well to leave us —London is not a place for conceit and folly to gain the reputation of nobleness and wisdom.—As to the Opera itself, the only novelty has been the representation of *Semiramide*, and even that met with but poor success. This theatre is certainly becoming a receptacle for vulgarity, and of late we have continually heard language and seen persons within its walls, both of which would have disgraced a cock-pit.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

Praised be the powers that preside over critics! those theatres have both closed—Covent Garden on the 17th, and Drury Lane on the 26th July: at the first, Mr. Fawcett bade an affectionate adieu to the audience, as did Mr. Elliston at the latter, in his usual florid style of inimitable and moving eloquence: some of his hearers, we observed, were driven to tears on the occasion, and we well nigh wept ourselves. An *exquisite* ballet, surnamed Pastoral, was happily brought forth at Drury Lane, and the three Miss Patons have been "shining" at either one or the other theatre, living specimens of family talent and the worthy descendants of the lovely Graces—Mesdemoiselles Aglaia, Thalia and Euphrosyne. Throughout the season, we have, generally speaking, noticed a woful absence of fashion from the dress circle, which said circle we absolutely saw profaned by two old women, who were very deliberately munching strawberries within its hallowed precincts: this is too bad, and we could with pleasure have committed these well-dressed specimens of Billingsgate to the care of the constable.

HAYMARKET.

Since the publication of our last Number, the industrious Mr. Poole has produced another amusing trifle at the Haymarket—Married and Single its name, and the plot is chiefly formed by an old gentleman, called Shatterly (Farren) assuming the name of his young nephew, and involving himself in all manner of difficulties in consequence. Farren was the soul of the piece, and we certainly never witnessed a more admirable performance than was his representation of Shatterly. Two greater men than ourselves, however, differ much in their sentiments regarding the degree of excellence he displayed, and these are the noble critics of the Times and John Bull, the first of whom says—"He," (Mr. F.), took care *not* to confound *Mr. Shatterly* with *Lord Ogleby*, or any of those other characters to which it "may be said to bear some external resemblance." Johnny gives his brother critic the lie, and declares Mr. Shatterly "might have been mistaken for Lord Ogleby's self," or something to that effect,

Tanta est discordia fratrum!

The question now to be decided is which ought to be considered the wiser man of the two—he of the Times, or his fellow labourer of the John Bull—and this being a knotty point, we leave its decision to the sagacity of our readers.—

A new piece, by Kenney, *the Alcaid or the Secrets of Office*, (translated from the French!) was played at this theatre on Tuesday 10th August, with tolerable success. To our great amusement both the Times and Chronicle, complained of the *intricacy* of the plot: we never knew a simpler one, the tricks of Pedroso (Liston) and Jabez (Harley) upon their master the Alcaid (Farren), together with those of his virtuous wife and amiable niece, forming the sole mystery of the drama—Indeed, there was little or no plot at all; but still its secrets might very well have escaped the penetration of the opaque-headed critics of the papers above mentioned—he of the Times, moreover, instead of attending (as became his duty) to the business of the stage, was, to our certain knowledge, devouring raw apples during the whole of the evening: any one may recognise this critic; he is distinguished for a peculiarly commercial air about him, and is incessantly growling to himself that two and two make four, thus exactly specifying the character of the journal for which he writes. The Chronicle is altogether, as usual, beyond human comprehension. Now for opinions:

"Ample curtailment is necessary to give the Alcaid *a chance of existence.*"—"A *very considerable* degree of languour affected the audience *even* in the *first* act." *(Morning Herald.)*

Thus says the *martial* Post:

"Some pleasantries are thrown in, which enable the *body* of humourists comprehended in the cast to *attack* the gravity of the audience with great

To which it adds and avows, that the p received with "*universal applause.*"

The *clever* New Times speaks thus:

"Lope de Vega would have penned *half* such (pieces) in *four and twenty hours.*" "' was *terribly long* (poor Lope de Vega!) an of applause from *friends*, went off *rathe* "At conclusion there was *some* applause."

So decide our whimsical acquaintance hope our readers will be amused by their c in opinion.

Miss Love, in consequence of being c a fish-bone, could not perform—Madam appeared in a lady-like pair of ineffable and Mesdames Glover and Garrick made t ridiculously absurd in a dance (three figures for dancing, certainly) and the m by Nathan. We have nothing further to a account of this ninety-nine thousandth t from the French.

LYCEUM.

A thing which the play-bill puffs are p term, in their wonted elegant manner, "' traordinary character," (extraordinary ind yclept, denominated, or designated "*Der F* (Anglice, the Free-Shooter,) has entirely the stage of the little English Opera Hou month past. We had the patience to si its whole representation, and can truly a a greater specimen of stupidity and chi sense never came under our notice—feeble absurd ideas, imps, serpents, owls, an h presentation of the devil, popping of and Braham in the character of an im lover, formed the united absurdities of th The music is discordant, harsh and *German*, in the *usual* acceptation of the had it not been for the delightful singin Stephens there would have been nothing t the utter tedium that prevailed throu three acts of this translated abortion. It the fashion (or rather cant) to praise it critics have said many wise things resp grandeur, &c. &c. &c. The piece is al wondering chamber-maids and little counti and to such we heartily recommend it. we shall not retail, as doing so would be work of supererogation, after the thous mentaries of the thousand periodicals on quisite production and its appendages.

An after piece, worthy of accompanying man novelty," as it is called, has also been here under the name of *The Reign of Twe* and we are indebted to it for as pleasant sleep as we ever enjoyed beyond the our proper couch. Mis Kelly alone saved earlier departure to the tomb of the Capulet it must soon have a speedy and safe passa

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR SEPTEMBER 1824.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of yellow *crêpe lisse* over white gossamer satin; the dress elegantly ornamented with puckered flutings of gauze separated by satin rouleaux, and beautifully finished by bouquets of yellow roses; the petticoat part ornamented *à l'Arcadie*. The corsage plain with a Sévigné drapery across the bust. The sleeves composed almost fine soft of fine white blond. Eastern turban, the entirely material divided by bands of finely wrought gold, with a tasteful plume of white feathers tipped and edged with yellow. Broad bracelets of wrought, or chased gold, with a ruby clasp. Necklace and ear-rings set *à l'antique*, of rubies and gold,

SEA SIDE DRESS.

Round high dress of India muslin, with scalloped tuck foldings at the border, and blouse sleeves. French fichu tippet, made of ribbon, in double points, the ends brought in front, under a belt of the same, fastened with a gold buckle. Over the fichu tippet, a falling collar of fine lace. Bonnet of pink gros de Naples, with honeycomb edge of pink gauze; the crown ornamented with large bows of broad pink ribbon. Parasol of pistachio colour fringed with white. Over the wrists of the dress, three bracelets of gold and garnets placed at equal distances. Maiden's blush-rose coloured kid gloves and shoes.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

It is at this autumnal period, that the Proprietors of THE WORLD OF FASHION, more particularly avail themselves of the indefatigable attention of their numerous correspondents, now stationed at the most favoured summer retreats of the great and gay, where taste, beauty, and elegance hold their temporary reign. From these genuine sources, and the information from one of the most eminent among those who devote their time and abilities to the service of the toilet, we present our kind and munificent patronesses with the following statement, which, if it bears not the importance and versatility that mark our winter fashions, will yet be found to contain some novelties and improvements in modern attire.

The trimmings on dresses are more appropriate in their mixture and association of colours than they were last month; and white is now very generally worn at all times of the day, either in fine cambric for the morning, the finest decca muslin for the dinner party, or the gossamer-like gauze *lisse* for the *fête champêtre*. We have seen a most elegant India muslin dress for a dinner party costume, it was superbly trimmed with the finest Mechlin lace, and ethereal blue satin ribbon; the corsage was formed entirely of lace, and worn over one of blue satin; the sleeves short, and the full trimmings of lace on them were disposed in those light and elegant wavings, as to preserve all the beauty of the pattern; small sprigs of blue bells ornamented the bust, and caught up a part of the sleeve. Where the dress is of *tulle* or gauze *lisse*, the body is generally of white satin; this body is distinguished by a plainness we never witnessed before; it is, however, a simplicity that is very attractive; for it marks out in a very conspicuous manner the charms of a fine shape: it is, in its present plain state, an article of dress that never ought to be adopted unless made by one at the head of her profession, and well known for her peculiar manner of well fitting; the one we saw sat like a glove; but the corsets made by this Marchande de Modes, are certainly, unrivalled, and therefore it is not wonderful that she so well knows how to set off the contours of the female form: these new corsages also fasten behind, and the full sleeves are ornamented with blond. A dress of gros de Naples, made partially high, and intended for social dinner parties, is much admired; it is of a bright Apollo's hair colour; a collar falls over the shoulders, the edge in battlement indentures, finished by a very narrow binding of lilac satin, which forms a beautiful association with the colour of the dress: this collar is ornamented besides with narrow lilac pearl silk beading and fillagree-wrought lilac buttons. Another dress, for in-door costume, is of Egyptian sand colour, it is made high, with a collar partially standing up, and then turning back again; it has long full sleeves, and is made altogether extremely plain; this colour looks extremely well when trimmed with *ponceau*, or with bright Burgundy colour. Slight silks with stripes or small checquers, are favourite materials for home attire: but white dresses are very general, and ornamented

with rich embroidery; most of them have flounces edged with work, and splendid rows of embroidery between each flounce; such are the petticoats worn with every summer coloured spencer, that can be thought on; and which spencer is often retained the whole day, in the rural residence: this smart and pleasing article of dress is trimmed in various ways; in embossments of satin, representing foliage, Mexican plumes, branches of Lotos, and often with imitative braiding.

As we predicted, the gaudy mixture of various discordant colours in feathers and flowers, is rapidly declining; and the finest bonnet that has appeared at one of our most fashionable summer recesses, is of pink figured gros de Naples, crowned with full blown roses with their buds and foliage: a carriage hat, too, of lemon-coloured crape, has a little of the old finery about it; but it is stylish and becoming: it is ornamented at the edge with long puffs of plaited gauze, the colour of the bonnet; the puffs are separated by scarlet wheat ears, and the flowers that crown it consist of scarlet lichens and corn poppies. Puckered tulle over stiffened net, is a favourite material for bonnets of the transparent kind; the flowers on the crown are numerous, and consist of almost every kind and colour; but as they are well grouped together, and the bonnet is white, they look well. A dress hat, shaped *à la Marguerite*, is of transparent tulle, and is ornamented with a superb plume of flat ostrich feathers.

Amongst the newest head-dresses, is the turban cornette, and a beautiful cap *à la neige*: the former is of etherial blue gauze; and next the face is one row of very rich white blond, of a Vandyck pattern, set on scanty; this border lies on the hair, and gives a fine relief to the head-dress: slightly scattered amongst the puckerings of the blue gauze, are small bunches of pink convolvuluses, and lillies of the valley; this is one of the most becoming and elegant articles we have yet seen of the cornette kind. The *bonnet à la neige*, is fabricated completely of the best and richest blond; this material forms an ornament in front, and nearly all round the head, *en fers de cheval*, in each hollow is fixed a beautiful flower; a variegated carnation, a half blown rose, &c. &c. Very long lappets of tulle and blond, rounded at the ends, depend gracefully from this head-dress; the novelty and taste of which, certainly form its highest recommendation, as the manner in which it is ornamented makes the head look large, and it will not do for a lady who has a full round face; but the oval countenance will look well in it.

Though muslin pelisses are much in favour when the weather is sultry, yet in September, it is most likely that the light-coloured silk pelisses will be again resumed; indeed some are in preparation of a more demi-saison colour, for the autumn, and it is expected that violet and puce colour will be the colours much in favour for this comfortable out door enveloppe. Shawls of Chinese at present, in very high request.

The form of the crowns of straw bonnet every day; and the ribbon that surrou not be too broad. Sometimes it is a pie edged with two narrow straw ornaments, a ribbon: in the front is a bouquet of heat

Instead of placing at the bottom of a when the hat is of chip, a bow with fri they now place all over the crown, a c light flowers, with a full ornament on the

The fashionists surround the brims o loured, blue, jonquil, or white crape h broad bias, at equal distances falls a jessamine, seemingly escaping from the f that ornaments the hat.

The most approved colours are pink, lour, cerulean blue, Apollo's hair and v

ANECDOTES.

Stealing a Sermon.—A clergyman at preached a sermon, which one of his auc mended. "Yes, said a gentleman to wh mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but h This was told to the preacher: he resent called on the gentleman to retract what h "I am not, replied the aggressor," very a my words, but in this instance I will; had stolen the sermon; I find I was wro returning home, and referring to the bo I thought it was taken, I found it there"

A Chinese Tailor.—A clergyman of cartney's embassy, whose cassock was so patched and dearned, that he could no lo it, with decency, applied to a tailor in make him a new one: he shortly after re new cassock, with every dearn and pa curately true to the old pattern, that n the greater strength and freshness of the terial could distinguish the one from the tailor having conceived that the dearns ar were so many emblems of the clergyman's

Decca Muslins.—These beautiful mu once reckoned the finest in all India: but many causes, as a learned writer obser may long prevent any rivalship of the In muslins. The low price of labour and th delicacy of touch, which the slender Hindo by means of his temperate habits, are a principal. The peculiarly fine muslins ar manufactured: when Ali Bey the ambass Persia returned from India, we are a Tavernier, (a traveller through India, credit) that he presented Shah Seffi, with nut set with pearls, which had inclose turban of sixty cubits of muslin, so fine texture could scarcely be felt by the hand.

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the Paris *Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and accurately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of every circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men and Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the continent in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

——On a Saturday, in the afternoon, and during a considerable portion of the evening, the grand avenue of Paris, that crosses *les Champs Elysées*, presents the figure of a little *Longchamps*.—The most elegant females are seen in the opposite *allée*; and landaus, caleches, and tilburies, are seen flying to the Bois de Boulogne. The full dress of ladies of a certain age, the head-dresses of the young, composed only of their own beautiful tresses, explain sufficiently that they are going to the *subscription ball at Ranelagh*.

——At Passy when the sound of a carriage is heard, every one is quickly at the window, to behold the pretty *corsage*, the new fashioned sleeves, and to see how the flowers are placed on the head, by our first hair-dressers.

——Glasses are indispensably requisite in our gardens; a pretty woman loves to find at the end of an avenue a glass, in which to repair any derangement that the wind may have caused in her *coiffure*.

——A common sport in the country, a few miles from Paris, is a rope, held tight, that must be held at a certain distance, the eyes blind-folded and then to cut the rope with a sabre. Ladies cut a piece of coarse thread, with a pair of scissors. For the village damsels, the prize is a *fichu*; in town every shawl is a cachemire; in the village every simple half handkerchief is called a shawl.

——Has any one the head-ache, let them bathe in the sea; have they any kind of pain, bathe in the sea; is the stomach weak, the liver disordered; is any one nervous? Take, take to sea-bathing; it is the universal panacea, the miracle of modern medicine.

——It was hoped that the dramatic Panorama would have been re-opened; but the public have been disappointed. The boxes are taken away and the decorations sold. A spacious house is about to be erected on the site.

——Ladies now amuse themselves, during the wet weather, in embroidering screens on glazed cloth, in chenille these are more durable than those of pasteboard; they are cut in the form of vine leaves.

——It is the fashion now to plant on each side, of the principal walk in a gentleman's pleasure grounds, rows of tulip trees, fifty of which generally die in a winter, by replacing them immediately, the plant becomes naturalized, and the proprietor possesses an avenue that excites the envy of all his neighbours.

——The following calculation has been made on those who cultivate the fine arts at Paris, according to their proportion: seven painters to one poet, and nine poets to one composer of music; according to this calculation, there are about four thousand painters, five hundred poets, and only fifty composers.

——In spite of the bad weather, the *ball at Ranelagh* presents a most elegant assemblage. Among the subscribers may be reckoned some of the prettiest women from Passy, d'Auteuil, and other adjacent places, such may be said to form the foundation of the society; the other dancers are Parisian and English ladies.—There is a curious peculiarity in this ball: among the female lookers on, vulgarly called the *tapestry*, there may be seen some very charming young ladies, with whom it is not *dancing day*. To understand this rightly, it is requisite to explain that, at Ranelagh, there are two kinds of subscriptions. By paying half the regular price they are only allowed to dance every five, or fifteen days. On Saturdays they never dance, but they may go into the gallery, and see the ball.

——If any one offers a young lady at Paris, a bouquet, on her birth day, and the flowers are not all white, it is looked upon as an insult.

——A new ornament is invented for containing a gas-light. Two winged serpents, with the head of a dragon; these serpents are entwined together, with their heads hanging down, and from their throats issues the flame.

——Many young men are as assiduous in running to every rural ball, during the summer, as they were in attending the balls of the Chaussée d'Antin in the winter; they can inform one better than an almanack, who is the patron of the place, and how many inns there are in the vicinity. Last Sunday, Adolphus took a cabriolet in the Rue Basse du

Rempart, and was driven to the White Horse, at Montmorenci. In the market-place there was nothing to be seen but landaus, caleches, chariots and cars. The most singular speculation is that of the Restaurateur Leduc, who has a large table set out in a parlour, where all the coachmen dine, without paying anything.

The fête was given near the Hermitage; Adolphus repaired thither, at seven o'clock, and arrived at Paris in ninety minutes. Provided with a fresh horse, he hastened to the ball at Fleury. The young ladies at country balls, seldom dance except with those young men who belong exclusively to their society; at Fleury it is otherwise, it seems there as if every one knew each other.

——On the canal of Ourcq, in preference to the bason of Villette or *à la ville de Paris*, in a little boat with two oars, the ladies are fond of making parties on the water. During the time that the heat was excessive, several embarkations of this kind took place on the canal in the evening. Ladies elegantly dressed were seated at the extremity of the vessel, while opposite to them their cavaliers sat on the bench with the rowers.

In the meantime, it must be confessed, there was one inconvenience in these canal excursions. The dogs were continually jumping into the water, to catch a stone that had been thrown from one shore to the other, or a stick cast into the middle by the master, who wished to bathe his dog. Immersions of this kind cannot be made without much splashing of water; and crape hats, gauze bonnets, sarsenet gowns, and barêge blouses, &c., &c., received their share of it. "Oh! the nasty beast;—Oh! the horrid cur!—Sir, do let us pass first, pray.—Stop, only half a minute.—This is really very amiable.—Ah! how shameful this is!—To wet us in this manner; could not he wait a little?—Well that was cleverly done."—The current carries off the stick, the dog is puffing and blowing, he cannot reach it. "If I could but catch it!—There, now I've got it.—Oh! my glove and my sleeve are soaked with wet; never mind; that nasty man shall not have it; this will teach him how to behave!—Ah! my G—d!—Amelia, do keep that dog away from the boat.—Will you go away?—What a figure he has made of my blouse!—There, get along, there's your master's cane, nasty animal!"

——A JUVENILE BALL.—A few days ago I received note, directed in an unknown hand; and constant to my usual custom, I examined carefully the outside; the way in which it was folded; the address; the little seal of perfumed wax, which bore on its impression, the word *sincere*, it was all completely elegant; the note was written in the following manner:

"M. and Madame de L. beg that M. and Madame D. will do them the honour to pass the evening with them on the 20th inst. to celebrate the sary of their eldest daughter's birth.

"We shall have a violin."

"LOUISA DE

This invitation had not much attraction I was not acquainted with Madame de L. I o that my husband had some literary conne her's; and I was about to throw the note side when that pretty hand writing again my attention, and determined me, as if by to accept the invitation. On the day fixe ployed myself in regulating the simple toil daughter. A muslin blouse, ornamented w folds, a little pair of pantaloons of the sam blue sash, and the natural curls of her l turned with more care than usual, compl dress.

We arrived at Madame de L.....'s; th yard was illuminated, as well as the vestib the stair-cases were adorned with flowers; ble drawing room, separated by three portic were ornamented with wreaths of flowers, v the company assembled. Groups of ami males, artists and men of letters were th who filled the drawing room; the conversa general, and every where might be found lightful freedom which the politeness and of the French know so well how to observ thing seemed to confirm the idea I had form mistress of the house, and the sight of her had judged rightly. Polite without affectat cious, attentive, amiable towards every one spired me, after a few minutes, with that d feeling that forestalls reflection, and that justifies. Figure to yourself near sixty ch both sexes, who had scarcely attained th fourteen years; the boys yet drest in chil tume, short jackets, and their hair in cu their shirt collars open; the girls dressed having no other ornament than the bloom youth, or a simple wreath of violets, h primroses, or other spring flowers, as fresh nocent as themselves.

The amiable child, whose birth-day w brated, was only distinguished from the rest of panions, by a nosegay of white and blue kles; this flower, so dear to Rousseau, wa like a coronet across her open forehe seemed as a touching emblem, that invo recalled him to remembrance. Her lig in all its native luxuriance, fell in long over her snowy neck; neither gold, nor pe seen to destroy the enchanting harmony of h all was simple, sweet and artless as the wearer.

In the mean time the sprightly and joyo of the tabor called the young dancers to

gagements; each couple took their places in smiling glee; a long country dance was formed, and presented an enchanting sight; the most lively, pure, and animated gaiety was seen on the countenances of these charming creatures; no vexatious thought, no presentiment of the future disturbed the serenity of their looks; coquetry with its deceptive mask, vanity, either gratified or wounded, were not there to destroy the innocent expression of their smiles; given up only to the pleasure that brought them together, they followed her laws without effort, they seemed to resemble the happy inhabitants of the skies, sporting full of innocence and beauty, in the midst of sweet odours, and harmony.

But soon a kind of tender melancholy mingled itself with my admiration: I considered this population of childhood, and looked forward to the increase of years in these amiable creatures; they still offered to my ideas the touching image of youth in its bloom, and already I foresaw the dark clouds, that threatened to blight these delicate and cherished blossoms! I beheld sickness, sorrow, and the passions discolouring those cheeks, now so blooming, and my heart experienced the same kind of emotion, as that caused by the sight of a beautiful orchard, when, in the first uncertain days of spring, we dread the cold and dangerous nights.

Charming beings! thought I, as I took my leave of them, could but the time be prolonged of this season of hope, that now sweetens the pains of study, and all those attached to life, to which you *now* submit! Above all, may your parents, prudent as they are fond, be cautious of giving these brilliant festivals too often; they are injurious to your health, and simplicity of manners, and wear out your young minds in pleasures that belong to other years; then, having preserved the innocent candour imprinted on your countenances, the coral of your lips and the purity of your hearts, you will offer to the world models of grace, strength and amiability, worthy of the nation to which you may belong.

A Specimen of the Romantic.—A youth who was studying rhetoric, had a decided taste for romances, particularly those that described the most absurd and marvellous adventures; the style of which is the most inflated and emphatic. He was far from idle, but his passion for this pernicious style of reading made him often neglect the duties of his class, and it had rather heated his imagination. Now it happened that having got hold of an English romance, very pathetic, very gloomy, and above all very improbable, the reading it so exalted his fancy, that a few days after, being in want of a small sum of money, he wrote to his uncle, who had always treated him with the familiarity of a friend, the following letter:

"My dear Uncle,—It is with the deepest sorrow that I find myself under the necessity of discovering to you the horrors of my situation; for several days my mind has been the habitation of care and disquietude; and you only can deliver it from such formidable guests; learn then, that circumstances unforeseen have reduced me to this extremity; the acquisition of a few books, a college festival, the necessity of providing myself with firing, have brought me to such a state, that if you do not soon visit the indigent being that now implores your succour, he will soon become the prey of the blackest despair. Alas! I have calculated....merciful heaven! Thou art my witness! that, to enable me to acquit every thing, I must have, at least, twenty shillings!.....O heaven! I almost cease to breathe.....

I am,
With the most profound respect,
Your desolate Nephew,
A. S. S.

The uncle, that he might come up to the style of his nephew, answered him in these terms:

"A dark foreboding, my dear Nephew, caused my hand to tremble when I received your letter. I opened it with precipitation; every line appeared, in my terrified eye, to plunge a poinard in my bosom. The frightful picture of thy situation made me shudder, my whole body was bathed in cold drops of perspiration; my cheeks turned pale, my hair stood erect on my head, and my lips refused their utterance; my heart became like ice, and my limbs stiffened as at the approach of death; my hand, with convulsive motion, at length, found its way to my pocket, from whence I drew twenty shillings, which I hasten to send you.

I am, &c."

Anecdote of Louis XVI.—The Viscount de S— had a particular talent at mimicry; he could imitate the King's gait, his manner of looking through his opera glass, his laugh, his way of speaking, &c., &c. One day, at the theatre at Versailles, he, very inconsiderately, yielded to the persuasive requests of some ladies, and mimicked the King, who was seated in the second tier, in the next box. The Viscount, happening to turn about, perceived Louis XVI, who regarded him with coldness and severity. All those who accompanied him thought he was lost. After having gratified himself for a short time with the alarm of the Viscount, who was the most terrified of the party, the King burst into a fit of laughter; and said, "Well done! my Sosia." When he returned to the palace, he told the Queen he would divert her by shewing her a most perfect copy, which he himself could not have believed possible to be drawn, had he not witnessed it. The next day the Viscount was sent for, and, notwithstanding all his intreaties to be excused, he was obliged to repeat the scene of the night before. The Queen was astonished! This was the sole revenge that Louis XVI, took of the Viscount, and

he never ceased to treat him afterwards with the greatest kindness.

PRESENTS FROM SAINTS FORBIDDEN.—In the little town of Silesia, is a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, to whom offerings are continually brought. Several of these, which were of intrinsic value, had been found gradually to disappear. Suspicion fell on a soldier belonging to the garrison, who was always very constant at church; he was searched, and in his pocket was found two hearts of gold. He was led to prison, and his process drawn up; he could not deny the fact, but he pretended that he did not steal the golden hearts, but had received them as a gift from the Virgin, who knew his wants and his great poverty. This excuse, as may be expected, did not justify him before his judges; he was condemned to death. His sentence was carried to the King, according to established custom, to be ratified. Frederic sent for some ecclesiastics. "Is," said he, "this gift possible?" "The case is, certainly, a rare and extraordinary one, but the power and mercy of God are infinite; and sometimes he has manifested them thus, in favour of the saints." After this decision, the King wrote under the sentence, "We grant our pardon to the accused, who has constantly denied the robbery, since the favour he boasts of having received, is judged by the doctors of religion to be not impossible; but we forbid him, under pain of death, ever to accept, in future, of a present from *any saint* whatever'"

——ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE.—On the 19th of September, 1783, M. de Montgolfier, made the first experiment, at Versailles, of his aerial machine, to which he gave his name, and to which he had affixed a cage that contained three animals, of very different species and inclinations; that is to say, a cock, a lamb and a duck. A pleasant adventure befel the princess de Lamballe, which proved how interested she was in anything that afflicted her fellow creatures.

M. Montgolfier, who had followed the direction of the aerial machine, arrived just at the moment when it descended in the Bois de Vaucresson, about half a league from the place from whence it had ascended. The cage had been divided from it by the suddenness of the descent and the three animals were all eating in perfect tranquillity: they were carried off in triumph. The King, after having congratulated the inventor of this discovery, ordered that the three animals who had proved the possibility of existing above the clouds, should be in future kept in his menagerie, and fed with the greatest care and attention. As madame de Lamballe was descending the terrace, to take a walk in the grove, she saw one of the workmen that had been employed in the construction of the Montgolfier; she had seen him before working at Rambouillet, and as she now perceived he was weeping, she asked him what ailed him? "By heavens, madam, said he, "I have cause to weep; I s Montgolfier, let me go up in that gallery have placed under the machine; he v hear of it; and pretended he would not life of any man. He put in three anim there are they now, living at their ease, an for nothing; if the King is so good to dumb what would he not have done for a poor like me? My fortune would have been ma I shall never be comforted.—" Madame balle, far from laughing at the poor fell plicity, said all she could to comfort him, him a few louis, to indemnify him for havi fine an opportunity of enriching himself.

—— A COMPLIMENT ON GOOD ACTING.—A was sometimes received by Voltaire at at Ferney, was present at the represen Zaïre, the heroine of which was performe dame Denis, Voltaire's niece. "Ah!" "a person, to play that character properl be both young and handsome." "Oh! pa madam," said the man, "you are a c proof of the contrary."

—— FAMILY PORTRAITS.—There is no interesting as those ancient family portrai decorate the walls of the apartments, in our old castles. This homage paid to the of our venerable ancestors seems to br those patriarchal virtues, that do not fright the fear of ridicule, nor extinguish rec by the dread of irony. The constant image who loved and protected us, seems to fi minds the gratitude that is their due; and as if we could meet death undismayed, v look upon the features of a beloved pa friend.

I have seen Pauline de S* but once; and feel an affection for that amiable child. I call mother, a few days ago, to introduce my broth to her, he is just arrived from Spain, and is s recover, in our drawing rooms, a little of th ful behaviour, that a sojournment in cam apt to make a young man forget. Madam was not at home; but the title of a friend me the privilege of going through the apa and I stopped at the door of her closet, found half open. I there heard an infan melodious voice, and caused me to recol this day, the daughter of Madame de S* come from school, and through a curios friendship rendered excusable, I sought to the interior of the closet. How was I surp seeing the most angelic beauty, yet adorn all the graces of childhood! half undres wrapping about her, every thing that could the least resemblance to a portrait which regarding with the greatest attention, alt was, at least, a century old. To make like this antique figure, she had covered

with a black lace scarf: some fine broad lace sewed for ruffles; and the beautiful curls of her fair hair, had two butterflies stuck on them, perfectly in harmony with the model before her. The young lass smiled at herself in this whimsical costume, and fancying she was quite alone, murmured out.—"Here I am; almost as pretty as grandmamma was at my age, I have been told I am like her, and by imitating her dress, I was resolved to prove it.—Why cannot I imitate her goodness, that made her so much beloved?" On her pronouncing these last words, her eyes filled with tears. I felt myself tenderly affected; the sight of so much artless simplicity and feeling made me desirous of embracing this interesting girl. I entered immediately into the closet, pressed her to my bosom, and presenting my brother to her, I said, "Remember, Alfred, that she, who can thus revere the memory of her grandmother, must, one day, make an excellent wife and mother, and that every happiness must await, to crown her future days." The young lady smiled, my brother sighed, I do not know whether they comprehended me, but, Oh! may I one day say to them, "Do you recollect the family portrait?"

In the evening I returned with Alfred to the dwelling of Madame de S*, I thought his manners were softened whenever he addressed Pauline, therefore I did not interrupt their conversation: and while I chatted with Madame de S*, I had leisure to observe her style of dress; it was truly simple, but such as deserved to be copied as a model of home costume of the most exquisite taste.

——The Tivoli Gardens at Paris, and the *Bosquets* of Beaujou, are threatened with annihilation, from the increase of new buildings. The inhabitants regret the gradual disappearance of all their places of amusement in which they could enjoy the open air and healthful exercise.

——Cock-fighting.—A Paris journalist mentions an attempt to introduce cock-fighting into Paris, and appeals to the sensibility of the French women to oppose so barbarous a pleasure, that it may be left entirely to John Bull!!

——French Porter.—A brewer in Paris has lately produced a species of porter, the excellence of which is highly vaunted in one of the French journals. The notice of it is headed "Another conquest over England!" and it is confidently predicted that this new invention will soon supersede all other malt beverage throughout Europe!

——Rossini.—The editor of a Paris paper states, on the authority of a letter from London, that the manager of the Opera-house has consented to relinquish the fine of £5000 to which Rossini had subjected himself, for not having produced a new opera in the course of the present season, and that composer has agreed to leave £800 due to him in hands of the manager, as a pledge that he will ret next year and furnish the said opera.

——German licentiousness.—There cannot b more dissolute city than Vienna,—one where fem virtue is less prized, and therefore less freque A total want of principle, the love of pleasure, the love of finery, are so universally diffused, t wives and daughters, in not only what we would comfortable but even affluent circumstances, do shrink from increasing the means of their extra gance by forgetting their duty. They sacrifice the selves not so much from inclination as from intere You will probably find in Naples or Rome as m faithless wives, who are so from a temporary variable liking, as in Vienna; but you will not f so many who throw away their honour from the l of gain. The advantage seems to be on the side the Italian. Worthless as both are, even a pass liking is less degrading than the mere infam calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence, with even the excuse of poverty.

——Dialogue between a Mother and h Daughter. "Sophy, I will not let you run ab the garden in that manner, without your bonnet, w M. Ernest." 'But, Mamma, you have been wa ing arm in arm, in the same way with M.— "What a comparison! I am old enough to kn what I am about. Sophy, if M. Ernest should a you at the ball this evening to waltz with him, I f bid your doing so."—'Why, Mamma? Last Sund you waltzed twice with M.——.' "Oh, that's qu another thing. Besides, M.——is your papa's in mate friend; and when you are married you m waltz with your husband's intimate friend.—Sop I do not like your swinging with M. Ernest; it is a proper exercise for a young lady." 'But, Ma ma, this morning you passed half an hour in the s saw, with M.——.' "How different!—Sophy, I sire that this afternoon you will not seat yourself the drawing-room by M. Ernest." 'Mamma, I do seat myself by him, he seats himself by me. Besid I assure you he does it only to be near you, and every thing to imitate M.——, who never quits yo side.' "Sophy, when we have company, I will allow you to be constantly playing at cards, gami is an amusement very unsuitable to a young female 'But, Mamma, you set me the example. Recoll that only yesterday, having lost all the money in yo purse at *Ecarté*, you were obliged to borrow so of M.——.' "What a difference! If I did borro money of M.——it was only because he is your papa intimate friend, and to whom, under such circu stances, should one have recourse but to on friend?" 'In one word, Mamma, in order to satis you, I see that I must follow the advice which t doctor gave to papa—"Do as I say, and not as I d

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

*The Troubadour, or William and Margaret, by C. F. L***, Paris, 1 vol. 12mo.*

"WILLIAM de Cabestaing, the son of Valerie, beheld, arriving with the swiftness of lightning, ladies mounted on coursers whose brilliant caparisons were ornamented with studs of silver. He was desirous of assisting *her* to alight, who seemed to command the cavalcade; but with one spring she leaped from her courser, and casting her eyes on William, she said, 'gentle Troubadour, we have been dancing, will you join us?' The young man, after a proper and respectful answer, gave her his hand. Struck with the majestic air of the unknown, he looked around him and admired the beauty, the elegant shape and artless graces of a young person who walked next to the superior, and who was known by the name of Margaret. The gathering of the olives was just over: the tambourine gave the signal for a favorite air, which every one was emulous to repeat, and which preceded the dance of *des Olivettes:* this custom the French owe to the Phenicians, as well as the culture of the useful tree, sacred to Minerva. In the middle of the plain, the chief of the city (Aubagne) held a long staff to which was suspended ribbons, equal in number to the dancers: doublets and white shoes, wide sleeves, and breeches in full plaits, adorned with ribbons. The young men, were seen girt with sashes, and on their heads helmets surmounted by plumes and flowers. Each one among them seized a ribbon from the staff; they changed hands; they turned round and balanced to the right and left: faced their partners, and successfully turned back to back, till the ribbons of the staff became mingled in a kind of lozenge, where every colour might be distinguished. They then unwound them as they performed a dance the figure of which was contrary to that of the first, and the *Olivettes* terminated amidst the applause of the spectators."

This dance being finished, the Lady of Marseilles demanded of William some extempore verses, these M. L** has translated into modern French. Next comes a *warlike Moresco.*

"The Marseilles Lady having manifested a desire to see William and Margaret figure in a sentimental *Moresco,* the robe of the young female was adorned with flowers; to the knees of the son of Valerie were attached little bells. He saluted his partner, and advanced towards her with out-stretched arms; she drew back; after having expressed, a doubt of his sincerity by a motion of her hand, he advanced a few steps nearer to Margaret, who retreated a little farther from him, with modest embarrassment. He stopped; she followed his example; he feigned to quit her; she called him back; and after several situations of this kind they joined hands and presented themselves before the lady who ap
enchanted with this ingenious pantomime.

"When they came to the different sports,
ret received from the hand of the Lady of Ma
a scarf of blue silk, trimmed with gold lace, as
for running, among the young maidens. Willi
puted that of leaping, and his rivals, in vain
to pass over palisade, which he boldly cleare
hurled the piece of iron at a mark, to which n
one came near. Armed with a strong bra
caused an enormous ball to rebound, which,
of all efforts made by others, scarce rolle
the ground. The Lady allotted three prizes t

This work of M. L** is an exact picture
manners of Provence in the twelfth centur
following is an account of the custom held at
feast during the summer.

"In the mean time, the servants decora
walls and chimnies with green branches.
rush were spread under the table. Garlan
woven round the cups and vases. The gold
ver plate was displayed on the shelves o
dresser, which was covered with tapestry
ivory bugle horn announced the moment t
repast took place. While the meats were se
in dishes of silver; the vegetables on marl
poultry on glass, and the fruits and sweetm
painted baskets, an officer disposed the carp
the cushion on the bench whereon were sea
Count and Countess. Both entered at the san
but by different doors, and the pages prese
them little cisterns of vermillion out of whi
sprinkled rose-water on their hands."

"The custom was to hang the walls of th
of Love, (a tribunal composed of females), wi
velvet. The seats of the judges were covere
with crimson silk, and the arm chair of th
President with rose-coloured velvet. A gree
was spread over a table, which was suppo
tressels of citron wood. On this table was
peacock, in a gold bason; and round about the
ment were pictures representing Pyramu
stabs himself beside his Thisbe; Dido on he
ral pile; Leander braving the waves, and
awaiting him with impatience; Anthony
dying to Cleopatra; Ariodant faithful to his G
and Emma, carrying her precious burthen
peacock, by the splendour of its plumage, was
upon as the emblem of majesty; and th
which ornament its tail, were considered a
of eternal justice. Before any lady gave an o
each one placing her hand upon the nobl
" vowed to give judgment, according to the d
of her conscience."

Biographie Universelle (Universal Biography) arranged in alphabetical order, of the public and private life of all those who have been remarkable for their writings, their actions, their virtues or their crimes.

[The Nineteenth Number.]

This work is compiled by a society of learned men; and the article in this number, headed *Raynal*, by M. Durozoir, contains some curious particulars. He says: "Raynal composed his books in the midst of society, putting questions to all who came near him, that he might get together every possible document. This method preserves him from many meditations and much reading; while it gave interest to, and fed the vanity of his friends on the success of his works."

M. Durozoir also observes that Rousseau, who, in his *Confessions* speaks ill of almost every one with whom he was connected, renders the most favourable testimony concerning Raynal. "I was always," says Rousseau, "much attached to him, since his delicate and praise-worthy conduct towards me, which I can never forget. This Abbé Raynal is certainly a very warm friend."

Finding an opportunity of consulting Lavater, Raynal wished to know if his features were such as to augur any thing relative to his character. The swiss doctor, after having long requested to be excused, at length spoke to him in the following manner: "That large head is that of a man who thinks much: those white and thin sown hairs prove that you have not always been temperate amongst the fair sex; that broad and open forehead discovers boldness, even to effrontery; those arched, and thick eyebrows give expression to your phisiognomy; those hollow and quick eyes, are those of a witty mischievous man; turned up noses, like yours, generally belong to the impudent; that wide mouth proves you have not been indifferent to the pleasures of the table."—"And my teeth, said Raynal, "have not I preserved them very well?"—"Yes; but if they bite well now, they must have bitten sharper some time ago. And for your turned up chin, it is that of a satyr; and those hollow and livied cheeks discover envy." Raynal, instead of being angry, only laughed at the portrait.

René d'Anjou, born at Angiers in 1409, is amongst the few princes whose flattering surname has been handed down to posterity; he is always styled *René the Good*, in Lorraine, Anjou, and Provence. The maternal uncle of René d'Anjou was Louis, Cardinal of Bar, who meant him to be his successor, when he became Duke of Bar, and caused him to marry the heiress of the duchy of Lorraine. René gave up Lorraine to his son, and was driven from Anjou, the cradle of his ancestors, by Louis XI, his uncle. The writer of this article is M. Villeneuve-Bargemont, and he says, "Literature, and the arts, charmed the youthful days of René, and added new splendour to his illustration. Adversity and old age caused him yet more to appreciate all the advantages of those innocent occupations. Agriculture is indebted to him for experience in cultivating the sugar cane, and an introduction of plants unknown to France; such as the Rose of Provence, the pink of Provence, muscadel grapes: and several rare *animals* of different species, amongst which are peacocks of various colours. He bestowed particular attention on the manufacture of glass, and the culture of mulberries; the weaving of cloth, and the spinning of wool."

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

We have remarked a very elegant dress of white watered gros de Naples, trimmed with three rows of open honeycomb *à la neige*, in tulle; a toque was worn with it of blond, forming a kind of bonnet; on which were ornaments of white satin arranged with the most exquisite taste. White chip hats are ornamented with pionies, or with a very large full blown rose with buds. The hair, elegantly drest, is often ornamented with a tuft of flowers, on one temple, and on the other a cluster of curls. Dresses of Organdy, with clear muslin sleeves very full; the corsages the same as last month, nor is there any change in the disposal of the trimming.

At the late brilliant fêtes at Tivoli, the dresses were remarkable for their neat simplicity more than for their elegance: gowns of white Organdy, trimmed in various ways; chip hats, ornamented with flowers and marabouts; pilgrims' hats of leghorn; shot silk scarfs, and sashes of coloured ribbons, were very general. Sometimes were seen very broad ribbons, two ends of which belonging to the sash, hung down in front of the dress; they were fastened at the waist by a buckle: these ribbons were so broad, that they appeared like those little aprons worn by the young swiss females, or like those seen on the stage, where the actress or the dancer is drest as a shepperdess. Tucks are no longer in favour at the border of muslin dresses narrow flounces or rows of coxcombs are more admired, between each row of either is one of fine embroidery. A pelisse of cambric, made to wrap over the bust, yet beautifully fitted to the shape is much admired; a broad honeycomb of plain muslin, formed of three rows of flutings, is placed on the side that crosses over; the neck is partially left open, and a falling collar, with the same trimming finishes it; but this collar is very narrow and so well cut, that it appears as if it belonged to the corsage, and does not spread over the shoulders. The skirt is finished with only a simple broad hem. Long pointed handkerchiefs, in muslin trimmed all round with a double honeycomb in net, are often

seen instead of shawls or scarfs; a large bow of ribbon is fixed at the extremity of each end of the handkerchief.

Next to the corsages en blouses, which are generally adopted, even when the dress is of silk, muslin, or other summer materials, there are many pelisses with strait backs, and with the body in front laid in plaits from the top, and these are sometimes carried down the whole length of the skirt, which flies open; though the greater part are closed by a row of buttons set very close together. Pelerines, whether formed of ribbons, or in muslin, are very general; but have continually something new in the manner of their being cut or shaped: large scallops, when the pelerine is of muslin are trimmed with a full plaiting of fine net; and in this manner are trimmed the triple falling collar. Some hats of white striped gauze have the brims puckered on each side; the puckerings separated by narrow stripes of straw, and these straw stripes trim the ribbons round the crown. Two narrow scarfs serve for lappets, and are trimmed round with a plaiting of narrow net; the ends terminate by a very full tuft of straw-coloured silk.

White dresses, either in cambric or muslin, and a few gowns of lilac gros de Naples, composed the dress of that small number of females who were present at the last sitting of the Academy of *les Belles Lettres*. The white dresses were made *en blouse*, and those of gros de Naples, had a corsage of drapery, and the sleeves ornamented with plaitings of silk, pinked. Large bouquets placed over the ear were the ornaments on leghorn hats; the flowers are lightly spread out; composed of sweet peas, mignionet, honey-suckles and syringoes. When a rose is full blown it is worn alone. Some fashionists place, in a strait line, three flat feathers, one of which, that is, the middle one, surpasses the others in height. These feathers are worn instead of flowers: and are seen on some leghorn hats. Two rows of full honey-comb trimming are placed at the edge of bonnets made of gros de Naples, only one of these rows is the same colour as the bonnet.

There are some very beautiful leghorn hats, ornamented with two white feathers, which are elevated on each side, and joining at the top form an arch; at the base of each feather is a cockade of ribbon. Some young persons wear their leghorn hats quite round, and very large, but slightly turned up all round, and these are called *Auvergnat* hats, because they are bordered all round with narrow black velvet, and a black velvet band incircles the crown, fastened with a polished steel buckle. The brims of gauze hats are now very shallow; three bias folds of satin or gros de Naples are placed round the crown, and between each is a *bouillon* of of different colour to the hat; the flowers th plete the trimming are small daisies, or pinks with ears of ripe corn. A cockade w ends fringed, placed on one side and servi fastening to a plume of marabouts, forms a ornament on all white hats; the marabout above the crowns. They give the name o Mazurier, to a rose which appears to be divi four or five places; this is worn on those hats that are in imitation of straw; it is surr by a great number of buds. Bonnets are trimmed with *chicorée* the same colour as the sometimes the crown is quartered like a melo tied with a *fichu en marmotte*. In undress, vourite colour for young persons, is the ro married ladies, blue; checquers are the fa figures on silks, very small. The form of pelisses, buttoning down the front, with tw rine capes, is so general, that even childre them. With these pelisses, there is usually round collar of embroidered muslin. Many f ables wear *Organdy* blouses embroidered in over bright rose colour, jonquil, turquoise ston and even lilac; the colour of these under sets off the embroidery, which is between ea fold. A belt *à la Léonide*, in sarsnet ribbon dispensibly requisite with an Organdy dress

Amongst the fashionable jewellery, must be heads in relief, in the antique style, execu Vesuvian lava. The colour of this lava loo with dead gold. These heads are used as cl girdles, necklaces and bracelets.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDEN

Our correspondents, particularly at Fashionable cial places of resort, are requested to continue to su with information and criticisms, on the passing eve may interest the polite World.

Our readers are respectfully solicited to recomm Publication amongst their friends. It is the on dedicated to High Life, Fashionables and Fashio periodical of the kind, has embellishments that compared to this. The Fashions, in the Monthly cations are not Fashions, but are made up by ind without either taste, judgment, or knowledge of suitable to ladies of rank, distinction and respec

Persons who reside abroad, and may wish to be with this work every month, may have it sent to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and any part of th Indies by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Office No 21, Sherborne Lane, to the Brazils, Madeira, Gi Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Po and to France and Holland, by Mr. Cowie, Sherborne Lane.

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Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion and La Belle Assemblée

THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, *&c. &c.*

No. 5. LONDON, OCTOBER 1. VOL. I.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.

DUCHESS OF CLARENCE.

Clarence, Duchess of, came to town on Friday, September 10th, from Bushy, and visited the Princess Sophia at her residence at Kensington, where her Royal Highness partook of a *déjeûné;* and returned to Bushy in the afternoon.

DUKES AND DUCHESSES.

Leinster, Duke and Duchess, and Lady C. Stanhope, at the Earl of Harrington's, Stable Yard, St. James's, from Paris.

St. Albans, the Duke of, and family, in St. James's Square.

MARQUESSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Northampton, the Marquess and Marchioness of, from Castle Ashby, Northamptonshire.

Worcester, Marquis of, from Paris.

EARLS AND COUNTESSES, BARONS AND BARONESSES.

Anson, Dowager Lady, in Curzon Street.

Besborough, Earl of, from Cowdery. Essex.

Caledon, Earl and Countess, in St. James's Square.

Ellenborough, Lady, at Cambridge House.

Hardwicke, Earl and Countess of, in St James's Square.

Holland, Lord and Lady, at Holland House.

Harrington, Earl of, from Elvaston, Derbyshire.

Kensington, Lady, at Blake's Hotel, Jermyn Street.

Manvers, Dowager Countess of, in Portman Square.

Nugent, Lord and Lady, from Lilleys, Bucks.

Shannon, the Earl of, and Lord Boyle, from Ireland.

BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES.

Raffles, Sir Stamford, Lady and Family, at Thomas's Hotel, from the East Indies.

Booth, Sir Thomas and Lady, at Thomas's Hotel.

Kempt, General Sir James, Bart. at Blake's Hotel, from Bognor.

Astley, Sir Jacob and Lady, in Hereford Street, from the Continent.

Wraxhall, Sir W. and Lady, at the Bath Hotel.

ESQUIRES.

Parker, Esq. and family, from their seat in Wales.

Porchee, Henry, Esq. in Arlington Street.

NAVY AND ARMY.

Fitzgerald, Colonel and Lady, at the Union Hotel, Cockspur Street.

Howard, the Honorable Colonel, M.P. from Walmer Castle.

Bradshaw, General and Mrs. at the Bath Hotel, from Paris.

CHANGES AND DEPARTURES.

Abel, Captain, for the Isle of Wight.

Althorpe, Viscount, at his seat, Wiseton Hall.

Ashburnham, the Earl, Countess and family, for Paris.

Buckingham, Duke of, at his seat, Stowe, from Scotland.

Bentinck, Lord George, for Salt Hill.

Buckinghamshire, the Earl of, at the British Hotel, from the Continent.

Canning, G. Esq. accompanied by Lord Howard de Walden, one of the Under Secretaries of State, on a visit to Marquis Wellesley in Ireland.

Cotterell, Sir George, for Hereford.

Caledon, the Earl and Countess of, and family, for Ireland.

Cotton, Lady A. from Bagshot Park, for Croom tershire.

Carnarvon, the Earl of, on a tour throug Scotlan

Campbell, Lady E. from Brighton to Hastings.

Carnarvon, the Countess of, for Petworth, Sussex

Dartmouth, the Countess of, for Blithfield, Staffo

Elliot, Lord and Lady, for Woburn Abbey,

Egerton, Mr. and Mrs. for Devonshire.

Exeter, Dowager Marchioness of, for Burleigh, L

Frederick, Sir John, Bart. for Esher.

Grafton, Duke of, for his seat, Euston Hall.

Gresley, Sir Roger, for Lulworth Castle, Dorse

Heathcott, Lady, for Ham House, Surrey.

King, Lord and Lady, for Ockham, Surrey.

Latimer, Mr. G. for Ramsgate.

Lansdowne, Dowager Marchioness of, at Hamp

——— Marquis and Marchioness, for Bo Wilts.

Londonderry, Emily, Marchionness of, for Twi

Lieven, Count and Countess, for Passenger, He

Langton, Colonel Gore, for Newton Park, Bath

Lyall, Miss, for Beckely Lodge, Southampton.

Munro, R. Esq. from Basbridge Hall, for Marga

Middleton Miss, for Henley, Oxfordshire.

Norfolk, Duke of, at Arundel Castle.

Pembroke, the Earl and Countess of, at Wi Wilts.

Rutland, Dowager Duchess, on a tour.

Sturt, Hon. Charles, for Mitchell House, Salisbu

Sefton, the Earl and Countess of, and family, f Hall.

St. Helens, Lord, for Burleigh, Lincolnshire.

Sparrow, Lady Olivia B. for Brompton Park.

Villeboys, Captain F. for Adbury Lodge, near N

West, Hon. F. for Henley-on-Thames.

Waldegrave, Lady, for Sandgate.

Willoughby, Baroness de, and the Hon. Miss their Villa, Richmond.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT.

THE KING.

A visit which we lately paid to the National Gallery, renewed in our minds the sincere regret we have often felt, that His Majesty, so generous, so good, and possessed of a taste so refined and so excellent, should have been thus long induced to put up with so miserable a residence as Carlton Palace. Whilst we gazed on the immortal works that have now delighted so many thousands of people, from whom had it not been for the bounty of their generous King, they would have been hidden for ever, we could not refrain from wondering that the monarch, who had presented so noble a gift to his subjects, and to whom he had made so great a sacrifice, as the parting with those sublime paintings, should be permitted by them to reside beneath a roof utterly unworthy of the sacred head it is destined to cover. The English are a loyal people, and well would it become them to erect a Palace that should possess enough of grandeur and magnificence to deserve the approbation and to merit the presence of majesty. All the foreign monarchs dwell in mansions whose splendor accords with their rank and greatness, whilst he who is the honored King of the first nation of the world, is constrained to consider as his palace an inferior house situated in a street, that is certainly far from being the *noblest* of the metropolis. Do not the Parks offer agreeable sites whereon to build a dwelling that shall be fit for Royalty to inhabit? Let the people—let the Legislature look to this desirable object. The appearance of Carlton *Palace*, as it is called, is a slur upon the nation, for surely in a country so rich as this, there can be no excuse for a faithful people allowing their ruler to reside in any other dwelling, than one whose inward and *outward* beauty and adornment, may render it becoming the dignity of a King, and above all of such a King as George the Fourth. We have been led to these remarks by true feelings of Loyalty and Patriotism, and we hope soon to hear of proposals for erecting such a structure as we wish to see appropriated for the residence of the monarchs of England.

His Majesty receives continual visits from the nobility and his select friends. We cannot here omit to mention the delight it affords us to witness the kind and fraternal familiarity which passed between His Majesty and His Royal and generous brother the Duke of York at some late Races. Every look and action told of good will and affection, and our pleasure was the greater, as we knew how well-deserving His Royal Highness is of His Majesty's favor and regard. His Royal Highness has of late been at several of the watering places, for the benefit of his health, which we are happy to hear is much improved in every respect.

It gives the Editors of this work the extreme of pleasure to state, that our amiable, accomplished, and highly gifted Sovereign is enjoying the best of health, surrounded by the chosen few capable of giving mirth and chearfulness to his Majesty's retirement at Windsor. The Dukes of York and Wellington, Prince Esterhazy and the Count and Countess Lieven, have been amongst the visitors to the King. His Majesty's principle amusements, consists in almost daily excursions in his poney phaeton, accompanied by the Marquis Conyingham, and other distinguished and esteemed friends. The King and party have dined occasionally on board the banquetting boat; which is moored in a shady part on the west side of Virginia Water Lake. It is the intention of his Majesty to renew his aquatic fetes on Virginia Water, upon a scale of great splendor, which, about a month since, were daily given. If the fineness of the season will allow this design to be carried into execution, the marquees, which were originally placed upon the lawn fronting the lake, will be removed, and in their stead the magnificent tents captured at the taking of Seringapatam, will be substituted. These superb specimens of oriental splendor have not been exhibited for several years; but the freshness of the colouring and the beauties of the various Indian fables with which they are interwoven, remain undiminished. The requisite preparations having been made, the tents are ready to be pitched whenever his Majesty is pleased to renew these fascinating entertainments. Great improvements are in contemplation throughout the delightful plantation of Virginia Water. Among the embellishments which art has already added to this charming natural retreat, is a cascade of considerable extent, both as to its breadth and the depth of its fall. It is the intention of his Majesty to erect, at a short distance above this, a rustic mountainous bridge, in unison with the surrounding scenery; the basis of the piers of which will be formed by the stupendous stones which were some years since dug up at Bagshot Heath, and which were supposed to be the remains of a fallen cromlech. These tremendous monuments of the strength and rude skill of our Saxon forefathers, have been for two years one of the ornaments attached to the grounds of the Royal Lodge, from which they will now be speedily removed to Virginia Water. On Saturday, September 11, in consequence of his Majesty having most graciously expressed his intention to give audience to the suite of the late King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, in the forenoon Mr. Rive, Madame Poki, and seven gentlemen composing the establishment, arrived at the Castle for that purpose. About two o'clock his Majesty, accompanied by the Marquis Conyingham, and attended by Hudson, one of the Park keepers and outriders, left the Royal Lodge in his close travelling carriage, and proceeded down the Long Walk, and through the Little Park to the Castle, where he arrived shortly after two; the King was followed in a second carriage by his suite. His Majesty immediately went to the state apartments, where the whole of the establishment were introduced. In consequence of the repairs at the Castle, his Majesty was unable to entertain them with refreshments. There was a sumptuous dinner provided by command of his Majesty at the White Hart Inn, where they expressed the utmost delight at the kind reception he had given them; and after dinner repeatedly drank to the health of "Good King George IV." They left the White Hart Inn at half past six.—After his Majesty's interview with the islanders at the Castle, he inspected the alterations, and returned by the same route to the Royal Lodge.

DEATH OF THE KING OF FRANCE.

His Most Christian Majesty died at four o'clock on Thursday morning, September 16, after a protracted agony. Scarcely had he ceased to breathe, than all the persons collected in his chamber passed into the next apartment. His brother alone remained a moment near the bed; and when he retired, the Comte de Damas, who preceded him by a few paces, threw open the folding doors, and exclaimed, "*The King, gentlemen!*"—At these words, the Princes and Great Officers "*prostrated* themselves." The Duke and Duchess of Angouleme followed the King, and were hailed by the name of *Dauphin* and *Dauphiness*. Two hours later (six o'clock, A. M.) the new Monarch went to St. Cloud with his family, and at one o'clock received the Ministers at that

Palace. About ten o'clock the public were admitted to the chamber of the deceased King, to contemplate his body. The hands were observed to be wholly discoloured; they were joined together and pressed a Crucifix. His head was covered with a lace cap, and the face though still easy to be recognized was become extremely thin, and displayed traces of the sufferings which he had experienced during several days.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF LOUIS XVIII.—Louis Stanislaus Xavier de France, Count de Provence, second son of the Dauphin, the son of Louis XV. was born at Versailles, November 17, 1755. From his earliest years he manifested a timid and reserved disposition. Educated with his two brothers, the Duke de Berri (afterwards Louis XVI.) and the Count d'Artois, he always displayed a greater reserve towards his elder than his younger brother. He made considerable acquirements in classical literature, and bore the reputation of being an elegant scholar, and a man of wit. On the 20th of June, 1791, he fled secretly from Paris, at the same time as Louis XVI., but by a different and more fortunate route. While his Royal brother was led back from Varennes to prison and a scaffold, the Count de Provence escaped to Coblentz. Failing to rally round him a sufficient number of Frenchmen to attempt his restoration, he sought refuge in Germany; he afterwards lived at Turin with his father-in-law, the King of Sardinia, and then at Verona, under the name of Count de Lille. On the death of his nephew, Louis XVII., he assumed the name of Louis XVIII. In 1796, Louis, who had resided some time at Venice, was, in compliance with a requisition from the government of France, commanded to leave that State. He then, accompanied by only two officers, repaired to the head-quarters of the Prince of Condé, at Riegal. Louis learned at the same moment the death of the Duke d'Enghien, and that the order of the Golden Fleece had been bestowed upon Bonaparte. His Majesty instantly returned his decoration of the order, the investiture of which he had received as a French Prince, to Charles IV., with the following letter:—

"Sire and dear Cousin,—It is with regret that I return you the insignia of the order of the Golden Fleece, which his Majesty, your father, of glorious memory, confided to me. There can exist nothing in common between me and the great criminal whom audacity and fortune have placed upon my throne, which he has had the barbarity to stain with the pure blood of a Bourbon, the Duke d'Enghien. Religion teaches me to pardon an assassin; but the tyrant of my subjects ought always to be my enemy. Providence, from inscrutable motives, may ordain that I shall end my days in exile; but neither my contemporaries nor posterity shall ever, even to my last breath, say, that in the hour of adversity I showed myself unworthy of occupying the throne of my ancestors."

In the summer of 1793, when looking out of the window of an obscure German inn, near Ulm, he was wounded in the upper part of the forehead by a ball, supposed to have been fired from a horse pistol on the opposite side of the street. The perpetrator was never discovered and Louis forbade all search to be made after him. In 1798, Louis XVIII. was acknowledged by the Emperor of Russia, Paul I. as King of France and Navarre; and was invited by him to reside in the ducal castle at Mittau, until he could restore him to the throne of his ancestors. Louis therefore left the army of Condé, with whom he had for nearly two years shared all privations, penury, want, and dangers. At Mittau he was first treated with all the honours due to a sovereign, which another more fortunate prince could bestow. He had a guard of honour of 200 Russians in his castle, besides a body guard of French noblemen created for him, and paid by the Emperor. The Russian commander at Mittau was entirely under his or
his levees were crowded by the nobility of Cou
vonia, and Russia. As the pecuniary bounties of
more than sufficient for a prince, economical fr
pal and custom, as well as from delicacy, a
ruined exiles flocked to Russia to share them.
tion of this prosperous adversity, however, was
the Emperor, influenced by the power of France,
changed his conduct, and sent the King, whom
knowledged and invited to his dominions, orders
Russian territory within a week. Three month
to this order, the payment of the usual pension
withheld, and Louis XVIII. and all the Frenchm
tau were, in consequence, reduced to the utmost d
cause they had all been ordered to depart with their
Duchess of Angoulême, the virtuous daughte
XVI. had never ceased to reside with her uncle
had recovered her liberty, and married her first
the order coming from the Emperor, she inqui
uncle what he intended to do? The king told he
determination "to quit within twenty-four hour
where insult and humiliation had taken place of h
and that as he had not the means to travel as h
merly done, and the little that he possessed was
for the support of those of his subjects who ha
nied him, he would on the next day leave Mitta
and show the unfortunate French exiles an exam
support misfortune." At her marriage, the Duc
goulême had received from her first cousins, th
and Empress of Germany, a box of jewels; a
informing any person of her intention, she sen
Jews, and obtained upon these jewels a sum of m
cient, not only for her uncle's travelling expens
provide for the immediate wants of her countryme
When her uncle, the next morning, discovered
rous act, the tears of all the relieved Frenchme
Prince, that by pressing his niece to his bosom,
reward, instead of resenting, the first act of her
she had ever concealed from him. This youn
had, in the dungeons of the Temple, early learnt
little value of either jewels, rank, or even life;
the real duty of humanity, and the worth of
wretchedness.

After some wanderings in the wilds of inhospit
sia, the policy of Buonaparte to keep Louis X
distance from his kingdom, left him at last pe
inhabit the castle of the dethroned King of Polan
saw; where, in more fortunate times, one of hi
cestors, Henry III., had ruled as a King; where
nal grandfather, Stanislaus, had been elected
Polish Diet, and proscribed as an Usurper by a
tion. What painful remembrances, what sad
for the well informed and active mind of Lo
The tranquillity of this retreat was disturbed
humiliation from another Monarch. The Prussia
Meyer, asked Louis XVIII to renounce the
France in favor of Buonaparte; but he refused wi
dignity, which must have appalled the man
dared to insult him. A plot having been discove
had for its object, the assassination of the King
mined to quit Warsaw, which he did within a
after. The last and only safe asylum of the House
was in England, where they were received, no
the kindest hospitality, but when all the pensio
several crowned heads of Europe (at one time an
120,000*l.* a-year), had ceased, they still receive
to enable them to live in splendor. The roya
Holyrood was assigned to them; but Louis XV
pally resided at Hartwell, a seat belonging to th
of Buckingham. There he remained until the f

naparte enabled him to ascend the throne of his ancestors. When the Senate and Legislature of France had recalled this long-persecuted Monarch, he passed through London on his way to Paris. His entry into the British metropolis on the 20th of April 1814, was like a triumph. The Prince Regent went to Stanmore to meet him, from which place they were to proceed in state. When his Majesty had got within a short distance of the village, the populace took the horses from his carriage, and drew him into the town. The Prince received the exiled Monarch at the door of the inn, according to the French custom, by affectionately embracing him. They then rode together in the state carriage to town, where an immense concourse of spectators of all ranks had assembled to view this interesting procession. On the 23d, the King left town for Dover, and the Prince Regent, who had set off from London two hours before him, dined with him in the evening on board his yacht. The next day he proceeded in triumph to his capital, after an exile of 23 years. Louis XVIII. is succeeded by his brother, Charles Philippe Count d'Artois. Charles X. is nearly 67 years of age. The following are the other members of the House of Bourbon, of the male sex, in the order of their succession to the French Throne:—

1. Louis Antoine, Duc d'Angouleme (now Dauphin), born Aug. 6, 1775.
2. Henry Duc de Bourdeaux, son of the Duc de Berri, born September 29, 1820.
3. Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, born October 6, 1773, who married Maria Amelia, daughter of the King of Sicily, by whom he has male issue.
4. Ferdinand, Duc de Chartres, born September 3, 1810.
5. Louis Charles, Duc de Nemours, born October 25, 1814.
6. Francis Ferdinand, Duc de Joinville, born August 14, 1818.
7. Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Penthievre, born January, 1. 1820.
8. Henry Eugène, Duc d'Aumale, born June 16, 1822.

Of that illustrious branch of the Bourbons, the House of Condé, there is but one individual remaining, Louis Henry Joseph, Duc de Bourbon, born April 13, 1756, who is the ninth in the succession to the French Crown. Of this Prince, who was the father of the duc d'Enghien, an anecdote is related, which shows a trait of singular delicacy. On the death of his father the Prince of Condé, the title fell on the Duc de Bourbon, but as he has no family, he refused to assume it, saying, "I am not worthy to be the last of the Condés."

COURT MOURNING.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, Sept. 18, 1824.

Orders for the Court going into mourning, on Thursday next, the 23d inst. for his late most CHRISTIAN MAJESTY, viz.—The Ladies to wear black silk, fringed or plain linen, white gloves, necklaces and ear-rings, black or white shoes, fans and tippets. Undress—White or grey lustrings, tabbies or damasks. The Gentlemen to wear black, full trimmed. fringed or plain linen. black swords and buckles. Undress. grey frocks. The court to change the mourning on Thursday the 7th of October next, viz.—The ladies to wear black silk or velvet, coloured ribbons, fans and tippets, or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuffs, with black ribbons. The Gentlemen to wear black coats, and black or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuff waistcoats, full trimmed, coloured swords and buckles. And on Thursday, the 14th of October next, the Court to go out of mourning.

THEIR LATE SANDWICH MAJESTIES.—The remains of the unfortunate King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands have been removed from the vault in St. Martin's Church, London, which they had been deposited since their decease, and co veyed in two hearses to the London Dock, and now embark on board the vessel which is to carry the bodies back to t Royal residence at Woohboo. The hearses were follow by two mourning coaches, in which were Poki, the tre surer, and his wife, Rives, the interpreter, and the oth members of the deceased King's suite.

MRS. COUTTS.—This deservedly esteemed Lady is in Sco land, visiting her friends. She has, accompanied by sou Ladies, the LORD PROVOST of Edinburgh, and other Ge tlemen, visited the Council Chamber, the High Churc the Castle and Crown-room, Heriot's Hospital, &c., and the afternoon this Lady entertained the LORD PROVOS the Earl of LAUDERDALE, and several other persons distinction, with an elegant dinner, in the British Hote Queen-street. We understand that Mrs. Coutts has e pressed the sense entertained by her of the attention sh has experienced at the hands of the Lord Provost, by pr senting his Lordship with a handsome silver vase, bearin the following inscription—"30th of August, 1824. To th Right Hon. Alexander Henderson, Lord Provost of Edi burgh, from his friend, Harriet Coutts, in kind remem brance of her first visit to Edinburgh, the birth place Mr. Coutts, son of John Coutts, Esq., Lord Provost Edinburgh, from October, 1742, to October, 1744." Mr Coutts has given £159 to the different charitable institutio in Edinburgh. Mrs. Coutts has been to Allanbank, whi had been the residence of her late husband during th holidays of his boyhood, (his mother being a daughter Sir Robert Stuart, Bart.) and attended divine service the parish Church of Edrom. The poor upon this, as many other occasions, will have reason to remember h generous and charitable disposition. She forwarded to th minister of the parish £20, to be distributed among tho who stood in immediate want of assistance; and generous gave to an old servant of the Allanbank family, who remem bered, and had perhaps been the companion of Mr. Cout during his childhood, an annuity of £20 for the remaind of his life. We understand that £20 have been given by th same friendly hand to the poor of the parish of Coldstrea The Earl of Lauderdale gave Mrs. Coutts a princely r ception at Dunbar House; a distinguished party was invit to meet her. She has also been on a visit to Sir Walt Scott. It is truly delightful to know that a lady of such re goodness is received by the Nobility, Gentry and by ranks as her merits and goodness of heart so eminently d serve.

John Bull has been absurd enough to put forth anoth ridiculous article, which contains a lie regarding the Du of Gloucester. It is so easy to invent those things, that merit whatever can be attached to the contrivance. Ho little trouble would it cost us to say:

"Mr. Theodore Hook, having been liberated from priso was taking a morning's walk upon the beach: all on sudden, he complained to his companions that a stone h got into his shoe. After he had continued his promena for some time in evident pain, one of them ventured suggest, that, by *taking off* his shoe, he would be ab to do away with the inconvenience. Mr. Theodore Ho said he would do so—and was for ever after accustom to pull off his shoe, if, at any time, a stone happened to i trude itself therein."

Such is the fashion of the sapient falsehoods which th paper every now and then relates of His Royal Highne and others. The Editor is silly—let him stick firmly to t Right Honorable Lord Waithman and his associates if will; but surely no man at all acquainted with decen

ought to treat Royalty in the same vulgar style as he would, those whose vulgarity deserves no better courtesy.

JOHN BULL AND THE SAINTS.—At the same time that we cannot sufficiently express our aversion to the low, paltry attacks which the John Bull newspaper so often makes upon Rank and Royalty, we cordially approve of the determined stand it continually preserves against every innovation upon the noble constitution of our church and state; but even here it frequently becomes ridiculous, and dilates upon the mountebank absurdities of a few ragged maniacs, as if the welfare of the united kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, were in danger from their ignorant and insignificant cant. The paper in question has lately occupied part of its columns with animadversions upon some wretched fool of a *shoemaker*, named Hale, whom nobody would ever have heard of, had not the Editor been generous enough to introduce his important saintship to notice, thus, doubtless, highly gratifying the *enlightened* handler of the awl. We would recommend the aforesaid Editor to visit *personally* several of those low chapels, which appear to infest him with such laughable terrors—he would then grow too wise to swell obscurity into importance; and utter stolidity into an object for serious reprehension.

For the edification of the writers in the John Bull, and with the view of affording some amusement to our numerous and fashionable readers, we will briefly describe what we ourselves witnessed in two of these *wonderful* chapels, which we visited from a laudable desire of entertaining the public with the result of our observations.

Upon entering one of the above mentioned *places of worship*, which is a miserable garret in a street in the neighbourhood of Finsbury Square, (Paul Street is the name we believe), our eyes were enchanted by the appearance of a little *quaker-capped*, cross-eyed woman,* who from a narrow deal pulpit, about two feet high, was haranguing a crew of half-starved mechanics and silly old wash-women—she talked much of St. Paul, whom she honored by terming "the most *wisesest* and the most *larnadest* of all the Apostles": after preaching sometime, she gave up her task as in despair, declaring that her hearers were *dead to grace*, and that she could not "*agonise*" them: her hearers, however, immediately gave her the lie, and began groaning most dolefully, whilst we, in order to avoid singularity, joined in the general chorus, and moaned as valiantly as any heart-stricken soul of them all.

The other chapel in question is in the same neighbourhood but in a different street, (Windmill Street, if our memory serves us), where we witnessed a much more amusing scene than in the former receptacle for sinners. A man, pale and emaciated, was uttering some unintelligible nonsense, (at which, however, his auditors shed tears of piety), the company was groaning as in the former instance, and one mad-looking fellow jumped upon a form and shouted "Amen" with extraordinary vigor. A large dog was quietly sitting under the *pulpit*, when, in the midst of their devotions, another overgrown specimen of the canine race entered, and "to it tooth and nail." did both animals go, whilst the whole assembly forgot the welfare of souls and directed all their endeavours towards parting the enraged combattants: some fun-loving boys had rolled a handful of detonating balls upon the floor in the midst of the confusion, which kept exploding every moment, and to the no small consternation of the *religious* devotees that occupied the apartment—we left things in this condition, and turning back to take a farewell gaze at the house we had quitted, we beheld the great l which had committed the assault thrown neck and of the window.

This scene has not been imagined—it actually and after describing it, we can only the more w John Bull should be weak-headed enough to com poor idiots to the covenanters of old—men who gifted with extraordinary powers, and whose ac inspired the noblest portion of Hume's admirab and the finest work that has proceeded from the Sir Walter Scott.

John talks much of his detestation of humbu take care that he does not incur a suspici being possessed, in no small degrees of that mo of all accomplishments.

The Spanish dramatist, Pédro Chaldéron, in a on the fair sex, heaps antithesis upon antithes following whimsical manner:

"Woman," saith he, "is a double-faced picture ing her in one light, nothing is so agreeable—i nothing so terrible. She is the best friend of ou she is our greatest enemy: the half of the soul' sometimes the half of its death: no pleasure wit without her there is no grief; one has reason to has reason to esteem her. Wise is he who relies and wise the man who distrusts her. She is the peace and war, of joy and of sadness: she woun cures; she is the balm and the poison. In fact, s bles language—nothing so good when she *is* nothing so bad when she *is* bad."

LORD WAITHMAN AND THE BEARS.—On the of August, in the present year 1824, a great sens excited at the *Palace* of my Lord Mayor, vulgar the Mansion House, by *His Lordship's measured* upon Barber's Bears—its tenor this:

"Mr. Money's (a Barber) man assured *His Lor* the bear could do no mischief—it could only be the public, and surely there could be no harm in sight of such an animal.

"The Lord Mayor.—Yes, there can. *If your m happened to have such an animal,* WE *might ha young bear before* US *in the place of a spruce you (laughter!).* If it be not removed, I shall ord indited as a nuisance."

We submit the above as a *new pattern* of wit, a fear to encounter any opposition when we stat inimitable. *His Lordship* deals in wit as in haber that is, by *wholesale*: he is, in fact wits very ess may aptly be termed the modern "Attic Bee." to call him a *Linen-draper!*

A CITY BALL.

"I sing the dance—the wild the mazy dance,
"Where beauty brightens as her steps advan

"Delightful sun! charming sun! although it half the butter in Papa's shop"—exclaimed the liv rantha, as she stood at the *drawing-room* "Heavens! what a fine day—how lucky, very be sure! What a dance shall we have—what a too—no vile English mists to wet people to the ski to keep the good souls at home—Charming! C There will be Alderman———and his brace of b there will be fat Mistress Smith and half-starve Day—little Scalder, the sneaking miniature pai gruff Dabbler, the critic—we shall have Mr. H *poet*, who loves bacon for his name's sake, and M the psalm-singer, who loves his name for the sak in general. Sir Peter is to bring a new plan for

* A friend who was near us, whispered that "she would make a capital wife for Mr. Irving," why we could only guess, and must leave our readers to do the same.

cats and dogs, and Lord Waithman would come, but says he must appear as *fashionable* as he *can* both *at home* and abroad, and so would *rather* keep away—wont send his daughters—too bad! a good cheese is better than a bad shawl—isn't it, *dear* Papa?" "Hold your noisy tongue, girl!" returned the Sire. "Now, *dear* Papa, don't be so cross—you *will* put the ham and the bacon and the cheese and the butter out of the way, before the ladies arrive, wont you? *Dear* Papa!" "Nonsense, child!" again repeated the venerable man—" let me tell you were it not for these articles, to which you seem to have such an *unnatural* aversion, you might now have been spinning in a workhouse instead of reckonning on the pleasure of a dance." The father frowned, the daughter kissed him—he smiled—the obnoxious ham, &c. were removed in due time, and one by one in glittering array the much-honored visitors arrived. The lady of the mansion, bedecked with costly silk, upon whose proud *tiara* there shone

Deux pierres les plus rares
Que forme le soleil sous les climats barbares,

received each and all with becoming courtesy. The dance began, and such a dance was never, or, as the hostess phrased it, *not* never seen. Mrs. Grinder, although weighing, by her husband's scales, 9 stone 2lbs, 3 ounces and a fraction, quadrilled it quite à la Sylph, and Mr. Blouze capered a hornpipe to perfection, whilst the ladies complimented him on his dexterity; after which, this perfect Gulliver midst the surrounding lilliputians, had the imprudence to solicit the favour of Miss Arabella Duncan's hand in the following dance. Miss Arabella graciously consented. Now the lady was particularly *brief*, and the gentleman long as a lawyer's bill, so that in the dance which, as the devil would have it, happened to be a waltz, Mr. Blouze instead of gently placing his arm round the waist of Miss Duncan, could not possibly force it lower than her head, from whence he brushed an immense mass of hair, and left the little woman bald in the midst of the assembly: an abominable tittering arose, and Miss Arabella fainted, as it becomes all ladies of sensibility to do, whenever they meet with a similar misfortune.

A considerable buz now ran through the whole illustrious company—" for why? as the simple Cowper, or the *simpler* LAKER says—because Sir Peter had sent a message to say he should not be able to *saddle* them with his presence—Mr. Hogg another, containing information of his departure for the *north*, and a third arrived with the doleful news that Alderman and the Misses———had been upset in a Jarvey—" all in the mud,"

To moderate the grief of their guests at this combination of disappointments, Mr. and Mrs.———proposed a speedy adjournment to the supper-room, which was soon accomplished, and to the no small joy of one or two praiseworthy gentlemen, who longed for something more substantial than hops, skips and jumps. Their wishes being gratified to the fullest extent, the conversation after supper took a very interesting turn—" well, Sir," said one guest to another, " how liked you the book that I lent you?" " Why, I don't know," replied he, " 'tis not so interesting as Cook's Voyages." " Johnson's Dictionary was never thought to be so," answered the first speaker—" That accounts for it, then," said the studious gentleman, " but I read it all through though," the ladies smiled contemptuously, one of whom told her neighbour that she was afraid some people did not always speak with *voracity*—the friend addressed shook his head, and the matter was agreed upon. After this Mr. Bacon yawned considerably, and received an intruding, half-sleeping fly into his mouth—" poor thing! it has met with a *yawning grave*," said he, in a manner so kind, that it moved more than one lady to tears. The conversation then turned upon mad-dogs, and every lip united to celebrate the laudable exertions of his Lordship, which had saved so many of His Majesty's liege subjects from canine incivility and uncivil hydrophobia. It was asserted that Lord W. had killed eight mad-dogs with his yard-measure, thus making the instrument by which he obtains his own life, highly serviceable to that of others: the announcement was loudly applauded.

Miss Amarintha now moved for a return to the dancing-room, which immediately took place. A supper is a mere episode in a city ball, and the gay company gracefully meandered in unceasing circles till a late hour in the morning, when one and all departed, leaving behind them the grateful recollection of their elegance and beauty. Miss Amarintha once more kissed her Papa for putting the obnoxious articles out of the way—viz. the cheese and the butter and the ham and the bacon—and the happy family at length retired to repeat in their visions the scenes of dignity and grace which had just past before their waking eyes.

Coffee—" Coffee," says an old writer, " greatly increases the trade of *tobacco*, *pipes*, *earthen dishes*, *tin-wares*, NEWSPAPERS, *coals*, *candles*, *sugar*, *tea*, *chocolate*, *&c.* Coffee-houses make *all* sorts of people sociable, they improve arts and *merchandize* and *all other knowledge* very much,"! Health to immortal coffee! Little do our fair readers dream, while contentedly sipping a cup of that precious liquid, of the many *benefits* which, according to our old friend's account, it confers upon society *at large*.

Our neighbours are noted for blundering in their orthography of English names. Thomas Corneille (brother to the great author of the *Cid*) in his tragedy of " the Earl of Essex" talks of *Salsbury Soutampton*—" *un Coban*, *un Raleig*, *un Cécile*," *&c.* and his commentator (Voltaire, we believe) speaks of *Neuton*, *Loke and Adisson*—also of *Bourgley*—so that the modern *Gauls* only imitate their great men of old in the happy knack which they have of mispelling the most simple appellation that appertains to poor John Bull.

LORD WAITHMAN lately observed that he could not imagine how two people were able to make love, neither of whom understand the language of the other. We would recommend his obtaining the opinion of his illustrious spouse, the mayoress on the subject.

Prince Hohenlohe had formerly some hopes of *curing* a wooden leg: we now understand that he intends praying for the *conversion* of a real *into* a wooden one, having no doubt of success, as a similar metamorphosis long ago took place in the *head*-department of his own saint-like person.

ROYAL COLLEGE PENSIONER.—It is common custom for the Chelsea Pensioners to attend at the gate of Kensington Gardens to hold the horses of those gentlemen who are gallant enough to promenade with the elegant women who frequent that delightful spot. Amongst those poor fellows there was lately observed a man who seemed to possess the faculty, of a " green old age; he was much taller than the rest, but stooped a little, the effects of hard campaining; he appeared to be the victim of fortune for he was injured in every limb. The other pensioners paid him great respect, being conscious of his superiority, for he generally had three horses in his hand whilst they were unemployed. He could relate the history of the Peninsula war with correctness, and ended his career with the battle of Waterloo where he received his said, his last finishing stroke; the gentlemen pay him well from his appearance. His grey hair and wiskers betoken hard service. One evening a gentleman after listening to his

accounts of the various battles he had been in, gave him half a crown; the donation seemed to operate like *magic*, for he became as straight as a lath! and gracefully taking his cocked hat off with his grey wig, discovered to his generous benefactor an old acquaintance. After a hearty laugh at the hoax he had played off he marched away at the head of the poor fellows who knew of his frolic, with half-a-guinea in his pocket to divide amongst them.

On the last anniversary of the King's Coronation the guns being brought out in the Park caused a great and anxious sensation in the breast of a young dandy, who happened to belong to the Guard then on duty. With eagerness he approached a sentinel and enquired into the cause of this warlike appearance? The soldier with all possible decorum explained the enigma, at which the youngster slunk away amidst the laughing and jeers of the surrounding mob.

MORES' GARDENS.—We are favored by a correspondent with a further account of the beautiful and choice varieties produced at this depôt of Flora, where amongst other elegancies, to gratify the tasteful fashionables of the day, have been produced two rich specimens of Red Geranium to which the "Duchess of Marlborough" and the "Marquis Hastings" have obligingly allowed the cultivator the sanction of their names.

EGREGIOUS FLATTERY PRACTISED IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—We cannot forbear giving an authentic specimen, taken from the papers of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, of the ridiculous adulation paid to the old maiden Queen, in the year 1602, when she took her departure from the Lord Keeper's House, at Harville, where she had been making one of those visits, so heavily expensive to her entertainers: we have not given it in the old spelling of those times; but put it into that, used in the present day, to make it more agreable to our general readers: such flattery now would be regarded as quizzing.

PLACE, attired in black, gives the Queen this, at farewell:

"Sweet Majesty,

"Be pleased to look upon a poor widow mourning before your Grace. I am this Place, which at your coming was full of joy, but now at your departure am as full of sorrow; as I was then, for my comfort, accompanied with the present cheerful time, but now he must depart with you, and, blessed as he is, must ever fly before you. But, alas! I have no wings, as time hath: my heaviness is such as I must stay, still amazed to see so great happiness so soon bereft me. Oh! that I could remove with you as other circumstances can! Time can go with you: persons can go with you: they can move like heaven, but I, like dull earth, as I am indeed, must stay unmoveable. I could wish myself, like the inchanted castle of love, to hold you here for ever, but your virtues would dissolve all my inchantments. Then what remedy? As it is against the nature of an angel to be circumscribed in place, so it is against the nature of place to have the motion of an angel: I must stay forsaken and desolate; you may go, with majesty, joy, and glory. My only suit before you go is, that you will pardon the close imprisonment which you have suffered ever since your coming; imputing it not to me, but to St. Swithin,* who of late hath raised so many storms as I was fain to provide this anchor for you *(presenting an anchor of jewels)* when I understood you would put into this creek; but now, since I perceive the harbour is too little for you, and that you will hoist sail and be gone, I beseech you t anchor with you; and I pray to him that made and place, that in all places wherever you shall may anchor as safely as you do, and ever shall hearts of my owners."

It is pleasant sometimes to take a peep at the gr former ages; the successor of Elisabeth, Jam quite as fond of flattery as his predecessor, but always get the dose so powerfully prepared: and he often honoured with his presence, would rath away; as the following anecdote may evince.

Passionately fond of the chace, James had hound, named Jowler; he was one day missi greatly displeased the King: however, the next came in with the rest of the hounds; and, as H was rejoicing, again to see him, he spied a paper neck, on which was written, "Good Mr. Jowler you to speak to the King (for he hears you every so doth he not us) that it will please His Maje back to London, or else the country will soon be all our provision is spent already, and we are n entertain him any longer." The King found it to take it as a jest, and stayed a *fortnight lo* grumblers contrast those times with the more *happ*

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.—Mrs. L*****, ranks among the foremost of fashion's votaries, an been known by them several years ago, as a *M* than she likes to own, was, when she was ve esteemed for a remarkable steadiness of beha proaching to gravity; what the skilful in judgi racter pronounced dull; she was, also, very carel dress, and, indeed, in every thing that merely her person.

Her parents, and those who really had an aff her, remonstrated with her continually, on a which they regarded as highly blameable in s person; but all in vain; they wished her also t lively, like others of her age, and endeavoured by means in their power to render her so; yet al success; and when she was twenty-five years of a death of her father and mother, the latter only her husband a few months, she was heard to ex thankfulness that she was, at length, released *persecutions*. But ten years afterwards, (she had her youth, refused several very advantageous marriage), fell violently in love with a Frenchman only addressed her with that complimentary ga usual to his countrymen; never having the least of making her a serious offer.

From that time she became, at five and thirty, lively; she was volatile and giddy to excess; sh in the extreme of fashion, and figured away at sembly and public spectacle. Possessed of a fortune, which left her at liberty to set no boun expence, she became indefatigable in her pursuit gallic beau: he did not like her, but had too mu ness to let her see that she was disagreeable to the only way he had left to be rid of attentions ble to be mistaken, and of which he was wearie take *french* leave; and embarking for Calais, he trived by travelling to various parts of France to love-sick lady's pursuits, for she followed him to C he escaped her effectually. Vexed as she certain this disappointment, she resolved in some measu viate her sorrow by marrying one of the same She did so, and lived for many years as happy and, indeed happier, than such a rash and hasty promised. He died about five years ago, and widow, in circumstances rather worse than he fo but with a great increase of vanity: since her

* According to the ancient prejudice that, if it rains on the 15th. July, St. Swithin's day, it will be followed by forty days of the same weather. The Queen's visit to the Lord Keeper was in August.

England, she found many of her former acquaintance, with large families, two or three of them grandmothers; these had great difficulty in recognising her. She who was always dull and slovenly in her youth, is now a perfect mad-cap and a romp, she who then spoke seldom more than a few monosyllables, is now most impertinently talkative. She dresses at fifty like a girl of fifteen, dances' sings, and puts herself in every studied attitude, and speaks with the utmost detestation of plain women, declaring they frighten her by their ugliness. Thus, does she exhibit in her person a picture of folly and childish levity in her declining years; totally forgetting that mode of address which might entitle her to esteem and respect.

ANOTHER SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.—Whimsiculo has a very comfortable income, arising from funded property, which he spends to the last shilling by the end of the year, and takes care not to be a shilling in debt. The sole ambition he has is to be thought an eccentric character: his dress, therefore, is so studied to be different to that of all the world, that he seldom looks fashionable though he would like to be thought a dashing one: yet those who are familiar with him, perceive that it rather teazes him, when they tell him, that there is always a retrospective view to be taken of ten years back, in the cut of his coat and the form of his hat; Whimsiculo is nettled, as he would wish it to be thought his own invention, and that he shall see the Bond Street idlers imitating it. He wears a brutus, because almost every one now wears his own hair. His shoes or boots are square-toed, his stockings of a conspicuous colour, and his pantaloons come but a little way below the calf of his leg, he always receives company lying stretched on a couch, (not a sofa). He was a staunch Burdettite when that Baronet was not at the height of his popularity; when he became the great favourite of the people, then Whimsiculo became strenously opposed against him. He never goes out when the weather is fine; but when it rains, he is constantly to be seen on the tramp all over London. He eats beaf-steaks and drinks porter for his breakfast; lunches on coffee and bread and butter; and dines on fish, with which he drinks water: instead of tea in the afternoon, he takes a pint of wine with fruit and biscuits; and drinks a large bason of tea on going to bed; which is generally between two and three in the morning. He reads an english translation of the plays of Molière, and Milton's and Young's works in french. He never has his face completely shaved; sometimes his upper lip makes him appear like a disciple of Mahomet; but let any one tell him they thought he looked like an hussar, he has it immediately shaved smooth, and a small quantity is next left on the chin which makes him be taken for a Jew. He prefers mutton to venison, and if he is dining with a very intimate friend, who, perhaps, knowing he dines on fish, has provided a fine Turbot for him, he thanks him for his attention, but hopes he will allow him to be indulged with a red herring of which he is remarkably fond. In conversation he is sure never to agree with any one; and if his opponent should, at length, be brought round to his opinion, he directly takes the opposite side of the question to re-confute him. He eats always more vegetables in winter, with his breakfast, than in summer, at which latter season he prefers ragouts and the strongest kind of dishes. Being lately at a coffee-house, a gentleman, who was a stranger mistook him for another person, "Sir, said Whimsiculo, directly "is there then, any one in London like myself?" And being told by the gentleman that "he really strongly resembled a friend of his" he went home, and changed his dress, from top to toe. He then returned, and asked the same person if he resembled any one now? "No, really, Sir," said the gentleman, and that reply restored him to himself.

It is needless to say that such an eccentric being is a bachelor; not, but he is a professed admirer of the sex called *fair*, though he prefers those that are *brown*, particularly gipsies, whose complexions he declares to be enchanting, and that if ever he marries it shall be to one of that race.

Dr. Goldsmith was so poor, that he travelled on foot most part of his tour on the Continent, when he approached any peasant's house he played the german flute, which often procured him lodging and subsistance for the next day.

Dr. Johnson was arrested for the petty debt of 5 guineas and was obliged to his friend Mr. S. Richardson for emancipation.

The town has been a good deal agitated by the detection of the extraordinary forgeries of Mr. Fauntleroy, the banker, of Berner's Street.—The discovery of the forgery, in the instance for which Mr. Fauntleroy is in custody, arose from the desire of a co-trustee with Mr. Fauntleroy to change the trust, which he mentioned to Mr. F. who declared that the change could not be made without the sanction of the Lord Chancellor—before whose return to town it is presumed he intended to make his escape. But the doubt excited in the mind of the co-trustee by the earnestness of Fauntleroy's refusal to alter the trust being communicated to the third trustee, he, with the second, resolved on proceeding to the Bank, to ascertain whether all was right—which resolution produced the discovery that only 6000l. was remaining of all the trust-money, which had been drawn by Mr. Fauntleroy under forged powers of attorney.—It is said that in a box was found a statement, drawn up by Mr. F. himself, of *all the forgeries* he had committed, and which also exonerates, in the fullest and completest manner, his partners from any knowledge of, or participation in his criminality.

DANCING JUDGES.—It is well known that the Lawyers of olden time were fond of dancing, which would at present be, perhaps, a dangerous recreation, as it is fancied now by all our penetrating Attorneys, that a Lawyer who is fond of any thing, or able to do any thing, save and except rank, professional druggery, is quite prepared to be laid upon the shelf. The greatest Dignitaries of the law were wont to assemble round the fire in the Temple Hall, and perform a ceremonial dance. In 1733 when Mr. Talbot took leave of the Inner Temple upon getting the Seals, the dance round the fire was not omitted. These judicial gambols did not outlive that gentleman's appointment—they ceased then. The ceremony itself is thus described in the notes to *Wynn's Eremonus*:—

"After the play, which was performed in the Inner Temple-hall, the Lord Chancellor, Master of the Temple, Judges, and Benchers, retired into their parliamentary chamber, and, in about half-an-hour afterwards, came into the Hall again, and a large ring was formed round the fire-place, (but no fire or embers were in it) Then the master of the revels, who went first, took the Lord Chancellor by the right hand, and he, with his left, took Mr. Justice Page, who, joined to the other Judges, Serjeants, and Benchers present, *danced*, or rather walked, round about the coal-fire, according to the old ceremony, three times—during which time they were aided in the figure of the dance by Mr. George Cooke the Prothonotary, then of sixty; and all the time of the dance, the ancient song, accompanied by music, was sung by one Toby Aston, dressed in a bar gown, whose father had formerly been master of the Plea-office in the King's Bench."

In these our heartless days, there is no chance of seeing the revival of such festive amenities.

TO PRESERVE THE BEAUTY OF YOUNG LADIES.—1st. Let her go to bed at 10 o'clock—9 if she pleases. She must not grumble because she may not sleep for the first night or two, and lie ruminating on the nocturnal pleasures she has thus cut herself off from, but persist steadily for a few nights, when she shall find that habit will produce as happy a sleep as that which followed a late ball.

2nd. Let her rise about six o'clock in summer, and about eight in winter, immediately brush her mouth well with a tooth-brush, and cold water, then take a table-spoonful of the following mixture:—

Of decoction of bark, six ounces.
Of tincture of bark, one ounce.
Of diluted sulphuric acid, one drachm.

Mix—after which, breakfast within one hour.

3rd. Her breakfast should be something more solid than a cup of trashy tea, and a thin slice of bread and butter. She should take an egg or two, or a little cold meat, or a cup of chocolate.

4th. She should not sit reading romances all day by the fire, or indulge herself with thinking upon the perfidy of false swains, or the despair of a pining damsel, but bustle about, walk, or ride, or make puddings; and when she feels hungry, eat a mutton chop, or a custard, with a glass of wine.

5th. Let her dine upon mutton or beef, without fat; but she need not turn away occasionally from a fowl or any thing equally as good; only observe to drink but little during dinner.

6th. She must not take three or four cups of tea, but one or two, and pretty strong, at about two hours after dinner.

7th. Let her eat a custard for supper, or a few oysters, or a bason of sago and wine, or any light thing of the kind, and then let her go to bed.

8th. Let her read, if she will read, no die-away love tales, but humourous works, so as to keep the mind unincumbered by heavy thoughts.

9th. Let her take a cup of senna tea, or fifteen grains of rhubarb.

AN OLD MAID.—Is a term which is applied to that class of females who have either, through a just modesty, never been able to attract that part of the creation denominated man, or who, by a noble resolution, almost amounting to heroic perfection, have renounced the many pleasing seductions of the world, and in the sweet bowers of retirement have led a life of peaceful serenity, smiling at the follies of them, and shedding a tear of sympathy and feeling over the misfortunes of those whose enjoyments have been embittered by the chilling hand of adversity. And there is another kind—namely, those whom the world has misused, and who, disgusted with the happiness and prosperity of others, by an unnatural dislike of beholding all happy but themselves, have shut their eyes to man and man's false smile. The world has unjustly included these three kinds under one general head, without the least division or distinction; and it is thus that, by the misconduct of one or two of the number, a general slur has been cast upon the whole. The reproachful term ill-natured has always been applied to us: and we have been told that, owing to that bad quality, ycleped *bad temper*, we never could enjoy one hour of uninterrupted felicity. With one voice we deny this; and we can assure the public that the case is quite different. We have had our days of pleasure—had our days of bliss—we have perhaps sketch which in themselves were little heavens. Once young; perhaps then the fairest prospects dawned in all the glow of fanciful illusion; perhaps our sun shone upon us in all the splendour of his without one cloud intervening to dim with its dark lour our future prospects.—Our mirrors told us the world's view, we made no despicable figure; our cheeks, our fingers, we have been informed, might be called handsome; how then can it be sai enjoyed no happiness?

A CATCH.—"Catch," in *music*, signifies a roun petual vocal canon, in the unison wherein, by the of the composer, a totally different sense is giv poetry when it is sung, from that which it has read. One example will be sufficient to explain common jest-book story of the Irishman, who, ha told that the house was on fire, replied, that he lodger, must be generally known, and has been follows, by Doctor Calcott, to the purpose of a Cat

Ah! how Sophia, can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave!
Go fetch the Indian's borrowed plume,
Yet richer far, than that, you bloom;
I'm but a lodger in your heart,
And more than me I fear, have part."

These verses, we conceive, might be read by any out his imagining that they were at all connected story just mentioned; yet, the commencement of line, by a little management, is easily reducible to a fire;" the third still more readily becomes "g engines;" and the fifth is borrowed from the s The first singer is thus made to cry out, "a hous "Go fetch the engines," exclaims a second; to third replies, "I'm but a lodger"—in the very w Irishman, as they are recorded by his veracious his

ENGLISH HOUSES.—The light and airy style some of our houses are built, have not escaped th eyes of the French. If it be true, as we have of that at Brighton and other bathing places, an able will build a house *before dinner*, which will let guineas a week, and which any delicate lady of si dance down before supper, there is certainly son for the following excellent *jeu d'esprit* which is the note of a Parisian Tourist:—"In London," "it is as common for people to be upset in their it is in Paris to be overturned in carriages; bu materials are so light and so slight, that smal niences attend these *bouleversements*. A house i falls down, and all the family tumble odds and en street. Well, the inhabitants scramble up, shake from the dust and rubbish. A man with a wh comes, shovels up the ruins, and trundles them a ex-master of the house then goes to a builder, and him as a Parisian would with his tailor, saying: " consists of so many, measure us for a house, an it comes home before the end of the week." straitened circumstances, he adds, "and let it fit." If he be a rich man, a little more latitude room is allowed. The builder takes the order, m children and servants, and sets up the house."

AMONGST the herd of Joint Stock Companies, forming, formed, or about to be formed, there is one which specially claims our attention—we mean the "Thames New Water Company," which is to be established, as its prospectus announces, for the purpose of "redressing calamities," and preventing the "recurrence of misfortunes." The capital is One Million, to be raised from the public; the water is to be *new*, and raised from the Thames,—and not only from the Thames, but from the pure part of the Thames, and is *to be filtered* previously to passing into the mains to supply the houses. This notable *projection* has already met with a rival in the METROPOLITAN WATER WORKS COMPANY, which *sounds* more rational, because it professes less; but while these *projections* are going on, in order to extinguish fires, and keep us clean at the same time, other men of mightier minds are employed in greater efforts for the public comfort, and instead of telling us how fresh water is to be conveyed from the pipes into the main, propose to bring us salt water from the main, in pipes. This undertaking, simple as it now appears, and feasible, (for in Marylebone parish alone, there is *double the length* of pipes required, laid down) will be attended with the most beneficial results. There are two rival companies upon the same ground, but without giving any unfair preference, we believe that the more extensive, and, indeed, the original company of the two, is that called the Metropolitan Marine Bath Company. It is admitted that no difficulty whatever will arise in bringing the sea water to LONDON raised at the rate of thousands of gallons in an hour, and conveyed rapidly, fresh, and full of virtue, to the metropolis. Have the projectors calculated what is to be done with this delightful liquid, after all the nobility at four pounds a head, all the gentry at two pounds ten, all the tradesmen at thirty shillings, all the nursery maids at four and sixpence, all the tinkers and cobblers at one and threepence, and all the beggars and chimney sweepers at twopence each, have carefully and luxuriously washed themselves in it? Have they ascertained by what means this delectable composition is to be "returned when done with," from the metropolis?—because if it be to be disposed of, by means of the sewers, and conveyed into the Thames, our unhappy friend, Mr. LANE, whose projection we have alluded to, will indeed have to furnish his friends with *new* water from the river. We quite rejoice in the prospect of dabbling in the baths; but, though perhaps we ask it somewhat too jocosely, we really should like to know if the ulterior disposition of the dirty water has occupied any part of the attention of the directors.

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PLACES OF RESORT.

[*It is part of the plan of this Publication to give details of Fashionable occurrences at the Provincial Places of Resort; we therefore invite communications on all subjects that may be likely to interest the World of Fashion.*]

SALISBURY MUSIC MEETING.

To the Editor of the World of Fashion.

WHAT is there, Sir, that bears along with it much more of splendor, science, and gaiety than a music meeting? does it not collect together a mighty congregation of the rich and the powerful, of gay equipages and noble company? Does it not gather together a bouquet of animated flowers, a coronet of sparkling living amulets? Is it not the court of beauty and the palace of fashion, and is it not filled with a concord of sweet sounds that lift the imagination above mere earth, and, (raised as amidst the tombs and the sarcophagi of the great and the hallowed dead,) which teaches the heart to exalt itself beyond the grovelling propensities of every day life and occurrence? Such is a music meeting, I have been at such lately, and if it so please you, Sir, here a few memoranda of its details. "Lend me your ears," ye sons and daughters of Fashion, whilst I my "plain unvarnished tale deliver."

Salisbury was hardly ever before so gay as at the late musical festival, all that paint and whitewash, and the carpenter and the upholsterer could do for it, was done previous to the great event, and the dull town looked for once as gay as a birth-day jubilee. The company began to arrive, from all the quarters of the wind, two or three days previous, and by Tuesday evening the 17th, of last month every Inn of respectability and lodging house were full. Madame Catalani with her husband and suite were at the Black Horse Inn, and Mrs. Salmon, of whom as a singer England ought to be proud, was at the friendly mansion of one of her aunts, where I had frequently the gratification of meeting her, as well of hearing her sing some pretty ballads unfettered by the clamonr of an Orchestra. This as well as a delightful rubber or two played together, and our hosts famous Madeira, not to talk of any thing so vulgar, but so excellent, as his "*home brewed*," I shall not very easily forget. They will live upon my palate, and my memory till time shall have made its attacks upon them, and the withering wind of dissolution shall scatter thought and recollection into dust. On Wednesday morning, as early as ten o'clock, the anxious visitors were wending away to the Cathedral, where was very soon assembled much of the wealth and beauty of the county. A selection from Handel, Haydn and some other composers of their school was now performed, and in general with satisfactory and powerful effect. In "*gratias agimus tibi*," and in "*Luther's Hymn*" Catalani was exceedingly great, but in many of the sacred english melodies she was compelled, by the universal voice, to yield the palm of superiority to Mrs. Salmon who was almost universally great in the strains of the mighty Handel and the scientific Haydn. The effect of her "From mighty Kings" was particularly great, and she was called upon to repeat it on Friday, the last day of the meeting. I had the gratification of meeting her and Mr. Cramer and Sapio and Sir George Smart, after her exertions on that day, and she then shewed me some lines which were given her on descending from the Orchestra, written by a friend of mine in the Church, and on a book of the performance during her execution of the song I speak of. I asked her permission to copy them, which was granted, and these be they.

Judeas monarch took from mighty Kings
The spoils of pomp and pride—mere worldly things!
Whilst thou, fair minstrel, of his honour'd name
Eclipse his splendor, and surpass his fame;
He brought mere man beneath his great controul,
You rob the eye, and trammel up the soul,
His was the victory of sword and dart
Thine is the triumph over hand and heart.

A Miss George, whose school of tuition was the Bath Concerts, sang very prettily in two or three of the melodies

in "Oh! had I Jubal's lyre" at the church, and "should he upbraid" which she sung at the Concert Room she gave great satisfaction, and gained a good deal of applause. Mr. Sapio, of whose many "golden opinions" were previously spoken, was applauded to the very echo; but though he certainly acquitted himself throughout very praiseworthily, I could not help now and then thinking of Braham, and Vaughan, and in some songs bewailing their absence. Mr. Sapio's "deeper and deeper still" had not that feeling, touching effect about it as I find in Braham's version of the same song, and I do not think that a gentleman who sat next me was very wrong in his opinion when he said, that Mr. Sapio would succeed better in pieces that required more depth and less exertion to render them palateable. The instrumental department was capital, and the concertos of Lindley on the violincello, and Willman on the clarionet were indeed "discourses of most excellent music."

Why should Madame Catalani have been permitted to open the Messiah? Her "Comfort ye my people" was any thing but *comfortable* to those who remembered her in other days, and to those too, who like to hear Handel unmutilated. All the parts were transposed to a lower note to suit her failure in power. If this gifted foreigner would but be con tent with Rule Britannia and Italian songs, how much would the world be a gainer? In Rule Britannia she is wonderful, the spirit she puts into the song does one's heart good, and is cheering to an Englishman. Then her eye, her smile, *Oh! c'est charmant et brillant.*

At the evening performances, which for company was splendid indeed, both Madame Catalani and Mrs. Salmon exerted themselves to the utmost,

"——to give the listening ear a joy
Which soon shall reach the heart."

On the first evening the former of these musical wonders sang "*Se mai turbo,*" and "*Al dolce canto*" with Rodes' variations, and also took a part in that beautiful terzetto from the *Ricciardo e Zoraide* of Rossini with Miss George and Mr. Sapio. Mrs. Salmon sung *Di piacer* from *La Gazza Ladra*, and the translated air from the same composer *La Donna del Lago.* But it is entirely impossible to enumerate, or individualise all the great and little efforts, every body seemed determined to be pleased, and even the most fas tidious found something to calm their perturbed spirits. Bochsa's Venetian ballad *La Biondina* was exquisite with Mrs. Salmon's voice and science to recommend it, and Catalani's execution of *O Patria* from Rossini's Tancred was *très-superbe.* I wish I could pay an equally just compliment to her "Cease your funning;" but I cannot, that was indeed a failure, the air was totally smothered in unintelligible flourishes and cadenzas. Her endeavours to reach a very high note, when she can hardly compass F is really distressing, and should teach her prudence.

Mr. Bellamy got himself great credit by his spirited perfo-r mances at this Meeting, and instead of retrograding as time progresses, he even seems to get younger in ability, though older in years and we fear in constitution. May his time, however, be far distant!

On the whole Mr. Corfe, the conductor, and half proprietor with Madame Catalani, mores the pity, and all interested have to congratulate themselves on a fortunate and splendid result. The company was numerous, and of the first consequence, the singing was good and from the greatest professors, and in my estimatior the only regret is that one performer should carry away her five hundred leaving for some of the others barely five shillings charity, for the noble institution the infirmary, for ful one the poor schools nothing! "'Tis true, and 'tis true."

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.
I. F. STUART

Salisbury, Aug. 1824.

BRIGHTON.

His Majesty is not expected to return to the Pa til early in November. The gloom which has enve Palace since the departure of the Commander-in-C produced one common feeling of regret.—We do not ex when we observe, that, at least, from eight hund thousand beds have augmented the accommodatio place, since the commencement of the year past. the new town at Black Rock will contribute to the of our local means next year, the buildings at whi ready in request. To the west, ground plots ar noblemen's residences—new designs exclusively a contemplation to improve the growing beauties of t ter. Brighton has been fuller this season than it known for as eries of years; it has now two seasons— season and a winter one. The company that resorts ton in the Summer consists of the rich London trad in the winter months the nobility and gentry t Brighton to partake of the hospitality of his Maje to be regretted that the invitations to the Pavilio issued previous to the evening the company is to The cards are sent at 5 o'clock; which does not leave time for ladies to make preparations to attend his and the Nobility and Gentry being uncertain whet to be invited, makes them defer their own parties; in are very few routs, balls, &c. in consequence of t tion to the Pavilion being always doubtful We v suspect that the person appointed to send out the c not consider the mischief and inconvenience he c such neglect and delays.

SOUTHSEA, NEAR PORTSMOUTH.

The Grand Musical Festival and Regatta, wh place here the last week in August, drew togethe numerous and distinguished company that has bee Portsmouth for these many years; the former, ha supported by the talents of Madame Catalani, Mis and other eminent vocal and instrumental perfor sisted of two grand Concerts at the Theatre and an St. Paul's Church, got up by Messrs. Sibly, who warded for their exertions by crowded audien weather, during the two days of the Regatta, was favourable that could possibly be wished for, and th tors, in consequence, were beyond calculation. Th that contended for the different prizes appeared but a trifling share of attention, so highly intere the general scene both on the water and on sh ball at the Promenade Rooms on the first evening most splendid ever known in or near Portsmouth. pany amounted to four hundred and fifty. The week ments concluded with a grand display of fire-works different yachts and on the shore, and the whole with the greatest eclât.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

III.—English Dukes.

SOMERSET, DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

GENEALOGISTS have taken great pains to prove the descent of this illustrious family by the male line, from Geoffry Plantaganet, Earl of Anjou, son of Fulco, King of Jerusalem, and grandson to Fulco Rechin, Earl of Anjou, Tourraine and Maine, by Maud the Empress, his wife, daughter to Henry I, King of England. Had there been no illegitimacy in their descent from John of Gaunt, son to Edward III, they could not have been denied the privilege of tracing their pedigree upwards, even to the Saxon ancestors of our present royal family. But a claim of this kind is absurd; and common sense is sacrificed, to pay a compliment of antiquity, where it is neither due nor expected.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had four natural children by Catharine, daughter of Sir Payne Roet, Guyon king of arms, the widow of Sir John Swynford: on those children he conferred the sirname of Beaufort, in the county of Anjou, the place of their nativity; and having afterwards married their mother, he procured, in their favour, an act of legitimacy by which they were entitled to every benefit and privilege of children born in wedlock. The male line became extinct in 1471, when Edmund de Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, was beheaded. The elder brother of this unhappy nobleman who had also been beheaded, about eight years before, was never married; but by Joan Hill, or de la Montaign, had one natural son, named Charles, who is, properly, the founder of the present noble family.

It is objected that the pretentions of Henry VII to the crown of England were founded on his descent from John of Gaunt, and that the illegitimacy of John de Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, was wholly superseded by act of parliament; but Henry VII could have had no right to the crown even if the Earl of Somerset had been born in wedlock.

The father of Henry VII was Edmund of Hadham, Earl of Richmond, son to Owen ap-Merideth, ap-Tudor, and Queen-Catharine widow to King Henry V, whose houses had not any affinity to the house of Lancaster or to the throne of England. His claims by descent, proceeded from his mother, the Lady Margaret, only daughter to the first Duke of Somerset; and grand-child to John of Gaunt, father to Henry IV.

Charles, however, the real founder of the present Duke of Beaufort's family, the natural and only son of Henry de Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, was greatly in favour with Henry VII who, upon several occasions, acknowledged him as his kinsman. He was styled Sir Charles Somerset, and through the King's favour, he obtained in marriage Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon: in the right of this lady he became Lord of Ragland, Chepstow and Gower; and was created Baron Herbert, by letters patent.

Upon the accession of Henry VIII he was summoned to parliament among the Barons, by the name of Charles Somerset de Herbert, and continued in all those honours he had enjoyed under Henry VII.

When peace was concluded between France and England in 1513, and the royal nuptials between Louis XII and the princess Mary sister to Henry VIII were commemorated the Earl of Worcester was present and also at St. Denis on the coronation of their Majesties, on the 5th of November following. The Earl was also employed in many other public transactions and continued in the highest esteem at the English court, till the day of his death.

This nobleman had three wives; the first was Elizabeth daughter of Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon, by whom he had a son who succeeded him, as second Earl of Worcester and who was one of the most chivalrous noblemen of his time; he departed this life on the 26th of November 1549. By his wife Elizabeth the daughter of Sir Anthony Browne, standard bearer of England, he had four sons and four daughters. His eldest son, William Somerset, succeeded him, as third Earl of Worcester. This Earl was, in 1573, commissioned to carry into France a font of pure gold as a present to Charles IX on the christening of his daughter, and to personate His Majesty as sponsor for the royal infant. He was one of the noblemen that sat as judges at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. He died on the 21st. day of February 1588. His wife Christian, daughter of Edward Lord North, bore him one son and two daughters. His son Edward the fourth Earl of Worcester, was upwards of thirty-six years of age at his father's death. His first public transaction on record was the carrying letters of congratulation to James VI of Scotland, on his marriage with Anne of Denmark. On the accession of James to the English throne, in the year 1603, he was constituted Earl marshal of England. On the 1st of January 1615, he resigned that post and was the day following appointed Lord privy seal with a salary of 1500 pounds per annum during life, which he enjoyed to the 3rd of March 1627, when he departed this life at Worcester house. Sir Robert Naunton speaking of this great man, says, that, "being of the ancient blood of the Beauforts, and of the Queen's grandfather's line by the mother, there was a mixture of blood and fidelity in him that rendered the Earl a favourite with Elizabeth: she respected his youth, and, indeed, he was one of the finest gentlemen of her court; he had the honour to see his renowned mistress laid in her place of rest, and he himself died rich, and in a peaceable old age.

He was married to Elizabeth daughter of Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon; and had a numerous issue; his second son named Henry succeeded him and became the first Marquis of Worcester. He was of the communion of the church of Rome, but proved one of the most loyal and serviceable friends to Charles I. His honest heart rendered him the one, and a princely fortune was productive of the other: yet, he was particularly fond of society and always averse from military exploits: the greater was his merit, when seeing the danger of his sovereign, he plunged into all the tumult of civil war, and acted bravely and consistently through the whole of it. He had been advanced by patent, in November 1642 to the dignity of a Marquis, by the title of Marquis of Somerset. Contrary to the stipulations at the surrender of his castle, he was committed to the custody of the parliament's black-rod who lived in Covent Garden, London. After his arrival at this place of confinement, he was seized with mortal symptoms, which put a period to his life in December 1646 or 1647, at a time, however, when his possessions had been so thoroughly ransacked, by the rebels, that there was

scarcely left sufficient to defray the expences of his funeral.

During the troubles of those days, the King had more than once visited the Marquis, at his castle of Ragland. Here the unfortunate monarch stayed three weeks, and was entertained with greatness and liberality by the old Marquis, who, to divert the mind of his Sovereign made use of that facetious pleasantry, which his Lordship has been said to possess, of an original kind. The King said once to him, " that no man would trust him with so much money as he had done." The Marquis replied, " Sir, I had your word for my money, but I never thought I should be so soon repaid, for you have now given me your thanks, which was all I expected."

Many little incidents happened, during the stay of Charles, which marked the great lenity of that excellent King towards his subjects: on one instance of this kind, the Marquis shrewdly remarked, " Well, Sir, this forgiving temper may chance to gain you the kingdom of Heaven; but if ever you gain the kingdom of England by these means, I'll be your bondsman."

The first Marquis of Worcester married Anne, the only child of John, Lord Russel; she was grand-daughter and heiress of Francis, Earl of Bedford, and by her, who died at Worcester House in the Strand, he had nine sons and four daughters; his eldest son Edward, succeeded him, as second Marquis of Worcester.

He was secretly employed on many weighty occasions, and the few particulars that have come to light concerning him, render this nobleman's character very doubtful. He acted, however, by a very extraordinary commission from the King, which has been the cause of much slander against that unfortunate Monarch: such things are better passed over in silence; the turbulent and desperate state of affairs at that time, may excuse much that would not in happier ages be justifiable: however, on the restoration of Charles II the patent given to the Marquis was judged to be of so dangerous a tendency, that on the 18th of August 1660, a committee of the House of Lords was appointed to inspect it, and they reported the readiness of the Marquis to give it up.

Edward, Marquis of Worcester, was twice married, first to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Dormer, by whom he had one son and two daughters; the son, named Henry, succeeded his father, and was by patent in December 1682, created first Duke of Beaufort; his Grace was one of the principal supporters of George, Prince of Denmark, and chief mourner at the funeral of Charles II, on the 14th February 1684; at the coronation on April 23, 1685, he carried the Queen's crown. He was strongly attached to the Stuart interest, and took every measure that he thought would defeat the success of the Prince of Orange; and when that Prince ascended the throne of England, with his consort Mary, he refused to take the oaths to the new establishment: he, therefore, retired from Court, and passed the remainder of his life, in a quiet and inoffensive manner.

His Grace married Mary, widow of Henry Seymour, by courtesy, Marquis of Hertford, and daughter of Lord Capel, and by her had issue nine children, who most of them died young. His successor was the son of his second son Charles, and became possessed of the family honours, and took his seat in the house of Lords on the 25th of October 1705. He married three wives. First, Mary, daughter of Charles, Earl of Dorset; she died in childbed. His second wife was Rachel, daughter of Wriothsley, Baptist Noel, Earl of Gainsborough. His third wife was Mary, youngest daughter of Peregrine Osborne, Duke of Leeds. By his second wife, his Grace had three sons, the first was Henry the third Duke of Beaufort: he married Frances, daughter of James, Viscount Scudamore, by whom he had no issue. This Duke and his Duchess were
vorced from each other, on account of her ver
conduct, and the Duke dying at Bath on the
bruary 1745, the honours of his family devolv
brother, Charles Noel, fourth Duke of Beaufo
born on the 12th of September 1709, one day be
ther died; his Grace was possessed of every
requisite for his high station, he was as much be
vate life as he was respected in his public capaci
a man of letters and erudition. Unfortunately, r
lence than by any inclination of his own, his Grac
at the head of a party that gave great umbrage
but, even this afforded him an opportunity of
his own moderation, which he did in so emine
as to break the edge of that censure, which
liberally threw on others. He died on the 28th
1756, in the forty eighth year of his age.
Elizabeth, daughter of John Berkely of Stok
Gloustershire, Esq. by whom he had two s
daughters. The eldest son Henry, was the fi
Beaufort, who was born on the 17th October 17
ried on the 2nd of April, 1766, Elizabeth, dau
honourable Edward Boscawen, late admiral
by whom his grace had several children; hi
the present and sixth Duke Henry-Charles su
October 11th 1803. His grace was born Decem
He married, May the 16th 1791, Charlotte Le
ter of Grenville, Marquise of Stafford, and has
Marquis of Worcester, heir apparent born
1792. His grace has other children.

The motto of this illustrious family is, *Mutan sperno*. I scorn to change or to fear.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY

What is this soft bewitching spell
That like the airy vision flies;
The poet's pen has fail'd to tell
What is the form he knows so well,
That rules with magic power all human desti

Is it the eye that beams with fire,
And glistens brighter for the tear;
Whose glance can kindle young desire,
Yet leave its victim to expire,
Without one pitying look his wither'd hopes

Is it the cheek, where dwells the smile,
Enshrin'd within its roseate fane;
And plays the tyrant for awhile
Whose radiance serves but to beguile,
And clothe in double gloom refusals wintry r

Is it the portal of the soul
Whose op'ning leaves like rubies glo
Where dwells, within the heart's control
The power that arbitrates the whole
Cheers with the beams of joy, or clouds with h

ASTROLOGY.

No. 2.

SOME REMARKS ON THE CAUSES OF SUICIDE AND INSANITY.

I should not have been induced to notice this subject at present, had I not felt confident that it would afford a striking example of the effects of planetary influence. It is a well known fact that there has been a great increase in the number of cases of the kind since the month of May last, the principal cause of which, was the combination of influence in the sign Gemini, and which, on the 8th of June, was joined by the planet Saturn.

As far as I have been able to observe, insanity—apoplexies—obstructions of various kinds in the head—delirium—weakness in the eyes—and severe head-achs, are complaints that are peculiar to the sign Gemini, and of which there is little doubt but we shall have many singular examples while Saturn remains in that sign, but more particularly at those times when the *Sun* or *planets* are in the same sign with him or in the sign *Sagittary* which is in opposition to him.

That insanity is peculiar to the sign Gemini I can prove by a number of examples, but I can find none so well calculated to convince the public as

THE NATIVITY OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

This nativity was taken from "Sibly's Illustration of Astrology," and is said to have been calculated by Mr. C. Brent.

Upon examination, it will be found that a most singular and powerful combination of planetary influence occurred in the sign Gemini, at the time of that unfortunate and ever to be lamented Monarch's birth. There are some particular parts in this sign that I have at all times found to be more particularly evil, and which extend from about the 11th to the 15th, and from about the 24th to the 28th degrees.

By referring to the nativity it may be seen that the Sun, Mercury, Saturn and Venus, were all posited within the compass of those unfortunate places.—Those positions, together with the peculiar quality of the influence arising from the combination of Saturn, Venus and Mercury, was beyond all doubt the radical cause of his Majesty's unhappy affliction. To prove that the above mentioned positions were the cause of his affliction, I will refer to the time when he was first attacked with that unfortunate malady.

About the 12th of October 1788 was the time when he was first attacked with that complaint; however there is little doubt but he had experienced symptoms of sickness, during the greater part of that year, or at least for some months previous to its being generally known.

By referring to an Ephemeris for that year it may be seen that Jupiter was in the sign Gemini, and continued passing over that unfortunate combination in his Majesty's nativity, until the latter part of May—not that, that was the principal cause of his illness, but it, in a great measure, served to excite and bring their radical influence into action, which was continued and much increased by the greater power of Saturn who, in the forepart of February, entered the sign Pisces, which is in quartile to Gemini. He continued to advance in that sign until he had reached about the eleventh degree—he then turned retrograde, and consequently became more powerful—on the 10th of July he was met by the opposition of Mars from the sign Virgo, which gave additional force to his influence, and on the 13th of October, the day following that on which his Majesty became deranged, the planets Venus and Saturn, who were the principal cause of his illness, and who were in conjunction at the time of his birth, made an opposition from about the fifth degrees of Virgo and Pisces.

Although we have no particular accounts of his having been ill, during the forepart of that year, there remains not the least doubt, in my opinion, but that the complaint, which was constitutional, was brought into action by the transit of Jupiter over the radical position of those planets that were the cause of it, and was continued and increased by Saturn entering the sign Pisces, whose *qualities* are in many respects *similar* to those of Gemini.

However his Majesty soon recovered from this attack and in the forepart of the following year, went in procession to St. Paul's to return thanks, which was followed by a general illumination as a mark of joy and respect.

We have no accounts of his being attacked with any symptoms of the kind again until about the month of November 1810, when he again became afflicted with that distressing malady, which continued until within a few days of his death and was supposed to have been occasioned by the loss of her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia.

By referring to the Ephemeris for the year 1810, it may be seen that the planet Saturn had been in the sign Sagittary during the whole of that year, in opposition to the radical position of those planets that were in Gemini at the time of his Majesty's birth.

The peculiar nature of some of the configurations that occurred in the months of May and June of that year, lead me to suppose that his Majesty must have experienced some symptoms of the kind in the earlier part of that year—however, I will refer to the positions that occurred at the time of the Princess Amelia's death, which were of a most singular complexion and whose influence must have had a powerful effect in promoting his Majesty's disorder.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia died on November the 2nd 1810 when the planetary positions were as follows

♏ ♑ ♐ ♉ ♍ ♐
☉ 9— ☽ 16— ♄ 13— ♃ 28— ♂ 23— ♀ 25
☿ ♎ ♍
20— ♅ 14

I have repeatedly observed that in the Signs *Gemini, Sagittary, Virgo* and *Pisces* the influence of planets has been greatly increased when they have been passing some particular parts of those signs, and which seems to extend in all of them from about the 11th to the 15th and from the 23rd to the 28th degrees. It is particularly worthy of remark, that, on the 19th of October, Venus made a conjunction with Saturn in those remarkable degrees in the forepart of Sagittary, and on the 2nd of November, when the Princess died, she had reached the 25th degree of that sign, and had separated but two degrees from the quartile aspect of Mars, who had just reached the 23rd degree of Virgo.

Again, in reference to his Majesty's nativity, it should be observed that the conjunction of Saturn and Venus at his birth was in those very degrees before alluded to (viz. 27 degrees of Gemini); and that the conjunction of those two planets on the 19th of October, was within those ominous degrees in the forepart of Sagittary, the opposite sign to that in which they were posited in his nativity.

On the 2nd of November Venus was within two degrees of the opposition of her own and Saturn's place in the radix, and Mars was also afflicting their radical position, by a quartile aspect from the sign Virgo.—From all that I have stated, it must appear plain to every one that has any knowledge of astrology, that the influence of such a train of aspects, all of which was directed to that evil radical position, was more than sufficient to excite a complaint, that he was subject to, which was the natural effect of the peculiar quality of his constitution, and had the Moon, Jupiter or Mars been in any other sign than Aries and Capricorn, he would have been afflicted in theearlier part of his life.

On the evening of the 29th of January 1820 his Majesty, after many years affliction, departed this life: it was generally reported that he became perfectly sensible within a few days of his dissolution, but whether that report was correct or not, is not in my power to state—However, upon referring to the Ephemeris for that year, the planetary positions will be found as follows:

January 29th 1820.

♒ ♌ ♓ ♒ ♎ ♓
☉ 8-34— ☽ 0-31— ♄ 27— ♃ 24— ♂ 21— ♀ 5
☿ ♑ ♐
18— ♅ 26

After a slight examination of the above positions, they will be found to contain such convincing proofs in support of what I have before asserted (viz. that those planets in Gemini, but more particularly the conjunction of Saturn and Venus were the cause of his Majesty's unhappy affliction) as cannot do otherways than clear away all doubt from the mind of any unprejudiced person.

It should be recollected, that in the year 1788, when his Majesty first became afflicted with that distressing complaint, the planet Saturn was in the sign Pisces—he advanced as far as the 11th degree of that sign and then retrograded back again—at the time of his death Saturn was again in the sign Pisces, and had been afflicting all those that were in Gemini at the time of his Majesty's b quartile aspect, and on the day of his death wa compass of those degrees before alluded to in th of Pisces, in exact quartile to his own place and tha

It should also be observed, that Venus who v junction with Saturn at his birth, had entere sign (viz. Pisces), and was acting in concert w traversing that part of the zodiac in which Saturn had proved so very unfortunate to his Majesty.

Independent of all those causes there was a qua of Saturn and the Georgian from the signs Sag Pisces—an aspect that, on account of the slow those two planets, can very seldom happen, at th that aspect was nearly formed they were both i of those two signs that I have before described were afflicting the radical place of those planets in Gemini at the time of his Majesty's birth—Satu tile, and the Georgian by opposition.—Thus it m ceived that with the cause of our first life th death is mixed, after we have attained to the lotted for us, we then decline, and die of diseas dents, resulting from the quality of that cause which

After all these proofs, I think no one who is a an opinion of them can, with satisfaction to thei ings, deny the great power of transits.—I know it blished opinion among those who consider thems the most learned in this science, that transits, unl panied by directions, have no power to destroy lif any particular changes whether good or evil—If to reverse that rule, I am certain they would nearer the truth.—That men who have studied t during the greater part of their lives, and consider possessed of common sense should entertain such is truly surprising, according to their rule of th planetary positions or configurations, that may the course of a native's life, can have any partic upon him; can any idea be more absurd; is it re suppose that the influence which gives us life and b from that moment of time, cease to govern us by unerring laws of nature hat brought us into

If the planetary positions at the time of our birt influence over us, our birth must of course be effects of that position; whoever denies this fact power of planetary influence altogether; and whoe it, does at the same time acknowledge what I c viz. that there is a power in transits, capable of life, or affecting any other great changes.

If the influence of transits is not sufficiently p produce great effects, why need we fear the e great eclipse? What effect can a conjunction of Jupiter have upon any class of people, if all th actions of their lives are brought about by direc transits are of such little importance? From such co many have ventured to predict great changes and to happen in different parts of the world; but the meeting of those planets produce such effects fluence did not affect certain classes of people, them to action? Yet it is the opinion of our m fessors, that the art of astrology lies in laborious c and that all accidents or changes that may happ course of a native's life, of whatever nature be, must be accounted for by some direction, w well known fact, among those very gentlemen, people marry and experience other great changes when NO directions can be found to account for su

Their nativity is then supposed to be wrong and to want rectifying, which is accordingly done, and is then judged correct, until some other circumstance happens that, according to their rule, cannot be accounted for; the nativity is then altered again, and all this nonsense is followed because it would be deviating from the supposed meaning of some of the incomprehensible rules of Ptolemy to do otherways.

That transits have a very great effect is indisputable, Mr. Wilson, the writer of the astrological dictionary, was evidently of this opinion, as may be perceived by the following lines which occur in page 378 of that work. "I suspect there is great power in transits, and I would recommend them particularly to the consideration of the artist;" however, the meaning of the aspects and positions that occur at the time of *birth* must be well understood before it is possible to judge of what may be the effect of any *transit*.

By the above example I have clearly shewn that any powerful combination of influence in the sign Gemini, is one powerful cause of insanity; that insanity is the cause of suicide is a fact too well known to require any proof. This being understood, it is very reasonable to expect a great increase in the number of cases of the kind, when either Saturn or Jupiter are passing through that or the opposite sign which is Sagittary, and which is equally powerful in producing the same effects. The signs Virgo and Pisces have also a similar tendency, but Gemini and Sagittary are the most powerful, and next to them is Pisces; however it must be understood that those signs have no effect in producing any thing of the kind in any nativity, unless they contain a strong combination of planetary influence, and that influence becomes more effective if it happens to fall within the compass of those particular degrees before alluded to.

By referring to those times that have been marked by singular cases of the kind, any person, that has any doubt as to the truth of my remarks, will find many additional proofs in support of what I have asserted. I have taken the liberty of pointing out a few of the most remarkable that have occurred within my recollection, and have also attached the planetary positions.

On the 17th of January 1810, Mr. Lyon Levy, an eminent Jew dealer in diamonds, threw himself from the top of the Monument and was dashed to pieces—the planetary positions on that day were as follows:

☉ 26-49♒ ☽ 21-49♊ ♄ 11-52R♐ ♃ 17-21♈

♂ 4-30♓ ☿ 12-58♒ ♀ 8-16♑ ♅ 13-39R♍

Upon examination, it may be seen that Saturn was retrograde in Sagittary and within the limits of those particular degrees. Mars was also in Pisces and applying to a quartile aspect with Saturn. The Moon was also in the sign Gemini.

On the 2nd of November 1818. Sir Samuel Romily was reduced to a state of mental derangement by a paroxism of the brain fever, in which state he unfortunately destroyed himself, when the planets were posited as follows:

☉ 9-29♏ ☽ 1-0♒ ♄ 11-39♓ ♃ 9-0♒ ♂ 14-29♍

☿ 25-3♐ ♀ 4-51♏ ♅ 18-31♐

Upon inspection, it may be seen that Saturn was in sign Pisces, and within the compass of that part before alded to; the Moon had just left Sagittary after having ma a conjunction with Venus who is in that sign, and within particular part of it before described.

The circumstances attending the death of Sir Richard Cr in the forepart of 1818 and Lord Londonderry in Aug 1822 are too well known to need any explanation. I not in possession of the dates, or should have inserted the but any person who has got them, and can refer the Ephemeris of those years, will find that, in the forep of 1818, Mars was retrograde in the sign Gemini, and turn was in the forepart of Pisces, and in the month August 1822 Jupiter will be found in the forepart of Gemi

There has been a great increase in the number of suicic since Saturn entered the sign Gemini in the present yea hardly a day has passed, since that time, but our New papers have been furnished with some melancholy accou of the kind.

I am more particularly induced to notice this subject present, because Saturn is now in the sign Gemini, a will therefore afford every one an opportunity of judgi how far my observations are correct. I have not involv this subject in obscurity, by decorating it with unintelli ble phrases, a fault that most of our modern astrologe are too often guilty of for the purpose of appearin *learned* in the opinion of those who have no knowledge of th art, but have rendered it as plain as I possibly can, that eve one may understand it.

The nature and qualities of the Twelve Signs will b fully explained in a future number.

REMARKS AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE SCIENC OF ASTROLOGY;

In which is introduced a new system elucidated by exam ples taken from the nativities of Martin Luther and th Right Hon. George, Lord Byron.

As the greater part of the rules for judging nativities which I intend to submit to the public, are so very contradic tory to the long established and superstitious ones laid dow by old authors, and practised by most artists of the presen day, it becomes highly necessary, in support of my opinions to lay before the public a well selected train of evidenc for their inspection, as such means only can afford convictio and eradicate all doubts as to the truth of the principle which I have begun to explain. In order to more effectuall accomplish this task, I design to collect the nativities of number of popular and well known characters who hav flourished within the last thirty years, many of whom ar now living and will give a short but clear explanation of thes upon my own principles. Those persons who admire thi science will then have a fair opportunity of becoming ac quainted with the system that I am bringing forward, an will be able to judge of its merits. The chief end fo which I write will be answered, if I succeed in establish ing a small portion of truth, and can make the public sensi ble of the great extent of absurdity and superstition wit which the art of astrology is confounded; and which is, fro motives of gain, cried up and imposed upon the public a the genuine offspring of observation and experience b

some pretended artists of the present day, particularly by one who has published several letters in praise of his own abilities, in one of which he has bestowed the most extravagant commendations upon his own "extraordinary genius," at the same time asserting that it is the production of a *female* correspondent.

Before the astrological cause is explained of those particular qualities which are necessary to form the mind of a man, celebrated for the excellence of his literary productions, it must be known and well understood, that he should possess a great share of coolness and sound judgment, with a mind exceedingly *strong, vigorous* and independent, to which may be added a *quickness* of apprehension, an *active* and unbounded *imagination* with a great share of *sensibility* and *taste.*

The signs Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius are called *fixed* signs; and a native born when these contain any powerful combination of planetary influence, will possess sound natural abilities, a strong imagination, and a mind firm, collected and persevering.

The signs Aries and Libra are called Equinoctial, Cancer and Capricorn are called Tropical: those signs cause a *sharp, clear* and *active* fancy, with great powers of invention, and a fine taste for science; however the influence of Mars therein is by far the most active, more particularly in Cancer, Libra and Capricorn.

The common signs, which are Gemini, Sagittary, Virgo and Pisces, relate more to matters that are the effects of *sensibility* and *feeling*, they are not remarkable for giving firmness nor sound judgment; but if they contain a strong combination of influence at the time of birth, they have the effect of filling the mind with an immense variety of ideas, but without any judgment to direct them. I have seen a great number of nativities, but hardly ever found a fortunate one, that had many planets in common signs:* they give *too* much sensibility and feeling, and even those that are possessed of better judgment have seldom resolution enough to avoid the temptations, signified by the quality of the planetary influence, that the common signs contain at the time of their birth.

Strong positions of the kind are the cause of persons being very unfortunate in their attachments, and married persons that have such positions seldom live happily together, and never fail of meeting with some misfortune, calculated to injure, if not altogether to destroy, the peace and happiness of their domestic affairs.

At present, the planet Saturn is in the sign Gemini, which is a common sign, his influence, while in that sign, will have a great effect upon those that were born under corresponding positions. For this very reason we may expect to hear of many *seductions, elopements* and *crim. con.* cases; for although Saturn is considered to be a *very cold* planet, I am very much mistaken if there are not some distinguished subjects, upon whom he is working a *very warm* effect;

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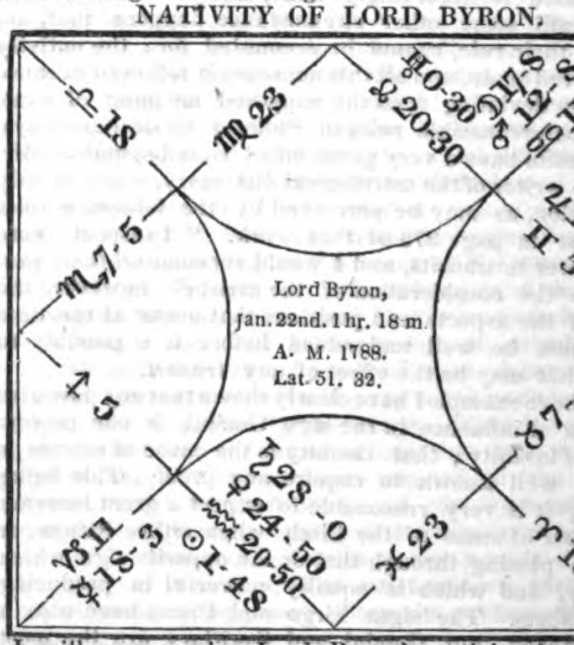
* Great numbers of persons that were born when Saturn and Jupiter were in Virgo, in the years 1801 and 1802 will no doubt feel the justness of these remarks, it is not, to many of them, that the last two years have been very productive of much good. I would advise those persons to make their property as secure to themselves as possible, and at all times to avoid hazardous and extensive speculations.

but this will be more visible when he is betwee
and 15th degree of that sign.

NATIVITY OF LORD BYRON.



I will now examine Lord Byron's nativity by
rules which I have laid down, but to do justic
positions and configurations, would fill a volum
therefore confine my observations to some of the *m*
nent. I first of all look to the Sun, I find him in th
ginning of the sign Aquarius; he is there surrounde
ed by Saturn and Venus in the same sign, and by
in Capricorn; those positions according to the
down in lesson 1st, would cause the native to be
popular. However, it is not likely that a man co
any great degree of popularity unless he posse
qualities for which he was admired; and for this
case, he must possess a considerable share of ability
tal faculties must be *strong, clear* and *active*. I the
to his nativity, and examine whether the elementa
sion which he received at his birth was such
confer upon him those *necessary* qualifications.

If there are any planets in common signs I alwa
them first, and consider what may be their signif
here find Jupiter in Gemini which is a common
retrograde there, consequently more powerful in h
the effects of his position in that sign, was a fe
gination, with an unbounded variety of ideas; bu
mind been weak and inactive, those effects would
been visible, for Jupiter in Gemini will neither
mind *strong nor active*, both of which qualities
pensibly necessary to set in action those given by

If there are any planets in the *tropical* or
signs, I next take them into consideration, as thei
in those signs, have the greatest effect, in giving
and making the mind clear and active.

By again referring to the nativity, I find the
Mars in Cancer, a tropical sign, and *both* in op
Mercury, who is in Capricorn, the southern tro

The position of Mars only in a tropical sign h
powerful effect in making the mind sharp and a
at the same time, extremely hasty and irritable: b
nativity those effects are wonderfully increased by
retrograde in that sign, and by the additional in
the Moon and Mercury, who are not only in tro

and in aspect to each other, but were so powerfully impregnated with the influence of Mars. It was those positions that were the cause of the lofty ideas, the active fancy and fine taste which this native, in such an uncommon degree possessed, yet unfortunately there can be no *strong* positions but what must bring evil as well as good, the influence of Mars being so very powerful, made qualities less commendable as easily excited, as those which have caused him to be so universally admired.

However, all those qualities would not have been so conspicuous, nor more than ordinarily visible, had not his mind been remarkably *strong* as well as active, there are many men who are very learned, and possess very superior abilities, yet have not the power of making them known, or setting them in an advantageous light; it is also a well known fact that there are many persons whose depraved inclinations would lead them to an untimely end, had they also an equal stock of boldness and assurance. Whatever qualifications a man may happen to possess, whether good or evil, will remain in obscurity, if he have not sufficient strength of mind to act them and make them known: such a man may be compared to a fine vessel in the ocean, but without either sails or rudder to guide her.

To account for the great firmness and strength of mind which Lord Byron possessed, I refer to his nativity, and examine the qualities of the planets that were in those signs that are termed *fixed*. I there find the slow and ponderous planet Saturn in the sign Aquarius, the most fixed and violent sign of all the twelve. Venus, who has a *remarkable* effect in creating firmness when in this sign, is little more than three degrees from him; the Sun had also just entered the same sign, in opposition to the Georgian who was in the first degree of Leo, thereby, adding to the effects of both Saturn and Venus. It was those positions that gave him that otherways unaccountable degree of eccentricity, firmness and great strength of mind; and which was the *SPRING* that set all his other qualities in action, and made them appear in such a striking light, but the strength of his mind being principally formed by Saturn and Venus, made him particularly eccentric, and was one cause of the immoral tendency of his works; the latter combination which *guards the Sun*, is the strongest in the nativity, and with the quality of their influence was the whole of his productions tinctured.

The different positions of the planets as they respect the Earth had a great share in forming his mental faculties, and demand particular attention, but my limits will not at present allow me to explain them.

I am decidedly of opinion that the principal cause of his death was anxiety, his mind was too powerful for his constitution, which I am inclined to think was not very strong.

LESSON I.

The best method that can be adapted for the purpose of rendering the pursuit of this art more easy and intelligible, is to get as complete a knowledge as possible, of the effects of the planets different positions in respect of the Sun, for their influence in a great measure becomes fortunate or unfortunate to the native, in proportion to their distance from that luminary. However this requires some explanati for it is the extreme of absurdity to suppose that ASPECTS the Sun are the only positions that ought to be attended if such were the case, a planet could only be fortunate respect of the Sun, at those times when it might happen be in sextile or trine to him; for they are considered to very unfortunate when in quartile or opposition; and combust and deprived of their influence when they are conjunction or within twelve degrees of him. Such d trine is extremely erroneous, of which any one may convinced by referring to the position in the nativity of N poleon Bonaparte, of which the following is a copy,

☉ 22-44	☽ 29-18	♄ 25-47	♃ 15-9
♂ 12-8	♀ 7-2	☿ 6-11	♅ 11-37

Upon examination it will be found that not one planet, the time of his birth, could be properly considered as *aspect* to the Sun; the positions of Venus, Saturn, Mercu and Mars, were all within 60 degrees of him, and only t Moon and the Georgian were elongated from him more th 90 degrees.

I have always found that planets were most fortunate placed in respect of the Sun when they were on either si within about 60 degrees of him; and when several are situated, their influence has a very strong tendency to bri any one, that may happen to be born under such positio into public notice; and let them be born rich or poor, th seldom pass their lives in obscurity. I have frequent observed that persons, who were born under such positio rise from a state of poverty, and become admired and p pular characters. A cluster of planets with the Sun, within about 60 degrees of him, is one of the greate causes of popularity that can possibly be, and those w study and admire this science will find few positions deserving their attention, or so likely to crown their studi with success. Of course some allowance must be made the *quality* of the combination, as it might happen to be an evil tendency, and so bring the native into public noti by an exposure of his vices.

Whatever can have given rise to the idea that planets a deprived of their influence by being with the Sun, I cann imagine; all authors agree that planets, in a state of co bustion is a great evil, but they have given no positi examples to prove it, nor do they state what kind of e such combustion is likely to produce; it is true that they s Jupiter, under the Sun beams, denotes *loss of property*, b they do not signify by what means.

Probably the idea of a planet's being combust arose fr the supposition that the Sun was a body of fire; but t discoveries of latter ages, if not sufficient to prove to t contrary, are such as render that supposition very doubtfu there is much greater reason to suppose that heat is produc by the peculiar action of the Sun's influence upon the ear than that he is a body of fire.

There is no doubt but conjunctions with the Sun ha their peculiar effects as well as other conjunctions; but th planets, when in such a situation, are unfortunate, and d prived of their influence, is all nonsense.

Whoever will take the pains attentively to examine P lemy's chapter on the quality of the profession, may soon

convinced that he entertained a very different opinion; he begins by stating that "The Lord of the Profession is taken two ways, *from the Sun*, and the sign which hath dominion of the midheaven. Therefore we ought to observe the *star* that maketh oriental *next the Sun*." If he thought that planets were unfortunately situated, or deprived of their influence by being with the Sun, why did he give such rules for taking the Lord of the Profession? Again, if his mode for taking the ruler of the profession is correct, and planets are afflicted by being in such a position, every one that follows a business or profession would be continually involved in trouble and misery; on the contrary, it is well known, that following a respectable profession is one of the most probable means by which any one can advance himself in the opinion of the public, and become eminent. However, I have seen a great number of nativities and could never perceive that it made any difference whether a planet rose before or after the Sun; its influence seems to be equally powerful on either side.

As a farther proof in support of what I have advanced, I have inserted the planets' places from the nativity of that very popular and celebrated character Martin Luther.

"At the time of this native's birth, the 21st degree of the sign Capricorn was ascending on the eastern horizon, with 25 degrees of Scorpio on the midheaven, and the planets were placed as follows:"

♄ 19-21 ♏ — ♃ 16-22 ♏ — ♂ R 29-47 ♑ — ☉ 8-30 ♏

☿ 12-30 ♏ — ♀ 18-42 ♏ — ☽ 9-5 ♐ — ☊ 8-55 ♑

The planets* places are taken from "Lilly's Merlinus Anglicus," and upon examination it may be seen that no less than four planets were in the same sign with the Sun, and all within those limits that are considered to be a state of combustion; if they became weak and deprived of their influence by such a position, how could that man become so extremely popular, and gain so much power as to enable him to lay the foundation of a reformation in religion? If the evil effects that have hitherto been assigned to a state of combustion did really exist, this nativity, above all others, would have been the most likely to have proved it, for there are no less than four in that state, viz. Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, and Saturn.

According to the old foolish system, Saturn is Lord of the Ascendant, and is in conjunction with Mercury, who, by the same rule, is Lord of the Eighth house, the supposed house of death, both being at the time in a stat bustion; this, according to old authors, is a sure of death in infancy, or a short life and a viol however, all this will only, in a small degree, e public to judge of the extent of absurdity, contain greater number of astrological works.

J. ENGLISH, *Teacher of As*

* Gassendus who wrote a work, called the "Vanity of judicial Astrology," has given a different time of this native's birth; but it is evident that he was much prejudiced against astrology, and suffered many of his remarks to extend far beyond the limits of truth. Lilly was a very good judge of this science, and no doubt, had he not thought his time correct, would not have inserted it. I am decidedly of his opinion, but any person who doubts and wishes farther proofs of what I have advanced, had better collect the nativities of a number of remarkable persons, particularly such as have risen from poverty and become popular, for they, above all others, are likely to afford the strongest proofs.

DIFFICULTIES ATTENDING ELEVAT LIFE.

To the Editor of the World of Fashio

WELL, Sir, I see you have placed me in *your* of Fashion;" as to my wife, the poor, good she has been dragging me into her's, *will I* as the saying is; so, as I began to set forth n ances to you, and you was kind enough to gi a place in your fashionable intelligencer. I will the finishing hand to them, without any more because I see you're a merry gentleman; a give a portion of your entertaining work to th *ape* fashion, as well as to those who *adorn* it.

I began, if you recollect, telling you, how all getting on at Brighton. My wife inform for she takes upon her the tuition of us all, line of fashion, that all the royal family wa sighted; and that the nobility and gentry all proper to imitate them, as being a most conven fect, because they could overlook the friends th ashamed of, without offending them; she, th made me walk on the Steine, in spectacles; bu od, to her fancy rather singular, and so she m part with a pair of fine pebbles, mounted in sil that I could see as well with, as I could whe a boy, with my naked eye, and behold, compe to please madam to take up with a thing, se with chased gold, which dangled to a ribbo this gimcrack, she told me to be always liftin one eye, to look knowing. My wife next wanted to improve my *carriage*."—"Why, bl my love," said I, "was not it made in Lon and a *long* price it cost, and was it not finish painted, and all that, under your own dire "Oh! Mr. Diaper," said she, "I do not m coach, but your walk; your manner of yourself; O, dear," added she, putting in borrowed wit she had heard from an elegant author, "your walk, my dear looks so like w army calls a *counter* march: do, deary, take lessons of a dancing master."

"Fire and furies! Madam" said I, "a master, at my time of life! I'll tell you what, Betty:" "O heavens!" interrupted she, "ho must I tell you to call me Eliza?" "Ah! said I, "it must be oftener still, I believe, I never called you that name in all my born nay, I am told, that your father, who was honest cit, really had you christened Betty." " not to hear," said Mrs. Diaper, "of my vulgar

but will you be pleased to attend to the manners of the gentlemen you see on the Steine, and try to square your own behaviour accordingly."

I mounted my new boots, all in rucks and wrinkles about my legs; I declare I do not know what I looked like; but I took my daughter's riding whip in my hand, and I whacked away at my puckered boots, without mercy: I saw several noblemen and gentlemen betting about I knew not what, and *done*, and done for a rump and dozen, and done for a hundred, and for five hundred, whizzed in my ears. Presently, I saw my old *patriotic* friend, Alderman Wiseacre, among some of the staunch oppositionists: Huzza! thought I, opposition for ever! I betted; but deuce take me, if I did not always bet on the losing sides; and Wiseacre and myself generally came off *minus*.

When Mrs. Diaper, during the fine warm weather, wished to take her carriage airings, she begged I would be *coachman*. "Lord, my dear," said I, "why should you wish me to turn off honest Jem, as has drove us so carefully, for many years, even when we kept the *no-tax* cart." "Confound the cart," said she, "will you never be a gentleman? Don't you know that all gentlemen, now, drive like coachmen, their own carriages?" Well, I do not like to contradict Betty more than I can help; so I e'en consented to make a trial of my skill in driving the very next day; and down I came in a new brutus, and a most elegant real cachemire shawl waistcoat (I sold them things once, Mr. Editor, but that's by the bye.) "La! said my eldest daughter, Pa don't look a bit like a coachman." "Not in the least," said her mother. However, off we set, and not being much used to coachmanship, I could not pass a coal cart, and so drove my party into a ditch.

Thank heaven, there were no bones broke.

As the men of fashion all went to the gaming table, of course, I went also, and I soon was as fashionable in my losses as the best of them: at last I won a little; and my wife complained that I was most abominably *unfashionable*, because I came away with my winnings, and was resolved to play no more: for I can be resolute sometimes; and then, pray, what do you think is the *elegant* name my *fashionable* wife gives me? She calls me *pig-headed!* Now if I had said such a thing; my pert daughter would have cried out, "La Pa, how can you be so *wulgar?*"

However, in our rambles on the Steine; we had seen a foot-race: and that very night when I was undressing, Mrs. Diaper said, "Lord, lovee, how well you do look in your flannel dressing jacket! I do think you might now be talked about, if you chose, as much as you was when you took an address to"——"Pshaw, pshaw," interrupted I, "there is nothing of the kind going on now, positively nothing to make one self popular; why, a certain great man, who knew how much I was in the opposition, has now got himself so popular, that blessings follow him wherever he goes; and I
not turn on the other side, for don't you know
fellow's down here, that used to say, 'Diap
Patriot!' give him a place of only one thousan
year, and he'll turn tail to-morrow." "Ah!
dear, little gay deceiver!" said my coaxing part
"you won't understand me now. Hang the f
politics; do you think we women of fashion trou
ourselves about them? There's that haughty fell
the pastry cook, with the dutch name, come
with his young chit of a wife, and he always boas
he could beat you in walking from *Black-Fri*
Bridge, to the *Mansion-House;* now I should
you to challenge him to a walking match."

I, foolishly agreed; and under pretence of keep
me in wind, as they called it, they soon left me
nothing else in me; and was so puffed out t
Green the aeronaut might have made use of
for a balloon. I resolved then, in spite of notori
to have my roast beef and turtle, as usual, and t
I had spirits to make the match; so the pastry-c
and I set off, and as it was down hill, we
tumbled down before we got half way; and hav
become a laughing stock, to many of the quizzers
Brighton, and got caricatured in all the print sho
I retired for a few days to a neighbouring town.

I now listened to a plan of my daughter for priv
theatricals; Mrs. Diaper wished to play Desdemo
and have me for Othello: then Romeo and Ju
was proposed; first one thing then another, and,
last we agreed on playing "the School for Scanda
when a young female relation, with a large fortu
who was under my care, while we were all performi
our parts to a miracle, marched off with Charles S
face, a young ensign without a sixpence: oh! ho
stormed at my wife for encouraging these abomina
theatricals; when she said, "Do not put yours
in such a passion, lovey; it is not the fault of
theatricals; you see the *elopement* is not in the pla

The rage for private acting having subsided,
now patronized the country players, and accordin
we bespoke a play. Now, you must know,
Editor, I had one very fashionable propensity, I
not confided to Mrs. Diaper, I kept a mistress, w
I first determined on this requisite to every m
of fashion, whether single or married, I f
thought of the bewitching Mary Anne, wh
staunch votary I had always been; but still she
too knowing a hand for me, and, between frien
getting on the wane; and whether I made my p
posals to her or not, she knew *best*, at that tim
so I took a dear little girl, to whom I never t
I was married, for fear of hurting her *tender* a
virtuous feelings; but, to return to the play, havi
given her a ticket, she came to the house in h
spirits, and placed herself in the next box to
I gave her a *wink*, when she came in, to excuse
not speaking; but some gay bucks entering, a
talking rather too familiarly with her, I gave

a second *wink*, which was noticed by Mrs. Diaper, who instantly ordered me to accompany her and her family home. A scene of hysterics, and scolding followed; I was obliged to own my fault and promised never to repeat it, and we bade adieu to fashion and salt water the next morning, for rural retirement at my estate in Berkshire. There I hoped to enjoy myself at a harvest-home; but the harvest was all got in, and I had to look for it in the farm-yard.

Mrs. Diaper declared, that on taking possession of the estate, we must give a *fête champêtre*; we had so many boughs, and flowers, and green-house plants crammed in every part of the house, that it looked like a pastry cook's shop on twelfth day: this fête was accompanied with a fancy ball, under the direction of a fiddle faddle kind of a man, that was said to be truly *classical*. I was to be the God *Pan*; my daughters *Ham and Dry-heads*, and my sons *Scenters*, and *Setters*. The *classical* gentleman was to dress Mrs. Diaper, his own self, for she was to be *Diana*. However, to make my story short, the company came at eleven at night, to begin the evening; and they said, every thing was delightful, how charming, how *dear*, how rural! It was, indeed, *dear*, for it took all my corn to pay for it.

When the sporting season began, I took my double barrelled gun, with a gold touch-hole, from Manton's, and my pointers from a dog-shop: but no sooner did I enter the field, than the mongrels ran away; and I, seeing as I thought, a large *grey partridge* (I have heard since it was an old goose) among the stubble, I let fly both barrels, and was knocked backwards into a drain, where I completely spoiled my new shooting jacket.

Notwithstanding, however, all my misfortunes, I am now in a very elevated situation, and shall consequently aim still higher at notoriety; I must own I cut but a poor insipid figure, at present, in my public capacity; and nobody seems to care a straw, whether I am pleased or displeased: but my dearee and our family are gone to Cheltenham, and I am obliged to attend at the *Great House* in town, to hear some business that is almost daily brought before me; I go down, however, occasionally, to Berkshire, where I expect Mrs. Diaper and the young ones to join me before Christmas.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

BILLY DIAPER.

SONG OF MY HOME.

" —— humble, but cheering benef
That oft outlive more swaggering pro
As I have heard the shepherd's pipe o
When it caught echo in my far off hil
The war trump's hoarser muster."—

OLD P

Nay, heed not the wind, nor the arrowy shower,
Though they bend the stern forest and deluge the to
Though the proud turrets rock at the voice from on
As the giant of winter in pride sweepeth by;
We, if honest and hearty shall flourish through all,
Though the oak should be splinter'd the palace shoul

Let war sound her trumpet, and plume her array,
'Till man and his empire shall crumble away,
'Till the corn-field be wasted, the banner be torn,
And the steed, and the rider to earth shall be borne,
Still the honest and happy our laurels shall wave,
If not twin'd round our brow, blooming green o'er o

Let fortune her velvet robes scatter around,
Let her altar for service with jewels be bound,
And her incense be flattery, her worship be pride,
And her victims the vain, that lie prostrate beside;
We the honest and happy, such shrine never trod,
Though we boast but one cottage, and own but one g

Then haste to my arbour, for there w'ill entwine
For all guests a choice garland, a king deem'd divin
Old books for the head, and old wine for the heart,
And old friends in the profit of each to take part.—
Then ye honest and hearty, shall still transcend far
The war of proud fortune—the fortune of war.

J.

THE MISFORTUNES OF A HANDSOME

To the Editor of the World of Fashion.

SIR,

IT is Juvenal who laments, in his celebrate on the vanity of human wishes: that " the plishment of our wishes often leads to our tion; and such are our prayers that, we granted, Heaven would be more unkind tha fusing."

The inference to be drawn from the above tion comes very home to my own case. I am those envied, though not less unfortunate

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* I believe it was a *wise* king of Spain that the sensible and moderate wish for " old friends, o and old wine." I have here alluded to whether w pun I show my own by trenching upon his *man* not for me to add—but this I will add—subject and reverencing as I do his taste, that nothing wo pleased one better than to have been installed His M boon, and bottle companion.——

denominated a handsome man. That the prayers of my parents were listened to when they begged that I might excel in beauty, was the worst thing that could befall me; a brief recital of a few of the miseries I have undergone will, I feel confident, sufficiently testify this truth.

When I was but an infant in arms, the beautiful transparency of my skin, the delicacy of my features, and the harmonious symmetry of my limbs, were the theme of universal admiration. I was evidently no common child, and therefore was not treated as one. Lest the delicacy of my bloom should ripen into the ruddy glow of health, I was seldom permitted to be taken into the open air, but slumbered away my infantile years amidst coverlids and blankets. As I grew up, my unfortunate beauty deprived me of the usual privileges of boys. I was not suffered to rove about the fields and acquire strength and energy, lest I should injure my complexion! I did not acquire a knowledge of the alphabet till other boys were beginning their latin and greek; nor was I allowed to be corrected lest I should spoil my beautiful eyes with crying; consequently I grew up a very pretty, but very illiterate, peevish and perverse lad. My parents were so doatingly fond of me that, in order to give the best proof of their affection and solicitude for my future welfare, they would not shock their feelings so much as to send me to school; till, in consequence of my backwardness, (not but what every body acknowledged me to be *forward* enough) giving rise to an observation from every one, my parents were at last prevailed upon, to place me at a fashionable academy near their residence. Here my neglected education exposed me to the taunts and contempt of the whole of my school-fellows who declared that I was *nothing better* than a girl in disguise, and altogether treated me as *a miss* as they possibly could. I put up with all their little insults and petty triumphs, feeling the consciousness of superiority. But when they threatened to spoil my pretty face, I determined to show them that I was not a girl, and accordingly became subject to all the malice and envy these miniatures of men could inflict; they seemed to consider me as a fit object for their pugilistic practice, till I became as confirmed a cuffer as the ugliest dog in the academy. When I came home, my poor dear mamma could not at first recollect me, but when she found that I was really her beautiful boy transformed, her rage and disappointment knew no bounds. The fact was, I had cut off, in consequence of the many insinuations I had received, the beautiful ringlets she had taken so much pains in cultivating and was as ruddy as a milk-maid and as tanned as if I had made a voyage to India.

Instead of that interesting effiminacy for which I was once distinguished, I had acquired a bluntness of manner and a boldness of style that at least thrice a week put my good mother into hysterics; she declared it would be the death of her if I went to school again, and accordingly determined on placing under the care of a tutor at home, she herself un taking the restoration of my personal beauty. the help of Macassar oil and Gowland's lotio recovered my ringlets and removed the freckles, (fortunately for me), not my enervation of facul I was deprived of my mother early in life, who cut off by a cold caught one May morning when went out before sun-rise to bottle dew for her ling's complexion. She died easy with the thou of meeting me in a happier sphere; for she said felt convinced, that God Almighty would like have such a beautiful angel as myself, amidst heavenly host. Poor woman! her heart was simple to admit of her doubt of going there hers Peace be to her manes!

I mourned her loss affectionately as a son, and ye some degree felt my affection softened, by the tainty that I should not have my intellectual p suits, any longer in trammels. I therefore v assiduously cultivated my understanding and p pared myself for a learned profession, knowing, v all my mother's adulation, that beauty is bu slight support towards a man's existence.

About this time I must date the beginning of misfortunes my envied beauty incurred on possessor. By dint of great interest I was reco mended to a nobleman then high in power, as secretary. I was elevated with the brightest pectation and almost transported with the brilliar of my prospects.

Previous to my interview, I had entered into correspondence with him, and he was pleased to press himself highly satisfied with the talents I h evinced in so confined a sphere, and only wished a personal interview before I became an inmate his house.

I must confess, conscious as I was of an attracti outside, I was not averse to such an arrangeme and accordingly bestowed more than ordinary ca on my appearance, knowing that all at first depend on a favorable impression; I accordingly wait on him and felt a secret satisfaction, at the surpri that he manifested, on my entrance. I could so perceive, however, that his lordship was any thing b pleased at my appearance, although I endeavour to preserve my manners in keeping. His coldne petrified me, and I became so confused and em barrassed, as to acquit myself very unfavorably as I saw that his prejudice strengthened, I becam more and more confounded, till he at last seem ingly, much disappointed, told me he would sen me his final reply. His decision was, as I antic cipate—a polite refusal. I conned over every passag of my letters, and endeavoured to discover som part of my conduct which was to blame, and nev did I before feel myself unhappy—because there wa nothing in me deserving of reprehension. The secr was at last, through the medium of a "good nature

friend," discovered to me. The earl had three marriageable daughters: gratifying as this was to my vanity, I believe at the moment I would have exchanged faces with the ugliest phiz that ever grinned through a horse collar.

This was not the only disappointment I received, the want of success, in the profession I was brought up for, was entirely attributed to my personal appearance. Those who could have supported me declared it was impossible! for one who took *so much pains with his person* was only fit for a man-milliner or to measure out tape behind a haberdasher's counter.

You may suppose, Sir, I am effiminate in my manners; on the contrary, they are quite at war with my appearance, which borders upon prettiness. I endeavour to unite in my person elegance with manliness of deportment.

With these endowments and qualifications you will at least give me credit for being a favourite with the opposite sex who are enthusiastic in their admiration of handsome men: alas although devotedly attached to them, I am doomed to feel all the pangs of neglect, from beings I could hazard my existence to serve. I remember particularly a lovely and amiable girl on whom I was anxious to make a favorable impression, observing, when I complained to her of the coldness of her sex, "that it was impossible for gentlemen who admired themselves, so much, to feel interested for the unfortunate women." This sarcasm I should inform you originated from the circumstance of my having been detected four or five years previously arranging my cravat, before a pier-glass: it was immediately reported throughout the whole circle of my acquaintance and as generally believed, that I spent three parts of the day at the looking-glass, such has been my fate with all those amiable beings I have endeavoured to kindle with any affections for me; although I have every reason to believe there is nothing objectionable in my manner, character or conversation, yet, I have never been as yet blessed with that greatest treasure on earth a woman's love. In saying so, I do not include those many connexions, "joyless, loveless and unendeared, which, in the absence of any thing more intellectuel or refined, I have taken to my bosom, but can really assure you, I despair of being able to captivate a girl, who will, I believe, received my attention more as an homage due to her worth, then the motive of displaying my own advantages.

Thus, Sir, although I am five feet ten inches high—have a fine figure, and elegantly formed—large dark eyes—a beautiful complexion—aquiline nose—fine teeth—and admirable hair—dance well—dress well—play well and am a proficient in all the elegant and useful accomplishments—I am still a very miserable man.—

These confessions egotistical as they are, are not without their moral, they may serve to shew that the possession of beauty in either sex, is not that blessing so universally imagined by those to whom it
ed: and that whatever situation of life we are
in, we shall find it has its proportionate draw
our felicity.

I remain, Sir,
Your disconsolate friend
NARC

SONG.

When gallant youths are by your side,
Young maidens! let your bosoms glow,
And scorn the vain and foolish pride
Which old dames gravely bid ye show:
When maids are young and eve
Let love in all their looks appe

Freely sigh for faithful swain;
Deride the fools that seek to blame you;
Gentle hearts should not disdain,
And cruel accents ne'er became you:
In the days when maids are fai
Love should be their only care

LAUDABLE AMBITION.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

"The mouse that always keeps to one poor h
Will never be a mouse of any soul."

SUCH was the quotation made use of by th
Lisetta Melmoth to her cynical elder brother,
jumped into the post-chaise into which he wa
ing her, in order to take her to the town from
the stage coach sat off, that was to convey her
don, whither she was going to reside with a
high family, in the quality of companion and
friend; in other words, to be a kind of fact
the caprices of an infirm, vain old woman, w
been a reigning belle, and who found it as
part with beauty as with life.

"She will stay with Lady Osville, as man
as days," said her brother, surlily, as he retu
the parlour where his father was puffing av
anxiety with a segar: Edward's mother lifted
tearful eyes, from the warm worsted stock
was knitting for her husband, and said,
well, Edward; Lizzy has now got her wi
there's enough said: I think, myself, the girl
well." "I do not believe any such thing," sa
mas, the second son; "Liz was always
creature; why couldn't she content herself a
Why not stay and help to do the household
If she had, you might have kept one maid-

the less."—"Or if she must have gone out, said George, the youngest, "why did not she try to get a situation wherein she might get her bread? She'll never do that in the school of vanity she's gone to." "There's no doubt, however," said the mother, drawing herself up, with some consequence, "but that Lady Osville will take care of her as long as she lives; she's very fond of Lizzy, and when she dies" ——— "Ah!" said George, "what then? Then Madam Lizzy, with all her fine clothes, will be turned adrift by my lady's relations, to shift for herself." "Ay, but," said the mother, "do you think that her ladyship will not remember my child in her will?" "Whew!" whistled out Edward, "why the old soul is over head and ears in debt, and spends all the ready she has, in expensive cosmetics, to preserve that beauty, which will never charm any more. I have not lived so long in London, and at the west-end, too, without knowing pretty well the characters of all the great folks in it: some of them, not much to the owners' credit." "Peace; said his father, sternly, "I'll have no slander spoken under my roof; I had, certainly, rather that Lisetta should not have left us; but she is going to a respectable situation; it was always her wish to accept what has been often offered her; poor child! she had always an aspiring mind. I beg, however, that you, my son, will not give way to listening to the low scandal of people, placed at too great a distance from their superiors, to judge them as they ought."

Edward contented himself with inwardly sneering at his father's wisdom; and boasted that *he* should *walk* to the town, to take the outside of the opposition coach, because it was the *cheapest*, when he returned to his business in London.

The father of this numerous family was a learned and worthy clergyman; the increase of these tender claims on his love, and devising means to support them, had brought on sickness and a premature old age: the expensive education of a minister of the church of England, with the precarious prospect of ecclesiastical preferment, had made him resolve not to bring up either of his sons to his own sacred profession: he, therefore, gave them a plain education, and, at a proper age, apprenticed them to those trades that, when learnt, might maintain them in a respectable, but frugal manner. He had four daughters, the third was Lisetta; all her other sisters had bestowed their youth and beauty on men in plodding business: the youngest had married the best of all, to a rich and substantial farmer. Lisetta, more beautiful than any of them, had refused some good offers, but the manners and minds of the men were so very uncongenial with her own, that, being possessed of a high spirit and lofty way of thinking, she resolved, at length to quit the paternal roof, and accept the repeated offers of Lady Osville, her god-mother, who had bestowed on her an education superior to that of her sisters.

The predictions of Lisetta's brothers were, however, fulfilled in regard to her ladyship's property after their sister had been an inmate of her house about five months, when Lady Osville resigned her breath in the arms of her young protégée, overwhelmed with debts, and Lisetta had nothing in the world but a handsome stock of clothes, and the greater part of fifty pounds, that the generous old Lady had given her a few days before her demise; it was fortunate; for not one shilling had she to bequeath.

Lisetta though she sincerely mourned her loss, knew it was now, that it behoved her to exert all her energies: during the time she had lived with her god-mother, she lost her excellent father; who, by dint of rigid economy, had left her mother better provided for, than could have been expected: the brothers were rather harsh with Lisetta on her determination to remain in town: they told her now she ought to leave off her ridiculous pride; and as she was the only single one, to go home, and save her mother a servant; while they thanked God their other sisters had *got into good bread*, by marrying honest, hard working men, and were able to help their mother: "Then," said Lisetta good-humouredly, "there is the less need of me." However, she resolved, that sooner than marry any one resembling the husbands of her sisters she would die single.

She had made some good connections, while she was staying with Lady Osville: who were always happy to invite her; for her beauty, her taste in dress, and peculiar talent for lively conversation, rendered her an acquisition to their parties. In a private way, she also did for them many little works of ingenuity, in which she excelled; but she avoided in her industry, all that publicity, which would, certainly, according to received etiquette, have made it impossible for the noble families she sometimes mingled with, to have received her as an intimate acquaintance.

Her brothers could have gained for her a profitable situation, where an elegant woman was wanted to preside over a fashionable department; but she rejected the proposal, as making her person too conspicuously known, which would ruin her in the estimation of her fashionable friends. Something seemed to whisper her, she should yet see days and years of prosperity; while her brothers deprecated her pride and vanity, and declared she had *no good* in her head, and that none would come of her.

But Lisetta was virtuous from principle, as well as from inclination: a young female, living alone, beautiful and unprotected, did not fail to have some illicit offers made to her, which might have tempted one in the excess of penury, but that she had not yet fallen into: nay, her mother had told her, she had always an humble home to give her! She closed her doors therefore against all male visitors, and some of her great, and free-minded friends, though truly virtuous, laughed at her, and called her prude; she would not tell

them her reasons, as the libertines who had made such degrading proposals, belonged to those very families, and one of them was married to an amiable female, who had been the first to rally her on her *nun-like* conduct, as she called it. The younger females shunned her, after this act of prudence, for was it not, they said, a tacit declaration that she thought herself a beauty? Perhaps she might be so, according to the taste of the gentlemen; for their part, they saw nothing in her; but they succeeded in persuading their Mammas not to invite her to their parties. Lisetta felt this neglect; she felt it keenly; for the little work she did, though not *scantily*, was *irregularly* paid, and her finances were become very low; yet she resolved to persevere in her exertions, and she made a bold attempt: she wrote a small work and published it, by subscription; *then* did her noble and wealthy acquaintance come forward, in the most liberal manner; it took up, near a fourth part of the volume, to insert the names of the subscribers, and her brothers, though not reading men, were proud of having such a genius in the family, and exerted themselves to the utmost to forward the success of the work, which went through seven editions in the course of a few months.

Again was Lisetta caressed, again received, with all the pride of patronage, into crowded parties, and Miss Melmoth, the authoress, was buzzed through every apartment. A wealthy gentleman, of high birth, amiable manners, and handsome person, had long beheld her with admiration: he thought it was a pity, that eyes like Lisetta's should dim their brilliancy by study, or that she should waste her youth in a pursuit, always injurious to health and beauty. He was his own master, and he made her, without delay, an offer of his hand; he was the only man she had ever regarded with interest, but had always carefully checked the rising preference, looking on the prospect of an union with him, as one never likely to be realized.

They were married; and raised to a state of affluence, she generously forgave all the taunts of her brothers, and shewed her remembrance of them only by continual acts of friendship towards them, and her numerous nephews and nieces. She had a charming family of children, and her eldest daughter is advantageously married: she has been some years a widow; but still lovely, still engaging, the *ci-devant* Lisetta Melmoth is to be seen amongst all the higher circles of fashion, and in all its most correct and elegant walks; and, captivating as she still appears, we have been told she is a happy grandmother. V.

Louis IX actually stopped a priest who, after having prayed for the health of his body, was beginning to implore heaven for his future welfare.—"Hold! hold!" cried the monarch, "you have gone far enough for once—never be tiresome in your addresses to God—stop now, and *pray for my soul* another time.

STANZAS.

Ah! deck your victim in her best,
'Twine gaudy flower's amidst her hair;
Tie o'er her limbs the rustling vest,
And wreath the beads with cruel care.

Place the proud noble by her side,
Answer for her thou heartless sire;
And make her, spite of love—a bride,
And tell her, joy cannot expire.

Then bear her home in pride elate,
To scented couch, and gilded hall;—
Father! for all this heartless state,
The night shall see her off her pall!

Dost thou not know, what hearts can do,
How strong their pang—your pride how wea
In hope how vast, in love how true
And, *wounded*, Father; hearts will break!

The bride-groom waits, come lead ye on,
Oh in the morn his dame looks bright!
But I have seen flow'rs quickly gone,—
Will he embrace a corse at night?

I

ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD

THE MOST ANCIENT ORDER OF THE TH

This ancient order was founded by King of Scotland, in 1540, revived by James I land, in 1697, and re-established by Qu December, 31st. 1703. In 1714, King confirmed the statutes of Queen Anne, a others, particularly that of making rays surround the figure of St. Andrew; this the saint is suspended to the collar, and h was pleased to order, that, in future, c election should be held in the royal pre consist of the Sovereign and twelve br knights, making in all thirteen; and four

The star belonging to the Knights of t is worn on the left side of the coat or cloa sists of a St. Andrew's cross of silver, broidered, with rays of light issuing fro the points of the cross; on the middle o a thistle of gold and green, upon a field round the thistle and field is a circle of g on it the motto of the order, in green lett *me impune lacessit*, (None shall touch m punity.) The badge or jewel is worn pe green ribbon over the left shoulder, and the arm; the jewel consists of the image drew, with the cross before, enamelled a on rays of gold, the cross and feet resti ground of enamelled green; and, on the melled on a green ground, a thistle, gold the flower reddish, with the motto, before round it.

The collar consists of thistles and sprigs of rue growing between, and at the middle thereof is hung the image of St. Andrew as above, the whole being of gold, enamelled.

There being no installation of this order, the knight wears the collar and star immediately after his investiture.

Some Scotch writers who are fond of marvellous and traditionary tales, are not satisfied with the novelty of this institution, but give the following ancient derivation to the order; namely, that Hungus, the Pict, dreamed that St. Andrew visited him at midnight, and promised him a sure victory over his foes, the Northumbrians; and that the next day St. Andrew's cross appeared in the air, when he made good his words, and the Northumbrians were defeated. In consequence, King Achaius, in the year 800, formed the order of St. Andrew, 700 years before James V, revived it.

As for the Thistle, there is every reason to think it was transplanted from France; for the house of Bourbon formerly established a fraternity, called the Order of the Thistle, with the very same motto.

King James appointed the knights to wear the image of St. Andrew upon a blue ribbon; which continued so, till Queen Anne changed it for one of green.

SUMMARY OF WORKS OF MERIT.

TALES OF A TRAVELLER, *by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* 8*vo.* 2 *vols.*

THE author of this work, is the distinguished essayist, who has founded his celebrity by writing *the Sketch-Book and Bracebridge Hall.* The present publication, though light and agreeable, does not possess the merit of the author's former works; some of the tales are quite destitute of interest: they are divided into four parts;

1st, ghost stories, entitled "Strange stories, by a Nervous Gentleman;" 2d, literary and common life stories, head "Buckthorne and his Friends;" 3d, "Stories of Italian Banditti;" and 4th, "Stories of American Money-diggers."

The ghost stories are neither very novel nor very good: some of them are complete *baulks,* an offence to the lover of unrealities not to be forgiven.

THE ADVENTURE OF A GERMAN STUDENT.

"On a stormy night, in the tempestuous times of the French revolution, a young German was returning to his lodgings, at a late hour, across the old part of Paris. The lightning gleamed, and the loud claps of thunder rattled through the lofty narrow streets—but I should first tell you something about this young German.

"Gottfried Wolfgang was a young man of good family. He had studied for some time at Göttin but being of a visionary and enthusiastic charac he had wandered into those wild and specula doctrines which have so often bewildered Ger students. His secluded life, his intense applicat and the singular nature of his studies, had an ef on both mind and body. His health was impair his imagination diseased. He had been indulg in fanciful speculations on spiritual essences, u like Swedenborg, he had an ideal world of his around him. He took up a notion, I do not k from what cause, that there was an evil influe hanging over him; an evil genius or spirit seel to ensnare him and ensure his perdition. Such idea working on his melancholy temperament duced the most gloomy effects. He became hagg and desponding. His friends discovered the me malady that was preying upon him, and determi that the best cure was a change of scene; he sent, therefore, to finish his studies amidst the sp dours and gaieties of Paris.

"Wolfgang arrived at Paris at the breaking ou the revolution. The popular delirium at first ca his enthusiastic mind, and he was captivated by political and philosophical theories of the day: the scenes of blood which followed shocked his sitive nature; disgusted him with society and world, and made him more than ever a recluse. shut himself up in a solitary apartment in the *Latin,* the quarter of students. There in a glo street not far from the monastic walls of the Sorb ne, he pursued his favourite speculations. So times he spent hours together in the great librarie Paris, those catacombs of departed authors, rumm ing among their hoards of dusty and obsolete wo in quest of food for his unhealthy appetite. He in a manner, a literary goul, feeding in the char house of decayed literature.

"Wolfgang, though solitary and recluse, was o ardent temperament, but for a time it oper merely upon his imagination. He was too shy ignorant of the world to make any advances to fair, but he was a passionate admirer of fe beauty, and in his lonely chamber would often himself in reveries on forms and faces which he seen, and his fancy would deck out images of l liness far surpassing the reality.

"While his mind was in this excited and su mated state, he had a dream which produced an traordinary effect upon him. It was of a female of transcendent beauty. So strong was the imp sion it made, that he dreamt of it again and again haunted his thoughts by day, his slumbers by ni in fine he became passionately enamoured of shadow of a dream. This lasted so long, tha became one of those fixed ideas which haunt minds of melancholy men, and are at times mista for madness.

"Such was Gottfried Wolfgang, and such

situation at the time I mentioned. He was returning home late one stormy night, through some of the old and gloomy streets of the *Marais*, the ancient part of Paris. The loud claps of thunder rattled among the high houses of the narrow streets. He came to the Place de Grève, the square where public executions are performed. The lightning quivered about the pinnacles of the ancient Hôtel de Ville, and shed flickering gleams over the open space in front. As Wolfgang was crossing the square, he shrunk back with horror at finding himself close by the guillotine. It was the height of the reign of terror, when this dreadful instrument of death stood ever ready, and its scaffold was continually running with the blood of the virtuous and the brave. It had that very day been actively employed in the work of carnage, and there it stood in grim array amidst a silent and sleeping city, waiting for fresh victims.

"Wolfgang's heart sickened within him, and he was turning shuddering from the horrible engine, when he beheld a shadowy form cowering as it were at the foot of the steps which led up to the scaffold. A succession of vivid flashes of lighting revealed it more distinctly. It was a female figure, dressed in black. She was seated on one of the lower steps of the scaffold, leaning forward, her face hid in her lap, and her long dishevelled tresses hanging to the ground, streaming with the rain which fell in torrents. Wolfgang paused. There was something awful in this solitary monument of wo. The female had the appearance of being above the common order. He knew the times to be full of vicissitude, and that many a fair head, which had once been pillowed on down, now wandered houseless. Perhaps this was some poor mourner whom the dreadful axe had rendered desolate, and who sat here heartbroken on the strand of existence, from which all that was dear to her had been launched into eternity.

"He approached, and adressed her in the accents of sympathy. She raised her head and gazed wildly at him. What was his astonishment at beholding, by the bright glare of the lightning, the very face which had haunted him in his dreams. It was pale and disconsolate, but ravishingly beautiful.

"Trembling with violent and conflicting emotions, Wolfgang again accosted her. He spoke something of her being exposed at such an hour of the night, and to the fury of such a strom, and offered to conduct her to her friends. She pointed to the guillotine with a gesture of dreadful signification.

"'I have no friend on earth! said she.

"'But you have a home,' said Wolfgang.

"'Yes—in the grave!'

"The heart of the student melted at the words.

"'If a stranger dare make an offer,' said he, 'without danger of being misunderstood, I would offer my humble dwelling as a shelter; myself as a devoted friend. I am friendless in Paris, stranger in the land; but if my life coul service, it is at your disposal, and should b ficed before harm or indignity should come

"There was an honest earnestness in th man's manner that had its effect. His for cent, too, was in his favour; it showed him n a hackneyed inhabitant of Paris. Indeed an eloquence in true enthusiasm that is no doubted. The homeless stranger confided her plicitly to the protection of the student.

"He supported her faltering steps across t Neuf, and by the place where the statue o the Fourth had been overthrown by the p The storm had abated, and the thunder rumb distance. All Paris was quiet; that great of human passion slumbered for a while, t fresh strength for the next day's eruptio student conducted his charge through the streets of the *Pays Latin*, and by the dusky the Sorbonne to the great, dingy hotel he in The old portress who admitted them stared v prise at the unusual sight of the melancholy W with a female companion.

"On entering his apartment, the student, first time, blushed at the scantiness and indi of his dwelling. He had but one chamber- fashioned saloon—heavily carved and fant furnished with the remains of former magn for it was one of those hotels in the quarter Luxembourg palace which had once belonge bility. It was lumbered with books and pap all the usual apparatus of a student, and stood in a recess at one end.

"When lights were brought, and Wolfgan better opportunity of contemplating the stran was more than ever intoxicated by her beaut face was pale, but of a dazzling fairness, set profusion of raven hair that hung clustering Her eyes were large and brilliant, with a sing pression that approached almost to wildness. as her black dress permitted her shape to be was of perfect symmetry. Her whole appeara highly striking, though she was dressed in t plest style. The only thing approaching to ment which she wore was a broad black ban her neck, clasped by diamonds.

"The perplexity now commenced with the how to dispose of the helpless being thus upon his protection. He thought of abandon chamber ,to her, and seeking shelter for hims where. Still he was so fascinated by her there seemed to be such a spell upon his t and senses, that he could not tear himself fr presence. Her manner, too, was singular accountable. She spoke no more of the gu Her grief had abated. The attentions of the had first won her confidence, and then, app her heart. She was evidently an enthusi

himself, and enthusiasts soon understand each other.

"In the infatuation of the moment Wolfgang avowed his passion for her. He told her the story of his mysterious dream, and how she had possessed his heart before he had ever seen her. She was strangely affected by his recital, and acknowledged to have felt an impulse toward him equally unaccountable. It was the time for wild theory and wild actions. Old prejudices and superstitions were done away; every thing was under the sway of the 'Goddess of reason.' Among other rubbish of the old times, the forms and ceremonies of marriage began to be considered superfluous bonds for honorable minds. Social compacts were the vogue. Wolfgang was too much of a theorist not to be tainted by the liberal doctrines of the day.

"'Why should we separate?' said he: 'our hearts are united; in the eye of reason and honour we are as one. What need is there of sordid forms to bind high souls together?'

"The stranger listened with emotion: she had evidently received illumination at the same school.

"'You have no home nor family,' continued he; 'let me be every thing to you, or rather let us be every thing to one another. If form is necessary, form shall be observed—there is my hand. I pledge myself to you for ever.'

"'For ever?' said the stranger solemnly.

"'For ever!' repeated Wolfgang.

"The stranger clasped the hand extended to her: 'Then I am yours,' murmured she, and sunk upon his bosom.

"The next morning the student left his bride sleeping, and sallied forth at an early hour to seek more spacious apartments, suitable to the change in his situation. When he returned, he found the stranger lying with her head hanging over the bed, and one arm thrown over it. He spoke to her, but received no reply. He advanced to awaken her from her uneasy posture. On taking her hand, it was cold—there was no pulsation—her face was pallid and ghastly,—in a word—she was a corpse.

"Horrified and frantic, he alarmed the house. A scene of confusion ensued. The police was summoned. As the officer entered the room, he started back on beholding the corpse.

"'Great heaven!' cried he, 'how did this woman come here?'

"'Do you know any thing about her?' said Wolfgang eagerly.

"'Do I!' exclaimed the police officer: 'she was guillotined yesterday!'

"He stepped forward; undid the black collar round the neck of the corpse, and the head rolled on the floor!

"The student burst into a frenzy. 'The fiend!' the fiend has gained possession of me!' shrieked he: 'I am lost for ever!'

"They tried to soothe him, but in vain. He wa possessed with the frightful belief that an evil spiri had reanimated the dead body to ensnare him. H went distracted, and died in a mad-house.

Here the old gentleman with the haunted hea finished his narrative.

"'And is this really a fact?' said the inquisitiv gentleman.

"'A fact not to be doubted,' replied the othe 'I had it from the best authority. The student tol it me himself. I saw him in a mad house at Paris.'"

MY VILLAGE BELLS.

Yea, ye do speak mixed music, and your chimes
  Like to a flatterer's voice, or favorite's tongue
Shout dole, or joy, to suit the hour and ti m
  Heedless o'er whom the dinning note be flung,
So lordly custom and command be sung:
  And ye do tell, as though ye were but mimes,
In the same hour of virtues, and of crime.—

Ye are the cradle song, when infants breathe,
  Ye are the coffin's dirge when manhood dies,
Ye laugh for love successful, and ye grieve
  O'er the same lover's blighted destinies;—
So strangely ye do teach us to believe
  To joy this moment and the next to grieve,
We hope, yet fear, to list your mingled cries.

J. F. .

THE DRAMA.

——Ridiculum acri
Fortiùs et meliùs * plerumque secat res.
Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v. 14

HAY-MARKET.

"NOTHING new," as the accomplished cits say "nothing new at all." The great men at the Hay market have been asleep, which has also been th case with the greater men of the press: the re opening of the large theatres will soon, however give occupation to these latter worthies, and w congratulate ourselves and the public upon th prospect of much amusement from their Solo lomon-like dissertations on the affairs of the drama "'Twould puzzle a conjuror," a two act farce, is th only *new-modelled* thing (for *new* things are out o the question at present it seems), that has crept fort here; it would indeed puzzle a conjuror to prov the piece to possess more than the usual degree o

* The latter part of the above story is founded on a anecdote related to me, and said to exist in print in french I have not met with it in print.

farcical merit, which, generally speaking, belongs to this kind of ephemeral production. The story is the old one of *Peter the Great's* turning carpenter and joiner, &c. and the mystery of the piece consists in the monarch's escape from being imprisoned through the blunder of the official authorities, who apprehend an honest shipwright in his stead. Mr. Liston was the *beau* of the night as usual, and charmed the ladies by the elegant figure he cut in a pair of rose-crowned shoes: without him the piece would have been utterly spiritless, but he is a kind of magician in his way, and makes wonders out of nothing.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

That most stupid of stupidities, "*Der Freischutz*," has been *variegated* here by a Mr. Beral, (nephew to Weber) in the character of *Caspar*, and Miss Paton as *Agnes*—but nothing can lessen the absurdity that reigns throughout the piece. This German beauty, it is said, will be dizened forth in due order at the great theatres—it will be a worthy successor to the horses and other cattle that have so often delighted the frequenters of these abodes of amusement.

Two new pieces have been produced here, "*Jonathan in England*," and "*the Frozen Lake*." The first written on purpose for the admirable Matthews, and we have never seen him shine more in any character than in that of *Doubikins*—there is no plot in the piece worth mentioning; but Mr. Peake's puns and Matthews' acting, together with that of Keeley, have made this ingenious production eminently successful.

"*The Frozen Lake*" is one of those heavy affairs whose very weight induces their speedy dissolution. *The Grand Duke of Suabia* (Bartley) has a daughter Louisa (Miss Noel) who is betrothed to the *Prince de Neubourg*, (Wrench), but loves the *Count de Linsberg*, (Pearman) to whom she is privately married. The Prince takes lessons in love (which, our fair readers must confess, is a very difficult science) from the *Baroness de Rosefield*, (Miss Kelly), but, nevertheless, makes a great many blunders, and is at last deprived of the lady's hand, which is duly and positively bestowed upon the happier Count—a novel plot it must be confessed! This thing is another of the indefatigable Mr. Planche's *adoptions* from the French. Miss Kelly alone made it tolerable, but even her character was unworthy of her powers: "It is neither humourous nor pathetic, but a sort of *mule*, the offspring of both," as the asinine Times says in a truly asinine manner, but to which we assent, as in duty bound.

COBURG THEATRE.

It is going out of our road even casually to notice any one of the hapless minors; but the managers of this theatre deserve reprehension from every public print, fashionable or unfashionable, for their profanation of all that is great and sacred in the disgusting exhibition of that intolerably stupid d surdly called "*George the Third, the Fath People.*" We need only mention that our lat ble, and our present august monarch, with Duke of York, and those great men Fox a dan, are all represented by a set of as vulga as we would ever wish to fix our eyes u managers are either fools or madmen—perh and we recommend the immediate applicat strait waistcoat.

MATRIMONY AND DIVORCE.—An aged Ind for many years had spent much of his tim the white people both in Pennsylvania Jersey, one day about the year 1770 obser the Indians had not only a much easier w ting a wife than the whites, but were a certain of getting a *good* one; "For," (s his broken english, "White man court,— may be one whole year!—may be two yea he marry!—well!—may be then got *very go* but may be *not!* may be *very* cross!—W suppose cross! scold so soon as get awa morning! scold all day! scold until sleep!— he must keep *him!* White people have la ding throwing away wife, be *he* ever so cro keep *him* always! Well! how does Indian dian when he see industrious Squaw, whic he go to *him*, place his two forefingers cl each other, make two look like one—look the face—see *him* smile—which is all one *he* s so he take *him* home—no danger *he* be c no! Squaw know too well what Indian do if —throw *him* away and take another! Sq to eat meat! no husband! no meat! Sq every thing to please husband! he do the please Squaw! live happy!

MATRIMONY.

Cries Sue to Will, midst matrimonial strife
"Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife
"By all the powers (said Will) but that's too
You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

ATHEISTICAL WRITERS.—It is mentione ancient authors that the atheistical writer was driven mad and killed himself. Mr. C Mr. Blount, two ingenious Englishmen wh his works into prose and verse, found some so heavily on their minds that they both their beloved author in his dismal exit— *hanged*, the other *shot himself*.

GEORGE II said of the Duke of Newcastle lost an hour every morning, and was running the rest of the day.

Specimen of Alliteration in the Tragedy of D

"My father *feeds* his *flock*, a *frugal* swain.
But when the *matter matched* his *mighty mind*
But with the *froward*, he was *fierce* as *fire!*"

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR OCTOBER 1824.

DINNER PARTY DRESS.

Dress of sea-green gros de Naples, made partially high, with light ornaments on the corsage, in stripes downwards, but so calculated as not to take off the close fitting to the contour of the waist, which is finished by a narrow tucker of blond. The border of the skirt ornamented *en Cherubins*, with a novel kind of puckering next the wadded rouleau over the hem. The long sleeves rather close to the arm, with full mancherons, and the wrist confined by a finely-wrought gold bracelet, with turquoise-stone fastening, Canezou fichu, of Urling or french tulle, trimmed with very fine lace or blond, and finished at each end by a rosette of white watered ribbon. Ariadne-toque, of pink and white satin, with a delicate plume of white feathers, tipped and edged with pink. Ariadne streamer, fastened on one side as a lappet.

BLOUSE PELISSE DRESS.

Pelisse of pale cinnamon brown of gros de Naples, lined with pink, faced and trimmed round the border with ethereal blue and pink; sleeves *en gigot*, confined at the wrists with two bracelets. Falling rounded collar trimmed at the edge to correspond with the skirt, and fastened in front with a rosette of ribbon of the same colours. *Colerette* of fine India muslin, trimmed round with lace. Bonnet of white watered gros de Naples, bound and trimmed with blue and pink striped ribbon. Walking slippers or half-boots of kid, the same colour as the pelisse, and canary yellow kid gloves.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

"Fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway."

So says the bard, and his assertion is verified by the continued sojournment in the country of the higher orders, in spite of chilly rains, and the daily decrease of the sun's enlivening light, because fashion so ordains. The summer recesses are all life, gaiety and bustle, while the west-end of the town presents a dreary vacancy, wanting the splendid carriages to give brilliancy to the spacious streets and squares of the metropolis, and the presence of those for whom the tasteful saloons pour forth at the midnight hour, the blaze of an artificial day, equalled only,

"By gems and radiant eyes."

The orders, however, given to the most skilful of our marchandes de modes, keep *them* in continua employ, and they are preparing, with incessant ass duity, those various auxiliaries to beauty that th toilet affords, especially when guided by the sugges tions of elegance and taste.

The versatility and beauty of the head-dresses, i the cap and cornette style, we believe were neve equalled in the appearance they bear, this mont The *cornette à la neige*, is much more becoming, fro its dimensions being less broad, than the cap *à neige*, worn last month: this cornette is compose of blond, narrow rouleaux of pink satin, and de tached bouquets of various flowers, placed in th interstices of points formed of blond, lightly quille The *déjeuné* cornette is of fine mechlin lace, with tw simple bows of striped, coloured ribbon, and th home, or half dress cornette is of blond of an enti new pattern, the edge in Castillan points, and ver open; it is very tastefully ornamented with sma bows of rich brocade gauze pink ribbon; a friendl party dinner cornette of the same kind of blond, lightly scattered over with small bouquets of diff rent flowers grouped together. The summer theat turban cap is a very elegant head-dress; it is com posed of plain white Japanese gauze, laid in bi folds, ornamented with full blown roses and lili of the valley. The half dress cornettes of tul and blond, are trimmed with blue or rose colore satin; the blond border is caught up over ea temple, with a variegated carnation: when the co nette is trimmed with blue, it is ornamented i front with a half wreath, of the flower called Sol mon's seal, made of feathers. A blouse head-dre is in favour for receiving morning visits, or when lady is indisposed; it is of fignred tulle with a ver broad border of blond, and is finished with sing knots of blue satin ribbon; two very long lappe of blue satin and blond hang depending over th shoulders: the face should be young and pretty th wears this head-dress. The Mary Stuart hat-cap a charming evening head-dress; the front consis of a double row of fluted broad blond wired, b which means it bends over the forehead, and extend wide over each temple, in the true ancient scotch style the crown is of blue gauze with plaid work in narro rouleaux of blue satin; to divide the crown fro the head-piece is a broad blond, set on *en fers cheval*, one standing up like a wing on the left si and on the right, and in front is a full blown ros

On the left temple, under the border, but without catching it up, is a sprig of acorns and oakleaves.

Black is expected to be very much worn at the decline of the year; at present that sombre tint is confined to richly figured gauze and lace; and then it appears not gloomy, because it is generally spread over a white satin slip, or one of peach, pink, jonquil, or bright ruby; black satins, however, elegantly embellished with broad white lace of a vandyck pattern, are among the promised dresses for the close of autumn. The embroidered muslin petticoats, worn with silk pelisses and spencers, have much open work in the borders, and very deep scallops at the edges. Coloured dresses of gros de Naples, richly trimmed about the corsages and sleeves with blond, are much worn at dinner and evening parties; a broad border of double *rouleaux* of satin in separate rows, divided by chain beading, or rich silk cordon, forms the favourite ornament on the skirt of this dress. High dresses of gros de Naples or Levantine, are now more worn than those of white muslin for home costume; they are of light, but unobtrusive colours, such as fawn, date leaf, or light slate. Ball dresses are of tulle generally placed over white satin: the border of puckered tulle; each pucker which is long and full is confined by white satin straps of fluted rouleaux, with small bouquets of flowers. The corsages most preferred are of satin of a light summer colour; they are rather more ornamented than they were last month, with drop fillagree buttons and silk cordon.

Black satin bonnets are already in preparation; they are of a beautiful shape and moderate size; they differ, however, in form from those worn last winter, and the strings are placed very backward, underneath the bonnet: one we have seen is lined with coquelicot, and is ornamented in wreaths, placed horizontally, of scarlet thistles made of feathers. As the winter comes on, these bonnets will, no doubt, be succeeded by those of velvet. White hats and bonnets are, however, at present, the rage: some transparent white hats are made of stiffened net, and *rouleaux* of satin, in alternate rows; the puffings of the white Japanese gauze round the crowns have only novelty to recommend them; the gauze of this kind is rather thick, and muslin-like in itself, and such a mode of trimming, if not relieved by light bouquets of coloured flowers, or a plume of variegated feathers, has a dead whiteness that is unbecoming to the complexion, and though the hat is transparent, makes it look heavy. A large carriage bonnet of plain white gros de Naples, is much in esteem; it is bent down on the forehead, and has a prodigious number of marabout feathers playing over the crown and brim in various directions.

The gowns for home costume, as we observed above, are made high, or sometimes only partially so; admitting a handsome lace frill, or collerette tippet below the throat, so as not to hide its beauty when well turned: we are happy to ob
the English ladies attend more to
off their peculiar charms of person, or
best improve their slight defects, than t
fashion, which will not suit all alike.
nothing new in the make of the spencers o
nor is it likely there will be till the winte
French pelerine tippets made of broad ribb
very long ends in front, chinese crape sha
ly bordered silk scarfs and cachemires a
the most favourite out-door envelopes of th

The colours most in esteem are pink, blue, fawn colour, and bright geranium.

ANECDOTES.

BRIBERY.—Lady Sundon, in the reign of G
was the patroness of what were called
church clergy of whom many were advanc
Queen's influence, and Lady Sundon was
suspected of turning her favour to pecunia
One remarkable pair of diamond ear-rings
had received for some place obtained, sh
a day that she paid a visit to the famo
Duchess of Marlborough. As soon as L
don was gone, the duchess said to the w
Mary Wortley Montague, who was present
an impudent creature, to come with her b
ear!" "Madam," said Lady M. W. M
how should people know where *wine* is *sold*
bush be hung out?"

A NEW EVANGELIST.—Sir Matthew Deck
net, was a great merchant, and a man of
piety and benevolence; he once receive
extraordinary compliment on that accou
William Paulet, second son of the first Du
ton, was so extremely ignorant as to ask
St. Matthew's gospel? A wag replied, Sir
Decker. Lord William, who had heard
thew's character for piety and charity, b
and being himself a pious person, left Sir
a legacy in consideration of the excellent
his Gospel!

TO A BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

If to reward them for their various evil,
All lawyers go hereafter to the Devil;
So little mischief dost thou, from the laws,
Thou'lt surely go below without a Cause.

ON THE STATUE OF GEORGE I BEING PLACE
TOP OF BLOOMSBURY CHURCH.

The King of Great Britain was reckon'd before,
The head of the church, by all Protestant peopl
His Bloomsbury subjects have made him still mor
For with them he is now made the head of the

Homer, poet and blind, resorted to pul
to recite his verses for a morsel of brea
sold his immortal work for £10 to a booksel
too poor to print it on his own account.

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the Paris *Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and curately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of ev circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the contin in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

—It is now as easy to go from Paris to Havre, as it formerly was tedious and expensive. One may go at eleven o'clock, after the Opera is over, and arrive at Rouen, by ten the next morning. In eight hours a diligence takes you to the sea-side; you stay there six hours, you look about you, you take your dinner, take the stage again and return to Paris, in time for the Opera Buffa.

— *Les Eaux d'Enghien* have obtained a celebrity which attracts to this picturesque spot as many visitors from curiosity, as invalids. Parties of pleasure rapidly succeed each other since the park has been opened to the public where the inhabitants of the valley of Montmorenci are continually assembled as well as some of the most charming women of Paris.

— A short time ago, one of the prettiest females living in the *Chaussée-d'Antin*, gained a wager that caused all her female friends to flock to her dwelling. It was, that she would form, in a very short space of time, *twelve* different turbans, with one single scarf and four *pins*. The lady not only made these turbans up with the most exquisite taste, but she placed them on her head in admirable style, without the help of a looking-glass.

— For riding on horseback in town, a habit is indispensible, but when in the country a lady only wears a spencer with a merino petticoat, or a cambric blouse. A pilgrim's hat is also frequently worn with this *un*-equestrian costume. Young ladies, when they have not pantaloons that fasten round the ancle, have button-holes made at the hem of their petticoats that fasten them down, on the right and left, by one of the buttons of their gaiters.

— A gentleman who was married about three months since, to a very charming female, with whom he was passionately in love, and to whom he presented a most magnificent marriage *corbeille* has just given her a lamp, of beautiful china, on which is painted a bouquet of *hearts-ease* (called in French *pensées* thoughts) which explain the gallantry of the motto beneath, " By day and by night."

— A Dunkirk Journal asserts, that a cloth merchant of Abbeville has taught a drake to *s* several airs; and encouraged by success, is n proceeding to teach a turkey to take parts in a d with a quack Musician!

— There has lately appeared in the gardens the Tuilleries, a gentleman to whom the Fre have given the English term of a *Fashionable*; he much gazed at; his costume is composed of a sh of jacanot muslin, with narrow blue stripes, a cra formed of an India handkerchief; an under wai coat of Camel's-hair-brown satin, quilted, a jack of blue cloth, with metal buttons; a very light gr hat, pantaloons of striped ticking, made like th of a sailor and gaiters of raw silk.

— The ivory handles of knives for the tab have on them the initial letters of the owner, eit in a cypher, or in German characters; when owner is noble, these initials are surmounted by t coronet of a count, a marquis or a baron.

— A lady was jestingly asked how many e of ribbon she thought it would take to measure rou the world? "I do not know," said she, "but acco ing to the bills of my *marchande de modes*, I thi that a woman who dresses after the present fashi uses every year as much ribbon as would measu out the road from Paris to the farthest frontier."

— For morning deshabille, a man of fashion h an enormous number of trinkets and seals suspend from his watch-chain; in the evening he wears a g watch-chain with two large seals and a key; in vis of ceremony, it is a swivel-seal of petrified palm-tr surrounded with a wreath of bright coloured gol or else he wears a chain and key of polished steel.

— On the road to the Bois-de-Boulogne h been remarked a carriage, that resembles a cart w benches or an open caravan; but its pannels a lined and painted, and it has a cover that may used at pleasure, of white ticking, which is support by spokes and buckles. The train of this waggo kind of cover is white and green.

* We hope this is not given as a *novelty*: the Engl have been more than a century before, these *soi-disa* masters of invention, in this as in many other elegance of the table. T.

—— Formerly at those public gardens where we pay for entrance, it was usual to see among the female dancers, many of genteel and attractive appearance, and in general the ladies' dresses were more studied than those of the gentlemen. Now, on the contrary, the men are well dressed, and they are of the better sort: while the youngest, prettiest, and best dressed females, who compose the chief dancers, are only *grisettes.* White is worn by fifteen dancers out of twenty; but rose colour and light blue prevail much in the dance at the gardens of Tivoli, Beaujon, Delta, and Belleville, as at all the public promenades, and theatres.

—— "By Heaven," said M. D. to his friend P. "you have a delightful piece of water, and the swans that enjoy the limpid stream have a happy time of it." "Not so happy as you may imagine; in the summer my wife tears the large feathers from them to make pens of, because she is writing a romance; and at the beginning of autumn she is continually plucking off the down from three or four of them, to make a tippet and a bosom friend for the winter."

—— There are two parties now among the ladies; those who wear the wide sleeves, *en gigot*, and those who wear them short, *à la Diane*, which are greek sleeves; so that it may be called a struggle between the romantic and the classics.

—— For many ages, the table-cloth among our ancestors, served to wipe the mouth; and for twelve or thirteen centuries they were called *doublers.*

In process of time, instead of the cloth being doubled, two were put upon the table, the upper one the smallest. Henry III was fond of seeing this cloth beautifully plaited: this fashion, we believe, continued without interruption till the reign of Louis XIV. Certain it is, that under his reign, a book appeared with instructions on *plaiting* table-linen; it taught how to fold a napkin in the shape of a melon, a cock, a hare, and a sucking-pig. At the present day it is the fashion to fold a napkin in the shape of a heart, a maltese cross, or a Z.

—— At table if a young man does not assist in carving poultry, or serving fish, he is looked upon as one who usually takes his dinner at the restaurateur's.

—— There are two places where men are on a perfect equality; at the gaming table, and at the watering places; whoever risks much at play will feel this; and as for the watering places, the last comer, be he duke or prince, is obliged to take the lower end of the general table.

—— It is painful to see that all the young french painters are becoming *mannerists*; and it is also deplorable to reflect, that they sacrifice design to colouring; so ambitious are they of being *colourists.*

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

ACADÉMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE--*Les deux (the two Salems,)* an opera, in one act.

A man, or rather a magician, has, by the his art, taken the form and features of a and absent husband, and, like Jupiter, fi self made welcome by a second Alcmena the story of the opera entitled the *two Salem* it is not requisite to say, wants original poem itself is very feeble, and the music as the poetry; its small success was owin to the performers.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE

SYNONYMOUS TERMS, *by Mademoiselle*

ATTENTIONS, PREVENTIONS, CARES.

BY the words *attentions*, *preventions*, and *c* expressed every thing that in conduct or be evinces towards auother a sentiment of respect, or at least, the desire of pleasing. word *cares* particularly distinguishes what with a view of serving any one, or of provin that you love him. That of *preventions* comp all that you imagine can satisfy the wishes pose him to have. And the word *attentions* recall those actions that may equally be reg a sort of à-propos politeness or sensibility, si consist, as occasion may offer, in avoiding can be unpleasant, and in conforming them whatever is agreeable to a another. Re proved by *attentions;* the desire of captiv *preventions;* tenderness by *cares.* We pay *att* age; have *prevention* for the object of our lo shew *care* for a child or friend. *Attention* choice and circumspection; *preventions* a lin licacy; *care*, zeal and intelligence.

WHAT IS AGREEABLE TO THE TASTE AND THE

"Whatever is to the *liking* pleases, inde of our reflection; what is to our *taste* flatters derstanding, and comprehends more or le qualities that constitute, according to o nions, whatever is good or beautiful. Th judge only by sentiment have no right to m of the expression, *according to my liking;* a formed man has alone the privilege of saying *after my taste.* The picture of Leonidas *liking*, the finest work of David's. Athalie, a to the *taste* of connoisseurs, is the *chef-d'* Racine."

VISAGE, COUNTENANCE, PHISIOGNOMY.

"The *visage*, properly speaking, the face, is the forepart of the head. The word visage has been adopted to designate its physical qualities: as a round *visage*, an oval *visage*, &c. The *countenance* expresses the visage with the influence of the passions on it. A dark looking *countenance*, sprightly, &c. The physiognomy is alone the moral expression, without having any connection with the features. Voltaire had a remarkable *countenance*, a thin *visage*, and that *physiognomy* expressive of great genius. Regular features are indispensibly requisite to make a handsome *visage*; an interesting expression and fine features are necessary to form a fine *countenance*; mind and sensibility are sufficient to form the *physiognomy*. The famous actor Lekain was extremely ugly, and yet when he played the character of Orosmane, an involuntary exclamation of '*how handsome he is!*' was heard from every box. Such is the influence of *physiognomy*."

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF DIEPPE, ARQUES, AND SOME ADJACENT MONUMENTS. *By P. I. Feret, Paris,* 1 *vol.* 8*vo.*

THERE were discovered, about two years ago, near St. Marguerite, about three leagues west of Dieppe, some tombs and a pavement in mosaic. M. Feret has given this mosaic in lithography: the work is evidently roman.

M. Feret imagines that the destruction of the roman establishments on this part of the coasts of Normandy was the work of the Saxons, and that the city of Dieppe owes its birth to the frequent communications which took place after the expedition of William the Conqueror, between Normandy and England. Philip Augustus sacked the town of Dieppe during his quarrels with Richard Cœur de Lion. This little city rose again from its ashes when Richard exchanged it for the Isle of Andely with the Archbishop of Rouen. The inhabitants of Dieppe, by their industry, their fishing, and their sea voyages, made their port one of the richest staples in Europe: they had even the glory of making some discoveries. Under Francis I. there lived at Dieppe, John Ango, a merchant as famous by his riches as at Bourges, was James Cœur, under Charles VII. M. Feret says, that the country house of John Ango, about a league and a half west of Dieppe, is still to be seen, and offers some fine remains of what it must have been originally. Formerly they constructed vases at Dieppe, from a shell called the nautilus, the surface of which was engraved; they were fixed on gold or silver feet, and ornamented with precious stones. They now work in ivory in the most ingenious manner. "Our workers in ivory," M. Feret writes, "fabricate little boxes of nine lines in diameter, in which are twelve others, the last containing a set of pins; from one single globe of ivory, there are thirteen detached spheres, which remain movi one within the other. They also constru ships in miniature, which, by the justness of the proportion, give the exact idea of the largest vessel cordage, sails, and pullies, all in ivory. But this is n their sole merit; they form sculpture after the a tique models, and after religious subjects in painting so that the finest specimens of modern art ornamer their work shops." The principal industry of Diepp consists in fishing; M. Feret describes a great mar kinds. "In winter they fish with lines, and catc whitings, burt, soles, rays, conger eels, turbot, an cod. They catch mackarel in nets in the summe Their voyage to the cod fisheries on the banks Newfoundland, lasts four months; they generall take their departure in March or April." M. Fere speaks of some marine plants and oyster bed on the shores of Dieppe. He says, "A curious phe nomenon takes place almost constantly twice a yea in some one of these beds: it is the oysters taking *green colour*. Several naturalists have ventured t give causes for this phenomenon, and have set fort divers opinions, which, however, experience doe not sanction. M. B. Gaillon, more happy in his re searches, has discovered that this colouring wa owing to an innumerable quantity of green anima cule; and the oyster absorbs them with the wate whereby they are inhumed."

From Dieppe to Arques the distance is about league. M. Feret has made a drawing of a gate c the castle of Arques, such as it was in 1708, and th ruins of this same entrance, as in 1824. Arques in the middle ages, was the principal boulevart i the northern coast of Normandy.

M. Feret has enriched his work with a little stor translated from the english: it treats of an office retired from the service, an excellent performer o the flute, who had lost his left arm, and whose righ leg was supplied by one of wood. Introduced t this old colonel, who had received two wounds fron a canon, at the battle of Hanau, the narrator says "A guittar was suspended to a hook, over th gothic mantlepiece of marble; a violin lay on table, and on the edge of another was fixed a kin of wooden vice, which held a flute of the usual size with three holes and eleven keys of metal, but of construction capable of astonishing Monzanini. My host, possessed only of one leg and one arm, drew the most delightful sounds from this flute, and hi precious right hand was the only instrument that had hollowed out, and polished the wood, had forged the iron, and turned the ivory."

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

BUTTONS, placed very close to each other, are no only worn to fasten down pelisses, but there ar three rows placed down the front of the skirts o

gowns: the rows on each side extend towards the border, so as to form a kind of apron. There are generally nine dozen of buttons made use of in this new species of trimming. There is nothing new in the manner of arranging the hair, nor in the form of the hats; the pilgrim's hat predominates when it is of Leghorn. Straw hats have a large bow on one side, and are in the shape of those worn by the Swiss peasantry. Plumes of Marabout feathers are often worn on hats; chip hats are ornamented with large roses, or with pionies.

The lappets of some chip hats are lined, they are generally of *tulle* lined with broad coloured ribbon. They are sometimes an ell in length, and are not unusually fixed under the sash. Bonnets of *gros de Naples* are generally of sea green or of rose colour.

One of the prettiest blouses in Organdy, embroidered in coloured worsted, has been seen at Dieppe, since which the most elegant Parisians have adopted them: the embroidery consists of three rows of bunches of lilacs, alternately lilac and white; to separate each row are two bias folds, very close to each other: the flowers are diversified contrariwise in each row. Some fashionists place at the edge of white chip hats a border made of rose leaves; round the crown is a band of the same, fastened on one side by a bow of white satin, with long ends, and on the other are two bows of ribbon; Leghorn hats are generally ornamented with a bunch of pinks or red daisies, and on hats of crape or *gros de Naples*, scabious with blue or green pistils. Blue bells, or single hyacinths of rose colour, are scattered over blond cornettes, they are also placed on most dress caps. Among the bonnets of *gros de Naples* that are trimmed with *chevaux de frize* of pinked silk, those of a bright apricot colour are most admired. We have seen at a brilliant evening dress party, a Spanish toque formed of striped gauze in bias; the stripes of rose colour on white; the centre was ornamented with a rosette of pearls, which was placed at the base of two curled feathers, one white, the other rose colour.

Straw colour, flesh colour, camel's hair, or white, are the favourite colours for bonnets; those that are white are tied with white watered ribbon, or not unusually, with shaded ribbons, striped, and checquered with the most striking colours. On hats of *gros de Naples*, when the brims are plain and extended, the only trimming is a *chichorée*,* formed *en dents de loups* to the top of the crown: this trimming is always of some very conspicuous colour; for example, bright crimson on dark green, lemon colour on blue, mahogany brown on white. The fashionmongers have made use all this summer of satin and ribbon by whole pieces, in the of hats. The crowns of Leghorn hats are by a band of flame coloured gros de Nap in the form of cockle shells. Musk roses placed in the front of these hats, of a b than the natural flower. Dress toques ar *lisse* or *crêpe gauffrée*, and are generally ro they are made in the russian form, and ar with as many marabouts as they can find fol them between; a plat of satin or crape se bandeau. The uncertainty of the weath reason, that, instead of a white dress, calash, a tilbury, or a landau, a black c is adopted. With this dress, which is wo black satin slip, white gloves with open seen; the shoes are of black shining sa Turkey leather: the hat, scarf, and sas loured.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable weat morning, and though the evenings are *fête* at Vincennes was beautiful. There charming dresses of that material wove bark of trees; they were white with blue, gany brown stripes; others were of light yellow and walnut tree brown stripes. The were made with falling collars, and the were plaited in regular plaits; two broad finished the border, and worn under the a *fichu* of muslin, laid in large plaits. So of checkered muslin, called English mus the corsages puckered, and confined at in bands, crosswise, had very full sleeves, sleeves of plain muslin; these were term three embroidered wrist bands; the trimm border of these dresses was composed of of muslin *bouillonnés*, each separated by embroidery in white.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONI

Correspondents are requested to continue t with information and criticisms, on the passing may interest the polite World.

Our readers are respectfully solicited to reco Publication amongst their friends. It is the dedicated to High Life, Fashionables and Fa periodical of the kind, has embellishments t compared to this.

Persons who reside abroad, and may wish to with this work every month, may have it sent New York, Halifax, Quebec, and any part Indies by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post O No 21, Sherborne Lane, to the Brazils, Madeira Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and and to France and Holland, by Mr. Cow Sherborne Lane.

* A trimming resembling the curled leaves of endive.

LONDON : PRINTED BY G. SCHULZ
13, POLAND STREET.

Blouse Pelisse Dress

Invented by Mrs Bell, 52, St James's Street.

Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion. Octr 1. 1824.

Dinner Dress,

Invented by Mrs Bell 52 St. James's Street,

Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion. Oct.1 1824.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLIT
LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, *&c. &c.*

No. 6. LONDON, NOVEMBER 1. VOL. I

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.

DUKES AND DUCHESSES.

Portland, Duke and Duchess of, at Welbeck Notts, from Scotland.
Wellington, Duke of, from Hatfield.

MARQUESSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Salisbury, Dowager, Marchioness of, in Arlington Street, from the Continent.
Lothian, Marquis of, from Brighton.
Cornwallis, Marchioness and family, from North Cray.
Graham, Marquis, from Cheveley, near Newmarket.
Exeter, Marquis and Marchioness of, from Newmarket.
Tavistock, the Marquis of, at Oakley House, Bedfordshire.
Lansdown, the Marquis and Marchioness of, from the Isle of Wight.

EARLS AND COUNTESSES, BARONS AND BARONESSES.

Carnarvon, Countess of, from Petworth, Sussex.
Carrington, Lord, at Whitehall, from Wickham Abbey, Bucks.
Cowper, Earl and Countess of, for Passenger, Herts.
Granville, Viscount, from the Netherlands.
Grantham, Lord and Lady, from the Isle of Wight.
Jersey, the Earl of, from Middleton Park, Oxfordshire.
Anson, Lord, from Shagborough, Staffordshire.
Langford, Lord and Lady, from Cooper's Hill, Englefield Green.
Gosford, Earl of and his Son, Lord Acheson, from Suffolk.
Bentinck, Lord W., from Bramton Park, Huntingdonshire.
Somerset, Lord Granville, from the Isle of Wight.
St. Antonio, Countess, from Wimbledon.
Lieven, Countess of, from Windsor.
Raymond, Baroness, at Fladong's Hotel.
Saltoun, Lord, at Hyde Park Hotel, from a tour.
Walscourt, Lord, from Dublin.
Harvey, Lord, at Tonbridge Wells, from Ireland.
Gambier, Lady, at Blake's Hotel, Jermyn Street.
Mount-Edgcumbe, Lady E., from Twickenham.
Fitzroy, Lord Charles, at Thomas's Hotel, from Suffolk.
Orckney, the Countess of, from Berkshire.
Craven, Earl, at Hempstead Lodge, Berks.
Pembroke, Earl, Wilton House, Wilts, from a tour.
Folkestone, Lord, at Langford Castle, Wilts.
Belfast, Lord and Lady, from Brussells.
Aboyne, the Countess of, and Lady Gordon.
Besborough, the Earl, from Brocket Hall.

BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND THEI LADIES.

Abdy, Sir William, Bart. from a tour.
Oglander, Sir W. and Lady, from Euston Hall.
Gerrard, Sir W. Bart. and Mr. from a tour.
Jones, Sir F. Bart., from Shropshire.

NAVY AND ARMY.

Hope, General Sir Alexander, Lady and family, from Scotland
Baker, Admiral and family, from a tour.

ESQUIRES AND THEIR LADIES.

Angerstein, Esq. and Mrs. at Weeting Hall, Norfolk, from Spa
Egerton, the Hon. Mrs. from Berkshire.

Lawrence, Esq. and Mrs. at the British Hotel, from the Continent.
Corbett, Esq. and Mrs. at the St. George's Hotel, from Lincolnshire.
Barclay, Mrs. G. at the Pulteney Hotel, from Dorking.
Drake, T. F. Esq. M. P. and Mrs. from Buckinghamshire.
Norris, Esq. and Mrs. at Blake's Hotel, Jermyn Street.
Neville, Esq. and Mrs. from Leicestershire.
Knight, E. Esq. and Miss Knight, at Blake's Hotel, from Kent.
Lepscombe, Esq. and Mrs. at the British Hotel, from Paris.
Wright, Anthony, Esq. at the British Hotel, from Cambridgshire.
Hesketh, R. Esq. at the British Hotel, from Oxford.
Summer, Esq. and Mrs. at the British Hotel. from Bath.
Caulfield, G. Esq. at Mivart's Hotel, from Paris.
Burgh, Hubert du, Esq. at Mivart's Hotel, from Spa.
Lyell, Charles, Esq. and family, from Bentley Lodge, Southampton.
Wilson, C. E. Esqr. and Mrs. from Bognor.
Scudamore, Dr. and Mrs. in Wimpole Street.
Morgan, F. Esq. from Horn Dean.
Field, M. Esq. and Mrs. from Brighton.
Oglesby, R. Esq. from Scotland.
Greenshields, Esq. and family, from the Continent.
Price, W. Esq. from Salisbury.
Leigh, Chandos, Esq. Mrs. and Miss, at the Hyde Park Hotel, from Storeleigh Abbey, Warwickshire.
Grady, Hon. Mrs. and family, from Harrowgate.
Seymour, Hugh, Esq. and Lady, from the Continent.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

Anson, Lord, for Staffordshire.
Althorpe, Viscount, M. P. for Northamptonshire.
Bristol, Earl and Countess of and family, from Tunbridge Wells, for Suffolk.
Bentinck, Lord William and Lady, for Huntingdonshire.
Bury, Viscount, for Paris.
Brown, Hon. Mrs. and family, from Arlington Street.
Beauchamp, Countess of, for Paris.
Billington, Revd. J. for Kent.
Bective, Earl, for Cheltenham.
CLARENCE, DUKE OF, and the Duke of Meiningen for Bushey.
Carrington, Lord and Lady, and family, for Wycomb Abbey, Bucks.
Camden, the Marquis of, for Bath.
Devonshire, the Duke of, for Derbyshire.
Drake, T. F. Esqr, and Mrs., for Bucks.
Drake, Rev. W. W. and family, for Aversham.
Dolbeger, Capt. and Mrs., from Scotland.
Exeter, Marquis of, at Newmarket, from Burleigh, Lincolnshire.
Exeter, Dowager Marchioness of, for Roehampton.
Grenville, Viscount, for Paris.
Gresley, Sir Roger, and Lady Sophia, on a visit to the Marquis and March. of Vane Londonderry's, at Seaham.
Gosford, Lord, for Suffolk.
Goodrick, Sir Harry, Bart. and F. H. Standish, Esq. for Leicestershire.
Gambier, Lady, for Hants.
Hampden, Lady, for Bognor.
Harewood, the Earl of, at his seat, in Yorkshire from a tour.
Hardinge, Sir Henry, and Lady Emily, for Seven Oaks.
Heathcote, Lady, for Ham House, Surrey.
Howard, Hon. Col. M. P. for Surrey.
Holywell, Sir James, for Cheltenham.
Hamilton, F. Esq. at the Royal Hotel, St. James's Street, from Constantinople.
Jersey, the Earl and Countess, for Brighton.
Kilbourn, Viscount, for Newmarket.
Lambton, J. G. Esq. M. P. and Lady Louisa, ton Hall, Durham, from Doncaster.
Londonderry, Emily, March. of, for North C
Lothian, Marquis of, for Norfolk.
Lamb, Hon. F. for Hatfield.
Langford, Lord and Lady, for Cooper's Hill,
Lamb, Hon. G. and Mrs. at Melbourne Hall, from a tour.
Madden, Col. and Mrs. for Bedfordshire.
Melbourne, Lord, for Passenger, Herts.
Mitchell, Esq. and Mrs for Scotland.
Mure, Samuel, Esq. for Suffolk.
Normanton, Dowager Countess of, on a tour.
Nevill, Hon. Mr. for Audley End, Essex.
Nelthorpe, Lady for Lincolnshire.
Nugent, Lord, for Worthing.
Ormonde, the Dowager Countess and suite, f
O'Neil, Earl, for Tunbridge.
Osgaroffsky, Count and Countess, for Hatfield
Oglander, Sir W. and Lady, for Dorsetshire.
Ogle, Colonel, for Ireland.
Ponsonby, Rt. Hon. W. and Lady Barbara, for
Petre, Lord and Lady, from Thomas's Hotel f
Pole, Sir Charles, Bart. for Hants.
Prescott, Sir George, Bart. for Brighton.
Peel, Esq. and Mrs. for Bath.
Rutland, the Dowager Duchess, for Salop.
Russell, W. Esq. M. P. for Brancefreth Castle
Roach, Sir Philip, Bart. for Brighton.
Robarts, Major, for Raby Castle.
Rivers, Lord, for Newmarket.
SUSSEX, DUKE of, for Nottingham.
Say and Sele, Lord, for Ramsgate.
Spencer, the Earl and Countess of, for Wimbl
Strathaven, the Earl of, for Yorkshire.
Salisbury, Dowager Marchioness of, for Hatfiei
Stanhope, Earl of, for Paris.
Smith, Hon. Robin, from Bucks, for Leicesters
Stourton, Hon. Mr. for Yorkshire.
Surrey, the Earl and Countess of, from Worksc Notts, for Trentham Hall, Staffordshire.
St. Albans, the Duke of, and family, for Surre
Spencer, Earl and Countess, for Northamptons
Titchfield, the Marquis of, for Eastbourn.
Tarleton, J. C. Esq. for Collingwood Hall, North
Vivian, Sir H. for Hants.
Wiltshire, Lord, and Sir W. Scott, for Salt H
Wellington, Duke of, from Hatfield.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONA CHIT CHAT.

THE KING.

We are happy to state that his Majesty is in th of health ; he takes much exercise on horseback poney phaeton. His Majesty has had severa parties ; and has proved himself to be a very sup he brought down a pheasant at every shot he fi been asserted that it is his Majesty's intention Hanoverian dominions, in the early part of nex we can state from the *best authority, that he h intention at present ;* and that it is not probab jects, in that part of the world, will again have th

of a visit, however much his Majesty may desire it. His health will not permit such long journies. Windsor and London will, for the future, have the enjoyment of his presence. We have heard that Brighton will not have much of his company this winter. His Majesty has been much offended at some of the inhabitants having been guilty of too much freedom of speech, bordering on ingratitude. It is a pity that a town growing into so much importance, should be precipitated into ruin, through the indiscretions of some particular inhabitants. The generality of the people are loyal and affectionate to his Majesty—their best patron; and who has brought the town to its present grandeur and opulence; it cannot, however, be endured that a factious few should be uttering the most disloyal assertions against their Sovereign and his friends, that no private gentleman would allow; how much more abominable then must it be to hear *certain individuals* scandalising their King, and those he chooses to select for his friends.

The Duke of York is passsing much of his time amongst his friends at their different seats. No prince can enjoy more of public approbation than his Royal Highness. There is not a person but who speaks almost in idolatrous language of this illustrious prince; his amiability is proverbial. The other branches of the Royal family, vary their time in visits to one another, at their different seats in the country.

THE INFAMOUS ATTACKS OF THE JOHN BULL NEWSPAPER ANSWERED.—Another mean and senseless attack has been made in one of the late numbers of the John Bull, upon H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester. An attack so evidently the work of a drivelling fool—so vapid and asinine, and so devoid of the slightest particle of wit, or humor, that merely to copy the article, would, perhaps be the surest mode of displaying the writer's ineffable stupidity. Malice is at all times disgusting, and when in powerful hands, it is to be dreaded—in those of folly, however, it becomes the object of laughter and derision—and a malicious fool, we have always considered to be one of the most despicable creatures with which society is pestered. A finer specimen of that illustrious character, surely cannot exist, than the writer of the above-mentioned nonsense, which is the most absurd of the many dull, ridiculous attacks which he has made upon H. R. H. It is infinitely amusing, truly, to see a hack-scribbler for a Sunday paper, pretending to know any thing of the proceedings at a Duke's table. *We* know that the festive board, over which H. R. H. presides is only distinguished for the elegance, kindness and liberality that adorns it. As to the absurd story about "*water*-men," we have little doubt but that it would never have entered into the writer's head, had he not found the *cause* of it at home. The John Bull scribes must assuredly be all "*water*-men," for ill can the pockets of a Sunday-going hack contrive to furnish the cost of even a humble glass of Cape. As to the long rigmarole stuff, about Warburton's madhouse, on the invention of which the man seems especially to congratulate himself, we have every reason to believe that it had its foundation in a circumstance which occurred to a person who is supposed to "do" much of the John Bull newspaper: he was at the Royal Menagerie, and being attracted by an *intelligent* monkey, the cut of whose phiz very much resembled his own, he magnanimously entered into conversation with it, about his favourite theme, "humbug," and the ape, in answer, chuckled and seemed to say "*Hookey, Hookey, Hookey,*" upon which the happy man exclaimed "dear fellow, he knows me!" "Yes," replied the keeper, "*HE has* his sensible moments." The Bull-man stared and walked away—we leave our readers to imagine the rest. Added to the stupidity of the lie, the composition of it is distinguished by several instances of bad grammar, in what the writer would call, "his own part" of the story—this is as it should be. Such errant drivelling would soon bring any paper into contempt, and we doubt not that the Lethean dulness of the John Bull is gradually meeting with its merited reward—at all events we hope so.

MRS. COUTTS.—The same wiseacre, we suppose, who feebly snarls at the illustrious Duke of Gloucester, has kept up his character for blackguardism by an impudent and low sneer at Mrs. Coutts—a lady distinguished for every virtue and accomplishment, and whose riches, moreover, would smother the whole of the idiotical John Bull tribe, with their Printing Office, and the entire bundle of types, about which they have lately made such a laughable fuss. Not that we consider the mere riches of any person as forming a title to esteem and respect; but when they are used in the noble and generous manner of the lady in question, they must certainly render all such trumpery as the John Bull Editors put forth more truly contemptible, and little than ever. And why should not the Morning Post, publish the paragraph quoted by this weekly paper? What objection has the sapient Editor to the word "suite?" for a *suite* Mrs. Coutts certainly has, and very properly too—it might become such men as her abusers to travel alone in a dirty corner of a stage coach, but assuredly it would be utterly inconsistent in a lady of so high a station, to journey in any other way than that suited to her consequence. And why should she not be "accompanied" by the Earl of Lauderdale? His lordship could not be in more delightful society. As to the scribbler's absurd phrase of "this mummery must be put down," (printed in capitals, in order to make it vastly imposing we suppose) it is too laughable to be seriously thought of, and the words "disgusting," and "disgraceful," can only be properly applied to the vituperous and stultified ribaldry of the hack-writer himself. A contemporary well observes that the attacks of this said paper upon Mrs. Coutts, have much the appearance of being made for the purpose of extracting money. The lady, however, can only despise the libellous nonsense written against her—and the John Bull gentry, we know, might starve before she would bribe them to silence by a single farthing. Charity, certainly, might induce her to save the wretches from lamentable hunger—nothing else—We heartily advise the John Bull to continue in its *gallant* career, as by so doing it will inevitably render the objects of its slander more esteemed in private society and more honored by the world at large.

Thus far, for the present—In a subsequent number we may again have occasion to revert to the same subject.

MATRIMONY OFFICE.—From the period at which little Adam wore petticoats unto the present moment, no country, no people have so astonished the world with marvellous contrivances, as have England and Englishmen! The glories of Babylon, Egypt, Athens, Rome, Carthage, sink into nothing compared with those of the British metropolis, and how trivial appear the fair-famed Augustan and Elisabethian ages when considered, at the same instant, with that of the illustrious George the Fourth?

"Mere shadows all."

Speculations and inventions for ever! If half a dozen Creoles in an obscure corner of South America choose to call them-

selves " a kingdom," we generous Britons lend them a million or two with the greatest imaginable pleasure, although certainly from *interested* motives. It would be folly indeed to assert, that such money would be better employed in relieving the miserable part of our fellow creatures at home—arrant folly! for charity never yet could allure your capitalists from the seductive charms implied in the very sound of "per cent"—that phrase can always render their ears deaf to every other auricular application, and the words "6 per cent" have a most irresistible magic, a magic that laughs to scorn all the fabled verbal enchantments of old.—But a truce to loans. What rare inventions are daily introduced to the admiring public! We have steam that sets wind and waves at defiance—it impels a ship with the same ease that it boils a potatoe; and whirls the intricate machinery of a manufactory with as much facility as it turns the simple apparatus of a kitchen cookery stove. Then we have wonderful canals, and still more wonderful tunnels; balloons travel as regularly as a stage coach, and some astonishing gentlemen, it is said, mean to bring the sea to London, as easily as they would drain a fish pond—and for what? why, to give the cocknies a notion of salt water, where clever people catch *red herrings* and *pickled salmon*. Some wag proposed what he called a "*blow-pipe*," one end of which was to open at London Bridge and the other in the Indies—The courageous traveller, upon entering this novel species of wind instrument, was to be blown through it with a vengeance, and carried from the regions of frost to those of overpowering heat with incredible swiftness. Another suggested the practibility of boring a passage under sea to the North Pole and elsewhere, which would be a very laudable undertaking, and entirely supersede the necessity of Captain Parry's adventurous expeditions. These and many other plans, inventions and contrivances do honour to this surprising age—but the light, the gem, the star of the whole is an interesting and never-to be-too-much-praised establishment in the Matrimonial way, at "No. 5, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, City," where bachelors and spinsters may register the catalogue of their beautiful qualities, and be fitted with wives and husbands to perfection. The managers of this admirable institution, nobly and justly observe, that marriage is indispensable towards obtaining that acme of human desire—happiness; and in order to facilitate its attainment, they charitably afford every opportunity to the unwilling votaries of the goddess of celibacy—to abandon her shrine for that of Dan Hymen, and thus to realise their romantic visions in the calm retreats of domestic life. Referring our readers to the advertisements which have already appeared on this subject, we, with submission, proceed to state one or two curious instances that have occurred since the opening of this patriotic establishment.

A young man thus described himself: "I have a good figure, handsome face—genteel address and £1000 in the Poyais funds." The last part of this intimation attracted the attention of an elderly lady—the attraction led to an interview—when, unpleasantly enough, the graceful youth proved to be the widowed matron's own dutiful offspring—both were amazed and looked remarkably wise of course—Solomon and the Queen of Sheba to a tittle.

A veteran Gaul thus intimated his excellence, "*me am von angel—me charms de vomans—me say no more*"—and after travelling several times to Bishopsgate for an answer, he was so disappointed at not finding any, that he grew desperate, and loudly exclaiming, "*me am lost man—me am desolate!*" he pulled off his powdered bob in tressing agony and dashed it into Mr. Jameson face, thereby nearly choking him with its pulver "Gently, Monsieur, 'quoi'!" meekly entreate director—"Mousieur 'vat'!" Pong! shouted Frenchman and rushed into the street wigless a

These are two of many events—The office thronged by men of all sorts, from the banker drudge of an apothecary: women, long and sh all shapes and sizes, are in constant attenda institution, in good truth, promises to be a re the country.

Several enterprising characters have it no plation to construct a machine for plucking fo to clear their bodies of every feather in the two minutes. Another society proposes to erect pulpit for the convenience of street preache rapid and so various are the improvements whic around us, that we soon expect to have a bi reach from Earth to the Moon; or even a Maca to conduct to the fiery gates of sparkling A vulgar language, to *the Sun*.

MR. HAYNE AND MISS FOOTE.—The pr riage of Mr. Hayne, of Burderop Park, W Miss Foote, engages much of the conversation ranks; in consequence of that gentleman an having excited attention to the circumstances statements they have put forth. Mr. Hayne *inspired* with the personal attractions of Mis notwithstanding he was apprised by Colonel the month of June last, that the lady had ha him, and of which, of course, *he was quite* Mr. Hayne, continued to solicit the *lady's* hand even to a late period in September. There is a incongruity in Mr. Hayne's appeal to the publi turally be inferred that he never seriously inte Miss Foote, but was using some *legerdemain* t *lady* from the *all-bewitching Colonel*; that he m on something like the *terms*, she was posse *Cheltenham Theatrical Hero*. The Colonel w *jealous* that Mr. Hayne should take *the lady* and therefore was on the *alert* not to be *ou* and adopted a sort of *ruse de guerre* to keep h himself. The Colonel was certainly very *busy* o and has drawn his *loving movements* before th way that may not add to his respectability. ask the Colonel whether Mr. Hayne ever ca for an explanation of his intimacy with Miss Foo ther he was *compelled* to speak the truth of hi lady under his protection? Fye! fye! Colone duct on this and similar occasions, it is hoped, w for the future, to be more guarded in your c Colonel, a correspondent says, has lately been a female companion, and has made overtures mistress of Mr. George Wombwell's; it is ad did not like the Colonel's late disclosures, an was not the sort of gentleman to be depended would "*kiss and tell*." His *Colonelship* (and, where has he distinguished himself as a militar have some difficulty in getting *the ladies to list posals*. Rank and riches are badly bestowed on could name them) who will prowl about the the town seeking to contaminate the defenceless—and females. The following are the documents we ha

MISS FOOTE'S STATEMENT.—It was not the intention of the friends of Miss Foote to say one word upon the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Hayne, but to wait patiently the result of her appeal to the Court of King's Bench. Since, however, the *wiseacres*, in the pay of that gentleman, have trumpeted through the London, and even Provincial Papers, a garbled and untrue statement, and having besides insinuated that he had not *intended* to marry the young lady, it will suffice, for the present, to state—That Mr. Hayne directed (and his Solicitors approved on his part) the rough draft of the settlements to be made on his intended bride; that he fixed the day to be married; that he caused the bride's-maid to be brought a distance of 200 miles, and to be introduced to him; that he purchased and tried on the wedding ring, and, in his own proper person, procured, at Doctors' Commons, the license.

"This statement will be sufficient for the present to relieve the minds of Miss Foote's friends.

"At the trial a recital of facts, demonstrating one of the most aggravated cases of 'breach of promise' will be brought forward that has ever occurred in a Court of Justice.

"Mr. Hayne is invited to contradict one iota of this statement if he dare.

'Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.'—*Hamlet.*

"The paragraph announcing the day for celebrating the marriage of Miss Foote with Mr. Hayne, we have authority to state, was inserted at the express and earnest desire of Mr. Hayne. We have the same authority to add that neither Miss Foote, nor any friends, at her suggestion, have written, or caused to be inserted, one line in any Newspaper."

MR. HAYNE'S STATEMENT.—It never was my intention to have troubled the public with any circumstances which have taken place between Miss Foote and myself, had I not felt something was due to truth in the contradiction of those paragraphs, which made it necessary my Attorney should do, in your columns of yesterday. And there I hoped the matter would have rested, until the action Miss Foote has thought proper to commence, developed every thing; but the challenge which appears in your paper of this morning, "inviting me to contradict one iota of the statement if I dare," compels me reluctantly to put the public in possession of facts, which I think will justify my conduct—intending to leave my power of contradicting such statements to the proper time and place. Delicacy to the lady would almost silence me, did I not feel and know it is so little attended to by, or heeded on her part.

But to the point:—I was not aware, when I made a proposal to Miss Foote that she had ever been under the protection of Colonel Berkeley—her father and mother having always upheld (and I believed) her to be a paragon of virtue; and had not Colonel Berkeley, in the latter end of June last, in the presence of James Maxse, Esq. (as the Colonel's friend) and Thomas Best, Esq. (as my friend) owned her having had children by him, *the youngest then not a month old*, I should have been in ignorance of the facts, until too late to retrieve my happiness.

If I were to make every other circumstance public at this moment, I should be anticipating the defence I have at that trial, "where a recital of facts, demonstrating one of the most aggravated cases of breach of promise will be brought forward."

"My withers are unwrung—"

Now a word for Mr. Foote—who, under the plea of chasing a Paymastership, borrowed the sum of one thou one hundred and fifty pounds from me; may I ask (if he is in this country) to what purpose it has appropriated?—being given to understand that the fea being "called upon to return it," has induced him to a *continental tour.*

The mention of the above facts "*out of the many,*" I trust, induce the public to suspend their further opi until the appeal made to the Court of King's Benc decided. And in thus intruding upon their notice, I ca but congratulate myself at my escape.

I am, Sir, Your obedient humble servant,

JOSEPH HAYNE.

28, Upper Grosvenor-Street,
Friday, Oct. 15.

The following are the particulars of the few hours b the marriage was to have taken place.

The morning appointed for the happy event had rived—a sumptuous breakfast was provided by the fa of the intended bride—the clergyman was in waiting, nothing but the presence of the gentleman was wantin consummate the ceremony. It appears that he had to town for the express purpose, and had taken up residence at Long's Hotel, to which place, after the pointed hour had elapsed, a messenger was dispat when it was found that his friends, averse to the match, locked him in his chamber. Under a similar confinemen messenger was immedately placed; and a second messe who soon after arrived, shared the like fate. At length of the lady's friends went in quest of the lover, and rea Long's just at the moment he was stepping into his carr which conveyed him into the country. Thus has termi the hopes of Mr. F. and his beautiful daughter.

An old actress, very proud of her charms, used to the play-house call brought into her bed-room every m ing. One day a man came in, whom she thought wa call-boy. "Lay it down," says she, "Ledger," "W do you mean by Ledger?" says the man "I dye for y "Lord bless me! who can this be?" said the actress- die for you!—Dear me, there is somebody in love me; let me see who it is." She put the curtain aside seeing a shabby fellow, demanded what business the i dent rascal had there? "I dye your clothes ma'am," he, "and have come for your *bombasin petticoat!*"

A singular equipage has been seen for the last six m in the Streets of Munich. It is a calash drawn by enormous wolves, which M. W. K. formerly a mer at St. Petersburg, found very young in a wood Wilna, and has so well tamed that they have all th cility of horses. These animals are harnessed ex like our carriage horses, and have entirely lost their cious instinct. The police have only required that should be muzzled. M. W. K. parades the city in this page several times a day, and always attracts an imm crowd.

"LORD BYRON was the worst person in the world t fide a secret to; and if any charge against any body mentioned to him, it was probably the first communicati made to the person in question. He hated scandal tittle-tattle—loved the manly straightforward course would harbour no doubts, and never live with another suspicions in his bosom — out came the accus

and he called upon the individual to stand clear, or be ashamed of himself. Lord Byron was irritable in the extreme; his vanity was excessive. He was exorbitantly desirous of being the sole object of interest: whether in the circle in which he was living, or in the wider sphere of the world, he could bear no rival; he could not tolerate the person who attracted attention from himself; he instantly became animated with a bitter jealousy, and hated, for the time, every greater or more celebrated man than himself: he carried his jealousy up even to Bonaparte; and it was the secret of his contempt of Wellington. He nearly divided his time between these three exercises: he rode from four to eight hours every day when he was not engaged in boating or swimming. And in these exercises, so careful was he of his hands (one of those little vanities which sometimes beset men) that he wore gloves even in swimming. He indulged in another practice which is not considered in England genteel, that is to say, it is not just now a fashion with the upper classes in this country—*he chewed tobacco* to some extent. At times, too, he was excessively given to drinking; he was by no means a drinker constantly, or, in other words, a drunkard, and could indeed be as abstemious as any body; but when his passion blew that way, he drank, as he did every thing else, *to excess*. There was scarcely a passion which he had not tried, even that of *avarice*. Before he left Italy, he alarmed all his friends by becoming penurious—absolutely miserly, after the fashion of Elwes and other great misers on record. Lord Byron was not ill-tempered nor quarrelsome, but still he was very difficult to live with; he was capricious, full of humours, apt to be offended, and wilful. In travelling, he was an odd mixture of indolence and capricious activity; it was scarcely possible to get him away from a place under six months, and very difficult to keep him longer. When dying, he did not know his situation till a very short time before he fell into the profound lethargy, from which he never awoke; and after he knew his danger, he could never speak intelligibly, but mustered his indistinct direction in three languages"

Lady Byron has been extremely ill with an inflamation in her stomach.

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.—A recent traveller in the United States gives an account of a matrimonial lottery, which was formed there with beneficial effects. At a wedding in South Carolina, a young lawyer moved, "That one man in the company should be selected as president: that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night: that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the name of the person they wished to marry; then hand it to the president, for inspection; and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice, kept entirely secret." After the appointment of the president, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found twelve young gentlemen and ladies had made reciprocal choice; and the traveller states that eleven of the twelve matches were solemnized.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE—Of all the arts, architecture seems at present to meet with the most encouragement, and yet to make the least progress in improvement. In one of the new churches the doors have been so ill placed that the part of them have been obliged to be stopped up; one of the new Club-houses we already see a scaf erected for repairs; and the splendid mansion of a opulent merchant, only wants a crane to give it all t ward appearance of being intended for a warehouse.

THE GALWAY CADETS AND THE WELCH RABB Some days back two *jontlemen*, who had just been in from their native wilderness in the county of Galwa rived in London, having come over, like many o brethren, to seek their fortune in this grand empori talent of all sorts, whether wild or cultivated.—The not overstocked with *the ready*, and were therefore the necessity of "cutting their coat according to their clo visiting those minor houses of public entertainment with this great city abounds. The kindly hints of a frien put them in full possession of the best cook shops in where, for a single *sixpence*, and by a little gentle pers they could humbug their stomachs into the belief tha had dined in a most plentiful and substantial manne were enabled to pick their teeth with an air of as mu cerity as if they had been feeding on venison, fat su and all the solidities of Corporation cheer. It chanc night, as they were wandering down Fleet Street, th machs crying "*cup-board*" most obstreperously, tha popped into the Cock at Temple-bar, where some o countrymen occasionally smoked their pipes and qua glass of stout. On taking their seats, Mr. Murphy imagined that he spoke the best English, called the to know what he had in the house to *ate?* The waite no answer, but, like a man of business, pointed to the fare which lay on the table. "Umph," said Mr. Murph he took up the list of good things, which included the recapitulation of beef-steaks, mutton-chops, pork-chop sages, rumps and kidneys, tripe and other savoury with which the humbler order of our *cits* are wont to their palates by way of evening pastime. Mr. O'Lea companion of Mr. Murphy, also had his eye on the and as each dish passed in review before him, he played of second fiddle to the *tooth-watering*, *liplicking* over which Murphy was indulging himself, during a contemplation of the luxuries. The price of each c dity was prudently marked in an opposite column, so t mistake could arise. At last, on coming to the bott the catalogue they discovered an item which fixed fancy, it was "a *Welch rabbit*—*4d.*"—"That's *chape*, Murphy; "very *chape*," says O'Leary; "but I'll be they're like the Welch mutton we hear of, rather sm "Och, by Jabers," says Murphy, "they're small enou doubt, but they must have four legs and a body, an and they cannot have them without *mate* upon them, wonst we'll see what they're made of; what do you sa "with all my heart," says O'Leary, "only I'd like onions with them."—"To be sure," says Murphy, have plenty of vegetables, and that'll help to fill them The waiter was then called, and the orders given a couple of Welch rabits and plenty of *onions* and with them." Thomas looked at his customers—he taciturn fellow; it was not his business to quarrel wi taste of his friends, and he called to the cook to p "two Welch rabbits, some *ingins* and plenty of *ta* placing a particular emphasis on the latter part of the and looking round at the other inmates of the room

a most knowing sort of leer, as much as to say, "Did you ever hear the like of that ere!" The cook repeated the order twice to have it confirmed, and it was confirmed accordingly; but she was not satisfied till she had a sly peep at the persons for whom the order was given, and in whom she at least expected to see a brace of *Esquimaux* or *Kangaroos* or other *koutlandish kanimals*. Murphy and O'Leary sat quite unconscious of the surprise they had occasioned, and were quietly ruminating on the destruction which they intended to hurl on the aforesaid rabbits and their appurtenances. Their patience being a little exhausted, the bell was rung twice, and twice did the cry of "coming, Sir," amuse their ears; at last Thomas bustled in with the tray, on which were, what an Englishman would call, a couple of Welch rabits, two large raw onions, and a dish of smiling potatoes; and as if desirous of suppressing a laugh, the moment he put the tray on the table he darted out of the room, with a towel to his mouth. Murphy looked at O'Leary, and O'Leary looked at Murphy. "Where are the rabbits?" said Murphy; "Och, he's gone for them," says O'Leary; "but he ought to have *biled* the onions," says Murphy; "so he ought," says O'Leary," but that's the way they do them here, I suppose." "But why the devil do they bring us the *cheese* first?" continued Murphy; "Och! by J—s, I don't know," says O'Leary, that's the fashion I suppose; and as we're in Rome, we must do as Rome does,"—and the toast and cheese vanished in a jiffey. Murphy now rung the bell a third time, and in came Thomas—"Where's them rabbits?" says Murphy;—"What rabbits?" cried Tom; "Blood-and-owns man, did'nt we order two rabbits an hour ago?" "Yes, Sir," says Tom, "two Welch rabbits, and I brought'm." "Devil a rabbit you brought here, I'll take my oath!" says O'Leary, "how dare you tell me such a lie"—and he was about to split poor Tom's scull with the edge of a plate, when a gentleman in the opposite box, who had been enjoying the joke from the first, stepped in between them, and good humouredly explained the mistake. Our Galway emigrants at once saw their mistake; they laughed at their own blunder, seized on the raw onion and the *praties*, and, having called for a piece of butter, cooked up a *made dish* in their own national style, and were as content, as they themselves very judiciously observed, as if they had swallowed the *Monument!*

COCKNEYISM.—Amongst the gross vulgarities of Cockneyism perhaps none are more strikingly distinguishable than the "this here" and that there" which are constantly adopted, and which, pronounced after the fashion of Cockneys, sound "this *ere*" and "that *are*." Those very words were used the other day by a most distinguished nobleman, a scholar, and a minister; and, although they were so used, as far as the sound went, his Lordship said nothing either vulgar or Cockneyish. He was seated at dinner near a window, suffering at the moment under violent rheumatism in the side of his face which was opposed to it. "Might I," said his Lordship to the lady of the house, "beg to have that window closed. I am in considerable pain, and find this EAR very much affected by that AIR!"

HOW TO CLEAN PLAYING CARDS.—Nothing soils sooner than playing-cards, and they are an expensive article to replace, owing to the high duty they pay. The following method will be found to remove from them every thing but a stain, and will give the dirtiest pack possible the appearance of being quite new:—Rub the soiled card with a piece of flannel and some good fresh butter, until the butter shall have washed off all the dirt. So soon as the dirt is removed, wipe off the butter with a clean rag; and to restore to the card its former gloss, rub the surface sharply with a piece of flannel and some flour; cut the edges neatly with a pair of scissars, and the operation will be completed.

MR. MARTIN—It is a fact more curious than surprising when it is considered, in connexion with Mr. Martin's love of the brute creation, that the Hon. Gentleman has latterly become a stedfast believer in transformation, transmigration, and metempsychosis!!!—hence, we learn, has been produced his philanthropic suit of feelings, with regard to the lower order of animals. Mr. Martin never, like vulgar people, speaks of *death*—LORD bless you! never. He talks only of his *metamorphosis*. He prays, not to be converted into a saint, or into an angel, but rather to become a lady's pet *donkey*, instead of a brewer's *gelding*—he prays to be a *tortoise-shell tom cat*, purring on his lovely mistress's pillow in preference to being a pond *frog*, or a *rattle-snake!* He (perhaps wisely) thinks, that if he be kind to a *Queen-bee*, or a *blue-bottle* in *this* life, he will be himself treated mercifully in the next should he be fated to buzz—in a *larder*, for instance, where he might have to exercise his function upon cold meat, preparing it, by his *fly-blows*, for the first stages of putrefaction. It would be an awkward thing, in Mr. Martin's opinion, were some unlucky urchin to stick a pin in his tail, out of pure revenge for his natural purSuit. With Mr. Martin, it would be the very heaven of his hereafter were he permitted to rove in the regions of air, like a *king-fisher*, or a *titlark*—indeed to be a *martin* in the *next* world, as well as in this, would be the most blissful of all his labours on behalf of the beast tribe. Nothing, we are persuaded, would shock the Member for Galway more than his merging into a *water-rat*, a *church mouse*, or a *watch-dog*. Only conceive for a moment how Mr. Martin would look were he transformed into a huge surly mastiff, chained to a kennel.

CHAMPAGNE—It may be rather mortifying to some of our Champagne drinkers to learn, that a great part of what they sip with so much *goût*, at the rate of fifteen shillings a bottle is the produce and manufacture of their own country, made from gooseberries before they ripen, the want of the saccharine acid being supplied with loaf sugar. Indeed, much of the native Champagne is a composition of green grapes and sugar; which is, probably, the case with all wines exhibiting effervescence.

BATHS IN LONDON.—The National Bath Company is reported to have obtained the royal permission (should the plan be realized) to erect one of its grand baths, as a termination to Portland Street, in the Regent's Park. Three of the other great depôts are projected,—in the centre of Leicester Square, in the centre of Moorfields, and another near the banks of the Thames. We are not informed that the King has actually consented to the first of these propositions, but it certainly has been made. The Marine Company, whose chief object is to introduce salt water bathing to the metropolis, also proceed in maturing their plan. The new bathing Companies, now give out, that besides enabling the whole population of London, to pickle themselves at home, they actually intend to lay the dust in the streets with salt water (which some philosophers in the North are said to have discovered to be one of the properties of salt), and that their

dividends will amount to 22½ per cent.!! Fair and softly, gentlemen—fair and softly. Pray remember good Mrs. Glass's direction—"First catch your hare." We do not say that the plan of bringing sea water to London is impracticable—far from it; but we do conceive that it is not quite so much a matter of course as these projectors give out; and that both on its journey to town, as well as after its arrival (if it ever gets there), it may have some obstacles to encounter which may tend to curtail the dividend. Is the soil which they are to occupy, as well on the coast as on the road, and in London, to be purchased or rented? If purchased, we presume it can only be affected by means of an Act of Parliament; which will also be necessary to give the company right of entry to repair and protect their pipes or aqueducts, as well as for many other purposes. And it is usual with Parliament (whether justly or not, we do not say) to limit the amount of the dividend which Joint Stock Companies are allowed to make. Another question of a more serious nature arises—viz., will the sea-water retain its virtue after having been first raised into the company's tanks on the coast, then passed through their forty miles of pipe, afterwards deposited in their reservoirs in London, and lastly, distributed into the baths themselves? We have always heard that sea-bathers were recommended to prefer the freshness of the water at the coming in of the tide. Another obstacle to the success of these undertakings is, that bathing is not a national habit of this country. We wish it were. All medical authorities concur in pronouncing it highly salubrious: yet so would many other habits be, which, unfortunately, we do not adopt. After all, we do not mean to throw cold water upon the project (which would, in a scheme composed of that commodity be rather superfluous): we only think that when a statement of immense profits are put forth, which is likely to entrap the unwary, there can be no great harm in recommending people "to look before they leap."

THE BISHOP OF DUBLIN has twenty thousand Irish acres of land; the Archbishop of Armagh has fifty thousand acres; while his Lordship of Derry has not much less than a hundred thousand. The three between them have therefore, the enormous amount of about two hundred and fifty thousand English acres! What benefit does Ireland receive from the archbishop of Armagh, and the bishops of Dublin and Derry, that can be at all set in the balance against revenues so enormous?

THE LATE DUKE OF NORFOLK used to dine every day by himself, in one of the boxes of a common coffee-house in Covent-Garden, drink two bottles of port, and then rumble home to St. James's Square in a jarvie.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR still remains at his seat at Encombe, in Devonshire, where his Lordship complains heavily of the scarcity of game. The noble Lord's presents to his friends in London, have, in consequence, this year been exceedingly circumscribed.

LORD STOWELL, notwithstanding his advanced age, and the increase of his bodily infirmity, has just returned from a trip to the islands of Jersey and Guernsey; an especial yacht was sent from Cowes to convey him to England, where he has arrived in good health and spirits after a delightful voyage.

THE DOUBTFUL FRANK.—Some time ago, a member of parliament, well known in the convivial circles, applied at the Post-office to know why some of his f been charged. The answer was, "We did n them to be yours, the hand-writing is not the san there is a little difference, I grant; but the real I had made rather *free* with the bottle when I w "Then, Sir, will you be so good in future as to wr when you *frank* in that state."

A lady of high fashion having once given out wanted a female attendant, one of a very promisin ance presented herself. Being asked whether stood combing the hair and arranging the head- new candidate replied that was precisely what sh in, as she only required five minutes to comb an the largest head of hair. "You may go," said heaving a deep sigh; "what! comb a lady's ha minutes!....And pray how am I to pass the re morning?"

As a remarkably solemn Old-Bailey Barriste berly twisting down a dozen of *natives* at Pock other night, a young lawyer, in an adjoining box, to his friend, "That is the most solemn barrist whole list; I have known him for years, and ye saw him smile, or even move a muscle!" "Ever his taste," rejoined his friend—"though he canno *muscle*, you see he can easily move an *oyster*!"

"Pray, Sir, do you sell *pies*?" said a gent he strolled into a pastrycook's shop, the other da yes, Sir!" replied the pastrycook; "pies of a "Why then," said the gentleman, "let me hav pie."—"That is the only sort of pie in which I do replied the pastrycook; but you will find plenty as you go along—for birds of a feather *will* flock they say."—"*Humph!*" said the gentleman.—" rejoined the pastrycook—and there the matter ende

A *chef d'œuvre* painted by Raphael, the sub *Tribute Money*, was picked up the other day, ker's shop for a few shillings. The present prop the modesty to *ask* for it ten thousand pounds.

A CURE FOR WARTS.—Peel a large turnip, s a plate, shake over it some white vitriol in po a plate over it, and let it lay for twenty-four h the juice into a small bottle; frequently rub a l on the warts, in a short time they will disapp the bottle corked.

Blackfriars Bridge was *formally named* Pitt' in honor of the late Earl of Chatham, it has m common consent and long custom changed its a to that, of the part of the town wherein it is si we believe the fact is not generally known; bu

GAMING HOUSES.—An entirely new gaming co just been opened by a monied company of gan South Molton-Street, Oxford-Street, upon a mos sive scale. To keep up its respectability, none scribers are admitted. Ten guineas is the amoun scription.

HONOUR.—A rich man being asked to pay a debt dred pounds, contracted by his son, who had fled fro ditor, replied, "I have sworn by my honour, and by is most sacred, never to pay one of my son's debt should be wanting to my honour if I were to b word."

The exorbitant and disproportionate charges of the turnpikes, on the Hammersmith road are discontinued. The Gate at Hyde Park corner clears all the way to Hounslow, not excepting the side gates—the enormous profits made during the existence of this extortion, may be guessed at by the *possibility* of relinquishing such a vast proportion of them. The Uxbridge trust must next be looked to.

St. James's Park has been greatly improved. The Duke of YORK's garden presents a beautiful object, as it is now open to public view; and that part leading into the Green Park from St. James's Park, which was formerly impassable in bad weather, has now become a favourite promenade. The Mall, and the other walks, which were in a very bad condition, are now undergoing a thorough repair.

HOW TO CATCH AND HOW TO CURE A COLD.—At this time of the year colds are easily caught, and difficult to cure. The following will be found effectual:—After a quick walk in the evening, sit in the draft to cool; the consequence will be a severe cold, attended with cough; the next day hoarseness, short breath, and much expectoration; in the evening, at seven, go to a well-frequented tavern, and drink three or four glasses of strong punch, or stiff rum and water; stay till eleven, walk home easy, and go to bed: you need not get up the next day, but send for the apothecary, the following day for the physician, and the third day your friends will send for the undertaker. You will never feel the effects of an autumnal cold afterwards.

A lady who had just been three days married, perceiving her husband enter, stole secretly behind him and gave him a kiss. The husband was angry, and said she offended against decency. Pardon me, exclaimed she, I did not know it was you!

PROVERBS EXPLAINED.—He that wears black must hang a brush at his back to clean off the dust, which it shows more than any colour. Men, or rather boys and monkeys, are very imitative creatures. The King, on one occasion, was reported in the newspupers to have had on a black stock, and ever since black stocks have been worn, *à la militaire*, by every apprentice and serving man in the metropolis. As to myself, I think black an odious colour. First, because it is a professional *cut*, with which are associated *ideas of cant and law, of lawn sleeves, wigs, and gowns. all of which I despise.* Secondly, it is a grave and melancholy costume. It is long since gravity was considered a type of superior intellect (a part, by the bye, of the "wisdom of the ancients,") and why should a black coat indicate superior holiness, learning, or respectability? It is clearly a colour that tends to excite gloomy ideas (the devil himself being black,) and there are, certainly, abundant subjects of melancholy in this world without any artificial creations that way. My last objection to it is philosophical, and applies only to hot weather.

GO TO BATTERSEA, TO BE CUT FOR THE SIMPLES.—The origin of this saying, which is applied to people not overstocked with wit, appears to be this: formerly, the London apothecaries used to make a summer excursion to Battersea, to see the medicinal herbs, called simples, which abounded in that neighbourhood, cut at the proper season. Hence it became proverbial to tell a foolish person to go to Battersea to be cut for *a simple*, the equivoque being on the word simple, alias simpleton.

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PLACES OF RESORT.

[*It is part of the plan of this Publication to give detail Fashionable occurrences at the Provincial Places of sort; we therefore invite communications on all subj that may be likely to interest the World of Fashion.*]

BRIGHTON.

THE weather has been so damp and variable, much bey what is usual at this place, at this period of the y that the *élégantés* have been confined to their sev mansions. It has been common to calculate upon ab twenty fine days in October:—but such calculations m be widely different with the existing facts of this ye though the sanguine say, that a brilliant opening and c tinuance of November, may be destined to compensate all disappointments. At the time we are writing, there is change in the face of affairs at the Pavillion—but ev thing there is continued in complete order for the Kin reception. His Majesty's arrival may confidently be loo for early in November. Houses are engaged for Duke of Bedford and family, Lord Holland and family. Dowager Countess of Clonmell, and the Earl and Coun of Beauchamp, are removed to this place, from Worth Lord Eardley, and Lord and Lady Say-and-Sele are expec The Libraries, notwithstanding the weather has been repulsive, have been very elegantly and numerously vis of an evening. Miss Healey, who has been singing the Libraries at Hastings, has been added to the ve attractions at Tuppen's. This young Lady's voice is peculi full and melodious, and her style very much partakes of t of Mrs. Bland,—it is impossible, therefore, to listen to in the light and airy compositions, where arch expression, mellifluous tones are required, to approximate them v perfection, without exciting feelings of admiration delight. Lucombe's Library enjoys its due meed of fashi ble encouragement—the Dutch Conjuror there, with Loo Song, continues his specimens of amusing legerdemain, a to do him justice, with brilliant success—surprise and lau ter, amidst the plauditory peals of his gay patrons, h nightly rewarded his efforts. The reading lounge of Don son, throughout the whole routine of the day, seldom exhi a vacant seat.

In the early part of October, about eight o'clock in evening, was observed, after much squally weather, a lu rainbow; and one of the most perfect ever beheld, challen observations, and induced multifarious questions and rema as it formed a semicircle in the north. Many persons wer opinion that it portended tempests, with an increase of r others, that it was but the harbinger of fine weather; s said, that it denoted great political events, and commotion States; while a few were candid enough to confess, that t knew not what inference to draw from it, and that they lieved its influence over the future, would bring to them their connexions neither joy nor sorrow. In some measur discover which were right, it may not be regarded as su fluous in us to observe, that of the phenomena termed mete there are three kinds,—the Igneous, the Aerial, and Aqueous, each consisting of a transient mixt body, or res blance of a body, formed out of the matter in the atmosp

in which it floats. The Igneous involves the lightning, Aurora Borealis, ignis fatuus, and other fiery semblances;—the Aerial consists of flatulent and spirituous exhalations—such are winds, whirlwinds, and hurricanes; while the Aqueous are composed of vapours or watery particles, variously separated and condensed by heat and cold—and such are clouds, rainbows, hail, rain, snow, dew, and the like. The solar rainbow is frequently seen in a rainy sky, opposite the sun, by the refraction of his rays on the drops of falling rain; this rainbow never appears but where it rains in the sunshine; it may be produced artificially, by causing water to fall in a quick succession of small drops, like rain, through which the sun shining, will shew a bow to the beholder standing between the said drops and the solar orb. The moon will sometimes occasion a rainbow through similar means, but with colours, in general, less marked and distinct—hence the cause of that before alluded to. There are also marine rainbows, and such are produced by a turbulent sea, when the wind sweeping part of the tops of the waves carries them aloft, so that the sun's rays falling upon them, are refracted, and hence the effect. So much for rainbows and their prognostications.

The following are amongst the late fashionable arrivals; but until his Majesty causes it to be announced when he may be expected, the arrivals will not be numerous. Earl of Whitworth, Duchess of Dorset, Countess of Normanton, Hon. Miss de Grey, Lieut. Gen. Lightburne, Hon. E. Law, Baron Dalmer, Sir W. Adams and family, Hon. Mrs Fergusson, Hon. Mr. T. R. Curzon, Lieut.-Col. Shaw, Hon. Mrs. Fitzgerald, Dowager Lady Galloway, Major Askew.

WORTHING.

A constant succession of wet weather for some time past, has had a tendency to put a material check upon all outdoor movements in the way of pleasure, as also, to thin the ranks of the summer company, and the Libraries and Theatre have consequently been the principal mustering points.

HASTINGS.

This place is now losing its summer visitors, but they are gradually succeeded by company who purpose passing the winter season there. The Libraries have closed their evening recreations—the Theatre, therefore, beyond the private circle of *haut ton* pleasures, only remains to challenge attention. The Right Hon. Lady Montgomerie bespoke "the School for Scandal," and "a Rowland for an Oliver," and the house was elegantly and numerously visited. Lord Bathurst and Miss Fitzgerald, Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Parker, Sir William Ashburnham, Capt. Burgess, and other fashionables, gave brilliance and interest to the boxes. The late arrivals are Sir Eardly Wilmot, to Pelham Place; Lady Wilmot, in her progress hither, was detained, by indisposition, at Seven Oaks, where her Ladyship has since given birth to a son, and, we have the pleasure to add, is doing well; Lord and Lady R. Fitzgerald, from Tunbridge Wells, to East Hill; Lady Ashburnham, to Hastings House; and Lady Ongley, to York Buildings. Mrs. Camack has commenced her entertainments to her numerous friends, consisting of a ball, cards, &c., and which, as is usual with that much respected Lady when here, is to be repeated every Monday evening. Private entertainments are becoming *tonish*, with us, as must always be the case, the *publico bono* is desirably involved in them.

SOUTHSEA, NEAR PORTSMOUTH.

The principal event of any interest here during the past month, has been the visit of His Royal Hig
Duke of Clarence accompanied by Colonel F
and the Hon. Capt. Charles James Fox, for the
H. R. H. seeing his daughter, the lady of the latt
on board his Majesty's ship Cambrian, for a
the Mediterranean. During his stay with the
in Chief Admiral Sir Geo. Martin, G. C. B.
Highness went on board several of the ships of
lying at Spithead and in the Harbour, where
ceived with proper honors—the whole of the Squa
Royal Salutes, and the crews manning the yards
ing him as he past. His Royal Highness also
Promenade Rooms, and received marked atte
the company present: he expressed his deligh
grandeur and interest of the scenery by whic
surrounded, and was also pleased to give per
the proprietor to name them the "Royal Cla
menade Rooms:"—these are now about to close
son after having been frequented by more than
number of Subscribers they were two years
Miss Willis, from the Italian Opera House a
Concerts, who possesses a fine and powerful
greatly contributed to the pleasure of the compa
style of singing many of the best Italian and En
as well as her bold and rapid execution on
forte.

MARGATE.

This place has fallen with the fall of the lea
the bathing machines are laid up for the wint
the *magazins de mode* are closed; the Jewish
are about to take their flight to Duke's-place, and
of smuggled French silks to Spitalfields; the
luminations of the Libraries are no longer eclip
male beauty, and the sprightly reigns of *Pam* an
are no more.

An elopement has taken place from here which
a respectable family into extreme distress. The s
married man, and resided in the vicinity of Tha
The young lady, who is not more than sixteen ye
came also from London, and resided with part
ly in Queen-Street, adjoining Cecil-square. The
came acquainted last season when on a visit to
one of the public breakfasts at St. Peter's, where
together. On their arrival here this season, the
was unfortunately permitted to take occasional a
her gallant in a single horse chaise. The la
drove her out, they were anxiously expected
hours; on enquiry at the Royal Hotel, where the
lodged, they found that he had left it, and that hi
been removed. On further enquiry, they ascer
the parties, after having driven home the chaise,
a boat, remained on the water till the arrival o
steam packet, and then embarked for France.
lady's father and mother immediately left M
pursuit of the runaways, but the other part of
still remain there.

A handsome cast-iron archway, surmounted
light, has just been placed up at the entrance
jetty, with the following inscription: "Jarvis
Place, 1824." For what reason, Mr. Jarvis, who
and apothecary here, is thus distinguished, it is
divine, but the name thus emblazoned will prob
until the landing of Royalty on the jetty, or of
dignified professor of the pestle and mortar.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSE OF THEIR ELEVATION.

VI.—English Dukes.

BEAUCLERC DUKE OF ST. ALBANS.

Who has not heard of Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn, the founder of this noble family? without exception, the most lovely, and we will venture to say, in spite of the disadvantages of her birth, education, and profession,* the best, and most amiable of all the female favourites of Charles II. She had an abundant share of natural understanding and good sense, and never evinced that rapacity and ambition so evident in her rivals; the generous king rewarded her for her forbearance, and naming her first son, after himself, Charles, he created him first Duke of St. Albans; bestowing also on him the surname of Beauclerc. He was first created Baron of Heddington† in the county of Oxford, and Earl of Burford in the same county; and advanced to the style and title of the Duke of St. Albans in Hertfordshire, on the 10th of January, 1683. After the accession of King James II. his Grace was appointed to the command of a regiment of horse, which regiment, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Langston, was the first that joined the Prince of Orange after his landing. The Duke himself, at that time, was serving, by permission, in the Emperor's service, in Hungary, where, at the siege of Belgrade, he gave unexampled instances of valour. After his return to England, he made a campaign, in 1693, under King William, having joined the camp at Park, near Louvain, from whence, returning with his Majesty to England, he was appointed captain of the band of pensioners, and a lord of the bed chamber. In 1697 he was sent to compliment the French King on the Duke of Burgundy's marriage with Adelaide, the fascinating Princess of Savoy. On the accession of Queen Anne, a change in the ministry caused him to be dismissed from his post of Captain of the pensioners; but in 1714, he was restored by George I. His Grace died on the 11th of March, 1726, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He had married on the 13th of April, 1694, Diana, daughter and sole heir to Aubrey de Vere, the twentieth and last Earl of Oxford of that family. By this lady, who was first lady of the bed chamber to Queen Caroline when Princess of Wales, he had nine sons and three daughters; his eldest son Charles was second Duke of St. Albans; who, during the life of his father was called Ea Burford. On the 13th of December, 1722, his Grace ried Lucy, daughter of Sir John Werden, of Leigh Cheshire; by her he had one son and a daughter; hi George succeeded him at his death, which took plac December, 1751; and this, the third Duke of St. All married in 1794, Jane, daughter and heir of Sir Walter berts, of Glastonbury, Kent, Bart. Having no issue Grace was succeeded by *Aubrey*, Lord Vere, the fo Duke, son of Vere, the third son of Charles, first Du St. Albans. This nobleman was born June 3rd, 1740, was married May 4th, 1763, to Lady Catharine Ponso daughter of William, Earl of Besborough. By her he one daughter and two sons; the eldest, *Aubrey*, succe his father as fifth Duke of St. Albans, at his death, w took place on February 9th, 1802. His present Gra St. Albans married Miss Carter Thelwall, of Redbur Lincolnshire, daughter and heiress of the late Reve Robert Carter Thelwall, Rector of Broughton in that C ty, who died without issue, October 19th, 1797. His se wife was Miss Nelthorpe, only daughter of John Nelth Esq., of Lincolnshire, by whom he had several chil William, the present Duke, succeeded his nephew the Duke, on the 19th of February, 1816; the Duchess o Albans died the 7th of January, 1822, and had issue, liam Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Burford, heir apparent, other children.

The motto of this noble family is, *Auspicium mel œvi.*—A pledge of better times.

* That of an actress; a profession by no means then so reputable as the excellent conduct of our present female performers has now rendered it.

† The following circumstance has been handed down to us, that the early honours bestowed on that (then) very young nobleman, were occasioned by Mrs. Gwynn saying to her child, in the king's presence, "Come here you little bastard." Charles reproved her for the expression, on which the favourite said, "I have no other name to give him." The monarch, therefore, took the first opportunity of ennobling him.

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMILY.

Bravery of an Ancestor of the Duke of St. bans.—Lord Aubrey Beauclerc was the youngest son o first Duke of St. Albans, and grandson to Charles II. Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn. He went early to sea, and was n a commander in 1731. In the year 1740 he was sent on memorable expedition to Carthagena, under the comm of Admiral Vernon, in his Majesty's ship, the Prince deric, which, with three others were ordered to cannonad castle of Bocca-Chica. One of these being obliged to her station, the Prince Frederic was exposed not onl the fire from the castle, but to that of Fort St. Joseph, a two ships that guarded the mouth of the harbour, w he sustained for many hours that day, and part of the with uncommon intrepidity. As he was giving his mands upon deck both his legs were shot off; but such his magnanimity, that he would not suffer his wounds dressed till he had communicated his orders to his lieutenant, which were to fight his ship to the last e mity. Soon after this he gave some directions about private affairs, and then resigned his soul with the dig of a hero and a christian.

Thus was he taken off in the thirty-first year of his a pattern of fortitude and clemency; amiable in his pe steady in his affections, and polite, modest, candid, an nevolent.

Some Particulars in the Life of Mrs. Elea Gwynn, but little known.—Various have been the moirs published of this famous actress and favouri

Charles II., the foundress, as she may be styled, of the St. Alban's family: the following particulars are taken from the writings of one who knew her in her profession, when living, and therefore deserve credit. It has been said that she was born in a cellar in the coal yard in Drury lane: the writer of these particulars does not absolutely deny that circumstance; her mother was a woman of very loose character, and given to violent drinking; it is probable, therefore, that she might separate from the father before Nelly was born: she was, however, the daughter of a fruiterer in Covent Garden. Though it is reported that she accompanied her mother through the streets, who sold fish, we do not think it likely; and we should rather imagine, that the father took his innocent child home; for she sold fruit at the play house before she became a performer, as may be proved by the following lines written on her by Lord Rochester, one of the greatest wits of the age:

"The orange basket her fair arm did suit,
Laden with pippins and Hesperian fruit,
This first step rais'd, to the wond'ring pit she sold
The lovely fruit, smiling with streaks of gold.
Fate now for her did its whole force engage,
And from the pit she mounted to the stage:
There in full lustre did her glories shine,
And long eclips'd, spread forth their light divine:
There, *Hart's** and *Rowley's*† soul she did ensnare,
And made a KING the rival to a player."

Ellen was always distinguished for a very ready wit; and in a court where such a qualification was particularly estimated, it is no wonder that she continued to charm, to the end of his days, the volatile taste of Charles II. Her shape was remarkably fine, and her foot was supposed to be the smallest of any woman's in England. It was in 1663 that she first joined the company of comedians in Drury lane, a few years after the opening of that house; having been strongly recommended to Messrs. Lacy and Hart, by a Mr. Duncan, a merchant, who had taken her under his protection. She made a conquest of the King, at first by her fine dancing, and fixed it by her humourous way of speakang an epilogue, written purposely for her. On her becoming the King's declared mistress, she was by no means lifted up, but sought only to please her royal master, to whom she ever behaved with the chaste fidelity of a wife. Some sharp satires were written on her, but they were dictated by envy, not by her unworthiness: Sir George Etherington prostituted his elegant style in vilifying her: but she troubled her head with no one, and never interfered in business not suited to her sex: if, as Lord Shaftesbury accused her, she was chargeable as the rest, she had, at the same time, more wit, spirit, and pleasantry, justice, charity, and generosity: she left all high and imperious airs to the other mistresses; she was always free and *dégagée*. There is a beautiful picture of her, still in being, that was taken by Sir Peter Lely; in our opinion she is the most captivating of all the King's ladies, though her hair is reddish: the copy in Mezzotinto of this picture, has too much *penseroso* in the countenance; it wants the colouring to give it that vivacity which always distinguished the original. She lived to a good old age, and died at her house in Pall Mall, in 1691: Mr. Pennant describes the his "London," as being the first good house in after passing St. Alban's-street. She had a very m funeral, and was buried at the church of St. Marti fields. Archbishop Tenison, afterwards Archb Canterbury, but then vicar of St. Martin's, prea funeral sermon, and spoke highly of her. Queen wife of William III., always expressed herself convinced of Eleanor's sincere repentance for he errors, the effect of circumstances, more than fr rally vicious inclination. Among her donations, a sum of money for a weekly entertainment to th of St. Martin's; which we have been informed, t cannot vouch for it as certain, they enjoy to this d

* A famous actor at that time.

† Perhaps the witty Lord meant the King; otherwise we know not who is meant by *Rowley:* it is certain that the name of *Old Rowley* was given as a *sobriquet* to Charles, from the circumstance of a song being parodied, concerning an old horse of that name.

VII.

OSBORNE, DUKE OF LEEDS.

THIS illustrious house may be reckoned among tho nobility who have sprung from trade: the first of ly we find on record was Richard Osborne, a pri tleman of Kent, probably seated at Ashford in tha because he has been thought by some to have d from a John Osborne, whom we find in that pla reign of Henry VI. However, it is a very doubt as he did not bear the same arms as those now bor Duke of Leeds. Richard Osborne of Ashford marr daughter of John Broughton, of Broughton in W land, Esq.: by her he had issue, three sons, of have no account, except of the eldest, Edward; turally inclined to an active and busy life, early di a propensity to trade: his father, therefore, pl with Sir William Hewit, knight, of the cloth- company, a merchant of great eminence, then re London Bridge, where, at that time, there were the back apartments of which looked towards the The attention of the young man to business, joi sweet and docile disposition, soon obtained for hi degree of favour from Sir William Hewit: when dent of a very extraordinary nature afforded young an opportunity of laying his master under the grea gation. His only child, Anne, then about eight years of age, by leaning too far out of a windo hung over the Thames, fell into it, and was al raculously preserved by the courage and presence of Mr. Osborne, who, regardless of his own dange diately leaped into the river, and brought the you out safe. When she was of a proper age, her fa stowed her hand in marriage on her brave deliver on the death of his father-in-law, on the 21st Janua he found himself one of his executors, and heir to tiful fortune. The above mentioned accident m happened about the year 1551, as the young lady in 1543. This Edward Osborne was sheriff of Lon was Lord Mayor in 1583, at which time he received nour of knighthood. He served in parliament for of London in the 28th year of Elizabeth, and dying left issue, 1. Sir Henry Osborne, who, in 1599, atte Earl of Essex into Ireland, and was knighted in t by the Earl, for his skill and valour. 2. Edward who died a bencher in the Inner Temple, in 1625. 4. Alice. 5. Jane. Sir Hewit Osborne, the elde died in 1600, married Joyce, daughter of Thoma wood, Esq. of Buckinghamshire; by her he had a a daughter; Edward, the son, received the honour o hood in the 17th of James I.; and in the reign of C in 1629, he had the presidency of the north conf him; on the breaking out of the rebellion, in 1641,

manded the royal forces. He married two wives, first, Margaret, daughter of Thomas, Viscount Fauconberg; and by her had a son Edward, who was unfortunately killed by the falling of a stack of chimnies, at York Manor, where his father resided. The second wife of Sir Edward was Anne, relict of William Middleton of Stockeld, in Yorkshire, and daughter to Thomas Walmesley, Esq. of Dunkelhalgh, in Lancashire; by her he had two sons, who narrowly escaped the fate of their eldest brother, being on their way to his apartment, in the very next room when the chimnies fell. The eldest of these two sons was Thomas, first Duke of Leeds: scarce any nobleman ever experienced such vicissitudes in his political character than he did; after struggling with the envy and malice of his enemies for several years, he rose superior to calumny, and ended his days in peace and honour. During the exile of Charles II. he was an eminent royalist: after the restoration, the King appointed him treasurer of the navy, and in 1671 called him to the privy council. On the 15th of August, 1673, he was advanced to the degree of a baron of the realm, by the title of Viscount Latimer; he was soon after created Earl of Danby; and on the nineteenth of July, 1675, was created a peer of Scotland by the title of Viscount Dumblain. That which crowned all the other merits of this noble lord, was his finding means in his high office, to satisfy hundreds of starving orphans and creditors, who had been ruined by the shutting up of the exchecquer: but the commons were jealous of his interest with the King, and struck at him by drawing up an impeachment against him; they were, however, obliged to strike out so many articles, that it was found there was not sufficient cause for an impeachment. In order, however, to displace him, they resolved not to give the King any money while he continued in the office of treasurer. Nevertheless, the King would not abandon his favourite, and the commons were brought to grant a supply of three hundred thousand pounds, for the building of twenty ships of war. The next material transaction of a public nature this nobleman was engaged in, was the marriage of the Princess Mary to William, Prince of Orange. The King declared that his brother, the Duke of York, would never consent to this match, therefore, the Earl of Danby advised his Majesty to *command* it. Charles sent for his brother, and the Duke seemed much concerned at the King's request, and Charles simply said, "I desire it of you for my sake as well as your own;" on which the Duke consented. On the Prince's arrival, the King very obligingly said to him: *Nephew, it is not good for man to be alone; I will give you a help, meet for you!* The Duke with seeming heartiness gave his consent, also; politely adding, "Nephew, remember that love and war do not agree well together." In 1678, the popish rebellion of Titus Oates and others, which aimed at the King's life, the Earl of Danby, by virtue of his office, had to examine the ring-leaders, without being able to make any discovery: his Lordship thought, however, it was not only a plea for asking something of parliament, but that it might also give him an opportunity of ingratiating himself with his enemies, by bringing Oates's information before the commons. This incensed the King, who told the Earl he had given his enemies a handle to effect his ruin: this he found to be true. The Earl endeavoured all he could to bring the King out of those destructive measures, that he had been led into through the French interest. The Duchess of Portsmouth, the King's favorite mistress, at the head of a powerful party, did all in her power to lessen his reputation with his royal master: there wanted only a fair opportunity to accomplish it, which was by means of Ralph Montague, the english ambassador in France, who was the depository of many of the Earl's secrets. Montague had letters which he produced before the commons, who readily found sufficie articles for an impeachment, into which we can neither nor to the Earl's defence. Fitzharris, a bigotted papi was wrought on to accuse the Earl of Danby as one of t murderers of the unfortunate Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. E he afterwards retracted what he had said. In 1684, the E of Danby, who had lain some time in the Tower, was larged upon bail, and on petitioning the house of Lords, bail was discharged. In concert with the Earl of Devo shire, this nobleman suggested to the Prince of Oran the plan of England's glorious revolution, which was ha pily effected without bloodshed. When the governm was settled, he was made Marquis of Caermarthen, on t 20th April, 1689; and on the 4th of May, 1694, he w created Duke of Leeds. He died July 26, 1712, aged eigh one years; and we have been particular in our account him, because he was one of the greatest statesmen, a most serviceable patriots that England ever knew. H Grace married Lady Bridget, second daughter of Montag Earl of Lindsey: by her he had three sons and six daug ters; Peregrine, his third son, succeeded him, as seco Duke of Leeds. This nobleman was bred to the sea, a highly distinguished for his courage, as a naval officer. the unfortunate expedition at Cameret he commanded sev men of war, and behaved with remarkable valour. H fire was so great, that he twice drove the French out Cameret fort. In 1697, he was raised to the rank of Re Admiral of the white, and on the 11th of March 1702, w made Vice-Admiral of the red; in Queen Anne's reign, continued to be an acting Admiral. He died on the 25th June, 1729, and left, by his wife Bridget, only daughter a heir to Sir Thomas Hyde, Bart. of North Myms in He fordshire, two sons and two daughters; his eldest son di of the small-pox, and Peregrine Hyde, his other son, su ceeded his father, as third Duke of Leeds. His first La was Elizabeth Harley, daughter to Robert, Earl of Oxf and Mortimer, by her he had issue, Thomas, who succeed him in his honours. His second wife was Lady Anne Seymo third daughter to Charles Duke of Somerset: she lef son who died in his infancy; his third wife was Julia daughter and co-heiress of Roger Hale, Esq. in Devonshi His Grace died on the 9th of May, 1731, and was succeed by Thomas, the fourth Duke of Leeds: he was born on t 6th of November, 1713; on the 26th of June, 1740, Grace married Lady Mary, youngest of the two daught of Francis, Earl of Godolphin, and by her, who died the 3rd of August, 1764, had issue three sons and daughter: the two elder sons died young, and Fran Godolphin, the 5th Duke succeeded his father; his Gra was born January 29, 1751. He married on the 1st of N vember, 1773, the beautiful Amelia d'Arcy, only survivi daughter, and sole heir of Robert, the fourth and last E of Holderness, which marriage was dissolved by act of p liament, in May, 1779, and she re-married with John By Esq. who, after her death, by a second marriage, was fath of the recently deceased noble poet, Lord Byron. By first lady, from whom, as we mentioned above, he w divorced, his Grace had a son, George William Freder who succeeded him as the sixth and present Duke. T late Duke was an enthusiastic lover of music, and was of the promoters of the Grand Musical Festival in We minster Abbey, still in the memory of many amateurs. married again in October, 1788, Catharine,* daughter

* This lady, whose correct and amiable conduct rende her justly deserving of the high rank to which, from daughter of a private gentleman, she had been raised, whose accomplishments were not only useful, but splen and ornamental; was much in favour with the late Qu

Thomas Anguish, Esq. late a master in chancery. The amiability of her person, character, and manners, with her unrivalled skill in music, caused her to gain a complete conquest over the heart and mind of this worthy nobleman, with whom she enjoyed uninterrupted felicity in the wedded state. By this lady his Grace had a son, named Sidney Godolphin, born December 16, 1789, and a daughter, Catherine, Anne, Sarah. His Grace died on the 31st January, 1799. The present Duke was married August 17, 1797 to Charlotte, daughter of George, first Marquis of Townsend, and has issue, Francis Godolphin d'Arcy, Marquis of Caermarthen, born May 21, 1798, and other children.

The motto of this noble family is, *Pax in bello*.—Peace in war.

TO ——

Yes, thou hast beauty, maiden dear!
Thy form is all of symmetry;
And thy blue eyes of love appear
A heaven, where heaven's own colours lie.

Thy forehead bears a grace divine;
Beauty's ownself thy cheek arrays,
And on that bosom soft of thine
A seraph might enamour'd gaze.

Yet, 'twas not this, nor all the charms
That in thee, as their centre dwell,
Which fill'd me with those strange alarms,
Whose sweetness all that love, can tell.

No—'twas the dear and matchless tone,
Which from thy lips did gently move,
That chain'd me with its sound alone.
And drown'd my conquer'd soul in love!

October, 1824. Z. H.

THE MONASTERY OF OTROTCH,

A RUSSIAN TRADITION.

From the mouth of the Tverza may be seen, on an elevated situation, forming a most picturesque view, the ancient Monastery of Otrotch: this religious establishment owed its origin to hopeless love; and the following tradition concerning it, is related, and implicitly believed, by the Russians in that vicinity.

Grigor was an orphan of noble birth, and was educated at the court of Yaroslaw, the prince of Twer; he enjoyed the peculiar favour of his patron, and he was no less distinguished by his outward attractions than by his rank and fortune: he was able to select a bride from among the most beautiful and captivating daughters of the highest nobles, who would deem themselves peculiarly honoured by the offer of his hand. Grigor had arrived at that age when the passions are experienced in all their energy. At the court of Prince Yaroslaw, Love reigned triumphant: the sovereign, himself, sighed at the feet of the most beautiful female amongst his subjects; wh was the confidant of the tender weakn master. In the mean time not one among beauties attendant on the court, had vated the heart of Grigor; but his fate was paring. In the village of Jedimonovo, over prince had appointed him governor, he fi the lovely Xenia, the daughter of a poo Conformable to the ancient custom of Ru beautiful village maiden went to bathe in with several of her companions. After th a retired spot, divested themselves of thei they plunged into the limpid stream; whi who appeared incapable, from her timidity cacy, to enjoy this violent exertion, first p gently into the water, and held, by the b tree, as if loth to trust her whole person to rous element. Grigor, having wandered way, passed by just at that interesting m averted his looks from the young bathers, sed rapidly on; but he had seen Xenia; and love her was the effect of a moment. after offered her his heart and hand, and incapable of refusing any request of his readily gave his consent to the marriage. parations were made for the approaching and every thing was conducted in the mos and magnificent style: the hut of the sext somely decorated, was transformed into t apartment; and the ringing of bells called couple, to plight their faith at the foot o With a wax-taper in her hand, Xenia, father, advanced with solemn step towar cred temple, where she was about to vo fealty to her husband. On a sudden the c persed, and the Prince Yaroslaw made h ance; his falcon having alighted on the c church steeple, as the prince was taking sion of hawking, was the cause of his di steps to the village of Jedimonovo: he ha villagers in all their holiday clothes, and fore, hastened to the church; guessing going on, he felt desirous of gracing the his favourite by his presence.

Xenia lifted up her charming eyes, and blush suffused itself over her cheek, while fell from that of Grigor. The prince cast look, that in a moment expressed astonish miration, awe, with all the intoxication born passion. Subdued by the powerful of the attractions diffused over the whole this youthful maiden, he approached her, her hand, yet trembling from Grigor's pres making a cruel abuse of that respect and s high state inspired, he asked her if she w swear to him eternal faith and love? To a fe had really loved another, the answer to suc tion is not difficult to be imagined; but had time elapsed for Xenia to love Grigor? or r

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Charlotte, to whose grand-daughter, the ever lamented and illustrious Princess Charlotte of Wales, she was appointed governess after the resignation of her predecessor in that most honourable office.

not that young noble taken advantage of the gifts of wealth and rank to draw from her that consent to which her heart was a stranger? The Russian historian has not entered into these nice distinctions; he has only simply related the result of this extraordinary scene. Intimidated, or deluded by the prince's magnificence, whether the victim of force or perfidy, it matters not; Xenia suffered herself to be led to the altar by the Prince! A priest united them by indissoluble bonds, and, in the midst of the joyous acclamations of the multitude, Yaroslaw conducted his beautiful bride to the capital of his sovereignty. The unhappy Grigor, after this overwhelming blow, remained sometime motionless, a wretched spectator of this unforeseen misfortune: if love appeared to arm his hand with the sword of vengeance, his gratitude and fidelity to his benefactor withheld his hand, and prevented his giving way to his just indignation. Indeed, no one thought of him; his friends, who had accompanied him, to celebrate his wedding, now flocked round the prince, and he was followed only by a few of the lower order of people, who looked on him with pity. He concealed himself among the crowd, he changed his nuptial garments for those of a peasant, and the thick embowering forests became the retreat of the wretched Grigor. Sleeping in savage dens, and seated, in the day time, on the summit of a rock, he looked forward to a premature death, as the end of his sorrows; his grief was poignant, as it was irremediable. As for Yaroslaw, when the first intoxication of rapture was over, he deeply reflected on his tyrannic conduct; he felt, as it but too often happens to despotic monarchs, regret and bitter sorrow for the past, when it was too late. He recalled to his tortured memory the favourite whom he had so cruelly sacrificed. Sometimes he would offer a great reward to any one who would bring Grigor before him; at others, with only a feebly escort, he would, himself traverse forests and deserts, in search of the miserable youth; but it was all in vain; and it was generally believed that Grigor was numbered with the dead. The courtiers essayed all in their power to divert the thoughts of their young prince from this mournful subject; and perhaps, their efforts might have been crowned with success, had not, one day, Yaroslaw, accompanied by Xenia, gone to follow the sports of the chace, in the environs of Jedimonovo, the place so dear in their heart's remembrance: here, the Prince's falcon again placed itself on the cross of the church steeple, and would not, as before, be lured away. They entered the village, and approached the rustic temple. On the steps of the church a pilgrim lay prostrate; his eyes fixed on heaven, he perceived not the crowd that surrounded him; but no sooner had his pale and haggard countenance struck the sight of the princess, than she fainted in the arms of her husband, and, from her quivering lips escaped the name of *Grigor!* It was, indeed, that unhappy man, who had been supplicating heaven to end hi sorrows: he already felt his soul as if separatin from the body, and taking its flight to a happier world One look from Xenia restored him, against his will to life: he looked up, and he saw the light of day with regret. Yaroslaw offered Grigor all that repentance had to offer: but could that heal a heart s deeply wounded? The unhappy victim refused al the honours and treasures which the prince wa anxious to heap upon him; and asked only, as a las favour, to be allowed to build a cell near the conflu of the Tverza. After having selected as a companio a sensible anchoret, Grigor shut himself up in thi lonesome cell, where he past the remnant of hi short life in the exercise of a piety the most austere Yaroslaw built over his grave, the MONASTERY o OTROTCH; but neither stone nor inscription mark the spot where Grigor lies buried. *V.*

KONISMARK, KHAN OF TARTARY.

YOUNG persons who are about to enter into life, ough to collect with the utmost exactness every necessar provision that they may stand in need of, and can not too closely imitate those navigators, who wisel ship an ample store of food, fearing to pay dear fo their negligence, if they should be in want ere th end of their voyage. May my readers fully appre ciate the moral of the tale!

Konismark, Khan of Tartary, being on a journe with several lords of his court, met a Dervise wh cried aloud: "I will give a piece of good advice t whomsoever will *give me* one hundred pieces o gold."—Konismark, who was much struck by th words of this singular salesman, stopped, and ordere his attendants to count out the required sum: upo which the Dervise said to him, "My advice is, *neve to begin any undertaking, until you have well considere the end of it.*" The courtiers no sooner heard thi simple counsel than they began to laugh, and utte a thousand pleasantries upon the Dervise, whon they considered to be too well paid for such trivia advice; but the King was so fully satisfied with i that he commanded the words should be engrave upon every ornament, and every wall of his Palace A short time after this, some disturbances havin taken place in the kingdom, his Majesty's surgeo was suborned by the rebels; who formed the pro ject of destroying his master, by means of a poisone lancet, whenever the occasion for bleeding him should occur.—A day arrived for that operation t be performed: already the bandage was tied aroun his arm—already the fatal lancet was in the hand o the surgeon—when casting his eyes upon the basi which he held, this chief traitor, read the inscriptio —"*Never begin any undertaking until you have we considered the end of it.*"—At the sight of these word the surgeon turned pale, and trembling, let the la cet fall to the ground.—Astonished at his confusio

Konismark enquired the cause of it: when the culprit, throwing himself at his feet, confessed the whole plan of the conspirators. They were all immediately seized and preparations made for their execution. At this moment the Dervise appeared, and laying before the King, the hundred pieces of gold which he had paid him, for that wise maxim that had saved his life, knelt, and humbly besought his Majesty to spare those guilty men.—Konismark equally generous and prudent, granted his request, and raised the Dervise to the most exalted dignities. The courtiers then, who had despised the wise man's advice, instantly surrounded and congratulated him: but with the utmost modesty and diffidence he accepted the King's favour, continuing ever to be his truest friend and his best counsellor.—The people, *in their turn*, looked upon the Dervise as their benefactor; considering that the man could not be held in *too great esteem*, whose wisdom had saved the life of A KING!

THE HISTORY OF A PIN,

FOUND AMONGST THE PAPERS OF A FANCIFUL FEMALE COUSIN.

I WAS once acquainted with a very good sort of *a pin*, with whose society I was much better pleased, after I discovered all its worth; it never left me an instant; and often, after having passed the evening with people who had the reputation of being very witty, I was surprised, on my arrival at home, to find more rationality and justice in the pin's observations, than in all the past discourse put together.

I begged of her, one day, to recount to me the events of her life; this queer request set her a laughing; but as she has a great partiality for me, besides being naturally very communicative, she was not long in complying.

"You will see," said she, "that I owe all my safety to chance. When I recollect the little box wherein I was placed, on my entrance into the world, I yet feel a painful weight at my heart. Happy *for me*, were those concurring circumstances that caused me to fall into your hands; but nothing could be more simple. From the little box, which I just mentioned to you, I passed to the toilet of Rose: where after having enjoyed for some time the pleasure of admiring her grace and youthful bloom, I was one day picked out from among my numerous sisters to fasten together the most charming of all fichus. Rose sat down to her writing desk; she wrote; her complexion became more animated, a tear glistened in her eye, her hand shook. Poor little girl! How often she looked towards the door! She appeared in haste; she folded up her note in a hurry; hunted about, in vain, for a wafer; and, in her impatience, I saw her blush yet deeper; she was quite in a bustle; at length, stopping on a sudden, she put her hand upon me, and with a smile of mingled archness and s she took me from the fichu to place me on She then slipped it into a roll of music, v closed up with care; she cast one glance a ror, and after having put on as calm a look ble, she slowly descended, and put all into of a servant who stood waiting in the hall. this way I arrived at the dwelling of Vic letter was read over and over again; cov kisses; then folded up again, and it was he perceived me. In his transport, the ide appeared to him as ingenious, as it was d he took out a diamond shirt pin that he wo modestly took its place. That very eveni his beloved at a brillant party; he approa she perceived me, and a look full of soft en the finishing stroke to Victor's rapture, pletely turned his head. When he went carefully took me out, and, in spite of my to boxes, he shut me up in another of thos where I found a nosegay of dead flowers, hair and an old green ribbon. I remained in this sentimental society, where I was m than I can describe. At length, one day, was suddenly opened, and I saw my co thrown into the fire. Victor, his eye dar and indignation, seized hold of me: " pin!" cried he, as he beheld me, "it is hast been the cause of all I suffer." He end to smile, but could not; he threw me into took his hat, and went out in haste.

The attentive chambermaid arrived so she picked me up, stuck me on one side o set, and walked quietly down with her bro hand. A fine lady came up just at that ver and appeared much hurried. She had a pa foot, but she had very awkwardly caugh new trimming on her dress: "My good said she, "have you a pin you can give me your service, Madam," and behold me sus part of the frail and elegant ornament at the a dress belonging to a Lady of honour; Ma went to call on one of her intimate acquainta conversation was very animated; I never much without once speaking. At the end ter of an hour, they separated with deep re Madam B.. throwing herself back in her yawned in the most expressive manner.

When she arrived home, the unfortunate put under the care of her waiting woman, me out to examine the fracture. I remaine a very pretty pincushion, where I felt co enough, when a young person, about sixteen teen years old, adorned with the charms of and modesty, entered timidly, with her wo hand. "Ah! my dear Emilia, I am sorry you back so soon! I promised your father you a whole day; but we have company t and that will only weary you, you will n

what to do with yourself. How happy you are, my dear child, to live still in retirement, a stranger to those duties society demands, and which I find so troublesome; how happy should I be to be freed from them!" I know not how Emilia was persuaded of the truth of her mother's assertion; but she soon prepared for her departure; and the carriage being yet at the door, I soon arrived with her at the boarding school, where she was educated. I compared the affectionate embrace of her instructress with the cold kiss which she had received from her mother. I saw her young companions flocking round her, and on her sweet face I beheld a pure delight take place of that anxiety which had for an instant darkened it. I remained but a short time in this house; and I always remember it with pleasure. She who presided over it was an angel of goodness; she united to a well cultivated and superior mind, the most simple and artless manners, which are particularly pleasing in persons whose superiority we are obliged to acknowledge, because they seem to endeavour to conceal it. The superior seldom quitted *her children*, for so she always called her pupils; she was tenderly beloved by them, and they all strove who should most please her: scarcely had I arrived in this asylum of innocence and peace, when I saw a person make his appearance, who did not appear at all in unison with the other objects by which I was surrounded: it was the physician of the house, a tall, lean man, whose countenance was very much against him. After a short visit, and some insignificant advice, given with much importance, he was going away, when our amiable preceptress reminded him of the care she had desired him to take of an indigent family whom she wished to assist in every possible way. "Ten thousand pardons, Madam, but I am so occupied! I have not a moment to myself; the season has been so bad, every body suffers. Would you believe that I have, at this moment, at least twenty sick persons that are impatiently waiting for me!" "Good Heaven! Sir, why did not you tell me sooner? I should be miserable at keeping you a minute."—"If I might make so bold, said Emilia, coming forward; these wretched people are also waiting"—and she presented me to the Doctor, whose habits she was acquainted with, who stuck me, with a smile, upon his sleeve. He came to visit you the same day; I had the good fortune to attract your attention; you took me off, playfully, with that grace which is so peculiar to you; and it was thus I found the most precious good in this world,—A real friend!"

BURNS, SCALDS.—A Correspondent writes, that having lately scalded his hand to such a degree, that the back and fingers were covered with blisters—by applying common writing ink, he was almost instantly relieved from pain; and suffered nothing more after than the inconvenience of keeping the blisters from breaking, for three days, until the new skin was sufficiently formed.

MISFORTUNES ATTENDING AWKWARDNESS, OR ACCIDENT UPON ACCIDENT.

I EXIST under a peculiar kind of misfortune, which, I fear, will, in the end, compel me to renounce that society in which I feel an anxious desire to mingle: but I will inform you of my origin, and my present situation, whereby you may judge of the difficulties, which I have to get over.

My father was a farmer, and rather a fortunate one; but without any other instruction than that which he had received at a charity school; my mother being dead, he resolved to bestow on me a brilliant education, in hopes of rendering me happy. I was sent to a latin provincial school, and from thence to the university. I intended to have taken holy orders; having but a very small allowance from my father, and not wishing any longer to be burthensome to him, I was not long in forming this determination.

I must inform you, that I am tall and thin, that I have a fine complexion, with hair of a light flaxen; and that I have such a susceptibility of shame, that the smallest cause for confusion, makes the blood fly up to my face, and I look like a full blown damask rose. It is from an inward feeling of this unfortunate defect, that renders me so fond of a college life.

I, therefore, took a few pupils, and remained at the university. Already I congratulated myself on my resolution, when two unexpected events changed the posture of my affairs: the death of my father, and the arrival of one of my uncles from America.

I wept for the loss of my father, whom I both loved and reverenced. As for my uncle, I had long thought him dead; when, behold, he disembarked in England a week too late to close the eyes of his brother. My uncle was but little affected by this misfortune; besides his having been separated from my father, for thirty years, the great fortune of thirty thousand pounds, that he had acquired at sea, took up all his thoughts; he founded all his happiness, and built all his hopes on this fortune, laid plans of pomp and pleasure, to enjoy it; when he was cut off, by a short illness, leaving me heir to all his wealth.

Behold me, then, at the age of twenty-five, well versed in mathematics; a thorough greek and latin scholar; immensely rich, but, unfortunately, so awkward, and so little accustomed to the graces and manners of a gentleman, that I was named the *rich and learned rustic.*

You must know that I have lately purchased an estate. In spite of my origin, and my want of the usages of society, mine was very much courted by some very distinguished families in the county I inhabit, and I was especially sought after by those who had daughters to marry. I have received from my neighbours the most friendly invitations, but, notwithstanding the desire that I may have had to avail myself of their politeness, I have often sent my

excuses, under pretence of not feeling yet sufficiently settled.

At length, I conquered my timidity, and about three days ago, I accepted an invitation from one whose frank and agreeable manners led me to expect a cordial reception.

Sir Henry Meanwell lived about two miles from my dwelling; he had a wife and three daughters, all residing at home.

Conscious of the awkwardness of my gait, I had, for some time before, taken private lessons of a dancing master; and though at the beginning, I should have found numerous difficulties in the art he was teaching me, thanks to my knowledge of mathematics, I knew perfectly well how to keep my equilibrium, and the posture suitable to the centre of gravity in the fifth position.

Knowing then how to make a bow, I doubted not but this new talent would make me quite intrepid in the presence of the ladies; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when they are not sustained by the habits of practice! As I drew near the mansion, the sound of a bell gave me a kind of terror; I thought I had kept dinner waiting. Impressed with this idea, when I heard my name repeated by the different livery servants, as they conducted me to the library, my face was all on fire.

When I entered, I recovered my courage; and made the last new bow I had learnt, to lady Meanwell; but, unfortunately, as I drew my left foot back, into the third position, I trod on the gouty great toe of poor Sir Henry, who had followed to introduce his family to me. My confusion increased, and I know not what would have become of me, when the politeness of the Baronet dissipated my embarrassment; I was even surprised to see how good breeding will make a person conceal his pain, and appear perfectly tranquil after such an accident.

It was not long before the gaiety of the Baronet's lady, and the sprightly conversation of her daughters, made me throw off my reserve; I joined in the conversation, and started subjects to prolong it.

The library was richly ornamented with books most elegantly bound; I found that Sir Henry was a literary man, and I hazarded my opinions on the different editions of the greek classics. That of the Baronet exactly coincided with mine. I was led to this subject by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes; which greatly excited my curiosity.

I rose to examine what this might be; Sir Henry perceived it; and supposing that he wished to spare me the trouble of taking down the book, I darted forwards, and hastily putting my hand on the first volume, I drew it out with force; when, immediately a piece of wood covered with leather and gilding, to represent sixteen volumes, fell with a violent crash, threw down the inkstand on the bureau, and caused the ink to run from the table over the Turkey carpet. In vain Sir Henry assured was no harm done; my confusion was at and I essayed to wipe up the ink which ke about. In the midst of this confusion, came to announce dinner.

As I crossed the hall, and the different a leading to the dining parlour, I had time my scattered thoughts. I was desired to self between lady Meanwell, and her eldes

Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon had been in a flame. I began to feel cal a new accident made me blush again.

Having put my plate too near the corne ble, as I was bowing to the sister-in-law of who politely praised my manners, I over plate of scalding soup into my lap. In speedy aid of napkins to wipe it off from of my clothes, those called *small*, of black not thick enough to preserve me from effects of my awkwardness, and for man my legs were in agony; but calling to my Sir Henry had concealed his pain, I supp in silence, and I sat, with my scalded le midst of the stifled laughter of the ladi servants.

However, the first course passed off p and I began to congratulate myself on when new disasters fell upon me, a overwhelmed me.

We had almost finished the second cou a piece of excellent pudding on my fork, denly, Miss Louisa Meanwell begged me to some pigeon; in haste to obey her, I pu of burning pudding into my mouth. In va to hide my agony, my eyes seemed bu their orbits. At last, not being able to en longer, I was obliged to get rid of the c torment, by dislodging it from my mouth.

Sir Thomas and the ladies pitied my and, as it always happens on such occasi one proposed a remedy: one recomm another water; at length, they all agreed was the best to take away the inflammatio

A glass of sherry was brought from the s I hastily seized it.—But, O Heavens! relate the rest?.....

Whether the butler was deceived, or did it with the design of making me drun pretended sherry was brandy, of which a mouthful.

What could I do? my tongue, my thr palate were burnt to the quick! I could swallow it; and putting my hand tight mouth, the confounded liquor spouted o of all I could do, like a fountain, over all I rested petrified by the immoderate la now prevailed. In vain Sir Henry scold vants; in vain Lady Meanwell reprim daughters; in vain the rest of the compa

up their mouths, to hide their laughter; all their efforts were unsuccessfull; but, alás! the measure of my shame and their mockery was not yet full.

To assuage a little the insufferable state of transpiration into which this accident had thrown me, not regarding what I was about, I wiped my face with the fatal handkerchief that was yet wet with the fall of Xenophon, and I covered my visage with stripes of ink, in every direction.

The Baronet, himself, could not stand this, but joined the ladies in the general laugh.

For my part I rose from the table in a state of despair, and flew from the house, as if I had committed some atrocious crime. When I arrived home, I wrote an account of all that befel me on this fatal day. Thus, without having deviated in any one point from moral rectitude, I have suffered unheard of mortifications. My legs were scalded, my tongue and mouth burnt, and I carry on my forehead the marks of Xenophon in wood. But what are these trifles in comparison with that eternal shame that I shall experience every time this adventure will be told in my presence? May those who hear it, apply it to themselves, that they may avoid those inconveniencies attached to a too great timidity, and pity those who have had the fatal experience of it! Too much confidence is blameable; there is a line to be drawn, which we should never go beyond. My readers shall never know the name of him who gives them this lesson; I wished to make it public, but dare not: *one appellation*, however, will be found to suit me, which is that of

A VERY AWKWARD MAN.

ORIGIN OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN FRANCE, AND OF EXPENSIVE BINDINGS.

The Gauls were indebted to the colony of Marseilles and to the conquests atchieved by the Romans for the introduction of greek and latin literature.—In the eighth century, the destruction of libraries plunged the ancestors of the French in ignorance; but after the defeat of the Saracens, they wrote to Rome, to London and Dublin, and obtained the communication of some manuscripts which they hastened to copy.—During the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries, they were incessantly copying in the different monasteries.—Saint Louis, on his return from Palestine, caused to be copied, at his own expence, all the good books that were to be found in the abbies, and had them brought together into the library of the Holy Chapel, belonging to his palace; and he willingly granted to the studious, the privilege of coming to read there. Queen Margaret, his wife, Philip their eldest son, and Thibault King of Navarre, their son-in-law, took part in the King's designs.

In the 14th century, the *Historical Mirror*, written by Vincent de Beauvais, was translated into french by order, and for the use of Jane of Burgundy, first wife to Philip de Valois.

Charles V. following the example of Saint Louis, established a public library at the Louvre: the tower that contained it was called the library. This prince always retained about him John of Bruges, a famous miniature painter.

A book that was correctly written was regarded as a treasure, and left as an heir boon to descendants or to some public establishment, and was sold by contract like an estate or a mansion. A contract, before a notary, was past in 1332, between Geoffry de St. Leger, librarian, and Gerard de Montargis, the King's advocate in parliament, for a book on the customs of Paris. Lantimor of Gisors gave the manuscripts of *the Pilgrimage of Human Life*, to the Hotel Dieu at Paris.

The ornaments on manuscripts began by initial letters, beautified with red flourishes; and next the letters were all red. They then wrote in letters of gold, and to the gold were added vignettes, and different subjects painted on vellum. The volumes thus ornamented were very attractive, and excited curiosity, not only by the whimsicality of their ornaments, but because the miniature represented the architecture, the furniture, and the dress of the times.

The learned Greeks, who, after the taking of Constantinople, in 1453, had sought refuge in Italy, contributed much to ameliorate the state of learning and of human knowledge. Another yet more powerful cause, was the invention of printing.

Louis XI. towards the year 1462, gave to Nicolas Jenson, engraver to the Mint at Paris, an order to go to Mayence to study the process of this newborn art.

Paris began by the publication of the historian *Florus* in 1469. Three workmen had been taken from Mayence and had set up a press at Paris; and the first book printed there, in french, was by Peter Caron, in 1474.

As all interesting matters were only treated of in latin, the most famous printers of that time, were not employed in printing french books. The first that made himself remarked was Verard. His large capital letters and those at the beginning of every book were, as in the ancient manuscripts, flourished over in such a way as to represent the visages of different kinds of animals.

They continued, after the invention of printing, to make miniatures, but they took less pains with them, because the engravings supplied their place.

Manuscripts not being used any otherwise than as copies for printing or for general correspondence, the art of writing was neglected. A square and angular kind of hand-writing was substituted for round and well joined letters, which was more expeditious and less difficult than those that were symetrical and detached.

Those manuscripts that were bound in the twelfth

and thirteenth centuries, may give some idea of the origin of binding. The gilding was confined to the title; the cover of oak wood, supplied the place of the present materials; every corner was ornamented with a plate of copper; and there were always clasps to keep the inside of the book from dust. The binder often placed little nails or studs, and embossments on the plates; there were also roulettes to the volumes that were large, to keep the binding from rubbing against the table.

Almost all the bindings in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were of brown calf, or of velvet satin, and shagreen. Some were enriched with thin plates of silver, others with incrustations in ivory. We read in the *Scaligerana:* "My grand-mother had a psalter, the thick cover of which formed a little closet, in which was contained a silver crucifix."

The binding of the books in the library belonging to Henry II. is attributed to a workman named Gascon; it is supposed that he worked for the wealthy amateur, Grollier. This financier had been ambassador to the court of Rome under Francis I. His library, composed of about three thousand volumes, was sold by public auction. Vigneul Marville, who had profited by the wreck, says, that there was nothing wanting either for the fineness of the paper, or the neatness and beauty of the binding. The compartments were painted with divers colours; and on the first side of the cover were seen, in letters of gold, the title of the book, and the name of its owner; on the other a device. The title of the book was also on the back; for books then began to be vertically arranged on shelves. When the french librarians take a catalogue of books in a great library, they never fail to mention the bindings *à la Grollier.*

Desseuil succeeded Gascon, whose bindings are as elegant as they are solid: except in elasticity, these old bindings are worth more than those that are modern. The compartments in gold are more perfect and more regular.

The finest bindings now are in morocco, calf or or russian leather, watered; they are enriched with vignettes and gold mosaic. The various ways of colouring the calf-skin, such as marble, calf, jasper, porphyry, &c., &c. are many. Sometimes binding in morocco is lined with a different colour, in tabby, watered silk, or satin, and enriched with a border.

Some amateurs are at great expence in the binding of the works that compose their libraries. They have landscapes painted on the edges, before they are gilt. At first sight, the gilding only is visible; but reclining a little to the edge, as in opening the book, the gilding seems imperceptible, and only the subject that is painted is to be seen.

THE CACHOETHES SCRIBENDI.

THIS disease, though its history and symptoms may be traced as far back as the invention of writing, when the laminæ of different barks, the
divers trees, and the pointed stylus of wood
were employed as the media of communi
tween mind and mind, ere the modern di
pens, ink, and paper, were adapted to
yet, though I have been indefatigable i
searches among the works of physicians,
cient and modern, I have never yet seen it
tion in any treatise on nosology. Thou
complaint both mental and bodily "that fl
to," has been minutely treated, and the caus
toms, and cure, elaborately discussed; yet
inveterate, universal, and contagious ma
been passed over in silence. The impude
quacks, whose poisonous nostrums, toge
their ignorance, have consigned more suffe
tals to their parent dust than the diseases v
affected to cure; yet, strange to say, none
have ever attempted to eradicate, "with
safety," this formidable and spreading e
insidious character is so conspicuous, a
symptoms are so self-evident, nay more, w
valence would have insured immortal ho
inexhaustible riches to the fortunate proje
specific.

From the total apathy displayed by the
both emperic and regular, I was induced t
glorious, and yet unheard of, task of exan
formidable and pestilential epidemic. In t
tic endeavour, I am most happy to say, n
laborious, fatiguing, and dangerous as
been, are crowned with the most unexpecte
liant success. Yes, Mr. Editor, I have been
dual who, in contempt of the ridicule with wh
been assailed by authors, booksellers, an
have visited many hopeless cases of thi
cases, Sir, which, from the violence of the
and the alarming stage of the complaint, w
been treated as insanity, and the patient c
to the rigours of a straight waistcoat, and
the Lunatic Asylum in St. George's Fields
other receptacle for incurable and dang
niacs.

Far from being one of those who lock up
coveries in the healing art in impenetrab
or conceal them from vulgar eyes with u
ble jargon and inexplicable hieroglyphics,
is the patriotic motto "PRO BONO PUBL
in obedience to its estimation, I shall proc
before your readers a few of those alarm
which have fallen under my notice, and
dies I prescribed with success in each,
the infallible specific to which my resear
led, and by the gratuitous publication of
expect to reap a deathless fame in ages y
which is all the reward a patriot should
he confers an invaluable benefit on his cou

CASE 1.—*Theophilus Scribble, critic and*
On being called to attend this patient, I

in a miserable garret in the neighbourhood of Paternoster row, seated on what had once been a chair, but whose delapidated seat had long since yielded to the weight and friction to which it had been unremittingly exposed, and its place was supplied by a bulky folio, whose dark and substantial binding and fantastic embellishments bespoke it of early date in the 17th century. Before him stood a small deal table, on which appeared a heterogeneous mass of papers, filled with compositions both in prose and verse, together with sundry open volumes, whose leaves were scarred in the margin with a multitude of unknown characters, both in ink and pencil. The patient appeared in a state of high mental and bodily excitement; his pulse was 120, his eyes flashed with a maddening glare, he raved incoherently of editors, authors, and readers, on whom he discharged a volley of the most bitter execrations; his breath was extremely foul, and he was of an atrabilious habit. On enquiry, I found that he was a complete literary anthropophagis, and possessed an insatiable appetite for books of every kind, which he devoured with an alarming rapacity, that impeded the digestive powers and produced an irritability of mind, that vented itself without distinction on all those luckless authors who came under his lash. I was informed that he had been recently visited by some of the most eminent physicians, who had declared him insane, and strenuously recommended his confinement: but on a minute examination of the symptoms, I discovered that he was labouring under a severe attack of the Cachoethes Scribendi, which was aggravated by extreme penury. From his conversation, I gathered that he had been author of several learned but unsuccessful treatises on Political Economy, and after enduring "th' oppressor's wrong the proud man's contumely," and the rejection of the public, he became so much a prey to the Cachoethes Scribendi, that, in order to satisfy his depraved appetite, and glut his vengeance against what he termed the ingratitude of the public, he turned critic and reviewer, and was now starving on the scanty pittance allowed by a rapacious publisher.

This being a desperate case, I prescribed a complete change of regimen, forbidding him to touch those political dishes which he had fed on so voraciously, and substituted the substantial viands of history in their stead, and ordered him the following mixture to be taken every morning:

℞ Candour and Judgment ā ā.....6 ounces.
Benevolence.....4 drachms.
Loyalty.....4 drachms.
Good humour..... .....quan. suff.

By a perseverance in this treatment, I have happily succeeded in restoring my patient to tolerable health, though the complaint was of such long standing, that a perfect cure was not to be expected; but I soon found him not only much more cheerful, but he informed me that he had concluded a most advantageo engagement to conduct the Historical department a long established Tory Review.

Case 2.—*Claudius Daggerwood, dramatist.* T patient, though equally afflicted with the form was in different circumstances, and exhibited d ferent symptoms. I found him seated in an elega apartment, on the table of which lay a number unfinished dramas, tragedies, comedies, and mel dramas, part of which he was reading with great v hemence of voice and gesture. He raved of battl murders, enchanters, and spectres, and quoted wi rapture the works of Gœthe and the Great Unknow from whom he selected his materials. His admir tion for all the horrors of *diables* appeared to kn no bounds, he was subject to fits of delirium a somnambulism, during which he was reported to ha done much mischief when fancying himself the he of his drama.

In order to remove the morbid sensibility and minish the irritation, I interdicted the stimulus romance, and proposed the remodelling of Shakespe pointing out the facility of turning his tragedies in melo-dramas with processions and equestrian tourn ments, and his comedies into operas by the introdu tion of songs. The idea struck him as admirable, immediately abandoned the study of romance, boug a splendid edition of Shakespear, and remodell Anthony and Cleopatra into an equestrian melo-dr ma with Davis's stud, and introduced a grand a quatic scene, which was received with thunders applause by an overflowing and admiring audienc He has since produced a very delightful opera form on the Merry Wives of Windsor, which has met wi the most brilliant success.

Case 3.—*Gordon Graceful, poet.* This was o of the most singular and deplorable cases that h come under my notice. The patient had long be known and admired as one of the master spirits the age, the force of his genius and the richness his imagination were unrivalled, but alas! he length became a victim to this fell disease, and wh I visited him was far gone in its worst symptom He was engaged in the composition of an inte minable poem, the hero of which was a compou of every vice that can disgrace humanity, and h adventures were made the vehicle of the mo blasphemous impiety and the most scurrilo abuse. The influence of the complaint had induc the patient to associate himself with the mo abandoned and profligate infidels, with whom triumphed in ridiculing all that is held sacred in vilized society; and producing compositions that s the sober rules of criticism at defiance. The mo powerful applications of reason were unavailing stem the fury of the complaint, when the Gre cause struck his attention, the effect was instan neous, the whole energy of his mighty mind w

bent upon their relief, and in becoming their champion, he transformed himself from a poet to a hero, his imagination dwelt on nothing but military glory and battles, sieges and victories were alone the theme of his discourse; to this his time, his talents, and his fortune were devoted, and even the Cachoethes Scribendi was forgotten; but to the grief of the brave patriots in whose cause he had thus magnanimously engaged, his course was arrested by the hand of death, and left me no opportunity of recording more than the symptoms of his disease, and the singular accident to which he owed his cure.

These, Sir, are a few of those numerous cases that have fallen under my view, of the causes of this malady of which I have generally found vanity and an overheated imagination to form the chief, these are rendered more or less active by the public taste in which the patient dwells, and to this I would, in great measure, ascribe the malignity of the disease, and in the purification of this consists the infallible specific that must be applied to its cure. This rests with the public themselves, and on them it must depend to restore it to that state of purity which fostered the healthy sons of literature during the last century, ere ingenious compilation was originality, impiety wit, scurrility satire and nonsense genius. When the public shall reform these abuses and reject the productions of their promoters, then will the scourge of the Cachoethes Scribendi vanish, and no more employment will remain for the talents of

A LITERARY M. D.

FRIENDSHIP'S VISIT.

Once Friendship a visit to earth had concerted,
And determined to fix her abode in the Heart;
But she found the sweet tenement cold and deserted,
And the last kindly feeling about to depart.

At the gate of the lips fell Suspicion was seated,
And sternly enquired what her errand might be;
And added, "So often the Heart has been cheated,
"That no visitor passes unquestioned by me."

Cried Friendship, "I wonder that you are selected
"For the station that Candour was wont to supply;
"The care of that Heart must be surely neglected
"Which submits all its friends to be watched by a spy.

"I once was received with the warmest affection,
"And welcom'd with pleasure whenever I came;
"The Heart may be certain of Friendship's protection,
"So do me the favour to mention my name."

Suspicion replied: "You look honest and steady,
"But of you amongst others I'm bid to beware;
"For many have come with your title already,
"But they were Profession, Want, Folly, and Care."

Now Friendship recorded the favours she tendered,
The wholesome advice she so often bestowed;
Till Suspicion convinced, the vain contest surrendered,
And without further scruple her passage allow'd.

Within she beheld a wild scene of confusion;
Indeed she could scarce a known feature discern
Before her were spread the thick mists of delusion
But feelings of Pity forbade her return.

A groupe of rude passions pass'd by her unheeded
She distinguished their forms by their torches' r
To these a long train of pale phantoms succeeded,
Whom she knew to be Sorrow, Remorse and De

In an inner apartment mild Conscience was seated
Around her a pale lambent radiance still play'd
To this lonely spot she in silence retreated,
When her voice had been slighted, her counsels

Said Friendship, "What failure of judgment or r
"Could silence your voice, or your reign disob
"Your power must have yielded to menace or tre
"For till now the Heart always acknowledg'd yo

CriedConscience:"DearFriendship,when you were
"Pride called me intrusive, and thought me a
"He laughed at my warnings, my threats disreg
"And fix'd upon Cunning my place to supply."

"In vain Reason argued, by Flatt'ry persuaded,
"She consented my wholesome restraints to res
"From my throne she dismiss'd me, despised and
"And I soon found that Cunning was plac'd in m

Now Reason advanced, but Dejection and Sorrow
Had blighted her beauty and clowded her brow
And vainly she strove the expression to borrow
That virtue alone has the power to bestow.

Seeing Conscience she blush'd and was quickly re
When Friendship restrain'd her and ask'd her t
She timidly answer'd, "I dread such a meeting,
"When I calmly reflect on my breach of her law

"And you, dearest Friendship, I little expected
"A visit from one I have treated so ill;
"But tho' your advice I so often rejected,
"I rejoice to observe you are true to me still."

"Believe me," said Friendship, "I griev'd that S
"Was ever entrusted your Porter to be;
"Or that Reason surrendered to Pride and Ambiti
"The regard that had once been bestow'd upon

Said Conscience, "Though Reason has long been
"Yet now you are come, she may hope for relie
"For when Pride had dominion, the Passions intr
"And brought in their train Disappointment and

Cried Friendship, "No longer let servile Submiss
"Acknowledge that Reason can stoop before Pr
"Or that Conscience can yield to the voice of Aml
"And throw her appointed dominion aside."

"Assert but your powers, and your presence shall
"The traitors that now have the rule of the Hea
"At the firm voice of Reason the Passions shall va
"At the bright glance of Conscience, Suspicion

As she spoke, around Conscience a brilliance desc
Her eye shot a lustre that spoke her divine,
In her look stern reproof was with diguity blended
As she summoned Suspicion his post to resign.

This traitor dismiss'd, at the firm voice of Reason,
Each tumultuous Passion was heard to depart;
No longer was Friendship the victim of Treason,
But welcomed with joy to her home in the Heart

SUMMARY OF WORKS OF MERIT.

A Whisper to a Newly Married Pair, from a widowed Wife.

The book is divided into two parts; the first containing councils to the Benedict; the last advice to the Wife.

We shall from this manual give to our male readers a lesson how they ought to behave (matrimonially).

A man, in the first instance, must ever hold in remembrance, that his wife has made great sacrifices to him; in short, has given up every thing for his sake! Grateful for this,—the maxims for his "general conduct" (*Whisper third*, p. 11) are, "Make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions; and undertake no plan contrary to her advice and approbation; and the rationale of this is very conclusive, for there is in all "women (*Whisper* continued, p. 12) an intuitive quickness, a sagacity, a penetration and a foresight into the probable consequences of an event, that make her peculiarly calculated to give her opinion and advice."

"Have you any male acquaintance, whom, on reasonable grounds, your wife wishes you to resign? Why should you hesitate? Of what consequence can be the civilities, or even the friendship, of any one, compared with the wishes of her with whom you have to spend your life—whose comfort you have sworn to attend to; and who has a right to demand, not only such a trifling compliance, but great sacrifices if necessary?"

After having dismissed his old associates, a man (*Whisper*, p. 13) must give up every thing else in the universe, for which his beloved partner thinks fit to cry. "Words, looks, actions—all may be artificial, but a *tear* is unequivocal; it comes direct from the *heart*, and speaks at once the language of truth, nature, and sincerity! Be assured when you see a tear on her cheek, her heart is touched."

The unhappy man, not to see her unhappy, and raining "woman's weapons, water drops," is bound to *give in* accordingly; and the authoress fits the case as a boot would his leg, for she exclaims, "My good Sir, allow me to ask what was your motive in marrying? Was it to oblige or please *your wife?* No, truly; it was to oblige and please *yourself*, your own dear self. Had she refused to marry you, you would have been (in lovers' phrase) a very miserable man. Did you never tell her so? Therefore, really, instead of upbraiding her, you should be very grateful to her for rescuing you from such an unhappy fate."

The remaining rules for general conduct, plainly prove that there is no kind of wife whom a husband ought not to worship—if mean, she may be fond; if ugly, she may be amiable; if a scold, she must have his good at heart; if a bad cook, she may be a nice wet nurse; if a slatternly dresser, a sharp housekeeper; if a careless housekeeper, a clever schoolmistress; and if all these negatives together, she is nevertheless positively the best wife for the individual husband which the world could produce.

The next Chapter IV, is assigned to a *Whisper* on the home subject of "Constancy and Fidelity."

"I do not think (says our fair authoress) that wives in general (though quite divested in other respects of envy or jealousy) feel any very *over-boiling* pleasure at hearing their husbands run on in enthusiastic encomiums on other women. I knew a gentleman who was constantly in the habit of saying: 'O dear, such a charming woman!—such beautiful eyes! such a fine-turned shape! such elegant manners!' &c.; and I have at the same moment glanced at his wife, and observed a degree of awkwardness on her countenance, struggling with an effort to look pleased. And yet, had any one, but her husband been the panegyrist, she would have listened most probably with pleasure, and heartily concurred in the encomium. You call this jealousy! No: in truth, I call it a *natural* feeling, which can be better felt than described.——

"Proud lords of the creation, let me intreat your attention to the above."——

Dare to stray—

"Lost to feeling, lost to virtue, lost to heaven, go on in thy vile pursuits: and when the Almighty tells you, the adulterer shall not inherit his kingdom, mock at the threat, and, for the sake of this horrible crime, welcome hell! welcome flames! welcome devils!"

On domestic habits, *Chap.* and *Whisper* v., the author is a little milder and cooler.

"Sometimes, if husband and wife happen to spend the day, or evening from home, scarcely does his lordship address a word to her during the time; scarcely does he go near her; and at night, when a little attention would be really necessary in muffling and preparing her to go out, *he* do such an unfashionable thing? No, truly. She may wrap round her mantle, or tie down her bonnet herself; and coughs and colds, 'with all their train of rheumatic ills,' may await her; but *he* will pay her no such attention. Admirable character!

"Other men there are, all cheerfulness, gaiety, and good-humour, while in the houses of their neighbours; who, as they return home, and knock at their own hall-door, appear to turn round, and say to their harmonious attendants, cheerfulness and good humour, "My good friends, I am now about entering my *own* doors, where I shall probably remain for a few days totally destitute of all society but that of *my wife and family*. Of course, it will be quite unnecessary for me to trouble you again till Monday next, when I am to dine at my friend, Mr. B's. with a large party: I know I may be certain of your attendance on that day; till then, good bye!—shake hands!—good bye, my two worthy friends;—good bye!' Then entering the hall, he hangs up his violin (as some one or other remarks) behind the door and proceeding, he arrives in the parlour. 'O dear,

such a fire!—Just five o'clock, and no sign of dinner! —Well! what an irregular house!' His wife then pulls the bell,—and up comes dinner,—'Why, I thought this beef was to have been roasted? You, know, I detest boiled beef!—Oh, really, those fowls are quite underdone!'—'Why, surely, you might yourself have given some directions!' 'O! ay an excuse! Excuses never fail when there is occasion for them!' Such is the language of this fine *manly* man; his ill-humour and loud-speaking rising in proportion to the silence and gentleness of his wife. Admirable character, again, say I! a mausoleum should be erected to your memory!"

Whisper VI, is devoted to our instruction under the head of *absence;* the chief piece of proper behaviour connected with which is noticed in the following:—

"I really think a husband, whenever he goes from home, should always endeavour, if possible, to bring back some little present to his wife. If ever so trifling or valueless, still the attention gratifies her; and to call forth a smile of good humour, should be always a matter of importance."

A silk gown, or a shawl, now; a pretty dressing-case, or some smuggled gloves, stockings, or lace—

> Since trifles make the sum of human things,
> And half our misery from those trifles springs.

The next *Whisper*, on Expenditure, is quite in keeping:

"In pecuniary matters, do not be penurious, or too particular. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all your worldly possessions. 'With all my worldly goods, I thee endow,' was one of the most solemn vows that ever escaped your lips; and if she be a woman of prudence, she will in all her expences be reasonable and economical: what more can you desire?—Besides, really, a woman has innumerable trifling demands on her purse, innumerable little wants, which it is not necessary for a man to be informed of, and which, if he even went to the trouble of investigating, he would hardly understand.——

"I really cannot see the necessity of obliging her to account to you for the *exact* manner in which she has laid out each penny in the pound. Pray, do allow her the power of buying a yard of muslin, or a few penny-worth of pins, without consulting the august tribunal of *your* judgment whether they shall be quaker-pins or minikins."

Nothing can be more confiding and more proper; the fellow who acted otherwise should be made a pincushion of, and have all the minikins and quaker-pins too, stuck into his roundest part. If this did not teach him to sit still, it would teach him to be less inquisitive when he was allowed to go about. But yet a man might under these circumstances enjoy too much independence, and in fact, fancy himself of some consequence in the world. To cure him of this ridiculous notion, and reduce him at once to his proper station of factor for others, and slave to his sovereign wife, it is *Whisper* (p. 37) "When man has entered the marriage state, he should on his property as *belonging to his family*, and economize accordingly."

We have now shown Gentlemen how the to acquit themselves to the satisfaction of th helpmates.

As Wives need very little advice, and we take it if they did; we shall not prolong our tions from the *Whispers* of Part II. There is but one piece of advice, which we beg to enf it may prevent many, very many excellent from falling into a mistake which their sex tremely apt to commit. It is this (*Whisper* "I never would recommend a wife to ha visit with her an attractive girl. Novelty an tant opportunity are so powerful, and the lady, full of vanity, and wholly divested forms perhads a very agreeable contrast to t anxieties and annoyances which may at tim the brow of the best tempered wife in the wo not entangle yourself with the *cause*, if it avoided, and you will not have to lament its

With this so necessary caution we hum our leave.

The following Extract is taken from Fosbuc cyclopedia of Antiquities.

Dancing.—In Ireland, on the patron day, parishes, and also at Easter, a cake, with a of meadow flowers, is elevated by a circula upon a pike, apples being stuck upon pegs the garland. Men and women then dance and they who hold out longest win the prize.

In the Grand Rebellion, a clergyman was with having taught in the pulpit, '*that we learn to dance, and that if we could not dance damned.*'

In the most ancient dances, a man and a danced together, holding each other by the arm; and a kiss was the established fee of th partner. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, lemn dancing were first the grave measures minuets,) then the corrantoes and galliards; a to Frenchmore, (or Trenchmore,) and the dance, after which all the company danced, groom lady and kitchen-maid without dis Before the reign of Francis I. they danced ab the fife and drum. Coryatt notices, that the to the Duke of Guise and his gentlemen dan rantoes and lavoltoes in the court of an inn.

WEDDING RINGS.—Many married women are not to say superstitious, in their notions concern wedded rings, that neither when they wash their h at any other time, will they displace it from the fou oftheir left hand, extending, it should seem, the exp "till death do us part," even to this golden circlet, and pledge of matrimony.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR NOVEMBER 1824.

MORNING DRESS.

Milanese robe of fine French lawn, elegantly ornamented down the front, and without side of the arms of the long sleeve with delicately wrought *cordon*. The petticoat ornamented with two broad tucks, between which is fine lace, pointed *à la neige*, one row of which finishes the hem next the feet. The corsage made *en blouse* and the sleeves *en gigot*. Morning cornette with broad lace *en dents de loups*, next the face, and crowned with leaves of ribbon; sash fastened with a buckle in front instead of a bow, the ends descending to the knee. Black satin shoes.

WALKING AND CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Pelisse of Japanese rose colour silk, elegantly trimmed all round with a rich sable fringe fur, and narrow satin rouleaux, or silk braiding, down the sides in front; collar partially elevated and surmounted by a ruff of Urling's lace. Aragonese hat of black velvet, crowned with a beautiful plumage of black ostrich feathers. The waist of the pelisse encircled by a belt of the same material as the pelisse fastened with a gold buckle. Reticule *en gibecière* of Japanese rose colour, and holly-leaf green ribbon.

NEWEST FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Through the fogs and thick atmosphere that generally prevail in this most unpleasant month of the year, we have been gratified with beholding some ladies eminent for rank, fashion and beauty, who have already emerged from their country recesses, to grace the first metropolis in the world; where, shining like glittering stars amidst the gloom, they cheer the sight, and dispense pleasure and hilarity by their enlivening presence.

The bleak north-wind has, at times, been heard, and has warned the fair to wrap round her form the warm enveloping Pyrenean mantle, or the yet more comfortable and close pelisse; the former are expected to be much in requisition at the commencement of winter; they are chiefly of levantine, of a dark hue, well wadded, and lined with bright and beautiful colours; when the mantle is puce-colour or black, the lining is generally the colour of the bright Ceylon ruby, which, being paler than the other Oriental rubies, and particularly bright above even the Brazilian ruby, has a charming effect. Mantles of a fine lavender grey of the new Pyrenean form, are lined with rose colour. Pelisses, when of velvet, are of amaranth, royal purple or black; those of the two latter colours are fastened down the front with the delicate *pattes* of the little *zibeline* in finely wrought gold, and gold bracelets confine the sleeves of this most comfortable of all winter out-door coverings. Fur tippets of every description are worn over warm high dresses, or over the rich silk pelisse, they consist chiefly of ermine, the grey squirrel, and the valuable zibeline. The Norway-rat-fur declines in price; it was getting very common last year; we shudder at its plenitude, yet till that Norwegian scourge is totally annihilated, we yet wish to see it worn; as it encourages the hunters to attempt its destruction.

Several ladies belonging to our court, during the short mourning for Louis XVIII. wore, in ordinary costume, rich, and highly glazed black satin, with three rows of narrow triple flounces of italian net, bound and headed by black satin narrow rouleaux: the corsages were quite plain, and were made high or low, with short sleeves or long, according to the time of day or style of dress. Satins are expected to be very prevalent for dresses this winter. We have seen a most beautiful robe for half dress, which is perfectly unique in its kind, and is called the Arachne robe; if that unfortunate nymph ever spun anything of so fine a texture as the material this dress is made of, we wonder not at her daring to rival Minerva at spinning: it is made of the fine elastic net-work, which compose the rainbow elastic shawls, and is lined throughout with white gossamer satin: the ground of the net is of the palest shade of peach-blossom, with sprigs of different colours, of the Indian kind, beautifully shaded. The body is made partially low, and the front *en gerbe;* the skirt is trimmed *en pelisse* down each side of the front, and round the border, with satin rouleaux and cordons, correspondent in colour with the sprigs: these trimmings seperate, as they reach the hem at the bottom, and the

separation is filled in by an antique point *à la grecque*, which has the appearance of a *semi-tablière*. The sleeves are moderately wide, and are fastened from the wrist, half way up the arm, with straps the same as the rouleau trimming; the only fault we find with this expensive dress, is its not appearing so valuable as it is; it requires a close inspection to discover its beauties. White dresses are not yet laid aside: they are of fine jaconet muslin, trimmed with flounces of exquisite embroidery; over the last of these flounces is a slight bouillon of embroidered muslin, with open-work, through which is run a broad lapis coloured satin ribbon; the corsage and sleeves are beautifully embroidered or trimmed with that elegant and continually improving article, Urling's lace, and fanciful ornaments of satin lapis ribbon. Gauze, richly figured, either brocaded, or flock gauze is preferred for ball dresses to tulle or *crêpe lisse*. The half-dresses are simple: they are made much *en blouse*, but the blouse of the English is certainly an improvement on the French. Striped silks of a thicker texture than those worn in the spring, seem in favour. A few corsages have been seen, very fancifully trimmed about the bust; some with points, from whence depend drop buttons, others with *chicorée* trimmings laid in bias; and as these trimmings are put on, in a way that seems an improvement on the gallo-greek style, when they are well disposed, they impart a fullness and breadth to the chest, where it is wanting; but that is not a defect among the English ladies, and therefore, this way of making the corsage only looks well on those that are spare. The borders of dresses are ornamented with rows of triple flounces, points *à la neige*, reversed bunches of loto leaves and *bouillons*. Flowers on ball dresses are, at present, but carelessly scattered; bouillons of gauze or tulle, with blond flounces, form the other ornaments, interspersed with satin in various ways, and these materials are equally in request, either for the dress evening party, or for the ball-room.

Last month was famous for the invention of several charming head-dresses; a few have now been added of a still more novel description. One is a full dress Neapolitan cap of white tulle over white satin, richly embroidered, and sprinkled over with ornaments of polished steel; nothing can equal the work on the summit of the crown, where the steel, in fine threads, forms the finest open work, surrounded in a superb pattern by thicker threads and beads in embossments; in front is a small sprig of wheat-ears, in polished steel, and a plume of marabout feathers finishes the splendid head-dress. Another new full dress toque did not please us quite so well; though it is well fancied, there are but few faces that it will become; the part that lies on the front of the hair, and it is brought rather low over the forehead, is of silver net; and is surmounted by points l blue satin edged with silver, and finished of white feathers, tipped with blue. T syne toque hat is most beautiful; for, as was symbolical of variety, so, that of th of this head-dress, its light caul of tulle pink satin rouleaux, with the delicate p lour of the satin hat part, that is turn down, and sideways, in so many bewitc while an unrivalled plume of short white is taught to play over the whole in all but all description of this truly unique ar fail; it must be seen to be rightly apprec only fit for a fashionable belle; and *belle*, o animated countenance, she ought to be, it. A new cap for the *déjeuné* is invented ly formed of two fichus, trimmed round w lace; one point of these lies on the for the front of a cornette; it ties under the is slightly ornamented with a handsome s bon of two colours. The St. Cecilia diad private concerts, is another novelty; it is blond. Encircling the hair in front are r like those of the martyr St. Catherine's c are of tulle edged with blond, and white caul is transparent and very simple: this requires fine hair, and much taste in the A very superb cornette of blond, of a mo beautiful pattern, is well worthy of admir for its shape, and the elegant manner i blond borders fall over each other: it is with pink gauze, brocaded ribbon. C Mechlin lace, ornamented with lapis blue with white flowers are much worn for in-do and a turban toque is expected to be muc at the theatres, and friendly evening parti white satin; in the front is placed an formed of turquoise stones, and the wh relieved by blue crape, and plumes o white feathers. Black satin hats, with either black or white feathers, slightly in high favour; and black bonnets, wit flowers are expected to be again in reque ter; already some of them have made th ance; their size and shape are very bec lappets that confine them are of black s and tulle, but they no longer float; the the chin, or the left side, which is certa appropriate to winter. Chip hats are no l and transparent bonnets have totally di a few of white gros de Naples, are still s riages, and leghorn hats and bonnets with richly striped dark-coloured ribbon favour for the morning promenade.

The colours most in esteem are lapis, b amaranthine, royal-purple, and pale pink.

THE DRAMA.

——Ridiculum acri
Fortiùs et meliùs * plerumque secat res.
Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v. 14.

THAT well conducted little theatre, the Lyceum, closed, with a suitable speech, on 5th October,* and at the same time ceased the flourishing reign of its German absurdity, in which we would suggest one, or two improvements, by Mr. Arnold's leave, in case he intends renewing the monster's life next year. Let him extract one of the owl's eyes, reserving the other as a mark for Mr. Braham's gun and bullet instead of the eagle — the effect would be much finer. And in place of the shouts of "One," "two," "three," &c., let him give directions for the substitution of "Old clothes," this cry would make all the dealers in such articles alive that might chance to be spectators and would cause much general amusement.

Although dead at one Theatre, the illustrious "*Der Freischutz*" has been resuscitated with new honors and with the additional title of "*The black huntsman of Bohemia*" at another—Covent-Garden, which opened on 27th September. Several alterations, scarcely worth mentioning, have been made in the plot, "and the devil" is a more respectable gentleman than the one at the English Opera House. The scenery is splendidly beautiful, but with regard to the rest of the affair, we have only to refer our readers to the observations made by us on its predecessor at the Lyceum, in a former number of the *World of Fashion*. Mr Bishop's opinion that the music of this German Opera is not calculated for English ears is a just one, and not in the least impugned by the cant admiration of the critics. As a drama, *Der Freischutz* is a disgrace to the British stage, its scenes, which the wise morning and evening papers sweetly call "terrific," "fearfully gloomy" and so on, are only calculated to excite *ennui*, and would send many sensible people to sleep, were it not for the abominable noise made by the actors and other non-descript animals. The piece, however, fills the galleries well at least, and the pit and boxes tolerably, though the latter, with any thing rather than what becomes them, for rank and fashion wisely keep out of the way of such enormities. Miss Paton sang delightfully as usual, and Keeley showed himself to perfection: he is certainly an admirable actor, and has a inimitable knack of keeping a steady countenance which is no trifling qualification for such characters as he represents.

Romeo and Juliet was the tragedy with which Covent-Garden opened, and in which Miss F. H. Kelly performed *Juliet* with all her gifted excellence. We should not have noticed this, were it not for a mean and illiberal paragraph respecting this lady, which appeared in the *John Bull* of 3rd October, running thus—"Miss F. H Kelly played *Juliet*, and mentioned that *Romeo* was banished, but except in her mode of conveying this intelligence, she produced no particular effect. Honest man! she received unbounded applause for the great effect she did produce, and was never seen to more advantage,—the low illiberality of the *genius* that could only find a comprehension for the little syllable "*ed*" in the midst of such a host of fine language, delivered too with all the glowing eloquence of poetry, is heartily to be laughed at and we entreat our readers to laugh accordingly. The same "Critic" rails against the engagement of Talma, another laugh, gentle readers! if you please and yet another, when you are informed that this very clever fellow boasts exceedingly of his knowledge of what he calls "good society" *a page* with such utter nonsense.

The Haymarket lately indulged its patrons with an Interlude, named "*Birds without Feathers*," written, say the newspapers, by "a respectable gentleman." The story is the stale one of a male never having seen ought of "lovely woman," and Mr. T. Hill appeared in inexpressibles. The "respectable gentleman's" piece was damned, and we think the "respectable gentleman" had better have been asleep than have written so divine and original a composition.

* Having produced nothing new since our last notice, with the exception of a farce called "The Bashful Man," and written expressly for Matthews, who personated the modest gentleman (one Mr. Blushington), and caused much diversion by his excellent acting. There was something in the plot of the piece that reminded us of our old acquaintance "Cymon."

ANECDOTES.

RESPECT OF PERSONS.—In the Church service for the thanksgiving of women after child-birth, a certain curate, afraid of offending his patroness, who was a person of title, introduced the word *lady* instead of woman, and said, "O Lord! save thy *lady*, thy servant." When the clerk, not to be outdone in respect, immediately answered, "Who putteth her *ladyship's* trust in thee!"

BON MOT OF THE LATE LORD MELBURNE.—The celebrated Foote having been tormented for some time by a violent tooth-ach, at length consented to have the tooth eradicated by the late Chevalier Ruspini. After it was drawn, notwithstanding its carious state, Foote still lamented its loss, as it was one of those that are of particular use in articulation. Lord Melburne, who was present at the operation, said, "Pho! pho! Foote, do not be so concerned about the *only* bad thing that ever came out of your mouth."

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the Paris *Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regul curately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic informa circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Chang Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on t in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

—— Allegorical paintings have lost their credit. Amongst all the pictures of this kind that have been exhibited this year that of *Love and Psyche*, only, is worth looking at. Views of the interior, and portraits seem to be the chief subjects that are now required of the artist.

—— Madame R***, not being allowed to enter the saloon with her little dog, which she absolutely idolizes, has had it introduced in a painting with her own portrait, that it may be exhibited, and that she may always have it before her eyes, in spite of all regulations.

—— There are tickets of several kinds for admission to see the paintings: those for the morning, to enter before ten o'clock, which time. those belonging to the different public offices, avail themselves of; there are those for Fridays and Saturdays, that are as eagerly sought after by all the pretty women as a box at the theatre on the first representation of a new piece; and lastly, there are certain medals, and certain tickets, that only belong to very distinguished personages, and with which, such persons are allowed to remain when every one else is ordered to retire.

—— Notice has been given, that the new passage from the Rue St. Honoré to that of Rivoli, opposite the Marché des Jacobins, will be open to the public in the course of October; it will not be so wide, but will be quite as light as the Passage de Lorme.

—— Amidst the flowers that were presented to Madame Louise A. D. on her birthday, was a green basket, thus filled—A pine-apple, large ripe pears *à la neige*, apricots, equal in size to oranges; orleans plumbs, with all their bloom on them, grapes, both white and black, and chinese strawberries.

—— The luxury of the shops has now extended itself, even to our dairies; at least to those at the best part of the town. All round the shop, instead of boards, are small marble tables. The cream is contained in superb vases of China, and little pats of butter are seen swimming in a bowl of cut crystal.

—— One of the commodious public carriages, that go every day from Paris to St. Germain, is in the form of a round gallery, open on every side. There is a free circulation of air through curtains of s net, which serve as pannels.

—— The exhibition this year has a grea of pieces than has yet ever been known. T 2180 pictures, drawings, engravings, lit and pieces of sculpture, produced by male and female, as appear underneath 602, 81 of whom are ladies; Sculptors vers 92; Lithographers 23; Architects 1

—— Among the female portraits, whi marked in the catalogue by initials, but highly to the honour of the artists, are Duchess of Dino, and of Mrs. Smith, a f married to an english gentleman; a beauti also, in full length, of Madame Thivet, most elegant women in Paris, she has o black velvet: this portrait is universally

—— M. Ducis has painted, with all the esteemed talent, the interesting subject *Capello*. This noble venetian beauty is r just as she regains the house of her father that door closed against her, through hoped, unperceived, to enter and hide The next picture represents the youth and her lover, in their flight towards Flore

—— During the month of August, twenty-five new dramatic pieces performe Opera-Comique, two; at the Theatre Fra at the Odeon, three; at the Gymnase, five riétés, three; at the Ambigu, two; à la à la Porte St. Martin, two.*

—— The restoring of the chinese baths is nated; the kiosks and characteristic figu seated on each side the boulevard, have painted.

—— A new kind of furniture for a bo sists of a time-piece of blue crystal, in the lyre, and in two vases of the same materia in gold. At the bottom of the time-piece i to contain letters and trinkets. The vase with perfumes.

—— One of the most painful situation a young man, without fortune, but who,

* We can only make *twenty* out of all these.

considerations, is obliged, as one may say, to frequent the houses of the opulent. Can such an one, when the card-table is covered with gold, hazard an humble piece of six sous? Can he give his opinion of a pack of hounds, a livery, or a carriage? He, who has neither dogs, nor servant, and who very seldom can afford to hire a hackney cabriolet?

—— What is called *a visit of digestion*, is that which is paid by one of the guests, after he has been invited to a formal dinner. Till lately these visits were confined to the capital, now, they are observed even in the country. Custom requires that they should not arrive till late in the evening, full dressed, and that they should chuse the eighth day.

—— Men of fashion now fasten their cravats with a pin; the ornamental head of which is a very small rose, in gold.

—— In the country, ladies have their reticules made of little plaits of two very striking colours. These plaits, formed into a kind of net-work, are bordered or bound with silk, and are fastened by two buttons of mother of pearl; they are hung over the arm by a cordon of polished steel.

—— The tailors now put on the hunting jackets, buttons in cameo, representing dogs and other animals. The ground of the cameo is of mother of pearl, and the relief of bronze or polished steel.

—— At Ranelagh, on a Saturday, there is always a reinforcement of musicians, and an augmentation in the price of tickets (three franks instead of two, for each gentleman). It is not for concert-music, nor for singing, but for *harmony* between every country-dance. It is remarked that there is more waltzing than usual; and that, it is said, is the reason, there are so many more young married women there, than single ladies.

—— During the late warm weather, when a party dined under the trees, it was the fashion for gentlemen to throw off their coats; this custom has been imported from London.*

—— St. Felix, though, by no means, fond of travelling, has been to London, merely to purchase some *sporting dogs*, which belonged to the late Lord O**. Durville, furnished with a new fowling piece, *à piston*, expects to peform wonders, though he is short-sighted, and has an unsteady hand. Monbel reckons much on his russian helmet, and his indian hunting jacket, for exciting the envy of all the most fashionable sportsmen.

—— The front of the shops at the best end of the town, are no longer made of wood, but of copper. The rods and frames are also of copper.

—— By what indication is it that we can perceive at our rural balls, the distinction between the young people who have a knowledge of polite li and those who have not?—Is it by their air?—V see those of a good mien, those that are passable, a plain, in every class. Is it by their dress?—On Sunday, the style of dress is the same among alm all classes. By their manner of dancing and th countenances? They walk the figure instead of dan ing it; they have very little to say to their partn when he is not an intimate acquaintance; thus, y may lose your time in examining the feet of a male dancer, or by listening to her conversati Wait till the country dance is finished, and foll with your eyes the partner that hands her to place, which is kept for her by a mother, an aunt o female friend; he bows to the lady with whom he been dancing, and the bow is returned. Well! n comes the proof. It consists exactly in the gra ful bend of the body, devoid of all affectation, a is distinguished from the little jerking bow of other. In the polite world, when a lady is defici in its graces and usages, and makes a jerking ki of courtesy as she enters a room, or in going out, is called the little courtesy of a sempstress.

—— It is now the fashion for those who are f quent visitors at the most famous restaurateurs dine, once at least, in the english style, at *Li Garraway's* between the Colbert Arcade and the R Vivienne.

—— Vapour is now all the rage; it is used heating, for lighting and machines of every ki This vogue suggested the following reply; a m riage was proposed to an artist; the lady was v pretty, very young, and had a good fortune; but was said she was capricious, and subject to vapou "To vapours! so much the better; a woman that the vapours! it is as if you said a woman of univ sal qualifications!"

—— When there are two pieces of water in park, gallantry requires that the most limpid shou be chosen, (especially if it is well shaded) as a kind bathing school for the ladies. A hedge of you elm-trees defends the entrance, where there is little pavillion for the chamber-maids to air th linen.

—— A MONKEY BELONGING TO A LADY IN PAR —A french lady of fashion has a charming li monkey, which would really make a savoyard's f tune, if he had it to make a public show: it is unl the rest of its species, clean, fond and affectiona It is often so weary of the admiration it excit that it hides itself entirely under a little coverlit, it is a chilly creature, even in summer, and it v sometimes not come out again till all the company gone. But to those with whom it is well acquain and particularly to its mistress, it is always visil At meal times, he comes, like any one else, at sound of the bell. He does not precisely place hi self at table, but he climbs up the back of Madam

* We are much amused by hearing of these strange customs, from foreigners, that we know nothing of. We wonder what *English* man of *fashion* would throw off his coat, when dining with ladies on a rural party. *T.*

chair, whom he can look at after he has reached the top of it. Perched on this summit, he receives from her hand sweetmeats, biscuits, or any thing she pleases to give him. A few days ago Madame was absent and her sister took her place at table. The monkey, as usual, placed himself on the back of her chair, and thought it was occupied by his mistress; but no sooner did he discover his mistake, than he refused all the food that was offered him, threw himself on the floor, and shrieked with anguish. He has imbibed a great affection for two little kittens, but which is sometimes the cause of vexation to himself: He his generally seen with one of these under his arm, and at times, he will place them on his head; but, as in this situation, the kittens are afraid of falling, they stick their claws in the monkey's skin, who suffers patiently all the pain that he endures. Two or three times he has examined the paws of these little creatures very attentively, and after having discovered their claws, he has tried to draw them out, but only with his fingers; and not being able to accomplish this task, he resigned himself to his sufferings sooner than sacrifice the pleasure he has in playing with them. He is not very clever in handling the utensils of the table; but his intelligence makes up for his awkwardness: when the food, that is put upon his plate, cannot be easily taken up with a spoon, he gives it to any one next him to fill. He drinks very well out of a glass, as he holds it between his two paws; if it is a wine glass he holds it with one only. Once having set down his glass on the table, he perceived it did not stand firm, and seemed in danger of falling, he immediately placed his paw on the side where it leant to support it. It would take a volume to enumerate all the tricks, played by this monkey; he is the delight of his mistress, who, for his sake, forgets her parrot, her pug-dog, her turtle-doves, and even her god-children.

—— ANECDOTE.—M. Gueulette, who has distinguished himself in the literary world, by several very pleasing dramatic pieces, and also by some romances and tales, which, at the time they were written, were very successful, had a country-house at Choisy-le-Roi, where he amused himself with a society of people of his own stamp, lawyers, notaries and attornies, in acting comedies; but more especially farces, showy spectacles, and puppet-shows. M. Gueulette had, among other qualifications a superior talent for playing *Punch*. Although the pleasures of this society were very innocent for the wives and children of all these honest men were of the party, yet, as these acting amateurs would, at times, make use of jests that were rather coarse, it happened that the clergyman of Choisy thought proper to find these assemblies reprehensible; he mentioned this in his sermon, which determined M. Gueulette and his friends to absent themselves from high mass; but it was not long before they were obliged to have recourse to their pastor. Every one knows that in order to pla well, a little instrument called a *pratique*, sh put in the mouth which gives the proper *squea* voice. M. Gueulette, though often accusto make use of it, had the misfortune to swal *pratique*; and it stuck in his throat, so tha thought he would be strangled; he begged so would come to his assistance; but they tho only cried out in jest: however, seeing him black in the face, they found he was no lon ing; and were very much alarmed: the of the village was called in, and found the so serious a nature, that he advised him imm to call in the aid of spiritual comfort; the cle was sent for, who found the dying man surrou his friends, *Gilles*, *Cassandra*, *and Madame Gigo* were weeping beside him. *Poor Punchinello* to testify his penitence to the clergyman; wh fatal *pratique* caused him to announce hims manner so truly comic, that instead of satisfy poor curate, he caused a great scandal by put holy man in a violent passion; he thinking tha lette was only making a jest of him and his cl was only requisite, it seemed for M. Gueulett buried to prove to the pastor that he really the true faith; but at length, all was clea the clergyman was convinced of his error, M lette was cured of his malady, and renoun ever, as may be well imagined, the dangerou nification of *Mr. Punch*.

—— When a time-piece is of bronze, it is n covered over with a glass, neither is the foot but of marble, the colour of which should s the chimney-piece.

—— Bridges are very fashionable in archi A country-house in the environs of Paris, lat structed by order of the Marquis de B——, two wings of the building to communicate by bridges.

—— With two thousand crowns per an young man, at Paris, may keep a cabriolet tenance of the horse, 730 fr.; shoeing ditto keeping the cabriolet at livery and in order, Total for the carriage, 1000 fr.; a servant at per day; 1095 fr.; lodging on a third floor ab entre-sol, 600 fr.; food, &c. 3 francs per da the year, 1825 francs. What remains is for for a prudent man does not game, and a m mited income does not frequent the theat cept he goes in a friend's box, or gets ticke an author.

—— For common use, the ancients had vases made of glass; they also inclosed the their dead in glass vases. Their industry in brication of this material was astonishing. kelmann has cited, as a proof, a piece resem bird. He says, "The artist has employed, ing to the exigency of the case, opaque and those that are transparent, each side

the same bird, nor is the smallest difference between them to be perceived.

—— NATURAL ANTIPATHIES.—Henry III of France the conqueror of Jarnac, could not see a cat, without shuddering.

The duke d'Epernon, who protected the person of a Queen, and braved the excommunication of an Archbishop, trembled when he saw a hare.

Albert, marshal of France, fell backward in a swoon, at the sight of a pig, that was served up for dinner.

Scaliger, that wonder of erudition, that ocean of science, Scaliger shuddered at the sight of watercresses.

Chancellor Bacon swooned away whenever there was an eclipse.

The learned Boyle, who brought the pneumatic machine to such perfection, could not bear the sound of water, that issued from the top of a tub or barrel.

La Motte-le-Vayer, could not endure the sound of a violin, while he delighted in the noise of thunder.

Marie de Medicis fainted at the sight of a nosegay of flowers.

—— COSMETICS.—There are some individuals to whom it is difficult to give a nick-name, equivalent to what may be regarded as a serious misfortune. A country gentleman very amiable in every other respect, abandoned the noble dwelling of his ancestors to avoid meeting with a neighbour who had given him the surname of Whimsy: this neighbour, who is really his friend, was an inhabitant for some years of the little town of G——; and giving way to a certain humorous propensity, he generally bestowed some nick-name on the different individuals he met with in society, which he found analogous to their character or their physiognomy. When I was last engaged to pass a few days with this singular man, I became the object of his attention; and to diversify my pleasures, he wished to give a little unexpected fête. My title of a *Parisian* had already given me some little consequence, and I was not much surprised, therefore, at all the fine folks of the country flocking round me, and scrutinizing me from top to toe; notwithstanding my friend had invited me to a rural fête, all the ladies came in splendid ball dresses, and their curiosity was not much gratified at beholding my parisian costume, consisting of a simple blouse of *Organdy* and an *Ourika* ribbon, forming a scarf. I endeavoured to supply the negligence of my toilet by the amiability of my manner. I sought to render myself agreable, and my unwearied politeness might perhaps have succeeded in breaking the ice of a first interview with female strangers, if my attention had not been frequently diverted by the whisperings produced at the entrance of every individual. It was very rare that any one was announced without a surname being given him by the little circle that surrounded me more or less whimsical, and I began to fancy that the pleasure of giving n names was the mania of the country, when I he murmured from every part, "There is the emp Popea." At the same time I saw a lady advan about fifty years of age, dressed in a robe of p coloured satin, trimmed with three flounces of bl lace; her cap was of canary yellow *crêpe lisse*, was surmounted by a garland of blue bells; an scarf of *ponceau* barêge silk floated negligently her shoulders; though there certainly was not wonderfully harmonious in this costume, I yet nothing to justify the imperial nick-name that I heard, and, curious to know its origin, I sought my old friend. "Oh!" said he, "I wash my ha *of this;* I have done enough for others who h really merited the appellations I have given th as for Mademoiselle Duportail, she only claims title from her cosmetics, and to her slices of ve This strange association of slices of veal and quetry excited my curiosity too much not to h it satisfied, and my friend, in compliance with my sire, led me to a window recess, and explained me the unlucky adventure of the *Empress Popea.*

"Mademoiselle Duportail," said he, "set these forty years from the decorum attached single state, lived alone on an independant fortu surrounded by birds, little dogs, and receipts making preserves. No cares troubled her days uneasiness banished sleep from her pillow; and e one admiring the freshness of her complexion, w remark among themselves: 'It is certainly true, happiness drives away wrinkles, and that time l his power over those features which grief has n attacked."

"In effect, Mademoiselle Duportail had atta her fifty-first year, and the roses on her cheeks ye valled those of the prettiest young virgins in country; her skin, white as the garden lilly, had lost any of the downy softness of her early ye all the men admired the brilliancy of her complex all the women secretly envied her. But in the mi of a dark autumnal night, the tocsin was heard; brought with it trouble to the poor and to the Every one rose up in dismay, and guided by alarming cry of *fire, fire!* the crowd rushed towar house from every opening of which issued volu of flame and smoke. A general conflagration was prehended. They knocked at the door, forced it o called the mistress of the house, ran to her cham to her very bed, and there they found a creatur ready half suffocated by the smoke; they raised and carried her out in the midst of the alarmed titude: but in vain they sought to discover any man kind of features, a mass of white flesh offered itself to their eyes; the most curious their hands upon it, and, on a sudden a large of veal came off under their fingers; another another then succeeded. At length, this str mask entirely disappeared and discovered to

crowd the visage of Mademoiselle Duportail. She gave a sigh as she was restored to life; but scarce did she come to herself, than her first movement was to put her hand to her cheeks. Alas! what became of her then? who can paint the sentiment of terror that seized on her whole form! Forgetting the danger that she had just been in, and the loss of her house, devoured by the raging element, she gave a scream of horror, for her secret was known. However, as she recovered from the first impression of terror, Mademoiselle Duportail, calling to her mind that it is in the midst of the most dreadful accidents a great character is best displayed, after having cast her eyes around upon the crowd that surrounded her, cried out on a sudden: "Well, it is true that, for twenty years past, I have owed the freshness of my complexion to the secret that you have just discovered; but in that I am no more blameable than the most celebrated Roman dames, who plaistered over their countenances every night with the strangest compositions, which Pliny the naturalist informs us, were made of the ashes of snails mixed with honey, or large ants bruised and salted. They joined also swan's grease to efface wrinkles, and oil of roses to destroy the scurf sometimes formed on the skin, and among other ingredients was a simple slice of veal.' At this unexpected oration, a general laugh proceeded from the auditors; but it was considerably increased when Mademoiselle Duportail energetically taking up the thread of her discourse, added, 'In a word, the *Empress Popea*, only preserved her skin from the effects of the air by the thick coat with which she covered her face, when in the interior of her palace, or she would never have been celebrated for that astonishing freshness that prolonged her beauty after the loss of youth.'

"At this last citation, at a moment so unopportune, we could not repress our risibility. Mademoiselle Duportail, alone wished, in spite of the incidents which, at that moment overwhelmed her, to preserve her theatrical dignity, and perhaps, she would have endeavoured to give us another proof of her erudition, if the fire-men had not come to give her notice that the fire was entirely got under; she, therefore, returned home, not without carrying with her, the surname of the *Empress Popea*, which she has borne ever since that memorable night."

After having listened to this recital, I could not forbear smiling, when I looked on the visage of Mademoiselle Duportail. I figured her to myself, in about two hours, when her face would be covered with slices of veal, and I thought, that if every nick-name applied to those persons I had seen, had as comic an origin, I might hear some curious narrations, but every body being now arrived, we were obliged to return to the duties of society.

The adventure of Mademoiselle Duportail, was however, not without its advantages. These citations from Pliny, reminded me of all the testimonies of this ancient writer, and what he has tr
us from antiquity, and wh'ch prove to us,
times, and in all places, the desire of pl
the strongest motive in woman. Amo
strange receipts for preserving the skin, wh
recommends, is the scrapings of sheep's sk
with gall and spiders' webs. To render t
sweet and preserve the enamel of the teeth,
of rats or mice, burnt and mixed with hone
root of fennel.

Certainly our modern perfumery does n
of such extraordinary compounds, and it
judge by this comparison of the different p
coquetry, our strictest censors would be
to acknowledge, that the females of the pr
have much less vanity than those wise a
roman ladies, whose noble actions and
virtues have been so much celebrated by hi

Con

—— Unjust suspicion.—Sleep is but th
death, thought I this morning when I awo
the clock struck six. So, that if I rise no
add four or five hours to my existence, and
continued I, as I put on my morning gow
add some recollections to those that are t
of my old age. Who knows what events
brought about at this early hour of so fine a
Scarcely had I finished this matinal eclogu
opening my window, I perceived an object
most attentive curiosity. A young woman
ing hastily along, holding down her head
triple folds of a veil that covered it, and see
great haste to expedite her pace, as she wa
ceal her features. Every thing about her
to announce disquietude and agitation.
black cachemire shawl entirely hid her sh
a charming foot which nothing could disgui
ble carriage that no shawl could destroy, a
all, a certain *je ne sais quoi*, a certain i
of a distinguished being, only rendered me
surprised at this rencontre, when a gentl
lifting up the mysterious veil, discovered to
the pretty face of Madame de St. Clair; s
had left the night before, or rather at three
morning, in the midst of a brilliant drawing
model for every envious female ambitious
and fascinate; surrounded by admirers, an
in all the splendour of gold and diamond
word, Madame de St. Clair, the most ele
renowned female of polished society, wa
hour, when I saw her, traversing the *rue* **
and consequently a prodigy capable of ex
my curiosity. But to the first emotion of
succeeded a painful feeling which rendered
easy. The young woman whom I had just di
was my friend. More than once had my ex
been the guide of her conduct, and sub
natural vivacity of her disposition; more t
had my affectionate counsels saved her fro

an imprudent step, or yielding to a dangerous temptation. Perhaps my presence at this juncture might again preserve her; perhaps I might save my friend from future sorrow and regret! this last reflection determined me. I wrapped myself up in a large mantle and hastened to overtake Madame de St. Clair; but it was in vain; I forgot the decay which had already attacked my feeble limbs; my steps could not diminish the distance that separated us, my voice could not reach her, and a deep sigh burst from my heart when I saw my young friend enter a little door which opened immediately on a given signal.

No, never could Madame de St. Clair render herself worthy of vile suspicion, thought I, as I advanced to the little door; whatever her conduct may appear at this instant, it must be cleared up before it is judged, and my friendship owns no other delicacy on this occasion than that of effacing the doubt that such an incident must inspire. Determined to brave every thing for the interests of my friend, I knocked at the fatal door, an old man opened it: "I am come," said I, "to join the lady who just now entered—" "Oh! on the sixth story," replied the aged porter, "No. 16, but," added he, taking hold of my arm, "do not behave like that young man who came here about a minute ago, who having taken No. 17 for 16, awoke my poor wife on a sudden, and she is not used to such visits. These fine gentlemen with their gold seals and trinkets, care but little about disturbing a poor person's rest, the only pleasure they think on is...." "Enough, enough," said I, and to avoid his tiresome remarks I went up the stairs so quickly that, in a moment, I was in the corridor where I found the apartments that formed the sixth story.

With a beating heart and opprest respiration, I slowly approached No. 16, and through the crevices of a clumsy door I distinguished the voice of Madame de St. Clair. "How!" said she, with a faltering accent, "is it two hours that he has been waiting for me? I must have been very late! and did he suffer much?"—"Oh! yes," replied a strange voice, "he suffered very much; but when he heard that you were coming, he seemed to have new life; he was so happy, he called you his angel, a divine creature."—"Ah! and I have made him wait," replied Madame de St. Clair mournfully, "well, now at least, his wishes shall be fulfilled. Interesting young man! how delightful his joy will be to my heart!" On hearing this conversation my imagination wandered through a labyrinth of obscurity. Every word seemed to unfold a mystery which I dreaded to penetrate. In the mean time, that second voice, that poor looking dwelling, that porter so willing to gossip, afforded some indications which made me waver in my opinion, when a fresh incident soon overthrew them. I heard Madame de St. Clair move to another part of the room, from whence issued suppressed sighs and indistinct sentences. The wo
adieu only reached me: it was followed by a lo
and deep sigh! I felt then that my unhappy frie
was lost; and wishing, at all events, to give her
lesson that might influence her future conduct,
opened the door and abruptly entered the chambe
and I saw the beautiful, the captivating Madame
St. Clair on her knees beside a bed, on which l
a poor sick man, who pressed to his heart the ha
he had just kissed: a decent looking woman,
some distance, contemplated with pleasure this te
der scene, while a young physician, seated on
wooden stool, was attentively reading over t
prescription he had just written. At this unexpecte
sight my heart beat with wonder and happiness,
alone felt guilty at that moment, my unjust susp
cions were changed to remorse: Madame de S
Clair divested of the auxiliaries of luxury and wealt
with no other ornament than the irresistible char
attached to bounty and compassion, dispensing h
benefits under the appearance of mystery, appeare
to me as a consoling angel!

How interesting were the blushes that suffuse
her cheeks, when she perceived me! hers was the e
barrassment of innocence and virtue. "Ah!" wh
said I, with emotion, "why, this disguise to cov
a good action? Thus alone at this early hour?"
"Ah! my good friend," replied Madame de S
Clair, pointing to the young physician, "yo
know not how precious every minute is to the do
tor. I could only obtain of him a short visit at s
o'clock this morning for poor Antoine. This u
happy being has neither friend nor relation, a
I wished to be present myself at the first visit
the physician in order to give directions to t
nurse, and tell her what plan to follow; ther
added Madame de St. Clair, with timidity, '
had not another hour of leisure. Have you fo
got our charming party for the country? Do n
you recollect, that at ten o'clock, *precisely*, v
are all to be ready to go and pass the day at Mon
morenci? If I had not seen poor Antoine before n
departure, he would have imagined, perhaps, that
had forgotten him; and, for myself, could I ha
enjoyed any pleasure, when thinking I had not do
my duty; and that an afflicted creature was sufferi
and expecting to see me? Now my mind is at eas
and I can, without regret, enjoy our little fête, a
put on my pretty new hat with taste. Oh! I a
sure you will find it very becoming, and I shall fe
no remorse to impair my countenance; I shall loo
handsomer for the thought that I have done son
good; it will render me pleasing to Augustus
"He will adore you," said I, as I pressed the ha
of my friend, "he will cherish you, when he fin
you are as good as you are lovely; the graces alon
can but charm and delude the imagination, but goo
ness and benevolence have claims more sacre
they not only soften but fix the heart."

After this short and interesting conversation, we quitted the poor patient; I accompanied Madame de St. Clair home, and I saw again in her an example of the union that may exist between a noble mind and a volatile spirit. My young friend, returning to all the attributes of youth, seemed only taken up with fashion and trimmings; every thought appeared to be absorbed in the cares of the toilet; and when clothed in a beautiful muslin dress, richly embroidered, having on her head a straw hat, turned sixty different ways, and over her neck a scarf of english point lace, Madame de St. Clair came to ask me what I thought of her? my remembrance carrying me back to that place where I had admired her in her morning deshabille, I could not help answering: "Not near so handsome as I found you a few hours ago." BATHILDE.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'ODEON.—CLEOPATRA, *a Tragedy in five acts.*

AFTER the famous battle of Actium, Anthony, the colleague of Octavius in the triumvirate, and the lover of Cleopatra, has survived his defeat and is sought after by Octavius, who sends envoys, in his name to claim him from the Queen of Egypt. She, guided by love, ambition, and jealousy, abandons and defends her lover by turns, according to the fears and hopes with which she is inspired by the envoys of Octavius. But Octavia, the sister of Octavius and wife to Anthony, presents herself, and comes, like a true Roman lady, to share with her son the misfortunes and the exile of her husband. Jealousy, then fires the whole soul of Cleopatra; her irritated passion prompts her to vengeance, and she prepares herself for it. She descends into the immense caverns of the pyramids, and sends for that living poison that is to cause her death. Octavia soon arrives at these gloomy vaults in search of her husband, and is stabbed by Cleopatra. Anthony falls at the feet of his mistress, as he curses her, while she, just then feeling the venom of the asp, breathes in her last sigh, her hatred to Rome and to Octavius.—Mademoiselle George is a fine representative of Cleopatra, and plays the character admirably.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

THE WORKS OF CHAMFORT, *with an historical Notice of the Life and Writings of the Author, by P. R. Auguis.* Paris, 4 vols. 8vo.

AMONGST the different pieces in this work is an *Eulogium on Moliere*, who was crowned by the Academy in 1769, and an *Eulogium on La Fontaine*, who carried off the prize proposed by the Academy of Marseilles in 1774. "It has been repeatedly declared," says Chamfort, "that if Moliere had published his works in our time, the greater part would never have succeeded. But this sa absurd. How could he paint manners that existed? He painted ours: he tore awa which hid the different shades from our sig the property of genius to render nature in worthy of the fine arts. What he saw exis it existed only for him. The painter who reg you the landscape over which your eye traces it on canvas, and it lives for ever; only see it for a moment! Moliere is this —Every thing becomes theatrical in the ha man of genius. What more odious than *T* more sterile than *Les Femmes Savantes?* A the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the stage? What more melancholy than a pedantic Pyrrhonia tain of his own existence? Moliere places the scene with an old man about to be marr consults him on the danger of such an eng All the comic effect may then be conceive pyrrhonism that is exercised on the fidel pretty wife."

Speaking of La Fontaine, Chamfort rema "What distinguishes him from every other is that wisdom, which is so natural to which seems only a happy developement stinct. With him, virtue does not appear su by those terrifying attendants that are made to accompany her; she has nothing nothing painful. Does he offer any examp nerosity? any sacrifice? He makes it eman love, or friendship; or from some simple se so gentle in itself, that even the sacrifice ap be happiness.—The mind, after a perusa works, is calm and resigned, like one, who ing from a solitary and rural walk, finds i a tender compassion for the whole human r a quiet resignation to the decrees of Provid short, the happy temper of supporting pati faults of others, and even our own, are not useful lessons that philosophy affords."

SOCIETY.

The Great, The Wealthy and People of th

"That Society which is styled *the World*, i the struggle of a thousand little opposite i an eternal struggle of all those vanities th and jostle each other; each wounded in th each humbled by the other; and which exp the morrow, in the disgrace of a defeat, his of the day before. To live in solitude, and crushed by those miserable shocks, from wh turn their eyes for an instant to sink under next: this is to be nothing, it is to be with tence. Poor human nature!"

"Suppose twenty men are together; eve men, who all know and esteem one of ackno merit. Dorilas, we will say, for example; the

him; they applaud his talents; and one among the company adds; 'It is a pity he is so little favoured by fortune.' 'What do you mean?' says another, 'it is only his humility, which will not suffer him to live in luxury. Do you know that he has twenty five thousand livres a year?'——'Really!'——'Be assured of it, I have proofs of what I say.' From that time when this man of real merit appears, he compares the reception he meets with in society, as more or less cold, however distinguished, than that with which he was formerly received. But it is exactly so, and he has sighed at it. Yet, in that society, there was one man who behaved always the same towards him. One among twenty: and our philosopher says, I am satisfied.

"I would advise all those who wish to obtain a favour from the minister, to address him with a melancholy, instead of a smiling air. No one likes to see another happier than himself.

"If we wish to please in the world, we must resolve to hear of a great many things that we already know, from those who are ignorant of their value.

"A sensible man pretended, before those that were worth millions, that he could be happy with two thousand crowns a year. They strenuously supported the contrary, and even with anger. When he retired to his home, he sought for the cause of that acrimony shewn to him by people who had a friendship for him; and, at length, found that he had proved he was independent of them."

On Women, Love, Marriage and Gallantry.

"A MAN in love is one who wishes to make himself more amiable than he possibly can; and that is the reason that almost all lovers are ridiculous."

"Young women have a misfortune in common with *Kings;* that is to be without friends; but, luckily, they do not feel this misfortune any more than a King *does:* the grandeur of one, and the vanity of the other takes from them all disagreeable feeling."

"Love is reckoned pleasanter then marriage; as romances are more amusing than history."

"If we wish to form an idea of the self-love of women in their youth, we may judge by what is left them at that age when they have ceased to charm."

"A witty lady once pronounced a sentence before me which might be said to be the secret of her sex: it was, that every woman in accepting a lover, thought more of the opinion that *other women* formed of him, than of that which she felt herself."

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

ON the 17th of September, the court went into mourning for seven months, on the death of his Majesty, Louis XVIII.

The time of mourning is divided into three degrees; the first for three months, the second for two, and the last for two months; the orders are as lows:

FIRST MOURNING—*For men's full court dress, for ordinary costume.*—Crape sword knots, waistc and breeches of black cloth; the shirt frill and ruf of plain lawn, the sword-hilt and buckles lacke black. Black worsted stockings and black glov The military wear only a crape round the arm, cra sword-knots and hat-bands. The usual dress i complete suit of black, without buttons, with v deep weepers, during the first month, and narr ones during the second and third; frill and ruf of plain lawn; sword-hilt and buckles bronz stockings of black worsted, and long crape hat-ba

For Ladies.—During the first month, dresses black stuffs, trimmed with the same, coif and fic of black crape. During the other two months, the first period, a dress of black stuff, trimmed w crape, cap and fichu of white crape, stockings a gloves of black silk, jet ornaments

SECOND PERIOD.—*Court and civil costume.*—Cra sword-knots, waistcoat and breeches of black clo Shirt frill and ruffles of muslin with a broad he black silk stockings; sword-hilt and buckles before. Officers with crape sword-knots and rou the arm.

Usual Dress.—An entire suit of black with butto frill and ruffles of broad-hemmed muslin, black s stockings, sword-hilt of polished steel or silver, sil buckles, and the hat without a hat band.

For Ladies.—Dress of black silk, trimmed w white crape, white crape cap, stockings and glo of black silk, ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

THIRD PERIOD.—The men to wear waistcoats a breeches of black silk, and the sword hilts a buckles as usual, at court. For the usual dress c tume, coat, waistcoat and breeches of black si sword-hilt and buckles of polished steel or silver.

For Ladies.—A dress of white or black and whit pearl and diamond ornaments. No coloured ge to be worn during the whole time of mourning.

During the time that the theatres were clos there were seen on the Boulevards, and in the Cham Elysées, a great many ladies in white dresses muslin, organdy, or cambric, with black crape ha ornamented with black flowers, or black ostri feathers, slightly curled, or else with flat, triangu bows of crape. On some of the white dresses w worn black sashes, *à la Léonide*, where the ribbo formed an X on the breast, and a V behind: oth wore *fichus à la neige*, forming two pelerines, o over the other, cut in very sharp points.

There have lately been produced from the wo rooms of our dress-makers, some gowns of bla cachemire, the corsages of which are ornament with broad worsted braiding. The mancherons, the sleeves of these dresses are *bouillonnés*, and a bordered and relieved by the same braiding; t

sleeves are long and wide, and are confined by five or six bands of puckered crape. The trimming round the border of the skirt is composed of *bouillons* of cachemire, separated by rows of braiding.

Many black satin hats are seen covered with crape. The strings are of ribbon, the lappets of gauze, but either are tied and form a bow near the left ear. The crowns of the mourning hats are very low and the brims large.

The toques for mourning are of *crêpe lisse* in bias, and are more in the form of a diadem than a turban, on one side is fixed a plume of drooping feathers.

The fans are of crêpe, or of black glazed paper: black sticks and fastenings.

Among the colours that are worn with black, by persons who are not in a situation to wear mourning according to the order, we have remarked various shades of grey. All the grey stuffs, whether they are of lavender or of blue grey, have broad black stripes. Young persons and children, who are not dressed entirely in black, have, at least, a sash, gloves, and veil of black; the ribbons on their hats are also black. The rest of the costume is white.

Some fans have been seen in ivory stained black, they are carved in open work; there are also some black paper fans, striped with white.

Diamonds and pearls cannot be worn during a court mourning for the first three months. Jet, *fer de Berlin*, and polished steel, bronze, are the only ornaments allowed in the jewellery line. The last of these articles are most admired. Small bags *à la Melpomène*, or *au Phénix*, present an elegant disposal of foliage in black gros de Naples, ornamented with open tufts; this foliage being united forms a kind of basket, either round or square. The new mourning pins and brooches are simple but allegorical.

In the first visits of ceremony paid at court, it was remarked that the dresses of the ladies were of bombazin trimmed with crape; the bodies were made very low, and the short sleeves remarkably full. Some had long transparent sleeves of black crape. The head-dress was a cap of black crape, which discovered two tufts of hair; depending from these caps was a long black veil.

At all the public places, whether at the theatres or the promenades, we meet more than two thirds of the people in mourning: ladies, whose limited income will not allow them to adopt the complete costume, are, nevertheless seen with all the accessories that mourning requires; such as black shawls, sashes, hats, stockings and gloves of the same sable hue; in order to evince the share they take in the general sorrow.—Several ladies distinguished by their rank in society, and famed for the elegance of their taste, have as yet worn no other dress than bombazin, made *en blouse*. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three bias folds, very close to each other; often a fold of crape the two that are of the same material as t Dresses of black cachemire, the trimming f one very large *bouillon*, fastened with tufts o trimming and crossing diagonally the bou equal distances, are much admired. How generality of dresses are of gros de Naples, either with bias folds, honeycombs, or bou flock gauze. They are made low to dis bust; and the fichus and colerettes of bla are marked by much diversity in their ma have seen in the Tuileries a very pretty dr posed of a black crape pelisse lined with bla between the two broad folds with which faced on each side, from the shoulders to were placed small black buttons of jet buttons were of the same shape as those the Hussars; they were placed very close other; the sash and bracelets were of black caps that were requisite for adm Court, in the commencement of the m were of black cachemire.—The hats are de Naples, with a round crown, placed ve ward; the brim is long in front and shor ears: the bows and lappets are of gau ends of the lappets are sometimes finish acorn. Undress bonnets are of gros de gauze or crape; they are bent down over head, and they have a chicorée trimmin edge.—The cold has, for a few days, tense; so that pelisses and mantles were universal; those that were made for the casion, were of black cachemire, lined wi and satin collars. However, coloured ma often seen with mourning dresses, and are even on the days of the King's entry, Tuileries, and on coming out of the thea

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDE

Correspondents are requested to continue to with information and criticisms, on the passing e may interest the polite World.

Our readers are respectfully solicited to recom Publication amongst their friends. It is the dedicated to High Life, Fashionables and Fash periodical of the kind, has embellishments tha compared to this.

Persons who reside abroad, and may wish to b with this work every month, may have it sent t New York, Halifax, Quebec, and any part of Indies by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Offi No 21, Sherborne Lane, to the Brazils, Madeira, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; t Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and and to France and Holland, by Mr. Cowie, Sherborne Lane.

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THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POL
LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, *&c. &c.*

No. 7. LONDON, DECEMBER 1. Vo

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.

DUKES AND DUCHESSES.

Portland, Duke of, from Newmarket.
Bedford, Duke and Duchess of, from Brighton.

MARQUESSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Stafford, Marques and Marchioness and family, from Staffordshire.
Salisbury, Dowager Marchioness, from Berks.
Lothian, Marques of, from Norfolk.

EARLS AND COUNTESSES, BARONS AND BARONESSES.

Karoll, Count, from Paris.
Portaless, Count, from Paris.
Jersey, Earl and Countess, from Brighton.
Colchester, Lord, from East Grinstead.
Cavendish, Lord and Lady G. and family, from Eastbourne.
Harvey, Lord, from Suffolk.
Eardley, Lord, from Kent.
Lisborne, Earl of, from Cheltenham.
Halford, Lady, for Colchester.
Allen, Viscountess and the Hon. Miss, from Ramsgate.
Gower, Lord F. from Hants.
Dartmouth, Countess of, at Blackheath.
Dartmouth, Earl, and brothers, at Berkeley Square, from the Continent.
Legge, Lady Caroline, from the Isle of Wight.
Lamb, Lady Caroline, from Bracket Hall.
Orkney, Countess, from Bucks.
Gosford, Earl of, from Suffolk.
Chetwynd, Dowager Lady, from Oxfordshire.
Chichester, Earl of, and family, from Hastings.
Bentinck, Lord and Lady, from Welbeck, Notts.
Smith, Lady, in Piccadilly, from Yorkshire.
Vincent, Dowager Lady, from Hants.
Spencer, Earl and Countess, in St. James's Place.

BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND TI
LADIES.

Dashwood, Sir H. and Lady, in Cavendish Square.
Gore, Sir John and Lady, from Chichester.
Nugent, Sir George and Lady, from Bucks.
Long, Sir Charles, from Kent.
Owen, Sir W. from York.
Fitzherbert, Sir Henry and Lady, from Derby.
Caulfield, Sir George, from Paris.
Ricardo, Sir James, from Scotland.

NAVY AND ARMY.

Bromley, Colonel, from Worcestershire.
Thompson, Major, Mrs. and family, from Paris.
Gosling, Admiral, from Kent.
Noble, Colonel, from India.
Rowan, Colonel, from Portsmouth.
Dacre, Colonel, from Paris.
Asker, General Sir H. Bart. from Scotland.
Fitzclarence, Colonel, and Mrs. from Petworth, Sussex.

ESQUIRES AND THEIR LADIES.

Ainslie, Dr. from Lancashire.

Field, J. Esq. and family, from Yorkshire.
Camac, W. Esq. at Thompson's Hotel, Cavendish Square.
Burningham, Esq. Mrs. and Miss, from Hants.
Parish, H. Esq. from Paris.
Grenville, Rt. Hon. T. from Dropmore.
Twisleton, Hon. F. from Belvidere.
Prendergrast, M. G. Esq. M. P. from Newmarket.
Markham, John, Esq. from India.
Long, Hon. Mr. and Lady Mary, from Hants.
Petre, Hon. S. from Paris.
Dunbar, Thomas, Esq. and Mrs. at Cornwall Lodge, Regent's Park, from Worthing.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

Beresford, Ladies Sarah, Susan, and Elizabeth, for Paris.
Bedford, Duke and Duchess of, and family, for Brighton.
Brereton, Mrs. Trelawney, for Paris.
Burningham, Esq. and Mrs. Hughes, for Hants.
Dormer, Lord, for Warwickshire.
Dowbiggin, Capt. W. H. and Mrs. for Italy.
Edwards, Hon. G. from Norfolk.
Foley, Admiral Sir Thomas and Lady, for Paris.
Fane, Sir H. for Northamptonshire.
Fitzherbert, Sir H. H. Bart. for the West Indies.
Fitzherbert, Lady and family, for Derbyshire.
Farrant, George, Esq. for Bath.
Graham, Marques of, for Powis Castle.
Holland, Lord and Lady, for Brighton.
Hopper, Mrs. and family, for Tunbridge Wells.
Hippesley, Esq. Mrs. and Miss, for Colchester.
Knox, Esq. and Misses, for Bath.
Longford, Esq. for the Continent.
Lothian, Marques of, for Cirencester.
Lansdown, Marques of, for Bath.
Lynedock, Lord, for Cosgrove Priory.
Love, Capt. and Mrs. for Bath.
Lopez, Sir Masseh, Bart. M. P. to Maristow House, Devon.
Maxse, T. Esq. for Melton Mowbray.
Newcomb, Esq. and Mrs. for Paris.
Sparrow, Lady A. for Brighton.
Scott, Sir W. Bart. for Florence.
Standish, Frank, Esq. for Leicestershire.
Thanet, Earl, for Paris.
Tyrone, Earl of, for France.
Tichfield, Marques, for Welbeck, Nottinghamshire.
Tuffnell, W. Esq. and Mrs. for Essex.
Vivian, Sir Hussey, Bart. for Southampton.
Waterford, Marques and Marchioness, for Paris.
Wesley, Hon. Mrs. and family, for Hastings.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

THE KING.

OUR much loved King arrived at his Palace in Pall Mall, on Saturday, November the 20th, in perfect health, expressly to attend a Privy Council, to take into consideration the crimes of several unfortunate individuals, who had offended the laws of their country, and were sentenced to suffer an death. The feelings of our most gracious Mona occasions, is most poignant—he has been known to and to make the most anxious enquiries, wheth of the individuals could not be spared. His hea benevolent, and good, that nothing but the mo circumstances can induce him to allow the culp death. That such a King should ever have had quered and insulted by a vile race of beings, wil mented. The good old King George III, was fully abused, by a clamorous and infamous se and brawlers, but his breath had scarcely left all and every body, even his vilest calumniat ledged his virtues and goodness; hundreds of an recounted of the departed monarch, which will down to posterity, as a lasting proof of the sha grace that will ever rest on the names of hi Such will again be the case when our prese shall have breathed his last, which time we pray be very distant. George IV. has had troubles, but an unspotted heart and mind resolved against the shameful assaults of a conspiring have withstood. Had not the King, at the perio to, evinced the greatest fortitude, (and a str clouded mind he did possess) the country mus plunged into anarchy and blood. Our present sta King to have had truth and honour as his suppo correct and proper resolution. We are sure be said that there is not a voice in the United K that will cry *God save King George IV.*

His Majesty has not been able to enjoy his us Windsor, during November, so frequently as his could wish. Air and exercise are indispensible sent state of his constitution. At the time we *we have had no official communication,* respect jesty's departure for Brighton—we understan that the King will go to his Palace there for a and *only for a very short time.*

That most excellent Prince, the Duke of York in his movements, that we cannot keep up with h curately state where his Royal Highness has bee month of November. The invitations which p him in numbers, render it impossible for his Roy to accept of all. His health is much improved quent excursions; and it gives us the utmost ple form our readers that he is in the enjoyment health.

The Duke of Clarence adheres to domestic the Duchess is reported to be in that happy state lady wishes to be, who "*loves her lord.*" pledge ourselves for this report—we give it, ho a source that is entitled to attention.

The Princess Augusta has been backwards ar from Windsor to London, on affectionate visits to of Gloucester, who is not in the best health.

REVIEW OF THE JOHN BULL NEWSP

No. I.

THE various slaps, which, on several occasions, v the pleasure of bestowing upon our scandalous frie having met with the particular approbation of m

numerous and fashionable subscribers, we propose paying our respects to this well-known gentleman, for the future, in a more regular style, using our best exertions, to expose his back-biting qualities, in all their native ugliness, to ridicule the extraordinary degree of importance, which he invariably assumes, and to display the choice absurdities in which he now and then abounds, to the laughing eyes of our merry readers. Therefore, friend Bull! have a care—bellow, kick, toss, plunge and whisk your tail as you will—we are determined to stick to you "like a leech:" we will watch you as old Argus did an ancient female of your family, the metamorphised Io—and better too, forsooth, for no Mercury shall be able to lull us to sleep:

"Fools are our game!"

And satire shall accordingly employ our pen, as long as it will move, and Johnny continues in his career of nonsense and affectation.

"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit!"

As every little school-boy knows who has studied his latin Syntax, and he who wrote the line could never have expected that his words would be more charmingly verified than they have been in the person of the writer of the John Bull newspaper. Now and then, he favours us with a specimen of sensible argument and observation, and we like him for his steady, downright adherence to church and state, although he frequently carries even this laudable principle to a pitch that borders on the *ne plus ultra* of the ridiculous, as we shall probably have to show on more occasions than one in the course of this our critical capacity. But we hate his low scurrility, his affectation of honesty, and his childish and narrow prejudices—these we shall take every opportunity to detect and hold up to the merited derision of all who are fond of quizzing, what is essentially foolish and contemptible.

And now, to descend from the *general* to the *particular*, let us begin with Johnny's Number of 24th October, in which he displays one of the most amusing of his many exquisite vagaries. With all the fine feeling so natural to his generous heart, our gallant friend, in speaking of the affair between Mr. Hayne and Miss Foote, says, "It appears that he (Col. Berkeley) has transferred his affections—attentions, we mean, from the interesting girl *whose name has been so cruelly dragged before the public*, to some other favorite." The passage which we have here printed in italics, is very touching, and is rendered the more so by contrast, when this hypocritical fellow, in the very identical page in which he thus amiably descants upon the injury done to this pretty and delightful actress, makes dirty jokes at her expense, and accompanies them with a stupid pun and a still more stupid epigram, one and all of which are more "cruel" and indecent than any thing that has appeared in any other paper. This must be acknowledged as a noble display of *gallant humanity*, for which the fair lady in question will no doubt feel particularly obliged, and the writer must inevitably stand higher than ever in the public estimation for the good qualities of his heart—excellent man!

In the same number, and doubtless from the same sapient hand, we have this foolish paragraph:

"We have no room for the animated debate on the popish parliament, reported in yesterday's Chronicle; but we shall recur to the *subject* next Sunday. Shiel, the play-writer, made a speech, and adorned it with a quotation (he said,) from Agrippa—he meant Sallust; but for a play-house retainer this is a trifle—*poor* creature!"

Mr. Shiel may have made this *lapsus linguæ*, regarding the name of his author, but it is more probable that the mistake arose from some blundering reporter: whether this be the case or not, the vulgar and silly epithets of "play-writer" and "play-house retainer," when applied to the elegant author of *The Apostate* and *Eradne*, can only bring shame on the newspaper scribbler who was stultified enough to indite them; and the concluding ejaculation of "*poor* creature!" which the writer appears to have considered peculiarly *cutting*, will be uttered by every one who reads the paragraph, in pity for the littleness of mind that must have suggested its composition.

The absurd story, in the same number of this *veracious* journal, about H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester is really beneath notice. We have every reason to believe it to be a deliberate falsehood, and it is a fit sequel to the many previous attacks in which the writer has profaned the name of H. R. H. and disgraced his own character, if ever he had such a thing, which, however, we must beg leave to doubt.

This lying paragraph, is followed by a well-written satire upon Captain Medwin's "Conversations of Lord Byron;" but even this piece of witticism, Johnny cannot get through without running his head against a post. He very gravely quotes a passage as he says, "*from a book already published by Captain Benson, of the navy, who was master of Lord Byron's yacht*," about the misguided, and unfortunate Shelley which tends to stigmatise him as a despicable and recanting coward. All the world now knows that this "book already published," is no more than a complete hoax from beginning to end. Oh, Johnny, Johnny! a lamentable proof this that you are as much of an ass as other people, and a knave moreover, you certainly must be; or you would ere this have had the candour to acknowledge that you had been gulled into simple credulity, were it only in justice to the dead—but this you have not yet done; nor will do, we would wager a thousand, for in your opinion honesty is far from being the best policy. What a falling off was there! the great Bull *hoaxed*. Doubtlessly by "Captain Benson, of the navy, who was master of Byron's yacht," will consider this circumstance as the gayest feather of all which his waggish dexterity has placed in his cap.

Mr. Bull's next publication is a dull one, and, much to our grief, we passed over its two centre pages (in which the marrow of the gentleman generally lies) without "culling a flower" of wit, or any thing of that description. As a kind of *dernier ressort*, we then turned to the theatrical corner, where we were delighted to find the following choice *morceau*, which, properly speaking, should form part of our dramatic department; but that is already overcharged, and the sublimity of our quotation cannot fail to make ample amends for the irregularity of its introduction—thus it runs:

"Venice Preserved has been performed at Covent Garden, for the purpose of introducing a new Belvidera, in the person of Mrs. Sloman. Her performance was received with the approbation it deserved; and when she has by practice learned '*to keep up her Christopher*,' she will be an acquisition to the theatre. At present she falls off towards the conclusion of the play, which perhaps may arise from physical inability, or fatigues from want of custom to the *patent wildernesses* of London, where the *lungs of a Stentor* are required to *make a whisper audible*, and *the scream of a*

pea-hen absolutely necessary to GET *the note of a* SONG to the back of the one-shilling gallery."

The idea of a lady's "keeping up her Christopher" is peculiarly good—the image conveyed in the phrase of "patent wildernesses" is picturesque and poetical—the "lungs of a Stentor" that are required to *make a whisper audible*, and "the scream of a pea-hen," that is requisite to get the note of a *song* to the back of the one-shilling gallery, form altogether a description that is at once classical, grammatical, witty and rural, and the word "song" is extremely applicable to the occasion—every one knows what a variety of *songs* are allotted to poor Miss Belvidera. In fact, the brief passage, which we have quoted above, may be considered as a sparkling concentration of all that is acute in criticism and elegant in language, and as such we warmly recommend it to the particular attention of our numerous readers.

On the 14th November, the John Bull obliges its friends with this sensible remark, whilst speaking of the northern expeditions: "We never," quoth he, "had a second opinion upon the subject of these enterprises, and whenever we hear of the return of such expeditions, it is always with rejoicing and satisfaction—it seems a most *useless* risk of lives." From this we are led to suppose that the scribe is one of those sit-at-home gentlemen, who condemn all noble adventure—we commend this heroic and *patriotic* declaration; what avails national honor and enterprise? Go to Captain Parry—you had better have wasted your life in dull obscurity at home than have troubled yourself about fame and immortality abroad—the writer for the John Bull says so, and what he says must be true.

On the same day the same gentleman who, on a former occasion, spoke so feelingly about Miss Foote having been *cruelly dragged* before the public, has graciously thought fit to mention another actress, Miss Paton, in a way that cannot fail to inflict a severe wound upon her feelings—what must the world think of a journal which will, at this moment, assume a tone of hypocritical pity towards one defenceless female—in the next traduce her in puns and epigrams, and in a third defame another for no other purpose than to enjoy the paltry gratification of "crowing" over a rival contemporary.

The sneer raised at the same time against the Duke of Sussex is exquisitely contemptible.

We will now leave Johnny, for a season, to his usual lucubrations, from which, our readers may be assured, we shall be able to collect many subjects for their future amusement, as it is not at all probable that any sudden miracle will bring the Bull to his senses before another opportunity offers for us again to take him by the horns, and exhibit his deformity as the object of general diversion.

LORD WAITHMAN'S DYING SPEECH, Spoken on the day preceding his departure from the honorable office of *City* Mayor.

"The day,
"The great, th'important day, big with the fate
"*Of Waithman and the world!*"—

That day hath dawned, and on the morrow must I yield my proud and majestic throne unto another—again must I *veil* my glories, and relinquish the *unmeasured* dignity of the mace for the undignified *measure* of the *yard*. Be it so, for in my retirement I shall exult in the consciousness of having done honest service to my country and the universe at large. Have I not bequeathed the balm of consolation to an unfortunate child of the west?—that ra which I recommended him to partake will bless redoubled vigor, and in the hour of health he shall the name of Waithman! Have I not put a stop to t nable bore—the exhibition of Barber's bears? all Threadneedle Street with one voice shall s honor and warble for ever in my praise. Have I myself a very Ovidius Secundus in the tender p declaring my inability to comprehend how two different tongues could mutually entertain thems the eloquence of love? I have, and Mrs. W. say (be this my climax!) have I, have I not displaye soul of philanthropy by binding the jaws of mad *bobbin*, in the dog days, when that human scour by one of my petitioners "Phoby," threatened c to the legs of all good citizens? The dogs would "Phoby, or not Phoby," I felt it my duty to have bit—a bit of jurisprudence which must ever be remembered by the gentlemen of the Common Co God knows! are mad enough already. Such hav deeds—yet, in despite of all, some vulgar fellow sulted me by their scurrilous abuse— that

"Child of hell—called wit!"

has been abroad, punning detestably upon my el lins, shawls and other haberdashery articles. B unhurt, and have lived a noble illustration of th that poet who says,

"Fate has but very small distinction set
"Betwixt the *counter* and the coronet."

For even whilst a humble haberdasher, have I an honored "Lord?" My senatorial wisdom has the consideration of all my fellow Solomons of t polis—and beauty's self has been my admirer the glorious campaign at Knightsbridge; I conq

"And still the ladies love the conquerors!"

I leave the pomp of state—but in my retreat sha the silent homage of all good men, and the fai never forget Bob's pleasant shop in Fleet Stree hope long to dole out silks and satins by the yard, that transitory greatness has not made me oblivi things of daily life, in knowing which, according t consists the only true wisdom—"Muslins be thou

MY LORD MAYOR'S RAREE-SHOW.—Tuesday day of November, was, as all the world knows, th sary of the Cits' Jubilee, when that important My Lord Mayor, first commences his illustrious, b brief reign over London's vast Metropolis, and is d into his official importance at the Court of Exchequ Barons there assembled in becoming dignity.—Th self was a most propitious one, and the Citizens wh times in the morning to take a peep at the state mosphere through the crannies of their bed-roor doffed their greasy night-caps, twirled them ro heads in all the ecstasy of joy, and each summoned spouse from her downy pillow to partake of the pleasures which the day was to afford. Aldermen Common Councilmen, the City Law-Officers, Fire termen and other gentlemen felt universal satisfacti hearts, as they beheld the first beam of the sun a the topmost spire of St. Paul's Cathedral, otherwi nated the Cockney's Land-Mark. The ninth day ber had generally been overclouded by one of tho ble fogs so peculiar to London in that month: th stance never failed to cause excessive grief to t Cits, and they moreover felt it a sort of insulting

upon themselves, hinting that foggy weather was congenial both to them and to their Jubilee: this was too bad; but now, what Mr. Mawworm terms, "a glorious consolation" had arrived, and the grand City pageant was at length to have the benefit of a light becoming its excellent and inconceivable splendor.

But what pen may describe the emotions that disturbed the bosom of His Highness the Lord Mayor, elect Dominion and Glory were before him; Power and Magnificence presented all their charms to his awakened imagination.—But they were chequered by foreboding cares—the awful cares that ever attend upon state. He rose from his restless couch, paced round the chamber in heart-shaking agitation, and at length gracefully threw himself into a mahogany arm-chair, where, according to the words of the poet, he sate:

With downcast looks————,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

His great mind, however, soon grew superior to this fit of the Blue-Devils—so

Up he a rose
And donn'd his clothes,

and prepared himself to go through the arduous duties of the day.

The streets were all thronged at an early hour by pick-pockets and other respectable people, and, as the clocks struck ten—hokus-pokus! Bounce came my Lord Mayor's carriage in the midst of them, and attracted the universal admiration of all the children, young and old, who had assembled to behold it.—"The coachman," quoth the Reporters, "outrider and footmen were literally *covered with gold.* The outrider's jacket, when the sun, which had a cheerful influence the whole of the day, *played upon it,* appeared *quite in a blaze.*" Quite in a blaze, indeed; and so did the coachman's *nose* and he and his companions reminded one of so many scale-covered fish. "The fat, sleek condition of the men," continue these gentlemen, "corresponded with the reputation of the Guildhall banquet."—Truly did it—every feature told a tale of turtle, and a wicked expression of the left eye of each implied the exclamation, of "Turbot for ever!"

After devouring a plentiful breakfast, as became good Citizens, at about half-past twelve the City-Emperor and his retinue sallied forth *en masse*—and here follows a brief sketch of the procession:

Peace Officers to clear the way

(of men, women, little boys and girls and other rubbish: these were queer fellows and looked very hungry, notwithstanding the breakfast.)

Foot Marshall,
Stavesmen, Pensioners and
lots of *Whifflers*

(non descripts, called by many of the by-standers *Whistlers.*)

Watermen and Barge-Master

(very droll men indeed, and all of them particularly fat.)

Musicians—Standards—Watermen,
The *splendid* Long-Streamer

(a very decent piece of linen, probably bought at the Lord Mayor's shop in Fleet Street.)

Pages, Ushers in tye-wigs—*more Whifflers,*
Trumpeters—Kettle-Drums

(more like ghosts and frying pans.)

Under-City-Marshall—Beadle—and another
brace or two of Whifflers,
A crowd of all sorts
Prime-Warden, *Whifflers* and Music.
A couple of *Farriers* mounted, with Hatchets.

(Saucepans would have been preferable, the men would have handled them better—"practice makes perfect.")

Heralds, Knights, &c., &c., &c.

(evidently tinkers and tailors—the poor fellows looked considerably frightened.)

Ancient Knight, on an Arabian Charger,
plumed and armed cap-à-pie, in the
polished steel armor of Henry V.

(truly ancient—of the year 1: the armour belonged to Nim and not to Henry the Fifth.)

More Knights, drums and trumpets

(playing—"Ladies beware of a fair young Knight," &c.

Marshalmen, Lord Mayor's Servants, Chief-Marshal)

(gay and gruff.)

The Lord Mayor
in his *State* Carriage!
surrounded by Firemen and drawn
by Six Horses.

(NB. would have, looked better in a "Jarvey.")

The Lady Mayoress
in her *private State Carriage!!* drawn by
Six Horses.

(Poor little woman!)

The *late* Lord-Mayor
drawn by Six Horses.

(Lord Robert looked quite in the dumps—perhaps he was thinking of *mad dogs.* He looked whistfully at his shop passing, and seeing it full of customers, hummed to the tune of "Measure, oh! measure away, brave boys!")

Aldermen, Sheriffs and Law-Officers,
Tag, Rag and Bobtail.

Much of this splendid company *embarked* at Blackfriars Bridge, and as usual, took a trip by water, during which a body was drowned—*oh, mirabile dictu!*

His Serene Highness the Mayor was then "sworn" in at the Exchequer; after which the procession proceeded to Guildhall, where

The father of the people* open'd wide
his stores,

and all London ate and drank in a manner worthy the reputation of Citizens. The Hall was adorned with "oil lamps and "glaring gas-lights," and their effect, as the subli

* Alderman Garratt, the Tea-dealer, of *Old Swan Stairs.*

gentlemen of the press say, was *inconceivably* grand!!—What wags these fellows are—nobody better than they can *qualify* a noun upon occasion—"inconceivably grand" is an excellent phrase.—

Alas! the best things must have an end as well as the worst, and the eventful ninth past away amid the reluctant sighs of many a fair Cit and the groans of numberless jolly tradesmen, who, like the renowned Christopher Sly, found their transient dreams of greatness a silly cheat, and the next morning beheld them doling out tea, sugar and candles with their usual industry.

LORD MACDONALD.—The following will particularly interest every person having the slightest acquaintance with the Macdonald family. The town residence of this distinguished family is in Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.—The service of the Right Honourable Sir Godfrey Bosville Macdonald of the Isles, Baronet of Macdonald, Lord of Slate and Baron Macdonald, took place in the Robing-room of the Parliament House, on Saturday, the 30th of October. The Macdonald estate, comprehending the lands of Slate, North Uist, and others, in which his Lordship was served heir to his brother, the deceased Lord Macdonald, was part of the lands belonging to John Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, and were granted by him on 28th of June, 1449, previous to his forfeiture, and the annexation of the Earldom of Ross to the Crown, to his brother, Hugh of the Isles, Lord of Slate, and have since (except during the time they were forfeited) continued in the family of Hugh of the Isles. Lord Eldin was Chancellor, and Mr. John Archibald Campbell, Clerk of Court, by whom evidence was laid before the Jury, to prove the propinquity. After the service, Lord Macdonald gave the Jury and other friends an entertainment at Barry's Hotel, at which were present the Lord Provost, Lord Elgin, Lord Belhaven, Lord Eldin, and a number of other distinguished characters. During the evening Signor de Begnis, Messrs. Philipps, &c., Gow and his band, and the Highland bagpipes, gratified and amused the company.

MISS FOOTE it appears, has made every arrangement with her professional advisers to bring on the action against Mr. Hayne; and she says, whatever delay ensues cannot be attributed to her, but to her adversaries. It is a prevailing wish that she should get most ample damages. Whatever may be her faults, she should not have been liable to be dragged into fresh crimes by the *tricks* and *cajolleries* of the patroniser of prize-fighters. The *gentleman* that will associate with such beings cannot have very refined feelings; but must have much of the cunning of low life. Some think Miss Foote has had a happy escape in not being united to Mr. Hayne—but all agree that the *gentleman* should be made to pay for conduct which appears very much like hypocrisy of no ordinary kind. The trial will bring to light some of the Colonel's "*fashionable fun*" as he calls it. Report says he is much engaged in *making up* a sort of defence for his disclosures to Mr. Hayne. Those *choice spirits* have a good deal of work on their hands in endeavouring to *vamp up* ideas for the lawyers to make a case that will set them fair again with the public.

ITALIAN OPERA SINGERS.—If there is any truth in the following statement, and we have taken it from a source that we think can be depended upon, the Opera Managers and the nobility have some tricks practised upon them by the Italians, which will make them less anxious to give their countenance to foreigners, who have so bad an opin their judgment of singers and music:

"It happened, that at the hotel where I took up my an agent of the London Opera-house was then waitin favourable wind to transport him to Leghorn, on his Naples for the purpose of engaging performers. He little acquainted with Italian as I was with French; had a shrewd knave of a servant, a Neopolitan, who as his interpreter. This agent of the English ope in his day been a cabinet-maker, and possessed ab much taste in Italian music as his own *bidets*. Having that he was in quest of a principal male-singer, I se his interpreter, and told him, that I would make handsome present if he could give his master an incl to engage me; and it was arranged between us, that I make occasional bravura flourishes in walking back and forwards in my chamber, which was near the E man's, and that the cunning Carlo should as often t opportunity of repeating a thousand fine things of th derful Bellavoce. Thus, to make a long tale short, in the end engaged to be first singer in the London house; and the Englishman, who had no more idea music than he had of that of the spheres, was infinit lighted with my flights and flourishes, and those oth surdities which the chaste taste of the Palermitan m had pronounced so execrable. He accordingly wrote principals, that in Signor Bellavoce he had found th incomparable singer and performer then in all Italy that I possessed, in addition to the extraordinary powe capacities of the richest voice, one of the finest pers the stage. His letter was shown to all the music fessors and persons of taste in London, and mutual c tulations on so great an acquisition were exchanged quarters. The only circumstance which led them to the veracity of the description, was his account of my to which, as singers both male and female are in g surprisingly ugly, they could not give credit. Howe was rumoured through all the fashionable circles, tha *Bellavoce* was to be brought out; and those ladies and men, the subscribers to the opera, who, in their sim inquired if it was a serious or a comic piece, were in that it was the name only of the most accomplished sin all Italy. The bait thus took in London, and whe rived there all the world was agape. It was late evening when I reached the British capital, and I sent diately, on my arrival, to apprise the manager, wh flying to me on tiptoe, and with expanded arms. Jad fatigued as I was after my journey, he insisted on dr me with him to a concert, in the mansion of a magn and beautiful duchess. Nothing could exceed the e my reception. The apartments were mean and small pared to those in the palaces of the nobility in Ita Sicily; but they were crowded to suffocation with great of the greatest nation. The performers in th cert acquitted themselves so respectably, that I be fear I had overrated the musical ignorance of the E and also my own impudence. But the airs they sung a different taste from ours; and I was comforted heard the best of them attempt a popular Italian song ward the end of the concert, the lady of the banque to me, and begged me for the love of God to sing one It would oblige her so much; it would make her fam ever, to have it said that I had first sung in England house. There was no withstanding this; and, besi

was a beautiful and fascinating creature. The manager, who acted as interpreter between us, pleaded my fatigue in excuse, but without effect; for she so continued to implore and beseech me with a couple of the loveliest blue eyes, that I could not resist; and I sang accordingly one of my gayest songs, one which I reserved for jolly parties behind the scenes; but the English knew nothing of Italian, and I was applauded to the skies.—What taste! What sentiment! O, divine! Bravo! echoed from all sides. The duchess was transported into the third heavens; and the little manager was scarcely less in ecstasy. The King's Theatre, on the Saturday following, was crowded with such an audience as was never before seen; legs and arms were broken in the crowd, and some four or five score of lives lost. The king's best minister got his head so jammed at the door, that, had it not possessed an infallible solidity, it must have been squeezed as flat as a pancake. But, for all that, the audience were in raptures of joy when I made my appearance; every song I sung was encored; and such, as it was reported in the newspapers, was my astonishing execution, that the orchestra could not follow me. This, I believe, was literally true; for I was continually running out of tune. It diverts me yet, when I think of the Londoners and their Italian opera. An old dowager, whom age had rendered as deaf as a post, and whose box was in the remotest part of the house, assured me that I was the only singer she could endure to hear since the days of Faranelli; I was perhaps, indeed, the only one that bellowed loud enough to make myself heard in the uttermost corners of that vast theatre."

DESCRIPTION OF MR. FAUNTLEROY'S HOUSE AT BRIGHTON.—The house is a close copy of a Grecian Villa, with but one floor; it is approached in the centre under a portico, which enters by windows to the vestibule; the aspect is south, and as there is an entrance door at the eastern end, we shall describe it from that entrance. The door opens into an arcade, which runs direct through the building; immediately on the left (all the principal rooms being in front) is a dressing-room, and the bed room which was occupied by Mr. Fauntleroy. The next room is a parlour with an arched roof, then the vestibule, adjoining to which is a similar parlour, and then a bed-room and dressing-room, which were generally occupied by the mother and sister of the unfortunate man. All the rooms opening from the right of the arcade are servants' rooms. There is nothing on the premises at all extravagant, the furniture is respectable, but nothing more. The parlours are tastefully decorated with green trellis pattern paper, and the *tout ensemble* is befitting the residence of a gentleman. The western end of the arcade opens into a conservatory, communicating with the billiard-room, which is very elegant, and peculiarly well fitted; it resembles a tent, and is, we are told, an exact resemblance of the tent which Bonaparte carried with him in his campaigns. The walls are remarkably well stencilled, and the resemblance which they bear to linen is the closest we ever observed. There are four sofas fitted in recesses; the room is handsomely carpetted, and is warmed with hot air from the flues of the conservatory.—The servants' offices are as convenient as can be expected, and there is a capital four-stall stable and double coach-house. The whole of the interior, excepting the parlours and bed-rooms, is lighted with gas; so are the stables. There is a very pretty lawn round the front, and the whole of the premises are inclosed with a flint wall.

AN EXACT COPY OF SOME MEMORANDA FOUND IN TABLE DRAWER AT A COFFEE HOUSE IN LONDON.

Mem.—Aug. 3.—Two bottles of wine, *rather too much* one man,

Aug. 4.—Susan says I am getting fat—poor thing! Qui unsophisticated, and says just what she thinks.

Aug. 10.—Only make it a man's interest to be a rogue and he will be one.

Aug. 17.—Coffee good only for the phlegmatic—those o hot, dry, and bilious habit should never take it.

Aug. 19.—Confidant and betrayer—synonymous terms the only enemy of consequence to man—is man. Two m lancholy truths.

A wise man will always keep his own counsel, and inv riably make the *best* of his circumstances to the world.

Aug. 21.—"*Amor omnia vincit.*" How true this i Every one at some period or other during life, is sure feel the effects of love.

Aug. 22.—If you wish to keep your friend, never ask h for any thing. What then is friendship? A mere name bubble.

Aug. 26.—When a woman loves she will believe *any thi* —even that black is white; and just the contrary when does not.

Aug. 31.—In London, where one gallon of liquor is dra in a *diluted* state, fifty are consumed *neat*.

People preach about slavery and slaves, forgetting wh wretched slaves they are themselves.

Sept. 2.—There are people of so vile a disposition, tha they thought any thing belonging to them (though of value, and even a *nuisance* to themselves) would be of least service to another, they would not part with it.

Saw a female last night at Vauxhall drink her full sh of two 5s. bowls of punch, three rummers of brandy water, and afterwards several glasses of raw spirit, with being at all visibly affected—either her head or her stom must be very strong.

Mem.—Women who addict themselves to liquor can general take more than men.—A man may possibly be cu of a habit of drinking; a woman never.

Sept. 11.—In love affairs when a man does not *kill* at *f* sight, three things are particularly useful to him—viz. quence, liberality, and perseverance.

Women's tastes differ materially about men; but one in a thousand gets the husband she would choose herself.

Sept. 28.—Another anonymous letter—think 'tis fr Harriet. Poor dear girl! she has reason for what she sa But, notwithstanding these sad alterations, my heart, H riet, has ever been thine; and, if thou canst pardon errors, I'll reform and be a new man. Loveliest, dea Harriet, my whole life shall be devoted to thy service.

Sept. 30.—In London, money will purchase all but th things:—health, contentment, and (the greatest of blessings) a good conscience.

If a man wishes to be happy, let him never act contr to the dictates of his conscience.—The "*mens conscia re* is worth all the riches of the universe.

Oct. 10.—Married to my beloved Harriet this day we and now think myself the happiest of all human beings.

The sale of his Royal Highness the Duke of York's estate at Oatlands is effected. Mr. Hughes Ball has come the purchaser. This fine property, it is said, sold for a sum of 150,000*l.*, and about 30,000*l.* valuatio the timber.

Among the fortunate speculators on the Doncaster Leger Stakes, Lord Kelburne is said to have won 22,0 and Lord Kennedy 1,400*l.*

MODERN PHRASES.—Killing an innocent man in a duel (according to the present phraseology) is called an affair of honour; violating the rites of wedlock, an affair of gallantry; defrauding honest tradesmen, outrunning the constable; reducing a family to beggary by gaming, shaking the elbows; a drunkard, the worst of all livers, is a *bon vivant;* disturbing a whole street, and breaking a watchman's head, a midnight frolic; exposing some harmless personnage to insults, annoyances; and losses, a good hoax; uttering deliberate falsehoods, shooting the long-bow, &c. &c.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.—There is a good deal of *gossip* in London as to the cause of the Duke of Devonshire selling his estates in Yorkshire. None of the rumours can be traced to any authentic source; that of its being to cancel a debt of honour has been contradicted, and at Wetherby, and throughout Yorkshire, is ridiculed; of its being to liquidate the improvements at Chatsworth; the property having been already purchased by a wealthy individual near the town, and sold again on speculation; or that the *nobb* owner has in contemplation to purchase one of the Ormonde estates contiguous to his own, as an exchange, are all destitute of foundation. Some urge, and with great probability, that his Grace is actuated by the laudable and patriotic motive of improving the state and appearance of the town, which, from those who at present are only tenants at will becoming freeholders, or obtaining leases, and affording a greater scope to industry and enterprise, it may speedily effect, and to which the manner in which the estate has been lotted will most materially contribute.

It is a subject of deep regret, that the malady of deafness which has recently affected the Duke of Devonshire, has suffered no diminution; it is the more lamentable to his Grace, from his known taste and devotion to music.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.—How often have we seen the most beautiful young women, the pride of their parents and the admiration of every beholder, after dancing in a crowded ball room, retire, warm with their exertions and with uncovered necks and shoulders, to the landing-place of the staircase, or to an adjoining room, in which they have thrown open the window, to feel the refreshing breath of the evening breeze upon their flushed cheeks: and what, we would inquire, has been the result of this imprudence? In less than six months afterwards, we have beheld the same youthful forms, which were such models of beauty and elegance, and buoyant and vigorous with health, shrivelled, languid, and bent as if beneath the weight of years; the full eye sunk, and its fine blue changed to the pearly white of disease; the delicate vermeil of the cheek circumscribed and deepened to the spot of hectic; and although a smile still lighted up the countenance, yet it was only

> "The lovely but delusive ray
> Of nature sinking to decay."

Sudden changes of temperature, especially when the body is heated, should be guarded against by avoiding currents of air, and by covering the surface with warm clothing, particularly on the chest; crowded assemblies, the routs, and the *at-homes*, as they are termed, of a London Winter, should be shunned as a pestilence; and waiting in the lobby of the theatre or the opera-house, or even in that of a private house, after quitting a hot room, until a carriage draw up, unless the head, chest, and every part of the muffled up, must be regarded as treading upon the the grave.

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PL OF RESORT.

[*It is part of the plan of this Publication to give Fashionable occurrences at the Provincial Plac sort; we therefore invite communications on a that may be likely to interest the World of Fash*

BRIGHTON.

As yet every thing remains in uncertainty at the with respect to the arrival of his Majesty. The fa are beginning to collect, but there is so much d the King will be amongst them, that a great numb nobility have deferred leaving their country reside his Majesty *is actually* at the Pavillion. The lib elegantly and numerously attended. The following of the fashionable company who have taken up t dence at this favourite place of resort: Lord and L singham, Lady Shepherd, Lord Churchill, Lady Pr Baring, Hon. Mrs. Morner, Sir John Grey and La ton, Lady Shelley, Lady H. Parker, Mrs. Coutts a at Byham House, Lord and Lady Holland, Lord a Normanton.

CHELTENHAM.

The company is now leaving here very fast—s tions of it for London, and some for Bath, and called the winter families, or company, arrive bu indeed, the present period is between the two se Cheltenham, like Bath, now has its two seasons in A good deal is expected from the approaching w son. Arrangements are made on an extensive scale and concerts, at the latter of which several dist London performers are already engaged. Those Cheltenham next summer will hardly recognize should they have been away for one year only, so ext the alterations, and so numerous are the building o crescents, and streets, now going on. The most alteration (saying nothing of the hundreds of new hou ing in and about Cheltenham) is on the Evesham r that road there has been found water similar to the Thompson's, the leading Spa at Cheltenham; and advantage of such a newly-discovered spring, pre are making for the building of a Pump-room there, out walks and rides, and for the erection of some magnificent buildings and dwellings. The property to a Mr. Pitt; and the spot on which all these fine p to be built—following the example set by royalty i stance of Mr. Wyatt, now Mr. *Wyattville*—is to " Pitt's-*ville*." The Evesham-road, about the si new water-mine, is consequently now the scene of c ble bustle amongst the builders and speculators; an it may divide the interest (and *profits*) of Thomps the other spas in Cheltenham, visitors for health, l vision of objects, may gain by the addition.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND; SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATIONS.

VIII.—English Dukes.

RUSSEL DUKE AND EARL OF BEDFORD.

THIS noble family is of Norman extraction; and the first we find mentioned of this name, was Hugh de Rossel or Russel, who attended William the Conqueror into England: his son Hugh de Russel lived in the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. The son of the last mentioned Hugh, was Robert Russel of Barwick in Dorsetshire, whose son Odo was in possession of the Barwick estate in the 14th of King John.

The son of Odo was Sir John Russel, he married the sister of Lord Bardoffe, and settled at Kingston-Russel in Dorsetshire, so called after him. His son James married Eleanor, daughter of Sir John Tilley, and their son was Ralph Russel, who was knighted, and held half the barony of Newmarch and Derham, in right of his mother. He married Jane, a daughter of Robert Peverel, and had issue Theobald, the common ancestor of the present Duke of Bedford, and the family of Gorges of Wraxhall, in the county of Hertford; the latter of which is, indeed, the elder branch of this ancient family. The said Theobald was also of Kingston-Russel, and married two wives, Eleanor daughter and heiress of Ralph de Gorges, a Baron in parliament, in the time of Edward III. His second wife was Alice (some call her Eleanor); she was daughter and heiress of John de la Tour; from this second marriage issued William Russel, ancestor of the present family. The issue of Theobald's first marriage were three sons and a daughter: the eldest son, Sir John Russel, succeeded his father in the estate at Kingston-Russel, and was three times married; the names of his wives were Eleanor, Isabel, and Alice, but no writer has mentioned whose daughters they were: by the last of these ladies he had three sons: Theobald and John who died without issue; and Maurice, who was twice married; by his second wife he had issue Sir Thomas Russel of Kingston-Russel, whose only child Margery, dying childless, the estate of Kingston-Russel, according to the will of Theobald Russel, reverted to the youngest branch of the family, the heirs of William Russel, the son of Theobald by his last wife. This Williiam married a lady, whose surname was Meschamp, and had issue Henry, whose wife was named Godfrey. Their issue was John, called of Kingston-Russel, as in him that estate became the patrimonial inheritance of the younger branch, after the elder became extinct. He married Elizabeth daughter of John Herringham, and was father of John and William Russel.

John Russel was knighted and was speaker of the House of Commons, in the second year of Henry VI, and also in the tenth of the same reign. He married Alice, daughter of —— Froxmore, Esq. and had issue one son, James, and two daughters; James married Alice, the daughter of Thomas Wyse, gentleman, and had two sons and two daughters. The eldest son was John the First Earl of Bedford.

This accomplished young nobleman visited most of the foreign courts in Europe; returning to Dorsetshire, in 1505 to take possession of his patrimony, his talents might have been only known to his private friends, had not accident drawn him from his retirement.

In the 21st. year of Henry VII. Philip Arch-Duke of Aust and Joan his wife, heiress of Spain, were proclaimed King Queen of Castille, at Brussels; but were prevented tak possession of that kingdom by the war of Guelderland, the pregnancy of the Queen; who was shortly after delive of a daughter, the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of H gary. The war terminating happily, and Joan in a condit to travel, Philip and his Queen embarked with a numer fleet, on the 10th of January. No sooner had they quitted coast of Flanders, than a sudden tempest dispersed the fl The vessel in which were the King and Queen, with seve others, was driven on the English coast, and they w obliged to land at Weymouth. The country beholding s a naval armament, were in fear of an invasion, and the t chief men in that part, Sir Thomas Trenchard and Sir Jo Carew, called together the people and armed them: howev they soon learnt who were their visitors, and Sir Thom Trenchard prepared his own mansion to receive the illustri guests, till he should inform Henry VII of their arriv During the few days that Philip remained there, he was mu pleased with the company and conversation of Mr. Russ whom Sir Thomas introduced as his near relation.

The messenger who had been sent to court returned, acco panied by Lord Arundel, to acquaint Philip that He would, in a short time, visit him in Dorsetshire. The Ki of Castille was much vexed at this delay, and accordingly forward himself for Windsor, where the court then was: he besought Mr. Russel to accompany him, who read consented; he would modestly have withdrawn himself wh they came to Windsor, but he was prevented by Philip, w intreated the pleasure of his company, so long as he sho stay in England.

Henry gave Philip the most cordial reception, and prevai on him to remain in England three months, during wh time the British monarch did all in his power to render time pleasant and agreeable to the royal stranger; and as Russel was his constant attendant, he was, in consequen introduced to King Henry, who was never blind in dist guishing real merit, and on the high encomiums of Philip, retained Mr. Russel at his court, and appointed him gent man of his privy chamber: Henry, however, lived bu short time after this event, and had as yet bestowed no oth marks of his favour on Mr. Russel, than those which w private and social.

On the accession of Henry VIII, he was continued gent man of the privy chamber and accompanied that monarch, a volunteer, in his expedition against France, in the fifth y of his reign. Three years after the reduction of Thouru and Tournay, he was rewarded by a portion of lands, but th were ceded to the French in the eleventh year of Henry VI In the fourteenth of that King's reign he was knighted by Earl of Surrey, as a reward for eminent services; and the Ki placed such entire confidence in him, that he employed him negotiations of the utmost consequence. In the nineteenth Henry VIII, he began to reap the benefits of his Majest favour; for, on the 9th of March 1538, he was advanced t Barony by the title of John, Lord Russel, Baron Russel Cheynes, in the county of Buckingham; and the Duke Buckingham having been beheaded, and his estate confisca for high treason, the King conferred his manor of Agmond ham in Bucks on him, the better to support his dignity.

In 1540, on the destruction of the religious houses, he obtai a grant to himself and Anne his wife, and to their heirs, whole scite and circuit of the rich Abbey of Our Lady,

St. Aumon of Tavistock in the county of Devon, as also of the borough and hundred of Tavistock, with thirteen manors; also of the rectory and vicarage of Tavistock. The manor of St. Anthony, county of Cornwall, the borough of Denbury, and twelve more manors in the county of Devon. The manor of Hawkwell, in Somersetshire, with the mines of tin and lead in Denbury and Plymstoke in Devon. The advowsons of the rectories appropriate, and not appropriate, and divers lands and parcels of the dissolved monastery of Donkiswell, in the county of Devon, of the house and church of the Friars'-Preachers, in Exeter; of the manor of Cory-Fitzpain, with the moiety of the advowson of the church of Charlton-Mackarel, in Somersetshire, also the manor of Abbots-Aston in Bucks, belonging to the dissolved Abbey of St. Albans in Herts.

Thus did Lord Russel increase in wealth and honours, and on the 28th July, 1541, he was appointed Lord Admiral of England and Ireland: but his abilities were not confined to the cabinet; in the same year he was dispatched, with a proper force, to check the proceedings of the French general, who was levying men in Picardy; matters being compromised, he returned to England; and on the 3rd of December 1543, he was appointed Lord Privy Seal; and in 1545, Captain General of the van-guard of the King's Army, at the siege of Boulogne. In January 1546, Henry VIII, on his death bed, appointed Lord Russel, one of the sixteen Counsellors of his son, Edward VI. In the first year of that King's reign, the Monastery of Wooburn, in the county of Bedford, with a large parcel of lands in the same county was granted to the Earl of Bedford, who soon after he had obtained that title, regulated the affairs of government, and brought all parties to an amicable disposition: he was the chief means of preventing a civil war, which was expected to break out from the dissensions between the Earl of Warwick and the Protector Somerset; and this he put a stop to by throwing as much power as he could into the King's hands.

When the trial of the Duke of Somerset came on, the Earl of Bedford was one of the peers who sat upon it. He endeavoured to clear him of the felony for which he was condemned, but could not succeed. This Earl, perhaps, was the only great man at the time, who stood well with all parties; when the young monarch was on his death-bed, his zeal for the protestant religion made him enter into an association for the support of his will. Perceiving however that a sanguinary civil war was unavoidable, if the next heir was set aside, he was one of the counsellors, who proclaimed Queen Mary, and when her treaty of marriage was on foot with Philip of Spain, gratitude to the memory of that Princes' grandfather, (who first introduced him at court), made him second the views of the Emperor, Philip's father. After having performed this commission, we find no mention of the Earl's name in any of the transactions of this sanguinary reign. On his return from Spain he died March 14th. 1554, at his house in the Strand, London.

The Earl married Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir Guy Sapcotts, widow to Sir John Broughton of Tudington, in the county of Bedford. By this lady he had his son, and successor, Francis the second Earl of Bedford.

His lordship was one of the first noblemen to maintain the right of Mary against the ill advised and unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, he was appointed one of her privy council, and was consulted in all matters concerning the reformation. In the second and fourth year of Elizabeth, he was sent on an embassy into France. In the seventh year of her reign, he was appointed by the Queen of England, to meet the Earls of Murray and Leddington, on the part of Mary, Queen of Scotland, concerning the marriage of the latter with the Earl of Leicester. The English commissioners urged the advantage this would be to Mary, as Elizabeth had promised, if her plan was not rejected, Mary would, in parliament, be declared next in succession to the throne of England: but the Scotch Lords said it wo rage their Queen, if, after her refusal of so many offers, she should condescend to so mean a person a of Leicester. Mary some time afterwards married ley.

In 1566, Elizabeth was requested to stand god James, King of Scotland, afterwards James I, of En the Earl of Bedford was deputed her proxy on this and he presented the Queen of Scots, in the name vereign, with a magnificent font of pure gold: at the parture from Scotland, he was presented with a ri diamonds, worth two thousand crowns.

In 1571, the Earl of Bedford was named among for the trial of that great, but unhappy nobleman Duke of Norfolk.

His Lordship was twice married; by his first lad ret, the daughter of Sir John St. John; he had fou three daughters; but neither of his sons lived to su the heir to his honours was Edward, his grand-son, his third son, but he dying without issue, was suc Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, the son of Sir Willi the fourth son of the second Earl. Sir William wa for the highest commands, and acted as General o in the battle of Zutphen in the Netherlands. H afterwards to quell a rebellion in Ireland; when s valour, that the famous rebel chief, Tir-Oen can a summons, and threw himself at his feet, with pro loyalty to the Queen. His Lordship relieved which had been besieged by the rebels. Tir-Oen, in 1595, appeared again in arms. On this the Lo wrote to England for a re-inforcement; but Eliza always sought to make her statesmen and her gener upon each other, sent over Sir John Norris, who nally disagreeable to Sir William Russel, at th three thousand English. This policy of Elizabet censured by all our best historians; for the Engl suffered greatly in Ireland by the jarrings betwee deputy and the General; the former introduced r into the army which Norris blamed, as too severe, sessed the Queen with the same opinion, though deputy was doing all that a brave officer and a good could do against rebels: the Queen, however, sen Lord Burrough to succeed him on the 2nd of May 15

Sir William Russel then returned to his gove Flushing, and on the accession of King James to t was created Baron Russel of Thornhaugh in Northam he died on the 9th of August 1613.

Francis his son the fourth Earl of Bedford, seem disliked the measures of the court; James was an though good natured monarch, and the Earl of Be always keenly alive to the liberties of the people meeting of the long parliament in 1640, we find h the most considerable in the house of Peers in op the court; but he was too wise, and possessed of to a fortune, to wish for a subversion of the governme the bill of attainder against the Earl of Strafford wa ing in the house of Peers, his Lordship, though h scruple of giving his vote for it, was unwilling t pressed upon the King. He likewise secretly unde the Earl of Strafford's life should be preserved. H about a week after, and died of the small-pox on S 9th of May, 1641. His Lordship married Catharine and sole heir to Gyles Bridges, third Lord Chandos, he had four sons and four daughters. His eldest son was afterwards first Duke of Bedford. He wa Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles July, 1642, he was appointed General, by the parl the army raised against the King. In 1643, he, Earls of Holland and Clare conferred with the Earl who was weary of the war, and they had so much

in the House of Lords, that they consulted with the Commons, and sent proposals of peace to the King: but the artful Pennington, then Lord Mayor, procured a petition from the Common-Council in the city, against peace. Soon after the year 1643, the Earl of Bedford was put under the custody of the Black Rod, and his estates sequestered, till the parliament, in their successes against the King in 1644, ordered the sequestration to be taken off.

After the restoration of Charles II, the Earl of Bedford received the order of the Garter; and on the advancement of the Prince of Orange to the throne, he was, on the 11th of May, 1694, created Marquis of Tavistock and Duke of Bedford: he died on the 7th of September, 1700, aged eighty-six years: his lady was Anne, daughter to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, too well known for the share he had with his worthless lady, in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Anne, however, their daughter, was a pattern of virtue and goodness. It is said she never recovered the shock she received on taking up the pamphlet, by accident, containing the trial of her mother, and the proofs of her guilt. Her Grace had four daughters and seven sons; her second son, was William, who became Lord Russel on the death of his elder brother: unfortunate nobleman! On whose amiability, virtues, and tragical end, our limits will not allow us to dwell, or even to abridge; for his interesting history would be destroyed by being mutilated; the pen of the historian and romance writer have often been employed in setting forth the sad tale; the Letters of Lady Rachel Russel, his heroic widow, will ever be perused with interest; but the best history of Lord William Russel is that proceeding from the elegant pen of his present illustrious and erudite descendant. Not any of the sons of the first Duke of Bedford lived to succeed him; but Wriothesley, his grand-son, the son of the unhappy Lord William Russel, who was decapitated, became on the death of his grand-father, the successor to all his honours in the 13th year of William III. At the coronation of Queen Anne, in the year 1702, he acted as Lord High Constable of England. His Grace led a private life; never entering into any court-cabals, and therefore, we have little historical account of him. He left two daughters and two sons, Wriothesley and John, who successively became Dukes of Bedford. His Grace died on the 26th of May, 1711, of the small-pox, which disorder proved fatal to his widow, who survived him till the 29th of July 1724.

Wriothesley, the third Duke of Bedford, had very bad health; for which being advised to try the air of Lisbon, he embarked for that purpose, but his illness increased so that he was obliged to land, before he could reach that place: and died at Corunna in Spain, on the 23rd of October, 1732. His Grace had married Ann, daughter of Scroop, Duke of Bridgewater, by whom having no issue, he was succeeded by John, his brother, the fourth Duke of Bedford; who was born on the 30th of September, 1710. On the 11th of October 1731, he married Diana, daughter to Charles Earl of Sunderland. By this lady, who died on the 27th of September, 1735, his Grace had only one son, Francis, who died an infant. In 1737, the Duke married again, to Gertrude, daughter of John, Earl Gower, and by her had a son and a daughter; the son Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, to the great regret of his noble family, and the whole nation, lost his life by a fall from his horse while he was hunting, on March 22nd. 1767. The Marquis had married in 1764, Elizabeth, daughter to the Earl of Albermarle, and by her had three sons, two of which succeeded to the Dukedom.

The fourth Duke, the father of the lamented Marquis of Tavistock, above mentioned, exemplified his zeal for the house of Hanover, by assisting to quell a rebellion in Scotland, while the King was in Germany; and was the first nobleman who raised a regiment for His Majesty's service; which was embodied on the 27th of September, 1745.

Francis the 5th Duke, was born July 22nd, 1765. Possess of every personal accomplishment and the finest princip of the heart and mind, died unmarried March 21; 1802, was a sincere patriot, and a friend to the human race, a was succeeded by his brother, John, the present and six Duke of Bedford, born July 6th, 1766. His Grace has be twice married, first at Brussels, to Georgiana Elizabet second daughter of George, Viscount Torrington, who di October 11, 1801, leaving issue, Francis, Marquis of Tav tock. His Grace married secondly, on June 23rd, 18 Georgiana, youngest daughter of Alexander, Duke of G don, and has issue Wriothesley, born May 14, 1804, a several other children.

The present Duke inherits all the patriotic principles his noble house: sincerely and firmly attached to the polit of Mr. Fox, so he was personally his friend; he is equall staunch supporter of the throne, and the well-wisher of t subject. His Grace is fond of agricultural and farming pu suits; and an encourager of all those who strike out what useful in either, and especially to those who are attentive improvement in the breed of cattle.

The motto of this illustrious family is "*Che sarà, sarà*" "What is to be, will be."

ASTROLOGY ILLLUSTRATED AND EXPLAINED

No. 3.

LESSON II.

ON THE EFFECTS OF THE SUN'S INFLUENCE CHIEFLY COMBATING THE OLD DOCTRINE OF ASPECTS.

In No. 5 of this work I have endeavoured to prove th planets, surrounding or guarding the Sun, either in the sa sign or within 60 degrees of either side of him, are in t most fortunate position that they possibly can be, as f as respects that luminary. However, I wish it to be par cularly observed, that only the superior planets, viz. Satur Jupiter and Mars, when in such positions, are capable producing any remarkable effects. Venus and Mercury themselves not having sufficient power.

The *quality* of the influence, produced by the combinati of planets that surround the Sun, as well as that of the *sig* which they occupy, must be attentively considered by eve student who wishes to form any thing like a rational opini of their most probable effects. Positions as they respe the Sun, are of the greatest importance in astrologic considerations; for the qualities of the Moon and all t planets are increased, diminished, and varied in their mo of operation, by their different positions in respect of th luminary. I do not mean as they respect the Sun by *part aspects*, but by their increase and decrease of *light, moti* and *distance*.

In spite of what all authors and artists may teach, I ca and will maintain and prove beyond the power of contr diction, that planets are most fortunately situated wh in the same sign with the Sun, or within about 60 degre of him; and although it may be possible, yet I believe will prove no easy task for any one to collect the nativiti of so small a number as half a dozen of distinguished perso where Saturn, Jupiter, Mars or the Moon were not with the specified distance of the body of the Sun.

Whoever attentively examines the quadripartite of Ptol my, will find that, in all parts of that work where he allud to positions that are significative of eminence and prosperit

that he particularly directs us to observe the condition of those planets that surround or guard the luminaries—but more particularly the Sun—not by *aspects* but as they are elevated above, or succeed the Sun—in order to better illustrate this point, and set his meaning in a more striking light, I will refer to a passage that occurs, concerning parents, in chapter 5th of the 3rd book of the quadripartite. "Therefore the satellitium of the lights sheweth what relates to their fortunes and possessions. For the luminaries being environed by the beneficks, and they that are of the same condition either in the same signs, or in the following, signifies that their fortunes will be illustrious and splendid; and especially when the Sun is guarded by oriental stars, or the Moon by occidental; they being also well constituted after the same manner."

There is more truth in the above short passage than is contained in the whole of many voluminous works upon astrology; excepting, that when such positions occur at the time of birth, their significations have a much more powerful effect upon matters affecting the fortune and prosperity of the *native* than that of the parents, and if artists and others, who study this science, would direct their attention to the positions of the planets as they respect the luminaries, instead of wasting so much time and labour in attempting to explain the superstitious doctrine of the "Lords of Houses," they would soon have reason to be better satisfied with their exertions.

The 8th chapter of the first book in the quadripartite of Ptolemy is particularly deserving the attention of every student in this art—they may easily perceive that he estimated the power of a planet's influence by its position in respect to the Sun—not by *aspects*, but by their increase and decrease of light and distance, which, in some way, has a great effect in varying the power and in some respects the quality of their influence. However, that every one who may wish to peruse Ptolemy's chapter upon the subject, may have an opportunity of doing so, I will take the liberty of inserting the whole of it.

Ptolemy's Quadripartite.
Book 1st,
Chapter 8th.
On the power of configurations to the Sun.

"Now the Moon and the three planets, viz. Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, have a lesser or greater force according to their configurations with the Sun: for the Moon along HER increase, from her first appearance to her first quarter, is more moistening; from the first quarter to the full she warms; from the full to the last quarter she drieth; from the last quarter till she is hid, she is cold.

And the planets matutine, to the first station are more moist; from the first station till they rise at night, they are more heating; from their rising at night to the second station, they dry more; and from the second station till they are absconded, they cool more.

And it is manifest that, being mixed among themselves, they cause many differences of qualities in that which doth encompass us; the proper power of each for the most part prevailing; which is changed more or less by the power of other configurations."

By the above chapter it may be perceived, that Ptolemy considered the qualities of Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, to be most powerful and active from their first station, (which is where they turn retrograde) to the opposition with the Sun, and from that to their second station, which is where they turn direct.

If the doctrine as laid down by Ptolemy in the above chapter is correct, of which there is no doubt, it at once shews the absurdity of our old authors and the greater part of our modern artists, in supposing that planets have no respect to the Sun but when they are within the an *aspect* with him; when it cannot be otherwise t to every thinking person, that if their power is v their increase and decrease of light, or by their from the Sun or from the earth every degree, they their approach to either, must increase or dec power of their influence.

It has hitherto been the practice of most authors written upon the subject of astrology, and even artists of the present day who boast so much of th adherence to the principles of Ptolemy, to teach th Jupiter, Mars and the Moon, when in trine asp the Sun, are eminently fortunate—the truth of this (with the exception of the Moon) I positively den a well known fact that, when Saturn, Jupiter and M their conjunction with the Sun, are elongated from distance of 120 degrees, they either are retrog are very near being so—and that, after they turn re we begin to feel the effects of their influence in an and which continues to increase until they pass th tion of the Sun; it then gradually decreases, an after, they pass the point where they became dir effects become less visible, or at least "less evil".

Those periods, when Mars has been retrograde, b been attended with a great increase of crime, mar robberies, murders, accidents, suicides, with a v other disastrous circumstances, as well as diseas are generally of a bilious nature will occur; when are retrograde, their qualities appear to be TOO pow that an excess of any quality will produce evil, t be no doubt, and it is a fact, which cannot be den their influence increases to an excess after they retrograde: for this reason, the trine aspect of Jupiter or Mars to the Sun, can but in very few cas fortunate, and I believe that the nativities of persons, whose lives have proved more than ordinar nate, can be found, where Saturn, Jupiter and Ma all elongated so far as 120 degrees from the Sun the Sun was at the same time beheld by a sextile aspect of the Moon.

The planet Jupiter, although considered to be the fortune, when *too* powerful, will produce evil, an diseases as well as Saturn and Mars—he generall shortness of breath, pains in the side, cramps, inflammations and diseases of the chest and lungs; of those diseases that are occasioned by too full a body: these complaints are always most prevalent times when Jupiter happens to be retrograde, wh convincing proof that his influence, at such times, more powerful in exciting those complaints, wh may be considered *constitutional*.

When Jupiter happens to be retrograde at the birth, unless Saturn is retrograde also, the native i of a very spare habit of body, and as he advances generally becomes stout and fleshy, and sometim corpulent.

When Saturn is retrograde, colds, coughs, cons and rheumatic complaints are very prevalent; an he happens to be retrograde at the time of birth Jupiter is also retrograde, or occupies a powerful po the native seldom escapes being attacked with sy of a decline which generally happens between the 22nd years, and the symptoms are more slight o according to his position in the figure of birth. I ways found his influence most detrimental to a cons constitution when he was at the time of birth po the 8th house in the signs Virgo, Sagitary, Taurus corn and Leo, and at the same time retrograde.

As to the existence of planetary influence, no do remain in the mind of any one that will attentively

the evil effects that are sure to accompany those periods when Mars is retrograde. In our newspapers, the accounts of cases of depravity, robberies, murders, suicides, and accidents are always considerably increased in number, and persons of vicious and depraved principles are at such times more than usually active: these facts serve to prove that the influence of a planet, when retrograde, is *too* powerful, and that an excess of any quality is productive of evil. Consequently trine aspects to the Sun cannot be so eminently fortunate as has been generally supposed; at least but in very few cases; which authors, who have written upon astrology, if they ever understood, ought to have explained in a more familiar manner; but they all (Mr. Wilson the writer of the Astrological Dictionary excepted) seem to have made it a rule to involve in mystery whatever they thought valuable in this science.

I have always found the influence of planets, when in quartile to the Sun from fixed signs, to be *extremely powerful*, and as far as relates to prosperity, and the attainment of honors and preferment, such positions are very fortunate; but they seldom fail in proving extremely unfavorable to *domestic happiness*. How their influence may operate when in common and moveable signs, I cannot confidently state; but I am of opinion that quartile aspects to the Sun, are, in most cases, as far as relates to advancement, much more fortunate than trines.

As an example in support of what I have stated in the foregoing lesson concerning the positions of the Sun, viz. that quartile aspects of Saturn, Jupiter and Mars to that luminary, as far as respects *honors* and *dignities*, are much more fortunate than trines, I have inserted the nativity of his Majesty King George the IVth.

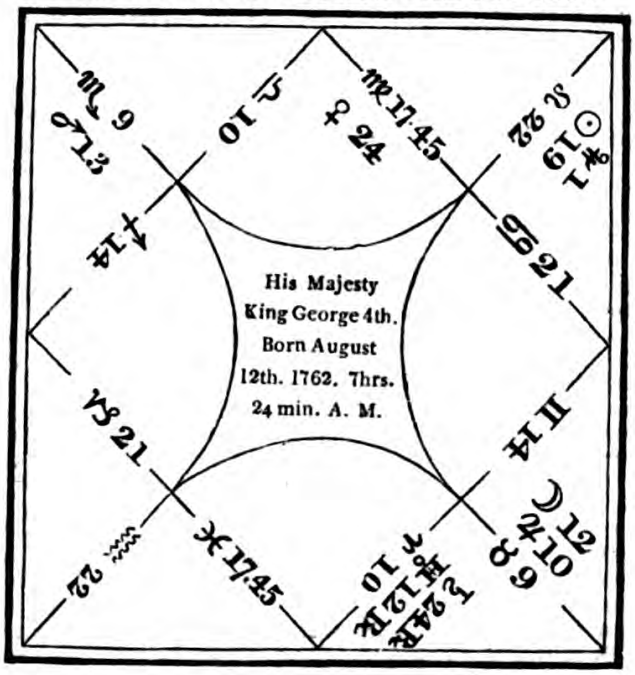
The time of birth has been taken from the Gentleman's Magazine of that period; and which was 24 minutes past seven o'clock in the morning of August the 12th, 1762.

That disciple of Prince Hohenloe's. R. C. S. the writer of the *Straggler*, had the time of his Majesty's birth from the same source. This is a fact too well known among his friends for him to deny. Now I ask this "spiritual" artist why he has taken the liberty of making an alteration in the time of birth, of more than three QUARTERS OF AN HOUR, and then impose it upon the public as the true time; but I suppose this poor gentleman was not "*inspired*" when he was searching for some glorious direction to account for his Majesty's coronation? He was therefore determined, right or wrong, to make the "Sun arrive at the midheaven" to account for it; to do which he was obliged to make the alteration in the time of birth before alluded to.

I am more particularly induced to give the above explanation from a wish to prevent those who are in the pursuit of truth from being led astray; at the same time must observe, that it would be more ingenuous if an artist, when he gives a nativity, were to signify from what authority he had it, and to make a rule of giving the *estimate* time and state what alteration, according to his opinion, might be necessary; the estimate time would then be preserved, which would afford every student an opportunity of trying upon it all the various methods of bringing up directions, rectifying, and giving judgment—the only rational way of proceeding that can be adopted, in order to ascertain which of them contains the greatest portion of truth; but when an artist, for the sake of concealing his own ignorance, takes the unjustifiable liberty of making any considerable alteration in a nativity, for no better reason than because he cannot understand it as it has been given; and then lays it before the public without giving the *estimate* time, or stating what alteration he has made in it, the young student of course is led to believe that it is correct—consequently all his observations upon it are founded in error; he finds his expectations disappointed and is totally ignorant of the cause.

By such means the many, who, anxious in the pursuit of truth, prefer making observations and experiments for themselves (rather than believe old authors) are led into error and duped by the indiscretion and trickery of an artist.

SOME REMARKS UPON THE NATIVITY OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.



In the above illustrious nativity it may be seen that the planet Venus is ANGULAR in the 24th degree of the sign Virgo—a part of that sign, where the signification of any planet that may happen to be posited therein, becomes extremely powerful.

The common signs, when occupied by either of the planets or the luminaries at the time of birth, have the effect of giving a great variety of ideas; a mind formed for reflection; a great share of sensibility, taste and feeling; accompanied with a strong desire to pursue and excel in whatever may be the subject of their signification, which is sure to be of the quality of that planet or combination of planetary influence, which those signs happen to contain.

In his Majesty's nativity, the planet Venus not only occupies one of the before mentioned signs, and also a part of it where its influence in producing such affections of the mind is most powerful; but has also of herself a considerable effect in stimulating the mind to the pursuit of every refined, elegant and fashionable accomplishment; in several of which his Majesty is known to excel, and for the attainment of which, he has ever been so justly celebrated. The position of Venus in a common sign, and ANGULAR, adds greatly to the power of her significations, and would also incline to a love of music, poetry, and the fine arts of which I can have no doubt but his Majesty is a great admirer.

However, all those polite accomplishments of which his Majesty is so perfectly master, and which have hitherto with such brilliancy distinguished his progress through life, would have shone but dimly, had he not also possessed a great share of firmness and self possession, which is easily accounted for, by the position of the Moon in the sign Taurus, just separated from a conjunction with Jupiter, and applying to an opposition of Mars, of which she is but a few minutes distant. She is also within seven degrees of a quartile with the Sun, who, together with the planet Mercu-

that greatness and strength to the mind, that made the softer and more pleasing qualities of Venus, more than ordinarily visible. As a farther proof of this, let any one refer to the position of Mars in a common sign in the nativity of Napoleon Bonaparte—and of Jupiter in the nativity of Lord Byron—for whatever is denoted by the position of a planet in a common sign in any nativity, will become visible in proportion to the strength of the mind; which quality can only be given by the position of planets in fixed signs, or by some particular configurations of the planets Saturn and Mars.

Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, FROM THEIR RESPECT TO THE SUN, become significators of honors, dignities and possessions; —but Saturn being so far from the Sun, is not so fortunately placed as Jupiter and Mars: consequently his significations will be brought about with more difficulty; as a proof of this let any one refer to the occurrencies of 1820 and 1821, when Saturn, together with Jupiter, was passing through the sign Aries, over the radical place of the former in the nativity, and thereby excited and brought into action his *radical influence*. I might fill several pages in explaining the wonderful truths of transits that have occurred in this nativity; but let those who are capable of examining for themselves refer to the aspects that occurred during the two years previous to the time of his Majesty's marriage—also about the time when he was appointed Regent—the occurrences of 1813 and 1814 respecting the late Queen—the death of the princess Charlotte in 1817—the return of the Queen from abroad in 1820—and all the circumstances that attended the two following years; at the same time let them remember that the common signs have a great affinity with DOMESTIC AFFAIRS*;—and let them not forget the position of every planet as it respects the Sun by the rules that I have laid down in the foregoing lesson, and also in that contained in No. 5, of this publication.

J. ENGLISH.

THE ANSWER TO AN ATTACK OF A WOULD-BE ASTROLOGER.

Mr. Editor,

Having been told by some of my friends that there have lately appeared several pieces in that nonsensical workcalled the *Straggler*, written by R. C. S. (who the better to disguise his unfounded assertions, has assumed the various fictious names of "*Raphael*," "*Medusa*," "*Alfred*," "*The Inspired Penman*," "*Extraordinary Genius*," "*Mercurius*," and sometimes though very seldom his own initials "*R. C. S.*)" I was induced to examine those pieces in which I find he has threatened to "pursue and defy me in the field of scientific combat," and he has also heaped upon me many most illiberal epithets. It must be evident to every one that such proceedings are not in the least calculated to elucidate the truth of science, but must eventually bring that contempt on the author which he so richly deserves; I do not write *as he has done*, for the purpose of exciting the credulous to come to me to have their "fortunes told," neither have I written for the sake of imposing a collection of falsehoods upon the public; if my principles are erroneous, before they are committed to the flames which he prescribes, let them, at least, be PROVED so—let him refute my doctrine by PROOFS, that is all that I demand of him. However, if he thinks that he can prove my doctrine fallacious, let him do it by laying before the public the nativities of some distinguished and celebrated characters that have flourished within the last thirty years —let him also state from what authority he gets their time ry, are all in fixed signs. It was those positions which gave of birth—let him only find the nativities of h popular and well known characters who hav within that time; and if the rules that I have will not hold good, I will then confess myself t ing of all the vile epithets that he has bestowed

In page 61 and 62 of the *Straggler*, may be fo tivity of the unfortunate aeronaut Mr. Harris, remarks attached to it which were written b spired" philosopher. The points to which I wish attention of the public, I have extracted from tha will give them in his own words which are as foll the aspects which portended death, at the time were, I believe, chiefly Mars in Virgo, nearly with the longitude which he occupied at the ho and the retrogradation of Mercury, lord of the in Gemini." A little further on he states that, ferred his ascent until Mars had passed throug entered Libra, the configurations would have more favourable;"—and he finishes the sente serving, that his life would not have been muc for the "entrance of Saturn into Gemini woul likely to have proved fatal to him."—he gave *to account* for his death, because the fact was *find none.* It may now be clearly perceived th hope of gratifying some base passion that ha him to attack my principles, and not that establish truth. *Why has he taken upon himsel power of transits, because I have begun to effects, when he himself assigned the princi Mr. Harris's death to a transit of Mars?* in page 182 of the same work, assert that the Queen, and the disastrous events of that period by the eclipse of 1819, falling in the ominou the sign Pisces in opposition to the place of V Majesty's nativity, if transits and ingresses opinion such inferior causes? To this productio the name of "Raphael."—Again, why has he make use of my rules, which he has done in the *Straggler*, and states it to be a "*secret that has never yet been published*," if he did n superior to his own?—Here again he predicts and ingresses entirely; when in many of th and succeeding numbers he denies their effi the same time abuses me under the fictious na phael" for making use of those means whic has done so abundantly—and which his ow Mr. Harris's nativity will prove.

A few months back when he feigned a gre for me, I explained many of my rules to him, ly never gave him the key to my system, or doubt but it would have appeared before the *Straggler*.

That public will now have an opportunit of the merits of the productions of this puffing After this let him not, in future, attack me bring forward matter that will prove my pri erroneous;—if he can produce only a small nu to that effect, I will then publicly acknow in error. I have given a list of the various he has assumed for the purpose of avoidin but now the mask is thrown off, his production pared with each other, and their contradictio be perceived. He has threatened to publish I can tell him I have no objection to it—an

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* The reason of which will be fully explained in another lesson.

* This seems to be another of his astrologi the eclipse happened in the sign Virgo, theref be in opposition to Venus at all, neither did all in the year 1819 but in 1820; this at onc little he has studied his subject.

coupled with mine, may prove of some advantage to the astrological student, I will insert the planets' places, and give the degree of the ascendant, of both of them.

Places of the planets in the nativity of J. English, born January 17, 1795, at 10 minutes past 11 o'clock at night.

℞

☉ 27-55 ♑ — ☽ 21-6 ♐ — ♄ 22-44 ♉ — ♃ 18-15 ♑ — ♂ 12-3 ♐ — ♀ 4-43 ♑ ℞ — ☿ 16-5 ♑ ♅ 2-49 ♍

As to that unmeaning point called the part of fortune I must leave it for some learned philosopher (who has been so fortunate as to discover the right method of computing) to insert for me. The ascendant is 12 degrees 14 minutes of Libra.

Planets places in the nativity of R. C. S. as given by himself, born March 19, 1795—his ascendant 19 degrees 15 minutes of Gemini.

☉ 28-47 ♓ — ☽ 6-42 ♓ — ♄ 25 ♉ — ♃ 0-59 ♒

♂ 27-32 ♈ — ♀ 12-20 ♒ — ☿ 28-11 ℞

♅ 0-8 ♍ ℞

The eclipse in 1820 was in the sign Virgo in opposition to the places of the Sun, Moon and Mercury at his birth—when Mars transited through *Virgo* in the forepart of the present year this "inspired" gentleman was not expected to live from one hour to another. I have long predicted the consequences that he will have to combat with, when Jupiter transits the place of the eclipse of 1820, and I once more beg leave to *remind him* of it. I told him what would be the effect of *Mars* transiting that place, but he did not believe it until he was attacked with a dreadful bilious complaint, which reduced him almost to death; and he may rest assured that the transit of Jupiter, *although he is a fortune* over the same place, will be attended with some very alarming consequences.

In answer to his query concerning the cause of the death of the child born April 30, 1806, I must beg leave to remind my learned opponent that he must not refer to the transits or ingresses which occurred on the day of the death, but to those that *preceded the accident which caused its death;* and must beg him to remember that *causes* always precede *effects.*

THE SUNFLOWER'S FETE CHAMPETRE.

The Sunflower with jealousy heard of the feasts
Of insects and fishes, of birds, men and beasts,
With longing desire to out gala them all,
She issues her cards, for a breakfast and ball;
No expense was too great, no trouble was spared.
Each guest had good room, even *beds* were prepared
For the tender and young arrangements were made.
Pavilions for shelter and awnings for shade,
Theatricals too being now all the rage,
To gratify some, she took care to engage
A few amateurs to appear on the *stage.*
Fantastic apartments adorn'd the *parterre,*
And *crescents,* and *circles* surrounded a *square*
As a fence to enclose this bright region of taste
An elegant trelice on each side was plac'd,
Which taught the canaille proper distance to keep,
But all *Waiting-maids* had permission to peep;
And here on a bed, to be out of the way,
Ladies mantles, et cetera, et cetera, lay.
The neighbours and relatives came in good time,
Except a young *Lupine* cut off in his prime;
His widow was longing to join the gay throng,
But encumbered with *weeds,* she thought 'twould be wrong.
The *Roses* had cards; and so great was the fame
Of this breakfast and ball, that most of them came.
Lady Damask declined, a haughty old dame,
York and Lancaster too must needs do the same;
Mrs. *White Rose* appeared a blooming young bride
And two budding beauties kept close to her side:
Some *Wild-Dogs* 'tis said star'd them full in the face,
But a *Maiden-Blush* gave to each a new grace.
Painted-Ladies in groups to laugh turn'd aside
While the *Tulip* looked on with true *London-Pride;*
A bloated *Hydranger,* a hard drinking soul,
" As e'er crack'd a bottle or fathom'd a bowl,"
Came waddling along, with his broad blushing face,
In which a wag said there was no sign of grace.
A delicate *Jasmine,* so slender and tall
Was pray'd by her guardian to honor the ball:
Reluctant she went and left a relation
Scarcely recovered from inoculation.*
An *Aloe* in bloom was resolved to appear,
Tho' barely arrived at her one hundreth year.
Narcissus was asked for by many a lass,
But ev'ry one said he was fix'd to his glass.
The gardens soon filled, and in truth I report
So brilliant a party was ne'er seen at court;
Such exquisite colors, such various costume,
While Zephyrs dispers'd aromatic perfume.
If beauty and fashion the Sunflow'r would please
There was plenty of both, but little *Heart's-Ease,*
Powder'd-Beaux were so spruce and *Coxcombs* so vain,
Love in idleness, now had a good chance to reign.
To gain an admirer each single *Bell* sigh'd,
And in beauty of person with each other vied;
But Lady *Laburnum* so vain and ill-bred,
Met Lord *Laurel's* bow with a toss of the head.
A flaunting *Carnation* roug'd up to the eyes,
With languishing air every female art tries.
The *Pinks* her first cousins more neatly attir'd,
Were far less affected, and much more admir'd;
Some *Canterbury Bells* delighting in jokes,
Declar'd 'twas rare fun, to nickname the good folks.
A youth tore his coat, and was voted a fright
And called *Ragged Robin* from morning till night.
A damsel who happen'd to dress rather fine,
Was terribly quizzed and yclep'd *Columbine.*
When breakfast was over, the dancing began;
The *Sunflow'r* led off with a *Rose* from *Japan.*
As the morning advanced she grew very tir'd,
No wonder I'm sure when you hear she perspired.
In twenty four hours, believe it who can,
Nineteen times as much as a *hearty young man.*†
The hand of fair *Daphness* by many was sought,
A forward young thing from the nursery brought;
Polyanthus appeared, surrounded by beaux
Chaperon'd by her aunt an old maiden *Primrose.*
Lord *Auricula*'s heir, a London bred fop,
Secur'd her fair hand and got near the top.
By way of a change after each country dance
Cotillions were proposed by some fair *Maids of France,*
The antic young *Woodbine* would dance an alemande
And gracefully seized Lady *Eglantine's* hand.

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* Jasmines are forced in a hothouse and propagated by inoculation.

† This curious fact is mentioned in Wakefield's Introduction to Botany.

A *French Marygold*, who was just come from school,
Appear'd very anxious to dance a Pas seul.
A hornpipe was called for, *Sweet William* was press'd,
He could not refuse, 'twas the *Lily's* request.
While dancing went on, a set fond of play
Had cards to amuse them the rest of the day:
How many were ruin'd, so high was the *stake*
That some sat composed who had reason to shake.
No THRIFT was among them, no HONESTY seen,
And those who play'd fairly were look'd on as *green*.
A party quarrée to high play less inclin'd
Secured a snug corner the best they could find;
Miss *Snow Drop*, and one *Dr. Crocus* sat down,
And asked their opponents, to bet half a crown.
My good friends excuse me, Miss *Daisy* began,
Her partner, she said, was some vulgar *Old man*,
" Madam, I'd rather not bet, I play much too ill,
" For another to lose through my want of skill."
A group of gay officers came very late,
All nice dashing fellows, the life of the fête;
But Colonel *Martagen* he thought it a bore,
And ordered his carriage at half after four;
Lord *Poppy* another *field* officer came;
But when asked to dance declar'd *he was lame!*
Refreshments in plenty appear'd about two.
The dancers remark'd 'twas no more than their *dew*,
And hints of a supper being whisper'd about,
Captain *Lydnanus* declared he'd stay it all out
With General *Geranium* and two aid-de-camps
Who gave after dinner some excellent songs.
A son of the General was *Major Brigade*
Who wore the best *Scarlet* that ever was made.
A Major *Nasturtian* was splendidly dress'd,
And Major *Convolvolus* vied with the rest.
His nephew a *Minor* would sit down to loo,
A smart little fellow *a Cornet in Blue*,
The stage now attracts the young and the old
And the house was soon cramm'd as full as 'twould hold.
Some gay *blades* had wished to perform in *Wild Oats*,
And carried their point by a number of votes.
But soon all their wishes were brought to the ground,
For no *Lady Amarinth* now could be found.
Among the performers was one whom I knew,
An innocent *Bell* in a habit *of blue*,
Equipt for a dance in a monstrous disguise,
Miss *Hyacinth* now was prepared for the prize.*
In crowding to get a good place at the play
A *senitive Plant* nearly fainted away;
The Countess *Fischira* received some rude knocks,
And found *Mignonette* had secur'd the *stage-box*.
Now time went unheeded till twilight came on,
When most of them thought 'twould be best to be gone:
Their eyes began closing, they droop'd their gay heads
And tir'd of dancing were glad of their *beds*.
Some few stay'd much later; and when it was night
A Lady appeared dress'd in yellow and white;
A candle light beauty, who shunn'd the fair day
And e'er it was morning she courtsied away.

THE NIGHT BLOWING CROCUS.

* This alludes to the Exhibition of Flowers and the Hyacinth is the Blue Bell, in its uncultivated state.

THE TRAVELS OF THAT MOST LEARN
SCIENTIFIC DIGNITARY, DOCTOR RO

INCLUDING A DEDICATORY EPISTLE, TO
UNIVERSITY OF WHICH THE DOCTOR H
MEMBER; BY TRUNCATED CONE, HIS NE
COMPANION, OF THE SOCIETY OF " ODD
" ECCENTRICS," &c.

DEDICATED TO THE UNIVERSITY

Most learned Doctors and Proctors,

IT is allowed by every genius—by every
science—and by every sapient creature
getting the dog and the pig lately exhi
your far-famed university has sent into
more erudition, and more sound doctrine
other in Europe: the mathematical princi
which you found your studies enable you
to pry more deeply into the mysteries of n
the members of any other seat of learnin
of your fraternity, who has taken his fu
but is competent to measure *a degree* of
to *square* a circle, to produce *perpetual mo*
turn lead into gold, (although your gene
clines the practice of the latter science
depreciating the currency of the realm),
desty is proverbial, and equally potent
learning; not one of you would leave yo
for a moment, to unbend the severity of y
cation, by the cheering inspiration of a jo
not the smell of the soup; of the roast and t
can move the intensity of your thoughts;
bishop with the presentation in his hand to
living, can relax your stoicism, or turn
your duties. It is this glorious forbearanc
disseminated so much learning and virtu
kingdom of Great Britain; no wonder the
great pattern of excellence of which I am
speak, should have imbibed his extensive k
and modesty at your renowned universi
with great deference, and with fear, that I
his history to the world, knowing how ten
feelings are, and the effects that such pu
his excellence might irrecoverably injure h
and that the world might lose by my indis
the greatest treasure human nature can
—in hopes, however, that his philosophy
port his feelings, and that your learned
not be offended at the exposure of your
excellencies—I presume to subscribe myse

Great Doctors and Proctors,

Your reverences'

Most timorous, devout,

Dutiful servant,

T

DOCTOR ROUND seemed by nature formed for exploring the wonders of the world: his scientific researches at —— were marked by his fellow collegiates, for he was never known to stir from his chamber, except at dinner time; and so wonderfully bountiful had nature been to the Doctor, that his name, principles, and every thing belonging to him, implied science. His name was *Round;* his figure was *square;* he lived in a *square;* he wore a *triangular hat; square*-toed shoes; *eliptical* buckles; had an *oval* face; but a large *segment of a circle*, (which the vulgar call gills) formed the nether part of it. He was never known to smile; so serious and intent were his thoughts, so fervent his imagination, that the intense heat thereof, had completely destroyed the roots of his hair, which decayed, and left his head bald as an ostrich egg. His modesty was such, that fearful the efforts of his superior understanding should be discovered, on account of his baldness, he ordered an *immense wig*, which reached at least to the *skirts of his coat*—nature feeling for this prodigy, had guarded the expression of his penetrating eyes, with a pair of brows, which protruded over them, like a thick cottage thatch over a casement window; but, lest any impertinent might be peering under the thatch into the lights of his mind, and thereby be stultified by the fervour of his glance, charity induced him to wear a pair of *green goggles*. The lankness of his person might possibly have betrayed his studious character, to avoid which, he ordered his cook to furnish him with every luxury, that he might, *parabolically* speaking, create that rotundity of frontage, that would place it out of the doubt of any stranger, that he was other than a turtle eating alderman. The Doctor's intentions were of a most stupendous nature, and which none but so great a mind could have imbibed. He had determined for many years, to visit the interior of Africa, the city of Tombuctoo especially, and the interior of China, and its capital, Pekin. He also was in hopes of getting so far by land, towards the pole, as to have the honour of shaking hands with Captain Parry, after he had passed the north-west passage. He applied himself, therefore, closely to the study of the Chinese language; and, for that purpose, had purchased an immense quantity of *tea chests*, which he pored over day and night, and soon began to trace the copious beauty of that language, in the characters with which the tea merchants mark them. He discovered many beautiful pieces of poetry, which the Chinese had wittily inscribed on them, in honour of tea-drinking. He at last had the good fortune to obtain a manuscript of the Chinese Philosopher Confucius, which, as well as he could make out, was dated in the year 3341, and does not mention any thing of the deluge; this astounded him, as he well knew that, according to the Greek manuscripts, the great flood happened, in the reign of Ogyges king of the Thebans, in Bœtia, in the year 3340—and that Noah's flood happened in the yea 2242, making a difference of 1200 years. The Ch nese he knew, totally deny the notion of that deva tation—this contradiction made the Doctor still mo anxious to explore the interior of China for fosse lites, and in discoveries of that nature to gain in mortal honour, by confounding the *lying Chines* Having now completed his studies of that languag to his satisfaction, he gave orders for the necessar preparations for his journey, which he fairly calcu lated would take him many years to accomplish but, in the mean time, it may not be unnecessary t give some description of the Doctor's family.

The Doctor, as well may be imagined, was to much of a philosopher not to have treated the a rows of Cupid with profound contempt; but, as h had lately found that his cook had not been s careful of his menage as usual, and finding se vants in general inattentive, for want of a mis tress, he determined to seek for one who had th qualities of a good housewife, and a competent know ledge of the *culinary art*—" Heaven soon grante what his cook denied!" he met with a lady some what of a steady age, and, by report, an excelle manager of a kitchen: but what recommended he still more forcibly to the Doctor, was her scientifi name—it was CONE!

The Doctor, perfectly aware that the science love was the only one in which he was not verse even relaxed so far as to puzzle his stupendou brain, as to what art he should resort to, in order t gain the affection of so accomplished a lady. At la a thought flashed upon his mind; yet his conscienc told him it was a cruel necessity—however, it *mu be done*, or he *must diminish in size*, and in proportio be considered *clever*: he, therefore, called upon Mis Deborah Cone, and seated himself by her; but litt was said, as the Doctor was famed for taciturnity: la last he suddenly took off his *goggles*, and threw on of those irresistible looks full into the eyes of Debo rah, that *she*, like a bird fascinated by the gaze the serpent, fell irresistibly into his arms, crying " Oh! Doctor, those eyes!" he put on his goggle again, for fear of further mischief, and all was soo settled. The person of Mrs. Round was the revers of the Doctor's, she was some half a head taller and not having, from *over-modesty*, occasion to di guise her personal charms. She possessed from na ture that genteel *tournure* of person, comprised i bones neatly covered with skin, dispensing with th grosser particles of flesh, so cumbersome to an a tive housewife. Now it happened from this sai marriage, that there was no issue, male nor female but some years after the connubial tie, the wife Mrs. Round's *brother*, produced a male child, which the Doctor undertook to stand godfather, an to *adopt* and *provide* for, on condition that it shoul be named by himself. This was willingly agreed by the parents, and young Cone was christene

TRUNCATED. Young *Trunc Cone* grew under the auspices of the Doctor, and, at the early age of 15, was made his amanuensis—and intended to be the companion of his travels. All now was bustle—all the Doctor's papers and instruments assorted, and under the especial care of *Trunc*, (for by that name he was called for brevity) luggage was packed, and all things *made* ready. An African servant was hired, (a native of Tombuctoo) who had been baptised by the name of James Cooper, but he got the nickname of *Copper Jemmy*.

[To be continued.]

SONNET.

It was a merry making; old and young
Clustered about the feast board, like as bees
Do pitch upon the summer scented thyme;
And there were cheerful songs and catches sung,
Good homely, loyal, hearty melodies,
Such as do make the old, as in their prime,
Forget grey hairs, and how the foe time flies!
I have been where the scented couches lay,
And glittering lamps did light the noble halls,
Where splendor put forth all its colouring gay,
And flowers, and velvets hung from tap'stry walls,
But nature did ne'er keep such holiday
As with the peasants, 'neath the farmer's dome
When the crop garner'd they kept their harvest home.

J. F. STUART.

BALLAD.

There's a casque on his brow, and a brand by his side,
And proud, on his war horse, yon chieftain doth ride,
He has sworn by the sash she has bound on his breast,
By the braided brown locks she has twined on his crest;
He has sworn to win honour in red fields afar
Where the cross, and the crescent are mingled in war.

Days and months, oh long years to true lovers! are flown;
That maid in her chamber is weeping alone,
And her eye it is sunk, and her cheek it is pale,
Like night's glorious planet beneath the clouds veil,
And she weeps lest her sash should the winding sheet be
Of her warrior that battles beyond the blue sea.

There are shouts of loud welcome in valley and plain
The chieftain is come to his castle again;
There's a scar on his face, but a wreath on his brow
He has fought the good fight, he hath hallowed his vow;
The smile is on Ellen's cheek, mounts as of yore,
For her Ronald has promised to leave her no more.

J. F. STUART.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A FRENCH DILIGENCE.

"ADIEU! Adieu! my dear mother," said I once more, and then rushed out of the house, that I might get over this mournful crisis, which distresses, and wrecks the heart at the moment of a dreaded separation.

A second vacation that I had passed in
just terminated, and I had only a few mi
ger to remain on that theatre where so [m
are performed; the sorrow that I felt i
my family stifled, at the moment every oth
and, for the first time, perhaps, I passed
house without thinking of the female da
crossed by the café Tortoni, without my
tering at the smell of a bowl of punch.
at the close of the evening at the coach offi
but little for what was passing around me, I
ly for the signal of the conductor, to take
of my place; and, while the other passen
getting themselves ready, I took my seat i
of the diligence, and my opprest heart s
ponsively with those tears which, at that
knew my mother was shedding on my acco

In the mean time, the bell at the *Mess*
heard for the third time; all the travelle
into the same conveyance, were placed ac
their numbers. By the glimmering light
gothic lanthorn, might be distinguished
embraces, some pressures of the hand, a
tations of friendship: assurances of re
were whispered from every corner; when
of the postilion's whip, in less than on
changed the whole scene of our departure.

All the time that the *voiture* rolled along
of Paris, I could not divest my imaginatio
family; I did not seem to be entirely sepa
them while I yet remained in the city wh
dwelt, and breathed the same atmosphe
soon after the diligence passed through
that they inhabited: I distinguished our ap
the lights were in the drawing-room; and
shadows that projected behind the curta
vered to me that my sisters and their nu
male friends were assembled. In effect, a
made by the diligence, I saw the youthf
approach the windows, and I felt my hear
with acknowledgement at this tacit farew
was not, however, on this group of lovel
my last looks were fixed! By the reflect
moon, I discovered the window of a closet
there was no light: a white veil, slightly a
the wind, pointed out to me, that a female
ing over the balcony; I thought I could
tinguish her dark hair, floating over her
head; I thought I perceived her hand, wh
baster, raised to her lips, to blow to me
kiss; I guessed it was my mother, and I
the darkness of that solitude which surrou
with the tumult of society, and then did I
much the grief of a mother surpasses that
sorrows, and seeks its indulgence in solitu

In about two hours the hills, the woods
hamlets seemed to fly behind us, when, wa
my mournful reverie, I gave some attenti
conversation of those by whom I was surr

Two men, (perfect Machiavels,) in their way were placed together, and held a discussion on the different modes of government, on the administration of the finances, &c.; while two other individuals, wrapped in ample Madras handkerchiefs about their heads, took up the part of snorers immediately after they lost sight of Paris. One of them having noddled his head about, till it almost touched my knees, threw down a little pamphlet that I had taken with me: as I sought to find it, my hand took hold of the prettiest little foot in the world, the form of which was marked out by a half boot of silk. I was always crazy after a *little foot*, it is a seductive charm which my heart can never resist. The immobility of this foot, that my fingers had just so indiscreetly pressed, attested that its owner was asleep. My curiosity, awakened by this attraction, made me impatiently wish for some friendly lamp, to discover her features: and scarce had one ray of unexpected light entered the conveyance, when my looks were eagerly fixed on a female enveloped in a black satin mantle. Seated opposite to me from the instant of our departure, she had not yet uttered one word, and the only movement she made, was to put her hand to her forehead; a hand which might serve for a model to all the hands in Europe. A momentary light had discovered to me this remarkable beauty; an unlooked for chance had revealed to me a foot equally bewitching: and, still persuaded that she who possessed these perfections, must be a perfect creature, I was taken up solely with the desire of seeing her countenance: I figured it to myself as beautiful, and modest as those of the virgins destined to the worship of Vesta. My imagination heightened all her charms; and she imparted an emotion to my heart of the most tender anxiety. At twenty, the soul seems to reflect all its impressions; and those whose philosophy has not yet extinguished the first feelings of sensibility, will easily conceive how, at the moment when the diligence stopped for supper, I completely fell in love with the traveller with the *little foot*.

It was by the light of a miserable lamp at an inn, that I saw the first look of the beautiful unknown; and this look, so replete with genius and feeling, finished to overset my reason; while a smile, as sweet as it was melancholy, penetrated to my very heart.

Placed at the very farthest end of the table, I could not keep my eyes off this female, as interesting by her extreme youth, as by the perfect beauty and striking expression of her countenance. All her features presented a bewitching contrast, which, in the *tout ensemble*, offered the most seductive harmony; her large blue eyes were finely shaded by the ringlets of her dark hair, which set off the extraordinary fairness of her skin. It seemed even, as if nature had forgotten to spread over her cheeks that blooming colour, that the flower of youth is generally known to possess; but in her, this paleness v a charm which disposed the heart to be irresisti interested in her, and of which I felt all the eff I would have given the world, at that mom to have caught only one word that flowed from lips; I felt within myself, that her voice must be melodious as an angel's, and that the first sente she uttered would decide my fate.

The lovely unknown, placed next to an old m who accompanied her, had not spoken a word dur supper. Her companion, attentive to all her wish did not even give her time to ask for what wanted; and when I took upon me to offer her a c that stood next me, she only replied by a negat sign, but accompanied with a look that indemni me for the loss of that happiness I should have ex rienced at the sound of her voice. When we ag were taking our seats in the *voiture*, I hastened offer her my hand, and I obtained the most graci smile in return. Very soon after we were again darkness, which hid from me all those beautie had been admiring; but she was near me; I son times touched her hand; my foot met her's; balmy breath approached my lips; was not I su ciently happy? Youthful illusions of imaginati Hopes vague and uncertain, indefinable encha ment, why are ye so momentary? Why must we l them so soon after we begin to live?

When the first rays of the rising sun penetra into the diligence, I found myself the only awake, and I was enabled to consider, at my sure, the effects that the morning produced on those sleeping figures around me. An old gen man, who had fallen asleep with his spectacles his nose, had them lying on his chin: another, by continual motion of his head, had turned his wig wrong part before: a third, who was, without dou labouring under a nervous affection, had an incess symptom of a convulsive kind of laughter on his li in short, all our little society offered, at that time, a of ridiculous objects, which, at any other wo have highly amused me; but I just then felt the shaped head of my pretty neighbour falling, as if chanically, on my shoulder; and I returned thank the power of sleep that confided to me so delightf burthen; the old man who had accompanied the traveller, awoke at that very moment, and asked a thousand pardons for the fatigue his daughter m be to me. "*Fatigue!*" thought I, "poor old m has thy youth then so long passed away, that t canst have forgotten the delicious weight of a be tiful head?" "*Fatigue!*" repeated I, aloud, then the old man smiled, as if he understood me took occasion, from this first breaking of our sile to begin a conversation I had so ardently desi and I took care to lead him to speak of his daugh I spoke of the extreme beauty of her person, and advantages that she must enjoy in society: "So ty," replied the old man, mournfully, "society

afford no interest to my poor child, she is for ever excluded from it, and her misfortune can only find support from her aged father; alas! too aged, to hope that he can long afford that comfort and consolation which her unfortunate situation requires."

These last words increased my emotions; I looked at the sleeping fair one, and the idea that she was born to suffer, diffused over all her features that interest which misfortune inspires! Oh! how much more beautiful did she then appear! I respected that beneficent slumber which silenced all her sorrows. Motionless, beside her, I contemplated her with an admiration mingled with bitterness; such youth! such grace! and already the prey of sorrow! The last words of the old man had filled my soul with trouble. I beheld that interesting creature devoted to misfortune from the early morning of her life, and about to be left without support in the midst of a world of anguish. I was ignorant what were her troubles, but she was a sufferer; had I need to know more in order to feel all the faculties of my soul interested for her? Insensibly, the idea of being one day able to protect her, united itself to the feelings that agitated me, and immediately this hope appeared to me an irresistible inspiration: my fortune, my birth, gave me a right to aspire to the highest alliances; my present emotion, my youth, above all, hindered me from finding any difficulty in this. Persuaded that I was giving way to an inevitable destiny, I resolved to question the old man with frankness, to inform him of my wishes, of my intentions, in fact, to request of him to let me be, in future, the arbiter of his child's fortune, if there were not obstacles too powerful to prevent it. Animated by these ardent ideas, I now only waited for a favourable opportunity to execute my projects, when the diligence stopped on a sudden, and the driver, addressing himself to the old man, told him that he was arrived at his chateau, In effect, I had just seen an avenue of poplars, at the end of which was an antique façade; and, at the same time, I just felt a movement made by the beautiful unknown, as the jolt of the vehicle, in stopping, awakened her. Her first look fell on me, and she blushed; I saw, for once, that alabaster paleness coloured with the captivating bloom of modesty; and I could judge how charming that visage must be when animated by the roses of pleasure. The amiable creature gave me to understand by a timid smile, what was her embarrassment and gratitude when she perceived that, for several hours, she had been sleeping on my shoulder; but the old man, in a hurry to get home, had already got out of the carriage; I had only time to offer a hand to his daughter, which she accepted with that gracious diffidence she always preserved. I again saw that *pretty foot* that first enchanted me, and finding that I had not a moment to lose in assuring to myself the possession of so much beauty, I asked the old man permission to accompany him, the diligen change horses in the village, I should ha join it, and that circumstance made him offer. Wishing to spare the lovely trav explanations which were about to take pl obliged to quit the beautiful hand which ge on my arm; yet, while I abandoned it o instant, it was in order to make it mine for that idea fortified my courage. I left spa between the old man and his child, so tha might not hear us, and then I freely wishes: I dared to tell him I was wort coming the husband of a female so bea interesting; and I ventured to assure h consent of my mother, when the old man i me: "Excellent young man," said he, w lancholy smile, "you yield too quickly t pulse of an ardent imagination, and you has opened a fresh source of sorrow and regret. My daughter, I have no doubt, happy with such a husband as you; she child, and heiress to an immense fortune sesses every virtue of the heart; all the pr of birth; she is, therefore, apparently, in of all the felicities of life; yet is her marked by misfortune: she is for ever d the most precious titles of nature. Neve have the happiness of naming her husba can she speak to a child—" Here the cheek of the old man was bedewed with t his lips faltered as he was about to con mournful discourse, when an unexpected my whole attention. A troop of peasant panied by one playing on the tambourine, to meet their master: already they had s their young and pretty mistress, and pres with the finest flowers of their gardens; I her, in order to catch a few words of what about to address to them. Leaning again she seemed a benificent divinity sent to di piness around her. The infirm poor; mot milies; young children; all, with one voi down blessings on her, and repeated her but to all these testimonies of love and she only answered by a smile. Alas! the fortunate creature *was dumb!*

All my hopes and illusions were now an not a word escaped my lips as I approache man; and she! she, I am sure, guessed a guish: when, placing her hand on my hear her feel how it beat at that moment. Our l we both sighed; and when I parted fro ever, I seemed to have left with her an membrance of our mournful rencounter.

A YOUNG TRA

AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT IN THE LAST CENTURY.

In the year—— a lady of rank and fortune, residing in London, who was much devoted to fashionable dissipation, in order that she might not be interrupted in her pursuits, put her first born, and only daughter, out to nurse, under the care of a woman at Hounslow; and relying on her fidelity, the lady gave herself no further trouble about the child, but to pay regularly for its keep to a merchant in London, who remitted the money to the nurse. The poor woman had a little girl, nearly of the same age as this scion of nobility; and six months had elapsed, when the nurse dying suddenly, her husband, who was a common labourer, and who was out at work, the greatest part of that period, had never given attention enough, the short time he was at home, to distinguish one child from the other, and found himself utterly incapable to determine which he was to keep, and which to send home to the lady. His honesty, however, was superior to his uncultivated understanding; and, in his perplexity, he applied to the curate of the village, who not being able to give him any satisfactory information, he resolved to take them both to London, and to let the lady decide. After mutual condolance on their common loss, he told her, frankly, that if she knew not how to judge better than himself, she must e'en take that child who should please her ladyship best. After various comparisons made between some features of the child, and some of her own; and the greater delicacy of complexion of the one over the other, the lady felt biassed in favour of the prettiest. The countryman was paid, and dismissed with the rejected child, which he brought up with the poor children of the place, and accustomed it, early, to rustic labours; while the other was treated with all the delicacy, suited to the rank in life she seemed destined to fill.

Nothing is so liable to change as the features of infants: the girl to whom fortune, or rather chance, had given the preference, grew very ugly, before she was fifteen; so that she was pointed at as a figure of deformity. The affliction of the lady was heightened at not having another child. In the midst of her sorrows, she one day felt an indescribable curiosity, the impulse of which she was resolved to gratify, to see the girl whom she had rejected. She went, privately, to the village, and saw a lovely creature, who, if not a prodigy of beauty, was one of the most amiable girls in the world: her eyes were such as all Englishmen most particularly admire; soft, yet sensible; languishing, yet modest: a complexion, that no labour under a summer's ardent sun, had been able to spoil: a shape, at once genteel and elegant, triumphing over the disguise of a clumsy and awkward dress. The impressions made by this charming young creature on the mind of the lady, and the disgust she felt for *her* appearance, whom she had brought up as her daughter, convinced her she chosen improperly; and she mistook her presen clinations towards the fascinating stranger, as fond yearnings of maternal love for a beautiful discarded daughter. Prudence required her to with precaution, or she would have loaded the posed peasant's daughter with valuable prese but she contented herself with taking the country aside, and informing him, that, through the bount heaven, some circumstances had come to her kn ledge, which proved to her, that she committ mistake in the choice she formerly made betw the children; she was, therefore, come to take *own child* home, and restore him *his*. She found disposition of the man to this proposal, much n favorable than she expected: his reputed daug was become a burthen to him, and it mattered n him whose name she bore, provided she was bett by the change: thinking too perhaps, his own tune might be mended, he readily consented t the lady proposed: he remonstrated, however, it would be very hard to load him with another cl whose education must have been such as to re her totally unfit for a life of labour: she, theref agreed to drop her first proposal of sending deformed girl home to her father, and only urged recovery of her own, which was instantly comp with, and a few guineas left in her stead, made loss scarce felt, especially as future favours promised.

The lady found no difficulty in introducin stranger to her house, nor in loading her with k ness; the only difficulty was how to get her ackn ledged as her daughter, and intitle her to her ri as an heiress. Her husband, who was in the sec was consulted, and prejudiced, like herself in fa of so lovely a girl, he thought it best, to preven discord, to thank God for giving them two chil instead of one, and to look upon them both as t own.

But there were two difficulties to be got over. first was on the part of the wife, who could not comm her temper so as to keep an equal balance of fa and affection between the two: the other was on part of the girl who had been so long in possessio all the rights and privileges of an only daugh and who was not disposed to give them up. mother was so partial to the new comer, that as improved in politeness of behaviour, etc, so jealousy of the other increased. The more the cha of Anne were heightened by art, the more d greeable appeared the defects in the person of Sa who being no longer able to conceal her animos at length proceeded to insults, and even to blows.

It was in one of those violent fits of rage that mother unfortunately surprised her; she insi knowing the cause why her favourite was bathe tears, which the sweet-tempered Anne, who hitherto concealed all the ill-treatment she endu

was now obliged to declare. This so enraged the lahy, that she was imprudent enough to declare her sentiments to Sarah, telling her she was only a common labourer's child, who, in pity for a mistake that had been committed, she had allowed to call Anne her sister; but now, if she wished to stay in the house, she must look upon her as her mistress.

Sarah did not want capacity; and when she saw matters carried so far, she resolved to dive to the bottom this fatal mystery: she easily discovered the village from which Anne was taken, and that the peasant was still living to ascertain her birth. The only thing she wanted was, money to carry on the proceedings requisite for her design. Excited by revenge, her intrepidity made her determine to confide in an attorney who frequented the house, a man in low circumstances; and to him she repaired privately, and boldly made him an offer of her hand, and to make him entire master of her fortune, if he would protect her from the injustice of her father and mother. The attorney satisfied from the servants and neighbours, that Sarah was the real daughter, drew up the marriage contract, seeing the prospect of an immense fortune, and having thus made sure of his reward, he set himself to work with all the ardour that avarice inspires.

The cause turned on two points; first to prove the birth of Sarah, and secondly to destroy the supposititious birth of Anne. As soon as he collected all the evidence he could procure in town, relative to the former, he set out for the village where Anne was brought up. He was much surprised when he heard from the curate and the peasant, all the circumstances of the original adventure. He had too much discernment not to know, that, in so singular a case, the caprice of a mother could not be sufficient to decide the fate of the children; consequently, the uncertainty still remained the same as at first; and that no inference could be drawn from the first choice, to the exclusion of the other girl, especially as the mother had receded from it: under these circumstances he returned to London, resolving to wait on the gentleman, and endeavour, to make his peace with the family, by giving up the cause; and what determined him to take this step was the imprudence of Sarah, who confident of success, had fled to an uncle, whom she brought over to her interest, and made her intended law-suit against her father and mother as public as possible, openly setting them at defiance.

The father gladly accepted the lawyer's recantaion: he pro posed, however, to him, to marry Sarah, promising to give her a handsome fortune. This was very agreeable to the attorney; but when he informed Sarah of it, she rejected it with disdain; treated him as a villain who had betrayed her, and relied on the support of her uncle: she therefore employed another lawyer; but unfortunately for this rash girl, a new incident put a stop to the proceedings, and entirely changed the face of affairs.

Anne had made some connexions in Lond among other she was very intimate with the da of the rector of the parish, who was a widov had a housekeeper who had lived with him years. One day, this female joined in conve with the young ladies, and Anne was surpr hear the place of her nativity mentioned: The keeper noticing the interest she seemed to ta induced to ask her a few questions, and she her turn, astonished that a young lady, brou in London, should be so well acquainted with obscure village in the country. After she wa she had the curiosity to ask her master, if h solve this. The rector, who was not ignorant adventure, told her all he knew of it: bu was his surprise when the housekeeper sa could clear up all their doubts. She had b intimate friend of the deceased nurse, and bered to have assisted her in an operation o the children; the scar of which must decid fortune. "The poor woman," continue "having received a new born infant from I to nurse, and having one of her own of the sa not a month old, was fearful she should mist one for the other, and therefore consulted me imprint a mark on the little stranger, where i be neither exposed nor dangerous. We ag heat a small iron ring in the fire, and apply i sole of the infant's right foot; and the mark i was so strong, that I am sure time cannot hav it away. Having had no communication w village since I left it, I neither knew of the d my neighbour, nor of the fate of the two child

This then was a clear decisive proof; and tor was determined to make this discovery; that means, the good clergyman would have portunity of materially serving his brother, a v young officer in the Guards. He imposed both on his daughter and housekeeper, and visit to the reputed father of the children. him that he was come to offer a certain against all evils threatened him by law exp but without having recourse to artifice he v termined to insist on his reward, for the im service he was about to render. He told the la she whom he was about to discover by in signs to be her daughter, must be given in m to the young officer, his brother. This ouvertu received with some coldness, especially by t ther, who trembled least the discovery shoul the disadvantage of her favourite; and told h it was now too late to prove what had been covered for fifteen years, and she should k children and treat them on an equal footin husband was more rational, and always sus that Sarah might be in the right, he intrea rector to use his clerical authority over her, ducing her to waive the law-suit. With res the proposed marriage, he declared he had

jection; provided the real daughter approved of the husband.

The rector knew that Anne had, in the frequent meetings of the young people at his house, seemed to entertain a very favorable opinion of his brother; his only anxiety, now remaining, was, that she might not be the real daughter: but one day when she was paying a visit at his house, he took her on one side and excited her curiosity concerning her birth, and he readily gained her consent to marry his brother. He then requested her to take off her stocking: she knew she had a scar on her foot, but it had been concealed from her whether it was a token of good or evil omen; and this had such an effect on her, that she fainted away; she was, however, recovered by a burst of joy from the rector, that made the house echo; his hopes were now accomplished, the housekeeper was called in, and immediately recognised the mark.

The rector hastened to the father, and pressed him to let the marriage ceremony be performed, according to the first conditions; and no sooner had the marriage taken place than he was anxious to communicate the discovery to the father and mother; who, overjoyed at this proof, determined to make it public, but the father, apprehending some mischief from the violence of Sarah, desired her to postpone her intentions.

Sarah was then informed that her birth was decided by incontestible proofs; but he assured her, that he would never abandon her, and that he would bestow on her the fortune he formerly offered, if she would give up the law-suit, and marry the attorney, to whom she had before offered her hand. Sarah shed a torrent of tears, but she had good sense enough to see that all hopes of success from violent measures would be vain; she, therefore, seemed to consent with a good grace, and the attorney, who had not grown richer, received the intelligence with rapture; and they were married by the rector, who now resolved no longer to keep this extraordinary event a secret; and the imprudent mother, unfortunately followed his example, always, at the same time expatiating on the amiable qualities of the beautiful and now accomplished Anne. These reports came round to poor Sarah, and proved, in the end, a mortal blow. Her husband evincing some distaste to her person, she imputed it to his contempt of her low birth, and fell into a languishing condition, which excited the tenderest compassion from all parties; but their attempts to console her were in vain, she assiduously shunned them, and the very name of her fortunate rival threw her into fits of rage and sorrow.

About six months after her marriage, she was found suspended from a clothe's hook in her bed-chamber, quite dead. In a letter found on her table, she bitterly cursed her hard fate, and the authors of it. The attorney, who was suspected of having treated his wife unkindly, and perhaps murdered her, wa prehended and brought to trial, but honorab quitted. The story, however, of this extraord incident, was rendered still more public by th gical end of Sarah, and told in all companies thousand different ways. At that period the pol horizon was clouded by the bursting of the Sout bubble, and nothing else was for a long time tho or spoken of; so that the history of those two was lost in the lapse of time. The above partic however, came to our hands, by a descendant o of the families concerned, and may be implicit lied on.

V

EXTRACTS FROM WORKS OF MERIT

VIEUSSEUX'S ITALY AND THE ITALIANS, *abou amusing subjects. The following extracts rela* the Customs and Manners of the Genoese *u read with interest. (2 vols. 12mo.)*

THE Genoese women are among the handsom Italy; indeed, this city can boast of a decided riority with regard to female beauty. In no place have I seen such a number of intere countenances collected together as in the st churches, and places of public resort at Genoa. have, in general, elegant figures, delicate co xions, dark hair and eyes, and pretty features their carriage is remarkably graceful. — " Mar is at Genoa a matter of calculation, perhaps so than any where else; it is generally settle tween the relations, who often draw up the co before the parties have seen one another, and only when every thing else is arranged, and days previous to the marriage ceremony, tha future husband is introduced to his intended ner for life. Should he find fault with her f or manners, he may break up the match, on dition of defraying the expenses incurred. this is seldom the case; the principal object, of interest, being once settled, the bride follow portion as a matter of course, and is often sca minded. There are in this city marriage bro who have pocket books filled with the nam marriageable girls of different classes, with descriptive of their figures and their fortunes; people go about endeavouring to arrange connex if they succeed, they get a commission of tw three per cent, upon the portion. The conten their memorandums are often very curious.- custom of having a *patito* (such is the modern substituted for *cicisbeo,*) is still prevailing a the Genoese ladies. The patience of those in duals is truly astonishing. They are the hu servants of their fair sovereigns; they accom them to church, to walk, to their evening pa to the theatre; they keep them company at h

in short, they follow them as their shadows, and submit to their whims; for which they have, in return, a free access to the house, and a seat at table. Strange as it may appear to foreigners, this custom is, in many cases, nothing more than a matter of ceremony, the remains of a chivalrous feeling of gallantry, or the result of mutual convenience. The lady finds her *patito* to be a very useful person, a *sine qua non*, while her husband, absorbed in his commercial speculations, has little time or patience to attend to her petty concerns. The *patito* in his turn finds her society agreeable, and his courtship is often nothing more to him than the means of killing time: he is generally the friend of the husband, sometimes his partner in business. It happens, therefore, that if a lady has a real intrigue, she must keep it concealed from her *patito* as well as from her husband; and the object of her partiality, *il favorito*, as he is sometimes called, is kept in the back ground. In the lower classes, and among the peasantry, however, there is no *patito* nor *favorito*; the husbands are jealous of their prerogatives, and their wives are attached to them and submissive.—The Genoese women have in general a considerable share of coquetry; they are fond of being admired."

"An inclination to gambling prevails among the Genoese; it is their chief relaxation from business. Charity, and even common affection, between relatives, are not very conspicuous amongst this people; generous feelings are repressed by interest. I have seen a poor man actually begging at the door of his opulent brother, who had some food given to him by his servant; instances of this sort are not rare, as by the chances of trade individuals of the same family are often placed in opposite circumstances."

Having thus far displayed the entertaining qualities of the work before us, we take our farewell, assured that M. Vieusseux will be very popular. His spirited sketch of the Italian females cannot but excite the curiosity of our fair countrywomen; and an excellent essay on the modern literature of Italy, appended to the last volume, is well calculated especially to recommend him to the British literati.

TABLETTES ROMAINES, &c. *A Picture of Modern Rome, &c. By a Frenchman who recently resided in that City.*

EVERY Miss has her Album, and by the aid of the Guides through France and Italy, a volume of Travels is soon cooked up. There is a family likeness runs through them all, and they all have, as the French term it, *un goût du terroir* (a smack of their origin).—The author enters Rome penetrated with various sentiments: the *repose*, for which it is remarkable, charms him: "If the solitude of her grand ruins be not respected, at least their silence is so.--- If I enter private or public edifice tranquillity is still more observable. Every *Study*, which the trophies of the Romans p from slumbering, is seated immersed in thoug fore fragments of architecture and sculpture; where fragments are models:—from all points globe, the Fine Arts send deputations to Ro study and carry back with them the laws of graven on the ruins of monuments, as fo Rome herself sent deputies to Athens, to ma peaceful conquest of the code of human wisdo

"The calm and tranquillity, the sister of med (to which we have alluded,) does not hold a tual reign at Rome. The Carnival (*carne val* well flesh,) bursts forth in clamour. At the m the posting-bills, emanating from the Quirina mits gaiety and rejoicings, Folly bursts her slumbers, and awakes with a start at the so her own bells. Religion sighs at the sight of serted temples and the *cortege* of Paganism, seems to resume in triumph the possession of cient patrimony. - - - The populace, in crowds agitated like the waves under the empire winds; every one hastens his preparations Carnival; the gravest magistrates meditate pleasure; the pulpit and the bar adjourn thei important affairs; law and religion retire fr noisy scene; every one procures masks and ses; pious personages change their black and let for harlequin's dress, and substitute cat' for ermine- - - -"

"Benedict the XIVth, who, a little time bef election, said to the Cardinals, 'Sceglietemi, un buon coglione;' disguised himself as a doctor during the Carnival; the doctor's cap re the Cardinal's hat; and he played his part s that he seemed as if made for the part. It wa for him he was elected Pope."

"Various are the amusements of the Ca amongst which horse-racing is one: do not gentle reader, that it at all resembles Newm the Roman horses have no riders.—The horse with so much ardour for glory, by means of run between the skin and the flesh, and which fire to at the moment of starting; they are harnessed with sounding tin plates, which ac them as whip and spurs. — Formerly, it w quadrupeds, but bipeds which ran to amuse th ple: they forced the Jews, by means of the c *intrare*, to run in sacks; and the multitud amused with their frequently tumbling down Jews disliking this exercise, asked and ob permission to substitute horses, on condition paying all expenses; which is the case at under the government of Pius VII. The Jew the good sense not to complain of the imp they dared to do it, they would be reminded conduct in the time of Pilate;—they would be ded that, in several countries, particularly in

tia, from Good Friday to Easter Sunday, the people destroy their shops, and stone them it they dare to put their noses into the street."—The Carnival is terminated by the *meccoletti*, or small lighted tapers, which every one is obliged to have; at a signal of the Police, they are all extinguished, and then—*carne vale!* —The author passes in review every thing interesting in Rome, relative to the arts, society, and manners. His pictures are always animated; and there is such a vexsimilitude about them, that one feels they are drawn on the spot. His details are oftentimes highly curious, and his descriptions piquant; and not the least so is the bastinado of a poor "Publican," who had given a heretic Englishman some eggs and milk for his breakfast during Lent.

THE DRAMA.

——— Ridiculum acri
Fortùs et meliùs * plerumque secat res.
Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v. 14.

DRURY LANE.

THIS *equestrian* theatre opened on the 23rd day of October, and, like its rival of the Market-place, displayed no novelty in the way of repairs, or decoration, which circumstance is more than marvellous, considering what a queer and changeable fellow it has for a Manager. However, the want of new and *showy* qualities in the house itself, has been amply made amends for by the precious gewgaws which have been exhibited on the stage, and of which it is now our delightful duty to speak. *The Marriage of Figaro* was the play chosen to commence the campaign, after which all the admirers of the "poetry of motion" (vulgò-dancing) were enraptured by the capering activity of several little monkey-like children, called by Mr. Elliston "Monsieur Hullin's pupils:" these poor little things threw themselves into sundry contortions, at which all the gazing chamber-maids in the pit and galleries giggled for joy. The *Times* very correcly observes that "it was a spectacle only fit for children,"—and we suppose this is the reason why the critic went to behold it. Whether this be the case or not, we are decidedly of opinion that both the babes and the man of letters had better have been peaceably in bed, than have thus employed their time in such absurd occupations as acting the ape and playing the connoisseur.

On the 25th of the same month, Mr. Armstrong, of the Dublin theatre, made his debut as *Alonzo*, in the play of *Pizarro*, and, in our estimation, the character has never been better, and seldom so well embodied as by this gentleman throughout the whole of his performance. The soldier and the lover shone forth from beginning to end—the love-scenes and the interview in the prison with *Rolla* were fine specimens of finished acting, and Mr. Elliston may esteem himself fortunate in having obtained so estimable an addition to his company. The papers disagree, in their usual ludicrous manner, about Mr. Armstrong's merit as an actor, but for the most part concur in declaring him to be possessed of considerable histrionic talents. The hum-drum and commercial *Times* however, snarled, and according to custom, was amiably indecent and personal in its criticism on his performance, and mumbled something about "tall and slender"--"sharpness and acidity" and so on. Now the fact is, that Mr. Armstrong is blest with a good face and figure, as every lady whom we have heard speak of him declares, and the ladies are certainly the only true judges in these matters. But he of the *Times*, forsooth, is so accustomed to behold no other than fat City faces and unwieldy City persons, that he considers fatness to be the real and sole "line of beauty," and this accounts for his enlightened critique upon a gentleman, who, poor fellow! is no more a Dan Lambert than he is a Titan and consequently could not please a frequenter of City dinners. Mr. Armstrong received loud and frequent applause from the audience, and we heartily congratulate him upon the unqualified success which his able talents have procured for him.

Another of those stupid pageants, which are a shame to the managers who produce them and to the theatres in which they are produced, has been "brought out" at Drury—that is to say,—in the Ciceronian eloquence of the play-bills, "A new grand oriental tale of magic, called, *The Enchanted Courser, or the Sultan of Curdistan.*" It would be a useless task to detail the plot and characters, as the first is familiar to every one who has read (and who has not read?) "the Arabian Night's Entertainments," and the latter consisted of the usual dose of enchanters, slaves, princes and princesses. The piece contained "not a ray of poetry, sense, wit, or even humour," as the *Herald* truly observes, and we can scarcely credit the report that the Reverend, Mr. Croly, was the author of this medley of continued nonsense: the gifted author of "Paris in 1815," and "Sebastian" would, we are convinced, never reduce himself to a level with the merest candle-snuffer of the theatre, by scribbling such vapid trash.—The horses acted the principal parts and kicked about to perfection: we would recommend jack-asses, as a variety for the next "Spectacle," with which Mr. Elliston, or Mr. C. Kemble may choose to indulge the play-going public. The dresses were gaudy, of course, but the scenery by Roberts and Stanfield was beautiful in the extreme, and in some degree compensated for the numberless absurdities of this absurd and childish melodrame, or "*Tale of Magic*," as it is more elegantly termed—A roar of disapprobation we are happy to say, accompanied its conclusion, and the thing may now by considered as being defunct, to all intent and purposes.

Der Freishütz at the English Opera House! *Der Freischütz* at Govent-Garden!! *Der Freischütz* at Drury-Lane!!! "One fool makes many," has often been said, and the multiplication of this absurd mummery forms a convincing proof of the truth of the proverb. People are growing heartily sick of the very name of "*Der Freischütz*," and this "new model" of it by Mr. Soane is little calculated to improve the thing in the estimation of the "Lovers of the Drama." The lovers of German music may yet feel their ears tingle with delight as the bullets are cast, and the shouts of "One," "Two," "Three," "Four," "Five," "Six," "Seven" are bawled amidst devils, owls, pans, saucepans and tea kettles; but we are sure that the demon must soon give up the ghost, in spite of the prevailing passion for the notes of von Weber, and the sooner he dies the death of the ungodly, the better will it be for the welfare of the auricular soundness of His Majesty's lieges, all of whom have had a narrow escape from deafness during the noisy reign of this thundering Opera.—It has already lamentably addled the brains of our brother critics—listen to them!

"The machinery at the close of the incantation scene had *a sort of terrific grandeur in its wildness!*"
Herald.

"When the seventh (bullet) is fabricated, the entire scene assumes the hue of fire, and in the midst of these *horrors*, the 'ghastly terror' and his partner, sin, 'grin horribly a ghastly smile' on the unhallowed work. This certainly is one of the most effective scenes of the *terrible* that we ever witnessed."
Times.

Sweet cockney eloquence!—and the "*we* ever witnessed" of the *Times* is truly excellent—the steam of a teapot is the most (*terrible* thing the critic can possibly have witnessed,) and he therefore pays but a poor compliment to the German gentleman in the above *fine* passages.

A change of names, the addition of a scene or two, the enlargement of the orchestra, Miss Graddon (whom the Commercial Journal calls "*a piece of still life*") *Horn's* drinking song (!) and O. Smith (or rather Oh! Smith) were the only novelties in this Drury-Lane *Der Freischütz*—Music as usual.

COVENT GARDEN.

We have been forced to be so voluminous in our dissertation upon the affairs at Drury Lane, that its rival must occupy us but a short time in comparison. Mrs. Sloman, a provincial actress of much celebrity, has appeared at Covent Garden, in *Belvidera* and Mrs. Haller, with great success, and is an honor both to the taste of the manager who has engaged her and to the Drama which she is so well calculated to adorn. The critics have been more than amusing respecting her performances; we have a strange inclination to transcribe many of their witticisms, but space forbids, and we must leave these gems for once, though we do so with sorrowful re

Two revivals, the one of the musical pie "*Escapes*" and the other of old Rowley's known by the name of "*A Woman never The Widow of Cornhill*," have brought go to this theatre. With pleasure we hail rance of the latter, as it gives some hope mate tragedy and comedy may soon again session of their legal property, the stage, been so long usurped by pantomimes, the never-to-be-forgotton "*Der Freischü* Lord Mayor's show would have been bet altogether, as the real buffoonery of the C sufficient, without any theatrical mimicry. was received with every display of satisf pleasure by the audience, and will dou a long and well-merited "run."—

THE HAYMARKET has at length close farce, christened "*Hide and Seek*," wa killed at this little theatre sometime pr the final bolting of its doors; and here Hamblin (who, according to the *Time* Charles Kemble, but according to the body, but Macready) has appeared in *Third!* Mr. Johnson in *Laertes!!* and in — *Ophelia!!!* Besides, there have *debu-tants* and *tantes* without number, a want of room alone prevents us from no particularly.

Mathews has been renewing his amusi at the Lyceum, and makes his hearers la moderately as ever.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER AND HIS NI

The Archbishop having married one o to a gentleman, every way her equal; t was celebrated with all that pomp and usually observed in the different solemniti times. The next morning, the good waited on them in their chamber, infor that he had brought them a present. The patient to see it, but the prelate kept it, time, concealed under his robe. The h pected it to be some grant of lands, or c of honour; the wife thought, it could be n than a valuable diamond necklace, or ment for her person, equally precious. bishop perceiving the expectation that ag features, persisted in concealing the prese longer. At length, he told them it was to wear, but they must promise him *never at the same time*. He then presented them a *Fool's cap*.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR DECEMBER 1824.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of soft satin or velvet of celestial blue. The border beautifully trimmed with a rich rouleau, entwined with silver *cordon*, in festoons, with blue rosettes, from whence depend silver tags. A straight rouleau the same as the festoon trimming surmounts the hem at the bottom of the skirt; corsage with the drapery, formed *à la Grecque*, across the bust, and on each side: that across the bust fastened with a rosette in front with silver tags, as is the point formed by the termination of the side draperies, just above the belt, of the same material as the dress. The sleeves are short, and have a rosette on the outside of the arm next the shoulder. Swedish mantle of violet coloured satin, trimmed with white swan's down, or ermine and lined throughout with white swan's down, ermine, or levantine. The head dress a Veronese toque of gauze and silver lama, and an ornament, placed obliquely, in front, of finely wrought fillagree silver. The toque surmounted with a plume of white feathers, variegated. Opal necklace and bracelets, &c. White satin shoes.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of gros de Naples, the beautiful colour of the beet root, elegantly ornamented with the valuable fur of the lynx, in the most unique and truly novel manner *(being the sole invention of Mrs. Bell of St. James's Street)* the fur is not only displayed, like the rouleaux of gros de Naples that divide it, in serpentine wavings, but also formed into beautiful sprigs of the Asiatic tree, supported and surrounded by stalks formed of narrow rouleaux of the same material as the pelisse. A pelerine cape trimmed with lynx fur to correspond. The sleeves *en gigot*, in point of form, but of more moderate dimensions than on the first appearance of this fashion, and confined at the wrists with broad gold eastern bracelets. A belt of the same material as the pelisse, fastened in front with a gold buckle, wrought in the same pattern as the Indian bars of gold at the wrist. A bonnet of the same colour and material as the pelisse, with fichu lappets, carelessly tied. Large bows, intermingled with black, or very short black feathers playing among the bows, finish this tasteful bonnet.—This unrivalled pelisse is lined throughout with rich white taffety.

NEWEST FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1824.

Though, for some years past, fashion has demanded, that those her votaries who have splendid hereditary mansions, and large establishments in the country, should remain at them till after Christmas, a custom that first took its rise from the noble motives of old English Beneficence; yet, at the latter part of November's cloudy month, and at the commencement of December, the different modes in the metropolis begin to weara decided appearance, and we are enabled, from the various articles composing the female toilet, to pronounce on what is likely this winter, to be most in favour, as well as what is now universally adopted by the higher classes.

The newest articles for bonnets are some that are fancifully variegated, and consist of coloured chenille stripes worked across a ground of different coloured satin: we mention these, merely on account of their novelty; the shape is not becoming, and we prophesy that their reign will be but short. The other hats and bonnets, this month, especially those for the carriage are extremely beautiful: some are of black, others of lilac velvet; the black are sometimes trimmed at the edge with *ruche*, fire coloured and black, intermingled; and with striped ribbon, of correspondent colours: the lilac is trimmed with very dark puce-coloured sarcenet, in bows, and lappets depending. A purple velvet hat has also a decided air of style and fashion about it, both as to the form, and the tasteful manner in which it is trimmed: it is lined with amber-coloured satin; on the left side of the lining are Spanish slashes, filled in with purple velvet. A weeping willow feather, of purple and amber, intermingled, droops over the right side; on which side, under the lining, is a quilling of black blond. A handsome black velvet bonnet, for the promenade, is ornamented with the scarlet flower, named Turk's cap, formed of crape, and black seraskier aigrettes of feathers: a small blond cornette should be worn under this bonnet. A bonnet of black velvet for the carriage, is also ornamented with scarlet Turks' caps, each surmounted by black feather *esprits*. A full plume of black ostrich feathers is placed in front, and the plumage falls over behind. A bonnet of pink gros de Naples, finshed for a carriage bonnet for a young lady of fashion struck us as very appropriate and tasteful: it was trimmed at the edge with white blond, of a rich pattern, and ornamented among the bows with several small slate coloured feathers.

To the inspecting of the above elegant bonnets we are indebted to the kindness of *Mrs. Bell in St. James's Street* who has, also, just completed for two ladies of very distinguished rank, two beautiful out

door envelopes, the trimming of which, in its most unique and splendid disposal, is entirely of her invention. One is a capacious Swedish mantle, the other a pelisse of gros de Naples. The mantle is of a bright vermillion colour, and the material of the most costly Genoa velvet. It is trimmed in rich rouleaux, in wavings of gros de Naples, and all round with the valuable fur of the black lynx. The fringe fur not only *serpentizes* in waves, if we may use the term, but tasteful ingenuity has also formed flowers of this glossy and valuable skin, which are placed between each interstice, and have a most magnificent effect. The pelisse is the colour of the bright rose of Japan, and is lined throughout with white levantine; the fur trimming and rouleaux are disposed in the same style as on the Swedish mantle; and the bust, mancherons, collar and cuffs are ornamented in a similar manner, in miniature. A pelisse of slate coloured gros de Naples is an elegant out-door dress, it is made plain, as best suited to the promenade; though some ladies have these neat, unobtruding pelisses simply ornamented with one row of rouleaux, disposed in chain work, down each side of the skirt in front; they fasten close with buttons; the sleeves are *en gigot*, and a pelerine cape finishes the dress. This kind of pelisse, made of satin, and trimmed with light sable or swan's down, is well adapted for the carriage, and looks charmingly, as there are few to whom this color is not becoming; and that is the chief acquisition that fashion's disciples should endeavour to obtain: it was this that has made the Japanese rose such a standing colour, for every complexion is set off by it.

The turbans that are now worn, may be pronounced a *glorious* novelty, as they form an *Auréole* round the head; the shape is generally becoming; we saw a beautiful one of lapis blue satin, with a point on the forehead; the turban part was laid in flutings, and in the middle of the crown was a plain, raised ornament, like the fruit of the marshmallow; and when this turban is of the colour of the marshmallow blossom, this ornament is green, as it is by nature; these last mentioned are of gauze. A half dress turban is of white satin, with a lapis bow of satin, and long lappets of the same. The caps and cornettes are continually improving. A new cap for the theatre is elegant but too simply so for our ideas of what the head dresses ought to be in the dress department of a national theatre like ours: it is pointed on the forehead, and composed chiefly of tulle; beautiful, but very delicate sprigs of flowers are scattered over the cap. Another for the same purpose, is formed of very rich blond and pink satin, and ornamented with larger flowers, among which the full blown rose, that beautiful candle-light flower, is most conspicuous. A diadem cornette is a pretty head dress for home; it is of plain tulle, with broad pink gauze lappets; the cawl is also of pink gauze, and turns up in the front, with a diadem ornament: a simple row of pale pink primroses, divides the blond in front, from th
The *dejeuné blouse* cornette is of fine lace, w
broad border; the other part is formed
striped pink ribbon and fine net; the la
very long and broad, of striped ribbon,
trimmed all round, with narrow lace.
beautiful head dress we have seen for publ
cles, or dress parties, is a black velvet
brims of which in front are double, and
with pearls: on the right side, the brim is
and as the hat is small, discovers the hai
fully curled; these indentings are, also, edg
with pearls; a very superb plume, partly
over the left side, of white ostrich feather
this charming head dress: for the young
even for the matron, nothing can be mo
priate than this *coiffure*.

One of the newest articles in the gown d
is a home costume of gros de Naples; it
and beautifully shot;—fire colour and am
made high, and finished from the shoulde
each side of the bust and skirt, with sho
each of which are fastened at both ends,
meida button of richly wrought gold; but
tons do not depend from tags, like those w
Porteguese, but are fastened close to the
sleeves are long, plain, and nearly fit the
mancherons formed of straps and orname
Almeida buttons. The border of the skirt i
with two rows of united chevrons, in bias
dress of blue *crêpe lisse*, over white satin, is
mired for evening parties: the sleeves are
of white lace; the whole of the white slee
from the shoulder, and discovers the s
sleeve underneath: the body is made in t
Greek style; which varies but little from
Greek, except that in the former, folds s
place of the antique robings. The border o
is trimmed with two rows of detached bun
tos' leaves, with a small Indian rose fix
centre of each; the sash of blue watered r
on the left side, with very long ends, termi
a broad fringe. The ball dresses are, a
very simple; puckerings of gauze, and tri
blond, with white satin rouleaux, form the
naments, whether the dress is of tulle, rich
gauze, or soft white satin; this last artic
in favour, but it is expected that colour
and crapes will be much patronized by th
of Terpsichore. The bodies for ball dresses
tiful; some are of white satin, with tulle le
the bust in Brandenburghs, each row of t
round with pearls: corsages of coloured
also ornamented in the same manner; w
are entirely of tulle, and are ornamented
bust with straps of white satin, with corr
sleeves, short and full.

The favourite colours are the rose of Jap
vermillion, fire-colour, amber, and pink.

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the Paris *Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and curately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of ev circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the contin in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

—— At Paris, though they do not cease to be continually building, the price of lodgings, in every quarter of the town is higher than ever. *Au Marais*, where, for a hundred crowns, a person might formerly be very comfortably lodged, it will cost him nine hundred francs. At *La Chaussée d'Antin*, an apartment on the third floor, consisting of an eating-room, a drawing-room, a bed-chamber, a boudoir and a small kitchen, is eighteen hundred francs; on the fourth floor, fifteen hundred francs, on the fifth a thousand francs. If you desire a complete apartment, with an anti-chamber, dining-room, drawing-room, two bed-chambers, a boudoir, and a closet for a gentleman, with a bed-chamber for Mademoiselle, which is only what is really requisite for a family, you will find it very difficult to meet with such a distribution; and when you have found it, and ask the price, it will be four thousand francs for the second floor, and the first is six thousand francs, but it is occupied, at present: guess by whom?——Certainly some rich person possessed of an immense capital, or a banker?——No, it is by a milliner!

—— At the saloon of painting, you hear almost every female crying down those subjects that the artists this year have chosen. Ah! they say, cannot the heart be affected except by those paintings that represent pain, misery or fury? Here we see the massacree of the Greeks, there again that of the Innocents, then there is the death of Henry IV., in another place the martyrdom of St. Stephen, Joan of Arc condemned to death, the farewell of Leonidas, the poisoning of a young slave, the predictions of Cassandra, and the famine and siege of Paris!—But we should pardon historical painters for making choice of such subjects, and let us view the other paintings of a kind equally affecting: these, you will think, perhaps, will offer nature in her most charming dress, smiling, delightful, on which the eye, weary of the scenes of carnage, may find some repose. No such thing. Behold that *interior*, wherein is a woman with her child, who are perishing w cold and hunger. That landscape is *animated* by punishment of the Queen Brunéhaut. That *tak away the coat*, so sad a subject in itself, becomes more so by the view of the wretched mother, w has fainted away. That man who stands by the si of the bed where his wife has breathed her last sig That mother, bathed in tears beside the cra wherein her son has just expired! That man go mad for love! Those sick Savoyards; those b gands; that Scotchman holding by the hair a he just cut off, and reeking with blood! That fema peasant weeping in a church-yard; and that oth unhappy wife who is dying of the plague on the de body of her husband! This is putting our feelings very severe trials!

—— A foreign Prince has a huntsman of a m distinguished appearance, who exercises, by turn the following functions; in the morning, dressed black, he acts as secretary; at two o'clock, w feathers in his hat, a *couteau de chasse*, and a bla belt, he accompanies his master, when he makes visits. On returning home, he takes off his milita accoutrements, puts round his neck a silver cha and is transformed into a door keeper. In the eve ing, he puts on a handsome cravat and a frill, a takes his place in a party, habitually, as a *perform on a wind instrument*, at the concerts given by H Excellency.

—— It is neither the cold nor the heat, but t etiquette of the toilet alone, that determines a la of fashion to take a shawl, when she goes to the s loon. If she is in *deshabille*, she throws over h shoulders a superb shawl of striped cachemire. she has a black silk pelisse with a pelerine cape, is indispensibly requisite to have a white cachemi it is folded, and hung over the arm. If she has square corsage to her dress, or a canezou, trimm with lace, or plaitings of tulle; then good-bye to t shawl, she has not even a scarf; the same is served with *fichus à la neige*.—The other tokens ar a shawl over the shoulders, designates *a mamm* to have it in the hand, or hung over the arm, it i *young married woman;* and to be without any sha a *very young person*.

—— For several weeks past the game of battle-door and shuttle-cock, has prevailed much in our drawing-rooms; it is played for hours together; in the evening by candle-light; but it is requisite to have a kind of stage elevated for this purpose; in small establishments, in order to imitate the higher classes, they play on one side of the room; which renders the game more difficult, and less diverting.

—— In a magazin in *la rue St. Honoré* is a new vehicle for gas-light, which is certainly original. To the cieling is fixed a head of copper gilt, with two cheeks puffed out, representing Boreas, blowing a trumpet. It is from the mouth of this trumpet that issues the gas-light.

—— In the time that the characters of country-girls were frequently brought forward on the stage, bracelets were very much in use, composed of simple cordons of silk fastened with a gold buckle; these were called bracelets *à la Jeannette*. For the cordons of silk a ribbon of eighteen inches broad is substituted mixed with gold fillagree; these are now worn, but not with a plain buckle; it is enamelled with black, and the ribbon is terminated by an ornament, similar to that on the shoulder belt of a hussar.

—— Nothing is easier to find out than those connexions that exist between two persons, by their manner of saluting each other. We see a man in his cabriolet making a profound bow to a gentleman, who only answers by a slight inclination of his *head*; that is a tailor bowing to his *customer*. Two men saluting each other, without taking off their hats, are two courtiers who daily meet each other on the exchange. That young man who stops, and respectfully takes off his hat to the old man, who benevolently returns his salute, is a young officer before his general. And that old man with his hat in his hand, who bows so profoundly, and seems to wait the orders of that haughty individual, is a poor man in his employ, who trembles at the idea of losing his situation, if he was to fail in attention to a General of Division.

——Improvement of Style.—A perfumer has lately invented a new kind of soap, called *Savon d'Ambroisie* (Ambrosial Soap)—which is pompously announced as, *mucilaginous*, *olicaginous*, *cosmetic*, and *emollient*. It is wrapped up in an elegantly printed paper, which gives a *romantic* description of the allegorical engraving that serves as an insignia to each square of soap. There is also given the *latin* etymology of the word *Ambrosia*. Such are modern improvements that, in describing a paste to soften the hands, it may be adviseable, perhaps, to give a complete course of natural science.

——Birth-Days.—Though many years have passed over my head, yet I behold my birth-day with pleasure. A birth-day is always the signal to a pleasant fête; it is a motive for making some very acceptable presents. Formerly when the clock sou hour of my birth, I rose, and immediately was besieged with *letters and presents*. A l arrived all those whose age or rank admit even to the curtains of my alcove.* They their twelve or fifteen lustres, and their old-f peruques served as a passport to approach t frontiers of our patriarchal intimacy; how order to receive them, I put on a pretty dress, trimmed with English point, and co shoulders with a mantelet of embroidered l true it is that at eighteen we wish to cha though it were an owl! But no sooner h respectful gentlemen taken their leave, the than a sylph, I leaped from my bed to my glass, to lace round my waist a narrow ci stiffened with whalebone; to hide, under a powder my long ebon tresses; conceal a pa face with the *murdering* patch, the *engaging*, *indiscreet* patch, &c., &c., and under this mag I received the compliments of a crowd of y valiers, who were all provided with verses t and nosegays for *Cloe*, &c., nor could I get rid gallantries, till night announced the approa ball that was to celebrate my birth-day. T disputed the honour of dancing a minuet I saw all the fashionable men of my count tive to my most trifling wishes. The Que evening, I answered by a glance, I recompe a smile, and my most insignificant favour wa by letting my fan fall, that I might give som mortal the privilege of taking it up again.

Since those days of beauty's pride, how ma days have past, without one attentive hand me even a flower from friendship; without of compliment or even benevolence, to pro heart, that my days, though they were numbe interested them. Now, every time that the year passes over my head, alone, I bless t of the sun; I gather a few blossoms from favourite shrubs, and, in my solitude, I gro ther a nosegay, that recalls to my mind th were offered to me in the season of youth, beauty.

Such were the reflections that I made ye which was my birthday, when, as I entered m room, I found the table strewed with flowers, my children ranged in a circle, every one me that homage which penetrated to my hear myself guilty of ingratitude towards them; experienced that the joyful feelings of a mo far superior to those that are excited by vani having concluded that my complaints and were like those of an old woman in her dotag gan to admire a pretty present that my so had made his young wife, whose *birth-day* wa

* The recess in which the beds are, in general, France.

same day of the month with mine: it was a dress of *opal grey* silk with three rows of embossed trimming round the border. A little hat *à la reine Elizabeth*, of gros de Naples, covered with jonquils and yellow flowers called batchelors' buttons. *Augustina*, enchanted with her bouquet, made but one step to the glass, and found herself charming in her new costume.—Ah! said I to myself, at twenty, a birth-day is, indeed, a day of pleasure, but it is only after fifty that these solemn epochas can be called days of happiness; certainly there is no comparison to be drawn, between these two sentiments: pleasure is for my daughter, happiness for me—I prefer the lot that is mine—— *An Old Woman.*

——Dwellings.—For several centuries, stone and brick were made use of in France, only in public buildings, or those mansions that were inhabited by nobles. Private persons had small houses constructed of wood and earth cemented with moistened hay. Instead of the roofs being covered with tiles, a thatch was made of straw and rushes intermixed. The use of slate is posterior to that of tiles. This flat material was first brought from *Ardes*, in Ireland, whence the French named it *ardoise*. Nothing appears more simple than a chimney; nevertheless every one was, for a long time, contented with letting the smoke escape through an opening made in the roof. The fire was made in the middle of the room, against a kind of screen, composed of earth. Stones, when they were first made use of, were not regularly cut, but were used in the state in which they were first found.—There were then no police laws; every individual, in following his own fancy, encroached on the public roads.—Glass was unknown to the ancients; but in the twelfth century it was made use of in France; first for the church windows, and next for the palaces.—In the fourteenth century, they began to ornament private houses with small glass windows. Before then they made use of oiled paper or linen. The panes of these windows were little bits of square glass: some were hexagon, some octagonel and fastened together by strips of lead, within and without. To these pieces of small dimensions, succeeded squares of a middle size, set in frames of wood. The term *croisée* is derived from their being divided, in a cross formed of free-stone.—The conquest of the Gauls by Julius Cæsar gave to the French a degenerate style of Grecian architecture. Under the first race of Kings, architecture, in France, was a mixture of the Grecian with the barbarous taste of the times.—Charlemagne, on his return from his expeditions into Italy, brought in a taste for the *architecture* of *Lombardy*, which was preserved till the tenth century. The crusades gave birth to the *Syrian* architecture, which, in the west, was named the *Gothic*, because the people of the north excelled in its imitation. This kind of architecture, introduced under Louis the Young, was brought to perfection under St. Louis, by Montereau, his architect.—They then abandoned the full arch for the Ogivian arch, that is pointed: the Ogivian, and the pillars with fillets, are explained by the same defect, that of an immense elevation. The columns destined to support a gigantic vaulted roof, would have appeared too heavy; they, therefore divided them to disguise their thickness, so that they formed a parcel of small columns, which, by the ramification of their extremities, and their being dispersed lengthwise over the roof, gave it solidity, without heaviness.—Under Louis XII., the architects mixed the gothic with something more antique. Under Francis I. the imitation of the Greek orders of architecture became more evident. The Castles of Ecouen and of Anet are proofs of this; and also the Chateau of Fontainbleau.—During the reigns of Charles IX., and of Henry IV. Ducerceau and several others raised some monuments of most noble architecture, the ornaments of which yet displayed the genius of those artists who had flourished under Francis I.—But in the seventeenth century, appeared those productions, which certainly cannot be said, to be above criticism. In the architecture of the Palace of Versailles and in that of the Hôtel des Invalides, there are a multitude of things hurried over and in bad taste. What can be more clumsy than that timber-work they call the roof; or *Mansarde*, from the name of its inventor; or more offensive to the eye of taste than the broken pediments? Le Val de Grace, the Portal of St. Gervais, the Sorbonne, les Quatre Nations, all furnish examples of defects that we cannot but censure. Perrault, in defiance of general rule, constructed the colonade of the Louvre and Blondel erected the triumphal arch, named Porte St. Martin. At the beginning of the reign of Louis XV. such defects became more glaring. What was then constructed was totally out of all proportion. Soufflot, Peyre, Gondouin, Le Doux, Chalgrin, and some others restored the school of architecture. The Pantheon, the Surgical School, and the Mint are the fruits of this restoration.

——Apartments.—During those centuries that preceded the birth of the arts in France, the apartments, even in the chateaux, were badly distributed. There was nothing to be seen but vast rooms, or dark closets; and in those apartments that had not vaulted roofs, pillars, representing gibbets served as a support to jutting out beams.—A lord, his family, his squires, and all those who ate at his table were allowed to warm themselves, at the same chimney.—On each side of every window, the architects had made to jut out, about fifteen inches in width a clumsy mass of stone, about the height of the seat.—Those rooms that had vaulted roofs, had double arches, ornamented with animals in a crouching posture, or with grotesque figures, of the human species.—It was not till the seventeenth century, that apartments began to be multiplied, by being divided into seperate pieces. People of the higher

class of tradesmen lived *en famille*, as the nobles did in former times: father, mother and children always sat together in one common apartment, which served at once for study, for receiving company, for a bedchamber, an eating room, and even for a kitchen.—The great Condé, in the time of the sitting of the states in Burgundy, paid a visit to one of the magistrates of Dijon, who received him in this *common apartment*. On his return to Versailles, the prince said to Louis XIV.: "Your province of Burgundy is very rich; *the kitchens* are hung with tapestry."—Cielings take their date in France from the sixteenth century; this improvement came from Italy with good architecture.—A species of half story, named *entresol*, was invented by *Mansarde*, in the seventeenth century. There were two celebrated architects named Mansarde: Francis Mansarde died at Paris in 1666, and Jules-Hardouin Mansarde in 1708. It was the first of these who invented the *Mansardes*, or timber roofs, of which the coverture of the upper part is almost flat, and the sides nearly perpendicular.

——THE YOUNG WIFE.—Educated in the same convent with Josephine de B.....a conformity in age, taste, and character, established between us one of those friendships which seem likely to continue through life. She was fifteen years old when her parents took her to Toulouse, where her fortune and her talents were expected to render her one of the brightest ornaments of society. An orphan, and totally dependant on my guardian's will, I remained longer at the convent; but the most affectionate letters from Josephine frequently came to enliven my solitude. The impatience that all young people feel to be at liberty, we also experienced, but with the intention to give to friendship all those moments that filial duty did not oblige us to bestow elsewhere. At length, Josephine was married to M. de St. Valery, and three months after I became the wife of Colonel P.—My husband was from Toulouse, and was acquainted with M. de St. Valery; Josephine resided there; what a happy motive for a determination of settling in that place! From that time, the most tender intimacy took place. Josephine became a mother, and I comforted myself for the sorrow I felt in not having children by rocking the cradle of her daughter. Six years past away in this state of tranquillity: happy in my husband's love, and in the friendship of Mons. and Madame de St. Valery, I thought I had made a pact with happiness, when a most distressing circumstance happened to interrupt its duration.

Some connexion of affairs of interest had been formed, without my knowledge, between Josephine's husband and mine. After a long and expensive campaign, in which the colonel was wounded, he wrote to me, and informed me of the engagements he had contracted with M. de St. Valery, and the uncertainty of the credit on which he had reckoned, so as to be able to fulfill them; and he assured me that the disq he felt on this account had made his wound c rably worse, and if I wished to see him agai not a moment to lose. I communicated this my friends; they offered to assist me, but I pe some embarrassment in their proposition. Jo made some remarks on my style of housek and on the colonel's prodigality. Their ge now seemed ostentation, and their advice sciousness of their superiority, to which I been accustomed. Soured by grief, the natur of my character predominated. I sold the n luable of my effects, realised a good sum, a to M. de St. Valery what was due to him. to Josephine a letter which admitted of no j tion, and I hastened to my husband w intoxicating hope that my cares and the a ments I had just made would soften his pang it was *too late*.—My tears and the remembr my husband were now solely to fill up my exi

The colonel had a sister in England, of w had often been accutsomed to speak, and wit I held a correspondence; wishing to quit where I thought I had not now a single friend solved to go and reside near her. I was c received. My sister in law was good, in ever of the word: her mild and equal temper s unchangeable tranquillity over her whole es ment. Every one was happy around her, an cied I yet might be so again.—I deceived my heart, always imbued with the warmes tion, found itself desolate in this new wor spite of myself, my hopes and wishes carri unceasingly to that country that gave me b accused myself of injustice towards Josepl thought of her children; my destiny seemed a to theirs; and yet—we were seperated.

One day I received a letter from Paris. A whose name was unknown to me, informed the affair which had almost ruined me ten ye fore, was, at length, terminated by means of liquidation, and that my signature only was w to enable me to touch the interest and pr Uncertain as to whom I ought to address m of attorney, I yielded to the impulse of dire turning to Paris.

I should vainly attempt to describe my sen on again touching the French soil. Alrea native air seemed to effect a change in my ide shed a beneficent balm over the wounds of m Retirement had softened my character, I fo reproaches of M. and Madame de St. Va thought only on my own ill behaviour, and I to repair it by going and surprising them louse.

One morning when I was at church, I s chapel where I usually said my prayers, orna in an unusual manner; the females were el dressed, and every thing seemed to announ

extraordinary ceremony. In effect, a young lady, less remarkable by her modest carriage than by the happy appearance diffused over her whole person, was the object of all this preparation. I admired the grace of her deportment; a superb English veil, which was fastened to her hair floated over her fine form. Her dress was of embroidered tulle, ornamented with three flounces, each headed with a row of cockle-shells. A few delicate flowers were mingled among her light-coloured tresses, and such was the elegant dress of the pretty young bride. Her youthful husband knelt beside her, and the priest, after having invoked the blessing of Heaven on them, pronounced a simple and striking discourse, which seemed to touch every heart. Struck with the beauty of this young creature, whose features seemed not unknown to me, I ventured to enquire her name. I was answered, "It is Mademoiselle de St. Valery; her mother is at the lower part of the chapel, to the left. I looked, and recollected Josephine. When the mass was at an end, the new married couple and the family went into the vestry. Surprise and emotion took from me the power of reflection; I followed them, as if carried on by some supernatural power; I sought out Josephine, named myself to her, and fainted in her arms.

What an extatic moment was that for me, when renewing our acquaintance, I saw myself surrounded by all that was dear to me! There were no explanations, no excuses made: I pressed the hands of my friends, and could words express more?

This day which I fancied equally uninteresting with those that I had, for a long time spent, was one of the most delightful of my life. Josephine, with enthusiasm, enumerated all the excellent qualities of her son-in-law: M. de St. Valery boasted no less of his great fortune and the distinguished reputation he had already acquired at the bar. As for the charming daughter, careless, as girls of sixteen usually are on the most important circumstances of life, and brought up in the country, in the utmost simplicity, she seemed never to be weary of looking at the dresses that her husband had chosen for her adornment. Certainly, nothing could surpass the beauty of the cachemires, the splendour of her jewels, and the taste that had directed the choice of all those pretty little trifles, which are indispensible among the marriage paraphernalia. An elegant ball terminated this auspicious day, and the dresses and charms of those that assisted, might have entitled them to become competitors for the prize of beauty: yet, without partiality, it must be said, that the young bride eclipsed them all; I thought that I could even remark, that the little coquet was too much flattered by the admiration she excited; and before I took my leave, I said to her, as I embraced her: "Your husband is the first who has made any impression on your heart: his virtues and his excellent character ought to make you happy; but if ever a cloud should overcast your felicity, always oppose ten ness to injustice, and constancy to his fickleness.

R. D.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

The Revolutionary Gil Blas, or the Confessions Laurent Giffard, by L. B. Picard, of l'Acadé Française. Paris, 5 vols. 12mo.

LAURENT GIFFARD, a barber's boy, born near N mes, in the borough town of Quissac, lived in Pa in the year 1789, and was twenty-two years old. S of those persons who constantly employed M. Ripa his master, were of the following description: man of business to several different noblemen; surgeon from Gascony; a literary man; an actor l longing to the boulevards; a young abbé; and a ge tleman about twenty-three years of age; and the are the principal personages in this romance. The is also an honest family of artisans, and Jero Grindal, an ambulatory singer, who cuts some figu in this work. Every volume is ornamented with engraving. Laurent Giffard and Jerome Grindal, 1789, form the subject of the engraving placed at t commencement of the first volume. Grindal is sin ing the *Catacoua*, and Giffard is knocking at the do of one of his customers. On the morrow of a d that was marked by a grand political event, Giffa after dinner, as he is dressing the hair of a peruqu calls to his mind the various discourses he h heard held by the different customers. "But," he say "what astonishes me yet more, notwithstanding m early years, and the lightness of my character, that, by turns, I have thought and spoken like the all. I questioned myself; I have asked myself wh was my real opinion, and I found that I was ve much puzzled how to reply." The first time th Giffard thinks he is somebody, is when those of h district, ask him to copy a circular. Giffard becom a disputant, frequents clubs, plays the farce of *bourgeois*, and an emigré; quits the military servic becomes a broker; returns to France, and employed as a purveyor; he turns player in sever departments. "I was mistaken," he says, "wh I thought that a player might be excused from havi any political opinion; there was no profession person whatever who was not obliged to decla what he was." If they wished to discover the re character of every member of a troop of comedian they would habitually discover, in the noble fath a philosopher; the chief character a vain, glorio fellow; the younger principal character a coxcom the valet, a jester; and all the ladies coquets, mo or less experienced in their arts; some carried aw by passion, others by interest. Well! in the tro to which I belonged, the noble father gravely co gratulated himself that those prejudices were ab lished, that once held a player in contempt: the tra

bearer drank with the members of all the most popular societies, and discussed the rules of his art, with generals and representatives; the valet went to the club of the faction. All our ladies were hot-headed patriots, or imprudent aristocrats, according to him whose homage they received; and as for me, I played the young heroes and lovers, and sang in *contr'alt*, I philosophized with the noble father; went to the *café* with the train bearer; admired the talent of him who played the chief personage; went to the club with the valet; and received the love confidences of our ladies." At Paris, Giffard meets with several of his acquaintance: he becomes a fribble, a journalist, and a merchant. He experiences some crosses on account of his opinions. Giffard goes to Italy: returns again to France. Falls in love, marries; takes a second trip to Italy. "Oh! that dear woman!" he says, "she once gave an evening party: how many new friends did she procure me! I admired the amiability of Theresa, more and more. But where, said I to myself, is that little mantua-maker, who afterwards became a strolling player; where has she learnt to do the honours of a great establishment? It is true, I seconded her very well, for I had only played the part of an adventurer; and I seemed to understand *myself*, as well as she did. Ah! good heavens! how easy is every thing, where there is plenty of money! except the gaining of merit, and yet more, *real* merit; for as to that which the world gives us, our good friends were as prodigal as we could wish." By the intrigues of his wife, Giffard is named deputy. Our barber's boy was never at any conference, or any conventicles, but he made one in a dinner party given to General Bonaparte, in the church of Saint Sulpice. "I was always," he says, "at feasts, festivals, and picnics." The subject of the engraving in the second volume is Giffard looking at the first consul, as he is passing to take possession of the Thuilleries. Giffard is employed in a great undertaking. Director of the public spectacles, a dupe, himself, but duping no one, he is imprisoned for debt. After his release he is appointed doorkeeper of an ambassador's cabinet. His wife keeps a table for the game of bouillotte; this female gamester dies: Giffard quits Paris, and goes to fill the place of controller to the town of Roanne. Idle and negligent, he is at the end of the year called to fill another post, with the simple rank of commissary to the cavalry. He next becomes commissary of the foot, and is, at length, recalled. Giffard takes refuge in the village of Dauphiny, and sets up as a barber. An old cousin of his father dies, and leaves him an inheritance of twenty two thousand francs. He is struck at seeing this sum, all in gold. "It is enough," he says, "I can no longer remain in this miserable village; it is at Paris, only, on that vast theatre, that I can, and where I ought to render this money truly valuable, to display my talents, and take advantage of present circumstances." This happened at the end of December, in 1813. sells his effects, and sets off for Paris. In t gence is a tall girl, between eighteen and years of age, she is dressed like a *grisette*, b appears very elegant. She has been sent Paris, by her godmother, Madame Rigaud keeps a furnished hotel on the bouleva Antoine. The godmother is an actress theatre of which Giffard was manager. he arrives at Paris, he goes to lodge at M Rigaud's. Several chapters are dedicated describing of political events. The hostile enter Paris. Giffard meets a host of men, w shouting out *à la colonne, à la colonne!* "I mingle among them," he says, "we arrived Place Vendôme; several ascended the pill cords which they threw to those that stood base, and began to pull away, with all their All Paris might behold the efforts of several duals to throw down the statue placed up pillar, and I was one of them that pulled the During the first invasion, the *restaurateurs* a *limonadiers* made a fine speculation. Giffar had not yet touched the funds due to him b ritance, set up as a "*limonadier-restaurateur* the niece of Madame Rigaud, kept the bar. H speaks of her, "Two large black eyes; nob tures; a complexion as fair as a lily; a little and clothes of the newest fashion and cont renewed; a diadem of pearls or diamonds, ri every finger, of one of the prettiest hands world, made her look like a divinity. For dressed in a coat of superfine cloth, very neat the legs and feet, my hair arranged with t napkin, half unfolded over my arm, I walked t the rooms, and spoke with gravity and respec guests; I had an eye to every thing; I ma waiters diligent, and in my leisure moments ployed myself in breaking sugar. Oh! how well moiselle Amanda, seemed formed for presidi a *café!* Always gracious, aye, gracious to eve she was free with the people of the day, a co tionist or an ultra royalist, with those of the regime; in the evening she was only an a female, charming and witty, among those *maîtres* that uttered soft speeches to her. my example she followed, or did I follow her's however, certain that, during the day, I chan opinion three or four times, and in the evenin none at all." The great change in public renders the café of Giffard a desert; he p creditors and takes a furnished room; an en represents him in the dress of a herald at a the champ de Mai. After the second restora becomes a clerk: placed under the protecti minister who falls, he is dismissed, and wages from one who lets out cabriolets. "On he says, "I was seated in my cabriolet, I re the romance of Candide; I was just got

chapter of the carnival of Venice. I recollected, that under the empire, when I was barber of a village, I had read that very chapter, and I then thought that there were several dethroned monarchs, who might go to Venice, to amuse themselves at the carnival. Oh! Oh! said I to myself, how things have turned out! What debasements, what exaltation! Well; may there not yet be another supper for dethroned kings? The most particular circumstance is, that all these kings are of the same family. Just as I was making this reflection, a man, very meanly dressed, got into my cabriolet. I knew him for a former member of the ancient executive directory, with whom I had dined several times when I was a purveyor, and afterwards when I was deputy. Eh! Eh! said I to myself, here is another that might go and sup at Venice! But I did not think proper to make myself known to this personage; and I frequently have driven those citizens that I had known in my prosperity, whom I found in a very different situation to that in which they were formerly placed." We will pass over the different callings exercised by Giffard to speak of the happy rencontre he made, being out of employ, with an old frequenter of Madame Belamy's smoking house. This man Giffard tells us, was of an intriguing disposition, and he once took it into his head to take him on a visit, that he made to some of his friends, as one of those characters that will make a buffoon of himself to keep the company in laughter. And this was the last effort he made to live by his wits: he solicited a place at the Bicêtre; and the first person he met in the court of that prison, was Grindal; that Grindal, who had so often changed the style of his songs! This romance is told with a gaiety that never flags; Giffard, at length is satisfied with the mediocrity in which his lot is cast; without ever losing the opportunity of being obliging.

CURIOUS MODE OF ACCUSING ANOTHER.—A short time ago, there happened, at the church of Turin, a very extraordinary incident. It was in the season of Lent, at the beginning of February, a time of year when the days are very short. A popular preacher, who always preached very long sermons, was so carried away by his subject, which was repentance, one afternoon, that it was dark before he concluded his discourse. Scarcely had he finished before one of his auditors exalted his voice, and begged that he might be heard. Silence immediately prevailed; and this man, continuing to speak, declared that the holy man had preached with such fervency and so much to the purpose, that his words had made on him, a most miserable sinner, a deep impression, so that he was resolved to lead a new life; and to give a proof of his hearty contrition, he would now publicly make a confession of all his crimes. He, then, with a loud voice, said, he was a lawyer by profession, that he had abused the confidence of his clients, that he might deceive them, by selling their intere to the adverse party: he then accused himself being an undutiful son, a bad husband, a bad fath and after having added a long enumeration of vari crimes, he concluded by giving a convincing pr of the sincerity of his repentance at that mome by naming himself, as the lawyer such a one, livi in such a street.

Scarce had he concluded, when another voice w heard crying out that he had told a most impud falsehood, that he, himself, was the lawyer who h been pointed out, and that he felt his conscien clear from those faults that had been so calumnio ly imputed to him. He intreated that the villain w had thus spoken of him should be put under arre that he might be punished for the cruel affront th he sought to put upon him; but it was all in vai the mischievous jester had no sooner heard this crimination, than he contrived to make his escap and, in spite of the most diligent search made af him, it never could be discovered who he was.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE mourning has, for some time, excluded a varie of colours; but the scene of fashion begins brighten. At the concert given by Mr. Dossion the Opera House, at the theatre of *Madame*, on t day of *All Saints*, a Moabitish turban was remarke which is fastened under the chin, adorned with bird of Paradise. On several black velvet toqu were plumes of black ostrich feathers, curled, a small white feathers, placed *à l'Inca*, adorned t hats that were of black velvet. Some white ha had on them daisies, that were black, and high varnished. Some fashionists place on a black velv hat, white lappets, and a large bow of white satin this bow is composed of three puffs, and four en cut round. The new hats are large in the brim, bo in front and at the sides, and the crowns are hig Some black velvet hats have a *fichu* of the sam *en marmotte*, plaited on the summit of the crown, large plaits. The mantles reckoned the most han some, are of black satin, with two pelerine capes black velvet, which descend as low as the elbow, an are lined with white satin. The only fur yet see was of black marten, in *fichu-palatines*.

Coloured dresses have began to be bespoke, the fashion-mongers; they are bright, and cloude or have broad, shaded stripes, and the white silk are figured with raised leaves. On the first repre sentation of *Leocadia*, at the Feydeau, every bo was taken. We there saw dresses of plain velve made with a kind of stomacher, the corsage trimme round the bust with a double row of tulle. A velv pelerine was thrown over the shoulders, bordere with blond, laid in very large plaits. At the borde of these dresses were four rouleaux of velvet, an four flounces of blond. Some dresses of reps sil

were trimmed on the mancherons, and at the border of the gown with rows of Maltese crosses, made of black satin; a jet button marks the centre of the cross. The head-dresses were toques of black velvet, and turbans of striped gauze and satin, laid in a thousand little plaits. On the former were long white plumes, five feathers in a plume, placed spiral, and forming an enormous spread-out: on the latter were two black aigrettes, and a black bird of Paradise, or a long plume of black feathers, grouped together. A hat of black velvet was remarked, with the brim turned up in front; on the left side was a bouquet of marabouts, fixed so low that they mingled with the curls of hair on the neck. Another black velvet hat was ornamented with a very full wreath of different coloured flowers, made in velvet. All the young persons wore their hair elegantly arranged, with a jet comb, ear-rings of blue spun-glass. The Apollo's knot formed two enormous bows, and the curls of the hair, confined on the temples by two little jet combs, were in the form of a horse-shoe. Several ladies of fashion, on quitting the theatre, enveloped themselves in a mantle of black velvet, with a pelerine cape of Chinchilla.

The dress-makers are seriously employed in making a corsage, similar to those worn in the time of Francis I. The puckerings of this corsage are all brought up to the chest, by a very large brooch of jewels; the folds or puckerings enlarge, as they are brought on each side of the bust which form the wheat-sheaf, in a transverse sense to that when the body is said to be made *en gerbe*.

Blond flounces are the trimmings most in vogue for dress gowns. We have seen a dress of spotted velvet, *Emma* colour, the border of which was trimmed with a broad flounce of blond, set on in festoons; above the flounce were tufts of foliage formed of satin, to answer the colours of the dress, each leaf trimmed with narrow blond edging: the petticoat was terminated by a *bouillon* in pipes, placed between two rouleaux. The corsage was square, with a falling tucker of blond, over which was a satin foliage, of smaller dimensions than that on the border; the sleeves were ornamented in a correspondent manner.

The mourning damps, the efforts of our artists, fashion-mongers and dress-makers; there are, however, some charming silks to be found in our mercers' shops, both figured and plain. Shaded Spanish silks, and fancy India silks; these colours are named, the *tree of Judea*, and *Ipsaraearth;* and there are merinos the colour of *Helen's tunic*, and *sable of Nubia*. Velvet hats are shaped *à la Bolivar;* the brim round and very large: at present thereare but few dress hats, but toques and turbans are of the most charming diversity. Over silk dresses are worn pelerines of crape or gauze, trimmed with bias folds, raised; there are also seen long sleeves of gauze, the wrist-bands of which are concealed by ribbons the of the gown, and which tie on the inside of th

Next in favour to black velvet hats, are tho pomgranite colour; the brim round and larg very much bent down over the forehead; at th of the crown, which is high, is a large bow of bound with satin: these bows are formed o puffs in which are mixed ends of velvet, and the crown is a bouillon of velvet. We have a very lovely hat, composed of black velve coloured satin, and black blond; another ha barbel blue velvet, and the bottom of the cro covered with ribbons clouded with blue and two aigrettes of gold lama, turned back, were with much taste. The toques, of whatever m are all black; they were the predominant hea at the first representation of *Fiesque*, at the There were also demi-turbans of gauze part *bo* and which were higher on one side than the Dark shaded silks are next in favour to black is nothing new in the corsages; they are still and the only novelty is in the disposal of the the ornaments on the mancherons are alway to correspond with those on the border of th coat, which are generally of full *bouillons* of confined by bows or points of satin. With for half dress, the long sleeves of gauze ar very wide, and if the dress is black, they ar In parties that are given on account of w where young people are obliged to dance, th dresses of tulle, cut in points round the These dresses do not come down lower than bouillon of satin which ornaments the botton satin slip underneath. The sash or belt wo dress gowns is round, and fastened by formed of four or five little pointed ends.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDE

Correspondents are requested to continue to s with information and criticisms, on the passing ev may interest the polite World.

Our readers are respectfully solicited to recomm Publication amongst their friends. It is the o dedicated to High Life, Fashionables and Fashi periodical of the kind, has embellishments tha compared to this.

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Engraved and sweet to the Kind of Fashion Dec. 1824

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AND

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DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLIT
LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, *&c. &c.*

No. 8. LONDON, JANURARY 1, 1825. VOL. I

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.

DUKES AND DUCHESSES.

Richmond, the Duke of, from Sussex.
Bedford, the Duke and Duchess of and family from Brighton.

MARQUESSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Exeter, the Marquess and Marchioness, from Lincolnshire.
Cornwallis, the Marchioness and the Ladies, from a tour.
Hertford, the Marquess of, from Suffolk.

EARLS AND COUNTESSES, BARONS AND BARONESSES.

Sefton, the Earl and Countess of, and family, in Arlington Street.
Sherburne, the Earl of, from Cheltenham.
Buckinghamshire, the Earl and Countess of, from a tour.
Strangford, Lord and suite, from Constantinople.
Westmoreland, the Earl of, in Grosvenor Square.
Berwick, Lord, in Grosvenor Square, from Shropshire.
Dysart, the Countess of, from Ham House, Surrey.
Gower, Lord and Lady, G. L. in Albermarle Street.
Clanricarde, the Earl of, at the Clarendon Hotel.
Spencer, Countess, from Wimbledon.
Holland, Lord and Lady, from Brighton.
O'Neil, Earl, from Ireland.
Besley, Lord, from Foot's-bras Place, Kent.
Shannon, Earl, at the St. George's Hotel, Albermarle Street.
Boyle, Lord, at the St. George's Hotel.
Mansfield, the Dowager Countess of, in Lower Brook Street.
Suffield, Lord and family, at Jordan's Hotel, from Norfolk.
Osborne, Lord F. from the Continent.

BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND THE LADIES.

Warrander, Sir George, Bart. from Scotland.
Reade, Sir Thomas and Lady, in Jermyn Street.
Shee, Sir George Bart, and Lady, and the Misses, in Cave dish Square.
Heathcote, Lady, from Ham House, Surrey.
Gresley, Sir Roger, Bart. at the Clarendon Hotel.
Sullivan, Sir Charles, Bart. at Fladong's Hotel.
Ousely, Sir Gore, at Mivart's Hotel.
Caulfield, Sir George, at Mivart's Hotel.
Denny, Lady and family, at the Hyde Park Hotel, from W cestershire.

NAVY AND ARMY.

Oswald, Colonel, and Lady, from Scotland.
Gardener, Major and family, in Jermyn Street.
Langton, Colonel Gore, at Thomas' Hotel.
Cadogan, Hon. Capt. Mrs. and family, at Mivart's Hotel, fr Brussels.
Austin, Colonel, and Mrs. at Jordan's Hotel.
Greville, Hon. Capt. at Mivart's Hotel, from Wimbledon.
Dashwood, Colonel, and Mrs. at Thompson's Hotel.
Howard, Hon. Colonel, M. P. and family, from Surry.
Gould, Admiral, Sir D. and Lady, at Blake's Hotel.
Ord, General, at Cook's Hotel, from Hants.
Parker, Capt. Hyde, at Fenton's Hotel.
Gould, Capt. R. N. at the St. George's Hotel, from Sussex
Aubrey, Colonel, at the Royal Hotel, St. James' Street.
Stapleton, Colonel, and the Misses, from Staines.
Jervoise, Capt. R. N. at the St. Georges' Hotel, from Por mouth
Whichcote, Capt. from Bath.

Dowbiggen, Capt. and Mrs. M. H. at the Royal Hotel, from France.
Comlin, General, from Cheltenham.
Stephenson, General from Norfolk.

ESQUIRES AND THEIR LADIES.

Ellis, Agar, Esq. and Mrs. from Cashiobury Park.
Jacks, Mrs. at the St. George's Hotel, from Bath.
Hatton, G. F. Esq. from Northamptonshire.
Byng, George, Esq. and Mrs. from Wrothan Park.
Lamb, Hon. W. from Brocket Hall.
Robertson, Mrs. and family, at the Waterloo Hotel, from Scotland.
Williams, Mrs. and Miss, at the Royal Hotel, from Nottingham.
Clarke, Esq. and Mrs. and family, from Norfolk.
Barclay, Esq. Mrs. and family, at the Royal Hotel, from Long Ditton.
Howard, Hon. Colonel, M. P. and family, from Surrey.
Robinson, George, Esq. M. P. South Street, from Roehampton.
Blake, Esq. and Mrs. at the London Hotel, from Bath.
Armit, John Lees, Esq. and Mrs. at Thompson's Hotel, from France.
Gurney, Esq. and Mrs. and family, at the Pulteney Hotel, from Norfolk.
Latouche, Hon. Mrs. and Ladies, at Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Str.
Moreton, Esq. and Mrs. at the Bath Hotel, from Brighton.
Caulfield, Mrs. St. George, and the Misses, from Brighton.
Bosanquet, W. Esq. from Trent Park, Herts.
Grenfell, Pascoe, Esq. M. P. from Taplow, Berks.
Robinson, Mrs. and family, from Brussells.
Richardson, Mrs. and the three Misses, from Paris.
Maxse, James, Esq. from Melton, Mowbrey.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

Allen, Viscountess, and Hon. Miss, for Yorkshire.
Armitt, John Lees, Esq. and Madame for Ireland.
Berney, Esq. and Miss, for Exeter.
Berkeley Esq. and Mrs. for Long Ditton.
Barclay, Mrs. Gurney, and family, for Dorking.
Brown, Mrs. and Miss, for the Continent.
Blake, Esq. and Mrs. and family, for Bath.
Brosgrave, Sir George, Bart. for Worstead House.
Bruyere, H. Esq. and Mrs. from Kearnsey Abbey, Dover.
Bailey, Lady Sarah, and Miss, for Suffolk.
Cadogan, Hon. Capt. Mrs. and family, for Brighton.
Clanricarde, the Earl of, for Melton, Mowbray.
Chambers, Esq. and Mrs. for Bath.
Cartwright, Mrs. and Miss, for Norfolk.
Chamberlege Esq. and Mrs. for Cambridgeshire.
Caulfield, St. George Esq. and the Misses, for Chatsworth.
Coglin, General and Sons, for Tunbridge Wells.
Dorrin, General and Mrs. and family, for Grinstead.
Dowbiggen, Capt. and Mrs. for Cheltenham.
Doveton, General Sir W. and family, to Hampton Court.
Duncan, Esq. and the Misses, for Bath.
Erskine, Lord, Lady, and Miss, and the Hon. John, for Sussex.
Engleton, Sir John and Lady, for Essex.
Fleming, John, Esq. M. P. for his Seat, near Southa
Floyd, Sir H. Bart. for Brighton.
Fombelle, John, Esq. and Mrs. for Cheltenham.
Galbraith, Sir James, for Ireland.
Heath, Capt and Mrs. for Bath.
Hatchard, Esq. and Mrs. for Hertfordshire.
Langton, Colonel Gore, for Newton Park, Bath.
Leigh, Mrs., Mrs. Harrison, and W. Leigh, Esq. for
Lane, Mrs. and Miss, for the Continent.
Lippincourt, Sir H. Bart. for Cheltenham.
Manley, Esq. and Mrs. for Brighton
Nugent, Sir George, for Bucks.
Oldfield, Sir John, Bart. for Hants.
Romney, Hon. Mrs. and Ladies, and the Misses L
Bath.
Salisbury, Dowager, Marchioness, for Hatfield.
St. Asaph, the Bishop of, for Herefordshire.
Shakerley, Charles, Esq. and Madame, for Paris.
Sneker, Mrs. and S. Hanning, Esq. for the Continer
Shee, Sir George, Lady and the Misses, for Lockley
Teasdale, Mrs. for Brighton.
Turnbull, W. B Esq. and family, for Bath.
Webster, Sir Godfrey, Bart. for Brighton.
Wright, John Smith, Esq. for Ramstone Hall, Loug

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONAB CHIT CHAT, &c.

THE KING.

We said, in a former number, that his Majesty visit Brighton so soon as was expected; and we formation from an *official authority* that could not Some of the Brighton inhabitants have been lately *loyal!!!* and have spoken *too freely* their opini King, which, our informant says, has been communic Sovereign—and hence the uncertainty of all his respecting even a short residence at Brighton. we are writing nothing is *officially known* when th will leave Windsor;—it has its attractions and comf now the favourite residence of the King,—he is there s by some chosen and select friends, which, added to his Majesty has enjoyed since he adopted the neig of Windsor as his most permanent place of reside it almost certain that Brighton will have but littl company. That gloomy abode, Carlton Palace, is royal favor;—it is become only a sort of tempora (for it is any thing but fit for such a Sovereign as G where Councils and public business can be atten quiring the presence of his Majesty. It is time began to think seriously of building a Palace in or don, as a fit and suitable residence for our King—t Monarch in the world. The habitations of our kings may be compared to the dwellings of petty Germa The country has riches to spare for so important sary a purpose; why, then, should the mean and parsimony of a few insignificant *brainless, ha* who have no taste or idea of what is calculated to importance and dignity of our illustrious and belo have any effect in preventing that desirable object.

ject must be taken into the consideration of both Houses of Parliament; and we trust an early day in the Session will be fixed and we shall ever afterwards have to congratulate ourselves on our King having a Palace in London that will add splendour to his reign, and be a lasting proof of the talents and taste of his subjects.

We have the pleasure to state that the inhabitants of Leeds have begun a subscription for the erecting a handsome statue of his present Majesty. We hope, *most sincerely*, that other towns of the same consequence will immediately follow so laudable a resolution. If we had the power and influence, meetings should be called in every principal town throughout the United Kingdom, advising and recommending statues of his Majesty to be placed in the most public places.

His Majesty left London for Windsor on Tuesday, Dec. 7, and reached the Royal Lodge about four o'clock in the afternoon, in his travelling carriage, accompanied by the Marquis of Conyngham. His Majesty's carriage was drawn by his road horses, four beautiful bays, and drove by two postillions. The carriage was preceded by two outriders, and followed by two others, with two footmen on the dickey. His Majesty was escorted from Carlton Palace by a party of the 7th Hussars, who were relieved by a fresh party on the London side of Kew, and on his arriving at Hounslow, where he has a change of horses, a relay being stationed there whenever his Majesty travels up or down, ready harnessed, and which are not more than a minute in putting to, his Majesty there dismissed the escort, and proceeded on to the Royal Lodge without any other than that of his own domestics. His Majesty, with his household attendants, sat down to dinner at seven o'clock. His health has very much improved since his arrival at the Royal Lodge. The weather has been so wet and unpleasant as to deprive the King of his favorite rides in his poney phaeton. However, on Tuesday, Dec. 13, at one o'clock, his Majesty, accompanied by the Marquis of Conyngham, left the Royal Lodge in his poney phaeton, and was followed by his household attendants in the double-bodied phaeton, with the regular retinue of grooms and saddle horses. His Majesty took the following drives:—Duke's-lane, Mill-gate, China Island, Shrubs Hill, and Chapel Wood; and after a three hour's excursion returned by the Royal Nursery and Cow Pond to the Royal Lodge.—A curious poney has been taken down to Cumberland lodge to be shewn to the King; it is of a mouse, or rather a dun colour; its coat or hair very rough; is four years old, and stands thirty two-inches high, but beautifully formed. It was brought from Norway, and is so docile that it will follow the groom who has the care of him up and down stairs like a dog, and lay down on the hearth-rug before the fire; it has never yet been shod, will eat bread and potatoes as well as corn and hay, and drink beer. It was taken to the Royal Lodge in a neatly fitted fancy-coloured covering, bounded by a girth, for his Majesty's inspection; and was led by the groom to his apartment, who admired him as much on account of his diminutive size as for his docility.

Seldom a week passes but some of the munificent and charitable kindnesses of his Majesty come *accidentally* to the knowledge of the public. The King was lately pleased to bestow £1500, on the widow of the late Mr. Muss, as the price of certain of his admirable productions. It is a melancholy circumstance that we have to state that this royal bounty has been lost! The money was entrusted to the unfortunate Mr. Fauntleroy; he converted it to his own use;—thus has his Majesty's benevolent intentions been annihilated, an poor woman plunged again into distress.

Another admirable instance of our most gracious Mon disposition is related in favor of *Owen* the portrait painter. the Duchess of Dorset resided at the Phœnix Park, she so the King to allow *Owen* to paint his portrait for her, and for she was to give the artist 200 guineas; but owing to son cumstances which rendered it inconvenient to his Maje *sit for the likeness*, Owen was obliged to make a *copy*, he successfully began from a portrait taken by Sir W Beachy. Immediately as she heard this, her Grace *co manded the order*, and which, however much it throw on the good taste of her Grace, we regret to say, adc the mass of shadow which began to darken the horizon artist. In a short time the event of the circumstances alluded to became known to the King, when, with that great liberality which ever distinguishes the actions Monarch, (to whose *title* is added those revered qualities make his name beloved throughout the Kingdom) he or *Owen* to send his unfinished portrait to Carlton Palace, a panied by a check for the original price of two hu guineas.

The Duke of York has been in London to hold Leve Commander-in-Chief. His Royal Highness never negle official business, however numerous and pressing the tions that are sent to him. This amiable personage has visited Earl and Countess Bathurst at Oakly Park, Gl tershire; the Marquis of Anglesea at Beau-desert, St shire; the Earl and Countess of Warwick, Warwick C and the Earl of Verulam, at his seat, Hertfordshire.

The Duke of Clarence has been in town to visit his Ma and the Duchess of Gloucester, who has been very unwe the Royal Family were anxious in their enquiries resp the health of her Royal Highness; who was, however, better, when she left London accompanied by her Royal ness, the Princess Augusta. We do not understand the *ation of the Duke of Gloucester having VISITED his Duchess.* It would appear, from that assertion, that the has a separate establishment. We should have thou would have been more affectionate had his Royal Hig lived in the same house with his Consort, particularly her serious illness. It cannot be expected that we shoul mulgate all the reports we have heard respecting their Highnesses, *so determinedly loyal as we are*; howev can state that a sort of *coolness* exists between them which accounts in some measure for the illness of the Du

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MISS FOOTE—MR. HAYNE (THE COMPANIO WHITE HEADED BOB THE FIGHTER), AND ALL-BEWITCHING, ENTICING, AND CHAR COLONEL BERKELEY!!!

LET any man apply the following lines from "Wade' Poem of the *Skeletons*" as he thinks it may suit his own c

> "Oh! not a villain on the guilty earth
> With him can vie in damn'd hypocrisy,
> Who plays deception with a woman's heart
> And blights the bosom that was wholly his."

The action Miss Foote has brought against Mr. Hay Burderop Park, Wilts, of Long's Hotel, and of nu other places of gay and fashionable resort, has excited

curiosity and *laughter* against '*Squire* Hayne, and the *whiskered* Colonel of Cheltenham theatrical ridicule—*the petitioner to his Sovereign for a Peerage!!!* The following details are extracted from the speech of the Attorney-General, and is so explanatory of all the circumstances attending the promises of marriage made to Miss Foote by Mr. Hayne, *and the Colonel*, that few observations are necessary. These *worthies* have been taught a lesson by the exposures they have made themselves subject to, as, it is hoped, will prevent *such beings* from again obtruding themselves on public attention. There is so much *fun* and amusement to be found in the subjoined extracts, that we are sure our readers will be pleased with the condensed statement we give of the trial.

After some introductory observations, the Attorney-General observed:—"At the time when she (Miss Foote) was about the age of seventeen or eighteen years, she had the misfortune to be invited to Cheltenham, to play there during the summer months. In the progress of her engagement she was to have a benefit, and soon after it was announced, a communication was made to her by the manager of the theatre at Cheltenham, that a gentleman of great property, and *of no small skill in the art of intrigue*—for which, however, he was as much unknown to her then as he was to the public at large, *until some late proceedings in Courts of Justice unfolded his qualifications* in that respect—I say that a communication was made to Miss Foote, that this gentleman, Colonel Berkeley, who was himself no inconsiderable performer, was desirous of playing a part with her at her approaching benefit. She had at the time no suspicion that he had any particular motives in view, and she merely assented to his appearance. —The circumstance led to an intimacy between them. He professed the greatest degree of attachment and admiration for her person and talents; he professed to feel the warmest passion for her, and *made her an offer of marriage*. But, at the same time he told her that he was so circumstanced that *their marriage* must of necessity be delayed. He told her that he was then *making an application for a Peerage—that he was petitioning his Sovereign for that purpose.* He represented to her that she was as much interested in his success as he was himself, but that if it was known that he was married to her, looking to her situation of an actress, he might not succeed in his application. *He continued to promise her marriage for several years* after her first performance at Cheltenham, and *she, having conceived the warmest affection and attachment for him, unfortunately, at length, became his victim.* For five years she lived under Colonel Berkeley's protection, and during the whole of that time he never led her to suppose that he did not intend to perform his promise. She loved him warmly, ardently, affectionately. He never made any allowance to her or to any part of her family. In the course of the five years, the presents which he made her did not exceed in value 100*l*. Money she indeed received from him, but not more than was necessary to defray expenses which he had led her to incur. She lived in Keppel-street, Russell-square, with her parents. Colonel Berkeley never spent a night in Keppel-street. She never slept out a night when Colonel Berkeley was in town. She paid annual visits to Berkeley Castle, in the interval which the recess of the season at Covent-Garden allowed. In 1821, there was a child. Before she was confined, Colonel Berkeley told her that he was exceedingly desirous that the birth of the child should be as much concealed as possible. "If it be known," said he, "it will be impossible that I can ever complete the engagement which I have entered into to make you my wife." At his solicitation she retir an obscure place in the country, where she was confine the utmost secresy, and in three months after that s turned to her profession, and appeared on the stage at Garden. In 1823 she was again pregnant. Five year elapsed since the promise of marriage was made her by nel Berkeley, and she then determined that, unless he execute that promise before the birth of the second chi further intercourse should cease between them. She rene all further communication with him in June 1824. S not seen him since the month of February previous, a resolved never to see him more. It was not till the sp 1823 that Mr Hayne saw Miss Foote. He saw her at Garden Theatre, where she was playing some popula He was struck with her beauty and talents, and beca tremely anxious to get introduced to her. From the m April, when he first saw her, till June (1823), he had no of accomplishing his wish. Towards the expiration latter month her benefit was announced, and this ga an opportunity of a personal interview with her. He at Keppel-street to purchase some tickets, and there some conversation with her and her father. He expressed miration of her, and a desire of being allowed to cultiv acquaintance, which on her part was not resisted. H a seat at Fiscal Hall, Staffordshire, whither he invite Foote, her father. Mr. Foote went, and while he wa Mr. Hayne again repeatedly expressed his admiration f Foote, and asked permission to pay his addresses to her Foote told him that his wishes upon that subject were i as she was engaged to be married to Colonel Berkele January 1824, Mr. Hayne came again to town, and fr civilities which he had paid to Mr Foote, he conceived entitled to call at Keppel-street, where he saw Mrs. and repeated to her what he had already said to Mr. that his object was to make her honourable proposal *the view of marrying her*, and requested that she mig tain an interview for him with her daughter; but Mrs said the same thing to him as Mr. Foote had said, t daughter was engaged to Colonel Berkeley, and that gagement was one of long standing. On the 24th o after all communication with Colonel Berkeley had Mrs. Foote wrote to Mr. Hayne on the subject. He wa in the country, and in consequence of the receipt Foote's letter, although he had a large party of friend ing at his house at the time, he came up to town on th of June, and lost no time in going to Keppel-street, w again stated all the anxiety he felt during the interval lonel Berkeley's determination, expressed the admira felt for her, and asked her hand. He urged his suit wit earnestness; she asked for a little time, but he entreat so much zeal and passion that he succeeded in obtaini her a promise of marriage. Every thing which had place between Mr. Hayne and Miss Foote was accurately to Colonel Berkeley. All her movements had been v and reported to him, and from some person or other Berkeley had learned the fact of Mr. Hayne's intervi her. Nay, he heard even of the arrangement that ha made for going to the Opera on the evening of the June, and he went there with a determination *to pre intended marriage*. What right had Colonel Berkele terfere? He had seduced her affections under a pro marriage—he violated that promise—he refused to ma and she had renounced all communication with him.

to the pit of the Opera accompanied by his friend Mr. Maxse. They discovered the party in a box, and Col. Berkeley instantly desired his friend to go to the box, invite Mr. Hayne out, and request an explanation from him. Mr. Maxse went, saw Mr. Hayne, and a meeting was appointed for the next day at four o'clock. Mr. Hayne had intended to return to the country on that day, but he postponed his intention in consequence of this meeting, which Mr. Hayne had no doubt was to be of a hostile character. They met the next day pursuant to appointment, Mr. Hayne attended by Mr. Best. It was then intimated to him for the first time, that the meeting was to be entirely of a friendly nature. Colonel Berkeley had no previous knowledge of Mr. Hayne; he had scarcely ever seen him, and had no sort of acquaintance with him. The meeting took place, and, although Mr. Best was entreated not to make any communication to Colonel Berkeley as to the nature of the connection between Mr. Hayne and Miss Foote, yet every thing was related by Colonel Berkeley to Mr. Best respecting *his own* connection with Miss Foote, as well as the birth of the two children. Colonel Berkely ridiculed the idea of Mr. Hayne's marrying that lady, expressed unbounded friendship for him, and gave him an invitation to Berkeley Castle. He then produced a paper, which he proposed that Mr. Hayne should sign, calling on Miss Foote to say whether she would in future live under the protection of Colonel Berkeley or under that of Mr. Hayne. This paper Mr. Hayne refused to sign. Colonel Berkeley then said in a sneering manner, "*Oh! I know what all this proceeds from. I suppose I must go and pass the night in Keppel-street, and console Miss Foote as well as I can for her disappointment.*" This Colonel Berkeley said, although he well knew that he never spent a night at Keppel-street, and that all intercourse with him had long ceased. —Mr. Hayne, in consequence of this interview, wrote Miss Foote a short note the next day, breaking off all future correspondence or connection with her. When Miss Foote received this short note, she was satisfied that she had been treacherously dealt with. She had up to this time the highest opinion of Mr. Hayne. She wrote him a letter to release him from his engagement, and at the same time solicited an interview with him in order to explain her conduct; and she fixed on Marlborough, which is near his seat, for the place of the interview, whither she went, attended by her mother. Every thing that had taken place between Colonel Berkeley and Miss Foote was now known to Mr. Hayne. He distinctly renewed his proposals of marriage, declared himself perfectly satisfied with the conduct of Miss Foote, and said that nothing which had passed had in any manner lowered his opinion of her. It was at first proposed that their marriage should take place on the 4th of September, which was his birth-day; but recollecting that his sister was to be married on that day, their marriage was afterwards deferred to the 6th, and that day was finally fixed for its celebration; previous to the marriage some arrangements of a pecuniary nature were of course necessary to be made. Mr. Hayne said that Mr. Robins was to be her trustee, and he called on Mr. Robins to make the necessary arrangements. At the interview, Mr. Hayne expressed himself in terms of the warmest affection for Miss Foote. He stated that he had recently suffered great losses by the depreciation in the value of his West India property, but that he had 46,000l. in the Funds, 40,000l. of which he was anxious to settle on Miss Foote, in this way, for himself and her to receive the dividends during their joint lives; if there were children, Miss Foote, if the survivor of Mr. Hayne, was to enjoy the dividends of the forty thousand pounds during her life, and at her death that sum was t distributed amongst the children; if there were no dren, and Miss Foote was the survivor of Mr. Ha then half the 40,000l was to become the absolute prop of Miss Foote, and the remaining half Mr. Hayne wa be at liberty to dispose of by his will. Mr. Hayne a ded for the purpose of executing the settlement, but it being ready, and he stating that he had a large part his house to celebrate his sister's marriage, the execu of the settlement was again postponed until the mor of Monday the 6th of that month, which was the appointed for the marriage. The Jury would, howeve surprised to learn that on Sunday Mr. Bebb, Mr. Ha Solicitor, called in Keppel Street, at Mr. Foote's h and left a verbal message, stating "*that Mr. Hayne w never see Miss Foote again.*" Placed in this situa Miss Foote wrote to Mr. Hayne, soliciting him by that was dear to her and him to call upon her and ex his conduct. The bearer of this letter met Mr. Hayn Bond Street, and he returned with the servant in a c to Miss Foote, in Keppel Street. He affirmed that it not his fault that he had thus acted towards her; th was also his firm intention to have fulfilled his eng ment, but that on his return home on Sunday some p first plied him with liquor, so as to make him in su state of intoxication, that he knew not what he that the next morning they returned to the attack, and l him up in a little back room, from which he had that moment made his escape, which his exhauste pearance would prove, and that when he met the vant with the letter, he was then coming to her. Th planation was received, and the following mornin nine o'clock, was fixed for the marriage ceremony to place; the night passed over anxiously enough on part of Miss Foote. At length the morning arrived, thing was prepared, the bride's maid who had come miles from the country for the purpose, was in attend as was also Mr. Gill, with the marriage settlem Mr. Robins, the trustee, was also there. Mr H never made his appearance, never took any notice o appointment, never sent any excuse: the parties w until three o'clock, when a note was sent to him at I Hotel; the servant who took it was asked into a private r he was there detained, under some pretence or another, considerable time, and was then informed that Mr. H had gone into the country; after a short interval Mr. H returned to London, and called on Miss Foote in Keppel-s They became perfectly reconciled to each other, and the of September was finally fixed for the day of their mar This fell on Tuesday, and Monday was fixed for the exec of the marriage settlement. On Saturday Mr. Hayn companied by Miss Foote's father went to Doctor's Com and there procured the Marriage license, which Mr. H himself delivered into the hands of Miss Foote, and sol leave to wait on her the following morning. Inste doing so, a gentleman of the name of Manning called house of Mr. Foote, and brought a letter with him from Hayne to that gentleman, which letter stated, that he w wretched as to be unable to call himself, but that the l would explain every thing, and finally concluded by en breaking off the match. After this Miss Foote received Mr. Hayne another letter in which he still addresse as "*My dear Maria;*" and entreated her to grant terview at any other place than Keppel-street. T letter Miss Foote replied, that she would once

consent to see him, but it must be in the presence of her family. In reply, Mr. Hayne wrote a letter to Miss Foote, in which he says, that every line of the last letter of Miss Foote's was couched in terms of inveterate hatred, and it concludes thus:—"*Farewell; for ever Farewell.*—Hayne." This last letter closed the correspondence between the parties. Mr. H. knew that in the manner in which he had conducted himself had excited public odium against him; and he, therefore, endeavoured to make the world believe that he had been misled, and deceived by Miss Foote and her family—that the promise of marriage had been made by him in ignorance of Miss Foote's connection with Col. Berkeley—an assertion which was wholly false. Mr. Hayne had a letter from Miss Foote, releasing him from any promise or engagement made by him previous to the disclosure of the fact of her having had children by Colonel Berkeley. There was, however, one fact which evidently showed that Mr. Hayne never had the least intention of marrying Miss Foote; for, on the 3d of September, two days previous to the first appointment for the marriage taking place, Mr. Hayne's solicitor called on his Counsel, Mr. Scarlet, and actually retained him as Counsel, in anticipation of this cause."

That the relations of Mr. Hayne have acted wisely to prevent the marriage, few will deny—there could have been no permanent happiness with a female who has had children by a man like Colonel Berkeley—a known and *famed seducer*. He was busy and daring in his efforts to prevent the marriage; he could not bear to lose Miss Foote, and however, he might have deceived her into compliance with his *sensual* passions, he was resolved no person should, if possible, possess her but himself. He seduced and disgraced her, without making any reparation, pecuniary or otherwise, for her lost character, honour, and respectability—he made her, as is too frequently the case amongst actresses, a person of contaminated morals, and liable to the overtures of the voluptuous. We say, therefore, that Mr. Hayne's friends were justified in preventing the match. There could have been no permanent happiness for the youth—who before a few weeks or months had passed, must have seperated from his *charmer*. Intrigues and snares of all kinds would have been diligently planned, and laid, to carry off his *fair one*—either by the Colonel or some of his gay companions, who would have gloried in the enterprise.—Really, *Colonel*, you ought to marry her yourself—and stop the opinions that will be given of your conduct.

REVIEW OF THE JOHN BULL NEWSPAPER.

No. 2.

We will now proceed in "culling *simples*" from the pages of our friend Johnny, which never fail to be fruitful in every thing that is excellent and witty—in proof of this, witness his extraordinary article of the 21st November, entitled "*The Prince and the Pheasants*," and if our Readers ever met with so much point and purpose in a newspaper paragraph before, we can only say that they have enjoyed a happiness far superior to any which it has hitherto been our lot to encounter. The Editor must certainly have a high opinion of the good sense of his readers, or he would never venture to indulge them with so much sublimity. Immediately below we have a pretty anecdote headed "*Sir Walter Scott*," in which, because the illustrious Baronet chose to acknowledge himself guilty of false prosody in an epitaph (or some such thing) upon a dog; the writer says—"The frankness and of the worthy Baronet, manifested in this le support the general opinion that his moral qu pond with his intellectual powers." We belie remark is copied from the morning papers, the ever, is but another parent, and we feel incline *John Bull* full credit for its wisdom. The publ a new method of showing "moral qualities"—t fession of a false metre in a *doggeral* epitaph, give a man a good character now-a-days. Ha when dogs, prosody and morality are so near The same Number *(credat Judæus!)* absolute former blunder about the unfortunate Shelly, ticed in our last—and calls the finest Ode whi been written, an "absurd" one—it is amusing t *wise* men are led astray by political and foolis the Ode on Sir John Moore will be read and thousands, and the name of its author honour *John Bull* and its unfortunate supporters sha buried together.—The criticism upon a piece rhyme in the *Morning Post* about Macready, o critic to be a greater blockhead than the rhym a fellow who shouts "blasphemy!" as an idio dog!" and with as much reason; and his classi with Grimaldi amply demonstrates his clownish We cautiously abstain from politics, or we could l at the writer's fears of having his throat cut by Catholics—does the man intend to indicate that of waking one morning with his throat in that —at all events, such an interpretation of his m Irish one.

Of the Editor's next periodical production we say, that the following is the *best* paragraph of less excellent ones it contains.

"The process of producing chickens by *steam* on next door but one or two, to *Hatch*-ard in P

From this, our readers may well be proud truly an *Attic* writer for their countryman.

On the following Sunday we have another *bi* December the 12th comes one of those choice Tom-foolery so much the favourite of dapper about one of his relations, a *learned* Pig, and as usual, makes it a vehicle for scurrility agai the Duke of Gloucester. This nonsensical artic cludes; "After a great deal of snuffling and p and grunting, and fidgeting, the pig picked up a which was the figure *nine*, and presented it t Highness. His Royal Highness satisfied of the pig, and the correctness of his calculation hand to Lieutenant Colonel Higgins, remarking that it ful how pigs could be taught to learn more than *creatures*."

What wretched, drivelling, vapid nonsense is verily believe that even the pig would be utterly it, were shame a *piggish* feeling; which is certa case, and this, we suppose, is the reason why th writer does not entertain the least particle of worthy sensation.

The only gem we can extract from John's p December the 19th, is the following *facetious pu* in his theatrical articale.

"At Liverpool there has been a very tremen sion; a Miss Cramer, who, from her popula

have been considered a *Crammer*, as far as the house went,—" &c.

This is extremely *Joe Miller*-ish: but the remark which he shortly after makes about the Manager of the Haymarket being its *pimple*, not its *head* is absurd, and all of a piece with the usual rancour with which he has throughout treated every thing relating to that excellent little Theatre—from which we could almost suppose he had been indulged with a heavy bribe rom the fighting Manager; or, what is more likely, from the head, or "*pimple*" of Covent *Garden*.

PROGNOSTICATIONS FOR THE YEAR 1825.

From Moore's, Partridge's and the Prophetic Almanacks.

JANUARY.

Partridge.—About this time it may be expected that one of the long robe will meet with disgrace, or at least some great disappointment.

Prophetic.—Some Eastern Nation, Turkey, I suppose,
Of ancient friends is making active foes.

Consulting this registry of the Month, together with all the other positions, and comparing their indications with the records of former times, we are led to predict great shipwrecks or destruction at sea before the influences alluded to shall have past over. Ample reason, also, is given for apprehending devastating fires, by which many buildings by the water side, or on the sea coast, such as quays, dockyards, storehouses, &c. will be consumed. Portugal, too, among the inferences to be deduced, may expect to experience disasters of some serious kind; and those which originate in political discord will increase there between Christmas and St. Valentine. Considerable agitation seems likely to be created in the public mind on account of the imprisonment of some person of note. Tidings from distant colonies, cause perplexity in our councils; and, as it seems, great depression in the public funds.

FEBRUARY.

Partridge.—It is probable we shall hear that some grave senator is likely to be roughly handled by superior power; perhaps his life may be in danger. An old dotard purchases a young bed-fellow at too dear a rate.

Proph.—O—since you've raised the De'el, serve and obey him,
Trio of Holies—for you'll never lay him.

Under the mask of inviolable good will, treacherous dealings seem to be on foot among the state jugglers on the Continent, probably with a design to cripple the maritime ascendancy of Old England! In what is going forward the interests of our commerce appear to be rather seriously at stake: but as the powers in concert will have work to do at home, in checking seditious confederations among their own people, we have not much to fear from their cabals. The line of policy on our part is, for our watch-dog to keep his eyes well open, and lie quiet.—Portugal seems inveigled in some stratagem of a monkish nature; and if I infer right, that country will soon undergo some vicissitude arising either out of internal discord, or the interference of pretended friends. A great miser, unable to convey his hoards to the next world, to which he is about to take his departure, will enrich some very needy relations.

MARCH.

Moore.—The predictions of Moore do not commence until March, and he continues the same kind of observations as follows through the months of March, April and May:

We are by the laws of an overruling power, arrived to the year 1825; which it is to be hoped may prove a more propitious period than of late, to those who wish for the establishment of institutions more congenial to the age we live in, in which the laws are administered with justice a equity, in protecting the innocent, and punishing the guilt in these remarks I allude to *Spain;* and although the ca paign in that country, by the means of bribery and corru tion, terminated last year in favour of Tyranny and t Inquisition; yet such is the vindictive cruelty of the pries and their tools, that we must expect the Peninsula will long become the theatre of most important operations; a their precious Monarchs may again have an opportunity flying paper-kites from some fort or castle, for the amu ment of themselves and their attendants.

This and the preceeding months have produced a vari of positions amongst the planets, and some of them of ratl a violent nature, which will bear considerable sway in t present year's transactions; and as the effects are lik to be detrimental to the peace and happiness of mank i so we may assuredly expect actions and accidents suita to their nature.

"*And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the mo and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of natio with perplexity, the sea, and the waves roaring, me hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after th things which are coming on the earth: for the powers heaven shall be shaken.*"

Partridge.—Spain is very unsettled, and much distress the old corrupt government begins to be sensible that base conduct towards the defenders of the Spanish consti tion, may cause a re-action too powerful to be resisted w any prospect of success.

Prophetic.—Bigots, to reason having great aversions,
To prejudices stick like Medes and Persians.

England likely to be busied in affairs which will be m particularized in the sequel. Great changes in the p towns of Asia Minor. Something which must not be p maturely divulged occurs in Italy. Mars, too, digni as he is in respect to mansion, and receiving from his altation the quartile of Georgium Sidus, works up strife the north of Europe. The exit of two functionaries hig connected with the universities may also be anticipated.

APRIL.

Partridge.—The generality of affairs seem rather to be un private consultation, than any public action:—some religi disputes and controversies on doctrinal points, but of li or no consequence to any one, save those who make a harv by rendering mystery more mystical.

Prophetic.—Beware of such as wheedle for election;
Who, when M.Ps., cut with you all connexio

Now the positions of the radix, and the aspects pre lent last month, strengthened as they are by the mut enmities of the present, render it ominously visible that Indian settlements are inflamed by a spirit of insubordi tion not to be easily quenched; and those who have gr colonial interest at stake will, to all appearance, be sev sufferers. The sextile of Jupiter and Venus intimates diation by neutral powers between Greece and her barba adversary. Ireland, through whose ascendant Mars Mercury are now posting, seems as if resenting some r aggression. A marriage, likely to supply the gossips w a rich fund of prattle, is prefigured: and an embassy o important nature seems in preparation. A duel is portend which, from the virulent nature of the signs, and the cided hostility evinced, may be looked forward to as fata

MAY.

Partridge.—Whatever good or promising schemes h been formed of late, appear but very short lived; for h seems to be new matter of complaint, and grievances wh retards all former endeavours designed by some noble spi for the good of mankind.

Proph.—Choose not your delegates to merely SIT *for you—*
BOLD STANDERS UP FOR RIGHTS *alone are fit for you!*

Russia and Sweden, or some other State in that quarter, show strife; and Poland, perhaps, is concerting leagues for throwing off the yoke of the despot. The north of England, and also Ireland, exhibit consternation, caused, as it seems, by popular ebullition; and it is to be feared that the military will be called to interfere. Loss of lives and property by fire, or some tremendous explosion, likely to be heard of about the end of this month. Some signs of a dark and dubious character, I take to relate to the bringing to light deep schemes of defraud connected with some public agents in a quarter to which it would be impolitic in me to allude thus prematurely. Be it what it may, a person of note in the political world is implicated. Bad news during this or the ensuing month reaches us from the Cape of Good Hope.

JUNE.

Moore.—In this month Moore begins some fresh predictions, which he continues during the months of June, July, August and September.

A Wolf in disguise gains his point. The gilded bait wounds insensibly. It is very remarkable, that *May*, *June*, and *July*, produce no quartiles nor oppositions of the planets, but only sextiles and conjunctions; which on inspection it will be found, that some of them are of good, and other of bad import. Most of the *Conjunctions* of this month (June) are of a propitious nature; which we hope will promote peace and good neighbourhood, as well amongst contending princes, as private persons. Our ministers have, for some time, been busily employed in repairing the breach which the wide waste of war has made in our finances; and they have politely called upon the Emperor of Austria to refund, at least, part of the money which we had from time to time so generously supplied him with, for the purpose of enabling him to fight his own battles. On this suggestion, the magnanimous Emperor offered us a small fraction in the pound, to be paid by instalments at very distant intervals of time.

Bearing in mind the saying:—"That a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," to these proposals our government readily acceded.

How different this, to the time when Pope wrote; he, in his satirical way, says:—

In marshal'd slaves, lo, hungry princes trade,
And Britain's bullion bribes their venal aid.

Let *Laudator temporis acti* hold his tongue in future; though at the same time, I am aware that this modern Vandal of intellectual improvement can scarcely raise even a moderate sum in his extensive dominions. Although there has been considerable amity amongst the stars of late, yet there is one aspect that may give some cause to fear, will put the harmony of the others quite out of tune, and that is a hateful conjunction of the two malignants of the starry region *Saturn* and *Mars*. The places most concerned in the effects of the said *Conjunction*, are *America* and *Flanders*, and the vicinities of *London* and *Versailles*. *Saturn* and *Mars*, when in *Conjunction*, are sometimes known to prove authors of dreadful wars;

Our passions are the province of the stars,
To which if men give way occasion jars.

Partridge.—From the collision of the planetary rays during this month, we may expect to hear from several parts of the world their usual, but untoward effects; these conjunctions relate principally to *Russia*, *Prussia*, *Holland*, to *Ireland*, and the cities of *London* and *Versailles*.

Proph.—Prime for the cap and gown-clad sparks at college,
'Twould be, if they, as air, could suck in knowledge.

Upon canvassing the signs of the Vernal Quarter, it was remarked, that all the planets, save Georgium S
pied occidental houses; and the like unusual coi
positions distinguishes the Estival schemes T
gation of signs appertaining to other subjects, pr
our comments on the Spring months, any particul
tions on the tendency of Jupiter's influence, w
grading in Leo, in the ninth house of the Vernal f
now occupies the same fixed sign and same ma
effects will therefore be included with the pred
the ensuing month.

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PL
OF RESORT.

BATH.

Go to Bath, all ye who have light hearts and hea
there you may enjoy all the pleasures that a life
recreation can afford. The season has commence
most favourable auspices, and notwithstanding the
of the weather, crowds of fashionables have arrived
other attractions, Madame Catalani has been sing
theatre to crowded audiences, and has received
derable applause. With respect, however, to the
this astonishing vocalist, those who have known h
years, and who are competent judges, say that she
she has been—that time has, in some degree,
brilliancy of her powers. Others contend that sh
the meridian of her fame; and one sapient crit
print too—likened her voice to "the rushing of
waters!"

"Quot homines, tot sententiæ."

Madame C. is calculated rather to *astonish* t
She, indeed, possesses a voice of uncommon pow
lower tones are most perfect: but her transitions
forced and unnatural; and she is decidedly deficie
exquisite sweetness of expression which Mrs. Salmo
English singers so eminently possess.

BRIGHTON.

The absence of his Majesty has thrown the inhal
the utmost consternation. The tradespeople are se
together at the corners of the streets, each giving
as to the probable cause of the King not havi
They are all in a panic—almost *frightened to deat*
apprehension that his Majesty will not be at Bri
season. The town, however, has a good deal o
and somewhat gay: the absence, however, of the K
a general gloom and despondency.

Among the fashionables are the Duke of St. A
family, Duke of Somerset, Earl and Countess E
Dowager Marchioness of Lansdown, Lord Eardley
Lady Saye and Sele, Mrs. Coutts, and a list reall
to enumerate.—The Marchioness of Lansdown has
party; amongst the fashionable throng was Mrs.

Byham House was the scene of splendid hilarity
day, Dec. 16. Mrs. Coutts entertained a large d
there, inclusive of the Duke of St. Albans, the
Marchioness of Lansdown, and other personages of
a ball and supper, with an increase of company, f
the evening. The game, which had arrived early i
for the above fête, was very considerable; and t
plate, which had been removed from town to add m
to hospitality, judging of what we have heard of
and quantity, must be of immense value

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATIONS.

IX.—English Dukes.

CAVENDISH, DUKE AND EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.

The first of this illustrious family, was Robert de Gernon, a soldier of great eminence, in the service of William, Duke of Normandy. He was the first of William's brave followers to whom that monarch distributed lands, when he ascended the English throne: these were chiefly situated in Hertfordshire, and also some considerable lands in Gloucester. Robert de Gernon was succeeded in his unalienated possessions, by his only son, Matthew, who married Hodierna, daughter to Sir William Saville, by whom he had a son, Ralph de Gernon, he married a daughter of Sir William Brewes, from whom many writers have curiously deduced the Bruces, Kings of Scotland. Their son was another Ralph de Gernon, who founded the priory of Lees in Essex, and who died in 1248, leaving issue, William, who was knighted; by his wife Eleanor, Sir William had two sons, 1st. Sir Ralph de Gernon, whose male line became extinct in the third generation, 1384; the second, was Geoffry de Gernon, the lineal ancestor of the present Duke of Devonshire; in the reign of Edward I. he was called of Moorhall, in the Peak of Derbyshire, and was succeeded by his son, Roger de Gernon, who resided at Grimstone Hall in Suffolk. This gentleman married the daughter of John Potton, Lord of Cavendish, and his children in compliment to their mother, as was usual in those days, assumed the name and arms of Cavendish.—This Geoffry de Gernon, died in the 17th of Edward II. after having had issue four sons: 1st John de Cavendish, who continued the line; the second, Roger, the famous navigator of those times, whose memorable voyage round the world may be found in Locke's History of Navigation; the third son was Stephen, bred to trade, and in the 31st of Edward III. was member of Parliament for the city of London; John de Cavendish, the eldest son was so eminent in the law, that, in the year 1366, he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. In the reign of Richard II. his patent for this office was renewed with an additional salary. At this time the unhappy management of the King had exasperated the Commons, and the rude vulgar attributed their hardships to the Lord Chief Justice. They were the more incensed against him, because his son, John Cavendish, had been the principal cause of Wat Tyler being killed, in Smithfield. The insurgents of Suffolk, who plundered and murdered the lawyers wherever they met them, seized upon the venerable Lord Chief Justice, and beheaded him, with the Prior of St. John of Cambridge, in the market-place of Bury St. Edmund's. He left two sons, Andrew and John. The former was elected knight of the shire, for Suffolk, in the 51st of Edward III. and Sheriff in the 8th of Richard II. He died in the 18th year of that monarch's reign, and was buried in the New Abbey,* near the Tower.—John Cavendish, the younger brother, was one of the Esquires of the body to King Richard II.; and for his spirited conduct in crushin Wat Tyler's rebellion, he received the honour of knighthoo on the spot, with an annuity of forty pounds per annum t him and to his heirs, for ever. In the reign of Henry V. h served in the wars with France, and was present at the ba tle of Agincourt. He married Joan, daughter of Sir Willia Clopton, of Clopton in Suffolk; and by her had three son William, Robert, and Walter.—William married Joan, th daughter of— Staventon, by whom he had two sons, Thoma and William. Thomas married Catherine Scudamore, a heiress, and by her had one son, Thomas, who studied th law and was an ornament to the profession. He was twic married, and by his last wife, Agnes, had an only daughte Mary. By his first wife, Alice, daughter to John Smith Podbroke Hall in Suffolk, he had four sons, George, wh died young, William, Thomas, and George. William th second son, was in high degree of favour and intimac with Cardinal Wolsey, and attended the Cardinal as gen tleman-usher of his chamber. He gained also the King confidence, and was intrusted with the Cardinal's secret It was a trying circumstance that, when the Cardinal ha fallen into discredit, Mr. Cavendish was appointed to pre pare the fallen favourite for the reception of Sir Willia Kingston, yet he still kept about Wolsey's person, an highly to his honour, treated him with the same care, at tention and respect, as when at the height of his prosperity he was with him in his last moments, and took care to se him handsomely buried in St. Mary's chapel at Leiceste After the Cardinal's death, Henry VIII. appointed Mr. Ca vendish to his chamber, saying to him, "Go your ways to Si John Gage, our vice-chamberlain, to whom we have spoke already to admit you our servant in our chamber; and the go to the lord of Norfolk, and he shall pay you your whol year's wages, and a reward besides." When the grea change in religion took place, he was distinguished by th royal bounty. The lordships and manors of North-Hall i Hertfordshire, Cuffely and Chyldewicke in the same county all parcels of the dissolved monastery of St. Albans, wer granted to William Cavendish in consideration of his ser vices to Margaret, his wife, and to his heirs and assigns and he was appointed at the same time, treasurer to hi Majesty's chamber. On Easter day, the 37th of Henry VII he received the honour of knighthood, and was made privy counsellor. In the reign of Queen Mary, he wrot his impartial history of the life of Cardinal Wolsey. In th reign of Edward VI., during that young monarch's life, h increased in wealth and honors; and in exchange for hi manors in Hertfordshire ceded to the King, he receive many other lands of superior value, together with th priory and rectory of Cardigan, in South Wales. He wa thrice married, first to Margaret, daughter of Edwar Bostock, of Whatcross in Cheshire, Esq.; secondly to Eli zabeth, daughter of Thomas Coningsby, Esq., his thir wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Hardwick, Hardwick in the county of Derby, Esq. This lady wa the widow of Robert Barley, of Barley in Derbyshire, Esq to whom she was married at the early age of fourteen His very opulent fortune was settled on her and her heirs It would be unpardonable in us not to make particula mention of this lady, since the present noble family, des cended from her, stands, in a great measure indebted to he for an influx of riches, that raised it to an equality with th principal persons of the succeeding generations; he chief aim, even in her two marriages, after the death o

* Where the Victualling Office now stands.

Sir William Cavendish, was the aggrandizing her issue by him, in whose favor she obtained a settlement from her third husband, Captain William St. Loo, of the guards, of his valuable estate in Gloucestershire, and surviving him she became a third time a widow.—She had not survived her charms of wit and beauty, by which she captivated the then greatest subject of the realm, George, Earl of Shrewsbury; whom she brought to terms of the greatest advantage to herself and children.—She built three of the most elegant seats that were ever raised by one hand in the same county; Chatsworth, Hardwicke and Oldcotes, all transmitted entire to the first Duke of Devonshire.—The children that Sir William Cavendish had by his first and second wife, all died young. By his third marriage, the first two daughters died in their infancy; he had three more, who married nobly, and three sons. First, Henry, who served in six parliaments, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; second, William, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter; third, Charles, who was knighted, and from whom descended two dukes of Newcastle. Sir Charles married twice; by his first wife he had no issue; but by his second, Catherine, daughter of Cuthbert Lord Ogle, who was declared Baroness Ogle, on the 4th December 1628; he had two sons, the youngest of which was Sir Charles Cavendish, of Wallington, who died on the 4th of February 1653, without issue, and was buried at Bolsover; the eldest son of Sir Charles was William, the first Duke of Newcastle. This nobleman was made knight of the Bath in 1610, at the creation of Henry Prince of Wales; in 1619, he was created Baron Ogle of Bothal, and Viscount Mansfield by letters patent. In the third year of the reign of Charles I. he was created Baron Cavendish of Bolsover, in the county of Derby, and Earl of Newcastle upon Tyne; he was appointed governor to the Prince of Wales, and general of the King's forces at the time of the parliamentary hostilities; on the 27th of October 1643, he was created Marquis of Newcastle, and received the order of knight of the garter, on the 12th of January 1650. In 1660, he was created Earl of Ogle, and Duke of Newcastle.—His Grace loved monarchy, and had a particular reverence for the King's person: he strictly kept up the state, dignity and pomp of a general Officer, and on all occasions manifested the bravery and fearlessness of a common soldier.—By his first wife Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of William Basset, Esq. of Blore in the county of Stafford, he had eight children, but by his second wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas, Knight, of St. John's, near Colchester, a lady highly celebrated for her literary productions, he had no issue. Of his four sons by his first wife, the youngest only survived him, who was Henry, the second and last Duke of Newcastle of this family. He was abroad with his father during his exile, and on his return, after the restoration, was appointed Master of the Robes to Charles II. In 1676, he succeeded his father in the Dukedom; on the accession of James II, he was still in the privy Council, and Lord of the Bedchamber.—His Grace died the 26th of July 1691, and the Duchess, his wife, (Elizabeth, daughter of William Pierrepoint, Esq. second son to Robert, Earl of Kingston,) dying in 1695, they were both buried at Bolsover, in the family vault, having had a numerous issue, four sons and five daughters. The sons dying before their father, the title became extinct. Having, therefore concluded our account of this younger branch of the Cavendish family, we must now speak of William, the first Earl of Devonshire.—He was the second son of Sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, by his third lady, of whom we have made particular mention.—He was his mother's favourite, and had his education with the sons of her husband the Earl of Shrewsbury; and when he married, she gave him a greater estate than she had given to his elder brother, and bequea more at her death. His lordship was highly in in rearing the English colonies on the continen rica, in their infancy; and was one of the first rers to settle and plant Virginia. He was likev the Noblemen, who had a grant of the Bermu upon their discovery: one of the eight divisio large island, is still known by the name of Cave ter his brother's death, he was, on the 2nd 1618, created Earl of Devonshire: he was twice first to Anne, daughter of Henry Kighley, Esq he had three sons and three daughters: his se was Elizabeth, widow of Sir Richard Wortley. T son of this Earl, by his first wife, succeeded his Earl of Devonshire.—Having, with the most asto cility, made himself master of the rudiments o knowledge, his father determined on sending hi the tour of France and Italy. The famous p Hobbes was appointed to travel with him, more panion than a tutor: happily, however, this yo man did not imbibe from him those dangerous against religion and government, for which M was but too justly famed.—On his return to E own extraordinary talents, together with his fath iufluence at Court, induced the King to seek a with this noble family, in favour of Edward, L of Kinlosse, ancestor to the Aylesbury fami daughter Christian, he married by the persuas King, his majesty attending on the bride, and the office of father; he moreover gave her a por thousand pounds. The King had, probably a de in promoting this match, for while he attached to both the son and father, he gratified his own pride cing the daughter of Lord Bruce; who, besides ha blood in her veins, was daughter to him who had chief manager of his affairs in the latter end of E reign; and a great instrument in procuring for succession to the throne of England.—The addit young lady's fortune, and the settlement made his father, enabled this young nobleman to live in splendor that few could equal; but in the end bet into expences that were superfluous and detrim the year 1625, he and his lady had the honour of Charles I. at his marriage with Henrietta Maria, to Henry the Great, of France.—His Lordship di house near Bishopsgate in London, on the 20th 1628, leaving his estate, vast as it was, much en But we wish to inform those who would cast the st discretion on his memory, that his expences were hospitable kind, and that his profusion fed multitu were not incurred either to gratify criminal or whim pensities: his mind was great and generous, and l cence generally bestowed on worthy objects; for n better skilled in discerning the different characters o He had three sons and one daughter; his son Wi ceeded him, as third Earl of Devonshire. He wa ten and eleven years of age, when his father young as he was, he was made Knight of the Bat coronation of King Charles. The young Earl w under the wardship of his mother, who, though he had expended so much in splendid living, happil a jointure of five thousand pounds per annum. lady of much address and judgement, she put all the law-suits, which made Charles I. say to he "Madam, you have all my judges at your dispos was looked on as a finished pattern of female both in what was intellectual, and what was During her son's minority, she submitted his edu his father's tutor, Mr. Hobbes, with whom he tra three years, into foreign parts. When the civil w

out between Charles and his parliament, he gave eminent proofs of loyalty, though he knew the calamities that would be heaped upon him: the Earl's brother Charles, who was the king's god-son, (of whom it is said, that the Sun never shone on a more manly or beautiful figure,) was also staunch to the royal cause; he went, however, abroad, and entered the service of the then Prince of Orange; when he had passed one campaign, he came again to England, and distinguished himself at the battle of Edgehill. After many glorious actions, he had the honor to receive the Queen in her march to Newark, in which journey he stormed Burton upon Trent: after performing prodigies of valour, he engaged Cromwell, himself, in person, at Gainsborough, where he was killed, as some say, in cold blood, after quarter had been given him by Colonel Bury; others say, his horse plunged with him into a quagmire, and that, being wounded, he *refused quarter*. Notwithstanding the merits of this family, we hear of no acquisition nor increase of fortune granted to them on the restoration: yet let us not lay blame on the memory of Charles II. his conduct towards many of his adherents proved he was not ungrateful, as has been unjustly said of him; he could not possibly provide for all; and it is a lasting wonder that Cromwell should ever have been successful against such multitudes, as adhered to the royal cause; it only shews us, how diligent we should be in never suffering that hydra-headed monster, the commonalty, to gain too great an ascendency, so as to endanger the higher powers, *who are*, we are taught "ordained to be." The Earl of Devonshire led, during his life, that of a private gentleman; he imitated his ancestors in benevolence and hospitality; was a friend to the crown, and, without faction, a patron of liberty. He died at Roehampton the 23rd of November, 1684. He married Elizabeth second daughter of the Earl of Salisbury, and by her had two sons and one daughter. His eldest son, William, was FIRST DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, he was born on the 25th January, 1640, and was one of the four young noblemen who supported the train of Charles II. at his coronation. In 1669, he accompanied Mr. Montague, in his famous embassy to the court of France, and during his stay there, he highly raised his reputation for courage, though it might have been attended with very serious consequences. He was grossly insulted by some French officers, at the Opera, and one, in particular gave him very opprobrious language: Lord Cavendish, as he was then called, thought himself, in honor, obliged to resent this affront, and worked up to a pitch of anger, he gave the aggressor a violent blow on the face. The Frenchmen immediately drew their swords, and being joined by four or five others on the stage, the life of the English nobleman was in imminent danger. He defended himself bravely, but received several wounds, and he could not long have parried their swords, if a swiss domestic of Mr. Montague's had not run upon the stage, and catching his master's friend in his arms, threw him into the pit. The affair was noised all over Europe, greatly to his lordship's honor and his opponents were, by the French King's order, sent to prison; and afterwards enlarged only through the earnest intercession of Lord Cavendish. Devoted to the liberties of the people, this nobleman's affection, for the truly unfortunate and gallant Lord Russel, was unbounded: and the zeal of Lord Cavendish had been so great for the exclusion that, on the accession of James II., he dreaded the monarch's resentment! The Earl of Devonshire and his family were persecuted, and an ungenerous prosecution set on foot against his lordship. A fine of thirty thousand pounds was imposed upon him by the court of King's Bench, and by a daring abuse of justice, he was, at the same time, imprisoned: he escaped, and retired to Chatsworth; but the court was inexorable, and ordered him to pay the fine. The Earl's mother applied to the King in her son's favour, but her ladyship mistook the characte of James in whose eyes the loyalty of the Earl's ancestor only seemed to aggravate his offence. At length, the Ear made up matters with the government, by giving his per sonal bond for the payment of the thirty thousand pounds which was given up by King William, who found it among the papers of James II. When William ascended the throne it was one of his first cares to reward the Earl of Devon shire, for his labours in the cause of liberty; yet to vindicate the national justice, he was still liable to the payment o the thirty thousand pounds. On the 12th May, 1694, he was created Marquis of Hartington and Duke of Devon shire, which splendid title gave him every thing he could hope for. Queen Anne mounted the throne prepossessed in favour of the Tories, but she continued the Duke of Devonshire in all his places. The animosities between the whigs and tories increased, but the Duke behaved with great steadiness His Grace expired on the 18th of August, 1707, at Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, in the 67th year of his age, without one pang, and in the full possession o all his faculties. He had married in Ireland, on the 27th of October, 1662, Mary, daughter of James, Duke of Ormond, and, by her had three sons and one daughter. William, his eldest son, succeeded him, as second Duke of Devonshire: he married Rachel, daughter of William, Lord Russel, and sister to Wriothesly, Duke of Bedford; a match highly agreeable to his father, as she was so nearly related to his dearest friend: by this lady he had five sons, and six daughters. The eldest of his sons, William, was third Duke of Devonshire. He married on the 27th of March, 1718, Catherine, daughter of John Hoskin Esq. by whom he had four sons and three daughters. His first son, William, was fourth Duke of Devonshire. On the accession of his late Majesty, George III. to the throne of England, he was continued in all his posts; and, as chamberlain, had the honour of handing Queen Charlotte from the coach, on her arrival at St. James's, on the 8th of September, 1761; and, at the baptism of George IV. then Prince of Wales, he stood sponsor, for the Duke of Mecklenbough Stretliz. In the beginning of the year 1763, the Duke was disgusted with the proceedings of the ministry, and resigned all his places in England, which he held from the crown, and was deprived of his seat at the council board. He continued his office of Lord high treasurer of Ireland, and governor of the county of Cork, to the time of his death, which happened in 1764, at the Spa, in Germany, whither his grace had gone for the recovery of his health. By his wife, Charlotte, third and youngest daughter of Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington and Cork, he had three sons, and one daughter. His eldest son William, succeeded him, as fifth Duke of Devonshire. His Grace was born December 14th 1748, and on the 5th of June 1774, was married to the fascinating Georgiana Spencer*, daughter of John the first, Earl Spencer; and included among her ancestors both the Duke of Marlborough

* We cannot here forbear citing a few remarkable circumstances relative to this first Duchess. At the time of an election for Westminster, when the Right Honorable Charles James Fox, contested the Borough, as his Grace could not consistently canvas in behalf of his friend, the Duchess volunteered her services, and in conjunction with Lady Melbourne was indefatigable in the cause and performed wonders. The scene was a novel one; and two such charming women, were sure to obtain suffrages. The eyes of the lovely Duchess, animated by success, shone with more than common brilliancy and attracted the attention of a dustman, who was seated in his cart. Having the stump of a tobacco pipe in his hand, he called out as she passed "Lady! pray let me light my pipe at your eyes?"—"Neve

and the first Duke of Devonshire, who died March 30, 1806, his Grace had issue by her, Georgiana, born July 12th 1783, who married George, Viscount Morpeth, eldest son of the Earl of Carlisle; Harriet married to Lord Granville Leveson Gower, son to the Earl of Stafford, and William Spencer, the present Duke. His Grace married, secondly, Lady Elizabeth Foster; second daughter to the fourth Earl of Bristol; a lady as celebrated for her great literary endowments, as by the charms of her person, lively conversation, and elegant manners. The late Duke died July 29th 1811: he inherited all the patriotic principles of his ancestors, and was a firm and strongly attached friend to the late Mr. Fox, both as a politician and a man.

The sixth and present Duke was born at Paris, May 21, 1790; his Grace is at present unmarried. A deafness he has laboured under, from extreme youth, is most probably the cause of his taking but little part in public affairs: his private character is most amiable.

The Motto of this family, in the latin, seems to imply a play upon the name of *Cavendish*, being "*Cavendo tutus.*" Rendered in English, "*Secure by caution.*"

ON THE GRAVE OF LORD CHARLES MURRAY,

Who lately died in the cause of Greek Freedom, translated from the Greek of Pietro Tumeli.

Peace to the heart that sleeps below—
  Around it be eternal peace—
Let no rude blast untimely blow
  Above BLAIR-ATHOL's resting place!
Let cold November's sleety storm
  Respect the spot where valour sleeps;
Let no unhallow'd hand deform
  The turf o'er which a nation weeps!

Of all that fade—how few have past
  So brightly to repose, like him—
No crime his youth to overcast—
  No shade his destiny to dim!

And proudly may his mother point,
  Although with bleeding heart, to where
A nation's mingled tears anoint
  Her *only* son's untimely bier!

When Freedom made Oppression quake,
  Amidst the world's approving cheers,
And "high aspirings" seemed to wake
  In Greece the pulse of other years,
Home, kindred—*all we* deem a loss—
  All that affection round us draws—
Young MURRAY left—to rear the cross,
  And fell, a martyr to the cause!

No marble trophy marks the spot,
  Above no blazon'd banners wave—
Yet shall the stranger be forgot,
  And all unhonor'd be his grave?
No—Valour keeps his vigil there,
  And round the sacred sod delays:
And oh! his deep, but silent prayer
  Is worth a pyramid of praise!

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yet," said the Duchess, "have I had so fine a compliment paid to me". And when in the midst of the flattery and adulation with which she was so constantly assailed, she would often put an end to it by saying "No, No; that won't do; *the dustman's compliment* for me!" At the demise of this charming woman, his present Majesty then Prince of Wales, who independantly of his exalted station, was allowed to be the finest gentleman in Europe—expressed deep regret—observing at the same time, "We have lost one of the brightest ornaments of the English court." It has been said that on this lady's presentation to their Majesties after her marriage, she was profusely adorned with jewels, and that the weight of a pair of very arge diamond buckles actually produced a lameness which confined her at home for some days afterwards. Her Grace's amiable, maternal affections induced her to despise the barbarous fashion of committing her offspring to the care of a foster nurse, and she suckled her own children, in spite of the usually apprehended danger of spoiling one of the finest shapes in the world: and which, at the time *tight lacing* was in vogue, was said to measure the circumference of *an orange and a half.* Amongst her Grace of Devonshire's various mental accomplishments may be reckoned that poetical genius, which distinguished her both at home, and abroad. A poem entitled "the Passage of St. Gothard," was translated into French by the Abbé de Lille, the finest modern poet of France.

THE TRAVELS OF THAT MOST LEARI
SCIENTIFIC DIGNITARY, DOCTOR R

THE FIRST INTERCOURSE OF THE DOCT
CHINESE MAN, AND ITS CONSEQUEN

[*Continued from page* 234.]

THE Doctor having obtained an African se
mind, was next struck with the necessity
native of China, who should be enabled
pany him on his voyage *thither*, and assist
prosecution of some of those many scien
engendered daily in his fertile brain.
should he possibly be able to procure so
character? After many queries and co
it was at length determined to advertize
ingly the doctor inserted in several news
want of which he required a supply, an
ceiving various applications, he at length
one, who professed to be fully qualified t
himself the task of Cicerone to the in
Doctor.

This man whose name was Twyng-W
stood enough of the English language to
self comprehended, and surely there nev
picted a more perfect type of the cunnin
of the inhabitants of the celestial Empir
which played o'er his visage. Althoug
willing to engage with him, a doubt su
self to the Doctor's mind, as to the
taking so complete a representative of
back into it; well knowing the severity
nese laws, which punishes with *death*
who has once deserted his country! But
and energetic imagination soon overcomes
the Doctor therefore informed Twyng-W
was absolutely necessary for him to assun
lish costume, and transmogrify himself a

possible, to which suggestion the Chinaman willingly consented, and all things were going on swimmingly, when the immense *tail* pendant to Wang's pole caught the Doctor's eyes. Said he, "My good friend, what is to be done with *that tail?*"—"Oh!" said Twyng Wang, "I can very easily twist it round my body, underneath the cloaths, which will sufficiently conceal it."—"True," rejoined the Doctor, "that artifice would succeed *here*, but your cunning countrymen might steal upon you in the night and discover that national insignia, and then not only *your life*, but *ours* might pay the forfeit: so the *tail must come off!*"—Upon this Twyng Wang remonstrated most lustily, and the Doctor was equally vehement; but at last a bargain was struck, that he should part with this *precious tail* for *ten guineas down*. The Doctor having agreed and paid the penalty, a razor was sought for, and with his own hand Dr. Round performed the operation, and laying this *prodigy of a tail* upon the table, it was found to bear the nearest resemblance to a *carter's whip!* This done, in order to try the effect of the new costume, a suit of the Doctor's cloaths were brought, and Twyng Wang speedily arrayed in them, and it being warm weather, there were found plenty of cavities through which the cooling breath of Zephyrus might play freely. The next operation was to powder his head, and which *Trune* performed very adroitly: then an old triangular hat being placed thereon, Wang looked in the glass, when, from the metamorphose that had taken place in his person, his mahogany phiz became convulsed with a grin, that gave him much the appearance of a mountebank at a fair. All present were highly amused except the Doctor, whose muscles never on any occasion relaxed from mirthful emotion. At last Twang assumed a serious aspect and said, "He did not think the disguise he had assumed was sufficient to conceal him from his countrymen and he would *rather not go.*"—"Not go," cried the Doctor, "not go! why you *dog*, do you intend to break your engagement?"—"I made no engagement," answered the Chinaman, "but for my *tail!*" Upon this the wrath of Doctor Round waxed warm; and Twyng Wang refusing point blank to accompany him, he seized the dear bought bargain, and laid it on the seceder's shoulders with such efficacy, that *he*, seeing the door open, burst from his thraldom, and ran precipitately into the street: where the Doctor flinging his ponderous weapon after Wang, he coolly stooped to pick it up, and then made out of sight, before one could say "Jack Robinson."

It was not, however, so much the *beating* that frightened away Wang (as it appeared afterwards that he had been pretty well used to the *bastinado* in his own country), but when the Doctor found that he made little or no impression by his manual chastisement, he suddenly *lifted up his goggles* and threw at him one of those terrible glances which petrified every body; had Wang seen a basilisk, he could not have be more horror-struck! Doctor Round's indignatio was extreme; (and though never known to be in rage before) it was like the bursting of a volca which had been teeming with hidden fire for yea He then declared solemnly that if his ten guine and his cloaths were not speedily restored by t East India Company, that he would *ruin* their tra by publishing a Treatise against *Tea-drinking*: a then having called for pen, ink, and paper, he co posed the subjoined Essay on the dangerous effec of that deleterious plant.

ON THE DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF TEA-DRINKING.

Most historians, and especially the Chinese, w can trace from their valuable manuscripts (and eve one who is acquainted with the celestial languag may read upon all the tea chests, the antiquity their origin), that this favored empire was not affe ed by that scourge to the human race—the deluge which was inflicted upon man to cleanse the ea from those foul pollutions, and abominations whi infested it through the potency of Satan. Now, as can be proved, that China felt not the influence this just vengeance, it is but natural to suppo that the enemy of mankind fled on such an occasi to the country nearest to the scene of his *first offen* He therefore selected *China*, planted the herb TEA incited for the sake of filthy lucre the potentates all christian countries, to launch their floati means of conveying the produce of that plant, those realms where the social virtues had been int duced. The first cargo of this herb, which w brought into England, produced a wonderful chan in the garb and manners of its inhabitants: sooner was the first cup tasted than the ancient v tues, both of male and female began to disappear. that period men wore their hair in all its natu grace, and women disguised their charms, only make them *more alluring*. Alas! when tea was tast the heads of the people, who drank of it, became pr posterous, both the *inside* and the *outside* there were affected. *Twaddle* began! large *bushy wigs* we made! *powder* was invented for the aid of *char* which subdued by it became *charmless!* Of what dreadful nature is the seductive infusion of that te fold bad plant, which has produced, as I can cle ly prove, all the maladies and grievances of the l century! How much more mischief has been creat over that hateful beverage, than over a *bottle of g old generous wine*, or a tankard of *fine home brew* the native produce of Old England. The Chine men, it is well known, *wear petticoats*, are *extre cheats, great liars*, and addicted to every sort immorality, they are in general bald, except havi *immensely long tails*; they worship the devil in ev shape, and in their low false cunning, suppose th if they worship *him* who has *no mercy*, they have occasion to offer their devotion to the ALL-MERCIF

as they are sure, if they fail of protection from the one, they shall be safe with the other."

Doctor Round being disturbed just at this point of his detail, occasioned the above hiatus; and as he made it a point never to *read* over what he *wrote*, it is hoped that the tea-drinking public will pardon what may appear to them a needless repetition.

* * * * * * * * * *

"One of the earliest effects of tea-drinking in the men, was in general a *maudling foppishness;* a conceited and effeminate air, which, as the habit increased, you found springing from its parent *wig* (in imitation of the Chinese fashion) *a tail!* which being bound tightly with a ribbon, presented at its termination a little curling white blossom. This was generally accompanied by a pea-green coat, strange large pattern waistcoat, loose small-cloaths, and ugly gaiters, with a great propensity to take cold, unless an extra handkerchief was tied round the throat on going into the air, and another crossing the hat and fastened under the chin to resist the *rudest* assaults of Boreas. *In women*, the effects still more terribly appeared, for first the TWADDLES came on, and next the MAUDLES, the one giving to the dimmest optics, the power of seeing all the failings of their neighbours; and the other, the delightful opportunity of repeating them. I could elucidate numerous instances of the *dreadful* consequences resulting from the herb TEA were they not of a nature likely to *shock* the reader; but the most prominent physical effect upon record, is in almost every middle aged person's recollection, to wit, THE GREEN MAN AT BRIGHTON. He drank excessively of strong *green tea*, till all his garments assumed the like hue, his coat, waistcoat, breeches, hat, cravat, &c. were *green*, and he also, poor fellow, became *so green* as to throw himself into the *green sea!* Another thing to be observed is, the bloodshed which has been caused by *twaddling* over a dish of tea, it has engendered *duels*, *suicides*, and all their minor accompaniments, envy, hatred, and malice. In the glorious days of good Queen Bess, her maids of honor were allowed two gallons of good ale, and two pounds of beef-steaks for breakfast; whether they drank and ate their respective allowances, I will not vouch for; but thus much I am sure of, that ne'er a maid of honor now living would be able to go through such a repast, at six o'clock in the morning. In the *good queen's* days there were no head-aches, no pulmonary complaints, no nervous disorders, such as faintings, hysterics, kickings, flingings, screamings, perriwigs, pig-tails, puckered trowsers, stiff neckcloths, stays, maudles, dawdles, twaddle-waddle.—No! all was purely masculine and feminine, distinct. The devil grins at every cup of tea that is drank, he pats the venders of that herb upon the back, and chuckles with them, styling them his Well-beloved! he anticipates the punishment of a whole company, which shall be nameless; (they have been his most active agents in disseminati tent poison) he is certain of frying the the sun and moon, whom he visits in the five clawed dragon; those are his feelin tude towards them who do his dirty wor ries in the idea of tying the cultivators of ful plant together, by the *tails*, and flin over a rope, like a parcel of cats with rockets fastened thereto, and see then claw each other to his heart's delight. As Wang, he looks out sharply for him, in make a serving man of him, for Pros spouse; that, being always in *a broil*, yet *sumed*, his fate might be a parallel of Tantal I offer to those who are not too far gone in of *tea*, a timely warning of their danger sincere hope that they will desist from practice before it is too late, and so disa *hungry maw* of the greatest enemy to ma devil!!!"

[To be continued.]

ALKAZIA,

A CIRCASSIAN NOUVELLETTE.

IN the delightful regions of Circassia, nature has so profusely shed her blessi radin-Bey dwelt in a deep valley, situa north of Caucasus, bordered by the K rendered fertile by its waters. Chief ove people, this prince, whose caprice was hi his power the sole proof of its justice, ha immense riches, by unjust extortions, dered him the terror of his vassals, and t of his neighbours.

In the mean time, notwithstanding the for obtaining general hatred, an irresist ment drew towards him the greater part rounding princes and chiefs. Mouradin wa and the perfection of his daughter Alkazia ter, sufficed to prove, that vice and virtu ther of them hereditary. Endowed with and feeling heart, Alkazia possessed, w form, expressive and delicate features by that modesty which always adds grace the qualities of her mind surpassed the cha countenance, as much as the brilliancy complexion was superior to that of all th who composed her father's court. Such daughter of Mouradin; such was she t thousand vows were offered up; but who h yet excited in her gentle bosom one sigh.

The Bey, proud of his daughter's cha anxious to display his magnificence, often together, in his public sports, the princes riors who had essayed to obtain the ha beautiful Alkazia. The Circassian wome slaved than the other females of the Ea

lowed to present themselves, unveiled, in the temples, and at festivals. The daughter of Mouradin always presided over these sports, where address, strength, and courage, developed themselves in throwing the javelin, handling the lance, drawing the bow, displaying agility in the race, and in taming the fury of an unruly courser. Among all the rivals who strove to obtain the palm of glory, the young Haslan-Gheray distinguished himself, as much by the nobleness of his mien, as by his skill in all gymnastic exercises. Descended from the ancient sovereigns of the Crimea, every thing about him announced his illustrious origin: he had scarce entered his twenty-fifth year, when already the renown of his valour had caused all the neighbouring chiefs to seek his friendship. Impetuous in war, modest when victorious, such was the interesting being who had often received the crown of reward from Alkazia, and had, at length, caused her to discover that her heart was no longer free. The descendant of the Gherays could not behold such charms without emotion; having, as yet, only lived for glory, he was a stranger to love; but, in one moment, when having come off conqueror at a wrestling-match, he, kneeling, received from the hands of Alkazia, a belt embroidered by her; as he lifted up his eyes and met hers, he beheld a tear trembling on her long jetty eyelash; the tear of love, that first enraptured glance, changed the destiny of the hero! From that moment he followed her footsteps, and, attentive only to pleasing her, he had the temerity, at length, to seek to draw from her the tender confession of her love. "Ah!" said the warrior, "say only these words, *I love thee*, or I perish." He was on his knees before the bashful virgin, who, bathed in tears, only articulated the sentence of "O, my father!" and sunk into the arms of him to whose fate she had bound her own.

In the mean time, there were many obstacles which stood in the way of their happiness. Haslan-Gheray was poor, the pompous Mouradin was avaricious: was it likely that he would sacrifice his thirst of riches to his daughter's felicity? However, Haslan solicited, and obtained an interview with the father of his beloved; and, towards the close of day, he presented himself at the palace of the chief of the valley. For the first time, he felt what fear was; he, who hurled the thunderbolt of war undismayed, felt his heart palpitate, as he advanced towards the hall of audience, the walls of which were hung round with glittering arms. Mouradin, stretched on a divan, was surrounded by his brave companions, and conversing on an expedition which promised an immense booty. "What dost thou want of me, Haslan?" said the prince, with a gracious smile, "art thou come to offer me thy conquering arm in the war I am about to undertake?"—"I am come," replied Haslan, with submission, "to ask of a father, the hand of her I love: our affection is mutual, and to render her as happy as thou canst make me, will be the employment of my whole life. Descended from princes and warriors, I found myself compelled to tread in their steps; unjust treaties had deprived me of my possessions, combats only could regain them; and full of that hope, founded on my legitimate rights, I address myself, without further prelude, to the powerful prince who is the father of the beautiful Alkazia."—"My wrath can only be equalled by my wonder," said the old chief of the valley, as he hurled a glance, replete with fury, at Haslan. "Art thou, then, ignorant that the most honourable princes of Circassia would gladly purchase my alliance with the half of their vast treasures? And thou, dost thou dare to make this request? Thou, who art possessed of no other patrimony than a suit of armour and a courser! Thou, who hast neither country nor family; dost thou offer to my daughter the sole shelter that a tent can afford, and no other land than the soil it is pitched upon? Renounce thy pretensions, as vain as they are audacious. I pardon thy temerity for this once; but, remember well, if I find that Alkazia, disobedient to my commands, ever sees you more, I will sell her, that moment, to him who shall inform me of it. You have my answer. Retire, Haslan, and merit, by your services, my forgetfulness of this offence." The father of his beloved was sacred in the sight of Haslan; he received the affront offered him, in silence; and, preferring death to vengeance, quitted the palace, overwhelmed with grief. In the mean time, Alkazia's nurse, the confidante of their loves, contrived to procure them a private interview in her apartment. Resolved to abandon, for ever, a country which only served to remind him of his misfortunes, he saddled his horse, put on his armour, and repaired to the habitation of the nurse, which was situated in one of the entrances to the palace gardens. As soon as the daughter of Mouradin saw him, drying the tears that bathed her lovely visage, she said, "Is it true, dear Haslan, that you are about to leave us?"—"Ah! say, can I support the sight of your father, when I behold in him the author of all my troubles, and disgrace?"—"Haslan, you abandon me, then!"—"I will depart and die in a wilderness, since I cannot live for her I adore."—"How can I live without thee?"—"Will you, then, dare to accompany me? Ah! let us be united! Alkazia, my beloved, one love in life, one grave in death!"—"But, my father, Haslan!"—"He could doom thee to be sold as a slave! Is that a father's love? Let us fly, my Alkazia; we can cross the Kuban by the way of those mountains; implore the clemency of the barbarians, or throw ourselves on the generosity of the Russians, our enemies. Will they be more inexorable than your father?"—On a sudden, the gates of the palace were heard to open; lights appeared in the garden; the voice of Mouradin was heard, furiously invoking the curses of heaven on

his daughter's head. " Alkazia, you will be for ever deprived of liberty."—" Ah! dear Haslan, I tremble only for your life! I will follow thee; let us escape to the desert!" With a strong, nervous arm, the young prince placed her on his courser, upon which he lightly sprang; pressed her to his bosom, and the noble animal, as if conscious of the treasure he bore, carried them far from the walls of the palace. But, though their speed was rapid, they were bewildered by the darkness of night, and it was not before the dawn of the next morning, that they beheld the banks of the Kuban, and, at the same time, heard the galloping of horses, in pursuit. In this extreme peril Haslan knew there was no time to hesitate; he hid Alkazia among the rushes which grew on the river's banks, and hastened to face the satellites of Mouradin.

His courage and temerity astonished them: he fought, it is true, for life and love; he carried death with every blow he dealt; those who escaped his fury, were so terrified, that they joined the detachment that preceded them, and fled. He then hastened to his Alkazia. " Untie my coat of mail, my best beloved," said he, " place it near to thee on my courser, and may love be propitious to us." Immediately he leapt into the water, holding his horse by the bridle; swimming with the stream, and driven on by its current, they gained the opposite shore. The sun, just risen above the horizon, had afforded the Cossacks of the Black Sea, who guarded the banks of the Kuban, an opportunity of contemplating this bold enterprize. Embarking with precipitation, in their vessels, they hastened to the relief of the unfortunate pair, just at the instant when the guards belonging to Mouradin arrived on the banks of the river. " Soldiers," said Haslan to them, as soon as they received him on board, with his beloved, " you, who, even among us, are deservedly called brave, accept the thanks of two beings who owe you more than life, and add to this benefit, by presenting us to your chief." They were conducted, immediately to the Duke de Richelieu, who commanded this corps of the Russian army. No sooner was Haslan in his presence, than, addressing him with all the energy and nobleness that marked his character, he said, " In the name of all that is honourable, deliver us not into the hands of the assassins by whom we are pursued; afford protection to two unfortunate beings; I will become a subject of Russia, Russia shall be now my country; for that country will I shed my blood; but, if your duty compels you to give me up, oh! do not deliver me into their hands, loaded with fetters, but leave me free to die, revenging my wrongs."—" Haslan," replied the Duke, " you are free, and an officer in the Russian army; devote yourself, in future, to the Emperor; he knows how to appreciate valour, and delights in recompensing those who serve him faithfully."—" May the God I worship, protect the country I now adopt, and that I here swear to de said Haslan-Gheray. The Duke, then, it gave orders that every succour should be g the interesting pair which their situation den and never ceased, himself, to shew them ever of attention.

An opportunity was soon given to the young of proving the sincerity of his protestation Russians had received orders to attack Ana presented himself before the Duke de Riche complete armour, and solicited permission t as a guide to the troops, amongst the chain o tains, of which he knew all the craggy paths the taking of Anapa, the Russian army purs Circassians across Caucasus. They met, in files, with so obstinate a resistance, that the forced to march in solid columns for fourtee together. Haslan was always at the head columns, and distinguished himself, in a that obtained the well-merited praise of his and the esteem of the whole army. His were so highly appreciated during this ca that the Emperor, on receiving the report ferred on him the order of St. George, and of honour. In the month of December, 18 ther expedition was sent out against the for Sudjuk-Rale, in the country of the Abazes. again distinguished himself by such an im bravery, that the sight of him, alone, threw my's ranks into the utmost confusion; the sians fled before him, crying out, " Haslan-Haslan-Gheray!" After the reduction of th he received, from his Imperial Majesty, a sa handle of which was enriched with brilliants the hilt was the following inscription, " *Th of valour.*"

His first steps in Russia had been marked ry, and the death of a hero was reserved Scarcely had he tasted a few months of h with his Alkazia, than he was again called give new proofs of his devotedness to the co had adopted. The Chapsiques, one of the n like nations in Circassia, having, in the r November, 1811, made incursions on the of Russia, some troops were sent out to che Haslan commanded a detachment in the Aphipps, near a little river, so named descends from Caucasus. Led on by his u petuosity, he advanced before the marksm supported him, and received a ball, whic trating his cuirass, entered his body thro joints of his coat of mail. The Sultan Selim his relation, who followed him, at a short hastened to succour his friend. " Selim! said the dying Haslan, " support me in th suffer not the Circassians to behold my fa was carried, with the greatest difficulty, to of General Roudziewitz, who commanded u Duke de Richelieu. Haslan, convinced

wound was mortal, recommended his wife to the care of the General. "Oh! be the protector of my Alkazia," said he, "and I shall die happy." Such were his last words: in a few minutes after, this young man expired, at the age of twenty-five years.

Every thing that could be resorted to, for assuaging the grief of Alkazia, was of no avail: her sorrow, calm as it was profound, denied her the solace of tears; they fell on her heart, freezing all its warmth, as it received the icy drops. Immediately after the funeral ceremony, she retired to Sevastopol, in the Crimea, where she caused a mausoleum to be constructed, spacious enough to serve her for a dwelling-place; there, near the body of her husband, the faint shadow of her former self, she looks forward to the time when the angel of death shall consign her to the place she has marked out, near him, whom she will never, while she lives, cease to regret.

MISFORTUNES OF A COUNTRY BELLE.

Addressed to the Editors of the World of Fashion.

GENTLEMEN,

I KNOW not what good it can possibly do me, if you comply with my request of publishing my story in your *World of Fashion;* yet, it will ease my poor oppressed heart, to write you an account of my mortifications. I am impelled also to the wish of making my case public, because it is not impossible but that some one may be benefited by it; and may gain an useful lesson, without purchasing it, as I have done, by dearly bought experience.

I was brought up by a maiden aunt, who always assured me, that I was a very great beauty. Indeed, from at least fifty years continual study of her own face, I was inclined to believe her a perfect judge of mine. Now, Gentlemen, I must inform you, that my aunt was one of those hundred millions of ladies, who never can get a good likeness taken of their faces, though she had sat times innumerable: and, as she always told me, for this very good reason, as the different artists she employed for that purpose, declared, that her countenance was so *mutine*, so peculiarly animated, so wonderfully expressive, that it changed every minute.

My aunt was a great novel reader; and a most indefatigable castle-builder; and though she resided at the small town of S—— in Durham, she never destined me for any other husband than a *Lord*, or a *very great hero*. It certainly so happened, to strengthen my faith in what my aunt had told me, that beauty at S——was very scarce; so, that I, who was really tolerable, was followed like a divinity. Admiration elevates the spirits of the person admired; I was always very, what is called, *smartly* dressed; so that I was sure to be the *belle* of the ball room, and when a recruiting party was in the town, I always danced with the officer.

My aunt had arranged all her plans for me, from the moment I became an orphan, and was placed under her care. Purposing to keep me secluded till a certain time she had appointed, (which was when I should attain the age of eighteen) she had lived at S——with great frugality. At the fullest bloom of my charms, as the poor, good old lady thought, and certain that I could marry any one I chose, she conveyed me to London, last winter; hired elegant apartments in Albermarle Street, renewed her acquaintance with titled dowagers, with wives of members of Parliament, and, in short ushered me into the world of gaiety.

I shall never forget the first evening party I went to: it was given by the Lady Splendid. I was dressed in my usual *smart* style, with a profusion of gay ornaments; and as frills and ruffs were the fashion, I was bustled up, plentifully with them, heedless of the time of day, or rather night, in which to make my *début*, and though I had a profusion of feathers, *smartly* standing upon my head, I had an enormously full, triple ruff of fine lace round my throat: but all this trimming and parade of dress, which used to make a conspicuous object of envy, while *comparisons* were drawn to my advantage, with the Durham Misses—now when dressed for Lady Splendid's party, was of no avail. My cheeks, glowing with the consciousness of beauty, to which my aunt did not a little contribute by her raptures; certain of being, by far the handsomest female in the room, and remembering my aunt's old assertion, that women of fashion were poor, sickly creatures, that would give their ears to have the ruddy appearance of a milk-maid, I got into our job-coach, and drove to Lady Splendid's; most of the company were already assembled.

After the first ceremonies, I looked round on the mingled throng; and I felt petrified with astonishment and disappointment, when I saw that every third female was much handsomer than myself; and while some of the best parts of my figure were concealed by ruffs and frills, and the other parts very disadvantageously trimmed out and decorated, those ladies were attired in the most captivating simplicity, and seemed to owe nothing to ornament, but possessed, almost wholly, though not *immodestly* uncovered, arms, throats, shoulders and busts of the most inimitable beauty: their hair, generally disposed with apparent carelessness, was not hid by such folds of silver muslin, as were heavily twisted round mine; a few pearls, a simple wreath of flowers, or a diadem of jewels, were the prevailing head-dresses among the young; even among such as told a few years older than myself: they appeared charming, without any effort; while I seemed to have laboured at my toilet,

only to prove the wretchedness of my taste and the insignificance of my person. The real excellence of my complexion was equalled, nay, far surpassed, by the artificial, and, therefore, more stationary *bloom* of theirs; and because my frilled habit shirt modestly hid my neck, a young man said in my hearing, to another impertinent puppy, "Yes, she produces a good effect; she is well *made up!*"

After this evening, mortifications assailed me in battalions. I was no longer the belle of a whole country town, but lost in a crowd, of which some were infinitely handsomer, and all better skilled in the arts of advantageous display; in spite of everything, my rustic decency still adhered to me, yet, I must say, that though, by this obstinacy I lost much admiration, I gained considerably in self-respect.

The winter passed away without any proposal being made to me worth accepting: not having any fortune, and my aunt having imprudently rushed into expensive society, instead of cultivating that which was respectable, where the mind may stand some chance in sharing those conquests the person may atchieve. I certainly, was handsome enough to captivate the man who might like me for the qualities of my heart and understanding: but, alas! my beauty was not so resistless, as to make me, by one single look, to carry off the prize from a whole formidable host of handsome females, adorned with all the charms attached to high and polished life.

Shocked, beyond measure, at the enormously erroneous opinion, which I had entertained of myself, I entreated of my aunt to accept of an invitation given to her by an only brother, who was a man of moderate fortune, residing in a very genteel neighbourhood, about sixteen miles from London. My uncle having lately lost his wife, and being without children, wished us to make his house our permanent abode. Accordingly we assented, and I have now been at D——many months.

Hearing that there were three or four distinguished families within a short distance from my uncle's, I found my old folly beginning to revive, and thinking the superiority of my beauty might now be acknowledged, I fancied that both male and female hearts would yield to my fascinations: for, gentlemen, if you have ever read a sentimental novel, which forms a story of six volumes, you will acknowledge, that whatever difficulties and dangers attend the heroine through that voluminous space, she never fails to captivate and enchant both sexes, and all ranks; and that, wherever she goes, enthusiastic friends start up at every step; in short she is indebted to her lovely face for all kinds of good offices. Convinced of the importance of appearance, I therefore, attended the parish church of D——, the first Sunday after my arrival, and paid every due attention to exterior; I had now learned to dress really well, and, I assure you, I *am* handsome; and as there were four younger girls there, I attracted universal notice; the young men belonging to the above-mentioned famil tainly evinced by their glances at me much adı the ladies, with a kind of wary scrutiny and eyed me askance; and, from that luckless S found every person of fashion, who had eithe daughters, avoided my acquaintance.

A good humoured old maid in the neighl to whom my aunt complained concerning son lite conduct about visiting, explained the wh "How ignorant you are of the world!" "When you met Lady Rupee and Mrs. Cur house, you indiscreetly, cried up your niece's talents, and her good qualities: they se pretty; they know she is without fortune; t from you that she is dangerous, and they h and daughters—then, if there are so many that she will stand in the way of their girls' pre or tempt one of their sons into a silly action, natural that they should avoid all intimacy?"

This good lady was right—and I am a sec indebted to my poor novel-reading aunt fo terest mortification: however, it has been pr of some good; it has banished those romantic I had indulged in, and stimulated me to deavouring for that pre-eminence *in amiabilit* I once thought I possessed *in beauty*.

N

MISTAKEN FRIENDS.

To the Editors of the World of Fashi

SIRS,

I AM one of those unfortunate beings, wl purse but scantily supplied, add an implicit c that renders me apt to believe all those ar and kind who seem so. Added to this info I beg leave to acquaint you, that I have fortune to be the son of a poor gentleman, me little else to support the gentility of my bi the mere name of an ancient and honourabl A kind friend, who declared his total inabili any thing for me himself, knew yet, he sai great men who would be willing to obli because *he had votes and interest*: he furnis therefore, with several letters of recomme some of which were addressed to two or those who had been the intimate acquaintan late father: the first of these declared it solutely out of his power to serve me at pres I might call again, if I pleased, in about a though he really could not then promise to thing for me.

"Then drive to Berkely Square," said I ta my pocket book, and looking over the list of to whom I had letters. The Honorable Mr. D stood next on the list; he had been a particul of my father's: he, thought I, will receive open arms, I resemble my father so much i

that he will see revived in me, the friend of his youth. Full of these cheering ideas, I amused myself till I arrived at the honorable gentleman's house. My heart beat high, as my expectations became raised. In a tremulous accent, I asked if Mr. Dormouse was at home? The footman hesitated; he said, he did not know—he would enquire. In the moment of his going and returning, I experienced an uneasy kind of sensation, and, though I knew not why, I felt all my hopes damped at once. I was desired coldly, to send up my name; the gentleman said, he recollected it perfectly well, but he was just then going to set off for an election, and was, at that very moment, in deep conference with the Mayor of the borough, and begged I would do him the honour to call some other time. I felt abashed, grieved, and confounded, and, like a foolish simpleton, I really thought myself injured. "Go," said I in a desponding tone, to the coachman "to Sir Laurence Idles." I was sure that the coachman perceived my embarrassment, and, as if in concert with my feelings, he drove at a very slow rate; nay, I even fancied he went with a *hearse-like* pace; a sure omen that all my brilliant prospects were likely to be buried: surely, none but the most credulous of beings could ever have thought of *sympathy* in a *Hackney coachman*, yet I really fancied his countenance was as *disconsolate* as the rate he drove at. He stopped, however, at last, where I ordered him, and where we arrived quite quick enough, for I was told Sir Lawrence was not yet up. At the entrance of the hall I observed tailors waiting with the cloaths they had brought home; boot-makers, a perfumer's man with a case of genuine Eau de Cologne, a hatter, and all the whole set of purveyors belonging to a modern coxcomb. Ah! thought I to myself, there is no room for friendship here. In this manner I went from one to another, till my spirits were sunk, and my hopes exhausted. One elegant gentleman was taking a lesson from an exotic dancing master, the pupil, be it understood, was fifty years of age: another was with the drill sergeant of his regiment, who was teaching him a few requisite military evolutions, that his Captain might not expose his ignorance at the next review. One dashing buck was gone to an ass-race, another to swim hedge-hogs, another to a Levee: one denied from fear of bailiffs, and another confined to his bed from a wound he had received by hazarding his life in a duel, for a woman of intrigue; this last was a married man!

From friends of such morals and pursuits, I think there was but little to expect, had they graciously condescended to see me, and lend an ear to my solicitations, which though not intended to be importunate I have *now* reason to rejoice were never made.

I remain,

Sirs,

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD.

MODEST ASSURANCE.

MR. EDITOR.

I HAVE read, with considerable interest, the troubl of a Bashful Man; and, subsequently, the Difficu ties of Conversation, which have appeared in yo pages; and, whilst I sympathize with the one, a agree with the sentiments of the other, though I ha personally experienced both, I am happy to say have found a remedy for them, in the assumption a laudable and necessary degree of Modest Ass rance. I was, at one period of my life, and duri a considerable portion of it, as bashful as your co respondent, Paul, and have sat, for hours, admiri the pattern of my host's new carpet, or making o figures in the glowing confusion of a Christmas fir while combating the difficulties of conversation the presence of a stranger, and debating, in my ow mind, on an appropriate opening, for conversatio that might break the quaker-like monotony of t interview. Considering that the noble gift of spee was designed to raise man to his proper rank in t scale of being, and that, consequently, silence w a disgrace to a rational creature, I resolved, at events, to break through the unnatural restraint th a ridiculous custom had rendered but too commo and determined, in future, on all occasions, to beg a conversation, and trust to my own ingenuity, a the interest of the subject, for its continuance. M ny were the difficulties that, at first, attended th course of proceeding, and many ridiculous circu stances have happened, in consequence. One blo ing morning, on the pier, at Margate, I accidenta seated myself by the side of the celebrated walki Stewart, and, in pursuance of my resolution, tacked his prolonged taciturnity with a remark the boisterous state of the weather; I was met wi profound silence; I repeated the observation, a was answered by a stare and an unintelligible grun but, undaunted by the impenetrable nature of companion, I made a third, and more forcible sal which was answered by an avowal of deafness, d livered in no very conciliating tone, but, on aga repeating the remark, in a still louder and more i pressive manner, I ellicited the sage observatio "Yes, very boisterous, indeed, cold is the wi and hot is the sun," which was instantly followed the hasty departure of the erudite enquirer after t polarity of moral truth, who, thus, by his retre prevented me from making the enquiry into his si gular opinions, on which, in defiance of his deafne and habitual taciturnity, I had determined to ent Having, one day, taken my seat in the Hampste stage, I found myself in company with a young la who sat, for some time, looking out of the windo in silence, when, at length, she fronted me, I ex mined her countenance, which is always, with a preliminary precaution, which I have often fou

of great service in giving some hint as to the character, and, sometimes, the profession of the object, and thus a tolerable clue to the opening sentence. Though I here found little either of animation or intelligence, from a pair of heavy blue eyes, round features, and languid air, that might promise any very amusing conversation; I resolved, with my usual modest assurance, to make the trial, but though my efforts were persevered in for the greater part of the journey, my voice pitched into every possible key, and my ample magazine of subjects of every kind repeated, with all the assistance of tone and gesture, I could not obtain a single syllable in reply, my only proof of her consciousness of my addressing her, being a nod. My patience being completely exhausted before the termination of our ride, I gave up the siege in despair, and my vexation was only equalled by my surprise, till, on enquiry of the coachman, I learned that the young lady has been born deaf and dumb. My next adventure was with an elderly gentleman whom I met with on one of the seats in St. James's Park; his dress was singular, he wore an old fashioned cocked hat of ample dimensions, which shaded a countenance of no very prepossessing character, being marked by strong indications of ill-humour, his small grey eyes peeped from beneath their bushy pent-houses, with a glare almost approaching to ferocity, between which a small pug nose of fiery aspect, appeared to stand sentinel; the other parts of his dress consisted of a full suit of ditto, of a dirty snuff-colour, plentifully covered with vagrant particles of the best Scotch, with which the above mentioned nose was frequently and vigorously replenished. Unpropitious as were my preliminary observations on his countenance, I determined to put my modest assurance to the test, and after many speculations on the probable character and occupation of my companion, whom I concluded to be a retired citizen, I commenced my attack by an enquiry on the present state of Greece, when I was almost stunned by a violent political explosion, on the subject of national liberty, accompanied by frequent and impatient application to the snuff box, which was plentifully supplied with the grateful stimulant of the olfactory organ. From this he ramified into domestic politics, and condemned *en masse*, all ministers, both past and present. Now, sir, with all my assurance, I am, and ever have been, a confirmed Tory, and replied with considerable warmth; and I know not what might have been the termination of the debate, had not my watch reminded me of a timely engagement, and, with an apologizing bow, I succeeded in making a masterly retreat.

My adventures in mixed companies, and select parties, have often been curious, and many are the blushing young maidens, and retiring spinsters whose inflexible silence has yielded to the judicious management of modest assurance. Among the latter, it was my fate, one evening, to be seated, *tête-à-tête*, with a lady, whose rigidity was proverbia who had passed her grand climateric in single sedness. She was an outrageous Blue Stocki erect and stately carriage, and a set of fe where learning had engraved her deepest t She was learned in all the fashionable sciences I had heard it whispered that she had lately considerable progress in astrology, on whi therefore, resolved to make my first attempt to the ice of her stoicism, and win her to the " fe reason and the flow of soul." This intimation me a favourable cue, and having, previous meditated attack, armed myself with a recent ber of your *World of Fashion*, which happened on a table, near me, I immediately opened m by a warm eulogium on its merits, and an e what was her opinion of it? To this direct a she replied with rather a contemptuous air, deed, sir, I have scarcely had an opportun studying its contents, but, from what little I seen, it appears to be adapted to the fri amusement of a frivolous age, and far beneat perusal of any *cultivated* female."—" But, s madam," I replied, resolved to pour in a v " it has, at least, some redeeming qualities, perceive here is a learned article on the Scie Astrology, which cannot fail to be interesting to lady of taste and erudition."—" Ah! sir," sai with a suppressed sigh, " it is, indeed, a sublime science, since it unfolds to mortals t crets of destiny, and unravels the mystic w fate."—" Indeed, madam," I rejoined, with smile, and significant motion of the head, " it be a most interesting and important study; presume, madam, to enquire, whether you made its mysterious arcana the object of yo search?"—Sir," she said, with considerable nity of voice and manner, " your question is lar, since a preference for this and other intell pursuits is generally considered incompatible the female character; but as ridicule is the cular language of folly, a *cultivated* mind wi bid proud defiance to its decisions, and I trust by your good sense, Mr. Easy, my predilecti the more exalted studies, will be duly apprec But, astrology, sir, that science of sages, tha to human destiny, has ever been rather the ob my veneration, than of my research; with it ments and the rosicrusian theory as detailed i Quadripartite of Ptolemy, and the recondite la of Lilly and his disciples. I confess I am pa acquainted, but of the mysterious arcana of its tice, I am ignorant. When young, I regret t I was led to consult——" here, unfortunatel party at the neighbouring whist table broke up abruptly terminated this most interesting dialo

By these means, I have succeeded in conq the difficulties of conversation so generally and complained of, and have seldom found myself

wise than at home in every company. If repelled at one point I instantly shift my ground, and make my attack at another; and, as I always make it a rule to begin the conversation, common politeness will afford a reply, and in order to render the commencement interesting, which is one great point gained, I constantly select a subject that, from my preliminary observations, I consider congenial to the character of my companion, as an error in this respect may sometimes prove fatal to its continuance, by producing the most chilling reserve. This is often the case when politics or religion are made the themes; I have therefore completely discarded them, even when accidentally in company with one, who from certain indefinable but infallible criteria, I have concluded to be either a radical or a methodist. But, independently of these, there are many subjects of general interest that may be employed as introductions, without occasioning such sudden and dangerous explosions as occurred with my friend in the snuff-coloured suit; and I have found, by experience, that of these, the most fertile, are the police reports, which, if carefully studied in the morning, will, at all times, afford ample materials for amusing conversation during the day. On this account, the *Morning Herald* is the constant companion of my breakfast table, from which I glean the principal features of the most remarkable cases, and then sally forth, in quest of adventures.

Such, Mr. Editor, has been my practice, when thrown, at any time, into the company of strangers, of the efficacy of which, I have sent a few, out of many most illustrious examples, in the hope that they may prove of service to your bashful readers, who, I trust, will, in future, assume a portion of that modest assurance which has been so eminently valuable to your constant reader,

FRANK EASY.

THE PLIGHTED VOW.

If spotless truth on earth can dwell,
And bless the transient scene below,
'Tis when the parting word—farewell!
Is mingled with the Plighted Vow.

Then is the constant heart assur'd
Should fate the yielding spirit bow,
Her sternest sentence is endured;
She ne'er can break the Plighted Vow.

If beauty spreads her syren charms,
Vain is her boasted triumph now;
The heart her fiercest power disarms,
When shielded by the Plighted Vow.

Should envy point her sharpest dart,
The heart repels the treach'rous blow;
Her tongue no venom can impart,
Where dwells the sacred Plighted Vow.

Tho' nature led by passion's sway,
No pledge of constancy can know;
Yet never will it dare betray
That solemn bond the Plighted Vow.

The libertine with subtle art
The empty promise may bestow;
But conscious of his changeful heart,
He trembles at the Plighted Vow.

EXTRACTS FROM WORKS OF MERIT.

HOMMAGE AUX DAMES.—*Published by John Le Jun., Cornhill.*

NEVER was a country or age in which periodical li rature was advanced to such a state of perfection in England, at the present day. Our daily weekly papers, monthly and quarterly magazin and many annual publications, all possess a h degree of excellence. Of the last class, the seve "Christmas Presents" which have been publis by Mr. Ackermann and others, are well worthy of miration, and Mr. Letts' work, if it do not bear av the palm, certainly yields to none in the elegance both its literary and decorative departments. engravings, and particularly those from the old m ters, are exquisite, and would alone render the b an acquisition to every person of taste. The ta are full of interest, and "the Haunted Head" i delightful composition, it would have done cr even to our most popular authors. As we doubt that the volume will be in the hands of all our readers, we will only extract the following bea ful "stanzas for music."

We'll think of that sweet time
No more—no more;
For all those joys sublime,
Simple as nature's prime;
Unstain'd by grief, or crime,
Are o'er—are o'er!

We'll join our hands in one
No more—no more;
For our web of fate is spun,
And our joys and cares are done,
And the hopes we rested on
Are o'er—are o'er!

But we'll lift our eyes to heav'n
Once more—once more;
And we'll pray to be forgiv'n
When these chains of clay are riv'n
And on life's rough sea we're driv'n
No more—no more.

"*Hommage aux Dames*" is entirely dedicated "the ladies," as its title indicates—and we can tr say that never was book more worthy of bei opened by the fairest hands, and perused by loveliest eyes that ever stirred a leaf, or electrifi a heart. As such we warmly recommend it.

ENGLISH LIFE, OR MANNERS AT HOME, *in four Pictures.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.*

THERE is very considerable talent displayed in these pictures; there is a degree of nature about the portraits, and truth of colouring that speaks both tact and observation. The following extracts will be well understood by fashionable life, and as the circumstances are of every day occurrence, they are the most suitable selections that can be made for our class of readers.

"Lord William Bouverie was not excessively handsome, but he was allowed to be a strikingly elegant man, by those whose vision was not affected by his thirty thousand a-year. He was very tall, and it seemed that nature had stamped him for a warrior, by giving him the air and figure of one. 'He had seen battles,' and knew practically the difference between the rough earth and the down bed. Alfieri himself had not finer hair —light, varnished, and curled. If a lady had to seek an excuse for her notorious penchant for Lord William, she always referred to his hair. It was a sort of *coma Berenice* in the hemisphere of fashion, to which many a votary paid open idolatry. His manners were rather reserved, on recent acquaintance, but were said to be warm and frank on intimacy. He did not talk much generally; but some few discoursed largely of his eloquence. Altogether he was set down by the matrons in general as a shy man, and they dealt with him accordingly.

"Lord William was five or six and twenty; there were disputes as to the minute accuracy of this opinion, but rumour never floated beyond these two years; the matter, however, is not important to a few months. He had a splendid mansion in the Mall, and two fine seats. There had been peace some time, and he was said to be a man of domestic habits: but he was not married.

"Many an anxious mother could lay her hand on her heart, and conscientiously profess that this was no fault of hers. Very few stars had risen on the horizon, to which the eye of Lord William had not been directed by some judicious friends of the pretty sparkler: but, in short, he had *not* married, and those who were disappointed, emphatically whispered their belief, that he was *not a marrying man.* But this did not deter others from making the attempt, or from lamenting a failure which they had courted in the face of a Cassandra-fated prediction. Some, weary of the chase, had accepted five or ten thousand a-year elsewhere; some were judiciously angling for silver fish, since the golden would not bite; some still hesitated not, by a dashing effort, to avow, that their admiration was as inflexible as his invulnerability; some, better tutored, languished timidly; and one or two privileged romps made love to him *de plein œil.*

"The introduction of Augusta Effingham into higher circles had occasioned great sensation was beautiful—very beautiful, uniting the perf chiselled form of the Medicean statue to the bri colouring of Rubens' females. She was very and though slender, not thin. She had the plexion of Aurora, and the cerulean eyes and golden locks of the morning. She was a pe specimen of the highest character of British be She had, to use somebody's expression, s manners; she danced, and sang, and played most well enough for a professor. Nobody dou that Miss Effingham was a new aspirant to the h to be bestowed by Lord William Bouverie. Ma fair one withdrew from the competition, conv that rivalry was hopeless. The fair *débutant* pressed no concern to see 'this glass of fash he was now in the country, and nothing coul happier than her indifference. She played alw with smiling assent, to any body who asked and she appeared to possess the difficult a knowing when to have done. This conduct very judicious, because many lady-perfo chose never to approach an instrument except William conducted them to it. Miss Effingham secured to herself many friends, and a popu to which there was scarcely one dissentient voi

"Lady Effingham, Augusta's mother, had introduced to Mr. Lumley, an intimate acquain of Lord William's—a frank-hearted, gay young who liked nothing better than dancing with so a girl as Augusta. He was intended for the ba was engaged to a female in the country, to w in spite of his flirtations, he was devotedly atta Lady Effingham having ascertained this point t satisfaction, soon contrived that he should hav entrée into her mansion. He was often there Augusta was so good-humoured and obliging she quite won all this young man's affection th could spare from what he owed to his own lady—his *peculiar lady.* He was the best pr in the world. He felt warmly; and as wh spoke was no exaggerated picture of his feelin bore the stamp of sincerity, and *told* to the co tions of all, in a way that the most elaborat logy, pronounced by a colder-hearted person, a more critical vein, never could have done. securing of Mr. Lumley was a master-stroke.

Lord William is soon introduced to the mar mamma and manageable daughter; and the of the interview is thus described in a conver between Augusta and her cousin Cornelia:

"On her return home, Augusta ran up stair her dressing-room; she entered with a lively and she found the person she expected.

'So, Cornelia! reading, my dear? always books! You can't think how much you woul prove by casting your eyes now and then upo

naughty creatures of this wicked world. Such an evening we have had, Cornelia! You would have enjoyed it!'

"Cornelia smiled placidly, and she cast a glance on the deep mourning of her dress."

'True, true, my dear,' said Augusta rapidly, 'I do not mean to argue or persuade you into the indecency of going out at present, I intended only to say, how much, if circumstances had been possible, you would have enjoyed this delightful evening'

'Perhaps not,' returned the person addressed:—'you know, my dear Augusta, how wretchedly obsolete are my tastes and opinions. I am not fit for courts. I almost think nature intended me for a parsonage and a poultry yard.'

"This was spoken half smilingly—half sadly."

'I thank the gods that they certainly had no such kind intentions on my behalf,' returned Augusta, accepting the assistance of her companion in disrobing,—for in truth Cornelia had sat up for this very purpose, in order to afford a night of complete rest to Augusta's maid, who had been up during the whole of the preceding night.—'I have a vast fancy now, that I was cut out for courts, and courts only.—Oh, ye fairies of jewels and lace! what bright hopes are palpitating at this little heart of mine just now.'—'Have you seen Lord William?' asked Cornelia. Augusta turned round, and laughed immoderately. 'Yes, my dear sweet coz. of the lachrymose countenance, and the nightingale voice; verily I have seen his mightiness--the grand sultan of the female part of this, the British community—the superb Osmyn—the magnificent Soliman—to say nothing of the pride of half-a-dozen Viziers and Pachas,—yes—I have seen this man, who—who—who will *not* throw the handkerchief.'—

"Cornelia looked grave."

'I deserve no reproaches, coz.' said Augusta in the same lively manner. 'I protest to you, by yea and nay, that fifty pretty misses of gentle blood looked vastly willing to take it. Such a scene of courting there never was, Cornelia, since the white men first landed amongst the black women. We were so pelted by a hail-storm of sighs and smiles, and frowns, and die-away glances—not to mention an ominous thunder-cloud and two or three flashes of lightning, that if our divinities had not been storm proof, we could not but have expired.'

'And Lord William,—what is Lord William like?'

'Like! let me see—why, like—*William the Conqueror*,—or the Irish giant—or—or—in short, like any very tall man who has two handsome legs to walk withal.'

'Your definition is certainly very satisfactory; give me a less comprehensive answer—now I ask, do you like him?'

'Verily, yea,—well enough as a man, and as times go. My dear mamma says, love is absurd, and has nothing to do out of the country. I shall never love aught, my coz., half so well as this pretty pers mine; except, perchance, I decline from tha solution in favour of the carriages, the jewels house in town, the houses in the country, and thirty thousand a-year of—my Lady William verie!'

'Oh, poor Lord William!' sighed Cornelia.

'*Poor* Lord William!—*rich* Lord Willia think, more especially if he should prevail o pretty ladyship to head the articles of the i tory of his goods and chattels.'

'But the man—the man, my cousin!'

'The man, I tell thee, Cornelia, is a good s a lordly-looking man enough—shows white when he laughs—a white forehead when he frov fine hair when he stoops—a fine figure whe stands; talks sense too—very superlative s I assure thee, coz. Heigh-ho! I ambition not a *à-tête* with my Lord William.'

"Cornelia made no reply, and they parted.

"Lord William after this eventful night was quent visitor at the house of lady Effingham. world already assigned to Augusta the cred making this valuable capture. There was muc vying—there were many whispers; some pitied William—some congratulated the lady mothe her adroitness, and the daughter on her mana bleness; some laughed—some sighed, but all se to agree, that by an unexceptionable system o litics, Lord William was certainly ma-nag-ed."

Unfortunately Lord William sees Cornelia, w retired habits and refined taste accord with his ings much better than the volatile and fashio ones of Augusta. Honour on the gentleman's delicacy on the lady's, produce a most intere degree of despair and resignation. However young, handsome, and more than all, rich Du Montolieu, comes in the way, and the result is well told:

"Lady Effingham was very soon in a reverie. dazzling was the vista that suddenly opened to her view! Lord William with thirty thousa year and a title bestowed only by courtesy, certainly an excellent match, considering th pect of the age. But a ducal coronet and a rent of above a hundred thousand per annum! that was blest with a sane mind, could fail to ceive the immense disproportion of advantage, seeing to profit?

"From this day there was an entire change of rations. No longer was Augusta constrained to her mornings in dull readings with Lord Willia in duller rides into the country. She was dri in Bond Street, Saint James's, and the Park; Duke of Montolieu was seen generally riding the side of her carriage on a superb charger, wit hand on the window near which she sat. In evening, instead of being *at home* to Lord Wil alone, she was making one of the five hundre

the *at homes* of some dashing woman of quality, who permitted waltzing with all its foreign familiarity; and Augusta was constantly attended by the Duke. With a heart throbbing with exultation and hope, Lady Effingham saw that a ducal coronet was kept from the possession of her daughter only by the intervention of one obstacle—the notorious fact of her engagement to Lord William. The dissolution of this was now become a matter of necessity, and to effect it dexterously, became immediately her aim."

The finale may soon be guessed: the Duke weds Augusta—Lord William, Cornelia; and the tale ends with all arties paired and matched.

TALES OF IRISH LIFE, *illustrative of the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the People. With Designs by George Cruikshank.* 12*mo.* 2 *vols. London*, 1824. *Robins & Co.*

THERE are sixteen Tales in these two small and neat volumes, all of them illustrative of the feelings and manners of a people, it must be confessed, far too little known. We do not observe any undue leaning, either to one side or another, of those who abuse the ignorance of Ireland, and wickedly labour to keep alive the distractions which tear and rend it. The incidents look as if they were drawn from life. We highly approve of this work, of which an abridgment of the story of Poor Mary will afford our readers a tolerable sample.

"On the road from Thurles to Cashel the traveller will frequently see written, by a variety of hands, on walls and posts, '*Poor Mary!*' the epithet *poor* being considered by the Irish peasantry the most expressive word for sympathetic pity. This testimony of regard for the sufferings of Mary becomes more conspicuous and more frequent as the traveller approaches the latter town; and, should he feel any desire to know the cause, he cannot fail of receiving information from those he meets, either in the English or Irish language; for all know the history of '*Poor Mary.*' - - -

"England and Ireland, intended by Nature, like man and woman, for mutual support and happiness, unfortunately entertain such unaccountable prejudices, that they know nearly as little of each other's manners and habits as the South Sea Indian does of the Calmuc Tartar.

"In estimating the enjoyments and virtues of the sister island, the logic of an Englishman is, in his own opinion, very conclusive and satisfactory. An Irishman is a Papist; *ergo*, a superstitious fool; an Irishman eats potatoes; *ergo*, he is starved; *ergo*, he must be unhappy. But, notwithstanding the ridicule of some, and the false reasoning of others, happiness is still to be found in Ireland: it is only to be lamented that the natives do not know the value of that tranquil felicity which they might enjoy did they not exhibit too much readiness to co-operate with design and folly, which generally terminates in ruin of their peace and humble competence. A of examples could here be adduced, but the hi of '*Poor Mary*' will be sufficient.

"The glebe of Rouleen consisted of twenty acres, on which stood the warm thatched hous rather cabin, of Jack Wilson. The annual whitew ing which was given to it every Christmas rend it conspicuous from the road; and the four trees which shaded the *bawn*, or yard, gave it of comfort which Irish dwellings, particularly poor, seldom afford. A closer view showed a proach to English neatness: a green paddock favourite horse or cow was on one side; and west, enjoying the shelter of the outhouses and was a litle garden for vegetables and flowers: at the bottom of the slope, before the door, w umbrageous thorn, protecting from the bea summer's sun a *holy* well; for all wells in Ir are dedicated to some particular saint. It m confessed, though the general appearance of son's habitation conveyed ideas of industry, yet remained too many proofs of culpable indol A cart, or, as it is called, truckle, was placed gap to perform the duties of a gate; and the ex tions of the dunghills rose to heaven the tacit r vers of Jack's attachment to smoking and tal still the little farm was yearly improving; the stones were collected round the kiln, the d showed traces of recent repairs, and fields ploughed that had lain fallow for ages. On the the country people acknowledged that Jack w most thriving man in the parish, for which he w debted, they observed, to his good children, Jack and Mary.

"Old Wilson had been married twenty year woman who brought him two children, a so daughter. The greater part of his life he was n struggling with Fortune, wearing tattered clothe living on potatoes; but, as his children appro maturity, Mary, the daughter, was taken not by a family in the neighbourhood, who just st in the country long enough to make the peopl the loss of their departure."

[She and her brother are thus raised a little the mere herd: and a deserving young countr named Lambert, is betrothed to the excellent M

"They talked over what they should do in f reckoned how easily they should pay their ren how good their children would be. The day fixed for the ceremony, they went to town t chase the wedding clothes, came home, and we happiest people in the world over Wilson's f but never were happy more!

"Lambert had risen, with the intention of r ing home: he had taken his hat, snatched a kis his intended bride, and was retreating hastil her smiling displeasure, when he was force abruptly by the confused entrance of a num

men, whose faces were concealed by slouched hats, or so artfully blackened that they could not be recognised. Some of them had sticks, some rusty old guns, and others had swords of all shapes and countries. Their ultimate intention was evidently hostile, whilst their dress plainly evinced they were of the poorer class of the people. One of them, who showed his importance by dropping his gun perpendicularly on the floor, and throwing his tall figure into an erect position, explained the reason of their visit. They were in search of arms; but, being strangers in that part of the country, they merely called to request Wilson to go with them to those houses in which he knew they were to be found. The whole family remonstrated against such a proceeding. Young Wilson had a gun, to which they were welcome; but to accompany men who were unknown, for the purpose of robbing those who were their neighbours, was a position in which Wilson desired not to be placed. Mary was terrified to silence; but her mother seconded her husband in refusing to go on so lawless an errand."

Finally, however, "the banditti obliged Lambert and the two Wilsons to accompany them, leaving Mary and her mother to all the horrors of fear and apprehension. Every hour of the night was to them as tedious as the progress of the messenger who bears a reprieve to a convicted criminal: every blast of wind that shook the trees enticed Mary to the door to see if they were returning; but hour passed after hour, and no appearance of father, brother, or lover. The mother and daughter alternately wept and prayed: every saint in the calendar was invoked, and every future moment was expected to bring them home, whilst each disappointment either excited new hopes, or conjured up all the horrors which suspense creates in an alarmed imagination.

"The nocturnal marauders had succeeded in gaining possession of some old and useless fire-arms, and were proceeding to a house at some distance, where they expected to find a large supply, when, having travelled about a mile and a half, their approach was noticed by a military party, who were out that night scouring, as the soldiers call it, the country. The commander of the detachment filed his men on each side of the road, with orders to close on the Whiteboys as they passed. Discipline is better than force or courage: the party came up; the soldiers obeyed the instructions of their superior; and the Whiteboys, not having either discipline or prudence, resisted for a while with desperate energy, but were ultimately obliged to surrender to the methodical courage of the soldiers, who proceeded to count their prisoners aloud, and to take down, by a light which they struck, the name of each. Wilson then found that his son and five others were killed in the affray.

"Mary's dreadful suspense was dissipated, the next morning, by a conviction of the melancholy truth. The whole country was in a state of alarming agitation; and, as Mary's sufferings were also those of others, she bore them with greater fortitude, in consequence of a participation of sorrow. She had lost her brother, but others had lost their fathers and husbands. Besides, the feelings of Mary for herself were comparatively trifling: her mother's frenzied distraction engaged the consoling influence of all her powers; and, in adducing reason and religion to calming her perturbed affliction, she imperceptibly mitigated the poignancy of her own. Grievous as the case was, it might have been worse: her brother was dead, but then her father lived. Her intended husband, too, was spared by Heaven; and, though she could not tell whether she loved him better than her brother—because she loved both affectionately—yet surely she ought to be thankful that even one of them escaped with his life. Still her father and Lambert were in prison, but they were innocent: the justice of the country would, in proper time, liberate them, when their characters were established. - - -

"As the assizes approached, a greater bustle was apparent throughout the country. The only milch cow of the poor man was driven to the fair to get money to fee a lawyer to defend his son; and the wife, in her afflicted poverty, was preparing to sell the seed corn and family potatoes to pay the attorney for attending in behalf of the father of her children. Mary's mother exerted all her industry to prepare for her husband's trial. Gentlemen within the circuit of twenty miles were all supplicated by her for their interest; but all whose name inspired her with some hope of support she found were either in Dublin, London, or Paris. - - -

"The long-wished for, but still dreaded, assizes came. The road to Clonmel was thronged by the country people, who hastened to know the result of the fearful day. Among the most worn and dejected was Mary: she left her mother helpless, and was proceeding to witness the trial of a father, to whom she could now, for the first time, be of little service. Her husband, in every thing but form, was to be judged that day also. Alas! poor Mary apprehended the worst that could happen.

"The prisoners were arraigned; and when Mary heard the *counts* recited against them, and the number of times which the law imputes various crimes to a man, whom the same law says is to be considered innocent until convicted—when she saw her father standing, as well as Lambert, within the iron spikes of the dock, and heard the solemn and heavy charges read—her eyes began to swim, her heart sunk within her, and some of her neighbours carried her into the open air. When she recovered, she read in the unwillingness of all to speak, the dreadful truth. The prisoners received from many, amongst whom was the parish priest, an excellent character; but, as all these were obliged to acknowledge that many men of good characters were frequently impli-

cated in such lawless proceedings, their testimony availed little, particularly as they had been apprehended with weapons which they had used against his Majesty's troops. Appeals to mercy could not be attended to, as the state of the country demanded examples of terrifying severity; for laws must be enforced where they are not respected.

"Two days were only given the prisoners to prepare for the expiation required by justice! Mary concealed from her mother the result of the trial: she alleged protraction to satisfy her anxiety, and that on the morrow she was to go again. The morrow came, and Mary proceeded to Clonmel to take her 'last look and last farewell' of all that now could make existence desirable: their death she knew would terminate her mother's life, and then she would be alone and friendless. Her grief was too severe for tears; her movements were merely mechanical; and, when she reached the dungeon of the gaol, she scarcely knew where she was. She threw herself on her knees to receive a father's blessing: she hung round Lambert's neck, and, unasked and unblushingly, gave his lips a thousand kisses. The fond embraces and agonizing tears of her lover soon brought Mary to herself: she wept aloud; but at length submitted to the advice of the attending clergyman. Religion may be despised by the great and unthinking, but it is the only and last friend of poverty and suffering: it now supported those with firmness who were so soon to be rewarded for faith and hope.

"The fatal knell tolled in solemn warning, and the victims of offended laws made their appearance on the platform. Some acknowledged their guilty folly, and warned their countrymen of the danger of illegal association: but Wilson and Lambert declared their innocence, inasmuch as they were forced to accompany those with whom they suffered to the commission of an unexpected offence; then joined in prayer, which was accompanied by Mary beneath the drop. Lambert overheard her devotional breathings; and, just before the fatal signal, he ejaculated '*Poor Mary!*' His last words fixed themselves on the memory of the poor girl, who, after the dead bodies were cut down, paid the last duties to the deceased in a kind of bewildered affection. She was observed by the neighbours, who attended to carry home the dead, to talk in a most extravagant and incoherent manner; but her miserable situation apologized for her conduct, however extraordinary it might be.

"When Mary arrived at the glebe another cause of distraction met her: her mother had heard from a gossip the fatal information, and immediately expired. Mary fell into a stupifying trance, from which she never wakened to recollection; all she remembers of the past is her lover's last words, '*Poor Mary!*' which she repeats a hundred times a day.

"The dwelling of Wilson is yet standing: road it appears the habitation of comfort a quillity; but, alas! the appearance is fals begins to signify the absence of all inhabita soon it must fall into ruins; for the supe credulity of the people induces them to t the deceased members of the family ret their graves every night to converse with M still continues its solitary inmate.

"Mary, in her days of happiness, was ral favourite, and the visitation which des once her terrestrial felicity and mind was gular and apalling that her fate excites sympathy. For many miles round she by those who are enabled, by little pre contribute to her comfort or mitigate the of her condition: to all who come she ma sents of flowers, so innocent and artless, every moment '*Poor Mary!*' that the v caught up by those whose bosoms are aliv and, as they learn the wreck of misfortu generally add one more to the thousand nies of sympathy by writing, on the first that will retain it, '*Poor Mary!*'

"Deluded Irishmen! study the histor once lovely girl, and forego your folly by plating in her the misery you have cause sands; for many of your fair daughters minded of their own sufferings as they repeat '*Poor Mary!*'

Half a dozen of admirable illustratio by George Cruikshank in his best man much to the pleasure with which we hav these volumes.

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE PRINCESS DE Co demoiselle Bertin, dress-maker to Marie-A having taken the wedding paraphernalia t *de Conti*, was shewn into an apartment, found a little old woman; in the mean tin moiselle Rose, who was young and very pr complaisantly unfolded all the dresses for h tion. Though she was as diligent as possi near eight o'clock before the business was c Mademoiselle Forgel, her mistress, had t go to the *hôtel Conti*, in the faubourg St. it was winter, and intensely cold. Whe rived there, she asked for the lady in wa was shewn into the apartment above-menti saw the little old woman, and took her for maid. "Ah! let me see the dresses," They were spread out on the bed. "Ah very handsome."—"The weather is sho should not walk."—"I came in a carriag on my own account than that of the dress then made Mademoiselle Bertin put her f fire; while she kept waiting for the lady when, presently, the door opened, and

who entered said, " Ah! what! is your Highness here?" When the Duke de Chartres (afterwards Egalité Orléans), married Mademoiselle Penthièvre, the Princess de Conti, who furnished the wedding apparel, recommended Mademoiselle Bertin to her; and, on the recommendation of Madame la Duchesse de Chartres, she became the *Marchande de Modes* to the then Dauphiness, Marie-Antoinette.

PREDICTIONS.—For several years a lady in France affected, at the beginning of every winter to be extremely ill, and every year she got more and more uneasy, as it had been predicted that she should die before she was thirty. An intimate friend of this lady, who was not the dupe of her mode of thus making herself younger than she was, said to her, one day, when she was speaking of her terrors, " Make yourself easy, Madam, I am exactly the same age as you are; I was foretold the same thing; and it is now full eight years since I have proved the falsehood of the prediction."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—Sir Joshua Reynolds was once turning over the portefolio of an old picture dealer, and said to him, " What do you ask for this sketch?"—" Twenty guineas, your honour."—" Twenty pence, I suppose you mean?"—" No, sir, it is true, I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning, but if *you* think it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying." Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him the twenty guineas.

ANECDOTE OF THE GRANDMOTHER OF SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.—When the grandfather of Sir Francis was in the commission of the peace, at the time he resided at Foremark in Derbyshire, his lady was very much amused by sometimes sitting on the bench with her husband, and hearing the different curious cases that were brought before him. A young fellow had been notorious for increasing the population of the country, and when he was brought before the magistrate, for the *sixth time* in one year, Lady Burdett, as usual in such trials, retreated. On one of these occasions she met him at the door, and, seeing him look very much dejected, she said, " Ah! Charlton, so you are here again!"—" Yes, my lady, and for the old offence."—" Fie, fie, you should let the girls alone: why do not you get a wife?"—" Why, so I would, my lady, but then the *husbands* make such a *bother*."

THE DRAMA.

——Ridiculum acri
Fortùs et meliùs * plerumque secat res.
Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v. 14.

DRURY LANE.

ON 29th of November another " *spectacle*" was brought forward at this theatre, founded on Moore's delightful poem of the " *Fire Worshippers*"—a sincerely do we commiserate the great poet up having his sweet composition thus mauled and hack to pieces by a play-wright: this latter personag however, has at least contrived to make his work worthy successor to *the Enchanted Courser*, which will speedily follow to the tomb of the Capulets, all human probability. The conclusion of the acti is made to suit the sensitive bosoms of modern pla goers, who are always quite shocked at any thi " *bloody*," as they call it, and we know that the gen ral condition of a Manager on engaging a hack-writ is that his piece should " *end well.*"—Oh, the de cacy of modern nerves! There was discord enough the play, but still more in the news-paper criticism regarding it. *The New Times* declared that its a nouncement for repetition was scarcely audible, consequence of opposition—*the Herald*, on the co trary, vowed that *not one* dissentient voice wa heard: now, really, gentlemen, either the one or t other of you must have been guilty of any thing b truth, and we leave the matter to your conscience

That of Mr. Sapio in the *Siege of Belgrade*, as t *Seraskier*, and in several other operas, and that a Mr. Downe, as *Sir Peter Teazle*, are the only *d buts* lately made here—the former was as favourab as the latter was unfavourably received. The cr tics " *damn*" the last in good set terms.

A new farce called " *My Uncle Gabriel*," has bee successful here, the plot of which is centered *Jack Ready* (Harley) obtaining *Eliza* (Miss Pove for his friend *Lieutenant Sutton*, (Horn) by the wo out method of disguise—it has, however, a gre deal of merit, and the characters were all admirab represented.

COVENT GARDEN.

Another of Shakspeare's plays has been *operatiz* at this musical theatre; but we are too fond of " *A you like it*," and, in fact, of all the immortal poet works in their original form, to regard any alteratio in them otherwise, than an impertinent piece foolishness.

The " *Frozen Lake*," played at the English Ope House, has been received here: it is now, at a events, more seasonable than during its former exi tence; but, we fear, has few properties of a warm n ture, and would be more likely to add frost to fro than to benefit the soul by a thaw.

Another moderately successful tragedy, calle " *Ravenna, or Italian Love*," was produced here o the 3rd of December. It is founded on Schiller " *Cabal and Love*," and a duumvirate claims th honours of its authorship. It was followed by a epilogue, which was deservedly hissed. — Bo actors and actresses did ample justice to the parts, and " *Ravenna*" will, doubtless, enjoy a co siderable degree of popular favour.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR JANUARY 1825.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of blush coloured satin, finished next the hem with a fluted trimming of the same material; this ornament is of an entire new construction, and does infinite honour to the taste of the inventress; the flutings being thrown out in that elegant way, that gives a fulness to the border, while it has, at the same time, an indescribable grace and lightness; over this truly *unique* ornament is a broad festooned flounce of white blond, of a pattern the most exquisite; which flounce is surmounted by a row of blush colour satin foliage, each leaf edged with very narrow blond edging. The corsage is made quite plain, and fastened by a simple belt; under which is concealed a small watch, the pearl tassel belonging to the chain only appearing in sight. A falling ornament of blond surrounds the tucker part of the corsage, surmounted by a row of foliage, in miniature, like that over the flounce: the sleeves are short and full, and are trimmed with pink satin and blond, to correspond with the other embellishments of the dress. The hair is arranged in the last new style, in clusters of curls, a few of which, instead of being separated as formerly, on the forehead, descend in rather a point in that vacancy; but not so low as to obscure or disfigure the beauty of the eyebrow. A plumage of white feathers, edged and tipped with pink, are disposed in that ingenious and charming manner, that they form, in themselves, a kind of coronet toque, while a few on the right side play gracefully, in zephyr-like lightness. The engraving represents a slight innovation from full dress, sometimes resorted to, of tulle lappets being tied carelessly under the chin, terminated by pearl tassels.

DINNER PARTY DRESS.

Dress of *gros de Naples*, or gauze, the colour of the pomegranate rind, trimmed at the border with a broad puckering of crape or gauze, scattered over with trefoil ornaments of satin, of a darker shade, and surmounted by three rouleaux of satin, caught up in a festoon in front, with full rosettes. The sleeves short and very full; the fulness confined by satin bands, downwards; double falling ornament of white blond, with divisions made by satin bands, that impart a graceful novelty to this kind of ornament. The hair arranged *à la Suisse*, with a superb diadem ornament in front, of large pearls. The Swiss bodkins represented by Glauvina pins, headed with rubies. Ruby necklace, set *à l'antique*, with pendant drops. The shoes of white satin, and white kid gloves.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

The sports of the field, during a season remarkably humid, have lost much of their wonted attractions, and numerous families of high dist
seen in London, or are emerging from the
tant seats, to the more diversified haunts
nearer to the metropolis.

Now is the time that there is so little
called morning, that novelties in the artic
dresses for that time of day, are but litt
to; there is but one cornette that we find
attractive, and which is well calculated f
retirement without appearing in a desh
its shape is uncommonly beautiful and
and its materials, though light, both rich
ful; it is formed chiefly of blond of a mo
pattern: it is trimmed with bows, and l
of striped ribbon of the most striking an
colours; the pattern on these ribbons
new; the stripes on one side being ter
Vandyck points, so charmingly shaded
appear to rise above the surface, and ren
bon a most resplendent article of dress.

But if fancy, taste, and invention ha
so sedulously employed in the morning
cap, the evening head-dresses are beyo
tion, most elegant. The Frescati hat
parties, is superb, yet truly delicate;
of white satin, edged, and lightly ornam
pearls; over the crown and part of the br
playing in gossamer and sylph-like light
of real marabout feathers: to a fine
looking female this hat is a real acquisit
it has this advantage, there are few cou
would not become; except the comple
markably sallow, or the figure too shor
however, is justly termed the land of
few of her daughters are found with th
fects. The shape of the above-mentione
very much over the forehead; consequ
a dress hat, it is placed very backward
on one side; on the discovered side is
quet of marabouts, under the brim.
toque of black velvet is a handsome ev
dress for matronly ladies; it is diversifi
satin and gold cordon; it is crowned wit
of pink and of black feathers, intermi
droop over the front; and one long, bl
en saule pleureur, depends from the rig
the shoulder. The Ceres' toque is a be
head-dress for musical parties, and for
ried ladies; it is formed of bias folds
three colours, jonquil, pomegranate b
purple, and is crowned with a half wr
obliquely, of the small scarlet feathers o
bird, scattered over with sprigs of go
toque, *en squellette*, for full dress even

is made of white satin and pearls; as its name imports, it is calculated for displaying the hair, and it should be extremely well arranged with this headdress, which is fastened on the right side with two Glauvina pins, placed across, like cupid's arrows, their heads coral, set on with fillagree gold; the other ornaments are coquelicot ears of corn, bearded with gold, and plumes of small marabouts. A cap for full dress, called the Hungarian, is extremely splendid; it is of white satin, but may be literally said to be powdered with pearls and white bugles, which, on the crown, are wrought in the most exquisite pattern of flowers: the shape of the cap is a mixture of the *Hulan* and the *Henri-quatre*, which latter it most resembles, except that, on one side it is finished by indentings; these turn slightly up, and are edged with pearls; while a row of small pear pearls ornament the edge of the cap next the hair: it is crowned with a lovely and most superb plume of white ostrich feathers. The head-dress for balls consists chiefly of the hair being splendidly arranged in bows and curls: as ornaments, a few white, short feathers of that gossamer kind, the real marabouts, are placed very backward, so as to discover all the front ringlets, and only to mingle partially among the bows of hair, which are light and transparent. A superb gold ornament divides the hair above the forehead.

We began with the most exalted and beautiful part of the human frame, and before we quit the charming structure, we will make mention of the bonnets.

Surely our fair countrywomen have been studying Ovid's "Art of Beauty," the roman poet advises the ladies not to incur the then enormous expence of wearing *scarlet* and *purple*, as he exclaims:

> "What folly must in such expence appear,
> When more becoming colours are less dear!"

And, indeed, the three favourite colours now in request, have nothing to recommend them, when we regard them only according to their tints; but there is not a complexion, we will venture to say, nor any female but what is set off by them: these are the Egyptian brick colour, the orange tawny of the pomegranate rind, and the Massacca brown. A bonnet, which has been christened the Grenada bonnet, we have seen, that has been finished for a lady of rank and beauty; it was the colour of the pomegranate rind, of a very attractive shape, and made very wide in front; the material was plain *gros de Naples*: the crown was ornamented with fan ornaments of satin, the colour, Nile-water green, shot with pomegranate; between each of these ornaments were short feathers of the fox-brush kind, of the same colours, intermingled. The hats and bonnets are all of this large kind, spread out wide, and much bent over the forehead; we suppose the Grenada bonnet was only named after its colour, and the growth of the pomegranate in that part of Spain. Black velvet is the favourite, and general material for all hats; we are sorry to see them almost exclusi trimmed with heavy bows of the same; for the riage they are sometimes enlivened by white thers, but not often; coloured flowers and bl plumage, the latter ornament is generally prefer constituting the chief embellishments. For wall it is not now reckoned in good taste to wear *b* feathers; no lady would grace the promenade *white* plumage; and even coloured flowers, tho they are worn in walking costume, are not recko so genteel as a hat wholly unornamented, ex with the bows above-mentioned, or with colou ribbons, which still prevail much on black bonn particularly those of the pomegranate blossom col

Swedish mantles are yet in high favour for carriage; and in addition to that most sup envelope, which we described in our last n ber, we have seen one very beautiful of puce loured levantine, lined with bright jonquil; levantine is a much better material for this articl dress than *gros de Naples*, as it hangs more gr fully over the form: this cloak had a very large lerine mantelet cape, which fell as low as the el and was ornamented with fringe and rich tassel mingled jonquil and puce-colour. Walking peli are of *gros de Naples*, generally of dark colours, l with white, amber, pink, or other suitable ti pelisses of velvet are very often seen with borde valuable fur; we shall ever deprecate the disfigu of these costly skins by fanciful patterns, and have all the well-judging on our side; we are a nished at those respectable furriers, who were n known to deal in any artificial furs, for giving it: it is this, certainly, that causes the plain b lynx to be so much preferred, this season, to va ble tiny zibeline's skin, in zig-zags, and diam bigger than the little animal itself, and the beau American grey squirrel, with its snowy breast gled with the back, in the form of leaves, &c.; value of the fur of these exquisite creatures can ver be enhanced by such representations; beauty consists in their own intrinsic worth, and are

> "Most regular when irregular they seem."

Imitations in false skins will now creep in, and der that *common* which might be *exclusive*.

There is but little new in the make of the gow dresses of black velvet, and of black lace, white, rose colour, or Burgundy satin, are very vourite dresses for the evening. Levantine, *gr Naples*, and tabinets, are prevailing materials half-dress. The most favourite dress costume, ticularly for young ladies, consists of soft v satin, trimmed with two rows of tulle, *en rû* fastened round the waist with a girdle of gold, b tifully wrought. The sleeves are short, and formed of tulle and white satin.

Turquoise stones, pearls, and finely wrought form the favourite articles of jewellery. A spr heart's-ease, the flower made of different colo

gems, and the leaves of emeralds, is a favourite fastening for a fichu or a tucker. A beautiful device has been made from this flower, in a seal, by our gallic neighbours. It is a play on the word, and would lose its point by translation; but the French language is now so well known by people of fashion, that they will easily comprehend it. This flower, in French, is called *pensées*, (thoughts) and this, we may find, in Shakespeare's time was corrupted into *pansy*. However, the seal is engraved with the flower; the motto round it, " *Je vous suis partout.*"

The colours now most in request are Massacca, Egyptian brick, pomegranate, (both the tawny red of the rind, and the orange scarlet of the blossom) puce, pink, and amber.

VARIETIES.

ANCIENT AND MODERN TRAVELLING.—In December, 1703, Charles III. King of Spain, slept at Petworth, on his way from Portsmouth to Windsor, and Prince George of Denmark went to meet him there by desire of the Queen. In the relation of the journey given by one of the Prince's attendants, he states—" We set out at six in the morning, by torchlight, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas a hard service for the Prince to sit 14 hours, in a coach that day without eating any thing, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown but once, indeed, in going; our coach, which was the leading one, and his Highness's body coach, would have suffered very much if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalmin almost to Petworth, and the nearer we approached the Duke's house the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours' time to conquer them, and, indeed, we had never done it if our good master had not lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were enabled to trace out the way for him." Afterwards, writing of his departure on the following day from Petworth to Guildford, and thence to Windsor, he says, " I saw him (the Prince) no more till I found him at supper at Windsor: for there we were overturned (as we had been once before the same morning), and broke our coach. My Lord Delawarre had the same fate, and so had several others." —In the time of Charles (surnamed the Proud) Duke of Somerset, who died in 1748, the roads in Sussex were in so bad a state that, in order to arrive at Guildford from Petworth, travellers were obliged to make for the nearest point of the great road leading from Portsmouth to London. This was a work of so much difficulty as to occupy the whole day, and the Duke had a house at Guildford, which was regularly used as a resting place for the night by any of his family travelling to London. A manuscript letter from a servant of the Duke, dated from London, and addressed to another at Petworth, acquain latter that his Grace intended to go from L thither on a certain day, and directs that keepers and persons who knew the holes a sloughs must come to meet his Grace with lar and long poles, to help him on his way."—It necessary to contrast the above relations wi present state of the public roads, to see wh mense strides have been made during a c towards the internal improvement of England.

ITALIAN MANNERS.—The Roman ladies sp their country with an admiration mingled wi thusiasm. Their sentiments and their counte recal to mind the Cornelias and the Julias. tall and graceful forms appear to have been mo upon the Grecian statues. There is in their ai gesture, a happy mixture of majesty and so The regularity of their features, their exquisi mony, is animated without being discomposed internal fire of the most tender and imperious passions. The Italian language has an inex ble charm in the mouth of the women; in this r there is no populace in Rome; the language pure in the lowest classes of society as in the hi There reigns in all an elevated sentiment of th nity of human nature; the humble fish-woma her fish from the Tiber with as much politene rich banker in Paris concludes an affair of s millions. Nature in Rome has been kinder man than to man, and not alone in a physical of view. There is also something more nobl elevated in their intellect; they are more prom cutting in repartee; their is something imp even commanding, in the calm of their physiog We might fancy them queens descended from thrones, without having lost the dignity or ha royalty.

All the forms of obsequiousness are rigo maintained by the Italians. The shoe-black the hand of the monk who but a short time was himself a shoe-black; the monk kisses the of his superior, who kisses that of the canon kisses that of the prelate, who kisses the hand cardinal, who kisses the hand of the Pope, who, at the top of the ladder of ecclesiastical dignit condemned to kiss nothing, unless he kiss hi Monday, Friday, and holy Saturday, the v kiss the crucifixes with a fervour of zeal reser madness. We may say they devour them; the them from the feet to the forehead, without ce until every part is kissed all over. We may of the time they employ in this duty, when th cifix is six feet high, which often happens. T of Jupiter, adored under the name of St. Pe perfectly worn with the lips of the devotees, alt the foot is of bronze. They have actually eater with caresses a crucifix of brass which was in a church of the Forum; all the face, and part shoulders, have disappeared under their which are, doubtless, sharper than those of Ju

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the Paris *Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and a curately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of eve circumstance, connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men a Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the contine in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

—— PRIVATE musical parties, subscription concerts, and public concerts begin now to take place. At the house of one lady, *a dilettante*, of the first order, Mademoiselle Schiasetti sings to the piano, *entire parts* taken from the various Italian operas, in which she is to sing this winter. In spite of the charming voice of this new singer, when in a drawing-room, she is not to be compared with Madame Pasta on the stage, whose talents there are really sublime.

——Our ladies, who are entirely devoted to fashion, have not yet, however, like the Russian ladies, their toilets and chimnies of crystal; but their bed rooms contain a quantity of different articles of this material. One, in particular, has been seen consisting of a time-piece and vase of white cut crystal, fluted, and mounted in gold; smelling bottles, also, of rose-coloured crystal, of a square form, and with vermillion stoppers; a jewel-case of verd-antique, in the form of a goblet. Rings to pull the bells, of blue crystal; and, on the commode, a basin, pitcher, &c. all of crystal, of fire-colour.

—— A few nights ago, a very elegant lady, having arrived the day before from her chateau in the country, went to the theatre; she began questioning one of the fashionable dandies concerning the ladies who occupied the boxes: "Tell me, chevalier," said she, "for you know every body in Paris, who is that woman with a velvet toque, and such a prodigious display of feathers?"—"She is the wife of a banker."—"And that one whose turban is ornamented with an aigrette and a bird of Paradise?"—"Her husband is a lawyer."—"And that other just in front of the stage, with those marabouts, and so much polished steel about her?"—"She is the wife of an attorney."—"Well, but where then are the boxes belonging to the marchionesses, the countesses, and the baronesses?"—"On the first tier, either on the sides or in front; those close boxes with lattice-work; these ladies prefer them when in public, as they do not wish to have any rivalry with either the finance or the bar; their dress is, therefore, extremely simple. It is only at court, or at the houses of the ministers and ambassadors, that they display their magnificence, in order that they may vie with those who are alone worthy to rival them."

—— At table the service is performed three ways, according to the *French*, the *English*, and the *Russian* mode. In the *French* style, the mistress of t house, or any other person that she may appoi carves, and sends the portion round to every gue by the servant, as she names them to him. T *English fashion* is for the master to carve, *and se the dish round from one to the other.** In the *Russi* style, the meat, &c. is sent up all ready carved, a the servant carries the plates round as it is helpe The manner of serving the wine, according to t *French* fashion, is to send a glass round to every on It is the *English* fashion to have before each gue from three to five bottles of different wines, out which he helps himself.† The *Russian* fashion is a servant to go round and pour out each glass.‡

—— At the Opera Buffa, at a concert, and at t Saloon, a lady of high fashion is never seen witho a bouquet; it is composed of a bunch of violets, su rounded by heliotropes, and roses of all the fo seasons. The stalks are concealed in a silk sheath

—— In the country, to pass away the evening the old fashion of telling stories is revived. Eve one in turn recounts some tale, and the merit these narrations consists in placing in a whimsica terrific, and even most supernatural light, the mo singular adventures in which some of the prese company may have borne a part.

—— During the first mourning for Louis XVI the carriages for court days of ceremony were painte purple for royal mourning, and the apartments the palace were hung with the same colour.

—— The statue of silver, as large as life, fro whence the Saloon of Peace is named, in the apar ments of the Thuilleries, when lighted up, as it h been for some days past, produces a most beautif effect. This figure gains much at being seen by ca dle light.

—— Every one knows that, at table, either with

* With what sort of English has the writer of this arti associated? We never saw such an English custom in o lives. German officers, at their regimental messes, cut meat and poultry in this manner, and send the dish or pla round by the servant, for every one to help themselves. But it is wonderful, when we have so many English, re gentry residing in France, that our fashions should be so m taken. Without any national prejudice, the English are t best bred at table of any nation in the world. *T*

† Ridiculous!

‡ How is it then the wine is served in those convivial p ties, in imitation of Catharine's Hermitage suppers, whe servants are excluded, and much wine is drank? *T*

small party, or at a dinner of ceremony, a peach is one of those fruits that custom authorizes us to divide: but the present fashion does not allow of its being divided longitudinally. The knife must be carried across the peach, and the fruit made to turn lightly round the blade of the knife, pressing the back of it a little, and you will come at the stone without tearing the fruit: then take the fruit thus divided in all its thickness, and apply lightly the upper part of the peach to the lower, turn the two hemispheres one over the other, in the opposite way to which the fruit was at first, you will then raise up and separate the two halves, and they will be displayed one beside the other on the same plate.*

—— The interior of the most beautiful chimney-pieces of marble have now a narrow, black fluted frame, like that which is put next the large glasses beneath the gilt frame. This framing, which is of marble, conceals all the black corners and vent-holes of the chimney-piece.

——THE BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER OF MONTEREAU.—A battle took place, in 1814, near the bridge of Montereau, where the enemy's fire was very hot; and a young French officer, belonging to the Lancers, was wounded and fell from his horse: in spite of the pain that he endured, he exerted his remaining strength, so as to crawl as far as the banks of the Yonne, and there he seemed ready to breathe out his last sigh, when an old boatman, who had been a soldier, perceived him; and, aided by his daughter, a child of about thirteen years old, afforded him succour. "They have treated you ill, my officer," said he, "but such as you are, I was once." The silence of the officer proved the excess of his sufferings; the boatman made haste to place him in his boat, and conducted it to the opposite shore. He then examined the wound on the left side, and perceived that the blood which had amassed there must in a few moments terminate the young officer's life: then turning to his daughter, he said, "Mary, you have heard me speak of my brother; you know, too, that he died in consequence of a wound like this; well, if any one could have been found who would have consented to suck the wound his life would have been saved." He stepped ashore; but he had not strength sufficient to get the officer out; and he left him in the care of his daughter while he went to procure the assistance of some soldiers. Mary, left alone with the wounded man, expected to receive his last groans; as she drew nigh to him her mind was cruelly distressed at distinguishing that the moans of the wretched man were all concerning his mother; for her seemed his only regrets; and all that he could articulate was his sorrow at leaving her without bidding her a last farewell, and receiving the maternal embrace. These words went to the heart of the youthful maiden; the means by which her uncle's life could have been saved her mind; she tore open the warrior's vest; plied her lips to the mortal wound; she h brought him back to life, when the noise t heard suspended this heroic action; Mary re in confusion; the boatman arrived with the s and remained in a state of stupid astonish seeing the officer open his eyes, who enqu whom he was indebted for life?—The boatman at his daughter; he saw the stains of blood apron, he called her to him; the poor child and sought to excuse herself, when the c of her father soon restored her to herse young officer, penetrated with admiration, a titude, exclaimed, "Oh! my deliverer! t owe my life; it shall be consecrated to you." that moment he would have no other nur Mary, and would never allow her to quit h wrote to his mother, saying that it was owin name (invoked in a most propitious moment) received the sublime devotedness of her w preserved his life; and he implored her con consecrate his days to his deliverer. What pr could oppose itself against the gratitude th dame de C—— felt at the felicity of again be her son! She granted every thing in *her* fa whom she was indebted for so inestimable a b Mary was sent to a boarding school at Paris, she received a brilliant education; her gra the expression of her countenance developed selves, and proved in correspondence with t mony of her soul; and the boatman's daug Montereau was united in marriage to him wh she had saved.

—— ROYAL LEFT-HANDED MARRIAGE.—A from Berlin, of the 13th instant, in a Dutch contains the following paragraph: "At the of M. Moscheles, the numerous audience wa agreeably surprised by the appearance of th cess of Leignitz in the royal box. We perhap saw the public more eager and impatient, marriage of his Majesty had remained a sec that evening, and of 1,000 persons at the c five at most brought the news into the concer The Princess of Leignitz is by birth a Cou Harrach. Her parents have lived for thes years in Dresden; her mother was a Barones ky; and a brother of the Princess is in the A army. One of her uncles, Count Charles vo rach, lives at Vienna, and is Doctor of ph which science he has devoted himself from hi with great ardour, and which he practices benefit of the poor with equal humanity and s The Princess herself is twenty-six years adorned with all the charms of youth, gra beauty." The above account was sent to th burgh paper by order of the King, as appea the following circular to the public officers diplomatic body residing at Berlin:—"His M

* Trifling people! What a parade about cutting a peach! *T.*

desiring that the marriage with her Highness the Princess of Leignitz should be considered merely as a private matter, has not thought fit to have it officially published in the Journals of this capital; but his Majesty has been pleased to consent that the annexed article might be inserted in the *Gazette* of Hamburgh."—Berlin, November 11, 1824.

(Signed) WITTGENSTEIN.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

PILGRIMAGE THROUGH ITALY, *by L***. Paris, 2 vols.* 12*mo.*

AGREEABLY to the orders of Dr. Suada, Mr. L. went to drink the waters of Plombières, to assuage the pains of a rheumatic disorder.

When he returned, "Well," says the Doctor, "and how is your arm?"—"Ah! Doctor, both the left and the right are much the same."—"I was sure of it."—"Sure! do we understand each other? I mean my pains; before I went away I only had them in one arm; now they are both in pain."—"So much the better; the pain is divided, consequently it is weaker: you will soon get rid of it."

The next day the patient expressed some uneasiness at the beginning of a cough. "I shall not remain long at Paris."—"And you will do right;" said the Doctor, "we must have change of air: go and take a trip to England."—"To England! and will my chest be able to bear the continual fogs on the other side of the water?"—"The best thing in the world; a thick atmosphere, so that it may be cut with a knife, is not so inimical to certain affections as some people think: a few weeks at London and you will be better able to judge."—"Well, Doctor, when we have *faith* we never stop to *reason;* I will make up my packages."

The air on the banks of the Thames not being in his favour, he made but a short stay there. As if the Doctor was informed by a telegraphic dispatch, he was at his patient's dwelling as soon as his boots were pulled off. "Well, my friend, how is the chest?"—"Doctor, I only used to cough in the night, now I cough both day and night."—"All the better, truly, all the better. What you are continually doing cannot last; you will find that in a short time you will not cough at all."

The sick man could not feel satisfied with this assurance; the Doctor advised him to go and pass a few months in Italy. It was in vain that Mr. L. objected, on account of his having once travelled through every part of it. "You must take air and exercise," replied the Doctor.—"I must confess to you that I thought I perceived the carriage made me feel uneasy."—"You must travel on foot."—"On foot! what six or seven hundred leagues?"—"Not always, but for the most part; go slowly, stop whenever you like: and on the road where you halt you may take a long repose."—"It is very true, Doctor; but alone."—Alone! not at all; you low traveller is here."—"Who is it?"—"Zara."—"Zara!"—"See, he thought that you him; and there he is ready to follow you. will you find a safer friend?"

Mr. L. then departed for Italy, on the 1st vember, 1822, all his baggage being tied up India silk handkerchief.

TURIN.

"The shores of two rivers, the environs at picturesque and fertile; and the greatest orna that courts can boast, cities and hamlets, th sex vying in coquetry and grace with French w all concur to render Turin one of the finest ci Europe. Yet Turin is one of the capitals of wherein a foreigner sojourns the shortest time always in a hurry to go farther."

GENOA.

"A simple white veil is fastened over the head of every Genoese female in each class; it over their shoulders, marks out their shape does not hide one of their features. The *Mez* is, perhaps, the last remnant of the ancient ners of the republic; but it is likely long to b served, and long to struggle against the conspi of the *marchandes de modes;* for every Genoes man looks pretty under the *Mezzarro.*"

PARMA.

"Stop a little at Parma; she is there! yo behold her! you will see her again; that vir St. Jerome, the finest ornament of the gallery one of the best works of the gentle Allegri. states and cities change masters, can we e the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art to remain in the han the same possessors? Some pictures of Ver and of Permesan have offered for some time poor compensation to the inhabitants of P After fifteen years their regret was yet profo felt, and the *frescos* even of Corregio could not sole them for the divine picture they had lost."

FLORENCE.

"Poor in commerce and industry, Floren this moment, owes her means of livelihood to nominal habits of the visits of foreigners from d seas. Without a few English, there are scarc lovers of the arts that come from far, to study country the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Leonard and Buona Without them the verdant bowers of Boboli be forsaken; and the gallery, who would cred The gallery of Florence would be now deser

ROME.

"In considering the church of St. Peter, asks if this wonder renders the spectator more ' I cannot think it,' he answers, ' for here m too full of himself to be employed in thinking Deity; here his thoughts, incessantly diverted, r earth and do not quit it: the rarest thing i world for a stranger, indeed, even an Italian, enter the church of St. Peter to pray."

Mr. L. informs us that the Museum of the

can, already so rich, has been enlarged by another wing to the building, and that the most remarkable statues that have been deposited there, are a Minerva, found at the *Minerva Medica;* a statue of Lucius Verus, a marble *pentilico*, a group of the three Graces, (according to Winkelmann, the finest of all the naked graces).

In the *conversazioni* at Rome they play as in our evening parties. " Always noisy and gesticulating," Mr. L. says, " the Italian seated at the green-board fancies himself in the temple of Harpocrates. If any irritable player, generally a foreigner, murmurs now and then against the favourite suit that he has not followed, or against a king falling ten times to his loss, for three hours not another word is heard. The ladies are even all dumb. In the mean time, the moments fly, or drag heavily along: on wings if you love play; on crutches if the game does not interest you. Midnight, one o'clock strikes; four or five hundred persons who were crowded in these salons, begin to move. Every body takes some *rinfreschi;* and the count and the marquis are accommodated with some crowns or some sequins from all the company."—Mr. L. on quitting Rome goes to Naples.

MOLA.

" Have you made a smash in your own country, are you exiled, banished, have you no country you can call your own? Purchase at Mola or at Gaeta, a small house, one story high; surround your garden with a double hedge of woodbine and myrtle, and cultivate your garden yourself. The neighbouring mountains will supply the purest moisture to water the soil. The tender primrose, the dappled pink, the brilliant anemone, the rose that flourishes at Pestum twice every year, will embellish your parterre. The lemon tree, the almond, the pomegranate and orange, will bend down to the ground of your orchard with the weight of their fruits and blossoms. The murmuring billows of a sea devoid of storms will provide for your table, and the wine of Formia will help to enliven your spirits. When you awake, the first rays of the morning will present to your view Gaeta, Ischia, and Procidia, in perspective. In the course of the day, which study and your recollections will fill up, you may, perhaps, lack society, but at night you will fancy that the shade of Cicero is, perhaps, wandering amongst your bowers. Could you wish for more noble company?"

Although Mr. L. speaks of a country which he often abuses, yet his work will be read for the gaiety of its style: he evinces throughout much general knowledge, and often takes occasion to slide in a word or two on politics.

THE YOUNG FEMALE ARTIST AND THE STRANGER; *a novel extracted from the unpublished Memoirs of a French Traveller in Italy. Paris, 2 vols. 12mo.*

THE talent possessed by the young female artist is painting and her name is Giannina. She was an inhabitant of Naples towards the end of the l tury, and we find her in the palace of a Polis cess, who is her patroness.

This Princess receives a circle of acqua on stated days in the week. The young fore question, named Ludomir, has known her fancy; and on arriving at Naples he pays he it happens to be the day that she receives c

In the music-room the attention of Ludom tracted by a young girl who is standing door, her head bent downwards, and her lo lets of dark hair concealing her face; but tude is full of grace. The author then m following remarks.

" Among the women who crowd to these evening parties, it may be generally said, th cessant agitation, an announced pre-occ give notice that vanity is now on the alert it is not possible to meet one creature that quil, collected, who, forgetting herself, does to draw the attention of any one, and who herself with enjoying the talents she finds i

The Princess having joined Ludomir, po to him this young girl, motionless with a then addressing Giannina, she says, " Com me a caricature of Monsieur."—" But I have pencils nor colours."—" Come into the Giannina excelled in giving the *beau* or *laide* every visage. When the sitting had laste half an hour, the Princess came in, and ex on the exact likeness. " But, Giannina, caricature I wished for, and not a portrait. you cannot, by means of some strokes of cil, discompose that countenance, and make and regularity disappear."—" Indeed, mad plied Giannina, after a few minutes he " indeed I cannot."—" What do you mea never happened before."

Giannina did not actually live in the pala Princess; but Ludomir obtained the means conducted to the father of the young fema caricature was again spoken of; Giannina sayed in vain to accomplish it.

" Listen to me," said the patroness to when they had quitted the house, " I be that you will not turn the head of my poor Gi

On her side, Giannina was not slow in at the nature of the trouble she experienc the discovery terrified her. Ludomir had r of her to give him some lessons in painting, hours destined to instruction were generall in conversation.

" Permit me to flatter myself," said Lud day to her, " that I may become deserving affection—hope has so often eluded my purs will you also, abandon me? Speak but one w you shall not quit me; but I must fly you i command. I will depart this very moment, will behold each other no more."

Ludomir only asks for consolation; Giann

mises all that her heart is desirous of giving: even the words *I love*, escape her lips.

The sport of misfortune, or at least, fancying he is so, Ludomir cannot conceive how a whole life should be devoted to him alone. "Your heart," he says to Giannina, "conceals more than one secret; I do not require of you to reveal them."

The Polish Princess had a niece. Ludomir had often amused himself with the artifices of these two females, and their manner of conducting themselves; but Giannina judged more seriously of it: and she said to Ludomir, "If I were permitted to hope that your happiness would be the result of their projects, their wishes would be also those of Giannina; but the Countess is as beautiful as her aunt is adroit, and what makes the danger double is that melancholy, that languor, in which you say you are often plunged. If ever the Countess gets you into her snares, and gets hold of you, if she adds another misfortune to those you feel already, in the name of heaven, dear Ludomir, do not conceal it from your friend. Promise her that she alone shall receive your tears. May another embellish your destiny! may another bestow on you that felicity which you cannot, alas, receive from one who is unfortunate; but never fail to come to me for those consolations you may stand in need of. Assure me of that, and you will render my days serene."

Seliska is the name of the niece. Her birthday occasions great rejoicings; and she is much admired for her skill on the harp, and for her dancing the *tarantella*.

"Assailed by a thousand different sentiments, Giannina has already seen Ludomir a prey to the temptation of a new passion. Who can paint the horrible anguish that she experienced! Oh! the tortures of jealousy! She wishes to hear every thing, and every moment is employed to satisfy a fatal curiosity, bringing with it a new source of sorrow. She desires to lengthen out every hour of her life, to guess at every feeling, every thought of the beloved object; his most trifling actions; every glance, every motion of his lips; a step, a sign, a sigh; all are gathered up with indefatigable avidity. It is thus that we swallow slowly, but continually, that destructive poison, every drop of which, like burning lava, falls on the heart, burns, consumes, and destroys it."

The father of Giannina is old and blind, and Giannina has a niece named Marietta, a pretty, young, gay, and witty girl, who, after having followed a troop of Merry-Andrews, has lately returned to her family.

This Marietta is about to reveal some important secrets to her aunt.—"Giannina, your lover—do not let that word agitate you;—there is a deal of mystery about him; so do not let us add more than we are obliged: your lover tries to conceal his real name, his country, and his rank. He has offended some great men, and some haughty women; he has set himself in opposition to some of the most pow families; and last of all, he has provoked the lousy and resentment of an implacable enemy. nal hands are armed against him, and vengeanc covetousness are also in league against him."

Marietta, not contented with telling how she hold of this secret, desires her aunt, to whom indicates a hiding-place in the catacombs of St. nuaris, which was resolved on the next day in sitting of the bandits, to comply with what foll "You shall remain seated till, after having and heard many things, your ears shall be st with the sound of one single voice; that voice be mine: and I will sing an air of *Nina's*, from siello; the next moment you may go back. If one should meet you, only say it was Marietta brought me here, and let her come! I shall c you will make your escape, and they will kill they will do right: but save thy life at the expen mine: yours is necessary to your father; and are beloved; no remorse torments your exce heart; and a life such as yours ought to be served."

In this very interesting romance, from which a drama might be taken, the author has describe that is curious in Naples and its environs.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Several hats of *gros de Naples*, and even tho velvet, have the crowns puckered like those bonnet, but the brim is broader, more round, plain. Two, and sometimes four, large rosette ribbon, clouded and striped, serve to draw puckerings, and are tied on the left side. The beautiful toques are of white *crêpe lisse;* they formed of little ribs, made of rows of pearls; have a plume of marabouts placed on one side, on the left a large rosette of pearls. The cr of some turbans is formed of gold, in *treillage* w and the border consists of a band of black ve and gold cordon. At the Thuilleries ladies are walking in velvet dresses; they are short in fr but have a demi-train. The sleeves that the dr makers now call floating sleeves, are those that not sloped off, or confined by bracelets; but w are only kept out by an under sleeve, made stiff. In the drawing-room black satin shoes worn, very long quartered; for the promenade are of plain black velvet, bordered with mart skin, or with chinchilla.

Evening dresses, both of plain and figured vel are much in request; the front of the bust is o mented with bands of satin, trimmed with nar blond; this style of trimming is sometimes car down the front of the skirt, but the bands wi gradually as they approach the border. On dre

of black *gros de Naples*, which are always in favour, the usual trimming is a border of five or six bias folds of alternate crape and satin; when there are six of these folds, they are placed two and two, about a hand's breadth distance from each other, the upper one falling over the one beneath it. A petticoat of *gros de Naples*, trimmed with a full *chicorée*, with a pelisse robe of the same material over it, is one of the prettiest half dresses that can be imagined; the sides of the pelisse which fly open are trimmed, as well as round the border, with a *chicorée*, narrower than that on the petticoat, and, as the robe is made shorter than the petticoat, this forms two rows of trimming round the border of the *toute ensemble*. The most approved mantle is of black satin, the collar and pelerine of velvet, cut in five points, and very much hollowed out. Sometimes are seen dresses of black *gros de Naples*, trimmed with three flounces of blond, others with three flat rouleaux; the former is for evening dress, the latter for half dress, to which a pelerine is added: but the variety of trimmings now adopted renders it impossible to speak decidedly on which is most in favour. When buffont drapery of gauze is made use of, there is no rule in regard to the rouleaux, bias folds, straps, or clasps, by which they may be confined. Some hats are seen trimmed with ribbons, and tulle under the brim; one of these hats has appeared of a very new and singular form: the brim is hollowed out in front, and one of the sides bends down more than the other: the form is whimsical, yet the hat has a very graceful appearance; it is of black satin, ornamented with four long, flat black feathers.

At the edge of the brims of dress hats, whether of satin or figured velvet, is a binding of the same material, equally broad below as above; over this is a quilting of tulle or blond. The hat is surmounted by bows and feathers. Sometimes the brim of a hat is broad and flat on the left side, and indented, or else turned up with a brooch, on the right side; or sometimes with a rosette, from whence issues a plume of feathers. Ladies who wear white ostrich feathers, or grey marabouts, have them tied together in a kind of bouquet, so that they can place them on their heads in a minute if they are going to see a new piece performed, or to any evening party where a hat without feathers would not be proper. Some hats of white satin have the crowns in very full puckers; in bonnets this crown consists in a caul, with the puckering formed by runners, through which narrow ribbons are drawn. On some toques is seen a rouleau of satin of a different colour to the toque; it is disposed in a serpentine manner, and entwined round with gold cordon. Morning bonnets are made of plain velvet, either black, blue, green, massacca brown, or violet, they are trimmed with broad jagged leaves of velvet. Five bows of satin, and a little bunch of primrose velvet, on each temple, are the favourite ornar on dress caps. At the saloon have been seen s dresses of black satin. A pelerine is an indis ble ornament, not only for pelisses, but gowns, the latter is only for half-dress. The pelerin made to take on and off at pleasure. Those rines that are cut all round, in long, sharp p are called *pélérines à la neige*. A young lady, salon, had on a crimson mantle of plush silk, with black satin, and bordered with black f trimming; the cape of this mantle was of satin, bordered also with feather trimming. cers are of black velvet, with square backs, are seamed with black satin; they are calle *sar* spencers, because the bust is ornamen front with brandenburghs; and on each slee five chevrons: the mancherons are ornamente epaulettes in silk lacing; they are worn with a petticoat, either of levantine, satin, or cache The ladies use claws of gold to fasten their 'p and pelerines; with this difference, that the which fasten the pelerines are smaller than on the pelisse.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDE

We beg to apologize to our subscribers and the pub the gross errors of the printer in the Astrological of last month; and particularly in misplacing *th* GRAM, *which, by turning the book* length-wise, *will ceived to have the* proper sign *that is now made the* Cœli, *on the* Ascendant, *viz.* 17 *degrees,* 45 *minutes o*

In addition to the plan of giving the Genealogies illustrious families of Great Britain, (which, we a py to say, has met the approbation of some very guished personages), we intend, in future, to denote tion of our pages to Anecdotes of HERALDRY *and* C RY, *which, we flatter ourselves, will contribute ve cessfully to the amusement and interest already exc our Work.*

Correspondents are requested to continue to sup with information and criticisms, on the passing even may interest the polite World.

Our readers are respectfully solicited to recommer Publication amongst their friends. It is the onl dedicated to High Life, Fashionables and Fashion periodical of the kind, has embellishments that compared to this.

Persons who reside abroad, and may wish to be s with this work every month, may have it sent to t New York, Halifax, Quebec, and any part of the Indies by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Office, No 21, *Sherborne Lane, to the Brazils, Madeira, Gib Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Por and to France and Holland, by Mr. Cowie, N Sherborne Lane.*

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Dinner Dress.

Invented by Mrs. Bell 52. St. James's Street.

Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion Jan.y 1. 1825.

Evening Dress.

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Evening Dress

Invented by Mrs. Bell 52 St. James's Street.

Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion Feb. 1. 1825.

Ball Dress.

Invented by Mrs. Bell 52 St. James's St.

Engraved exclusively for the Work of Fashion Feb.y 1.1795

THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLIT
LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, *&c. &c.*

No. 9. LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1825. VOL.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.

DUKES AND DUCHESSES.

Richmond, the Dowager Duchess of, and family, in Waterloo Place, from Ireland.

MARQUESSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Donegall, Dowager Marchioness, in Davies Street, Berkeley Square.
Conyingham, Marquis of, in Hamilton Place.
Londonderry, Emily, Marchioness of, from Hastings.
Salisbury, Dowager Marchioness of, in Arlington Street.
Downshire, the Dowager Marchioness, from Brighton.

EARLS AND COUNTESSES—BARONS AND BARONESSES.

Stanhope, Earl and Countess of, from Brighton.
Coventry, Earl and Countess, and family, in Piccadilly.
Carhampton, the Dowager Countess of, in Bruton Street.
Sheffield, Lady and Miss, in Upper Wimpole Street.
De Grey, Countess, in St. James's Square.
Morley, Earl and Countess, and family, at Kent House, Knightsbridge.
Glengall, Countess of, in Grosvenor Street, from Ireland.
Colchester, Lord and Lady, in Spring Gardens.

BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES—KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES.

Harrington, Sir John Bart. in Berkeley Square.
Heathcote, Lady Sophia, in Grosvenor Square.
Tufton, Lady Elizabeth, in Great Cumberland Street.
Dampier, Lady, in Welbeck Street.
Pocock, Sir George and Lady, and family, in Charles Stre Berkeley Square.

ESQUIRES AND THEIR LADIES.

Gambier, Mrs. in Harley Street.
Latemir, Mrs. and Miss, in Grosvenor Street.
Smith, F. Esq. and Mrs. in Gloucester Place.
Bristow, Esq. and Mrs. in Curzon Street.
Dickenson, Mrs. in Dorset Square.
Evelyns, Mrs. in York Place.
Bosanquet, Miss, in Harley Street.
Tayler, Mrs. in Wimpole Street.
Curzon, Hon. Mrs. in Queen Anne Street, West.
Phipps, Hon. Mrs. Augustus, in Harley Street.
Shirley, Hon. Mrs. for the Cliff House, Dorchester.
Benyon, Mrs. R. in Grosvenor Square.
Douglas, Mrs. and Miss, in Gloucester Place.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

Allthorpe, Viscount, for Wiseton Hall, Yorkshire.
Ashburton, Lady, at Hastings.
Barnard, Lord and Lady, for Somerley, Leicestershire.
Brookman, Capt. on a visit to Sir L. Otway, at Lymington.
Byng, George, Esq. M. P. and Mrs. and family, for Wrotha Park.
Bentinck, Lord and Lady, at Cottesmere, Rutlandshire.
Beauchamp, Mrs. and Miss, for Bath.
Bedford, Duke of, to Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire.
Coventry, the Earl and Countess, and family, for Merstha Surry.
Cholmondeley, Marquess and Marchioness, for Brighton.
Dowager, Marchioness and family, for Brighton.
Darlington, the Earl and Countess of, for Raby Castle.
Ellenborough, Lady, for Brighton.
Edwards, Capt. and family, to Albion House, near Sca borough.
Goodhart, Esq. and family, for Langley Park, Kent.
Howard, Colonel, M. P. for Archstead Park, Surrey.

Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. for Marlborough Buildings, Bath.
Huntingfield, Lord and Lady, for their seat in Suffolk.
Lovaine, Lord, at Barking Hall, Suffolk.
Lilford, Lord, at Atherton Hall, Lancashire.
Long, Rev. Mr. for his seat in Suffolk.
Londonderry, Emily Marchioness, for Hastings.
Lowe, Sir Hudson and Lady, for Brighton.
Maitland, Esq. and Mrs. for their seat in Sussex.
Middleton, Miss, for Pentre Park, Oswestry.
Ongley, Mrs. for Sandley Place, Biggleswade.
Rivers, Lord, for Hare Park, Newmarket.
Robinson, Sir George Bart. on a tour.
Ricketts, Capt. for Brighton.
Rutland, Duke of, to Belvoir Castle.
Selsey, Lord, for West Dean, Sussex.
Say and Sele, Lord, to Belvedere, Kent.
Salisbury, Marquess and Marchioness, to Hatfield House.
Titchfield, Marquess, for Welbeck, Notts.
Thynne, Lord and Lady, for Wrotham Park.
Turton, Esq. and Mrs. for their seat in Kent.
Waldegrave, Earl of, from France, on a tour.

PARTIES, BALLS, &c.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT WHITTON.

On Friday night Jan. 7th, Lady HOBHOUSE entertained at Whitton Park a distinguished Party of Fashionables, to the number of above three hundred, with a splendid Fancy Ball and elegant Supper. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of CLARENCE were expected, but were prevented honouring the Ball with their presence. The Ball commenced at ten o'clock, when the fine Band of the 7th Hussars, struck up "*God save the King,*" which was followed by *Rule Britannia,* and continued to play lively airs between the quadrilles and waltzes, during the remainder of the evening. The scene exceeded all description. The splendid and motley dresses of the company became quite dazzling to the eye, and the attention of the company was particularly directed to Mr COTTIN and Mr. CAMBELL, as Esquimaux Chiefs—Miss Louisa CAMPBELL in a *Swiss peasant's* dress was particularly attractive and very much admired.—Groups of various nations were observed in every direction, forming themselves into quadrilles.

MRS. W. CAMAC.

Gave a splendid entertainment at her Marine Residence, at Hastings, on Friday the 31st of December, which consisted of a Ball and Supper. The drawing rooms were brilliantly illuminated, and filled with beauty and fashion at an early hour. Dancing commenced at nine o'clock. The supper was announced at twelve o'clock. Waltzes and quadrilles were renewed after supper, and kept up with the greatest spirit until three o'clock in the morning. There were about 150 present.

BLACKHEATH.

The spirit with which the Assemblies held at the Green Man Hotel are carried on, cannot be more fully proved, than by stating that nearly 300 Fashionables of the neighbourhood were present on Monday evening Jan. 4th.

It is a pleasing reeflction that the practice of olden times, as to Christmas Festivities, is still kept its spirit and vigour, in various parts of the kin Aston Rowant, in Oxfordshire, the splendid an mansion of Sir FRANCIS DESANGES, a number o tleman's friends were invited to spend the Christ the entertainments were given upon the most enl of hospitality.

Lord BARNARD, at Melton Mowbray, has k life and spirit of the Sporting World, by the bounded hospitality. The Dinner Parties hav any of late years exhibited at *head-quarters.*

Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, at his magni Campton-Varney, at Stratford-upon-Avon, has be open house in the best style. The entertain been equally distinguished by splendour and

Lord BAGOT gave a Ball at Blithefield Hall, field, at which was present all the Nobility and many miles round.

Mrs. HALLIDAY gave a Children's Ball, in B on Twelfth Night, to a large party, when the nev figures were introduced.

SIR GEORGE SITWELL, Bart. gave a splendi his superb seat, in Derbyshire, in the same pri of munificent hospitality as in days of *yore.* had been kept for many days previously.

Powis Castle, wherein there was such magnifi in the Autumn of the preceding year, has been livened by the presence of Noble company. From *Eve* till *Twelfth Night* open house was kept.

Llandilo, the seat of Lord DYNEVOR, in So has also been a scene of great gaiety.

And Chirk Castle must not be forgotten. The f Owner kept up the life and spirit of the scene *Night.* There was a table and a bed, *for one all* strangers, of every rank and description, under the denomination of *travellers.*

Sir SAMUEL FLUDYER, has taken the lead The Worthy Baronet and his amiable daughters three Parties during the Holidays.

GREAT BERKHAMPSTEAD.

The Annual Christmas Ball took place at the K Inn here, on Wednesday evening Jan. 5th and wa by most of the Nobility and Gentry of the neig besides many visitors from a distance. It wa a principle somewhat different from former occas appeared to meet general approbation.

The Ball was opened by the accomplished ar Miss TALBOT and the Rev. Mr. MOORE HAL dancing continued to a very late hour, with th hilarity. The supper was served with profusion an

BALL AT PANSANGER.

The Christmas Festivities closed on Twelfth a Children's Ball, which was attended by all t and Beauty for many miles around the magnifice of Earl COWPER.

At eight o'clock the following apartments splendidly illuminated, viz :—

First, the great Gallery, hung with the choi ings of the old Masters. Second, the principal room. Third, the grand Library. Fourth, the Hall. Fifth, the Morning Saloon, the Ante-roon outer and inner Hall. All were lighted up with

deliers, in the style of LOUIS the Fourteenth; in the centre, candelabras, carrying waxlights, and Roman lamps.

At the entrance, a double set of domestics were arranged on each side, and peals of martial music announced the arrival of the visitants. The dancing commenced with a quadrille by very young performers, namely, the oldest being only eight years old, and Lady FANNY, who had only entered her fifth year. The usual dances followed till the supper hour. The supper was arranged in four rooms: the juniors were all placed together, and the central ornament of their table was an enormously large cake, profusely decorated with every devise of ancient and modern times.

The supper hour was one o'clock, and music ceased at half-past four.

CAPTAIN PRESCOTT'S BALL.

A Children's Ball, of peculiar attraction, was given by the above Gentleman on Twelfth night, at his elegant residence in Charles-street, St. James'-square. The visitants mustered upwards of 200 persons. The house was brilliantly illuminated with chandeliers and lustres; and the two drawing rooms formed one capacious ball room. At eight o'clock the dancing commenced; the quadrilles, and other French figures, were admirably well executed, led by a capital English Band. At one o'clock the Company adjourned to the banqueting-hall, on the ground floor, wherein a centre table was abundantly supplied with a costly supper. In the centre was placed a twelfth cake, of ample dimensions, decorated with all kinds of emblematic devices; flags and trophies, wines of peculiar vintages, and all kinds of foreign preserved fruits, &c. The dancing was resumed at two o'clock, and kept up with great spirit till half-past four in the morning. A *déjeuné* followed, and then the party broke up.

ALMACK'S—These elegant Rooms were opened on Thursday evening Jan. 13th, for the first of the winter subscription "Amicable" Balls, which was well attended. An excellent band played the most favourite quadrille tunes from *Der Freischütz* and other popular music, and the more social old English country dances were not neglected on the occasion, but contributed much to the hilarity of the evening's amusement.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

THE KING.

It will be observed, from the paragraph we subjoin, extracted from *the Morning Post* of Jan. 17th. that there is every apparent certainty of *our recommendation*, respecting a New Palace being erected in or very near London, for his most gracious Majesty George IV. We have a right to take credit, and pride to ourselves as being *the first* to suggest that important and necessary step. We are staunch and loyal—and *have ever thought* that the Monarch of these Realms must be considered inferior in dignity, so far as Palaces are concerned, to many German Princes. How disgraceful in these enlightened times that such a reflexion should be allowed to exist! but we now congratulale ourselves that the stigma will be speedily removed, and that the day is not very distant before our highly accomplishe and noble minded King, will be able to reside in his capit amongst subjects who know how to appreciate a Monarc adorned with a mind, talents, and devotedness to his pe ple—probably never surpassed by any King that ever existe

"It is confidently reported among the lovers of taste, ar the admirers of the improvements westward, that a propositi will be made to Parliament, in the ensuing Session, for a san tion to erect a splendid new and suitable Palace for the fir Sovereign in the world."—*Morning Post.*

On Tuesday, Jan. 11th. a few minutes before 4 o'clock His Majesty arrived in town, in his travelling carriage an four, with outriders, &c. from the Royal Lodge, Windso We are informed from an authority not likely to err, tha the King will not go to Brighton until after the openin of Parliament, which he will do in state.

The Duke of York is in the best health. His Roya Highness has been on a visit to the Duke and Duchess o Bedford at Woburn Abbey, and to Lord Palmerston at Broad lands. The invitations to the Duke were so numerous durin the Christmas Festivities that he was not able to accept bu few of them.

On Monday evening Jan. 10th, her Royal Highness th Princess AUGUSTA gave a splendid Ball and Supper at he residence, Frogmore Lodge, to the principal part of he trades-people, and other inhabitants of Windsor and it neighbourhood. Her Royal Highness, accompanied by Lad M. TAYLOR and Miss WYNYARD, honoured the Compan with her presence for nearly two hours. Quadrilles an country dances were alternately performed, which wer kept up with the greatest spirit until a late hour, whe the company seperated, delighted with the marked atten tion shown them by the stay of her Royal Highness.

The fashionable season will commence this year muc sooner than it did the last. The Marchioness of Lon donderry will open her new rooms in Park Lane, earl in March. London is getting very full.

REVIEW OF THE JOHN BULL NEWSPAPER.

No. 3.

December 26th.—The chief feature of this day's *Bull* is an article upon the sickening affair of Colonel Berkeley and Miss Foote, in which the writer is as grave as if he were prating of earthquakes and a deluge. The plain truth of the matter is, that Miss Foote was kept by Colonel Berkeley, that Colonel Berkeley had promised Miss Foote marriage, that Miss Foote was deceived by Colonel Berkeley. That Miss Foote, seeing herself deprived of the chance of getting one husband, determined upon angling for another, and at length hooked Mr. *Pea-green* Hayne, that Mr. Hayne broke from the line, and that Miss Foote, mortified and angry, was then determined to have Mr. Hayne's money at all events, and thereupon brought an action against her *pea- green* deceiver—that Miss Foote pocketed large damages and was satisfied: the Colonel, the pea-green gentleman, and the pretty lady, are equally culpable, and in our opinion, there is little to choose between them, and the lady's dad and mamma may well be added, to form an exquisite *quintetto* of suffering virtue and innocence. Such being the real case, all Johnny's dithyrambics on the subject, are what Christopher

North calls mere "*Balaam*:" we, notwithstanding, sincerely condole with the writer's feelings, when he pathetically says—"it is hardly possible to contemplate it, (the said subject) *without a* TEAR!" and also when he modestly observes, "*as we know* OUR INFLUENCE, we go to the task (of criticising the amorous trio) with difficulty and disinclination." What humbug! we would not mind venturing our *type* against John's that the tearful man laughed as he wrote this hypocritical paragraph.

The paper of College questions is good, and we beg leave to make an observation, or two upon some of them—

"No. 5—Are you any where informed by Herodotus which were the thickest, the heads of the Egyptians, or the Persians?"

Had the question been,

"Is it possible to discover which is the thickest, the head of the Editor of John Bull, or a Barber's block?" any tyro in learning might have answered,

"Yes—the Editor's—by two inches and *a fraction* further.

No. 8.—Why is it probable that Horace, if he could have gotten them, would have worn spectacles?"

Had the query commenced with the word "Where"—we should have replied,

"Not where Johnny wears his wits."

Question the 15th and its answer, we will copy, as the latter is excellent.

"State logically how many tails a cat has."

Answer—"Cats have three tails—no cat has two tails—every cat has one tail more than no cat—*ergo*, every cat has three tails."

To the paper of "Miracles" (most of which, by the bye, have little, or no point in them) we would add one miraculous effect worked by that marvellous man, Prince Hohenlohe.

"The editor of the John Bull published a number of his Journal which did not contain a single lie, nor one line of vulgar abuse."

We refer our readers to the article itself, and beg to know whether they do not think this last miracle is fairly entitled to the topmost place in the list.

January 2nd Blank.

January 9th—We assent to this remark of John in his present number:

"It is curious enough that Colonel Berkeley, should have met with an accident in hunting, and that Mr. P. G. Hayne should also be confined to his bed by severe indisposition shortly after the trial."

We hear, moreover, that Colonel Berkeley's wound is a *foot* long, and that Mr. Hayne's *damages* are very heavy.

Bull justly decides the mounte-bank absurdity of the *Old Times* in its bombastic article upon the Tom-foolery of the Earl of Guildford's adopting the dress of Socrates: we think it a pity, his Lordship did not prefer that of Diogenes, and also imitate that ancient gentleman's mode of living—a tub, he may be assured, would have put the Greeks into raptures—they are so *classical* in their ideas and recollections.

January 16th—John's paper of this day is to us but little better than a blank: however, as out of four numbers we have at least met with one excellent prize (which, we fear, is seldom the case with our lottery-loving friends) our readers as well as ourselves, cannot but feel satisfied with our success—*The Bull* is certainly less fond of using his horns than formerly, and we should not be in the least sur seeing this once obstreperous animal hereafter b docile as the quadruped to which he already appr in nature—an ass!

THE MISERIES OF NOT BEING ABLE TO D

MR. EDITOR,

My tasteless parents had always an utter aversi elegant accomplishment of dancing, so that, to this h I been prevented from attaining to the smallest knowledge in that exquisite science. Often, Sir, as well suppose, have I felt the ill effects of this prov cumstance, and never more so than at a recent party, of which I was an unworthy, and, perm add, unfortunate member. Quadrilles, waltzes, proposed, and many were the bright eyes that sp the proposition—I, only I, slunk abashed into a c knowing how utterly incapable I should be of co to, or of sharing in the amusements of the night. ments speedily began: each happy youth chose h fair partner, and I had the misfortune to see the l with whom I had been happily conversing all th part of the evening, gladly accept the hand of an frown on me in displeasure, of which it was n matter to divine the reason—I had not asked her No sooner had the first quadrille commenced th tured to leave my corner, and endeavoured to ente versation with some of the more elderly part of the whose years warranted their exempting themselve fatigues of the dance; but, alas! they only wel with such exclamations as these—"Dear me, wh you do not *dance*."—"Pray *dance*"—"Indeed *dance*" and so on—In vain did I remonstrate—they their persecutions with relentless perseverance—e ever the pretty girl before-mentioned passed nea would sneeringly say—"What a pity, pity, pity, gentleman that you cannot *dance*." When the fig concluded, I very politely handed refreshments t the ladies, fondly thinking in this manner to com some degree for my stupidity in every thing that the mysteries of Terpsichore; in vain, whenev wherever I went, one and all saluted me by the odi of "What a pity you do not *dance*!" Quadrilles wer the whole company seemed bitten by a tarantul pered away with scarcely a moment's rest—I alo litary, mute and in the dumps—I could not *dance* I parted from the rest of the company, the last w each addressed to me were—"What a pity, Sir, *dance*!" and the wicked girl added, "*Dolls* c I need not add that I congratulated myself o from this scene of torture. No rest, however, f to my couch, the hateful words "What a pity *dance*!" still rang in my ears, and two, or three da before I perfectly recovered from the chagrin th nate night had occasioned me.

Let me intreat you, Sir, to insert this letter for of all parents who refuse to allow their childre the indispensable art of dancing, and believe me t

Your very obedient Serv

Z. HEAVY

THE MACADAMIZING MANIA.

Extensive as were my observations on the modern improvements in the metropolis in a recent number of your amusing publication, I am irresistibly tempted again to indulge my native garrulity on the subject of the universal mania for Macadamization, which threatens to destroy the very character of our public streets by preventing that unceasing roll which formed a kind of running bass to the otherwise discordant cries of itinerant dealers in small wares, from the female treble of the barrow-woman to the deep intonation of the bag-bearing Israelite, all of which were softened and harmonized by the said accompanyment, which has now sunk into a monotonous grinding sound, in which it is impossible to distinguish the cart of the peasant from the chariot of the peer, and has totally confounded those varieties of driving that marked the practice of some of our most fashionable coachmen, and which has often been to me an interesting object of speculation in deciding to what family any approaching vehicle belonged. By this new mania the lower class of Irish labourers are deprived of the healthy and athletic exercise of paving, which is now superceded by the sedentary employment of breaking the stones, by which many have lost their eyes by the flying particles, and others have abandoned the employment in disgust when it has been degraded into a punishment for incorrigible vagrants, instead of retaining its respectable character of a craft. Indeed, such I hear is the discontent of the regular paviors, that a serious turn out in St. Giles's is to be apprehended, when summary vengeance will be taken with spade, pick-axe and rammer on all the aiders and abettors of the said Mr. M'Adam.

This is a truly alarming prospect, not only on account of the desperate character of the belligerents, but also from the nature of the weapons, and I trust that the present intimation of danger will not be lost on those whom it may concern.

Many serious accidents have occurred in consequence of the adoption of this plan, an old man, who had the misfortune to be deaf, was knocked down in St. James's Square by a carriage, whose noiseless approach he had not heard, and was so much injured as to be taken to the hospital without hopes of recovery. Several carriages have been overturned on the heaps of stones piled up for the purpose of breaking, and the occupiers extricated with broken bones and alarming contusions, while the vehicles themselves have been rendered totally useless. Some of the principal streets are rendered impassable by inclosures which extend half their width and are formed to facilitate this process; frequent and tedious stoppages have been hereby occasioned to the hindrance of business, the serious inconvenience of fashionable visitors and the increase of hackney coach fares, whose drivers do not fail to take advantage of the circumstance by increasing their demands of appeals against which our police reports have lately given numerous instances. Such is the muddy state of some of the Streets that they defy the united exertions of scavengers and sweepers, the latter of whom, though much more numerous, industrious and importunate than formerly, are unable to keep a passable crossing, and the disfigurement of the lower habiliments of both sexes is the consequence. I had, indeed, hoped that when the experiment, as it was termed by the projector, was first tried in St. James's Square that time would have been allowed to determine its practical utility, for which I had considered a twelvemonth as a necessary period, but on my return from a few months sojourn at Brighton, I found some of the principle streets in a state of complete blockade, a notice of the stoppage of Blackfriars' Bridge, which will no doubt be followed by that of London, and the Macadamizing mania spreading with alarming velocity in every direction. Could there be any hope that the *reform* would be *radical*, (I hope your loyalty will pardon the expression), and that the granite stratum would have so much solidity as to render frequent repairs unnecessary, I might have stifled my complaints; but both enquiry and observation have convinced me, that repeated and extensive amendments will be unavoidable in great thoroughfares, and that consequently the blockades will recur at short intervals to the continued annoyance of the public and the personal inconvenience of

THE GOSSIP.

THE RETROSPECT.

Speculation, nothing but speculation! scarcely have I recovered from the delightful festivities of Christmas and consumed my share of the delectables, both eatable and drinkable, and satisfied the demands of my numerous friends, for the honour of my company to dinner, and ere I have recovered from the indisposition incidental to the gourmand, I am called into the field of speculation. Every man of common sense, who, like myself, has a few hundreds at his command will be a speculator, and the invitations are so tempting that it is impossible to resist them. As we must all die, it becomes a matter of some consequence, to secure for ourselves and our friends a safe and secure place of burial, for no one would like to contemplate the possibility of being anatomised like a common malefactor, without committing those crimes for which the law appoints so *post obit* a punishment. But such is now the demand for subjects, that the cemetaries of the Metropolis. are nightly violated spite of the cast iron coffins of Mr. Bridgeman, and other ingenious contrivances. Conceive my delight then, at finding it was in contemplation to lay out in the neighbourhood of London a burial ground, on a large scale, to be called the Necropolis. Here was, indeed, a speculation of universal interest; this was a plan to meet general support; what can be more important or in more general request? here is no risk of a bubble, all ready money, and a large return of interest. You may suppose I shall not let so eligible an opportunity escape, and I have already sold all my shares in the portable gas, Iron Railway and steam coach companies which amounted to a few hundreds, and intend to invest my capital in the London Necropolis Company, where I hope to sleep in peace with my family around me.

Among other speculations of public utility, and personal advantage, to which my attention has been called, is the Sea Water Company. This, I think, is likely to be highly beneficial to the public. It may ruin the watering places, but what of that? They have made their harvest, and the proprietors of boarding houses, and hotels may well afford to retire upon their fortunes. What a saving will this be to those who, like myself, are fond of sea bathing, and enjoy the luxury of the morning dip. The expences of travelling will be saved, and we shall avoid the anoyance of being packed up, by half dozens, for twelve or sixteen hours in a rumbling leathern convenience, and compelled to endure the company of surly invalids, tittering ladies maids, and squalling children, besides the extortions of innkeepers,

coachmen, porters, *cum multis aliis*, by whose officious civility the journey is rendered intolerable, not to mention the trouble of seeking lodgings, proportionate to our means, all which presents a sum of inconvenience and expense, more than would be incurred by the purchase of shares in the Company. It is true there would not be the sea breezes, but I have heard it hinted that even this is in contemplation: that it is intended to ascertain by accurate experiment, the gases of which they are composed, and to erect gasometers to supply the baths by pipes with this agreeable and salubrious auxiliary, and were they built on a large scale, a promenade might be constructed in a Peristrephic Panorama containing well executed views of the most fashionable watering places; the illusion would be complete. Next comes that admirable speculation, the Alderney Milk Company. Adieu, a happy adieu to that filthy composition of chalk, snails, sky blue water, &c. that is vended by screaming Welch girls, to the great annoyance and injury of the public; for now we may once more enjoy the luxury of new, and genuine milk, and the speculators will be certain to gain a large profit by the sale, which the milk must ensure among all those who like myself have long wished for some alleviation from the poisonous substitution of the Metropolis. B.

It is said that several respectable members have seceded from the Berkeley hunt, since the late affair of Miss Foote, and that Colonel Berkeley is leaving England for three years.

Kean, of Theatrical and *public-house* notoriety, will have to pay Mr. Cox, £800 damages for *crim con*, with that person's wife. The circumstances disclosed at the trial are so offensive, immoral, and indecent, that we will not pollute our pages with any recapitulation of the letters or the trial. That a drunkard and notorious debauche as Kean is, should have been able to conceal his real private character so long from public examination, shews him to be a systematic hypocrite; the public will, for the future, treat such a being as he deserves

THE FRENCH THEATRE.—Many of our readers are aware that, during the last and preceeding seasons, there have been regular performances of dramatic pieces in the French language, and principally by French actors, at the Theatre Tottenham-street, called the West London Theatre. These were very fully and fashionably attended, and in reality deserved to be so; for several of the best Parisian mimics displayed their comic talents on the boards in some of their most popular entertainments. We learn that these *Soirées Françaises* are about to be resumed; and that new attractions are held out to tempt a still more numerous list of subscribers. The proprietors or managers are Messrs. Cloup, Laporte and Pellissié. They promise sterling Comedies, new Vaudevilles and petits Opéras. The Orchestra, we are assured, will be composed of clever *artists*: a second row of boxes has been constructed, and the Saloon refitted. The Season is to consist of forty nights, for which the subcription demanded is 10*l*., aux premières, and 5*l*., au parterre; while the Boxes are subdivided into ten nights at thirty guineas d'avant scènes, and twenty au parterre et second rang. For single evenings billets must be procured at *six chelins*, alias 6*s*., the first, and *trois chelins six sols*, alias 3*s*. 6*d*., the second class: no money being taken at the door, in order to avoid the laws and the Lord Chamberlain.

ITALIAN OPERA.—It is stated that all the differences connected with the Italian Opera cably settled. The concern is once more place of Mr. Ebers.

MODEL OF SWITZERLAND.—This superb hibiting in the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, is largest imitation of a country for diversity nuteness, and accuracy, we can hardly hope passed. It is remarkable how much it gains by being examined in detail. The visitor, to travel round and round; become acquainted wi that mountain, and yonder lake. The snow yellow vineyard, the blue water, the light and the dark green forest, must be made places most famed must be considered separ

ENCOURAGEMENT TO BACHELORS. — T twelve arguments pathetically, succinctly, a describe the benefit of marriage:

1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to crease it.
2. Hast none? Thou hast one to help and
3. Art thou in prosperity? She doubles it
4 Art thou in adversity? She'll comfort, a part.
5. Art thou at home? She'll drive away
6. Art thou abroad? She prays for thee, at home, welcomes thee with joy.
7. Nothing is delightsome alone. No societ marriage.
8. The bond of conjugal love is adamantine.
9. Kindred is increased, parents doubled, bro families, nephews.
10. Thou art a father by a legal and happy
11. Barren matrimony is cursed by Moses. more a single life.
12. If nature escape not punishments, thy avoid it, as he sung that without marriage.

Earth, air, sea, land, oft soon will come to no
The world itself would be to ruin brought.

QUERIES FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Whether is an old maid or an old bachel wretched?

When are a young couple who love one anot happy?

Could not a young woman marry an old man love when he is very rich?

Why is youth like a spendthrift's wealth?
Why is youth like a miser's health?
Why is love like a bedlam house?
Why is love like a timid mouse?
Why is love like the swallow tribe?
Why is love like a gift or bribe?
Why is love like a sea borne wave?
Why is love like the dark cold grave?
Why is love like a monarch's crown?
Why is love like a lawyer's gown?
Why is age like a winters frost?
Why is death like a winning post?
Some lovely belle or gentle beau,
Pray tell me why these things are so?

THE NATAL CALANDAR —There prevails a f stition among the Poles, according to which the

a person's destiny is influenced by the month in which he is born, and that there is likewise a mysterious connection between the months and the principal precious stones:—

January—Jacynth or Garnet.—Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February—Amethyst—This month and stone preserve mortals from strong passions and insure them peace of mind.

March—Bloodstone.—Courage, and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

April—Sapphire or Diamond.—Repentance and Innocence.

May—Emerald.—Success in love.

June—Agate—Long life and health.

July—The Cornelian or Ruby. The forgetfulness, or the cure of evil springing from friendship or love.

August—Sardonyx.—Conjugal fidelity.

September—Chrysolite.—Preserves from, or cures, folly.

October—Aquamarine or Opal.—Misfortune and hope.

November—Topaz—Fidelity in friendship.

December—Turquoise or Malachite.—The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life. The Turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard: hence the old saying, that 'he who possesses a turquoise will always be sure of friends.'

GOOD APPETITES.—A Frenchman residing in London, who is his own cook, told a friend that he had made *un repas délicieux;* that he had just eaten two pork chops and four legs of mutton—*Anglice:* Two pork chops, and four sheep's trotters. We recollect an Englishman declaring seriously, that he had often eaten at Paris the civet cat stewed, and that it was very good, and had quite a game taste; it was, we presume, a *Civet de lièvre.*—stewed hare.

Two sailors looking at a sun-dial, and one of them observing on the inscription *Tempus fugit*, which he recollected having often before seen, said to his companion, with an oath, that he verily believed *Thomas Fudgit* made more sun-dials than any other man in England.

The Duke of WELLINGTON has had a small statue of *Achilles*, a fac-simile of that in Hyde Park, placed in his garden, at the back of his Grace's house, in Piccadilly.

Epigram.

"Who takes a wife, hath a pillar of rest:"
So sung the Son of Sirac in his day.
A modern Socrates would say, 't was best
To let your *leaning* be another way.

We understand that Sir OSBORNE GIBBES, Bart. is shortly to lead to the Hymeneal Altar the beautiful and accomplished Miss MOORE, niece to the late Earl of CLONMELL.

A Gentleman, unfortunately linked for life to one who made him feel the weight of his chain, was one day told by the maid that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night.—"Ah, happy girl!" said the master, "*I wish I could give her warning too.*"

THE SMOKERS.—The other night, after enjoying *Der Freischütz* from first to last, I found it such dry work, that I never was so thirsty in my life, and went into an adjacent tavern to slake my devouring drought. I imagined I could take a whole tankard of beer at one fell swoop; and for once the Fancy was equalled by the Reality. Even then, like a parched Arab of the desert, I longed for another "long pull and a strong pull;" and as I am not in the habit of baulking my inclinations, I sat down in a box to gratify this natural propensity. The room was nearly full, and, what with pipes and cigars, almost every man in it smoking like a steam vessel, was carrying on at the same time broken conversations on the common topics of the hour.

I know not how it was, whether from the narcotic effects of my own libations, or of the floating clouds of tobacco around me, but I fell into a sort of drowsy, dreamy, listening listlessness, in which my mind seemed quite unconscious, except as shreds of the Babel dialogues from various quarters were wafted to my ear, and made a shadowy impression, just sufficient to prove that I was awake and sensible to external objects. But even this I should have doubted, had I not by going into the fresh air, convinced myself that I retained a remembrance of, and could actually repeat much of what had passed.

A very self-satisfied cit-like personage delivered, with long intervals between, these *disjecta membra:*

"I—*puff, puff*—my opinion is—*puff*—and I always did—*puff, puff*—would not be advised by me—*puff*."

The person with whom he was tête-à-tête, also threw out his share of words:

"Mexican bonds—*puff*—Ferdinand—*puff*—never acknowledge—*puff puff*—a Spanish loan—*puff*—quite a liberal—*puff*—rise like—*puff*—by, or buy, (I could not distinguish)—*puff*."

From a rubicund jolly tradesman-looking person on my right, these sentences, interupted by his whiffing, reached me in the course of about half an hour:

"Important sale—*puff*—wonderful competition—*puff, puff*—Mr. George R—ns had the pleasure to—*puff, puff, puff*—incomparable, *puff*—first lot—*puff*—previously addressed the meeting, and—*puff, puff*, prodigious improvements, first of—*pu-u-uff*."

A keen sharp-visaged man, on the other side, let off the following—

"Patriots'—*puff*—most glorious cause!—*puff, puff*—General O-dish-us*—*puff*—Morea—*puff*—in the harbour, bore down on them with a—*puff*—Turkish fleet all blown up—*puff, puff, puff, puff*—fire-ships, *puff, puff*."

A fifth party, who occasionally got rid of his supera undant caloric in a rather peculiar manner, furnished these shreds:

"Bad case—*peh*—opinion of all the counsel, only—*puff, peh*—Judges strong against—*peh, peh, piff*—hopeless—*puff*—must suffer—*puff, puff*."

A mean-looking creature, whom I soon discovered to be a Critic, was covering himself with smoke and soot while he ejaculated these fragments of a superior mind:

"Should be damned—*puff, puff*—execrable—*puff*—Woman never Vext!—*puff, puff*—flying—*puff*—courser up into the clouds with a—*puff*—to Macready's fine acting, the best *Virginia* for—*puff, puff, puff*—revive Oronooko—*puff*—Hudson's Bay d—d good—*puff, puff*—Elliston will give the public—*puff, puff*—Drury Lane all—*puff, puff, puff*,—and Covent Garden, but—*puff, puff*—the newspapers—*puff*."

Two or three shabby-gentlefolks, who were taking a pint of porter in a nook by themselves, sent forth the following—

Booksellers'—*puff*—Byron's death—*puff*—last breath—*puff*—Medwin's Life—*puff*—Conversations—*puff, puff*—Hunt, Hazlitt, Shelley, *tide, lice*—*puff, puff, puff, puff*—the public completely gulled by—*puff, puff*.

From the rest of the confusion of tongues, but without my being able to tell the precise smoker-speakers, the following, among hundreds of other miscellaneous expressions, reached my tympanum:

Marsh and Co. dividend—*puff*—Chambers and Son quite solvent—*puff*—parliamentary reform—*puff*—new compa-

* Qy. Odysseus.—*Pr. Devil.*

nies—*puff, puff, puff*—last state lottery all prizes—*puff*—abolition of slavery—*puff*—Mr. Fletcher—*puff* (apparently from vile tobacco if I might guess from the filthy ordour) —unrivalled blacking—*puff, puff*—selling off at prime—*puff, puff*—all done in one year at the Mansion House by —*puff*—betray women—*puff*—honour—*puff*—virtue—*puff* —even humbug—*puff, puff, puff.*

In *a word*, I trust I have made myself understood,—for really, after all, I think I must have been half asleep.

X Fumo Dare Lucem.

Private Theatricals.—" What hateful passions are hunting and shooting!" said Lady Dorothea Cleveland; " people of rank are, really, now beginning to return to town; and here am I, buried in this old priory, because my husband prefers the sport of following a hare, or shooting a pheasant to all the enjoyments that the brilliant parties, now about to take place in the metropolis, can give. Yet, really, Mr. Cleveland is so good, so complying, that I ought to sacrifice something to his happiness. Come, come, I will try to set a good face on the matter; let me think if I cannot make some advantage of my present position: something, surely, may be done that way. For example: my being such a near neighbour to Mrs. Denbigh; her family will always afford me means of dissipating my thoughts; this lady, too, is never without much company at her country residence. I will go and pass the day with her. I shall soon be dressed,"—and, no sooner said than done; behold our young wife, arrived in the spacious drawing-room of Mrs. Denbigh, where she found assembled at least, twenty persons. After the first usual compliments of ceremony and introduction, every one began audibly to lament the badness of the weather, to regret the pleasures of summer, and to find fault with the wearisome sameness of the autumnal season: when the little giddy Miss Somerton, cried out, " La! could not we get up a private play?" " *Bravo! Bravo!*" exclaimed all the young men; and, immediately, Moreton, Cumberland, Sheridan, Tobin, O'Keefe, &c. &c. &c., were named by this little dramatic committee: but, at length, it was decided, that they must have something quite new; and they called in the assistance of a young gentleman-author, who exhibited an unpublished piece, the existence of which would, certainly, never have been known, had it not been for this un-hoped for circumstance. Good, or bad, it was no matter; the comedy was accepted; every one found in it a character that suited: the greatest difficulty was how to support it. The first discussion was on the pretty apron of the waiting-maid; the ladies of the highest rank, wished to appropriate it to themselves; indeed, the whole costume of the chambermaid was so bewitching, it gave such an archness to the countenance, that must be to the advantage of any pretty face, whose owner should undertake the character. To avoid all contention on this head, it was proposed that lots should be drawn for it; and it fell to that of a pretty, fair haired lady, who, though handsome, could not be called agreeable, on account of the constant formality and prudery of her behaviour. The heroine of the piece, who was in love, was also another difficult character to fill up. No one seemed willing to take upon themselves this milk and water character, which is generally the chief female personage in romances and sentimental comedies; the performance of innocence and sentiment does not agree with our present manners; and to conciliate all parties, they thought they would call down Emily, the youngest sister of Miss Somerton, who had proposed the play; they were nieces to Mrs. Denbigh, and Emily had come from school to pass her Christmas Holidays with her aunt in the country: she, poor girl, was studying in her chamber a lesson in French, on the *Hamiltonian system;* and she went down quite intimi

dated at the destiny that awaited her; she subm
ever, with a tolerably good grace, and set abo
her part. A young collegian was to perform
ter of the lover. At length, the rehearsals b
were then some altercations; little dispute
between the different members, and, above tw
it was thought that the performance would neve
However, the day of execution arrived, and the
the morning for their last rehearsal, when one
cipal actresses, who fancied she had some rea
plain of the behaviour of the society towards
had a violent head-ache, and that she must
part. At this unexpected intelligence, the murm
general; and the embarrassment extreme.
obliged to give the character back again, to a
whom they had taken it away; this lady, takin
of this circumstance to revenge herself, took
pains to put every one out: she made them lose
cue, by addressing to them questions foreign to t
in short, when the piece was finished, all th
smiled at themselves, for the applause they had
the performers quarrelled with each other, and
society, heretofore as much united as they we
here was only the youthful Emily and the youn
who did not take part in the discussion, but con
rehearsals, long after the piece had ceased to be

It is thus, that in a select society, may be f
our great theatres, intrigues behind the scenes,
nations of artists, the struggles of self-love, abs
sions, and in a word, all the parade of discord and

Yet this mania for private theatricals is stil
amongst many of our first circles, particularly in
What can people do, in the midst of rural sc
they are worth millions? Can they employ th
helping to fill their barns? To oversee thei
follow the plough, or help to cut the corn? They, t
they cannot think of coming to town till at the
assembled there, endeavour to fill up the long and
evenings, with whatever pleasure their imagi
suggest that bears, at the same time, any feature
those of the metropolis; where it would be bett
to encourage those splendid talents, by thei
which are solely employed for their amuseme
weary themselves in forming projects of recr
often end in the separation of long-attached f
thereby become the source of lasting regret.

PROGNOSTICATIONS FOR THE YEAR

[Concluded.]

From Moore's, Partridge's and the Prophetic

JULY.

Partridge.—This month like the last produce
junctions of the planetary bodies, and one of wh
Saturn and *Venus*, in the ascendant of *Lond*
Saturn has been for a long time,) is of striking
it is to be hoped that the benevolent rays of *V*
a check upon the malignity of that gloomy infor

Prophetic.—For one who never from his duty fl
Are sent to Parliament ten Jacks-at

Matters involving points of great pith and mom
have taken up our prelates: and the internal
certain Universities is likely to be under discus
has cause to apprehend damage from fire, or so
of nature. Contagious distempers appear to
suppose, both Holland and Scotland; and an
season is likely to be experienced generally. H

8th of April and 17th of May, a female branch of the Royal Family is afflicted; and it is to be hoped she will escape the effects portended between the 7th of July and 7th of August. Some of our settlements in the West, and from the direction of the influence, I should say Canada, is visited by a catastrophe that seems incalulably injurious. For want of room, the mentioning a duel in high life, which was foreshown in the vernal scheme, or radix of the year, has been omitted in its proper place.

AUGUST.

Partridge.—" The papal dominions are likely to receive a mighty shock, and the Holy Father will probably find a coffin and a successor." Pius the 7th died the same year.

Prophetic.—States, on a sudden, like Ætnean mountains,
Roll tides of lava round from fiery fountains!

The positions and revolutions presented by the vernal scheme, and confirmed by the evidence of the summer figure together with the aspects extracted above, represent things in the West as wearing a very gloomy appearance. What is expressly portended with regard to Spanish affairs, it is no very easy matter to single out and divine; but by Jupiter, who is Lord of the Ascendant of this quarter, and by the sign of the oriental angle, Spain is doubly denoted. Both the malefics oppose the ascendant and combine to afflict its Lord, which evinces some act of desperation—some ultimate stroke of retribution as overtaking the recreant cabal which has traitorously violated the sanctuary of her freedom—driven her patriotic worthies into exile—and sullied her bosom with the blood of her best children! The coercive measures adopted in our western colonies to enforce subordination, seem to have failed in producing any thing like peaceable results. If our Council Chamber has not already changed some of its members, it is among the events foreshown. During the Summer quarter, Italy will be visited by a terrible storm, or some convulsion of nature, and the city of Rome, it seems, will suffer much injury.

SEPTEMBER.

Partridge.—Much perplexity amongst our senators in their deliberations on foreign affairs. An old statesman meets with disgrace from his prince, also some *Amanunesis* called to account for his under-hand dealings.

Prophetic.—We bilk ourselves by saying TIME *demolisheth*
The ways and customs good that VICE *abolisheth.*

By borrowing a word or two from the royal moralist of Israel, a forcible application may be made to the present state of things. " They would none of my counsel," says the divine oracle; " they despised my reproof; therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. But the turning away of the pure from them shall slay them; and *the prosperity of fools shall destroy them*."

OCTOBER.

Moore in this month resumes its forebodings and says:—

In last month (September) *Saturn* squared the *Sun* from the very sign where he was in *Conjunction* with *Mars;*—may the city of *London* be preserved from fires and other disasters, pointed out by this planet in *Gemini*. Old *Saturn* now becoming retrograde, meets with a hateful square of *Venus;* from this, it is probable, that some untoward actions will happen in those places under *Gemini*, and *Virgo;* divisions amongst great men, or many quarrels concerning their merchandize, or losses at sea, either by storms or pirates. Small pox, scarlet fevers, or some other epidemical diseases, greatly to be expected in those places subject to the signs above alluded to.

Proph.—With sceptres twain some bear down disaffection.
THIS *keeps the men*—THAT, *women in subjection*—

On a slight view, rather good than evil might seem to be imported: but traversing the figure for autumn and weighing the counterbalance of vicious influence, one moderately versed in the subject must see that, in spite of Trines and Conjunctions, evil predominates. From the general complexion of the signs, gambling—criminal voluptuousness—and those horrible sensual vices which are ratting the sills of moral virtue, are as prevalent as ever. One of some distinction as to family, crossed, as it seems, in no very honourable speculations, falls a premature example of depravity. Much perplexity appears to result from a failure of some money-monger in Paris, at this time.

NOVEMBER.

Moore.—Some mischief hatched by one of our modern Venuses. Old square-toed *Saturn* should square off.

About this time we may expect to hear of an eminent marriage, or rather bargain.

For to be plain 'tis not the person,
Man's wishes set so sharp and fierce on;
But that not better part the riches,
That his enamour'd heart bewitches;
For money like the swords of kings
Is the last reason of all things.

I flatter myself that the ladies will not be displeased at my informing them in this place (November) that *Venus* will be the prevailing planet in the Spring and Summer months; hence many matrimonial alliances will be formed, and the maiden lady, whose charms may be said to be rather on the decline, will with pleasure anticipate, or remember the happy year of 1825.

Partridge.—Many secret intrigues and vile practices appear in some courts and councils, with great discord amongst their leading men, and likewise much discontent evinced by the common people.

Great endeavours are still used by the different courts of *Europe*, for the consolidation of peace, but *Saturn* being *Retrogade* in *Gemini*, leads me to suppose they will make but a poor business of it in the end:—Look at my remarks in Nov. 1823; and think of Thurtell's fate.

Prophetic.—England had patriots, many once, and true ones,
Whose good old ways are chang'd for sorry new ones.

The hostile planets, Saturn and Mars, in performing their diurnal revolutions, will, for some time, affect our cause in the East. While Saturn, whose declination North is now equal to the latitude of the capital of Birman, is traversing the meridians of England from east to west, Mars will be crossing those of our Birman enemy. Saturn is favourable to Indian states; and seated as he is in the ascendant of London, where he is retrograde, makes much against us. Mercury is also disposed to be friendly to Asia; and his quartile with Jupiter is annoying to us. Spain is still conspicuously signified as undergoing changes; but whether good will result is doubtful. Many signs, at the present season, seem to favour the popular cause: and it appears that the throne of Naples and Sicily is to become a reversion.

DECEMBER.

Partridge.—Saturn is still retrograde in *Gemini*, (which sign he has been in during the whole year,) and likewise opposed by the rays of *Sol*, from the ascendant of *Spain:* let old Louis's successor mind what he is about, or he may fish in troubled waters.

Prophetic.—See how the Regent's Park, and Street that Swallow was,
Lin'd are with Pagan Temples and Seraglios.

Things have got to strange extremes; and "extremes never last long," the old adage says. And what is all this but the raising of so many temples to the idol, Pride? But "Pride," says the properb, "goeth before destruction." On winding up my warnings for the year, I call the attention of all good men to the following emphatic passage from Ezekiel: "As I live, saith the Lord God, Sodom, thy sister, hath not done, she nor her daughters, as thou hast done, thou and thy daughters. Behold this was the iniquity of thy sister, Sodom: Pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness, was in her and her daughters; neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy: and they were haughty, and committed abomination before me; therefore I took them away as I saw good." (xvi. 48.)

MORE PROPHECIES FOR THE YEAR 1825.

In the course of this year a number of ladies will catch cold for want of clothing; while others will carry their whole wardrobe on their back, and yet be starved to death.

Several young ladies, of good property, will fall violently in love with young men of no property or expectations; ***dreadful disappointments*** will consequently ensue on both sides.

A great many lectures and sermons will be preached, and unattended to.

Novel reading will be all the rage, and young misses will rise early and go to bed late, to read love tales.

It will be the fashion for ladies to wear no pockets, and from circumstances some gentlemen may ***not require any.***

Several duels will occur, when the parties will miss fire, it being their original intention not to hurt each other.

Great preparations will be made for travelling excursions, but little pains taken to prepare ***for that journey from whence no traveller returns.***

A few love affairs will take an unexpected turn; and the disappointed party will go ***a brain shooting.***

Two or three Englishmen towards next November will ***take leave,*** and go on ***a voyage of discovery.***

In the long vacation several ***fashionables*** will return to town, from the country, where they have been rusticating to avoid the morning visits of those troublesome intruders, the Messrs. Doe and Roe.

Some dealers and chapmen will come under the notice of the Lord Chancellor, as bankrupts, when their ***friends*** will discover they ought not to have given dinners and feasts to which they were invited, and partook.

Great murmers and discontent will arise among divers apprentices, in consequence of next Christmas Day falling on a Sunday.

FRENCH PROMISES.—The Queen Marie Antoinette, said to M. de Breteuil, "Baron, I have a favour to ask of you." "Madam," he replied, "if the thing be possible, it is already done: if impossible, it shall be done."

THE BARON DE BRETUEIL.—This minister was a great smuggler, and used to gain immense sums by getting merchandize introduced into Paris free of duty. His partner, the merchant, went to him one day, and said he was in great distress, a waggon load of goods was lying at St. D bales were so large there was no chance of sm in. "No chance!" exclaimed the Baron, "w too large to go through the Porte St. Denis? "Then be under no apprehensions, they sha The Baron carried his extravagance to such a the utensils of his kitchen, even the spits, ton vels, were made of solid silver.

CANOVA.—Many authors have fancied partic the day, or particular seasons of the year, as m to the flights of genius. Love-sick swains seek groves, and purling streams, to pour out the of passion. Canova fancied the Sun of Italy tious to his genius; a clouded sky or a fogg cast a gloom on his spirits which he could not that even Paris was to him the grave of geniu perceived that in the bust Canova made of hi is now in the possession of Baron Denon, the ing that grand character which distinguishe from the rest of modern sculptors, and observed he did not think he had been happy in the exe work. "I feel it, Sire," replied Canova, "but it; the clouded sky of France does not inspire warm sun of Italy."

JUSTE CIEL.—The tester of a bed is in Frenc the Marquis de Bievre, of punning memory, hea ciel (tester) of Calonne's bed had fallen upon claimed: ***Juste ciel!***

Prior having been the dupe of his credu told him,—Never place any confidence in pers know. "Why at that rate," replied Prior, not trust your own father."

A HISSING HOT MISTAKE.—Madame Lingue tress of the Italien theatre in Paris: her h was cashier of the theatre, employed a party actress but Madame Linguet, and to applau skies; this went on famously for some time, ti was found out by a sad mistake: Linguet, i tions to the men, said, "To-morrow night y the first actress who appears, and applaud t now, mind you make no mistake, hiss the first the second." They obeyed orders; but, unfo Madame Linguet, the play was changed, and piece she appeared first, when she was comp to the amusement of all the audience. Mons. L revenged, ran off with all the money of the t hands, and took refuge in the temple, then an a a person could not be arrested.

ON MISS WISE.

To be wise is a blessing, most people will s
Then why should this maid wish to marr
Then she'd cease to be Wise. Very true, S
May she not prove too Wise if she tarry?

TO AN INCONSTANT FRIEND.

You think your oldest friends still girls and
And use them just as children do their toys
Now take up this—then that—then that aga
And then—What then?—You put them dov

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATIONS.

IX.—English Dukes.

SPENCER, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

In the time of William the Conqueror, there was a man of great eminence, named Robert; who, being steward to the monarch, was called Robert *le Despenser*. He was not only a Baron himself, but was by consanguinity, connected with Urso de Abbetot, and also to the earl of Montgomery.

We are ignorant, however, not only of the time of *le Despenser's* death, but also whether he came with William into England or was of *British descent*. But in the reign of Henry I, we find another person in the office of Steward or *Despenser*, and who bore the same name; not, we apprehend, by being his son, but from succeeding him in the office of King's Steward. This was William Despenser, who succeeded in his office by Thurston, had four sons; the youngest Geoffry, we may venture to pronounce, was the ancestor of the present Duke of Marlborough.

This Geoffry, died in 1242, and, by his wife Emma, left one son, John, then about seven years of age. When this John came of age, in 1256, being in possession of sixty pounds per annum in Leicestershire, and fifteen pounds per annum, in Hampshire, he was called up to receive the honour of knighthood. Sir John died in 1272, he had been twice married, and by his second wife had two sons, William, only survived him, who was the youngest, and he had a son John, who attended the Duke of Lancaster, when he assumed the title of King of Castille, in his expedition to Spain. John was afterwards in high esteem with Henry V.; and, being at the siege of Rouen, was one of those who composed the procession of Henry on his triumphal entry into that place. He married Alice, the daughter of a gentleman, named Deverill, and had one son Nicolas Despenser, who, by his wife, Joan Polard, was the father of two sons, Thomas and William, the youngest of which by his wife, (whose sir-name was Clare,) had one son John, who died without issue, in 1456. Thomas, the elder and heir of Nicolas, had a son, called Henry Spencer, by which it will be found, that the name of *Despenser* had undergone a change, as appears by a receipt written in the reign of Henry VI.

This Henry Spencer, who died in 1476, had four sons by his wife Isabel, daughter and coheir of— Lincoln, Esq.; the eldest, John, continued the line; and his seal affixed to his last will, shews that he bore the same arms as the present family. He had *three sons;* the eldest, named William, received from Henry VII. an estate that had been forfeited by the attainder of the famous Catesby, one of the adherents to Richard III. William Spencer married the sister of the noless famous Empsom, so well known for obtaining money from the subjects of Henry VII. for that monarch; by this lady, he had two sons and a daughter, John, the eldest, married Isabel, one of the daughters of Walter Graunt, Esq. John Spencer was knighted by Henry VIII. and his last will proves him to have had very large possessions.

William Spencer, son and heir of John; was also knighted by Henry VIII. He had a son, named John, who, in the fifth of Edward VI. served the office of Sheriff for Northampton.

He past his time in retirement, but not in idleness, being the greatest husbandman and economist of the age, which enabled him to indulge a most hospitable disposition, without injuring his fortune. Of a numerous offspring, six of which were sons, John Spencer, the eldest, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and died in the year 1599.

We now come to the first nobleman of this younger branch of the Spencer family?

Robert, Lord Spencer, who, on the accession of James I. to the throne of England, was accounted to have more ready money by him, than any other subject. It was the misfortune of James, that he made peers without property, and then gave them property out of the labours and manufactures of the commoners. He deviated from this in the case of Sir Robert Spencer, by making him a Baron of England. This creation was highly applauded, as he was a nobleman really an ornament to the court, and displayed a magnificence answerable to his wealth. He was sent to Frederic, Duke of Wirtemberg, with the order of the garter; and, as Lord Spencer, represented his Majesty's person, his dress, and valuable jewels, did not fall below royalty, itself, in appearance.

Lord Spencer, however, did not long remain a favourite at court; he could not approve the King's arbitrary measures; and he was too much an Englishman to countenance the vast influx of Scotch nobility, and gentry that came into the kingdom.

It must even be remembered to the honour of Lord Spencer, that he was one of the peers, concerned with Henry, Prince of Wales, in the noble project of erecting a public academy for the education of young persons of quality; this design was the most necessary, as, at that time, English education consisted merely of college learning; for the attainment of polite exercises, they were obliged either to go abroad, or employ foreigners at home; who being no other than servants, could lay no restraint on their pupils, who used, with the knowledge they obtained from these menials of fencing, &c. &c., to commit great irregularities. As the Prince of Wales had a great taste for maritime affairs, this institution was intended to educate officers for the sea, as well as the land service. The death of the prince put a stop to this laudable project.

The first Lord Spencer died on the 25th of October 1627, his lady having died in child-birth, thirty years before. He had issue four sons and three daughters: his second son, William, was the *second Lord Spencer*: he was serviceable to his country, and amiable in private life; he married Penelope, eldest daughter of Henry, Earl of Southampton, by whom he had six sons and seven daughters; and was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry, who was first Earl of Sunderland, born in 1620.

His guardian, the Earl of Southampton, consulted with Lady Penelope, his mother, about settling this young nobleman in life, and they came to a determination to marry him

to Lady Dorothy Sidney, the Earl of Leicester's daughter. Lord Spencer being then only nineteen years of age, the King was petitioned to enable him to settle a jointure on his lady, which petition was granted, and Lord Leicester being then Ambassador to Paris, the young pair paid him a visit, and remained there till Lord Spencer became of age. Parties at that time ran very high; he originally espoused the cause of parliament, because he feared the stretch of the King's prerogative might endanger the liberties of the subject. He soon saw, however, that, under the pretence of liberty, they were only making large strides to destroy it; his lordship was, therefore, looked upon as a deserter of the cause; he saw, but too plainly, the effusion of blood which must ensue from the fury of each party, and resolving to take part with the King, he gave up to his wife, over and above her jointure, a legacy of three thousand pounds, as a dowry to his daughter Dorothy, and seven thousand pounds to the child with which his lady was pregnant. He then attended the King in his different combats against the parliamentary forces; and so sensible was Charles of his services, that he created him Earl of Sunderland: he fell, however in the memorable battle of Newbury, at the age of twenty-three. His lady was the greatest beauty of her time, and was celebrated by Waller, under the name of Sacharissa. She was always a firm and useful friend to those sufferers, in whose cause her noble husband fell.

The Earl had one son and two daughters; Robert, his son, succeeded him, as second *Earl of Sunderland.*

On his return from his travels, this young nobleman ingratiated himself much into the favour of Charles II.; towards the conclusion of whose reign, the question concerning the exclusion of the Duke of York, took up the minds of all parties.

The Earl of Sunderland had a difficult part to manage: he, and his two noble friends, Essex and Halifax, were the only ministers Charles consulted with. Lord Halifax wanted steadiness, but the notions of the Earl of Essex were diametrically opposite to those of the King.

In the mean time, the Earl of Sunderland and his two noble friends, proceeded in their respective departments of business, without any material impediment, till August 1679, when the King was taken dangerously ill at Windsor. His immediate successor, the Duke of York, seemed in a manner to be proscribed from the throne. In an interval of the King's illness, which proved an intermittant fever, they sent immediately for the Duke; but his Majesty recovered before he reached Windsor.

The Earl of Sunderland and his friends acted the wisest and most honest part: the Duke of York was under no parliamentary incapacity to succeed his brother, and it was difficult to say, which party was most dangerous to the nation; the tories, by joining with the *papists;* or the Whigs, by attempting to unhinge *the order of succession.* All who know any thing of history, are acquainted with the insinuating manners of Charles II, and that he had so much good sense, and so little bigotry in religion, as to leave his protestant subjects no room to apprehend that popery would ever be introduced in his life time. The Earl of Sunderland's long continuance in the ministry, opened the throat of calumny against him: and his name, with that of the Earl of Essex and Sir William Temple, were struck out of the list of privy counsellors. James II. however, saw the absolute necessity of restoring the seals to so able a statesman, as the Earl of Sunderland: and when he ascended the throne, continued him in all his offices: both papists and protestants, however, were prejudiced against his Lordship; but he soon received vindication of his firm attachment to the protesta and King William, after his succeeding to the thr Britain, never took any step of importance witho sulting the Earl.

Unhappily, while his Lordship was endeavouri coalition between the Whig and Tory parties, standing took place between Queen Mary, and Pr of Denmark. Mary refused, even in her last ill her sister; but, on the Queen's death, Anne wro condolence to the King, by the advice of the Ea land, which had all the effect that could be desir

The Earl, being in high credit with the King drew near the end of his useful life, and retired where he died on the 28th of December, 1702. had married Anne, youngest daughter of Ge Earl of Bristol; by this lady he had three s daughters. His second son, Charles, succeeded

THIRD EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

He was thrice married; first to Arabella, you ter to Henry Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, an one daughter.

On the 16th of January, 1699, this noblem second wife, Anne, second daughter, (and one of to John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, by w four sons, and two daughters. The mother of t dying the 16th of April, 1716, his Lordship, on t cember, 1717, married his third wife, Judith, Benjamin Titchbourne, Esq., by whom he had dren, who all died young.

This part of the Earl of Sunderland's history to be gone into by us, however interesting: fe quainted with the dismissal of the famous Sarah, Marlborough, from her situation of confidenti Queen Anne: the disgust taken on this occasion band, the great Churchill, was followed by which caused a surprising effect on the funds. A from the chief merchants was presented to Anne, that, for some time, she had resolved to remov Sunderland, but she had not determined on any o whenever she should, she would take good car credit should not be injured thereby. The Earl highest estimation with the people; and her word she meant to settle on him an annuity of th pounds per annum for his life. To this ensnari Earl returned this bold, but becoming answer:— her Majesty is satisfied that I have done my du cannot have the honour *to serve my country, I u der it*." The dismissal of his Lordship still m affected the funds than the preceding. Fou George I. arrived in England, the Earl of Sun appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He a King to his German dominions; and in June, appointed one of the Lords Justices, during th sence. The fatal effects of the South Sea sche year, caused the sufferers, amazed at their c impute them, unjustly, to persons in far higher s the South Sea directors: and their suspicions fell who very candidly said, he had been for the Sout because he thought it for the advantage of th lessen the public debt; but as no act of Parliam been so much abused as the South Sea act, he far as any body to punish the offenders. His ene

this a fair handle against him, and his Lordship, fearful that public service might suffer through their disputes, resigned his place as First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty: he, however, continued to enjoy the royal favor till his death, which happened on the 21st April, 1722.

His eldest son, Robert, was fourth Earl of Sunderland; when his father died he was on his travels; and returning home, he was seized with a violent fever at Paris, which put a period to his life on the 27th of November, 1729. His honors devolved upon his next brother,

CHARLES, OF THIS FAMILY, FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

By the death of Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, (who was his mother's elder sister, and elder sister of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough), on the 24th of October, 1733, without surviving issue, this Charles, fifth Earl of Sunderland, in right of his mother, second daughter to John, Duke of Marlborough, succeeded to the Dukedom.

On the 5th of October, 1744, his Grace had a large accession of fortune, by the death of his grandmother, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

At this time the French threatened England with an invasion; and to humble their insolence, two powerful squadrons were fitted out; the first commanded by Lord Anson and Sir Edward Hawke; the other under the direction of Commodore Howe, with a powerful body of troops, embarked under the command of the Duke of Marlborough, and it proved that the nation was greatly indebted to these brave commanders.

His Grace was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the British Forces, but did not long survive the appointment: he died on the 27th of October, at Munster, in Westphalia, in the year 1758.

His Grace married on the 23rd of May, 1732, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Lord Trevor, and by her, who died on the 7th of October, 1761, he had three sons and two daughters; his eldest son, George, succeeded him, as

Second Duke of Marlborough, the *second* of the name of *Spencer* who has borne that title; but the *fourth*, if we regard the female line, and include the Churchills. His Grace married, on the 23rd of August, 1764, Caroline, daughter of Lord Vere, and sister to the fourth Duke of St. Albans, by whom he had George, his successor, the third and present Duke of Marlborough, born on the 6th of March, 1766. He succeeded his father, the late Duke, January 30th, 1817, and was married, September 15th, 1791, to Susan, daughter of John, the late Earl of Galloway, and has issue, George, Marquis of Blandford, born December 27th, 1793, married January 11th, 1819, to his cousin Jane, eldest daughter of the present Earl of Galloway.

The motto of this noble family is "*Dieu défend le droit*" —"God defends the right."

ANECDOTES OF HERALDRY AND CHIVALRY.

In the dark ages of Gothic ignorance and superstition, a cloud of fabulous and improbable incidents obscured the bright beams of truth. False miracles were the basis on which even the ecclesiastical history of those times was built, and from monkish legends alone, are many events gathered and recorded in European annals.

A shield, however, or coat of arms, is a testimony that its bearer fought for freedom and for glory, and is handed do to posterity as a memorial of the noble achievements of possessor!

From sources, on the veracity of which we can depend, offer to our readers these Heraldic and Chivalrous Anecdote the one depending so much on the other, that it is not possi to treat of them distinctly, since many armorial bearings derived from Chivalry.

Some old heralds have imagined that the standards of Israelites were heraldic; but to this we cannot agree, becau it is well known they were all taken from the prophetic ble ings given by Jacob to his twelve sons, who gave them neit rules, colours, nor any thing else pertaining to the art *heraldry*.

There are heralds who scruple not to say that it wa *grandson of Noah* who first invented armorial ensigns; b all this is so much mingled with fable, that it cannot be i plicitly relied on.

The arms that we have been led to consider the most cient, are those of the Duchy of Mecklenbourg; and th have been continued with very trivial alterations from th first adoption.

Antyrius, it seems, was educated under the care of Amazon, near the lakes Molcoleds, in Scythia, having lea the art of war under Alexander the Great: he put himself the head of the Heruli, and took the title of King. Qu ting Scythia, where his possessions were hereditary, embarked with his warlike people on board a fleet, of whi the principal vessel had the head of an ox depicted on h stern. As they arrived safely at Mecklenbourg, from when they drove the Angli and others, the ox has been ever sin retained as the arms of that Duchy; but the horns, whi were painted white till the time of the Emperor Charles I were, by him, ordered to be of gold, and a coronet of go to be added in token of their descent from so illustrious a ancient a race of Kings. From this Antyrius descended t House of Mecklenburg, from whom came a Queen, renown for her conjugal and maternal virtues, THE MOTHER OF OU PRESENT GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN.

But nothing has contributed so much to the honour of h raldry as the Crusades. There are more families who be arms for their achievements in the holy wars, or who a sumed them on that occasion, than for any other caus Though the battle of Cressy gave rise to many bearings, did not equal the crusades. The cross, the scalop-shell, t crescent, or a star, were then universally displayed; and is thought, by most heralds, that armorial charges were n hereditary before the holy war. Some say that the origin coats of arms and crests being hereditary, came from ti and tournaments, in the tenth century; while others assert was from the crusade, under Godfrey of Boulogne. Whenc soever these bearings may be dated, heraldry merits our most respect; and though often degraded by upstarts w lay claim to such favours without authority, and assume a morial atchievements to which they have no right.

Crests are now too often changed at pleasure; yet a st tionary and family crest is generally indicative of honour a glory. A proof of its being the reward of valour is in th of the *Cromwells* of Huntingdonshire; their crest was a li holding in his paw a diamond ring. The following anecdo records its origin.

Richard Williams, *alias* Cromwell, in the 32d year King Henry VIII, with five other Esquires, sent a challen at jousts, to all competitors who would come, from Scotla

Flanders, France, or Spain. On the two first days he successfully overthrew his opponents; and Henry, much pleased with his prowess, called Cromwell to him, and said, "Hitherto thou hast been my DICK, now thou shalt be my DIAMOND;" and dropping his diamond ring from his finger, ordered him ever after to bear the above-mentioned crest. He also knighted him on the spot, and gave him Ramsey Abbey for his good services, and the payment of £4663 4*s*. 2*d*. held *in capite* by the tenth part of a Knight's fee, paying £29 16*s*. Cromwell rose to great favour with King Henry, who made him Gentleman of his Privy Chamber, Constable of Berkely Castle, and Captain of the Horse.

The origin of the arms and supporters of the Hay family, which bears date before the crusades, is thus related:—

When the Scots fled from the Danes, at a place called Long Cartey, one Hay, a husbandman, then at plough with his two sons, snatching the yoke into his hands, not only prevented the further pursuit of the enemy, but beat them back with a great overthrow. Kenneth III, who then reigned over Scotland, did not suffer such valour to go unrewarded, but gave him as much land as a falcon could fly over before it took a stand. At a village, called Hawkestone, is a very large stone on the road side, which is said to be the place where the hawk settled. From this circumstance arose the crest and the supporters. In the shield are three escutcheons given them for a bearing, because Kenneth being once in great danger of his life, some of the Hay family threw themselves in between the King and the enemy; and soon after appearing before Kenneth, with their shields covered with blood, he ordered them in future to bear argent, three escutcheons, gules.

Kenneth, who was thus saved by the loyalty of his subjects, whom he seemed to know how to reward, was not equally fortunate in his intercourse with the fair; in 994, Frinella, Countess of Angus, insinuated herself into his favour, and enticed him to her palace, where, while he listened to a plausible narrative of plots against his life, she caused him to be assassinated. His friends surrounded the palace, to seize the murderess, but she escaped by a window, and fled to her party.

In a fight at Dupplin Castle, in the reign of Edward I the whole house of *Hay* would have been extirpated, had it not happened that the chief left his wife at home in a state of pregnancy; this child proving a son, the name was thereby perpetuated.

The family of Sir Brian Tunstal, who was slain at the battle of Flodden Field in 1513, bore arms before the time of the crusades. The arms are three combs, which arose from the first of the name and family in England, being barber to William the Conqueror. Cuthbert, the son of Sir Brian was twenty-eight years bishop of Durham, and was one of the wisest, best, and most learned men of his time. All the descendants of Sir Brian are of the romish church, and have great property at Wycliff, near the Tees.

There is a tradition in the family of the Thyrwitts of Stainfield, Lincolnshire, which has been handed down from father to son, that the first of the Thyrwitts had, in some action, valiantly defended a bridge, and was afterwards sought for by his general, and found sleeping among the rushes; he was discovered by the cries and beatings of the lapwings: from whence he was called Thyrwitt, and afterwards was assigned three lapwings for his coat of arms.

The paternal arms of Granville, Lord Lansdown, on the breast of the Roman Eagle, were borne in that manner on account of an Hungarian enterprize. Charles Gran
baron of Lansdown, and thirty first of Gran
during *his* father's life-time, in Hungary agains
he was created count of the Holy Roman Empi
mitted to wear his arms on the Imperial Eagle.

A Sir Thomas Arundel, who greatly signalize
war, and took the banner of the Ottomans a
created Count of the Holy Roman Empire, by
1592. The title was not limited to himself, nor
cendants; but to all his family and *their* descen
male or female. On his return to England, a d
among the peers, whether such a dignity, granted
prince, ought to be *allowed here*, as to place and
or any other privilege, and was voted in the neg
which, King James I, in the third year of his r
land, desirous of countenancing the signal merit o
Arundel, created him Baron of Wardour; he be
six swallows (three, two and one) from *Hirondelle*
and we must say it seems a strange corruption
of *Arundel*.

The family of Keith bore arms before the Cru
said that one Robert, a chieftain among the
joined Malcolm II., King of Scotland, at the b
bridge, in 1006, was very instrumental in gainin
over the Danes, where Cannes, their general w
the hand of Robert, which Malcolm perceiving
finger in Cannes's blood, and drew strokes with
top of Robert's shield; since which time the fam
have borne the following arms; argent a chief p
argent and gules.

[*To be continued.*]

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A SATIRE.

Come now, all ye beaux and ye belles of th
For Cupid his arrows has fixed in each breast;
To the Two-Penny Post-Office hasten away
With your tributes to sweet-hearts on Valentin

See the stationer's windows, how gaily they
With stamp'd sheets, where the rose and the li
Beneath whose light foliage, true lovers may p
Their vows to each other on Valentine's day.

There Cupids with bows and with quivers a
With arrow pierc'd hearts, and french mottoes
Which seem to each damsel's soft bosom to say
"Remember the pledges of Valentine's day."

But all tempers to suit, both of high and of
Love's caricaturas are strung in a row;
That neglected affection its wit may display
To the proud, scornful fair one on Valentine's

Now the heroes of Grub Street their verses
And tho' the sweet Nine never dictated there;
Each dashing apprentice considers he may
Make *rhyme without reason* on Valentine's day

Ye vot'ries of fashion, who shine in the We
Whose love by the sigh or the smile is exprest,
Reject not the homage a poet would pay
To the charms of each fair one on Valentine's d

VALE

THE TRAVELS OF THAT MOST LEARNED AND SCIENTIFIC DIGNITARY, DOCTOR ROUND.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DOCTOR'S FIRST OUTSET—AND THE EXCELLENT ADVICE HE GAVE TO HIS NEPHEW CONE.

[*Continued from page* 12.]

The Doctor having, by his little Treatise on the effects of tea, somewhat appeased his choler, ordered *Trunc* to get it printed and published, little dreaming of what would ultimately be the dreadful consequence.

All things were now ready for starting. Jemmy was sent in a hack with the luggage to the coach office, and the Doctor, after tenderly embracing Mrs. Round, marched with his nephew Trunc to join Jemmy.—It has been often remarked that, in starting upon a journey, the first extraordinary circumstance that occurs is an arbinger, or omen of what will be the result. The Doctor in taking a sharp turn of the corner of a street, thinking of the Chinese and their infernal tails, stumbled over a dog, who was probably thinking as deep as the Doctor (for it was no other than the sapient Toby); Trunc immediately ran to his uncle's assistance, and having succeeded in raising the best stored bookcase in Europe to its perpendicular position, made this sage remark: "My worthy uncle, this is a happy event; it prognosticates the success of our adventures—two of the greatest beings in Europe of the biped and quadruped race have, by accident, come in contact; it indicates that as the beast was under you and yelped at feeling your superior consequence, that you are supreme over begits; and let the *beast* be ever so *beastly*, or ever so *sapient* your superior weight in the world shall crush it!!" The Doctor listened with marked attention, praised Cone for his discernment, and having brushed the dirt from his garments, proceeded, in a deep reverie, to the coach office, where, having arrived without further mishap, they found that Jemmy had arranged every thing necessary respecting the luggage, and seated by the side of a buxon lass on the roof of the coach, appeared so jealous of his situation, that he did not even offer to descend to assist his learned master to stow himself within, but left that *enviable* office to the *envied* amanuensis. The Doctor and Trunc being safely lodged, and no other inside passenger,—this pride, this flower of British literature, was whirled at the rate of ten miles an hour on his arduous undertaking: the world little thinking what a treasure they were hazarding upon speculations, though grand in the extreme, were yet excessively precarious in their nature. After a pause of some minutes the Doctor thus addressed his nephew: "My dear Trunc, Providence seems to have pointed out this period as a favourable epoch of your life, by leaving us together in this vehicle without the intrusion of strangers, and thereby giving me an opportunity of lecturing you as to your future conduct in our researches after knowledge, and also as to the moral principles, upon which such a promising young man as yourself ought to act. You are aware, my dear boy, that appearance in life is every thing; that outward things are i finitely more appreciated, than all the rich a hidden stores of intellectual knowledge; have y not observed how often I have been pointed at ignorance and folly as a stupid, old, fat fool? Yo indignation must naturally have been excited, a your eyes opened to the false judgment of the wor knowing how intensely I have studied to store m mind at the expence of my body; and how I ha distorted my frame to avoid the observations those who are ever envious of superior attainment Now, my worthy lad, you have not had the adva tages of an education equal to myself (and inde no one, *from your appearance*, would, for a m ment suspect it, even had your mind been store like the Bodlean library); but it is necessary no that we should put a proper face upon our affairs it is absolutely necessary that you should appe *like a learned man*. In the first place, those locks yours which hang so luxuriously over your shoulder and which foolish people call *carotty* (although yo *aunt* knows them to be *auburn*) should undergo quick and mighty change: you are aware that bal ness has ever been considered as a strong indic tion of mental energy; and imagine that, when t top of your head is well shaved, and those ringle (as your aunt calls them) well trimmed, when peop are eying you as a simple lad, you suddenly tak off your hat as if to wipe the perspiration from yo studious brow, and disclose, to their astounded sense the head of a young Diogenes; think of the triump you will have over their premature judgments! wi what calm and conscious superiority, on replacin your hat, you will cast a mixed look of pity and co tempt at their extreme deficiency of perception, an march slowly away with all classical dignity. You mu always, my dear boy, look as if you *know something* you must keep your brow constantly knit, every no and then start, as if you had a thought; take out yo pocket book, write or scribble rapidly, putting o casionally your finger to your forehead—then, with sort of hum; pace the room rapidly apparently in dee reflection, but by no means be led into a controversy only *hum!* and *hah!* and look mountains, shake yo head or involuntarily nod; smile a little contemp tuously, never mind what the discussion may be, bu in a few words appear to know more than you choos to utter; if you should by chance be so off your guar as to make a foolish remark, do not appear to be co scious of it; but immediately utter some low inco herent sentence, so that the company may suppos that over-study has had a temporary effect upo your mental faculties, be rather slovenly in your dres and *a little dirty:* (by the way, that advice is n necessary.) But to continue."——Here Cone too the liberty of observing to his uncle, that he woul strictly adhere to his admonition, although he ver much disliked the shaving part of the business; bu having witnessed the terrible effects of his uncle indignation, at Twyng Wang's conduct, he thought

judicious to assent to all his wishes, he therefore tacitly acquiesced.

"This is not all that I require of you, my worthy nephew," said the Doctor, "there is still a severe trial that I must put your fortitude to: I have lately observed, that your appetite is rather of a voracious nature, in fact you eat almost as much as I do, and although you are lankey (I mean slim) at present, yet I observe a small protuberance indicative of a future rotundity equal to my own; you must, however, keep yourself as thin as a weazle, in fact, as genteel in appearance as your *aunt*, whose especial favorite you are; you must partake very sparingly of animal food, no wine, and but little beer, and that very *small:* and then I am certain you will have all the appearance of a studious and learned character." At this Cone's countenance fell, it was a shock so unexpected to him that his bowels grumbled involuntarily at the privation they anticipated.—The Doctor affected not to observe his tribulation, but continued:—"There is another point that I must forcibly impress on your mind, the fallacy, the error of susceptibility in youth; Trunc I have often observed you looking with *rather more* than essentially necessary expression, towards my house-maid Sally; those looks have often excited some doubt in my mind as to their meaning; but considering your extreme youth, I could impute your motive to no other than endeavouring to improve yourself in those lessons of physionogmy, which I have so repeatedly endeavoured to inculcate. Sally is certainly a good looking young woman, and every turn of her countenance evinces her character as a good bed maker."—The Doctor now appeared to be deeply absorbed in thought; and leant back, apparently overcome with the intensity of his anxiety for his nephew's welfare. Cone, all attention, and expecting a continuation of his uncle's lecture, sat open mouthed, but was soon relieved, by an idea that the very thought of *a bed maker*, had lulled his uncle to that dormant state, that relieves the weary from their toil, and makes the emperor and the beggar for the time equal. Two or three slight blasts, like that of a small trumpet, convinced Trunc that he might have the audacity to put his head out of the window, and take a peep at Jemmy and his lass, who, in spite of his dark copper colour, he found was by no means an exceptionable companion to the cherry cheek damsel, as she was looking insinuatingly on his *sun burnt features*, whilst he protected her from the jerks of the coach, by the encircling position of his left arm. Cone called softly, and winking to Jemmy, asked him if he would like an inside place, as he was a little *sickish*; but Jemmy's reply was, "Master Cone, I am glad of it as it will do you good; you know that you ate at breakfast this morning almost as much as your uncle, and as you are not near so clever nor so learned as that great man, you ought to empty your stomach, and *fill your head* a little more."—With this reply poor Trunc had only to sit down and anticipate the conclusion of his uncle's lecture, when should have loosed him from his clutches.

Whilst in a deep reverie, and envying situation, the coach stopped with a sudden ji awoke the Doctor, who exclaim'd, "Where as the door was opened, and a voice of kind i asked if the gentlemen would please to alig coach would stop there twenty minutes.—Th feeling the necessity of keeping up his pers pearance, enquired what there was to eat? is a pigeon pie, sir, a cold fowl, and ham, s Doctor descended with dignity, gave a si look at his nephew (as much as to say reme lecture), and walked stately into the parlou meekly followed, and Jemmy with his lass into the kitchen. The doctor *sat down* (in a phrase) *before the pigeon pie*, and advanced with such rapidity that he soon reduced the —Poor Trunc afraid of touching any thi what his uncle had said, took the opport ring the heat of his engagement to slip into chen, where he found Jemmy and his fair co solacing themselves with a comfortable piec boiled beef and mashed potatoes, and ever a washing it down with copious draughts, of *country ale*. Cone was fascinated, looked, si down, cut, cut again, poured the luscious e malt and hops, glass after glass, down his ble throat, till the awful sound of the coach ing "Gentlemen, *I can't vait no longer!*" rou from their transitory happiness, reluctantly t arose, and again Cone offered Jemmy hi side; but Jemmy again declined his generou politely as before, alleging that, although been born in a warm *climate*, he was not at at all *cold!* and with a sort of knowing look his fair companion to the coach, and gallantl her even above his renowned master.—Tru more comfortable than he was before, had cou cient to sustain a continuation of the Doctor' —After a moderate breathing he thus began:— where were you during the repast? I scarce you till the coachman called. "Why uncle," sa I was afraid of *eating too much* after what said, and so I walked a little in the garde done, my brave boy, I am glad, to find you p much forbearance; it is a proof that what I s thrown away upon you; persevere in such and I prophecy that you will be a great man. talking, I believe, when the coach stopped, a *ly*, I am now induced to continue my lectu frailty of the human passions, and on th of giving way to that susceptibility, which s later must affect either our *intellects* or our *p* must describe to you the *nature* and the *ar* women of that country, in which we are first mence our scientific operation: they are as the Devil; as ugly as sin; as wicked as Mam will they seduce the fairest youth of Europe.

[*To be continued.*]

VALOR AND GENEROSITY.

A TALE.

In the last long and sanguinary war, and in that ever-memorable battle whereby peace and victory were so dearly, yet so nobly purchased, when the English were personally engaged against the French, a lively young fellow, belonging to the former brave and generous nation, highly distinguished himself as a volunteer.

Henry Arnold, the young gentleman in question, was possessed of fortune sufficient to furnish him with every luxury of life; but he could not enjoy that fortune at home; for there was no french invasion, he found, at all likely to take place, and the discontented growling democrats had become so disgusted at Bonaparte's taking the title of Emperor, and then taking such large strides all over Europe, that there was no prospect at all of a *civil* war to employ his sword; yet his passion for military glory predominated with so much violence, that, though his anxious relatives had made him faithfully promise never to purchase nor accept of a commission, he was determined to fight, without *positively* breaking that promise; and he, therefore, made a voluntary offer of his services, which were immediately acceded to.

Few men were possessed of more real courage than Arnold; but though he was eager to gather laurels in the defence of his country, her rights, and her liberties, he had, with all the finer feelings, a mind the most enlarged and liberal; nor was he ashamed of the tear that fell over a vanquished foe: he could not, with the eye of indifference, behold so many of his valiant opposers stretched on the ensanguined plain: they were his fellow men; there were, and not a few among them, beloved sons, sole sons, perhaps of widowed mothers. The greater number of the slain were husbands, cut off in the full pride and summer of their lives; indeed, he has beheld the afflicting sight of a father and his stripling son fighting side by side, and both have fallen together by the fire of the enemy.

In Arnold, the man was never lost in the soldier; for justly might it be said of him, that he united the tenderness of the dove to the courage of the lion. Alas! he sometimes witnessed, among the sons of boasted *sentiment*, deeds that would have disgraced the most ferocious savage: indeed, on either side, he saw enough to make him often lament a total want of that humanity and tenderness which he so keenly felt.

A short time previous to the coming up of those allies, who turned the fortune of the day so decidedly in our favour, Henry was taken prisoner; and, in consequence of that disastrous circumstance, was huddled among several others in the same predicament, and conducted to quarters, very far from being commodious and agreeable. However, by the peculiar politeness of the commanding officer, who soon distinguished Arnold by uncommon marks of attention, his captivity was rendered as comfortable as such a situation would admit; and through the activity of the generous foe, the enlargement of Henry was soon procured. The young volunteer hero was charmed by this unexampled behaviour, and expressed the gratitude he felt in the most energetic terms; assuring the Frenchman he should be truly happy if he could, in any shape, become serviceable to him.

Monsieur de Varonne was profuse in his thanks, which he gave with all that polite fluency so characteristic of his country, and Henry took leave of his good-natured enemy, with the firm resolution of doing him every service in his power, compatible with his own honour; for the chance of war might, perhaps, throw M. de Varonne into that situation wherein his assistance might be of the utmost advantage, without injuring the cause in which Arnold was engaged.

After having given some very shining proofs of valour, Henry returned to England after the glorious victory atchieved by the immortal Wellington; and Arnold only regretted that no opportunity had been given him of discharging a small part of his debt of gratitude to M. de Varonne; while the generous conduct of the amiable French officer, during the time he was his prisoner, remained deeply engraven on his feeling heart.

Mr. Arnold was considerably enriched by the death of a near relation, soon after he returned to England. He became a Member of Parliament, and his energetic character would not allow him to be a silent one. Many were the battles he fought in St Stephen's Chapel, though they were not of a sanguinary kind.

Yet this state of life was not to his taste, and he resolved to travel; but, paying a visit to his country seat to arrange some business with his steward, previous to his realizing this project, he fell in love with a young lady in the vicinity, and after a short courtship (for where people really regard each other, a long one is very ridiculous) he married her, and bade fair to be a most indulgent husband; while his Olivia exerted all her powers and accomplishments to render his wedded life a happy one; and she so domesticated him, that he could read of "wars and rumours of wars," of glorious actions atchieved in distant quarters of the globe, without breathing a wish to be among the victors; though he was still as brave a fellow as any hero living.

Mrs. Arnold had not been married many months when lady Marsden, her most particular female friend, was very desirous that the new married pair should join her party in a trip to Paris. Mrs. Arnold wished to go, and Henry could not bear to deny his charming wife any thing; he therefore made preparations for a visit to France, with the greatest alacrity possible. He himself had been twice or thrice at Paris; but found there but little to attract his notice; but Mrs. Arnold was delighted with all she saw, and the varied pleasures of what she thought the gayest ci

in the world. Her fond Henry found it the most pleasing task he had ever performed, in taking her to every place, Museum, and public spectacle worthy her attention: but the highest satisfaction he derived from his visit to Paris arose from an occurrence of a melancholy nature.

He was one day passing by the door of a mean looking house, in a very obscure part of this renowned city, when looking in at one of the lower windows, he was struck by the distressed situation of a very handsome female, seated in a room with scarcely any furniture; she was supremely lovely, in spite of the disadvantages of an humble and neglected dress, and she was bitterly weeping over two sweet children, and imploring the father of mercy to look down with compassion on them and her!

Henry, whose delight was in deeds of benevolence obeyed the impulse that prompted him to disregard all form, and he rushed into the house, where he immediately inquired into the cause of a scene which had pierced his very soul. Pained as he was at heariug the beauteous mourner's narrative, he yet felt gratified at finding that she was the wife of M. de Varonne, who had so befriended him when he was a prisoner. Her grief, almost amounting to frenzy, had been occasioned by her husband having been arrested and lodged in prison, being unable to satisfy the demands of his creditors, and one rapacious and unmerciful being had purchased up the whole of his debts: all his goods were seized; and the compassion of one who had formerly been her servant, allowed her the wretched, half-furnished apartment on the ground floor of a house he let out to different lodgers, as a mere shelter.

Henry stayed not to hear another sentence, but after gently soothing her, he told her he would soon bring her comfort: he then almost flew to the assistance of M. de Varonne, his once generous foe, to whom he proved that war may be without enmity; for the brave Arnold released de Varonne, by instantly defraying the debt for which he was arrested; nor did his noble generosity stop there; he exerted every nerve, through the interest of the English ambassador to procure for this gallant soldier, from the late kind-hearted Louis XVIII, a situation of honour and profit; thus paying the debt of gratitude, and restoring a fond father and kind husband to a happy and respectable home. V.

THE HOUR OF LOVE.

When music wakes the raptur'd soul
And bids it bow to her control,
Then let the heart's soft feelings prove
This is the blissful hour of love.

When on the bosom of the deep,
On azure waves the moon-beams sleep;
As on the silent beach we rove,
This is the blissful hour of love.

When the fond vow shall meet reply,
And hear its answer in the sigh;
And both are register'd above,
This is the blissful hour of love.

When from the eye the tear shall flow,
When on the cheek the blush shall glow,
When nature thus the heart can move,
This is the blissful hour of love.

When vainly seeking to beguile
The frown shall soften to a smile
And every rising fear remove,
This is the blissful hour of love.

THE CACOETHES LOQUEND

Mr. Editor,

Though not an M. D., I am a Man of th
and as I mix much in the circles of fashio
many opportunities of studying character
varieties, and on perusing your excellen
tion, I was much amused by the Article on
Scribendi, and it immediately struck me that
ly resembled a complaint by far too preval
ciety; particularly in the World of Fashion
the *Cacoëthes Loquendi*, *vulgo* Gossipping.
ing of this malady I shall not follow the pla
correspondent in detailing Nosologically,
prescriptions for its cure, but simply state
fallen under my notice in the several wal
and how the different individuals were affec
I should first inform your readers that it is
of peculiar inveteracy, and of a highly i
character, so much so, that I have often
whole party, who had sat for more than two
a state of the most solemn silence, particula
dinner, the gentlemen twirling their thumb
ladies playing with their fans, and both em
the quiet enjoyment of their own thought
known such a company, Sir, on the entran
or two visitors who exhibited symptoms o
sease by the discharge of the most peccant
instantly catch the contagion, and becc
stunningly garrulous. I have generally f
ladies were first infected, particularly if th
was at all tainted with scandal, and ind
private history. On these occasions whe
fection is once received, the parties le
chairs vacant and separate into groups in
parts of the room, according to their severa
tions, which occasions the disease to assum
appearances, till a summons to the dining
when the malady is allayed for a time, by t
employment of the diseased organs in gust
masticatory exercises.

The *Cacoëthes Loquendi* is of various kinds
Drawing Room it is commonly found most
among *young Ladies* and *Dandies*, who di
most frivolous subjects, at great length; an
ter particularly are affected with a variety

lar contortions both of face and person, somewhat resembling St. Vitus's Dance. This is a very harmless stage of the disease, which seldom, if ever, serves to render the person otherwise than ridiculous, and gives a peculiar expression of vacuity to the countenance. A short time since, at a fashionable party, as I was sitting quietly in a corner, studying character, my ears were assailed by a torrent of words, which were delivered with so much affectation of utterance, that I was at a loss to determine to which of the living languages they might belong, till on looking up, I discovered a figure of an hermaphrodite description, lisping an account of a private elopement, to a young lady of a modest and unassuming demeanor, whose uneasiness was betrayed by her blushes, and laconic replies; and by the frequent but timid glances which she cast at the neighbouring card-table, where her Mamma was soberly and silently engaged in a quiet rubber, unconscious of the torment her daughter was enduring from the persecutions of her loquacious companion. I soon discovered that this merciless animal was a *Dandy*, and under the influence of the *Cacoëthes Loquendi*, which would have continued interminably, had not the young lady been called to join the dance.

The political is extremely dangerous and violent, and usually attacks gentlemen in the decline of life. It rages most among members of Parliament during the session, when it becomes an epidemic. Persons thus afflicted are extremely vociferous and positive, and make use of the most severe language; they frequent coffee-houses and taverns, particularly in the evening, and discuss the most important topics of government, with as much confidence, as if they were at the helm of state. They are endowed with a kind of second sight, and discover political *juggling*, as they call it, in every public measure, and a general meeting fills them with instant alarm, from the catholic association to the tunnel under the Thames. They have a voracious appetite for newspapers and political pamphlets, which they devour with astonishing rapidity. They were extremely numerous during the war, and the disease assumed a most alarming aspect in the radical mania; when it threatened destruction to the very fabric of social order; but the long and happy continuance of peace has caused the rabid symptoms considerably to decline; though much excitement has lately been induced by the proceedings of the catholic association: but I am in great hopes that the meeting of parliament will remove the irritation and lessen the contagion.

To this the oratorical is nearly allied, which exhibits itself at public meetings of every kind, where it produces a great effect both on mind and body, and while the former pours forth its whole energy in vehemence, the latter is usually actuated by a vaccillating motion, to which the arms and head largely contribute. Of this kind are all great public projectors of national improvements, whose whole soul is absorbed in one idea, as Mr. Owen, Mr. Mc. Adam, Mr. Hamilton, &c. These gentlemen in their publi harangues, seldom fail to infect a large portion their auditors, particularly the monied ones, wh eagerly second their resolutions, hoping to realise golden harvest, and in their turns become projector As companies for supplying the public with many the necessaries of life, and the insurance of it, a well as contributing to the convenience and beauty the Metropolis in the various improvements to numerous to mention, both in progress and in em bryo, each of which has wisely had recourse to public meeting, to raise the necessary supplies t carry their laudable designs into execution; th class of *sufferers* has greatly increased, and this pe culiar feature of the complaint now rages with grea fury, and seems to bid defiance to every remedy, bu an insertion in the gazette, and a temporary consign ment to the gloomy walls of *Ellenborough Castl* where, for any pity from the projectors by whom the have been deluded, *they may lie* as Macbeth say " till famine and the ague eat them up."

The scientific, though not dangerous, is highly in fectious, and pervades many honourable and usefu societies, and is particularly prevalent among phre nologists whose learned researches, have discovere the machinery of the brain, by which the *Forge* executes his *deceptions*, *Prince Hohenloe* performs hi *miracles*, &c., &c., and we may hope at last, by the valuable assistance to be enabled to choose ou wives and our servants by inspecting their *skull* without a possibility of being deceived in the fidelit of the one or the honesty of the other; each of whic we must allow to be "a consummation devoutly t be wished!" This species of the complaint is no confined to the above *sapient* and *intellectual* indivi duals, but is also found among blue stockings, an female philosophers, and displays itself at the evenin *converzatione*, in an unintelligible jargon of scien tific terms, and the delivery of opinions so new strange and unnatural, as would infallibly subjec them to the imputation of strong mental delusion did not the harmlessness of the patients prove th true nature of their complaints.

There is another species of the disease which bear a *literary* character, and is generally found to attac rival authors, and the scurrility of the language b which it is accompanied is not surpassed by any no even by the scandalous itself. Both appear, if no the same disease, to owe their origin to the same cause envy—which as it is a prevalent vice in all classe of society, is scarcely susceptible of cure. I hav seen many lamentable and desperate cases of thi kind, which have gone to so great lengths as to pro duce irreconcileable quarrels between the most in timate friends, and I have generally found that th best method of treating such persons, when they hav unluckily fallen in my way, was to preserve the mos obdurate silence, which by depriving them of an ac tive opponent, suppressed, at least for a time, th violence of the symptoms.

Though such, Sir, are a few of the personal observations I have made in various classes of society, yet I am far from being an enemy to *talking;* on the contrary, I only consider it assumes the nature of a disease in the above cases, in all of which it is constantly misapplied, and occasions a morbid state both of the thinking and speaking organs, and produces that troublesome disorder which I have been induced to call the *Cacoëthes Loquendi.*

The gift of speech, Sir, is one of the distinguishing marks of man, and raises him to the station he was designed to fill in the scale of being. Its exercise therefore in *talking* is not only laudable, but necessary, and should be cultivated and encouraged for the benefit of society. Without *talking* the world would be a blank; knowledge would be the exclusive property of individuals; but *talking* diffuses the stores of information, enlarges the boundaries of science, and thus contributes to the general good of mankind.

The man who is an enemy to *talking* is scarcely to be considered a member of society; he sits in gloomy silence among his fellows, brooding over those stores which it is his duty to dispense for the benefit of others. Of such a man there is little to hope; and even should he at any time be induced to deliver an opinion, he will be commonly found either an ascetic misanthrope, or a self-conceited pedant.

In proof of the general estimation in which rational *talking* has been universally held, we find it was employed as a mode of instruction by the ancient philosophers, who thus delivered their maxims, and explained their theories; literary characters are generally much addicted to *talking*, of which Dr. Johnson was a remarkable instance, who on every occasion was willing to employ the powers of his mighty mind for general amusement and information. The utility of talking is therefore unquestionable, and its rational and diligent cultivation as one of the most fertile sources of information is earnestly recommended by

A Takler.

THE MAIDEN'S VOW.

Ah! say not that smile can deceive me,
Ah! say not that tear can betray;
My Mary has sworn to believe me
She never will dare disobey.

As soon might you clear gushing fountain,
Forget thro' the valley to glide,
Or the wave stirring breeze of the mountain
To ripple the face of the tide.

To be constant and love me for ever,
She swore by the morning's pure light,
And that no one that compact should sever,
She swore by the crescent of night.

Then say not that smile can deceive me,
Ah! say, not that tear can betray;
My Mary has sworn to believe me
She never will dare disobey.

VARIETIES.

TO THE MANAGERS OF OUR TWO GRE NAL THEATRES.

Gentlemen,

As I see a very great rivalship between you, *spectacles*, consisting of show, tinsel, foil, c powder, (even in the representations of times wh was not known,) and horses, plunging throug element that creature is very much averse fr that is nothing; do not imagine, I mean to i there is the least absurdity in any one of the spl you so plentifully treat the public with; no, the must be to dazzle the eyes, and in that, you eminently succeeded, to the great encouragemen dramatic taste; and to what, ought first to be the filling your houses, and, consequently, your

But in all your triumphs, entries and processi you have neglected our good city of London.

Gentlemen, I am fond of originality, and I fl I have some genius: I will, therefore, lay befor out further preamble, the following plan for a tacle.

I propose to begin with the Lord Mayor's sh water, the view of the bridge of Westminster, to b the Surry side: the boats to go across the stage be above thirty or forty great boats and barges possibly have less, to keep up the pomp of the th these barges have gone across, I would hav Mayor's *grand barge*, come down from the furt of the stage, followed by one, containing the Lad habited like Cleopatra, as she sailed down the Cid Mark Anthony. Here I should make a few al the honour of *trade* and the city, as the opport direct; and instead of boys representing *cupids* be surrounded by *Blue-Coat boys*, in their pro new clothes, of course. Then should follow b with aldermen, common-council men, and mus bargemen in their white shirts, and watermen veries and silver badges, will not add a little to dour of this scene. The wings or side scenes here be knocked all away; that there may be, a term it, plenty of *sea-room*. When the boats the front of the stage, it will be supposed they ar *Friars* stairs. Then shall be sung, by the stre whole house, "God save the King," and "Rule and "Oh! The Roast Beef of Old England." painted curtain fall.

Now the removal of all those pageantries mu unavoidable, and, indeed, a somewhat awkward yet, I would really wish to be as classical a so I think you ought to have a new curtain scen painted for the occasion; the subject to be *Fl* you have just had a distant view of *Bridge St* *Friars*, at least in imagination; therefore still *neighbourhood*, for the most minute particulars h in the lives of public spirited men! Let, therefor ing on the drop-scene, represent Fleet Market: up the time, in as diverting a manner as possibl

a band of butchers, with marrow-bones and cleavers: this will have much novelty, and if these ancient instruments are in skilful hands, I doubt not but they will, in time, be introduced in the *oratorios*. However, the *introduction* of them here, will be one of those grand strokes of nature, so much admired by all true lovers of the drama, and keep up the *liaison de scènes*, so much admired by the French critics.

The scene should then open with the procession and cavalcade by land. The marshalling the city companies must be very exact. Among these the men in armour can ride, the four-legged performers, now kept in constant pay, at both your houses. The artillery company must be as fine as possible; but I do not know how we can possibly avoid making all the aldermen walk on their ten-toes, though I would wish this grand spectacle to be a close imitation of nature, yet, we are all allowed to improve nature by art. Now, in the real Lord Mayor's show, the several companies are distinguished by little more than their arms painted upon silk banners. I would therefore as an amendment propose that these arms should be real *bona fide insignia*, which will add greatly to the splendour of the pageant; the idea is new, and novelty and shew will make any thing go down: as an instance of what I would advance; we will say the arms of the smith's company is a strick; then instead of seeing it in silver or gold leaf stuck at the top of a flag, no bigger than my little *Billy's* pocket handkerchief, how much more noble would it be to see that stately bird, walking across the stage, with a *horse-shoe* in his mouth. Some of your melo-dramas, spectacles, or pantomimes, will no doubt, furnish you with a lion, an ox or a monkey, to be used as other emblems; they might perhaps frighten the children at holiday time; and yet it would be a capital business, if living animals could be famed for the purpose; it would only be the cause, perhaps, of a few lives being lost, that's all!

Excuse me, gentlemen, for giving you these few hints; and be assured, I am not so puffed up with the consciousness of my own abilities, as not to listen to the amendments suggested by men of genius. However, there is something more I would wish to mention. In a Lord Mayor's show, there are many persons mounted on horseback; absolutely too many to bring on the stage upon your intelligent quadruped performers; however, I humbly conceive a few might be placed on sham horses, in the back ground: but the court of aldermen *must* walk as I said before; because, in the real procesion, they go in coaches; which, here they cannot do, unless you should lay your house open to the street; and, even then, I fear for many reasons, it would be very awkward. Thus with much noise, the overpowering clang of cymbals, kettle-drums, turkish bells, glittering dresses, and much shew, the piece must be approved of, and you will have overflowing houses every night, even should you both bring the pageant out at the same time. But which ever theatre adopts my idea, I will venture to say that, during the present rage for pageantry, glitter, noise and feats of horsemanship, the manager will have no cause to repent having listened to the suggestions of

A PATRIOTIC PROJECTOR.

MEZERAY.

This celebrated French historian, was rather below the middle size: his physiognomy wanted expression, and might be pronounced neither for him, nor against him; he was, indeed more distinguished by his wit, than his appearanc but he wanted a certain polish which is pleasing to eve one, although it is not every one who may be possess of it. An enemy to every species of constraint, he su mitted to the laws without respecting them. His sinceri would have been highly praiseworthy' had he kept it und due bounds, or that hidden motives had not frequently ma him go beyond them. His character had a certain orig nality, as the following examples will serve to prove.

This historian never wrote except by candle-light, eve when it was broad day, in the height of summer; an as if he was then persuaded that the sun no longer shon he did not fail to wait on his guests, to the street doo with a candle in his hand, to light them out; Mezera was one of the chilliest men on earth. Patru, a celebrate lawyer, met him one morning when it froze very hard, an asked him how ne found himself in such weather?—"I a now at the letter L, my dear Patru, and I am hastenin home to my fire." This enigma puzzled the man of law but it was explained to him by one of his friends, wh said to him, "Mezeray, as soon as winter commences, ha always hanging behind his arm chair, twelve pair of stocking ticketed from the letter A to M; when he gets out of be he consults his barometer, that he may put on as man pair as the different degrees of cold may require."

ANECDOTE OF THOMSON, NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

This charming writer, notwithstanding the liberality o his mind, was, like the great Johnson, remarkably subjec to the vulgar terror of ghosts and superuatural appearances it is said that, for the first twenty years of his life, at least he would never allow his chamber door to be shut, and wa miserable when obliged to sleep in a strange house, wher there might not be any one on the same floor with himsel

While he was studying divinity in the university a Edinburgh, he was engaged as private tutor to Lord Cran ston's eldest son, and spent the summer months at th seat of that family.

During his continuance there, young Thomson becam enamoured of the beauty of Miss Cranston; and as he coul not hope that she would participate in his passion, he re solved to content himself by the contemplation of her at tractions. The style of dress was such, at that time, a to disfigure, instead of to set off female charms; enormous hoops, stiff stays, and long mis-shapen waists, with the chest cruelly confined. Thomson was anxious to behold the object of his admiration divested of these troublesome disguises. He slept in the room directly over that of Mis Cranston, and her room, as in many old mansions in Scot land, was not cieled: he, therefore, found means to bore a hole through the floor, in which he put a cork, to prevent discovery; and when he found the young lady wa going to rest, he pulled out the cork, and laid his eye to the aperture: but he was sometimes too late; the young lady was in bed, or well wrapped up in her night clothes and he resolved rather to retire too early and wait fo the time of her disrobing. We have heard, however, that he had not always been disappointed in his unwarrantable curiosity, and it is confidently reported that the beloved object gave rise to that high wrought description in his *Summer* of Musidora undressing for the bath.

However, our poet retired one evening very early to rest; but Thomson was always of rather a heavy nature,

and he fell fast asleep at his post, but his mouth, instead of his eye, was rivetted to the hole in the floor, and there he lay, and most profoundly snored.

Miss Cranston was alarmed at the sound, and called her waiting woman: "Lud!" cried the young woman, "he has fallen asleep at his hole." "What hole?" cried the young lady.—"Have patience, madam, and I will tell you; you know nothing of the matter."—"How should I?"—"Ah! miss, if any man had looked so tenderly at me, I should have known it long ago. Mr. Thomson, madam, is desperately in love with you. He talks about you in his sleep, so loud, that I can hear him in the garret; he's almost out of his wits about you; and Betty tells me, that in sweeping the room, she has for some time past discovered a hole filled up with a cork; of which I can easily conceive the use."

"The girl raves," said Miss Cranston.—"It is no raving, I assure you, madam; and if you will only let me make use of your candle, I will shew you some sport."

We have read, and our ancestors have told us of the pertness of chambermaids at that time; the Abigail stept on a chair, and applied the candle to the lips of poor Thomson, who quite forgetting where he was, sprung up, with a loud roar, as if he fancied some infernal spirit was come to punish him for his late temerity. It was with the utmost difficulty, after he had alarmed and brought to his assistance the whole household, that he could be persuaded to go to bed: but he was always ignorant from whom the affront proceeded.

SELFISHNESS.

This sentiment derives its source from a feeling, natural enough to the heart of every living being, the care and affection we experience for ourselves: this feeling is born with us, and quits us only with our existence: but it gains such an ascendancy over the minds of some men, that it becomes an exclusive sentiment, and finishes by being a vice the most fatal to society.

Selfishness does not imply a want of good sense, or of wit, the latter being only a happy combination of ideas; but it destroys the energy of the soul, from whence emanates all that is noble and generous.

The selfish man loves only himself, sees only himself, is occupied solely about himself, and behaves towards others as if they existed only for his use. He has found the art of uniting two defects, diametrically opposite to each other, Avarice and Prodigality. He is prodigal for himself, avaricious towards every one else.

If an unfortunate person pours into his bosom the sorrows of a lacerated heart, he will answer him, by saying, "How thankful I ought to be that I am not in the same situation!"

He is capable of every thing, even of doing good, if his own interest is concerned. See him in a drawing room: if the weather is hot, and if he loves warmth, he will discover a hundred reasons for opposing the opening of a single window. Is it cold? he stations himself by the fire place, to which he seems to interdict the approach of his neighbours. See him alone, he is never devoured by the spleen, for he can talk for ever about himself.

If any one speaks of the miseries and disasters he may have heard, the selfish man preserves the most imperturbable sang-froid. If the vineyards of Burgundy have been dreadfully injured by the hail; what is that to him. He in his celler to last him two years; has a fire bu and those adjoining it to the ground? the misfort very great one, his house was *insured* two days b

The selfish man is neither friend nor citizen father or a husband. His friends are those he and the affection he shows them is lent out upon country and his family are where his wealth is.

Fontenelle proved the truth of that aphorism tisocial, that, "there is no perfect happiness exc joyed by a bad heart and a good appetite." An brated philosopher, and distinguished writer, was t tainted with selfishness of any one of the age i lived.

Few are unacquainted with the reply of the d deau to his friend Barthe, who asked him his ad ning the comedy of *l'Homme Personnel*, which read, as he sat by the pillow of the sick man.— add an excellent trait to the character of the pri sonage," replied Colardeau, "by saying of him, t pelled his old friend, the very evening before hi listen to a comedy, of five acts!"

Every one also, has heard of that Marchioness who, during the last months of the president Hé one of her oldest friends, was accustomed to pas every evening. She arrived at the house of Fourcalquier: and, as it was known that the pr been indisposed, every one concluded, by this he was better; they immediately inquired after "You would not have seen me here", replied she not had the misfortune of hearing that he died ing."

A lady of high rank, lately, was ill in bed; s came to visit her; and complained how cold it chamber.—"It is cold, then, is it?"—"It is a frost."—A servant was instantly summoned, by the *ruelle:* and it was hoped by the shivering a fire would be ordered; on the waiting maid herself, the lady said, "Bring my eider-down co put it over my feet."

The following trait, also, which happened no exhibits in all its ugliness this species of men A man, well known for his selfish disposition, in a large party, the following incident: "I w one day this season, with a very intimate frien I am exceedingly attached. His horse reared him, and fell over him; I hastened to his assis I was very much terrified; but I delivered hi horse. He received only one bruise, but his pa horrific. I saw that he was about to faint aw nately for me, I always carry about me, on t ditions, a little flask of *liqueur*, I drew it from and swallowed it off, at one draught, for I fo getting extremely faint!"

EXTRACTS FROM WORKS OF MI

NEW LANDLORD'S TALES—OR JEDEDIAH IN TH

London, 2 vols.

We may, perhaps, be deemed wanting in g or rather we should say we are not, really s swayed by general opinion, when we do no to declare, that we think Jedediah Clieshb

lost none of his wanted powers of amusing, since he removed southward. It is not every one who understands the peculiar manners of Scotland, and still less its dialect, the meaning of many words therein being totally misunderstood by those who have never travelled northward: consequently, to such, Scottish tales cannot have much attraction, though *they* will admire them, for fashion's sake: not that we would wish to deduct, one atom, of just applause from *him*, *her* or *those*, who, GREAT and UNKNOWN, are certainly possessed of uncommon brilliancy of talent, and a *rapidity* the most wonderful in putting their ideas on paper, and rendering their numerous pages of fiction truly interesting to all, who can *comprehend* them.

The work before us, we have perused with infinite pleasure, it consists of a series of tales comprised in two volumes, with a very well written introduction by Jedediab, assuring his readers, that, instead of being "melted into thin air," as had been affirmed by him, he had long left Scotland, and was "living at Dulwich, near the Greyhound Inn."

Of the domestic tales, true to nature, and what is brought home to our observation every day, if we are possessed of any, are "But just in Time," and "Constancy in the Nineteenth Century." The last mentioned tale we found most excellent. "Friar Robert's walk," keeps interest alive; yet, though it has in it nothing of immoral tendency, we are sorry the *blasphemous charm* is so minutely described: the present age is a daring one; and German *spectacles*, and German publications now familiarize our youth to "supping brimful of horrors."

"The Red Man of Nagy Retsky," and "Grimmer the Wizard," are extremely well told, and have each their seperate interest, which is not small. We pity the reader who cannot find ample amusement in these two volumes, written with the most unaffected ease, and evincing, at the same time that superiority of talent, which makes us hope that Jedediab Cleishbotham will not be idle in future.

LISBON, IN THE YEAR 1821, 22, and—23—*By Marianne Baillie, 2 vols. small 12mo.*

Our readers, who have not travelled in Portugal, will derive much information of the state of society and manners of the Portuguese from the following extracts, taken from the above work. Mrs. Baillie resided two years and a half in the country, which afforded her sufficient opportunity for studying the people, and observing their manners.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS OF THE PORTUGUESE.

"Where shall I find words strong enough to express the disgust of my feelings, when I reflect upon the appearances of the city in the aggregate, taking into account the personal appearance and customs of some of its inhabitants! Here, every sort of impurity appears to be collected together! You are suffocated by the steams of fried fish, rancid oil, garlic, &c. at every turn, mingled with the foe effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, a *other* horrors, which it is impossible to mention—say nothing of the filthy dogs, of whom I have merly spoken. Wretches of a lower and more squa appearance than the most sordid denizens of our Giles, lie basking in the sun, near the heaps of i purity collected at the doors, while young wom (and these of a more prepossessing personal appe ance, from whom one would naturally expect grea delicacy in the olfactory nerves,) hang far out of windows above, as if they were trying purposely inhale the pestilence which contaminates the beneath! Men and women, children and pigs, do cats, goats, diseased poultry, and skeleton hogs, mingle together in loving fellowship, each equa enjoying what seems to be their mutual element dirt! I must beg you to add to this, the armies fleas, bugs, mosquiteos, and other vermin, are numerous to be conceived even in idea, and picture will be complete!"

Mrs. Baillie is exceedingly glad to leave this sce for the rural retirement and beauties of Cintr whither she goes to avoid the heats of the seas (July.) We will now select from several of her l ters a few of the pictures of the country, which a pear to us to be most piquant and original.

--- "The Portuguese have an amiable custom saluting every stranger who passes them either walking or riding—the upper classes bow courteousl and the lower generally exclaim 'Viva!' which ki wish is often accompanied by a bright and friend smile. The manners of women to each other, a remarkably *caressante*; the servant-girl of the hot at Buenos Ayres *kissed* my maid upon our first arriva as a matter of course, and the abigail of a senho now staying at Cintra, in the same house with ou selves, never meets her that she does not take ho of both her hands, repeatedly kissing her upon th cheek.

"The women wear scarcely any petticoats, eve in winter, and some of the lower classes none wha ever, contenting themselves with the chemise, covere only by the gown. The latter never wear night-cap and many still continue the ancient fashion of slee ing in a state of nature, considering clothes, durin the night, as equally unwholesome and unnecessar Both sexes adopt this practice. My informant we one morning lately to visit a lady in Lisbon: upo entering the room, she (being still in bed) invite her visitor to sit down by her side, and arising fro her pillow embraced her: the latter started i voluntarily back, for the lady was *perfectly* unclothed —but this, I believe, does not extend to the bette educated and more refined classes of society. Th nobility (unlike those of Spain, who, in the days Cervantes, left the custom to the common people universally eat a great deal of garlic and aniseed and, in consequence, the courtly whisper of th

highest bred Hidalgo, differs not at all from the coarse breath of the meanest mechanic or peasant—it will be easily imagined that neither resembled the perfumed gale of Arabia! - - -

"Among many anecdotes of Spanish customs and manners, I will repeat the following, which will, doubtless, somewhat surprise you.—The late Baron de B. (a Portuguese,) was travelling, some years since, in Spain, and passed a few days under the roof of a lady of high rank, whose husband was one of the most distinguished persons in the government. The bed-rooms there are frequently without doors, a slight curtain only covering the entrance to each. The baron was a favourite of the fair hostess. One morning as she was in her own apartment, she heard his footsteps passing along the gallery, and called out to him to come and sit down. The gentleman hesitated a good deal, surprised at her freedom of manner, (for the Portuguese are far more reserved than the Spaniards in every outward appearance), and perceiving her maid standing at the entrance, he asked, if her lady was dressed and would admit him? 'Dressed!' repeated the laughing damsel, 'what difference can that make? come in—come in.' He accordingly complied, and found her in bed, with one foot exposed to the inspection of the family surgeon, who was preparing a penknife to cut her excellency's corns! A French belle receives male visitants at her toilette, but she has too much coquetry to exhibit a *disagreeable* spectacle to the eyes of her flatterers: how impolitic the sang-froid of the other was, I need not waste time in expressing. The same lady had a very large party of distinguished nobility at dinner. She intended to go to the theatre at night, and a few minutes before the proper hour, her maid entered the apartment, with a box of jewels, from which she cooley selected what she thought most splendid, and putting them upon her mistress, chattered the whole time to the noble visitants, without appearing in the least restrained or impressed by their superior rank. As soon as her excellency was adorned, she called for coffee, and placing her feet upon a pan of hot charcoal, (used during the winter in Spain) she carelessly turned one beautiful leg over the other, so as to display not only their own symmetry, but a pair of very rich garters, which hung down in golden tassels, and began to *smoke*.

"The Portuguese ambassadress had at that time just arrived in Spain. She enquired what would be expected of her, from the Hidalgos, among whom she was come to reside; and was told, that it might be proper to begin by giving a ball and supper. Accordingly the tickets of invitation were issued, and a magnificent entertainment prepared. The stated night arrived, and the Portuguese, covered with jewels, prepared to receive her guests; but to her great surprise, scarcely any one appeared! Hour after hour elapsed, and still the musicians played to the walls and benches! The supper was equally neglected, and in short the whole entertainme away. A few days afterwards, she receive French ambassadress, a solution of the myst did your excellency word the tickets of invi 'I scarcely understand your question.' *who* did you mention in each card?' 'The l the principal members of every family, o 'No one else?' 'Certainly not; *who* sho have been in addition?' At these words t woman yielded to an inexpressible burst of 'Forgive me, Madam,' said she, 'but your is so infinitely amusing! you should never h husband and wife together; had you invi lady and her *cicesbeo*, your rooms would h flowed!' The Portuguese, in order to prove of this hint, gave another ball, wording her i in the *proper* manner, and the consequence her entertainment was the most brillant a rously attended that it is possible to concei

The Queen of Portugal—Continues to li utmost retirement; she seldom receives vis never goes into public. Her dress, is the e shabby dirty dishabille; consisting of an c coloured gown of the commonest printed cap with as little pretensions to cleanline hair it covers, and a man's black beaver gether no bad representation of one of witches: but the most remarkable part of he is a pair of enormous pockets, which desc her waist to the middle of her leg, and ar stuffed with religious relics of various sor majesty, however, is no bad personificatio city of Lisbon, where disgusting filth and relics are held in particular esteem.

"We went the other evening to Ramallao and gardens belonging to the queen; the are laid out in the ancient Dutch style, and t on the outside, (for we were not allowed appears but a shabby and tasteless residen of the houses belonging to the first nobility exterior effect, and the utter want of cor delicacy is evident at the first glance, from dung heaps which are for ever found, (un by a broom or any other scavenger than lying beneath the windows of the best ap a number of fowls are always kept by eve whether rich or poor, and as they never mak of the feathers, they are suffered to rema lected; by which means an accumulation of vermin is infallibly induced, which someti to the torment of an Egyptian plague: I sh forget seeing the Count de—— for the first the forenoon of a very hot day, standing balcony of his *palace* as it is called, (a buildi however spacious, had all the air of a sordi dilapidated prison,) dressed in his usual dishabille, hands, face, and teeth unwashed disorder, and with a swarthy beard which had not felt a razor for two or three days

pick in his mouth, which (as *Malvolio* seems to think) is a great and dignified resource for idle persons of high rank, and hanging over the fumes of one of the largest heaps of impurity that I had yet seen, even in the filthiest streets of Lisbon; such a specimen of a nobleman and his palace, was indeed not to be passed over without due wonder and admiration!

"I have seen a singular equipage, belonging to a gentleman of the neighbourhood who has a large family, but who cannot afford to keep horses or mules for their accommodation; a clumsy old coach, (as large as a travelling caravan at an English fair, or a barge,) drawn by *bullocks*. This ponderous machine is well suited to the state of the roads in Portugal, (which are all dreadfully rough and dangerous,) and I dare say it would contain three times the number of persons who were stowed, as the poet informs us, in the chaise of Johnny Gilpin's wife. This Noah's ark stopped at the gates of several houses here, and the door was with some difficulty wrenched open by the driver, (*drover* I ought to say,) who also enacted the part of a footman. Let it not be imagined that the antediluvian coach in question was merely a *country* contrivance, for the same sort of things are frequently seen even in the streets of the fashionable metropolis of Lisbon.

PORTUGUESE ANECDOTES—RELIGION.

"A lady who called upon me this morning, and who has passed twenty years of her life in this country, related an anecdote of the King upon his first arrival at Queluz, strikingly characteristic of that tenaciousness of etiquette, which sufficiently evinces the *real* state of his feelings, however he may continue to repress their more serious ebullition. Entering one of the state apartments, he observed chairs placed there, which is an unusual circumstance: 'What is all this, what is all this!' said he, 'how came these chairs here?' To which the attendants replying that they were intended for the use of the Cortes, when they came to pay their duty to his Majesty, he quickly rejoined, 'The Cortes! take them away instantly! no person shall ever use a chair in my presence!'—All the royal family have hitherto been approached on the knee only; and a Portuguese lady and her daughters, in rather delicate health, complained to me very lately, that it was always so great a fatigue to them to pay a visit to the Queen and Princesses in their own apartments, that they usually went to bed immediately after their return from the royal presence, and this in consequence of their being obliged to remain kneeling the whole time that these high personages chose to prolong the conversation! When they go abroad, every body, no matter how illustrious their rank, (for the first nobility are looked upon by the King as *his servants*,) are under the necessity of descending from their carriages or horses, and of humbly saluting them as they pass, to which they seldom return even the slightest inclination of the head. - - -

"I am as yet ignorant of the existing character of the Portuguese clergy, generally considered; but the following anecdote relative to an individual *padre* which was related to me by an English gentleman does not greatly prepossess a protestant in their favour. 'A woman in the lower class of society, being oppressed by the weight of some family misfortune went to one of the churches to pray; she was found by this priest upon her knees, pouring out her supplications to that Almighty Redeemer, who alone is able to save! 'Why do you pray to Jesus Christ?' said he: 'apply rather to such and such *saints*, for they are so powerful in heaven, that they are able to do every thing for you, and may ask *whatever they choose* of Jesus Christ, *who dares not refuse them*.' I cannot, however, bring myself to believe this tale. The common people at Lisbon are all much *horrified* at the idea of *our* priests being allowed to marry; the former minister of the English factory resident there, had for a length of time continued to be greatly respected among them, until they heard that he was upon the point of returning to England, with an intention of being married; then indeed he sunk at once in their estimation, nor were all his virtues able to save his memory from reproach and scandal. Our present clergyman came hither accompanied by his wife, and for the first few months after her arrival, she could not appear in the street without being pointed and gazed at, with displeased curiosity by the populace, as 'the *English padre's wife*.' - - -

'A reverend father confessor was one day gravely seated in his confessional, listening to the peccadinhos of a poor negress, whose chief failing was that of drunkenness; the confessor, as he was rather *prolix* in her acknowledgment, took the opportunity of going very comfortably to sleep, secure in his snug retreat of not being observed by any prying or profane eye; the negress, having finished what she had to say, waited a considerable time in expectation of receiving absolution; but finding that the holy father remained silent, concluded that he was too much shocked at her enormities to speak, and with a deep sigh, she quietly withdrew from the grate, and went out of the church. At the same moment, the Senhor (somebody,) the young and handsome wife of one of the richest merchants in the country, arrived, took possession of the vacant space, and began to confess *her* sins to the same worthy auditor: she had hardly begun, when the latter, suddenly awaken ing from his nap, and concluding the negress to be still at the grate, commenced, in *his* turn, a severe reprimand upon the subject of her drunken propensities; nothing could equal the indignation

the Senhora; conceiving herself to be the person really addressed, she launched forth in the most furious manner; venting her wrath at what she called the 'infamous,' calumnies of the priest, in language too gross to repeat."

PORTUGUESE RELIGION.—The religion of the Portuguese is, we should hope, without a parallel in any other part of the Catholic Christendom; for they seem, with the most ultra devotion, to possess as little morality as possible. They worship saints, madonnas, images, and relics—every thing but God. No country under heaven, abounds more with the outward signs of devotion than Portugal: the Virgin stands godmother to almost all the females, and most of the streets of the city are named in honour of persons or places celebrated in scripture or church history. Such a name as Donna Maria Madre de Dios would sound more profanely than devoutly in heretical ears; and we should think that there was far more of blasphemy and stupidity than any thing else in the remark of an ancient marqueza, who, when a discussion arose whether the Virgin Mary, were she alive, could be admitted into good company, in consequence of her plebeian rank, said; 'Yes, we *might* visit the Virgin, on account of her being so *highly connected;* she is, you know, the Mother of God!'

TASSO AND THE SISTERS, &c., *by Thomas Wade.—Letts Junr. Cornhill.*

FROM the preface which introduces these poems to our notice, we learn that the author is both young and unknown; if young, we the more sincerely congratulate him on having produced the present volume which would do no discredit to mature age. In the poetry before us there is much power combined with considerable pathos, and throughout the whole great beauty of sentiment. Some of the descriptions may perhaps he thought by some, to be a little too warm; but we know that glowing scenes are most congenial to all true poets—in a cold atmosphere they seldom thrive. The nuptials of Juno we admire the most; it contains many passages of great beauty and tenderness, sufficient, we think, to recommend the present volume to all real lovers of the tuneful Nine.

The following is from the poem entitled "the Nuptials of Juno."

"Oh, that the heart should tremble at a kiss!
E'en as the strings of some melodious lute,
Beneath the hand that strikes;—that such wild bliss
Should linger in a gaze! Tho' tongues be mute
And in the eloquence of speech remiss,
Still eyes speak thrilling language, and forth shoot
Fire to the doting heart, and make it quake
With thoughts of passion, that have power to break!

"Joy—joy to sit, by moon-light, on the hills
Twin'd in a lover's fond, endearing arms!
The white Diana with her beauty fills
All air—all space, and, as by magic, charm
The elements to silence; o'er the rills
Breathes silver, and the depths of Ocean cal
Into wide rest,—e'en as a mother's singing
Lulls the lov'd infant to her bosom clinging.

"Then rise the feelings that make life a dream,
And turn all speech into a single sigh:
The stars have beauty, and the moon's pale gle
Can glad the bosom and delight the eye;
Till love obscures their glory, when they seem
But as fair things to light it;—the reply
Of beating heart to heart—of soul to soul,
Shuts up the senses and demands the whole!

"Oh, Love! young Deity of boundless might,
Trampling o'er youthful hearts, and giving
To musings that exist but in the light
Of thy far-beaming torch—divine and rife
With unimaginable sweetness; thoughts which
Their records in the breast, and with the
Of passionate enjoyment pure hearts fill,
Which, but for thee, might have been tranquil

"'Tis strange;—for even the tumultuous sense
Of joy which passion to the young heart yie
Is mingled with sad fears; but why, or whence
They rise we know not, o'er the bliss that
The hours when love is reigning, and dispense
Clouds to his sunshine: e'en as, o'er the fi
Light mists will spring upon the glowing green,
When nought but radiance in the skies is seen.

"'Tis said to be unwise to build a nest
Of many hopes upon another's truth;
Nor deem that aught may mar its blissful rest,
Or harsh unkindness blast the days of yout
It may be, Love!—and that thy visions blest,
Of gay-wing'd joy and undecaying ruth,
Are but as beauteous clouds of airy lightness,
Which prove but vapor cloth'd in fleeting brigh

"Yet will I still love on!"—

We have too good an opinion of the ta fair readers to consider any further recom of these poems necessary. We shall, take leave of the poet by wishing him th to which his merit justly entitles him.

THE DRAMA.

——Ridiculum ac
Fortiùs et meliùs * plerumque secat re
Hor. 1 Sa

DRURY LANE.

AT this season of the year, the theatres sel any thing to the public that is at all wort grave disquisitions of criticism. The

of the shoulder-knot, the ladies of the broom and bed-curtain, the linen-drapery dandies, the snowy sons of the chimney, and all the little boys and girls of the kingdom, half suffocated with plum-pudding and roast beef, may be seen creating a beautiful variety in the pits of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, (for, be it known to our readers, that many of the worthies above mentioned, would be tempted to exclaim, "A rose has fallen from my chaplet!" were they ever to enter either the one or even the two shilling gallery) having assembled to witness the glories of a Christmas pantomime, in which Messieurs Clown, Pantaloon and Harlequin, with the fair *demoiselle* Columbine, unite to astonish, by their grins and agility. "*Harlequin and the Talking Bird, the Singing Trees and Golden Waters,*" was the captivating title of the Drury Lane holiday *Drama*, which, in spite of a considerable degree of the bad management which invariably mars the effects of this kind of entertainment at that theatre, went off well and did credit to the contrivers—some of the scenery was beautiful in the extreme. Of course the *plot* was dull and unintelligible enough: but the transformations, kicks, cuffs and tumbling were frequently *perfect*, and highly amused many a happy soul, and old and young laughed outrageously at the roguery of the Clown and the misfortunes of poor Pantaloon. The best part, in our opinion, of the pantomime, was a burlesque parody of the ridiculous incantation scene in *Der Freischütz*, where the Clown casts pancakes instead of bullets: a cook rises from a stew-pan, and saucepans, and ladles swing round in a "*terrific*" manner, as the critics said of the graver mummery of Caspar. We think an excellent burlesque might also have been contrived upon the music of that "opera."

For a wonder, Mr. Elliston has, at length, done something worthy of praise, and after his knight errantry with Mr. Williams, *Married and Single* Pool, &c., has bestowed a benefit upon the Drama by reviving the "*Fatal Dowry*" of Massinger and Field, from which Rowe, for the most part, pilfered his elegant tragedy of the "*Fair Penitent.*" The characters were distributed as follows:

Rochfort	Terry.
Novall	Thompson.
Ducroy	Armstrong.
Charalois	Wallack.
Young Novall	Penley.
Romont	Macready.
Beaumont	Archer.
Liladam	Browne.
Beaumelle	Mrs. West.
Bellapert	—— Orger.
Florimel	Miss Smithson.

Macready's *Romont* must rank as a master-piece of histrionic genius,—it equals even his *Virginius*, and incontestibly confirms him in the rank of first actor of the day: there is a depth, a passionate power in his acting, which we in vain look for in any other performer, and the *fighting manager* may congratulate himself upon having him at the head of his company—for what would it be without him? Terry, Wallack and Armstrong also much distinguished themselves in their several characters—of the others we would say, "the least said is the soonest mended." The Morning Herald observed of the *plot*, "Every *lady* is acquainted with it," which whimsical reflection upon the fair sex, was "wiped off" on the following day, thus "*Erratum*, in our paper of yesterday, "for 'lady' read 'body.'" Good friend critic! and good again, when thou say'st: "It, (the play) *entirely succeeded*, but upon its *probable career*, we will not *venture to speculate.*" How charming is the hidden mystery of this imposing passage!

Of other novelties, at this theatre, our space forbids us to speak at present, and we must reserve them for our next number.

COVENT GARDEN.

Attend, all ye that have ears to hear, and eyes to see! J. Russell, Esq., the *Filch* of the English Opera House, has astonished the world by his magnificent representation of—*Shylock!!!* Assuredly we shall next see our little friend Knight perform *Caius Martius*, *Coriolanus*, or queer Keely *embody*, the terrible *Macbeth*. It is needless to say what was the fate of Mr J. Russell and his *Shylock*—Peace to their ashes!

The pantomime at this theatre (*Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantly, or More of More-Hall,*) was as excellent as ever: faultless in scenery, trickery, mechanism, acting and every thing. The setting the Thames on fire was capitally done—when will Drury Lane perform a similar feat with its pantomimes? Young Grimaldi is a true chip of the old block, and old Joe could not have a son and successor more caculated to occupy his honorable station in the *legitimate walks of the Drama*, as the learned term them. The scene commences with the combat between the Dragon and More of More Hall, as described by the poet in this sublime manner:

> "A huge black dragon jump'd out of his den,
> "With his li-lo, lantre-down dilly,
> "That had kill'd the Lord knows how many men,
> "With his li-lo, lantre-down dilly."

We must confess we do not exactly know what a "li-lo, lantre-down dilly," may be, but cannot help admiring the verse. At the commencement of the combat, the dragon's tail came off, to the great consternation of More of More Hall, who recovered, however, and, with *Harlequin* and his *tail-less* enemy, will no doubt continue, for many nights, to amuse the crowded audiences of Covent Garden theatre.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR FEBRUARY 1825.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed at the border with full and long puffings, in two distinct rows; the puffs are fluted, which imparts a richness to this novel kind of ornament. The body fits close to the shape, and is ornamented lengthwise, down the bust, with rouleaux of satin, dividing *en gerbe*, and brought together in a point under the belt. The sleeves fit nearly close to the arm, and are surmounted by very full but plain mancherons; at the wrists are worn broad gold bracelets, fastened with a cameo. A very narrow tucker of Vandyke blond surrounds the bust. The head-dress consists of a full dress cap, in the form of a *fichu*, of tulle and blond, brought in a point on the forehead, and the hair, which is arranged in very full curls, is ornamented, on the right side, with one large, full-blown Provence rose, with its foliage; and, in front of the cap, is another rose, placed rather backward, yet entirely seen in front.

BALL DRESS.

Over a white satin slip, a beautiful dress of gauze, of a shot lavender colour; the colour formed of grey lilac and pink intermingled, which combination imparts the most delightful gleam, that is particularly attractive by candle-light. The border of the gauze dress is ornamented on the hem, with a rich rouleau of amethyst-coloured satin, indented in diamonds; an ornament perfectly novel, and well deserving the attention of Ladies of taste and elegance. Over this are three rouleaux of satin of the same brilliant purple, set on in festoons: the points confined by full bouquets of yellow china-astres, without foliage. The corsage is plain, but is finished round the bust and at the back, with the same gauze as the dress *bouillonné* and the fulness confined by rouleaux of amethyst-coloured satin. The sleeves are short, full, and *bouillonés;* the puckerings confined in bias, by rouleaux of amethyst satin. A sash of the same chaste and lovely colour encircles the waist, with a handsome rosette behind and short ends. The hair is arranged very high, on the summit of the head, and the loftier part brought rather forwarder than usual The full curls on each side of the face are brought nearly as low as the tip of the ear; the rest of the tresses are disposed in braids and bands, intermixed with gold chain-work, finely wrought, and yellow china-astres.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

The lengthened light of day is now become visible, and the fashionable morning airings in Hyde Park, have commenced: from three to half past four, when the weather is propitious, we behold the gay and elegant throngs pass, in brilliant succe
hibiting all that attraction which is in
their fair forms, by the aids of invention ar

There has been but little alteration in
of the bonnets, or in the style of their
except that those made exclusively for th
especially for morning visits of ceremo
smaller dimensions than those which a
appropriated to carriage airings or the p
One of these tasteful dress bonnets, which
peculiarly deserving admiration was of
coloured velvet, crowned with blush roses,
plumes of the tropic bird, which feathe
to issue from the roses, and played grac
the front, and a part of the brim. We
seen a black velvet bonnet, worn by a
of fashion, in the ancient cottage form;
so becoming, that we are pleased to see

The out-door coverings for the head, are
not much thought of during the time that
glories are chiefly exhibited by candle-
carriages are still closed, and the hour
to shopping and snatching a few fleetin
of day, in leading the younger branches o
through what morning lounges are at prese
give but little scope for the display of tha
which constitutes the most modish for the
department. The head dresses, however
time of the day, and every style of dress,
beautiful; for the morning deshabille, the
are of a richly figured blond, finished at
in points *à la Vandyck*, next the face, and o
about the head piece, with numerous littl
figured ribbon; the ground yellow, spott
edge with scarlet: the *déjeuné* cornette,
Mechlin, and often of Urling's lace, and is o
with shaded striped ribbon; the colours, t
lemon colour, jonquil and orange. The
nette for receiving dinner parties is of
blond, of a Vandyck pattern, ornamented
detached bouquets of various kinds of flow
theatre cornette has the appearance of
turban, were it not for its very long lap
which are generally fastened under the c
of pink gauze, in bias folds, and is charmin
sified with flowers; in front is a delicate
the Catalonian jessamine; and on the sun
on each side are lillies of the valley
ble wall flowers: on the hair, on eac
rests a flower, one a simple Indian rose
foliage, on the other a bunch of pink
the hair well arranged, and much taste in t
it on, is required with this head dress,
it appropriate for the evening. A coro
for full dress parties, is a very elegant *coiff*
formed of white satin and rows of pearls; t

or circlet part is mural, and the indentings, which are bent downwards, are edged round with pearls and from each dependant square, hangs a small pear pearl, which has a most unique and splendid effect: small white feathers float over the front of this superb head dress. A black velvet dress hat, is also admired for evening parties, ornamented with gold cordon, and acorn tassels; this is crowned with a magnificent plume of white ostrich feathers. A Russian cap of black velvet also, enriched with pearls, or with gold cordon, with a full plume of pink feathers is much in favour.

Among the coloured chintzes now so prevalent for morning costume, we cannot forbear citing one, which we found peculiarly striking; the pattern being the most beautiful we have ever yet seen; and so disposed, as to have that effect on the texture, that it is almost impossible, except by the touch, to distinguish it from a French silk: the ground is a pale yellow, and the figures consist of narrow stripes in waves of a straw's breadth, and about an inch and an half distant from each other; these are of massacca brown; between these stripes are shaded spots, about the size of a shilling, very close to each other, of purple and scarlet, lightly sprinkled over with shagreen spots, so small, that they are scarce visible, but on a close inspection; but they add much to the softening of the shades; and, at a distance, the pattern has the appearance of a fancy plaid. This dress is made high, *en demi blouse*, and the sleeves fit close to the arm: the border of the skirt is trimmed with nine very narrow flounces, set close together, but distinct. A high dress of scarlet, real cachemire, is a favourite gown for home costume: it is trimmed with *gros de Naples* and satin of the same colour: two pointed flounces, reversed, of *gros de Naples*, the points edged with silk cordon ornament the border. The corsage is *bounilloné*, in front, and the puckerings confined by satin straps across: the mancherons quartered like a melon, in alternate divisions of cachemire and satin: round the throat is an ornament of double points, which forms a kind of collar, and corresponds with the trimming at the border of the skirt, being of *gros de Naples*, and finished with silk cordon, in a similar manner. A Bavarian robe of puce-coloured *gros de Naples*, delicately sprigged, is also a half dress that has been much approved; the *tablier* part is improved by an elegant finish to the satin straps that confine its slight puckering; the straps being terminated by short fringe tassels: the corsage is made partially high, and is formed almost entirely of folds of satin, very little of the *gros de Naples* appearing between. The sleeves are of the same material as the robe, made full, but confined at equal distances, all the way from the wrist to the shoulder, with very narrow bands of satin. An evening dress of striped gauze, just completed for a lady of distinction, lately fell under our notice, which is a beautiful specimen of taste, and well adapted to the season, by the charming glow of its colours, and the elegant style of its make. The ground is of a bright geranium colour, with stripes of shaded satin, orange-tawney and jonquil. Over the hem is a broad, full rouleau of jonquil satin, above which are large puffs, in festoons, of buffont drapery, of *ponceau* and jonquil gauze; each puff, which is very long, being brought together, of the two different colours, and confined by rings of fluted jonquil statin; the corsage fastens behind, and is made *à la Vierge*, except that a drapery folds across the bust, and ornaments the sleeves, to correspond with that on the petticoat.

Pelisses of velvet and *gros de Naples*, the former trimmed with the most costly furs, in various ingenious patterns are still in high request; it is wonderful to see the figures in which it is disposed; but we sincerely wish *the furriers* had not destroyed the genuine beauty of their valuable furs by mingling them in the fanciful way they have done this season. To the dress-maker who forms foliage and flowers, from the glossy black lynx, the chaste and lovely brown of the unmixed sable, the silvery grey of the American squirrel, and the uncontaminated ermine, every praise is due, for the novel idea. But, we trust the furriers will leave off the regular patch-work of white diamonds in the grey squirrel, or black waves on the little zibeline, making that truly valuable skin to have something the appearance of that of the Norway rat.

At a ball given at a gentleman's country house a few miles from London, a very short time ago, were seen some very superb as well as tasteful dresses that were equally admirable for their elegant simplicity; and before we dismiss the subject of fashionable intelligence, we shall mention two or three that most struck us, and which promise most likely to be exclusively adopted by the higher classes. *Par excellence*, we first mention a tunic robe of amaranthine coloured velvet, trimmed with broad white blond, of a most superb pattern: the petticoat which the robe partially discovered in front was a white satin, richly trimmed with flounces of blond. The hair, elegantly arranged, was ornamented with a diadem of brilliants; behind which was the favourite little *négligé fichu*, now so much the rage, scattered over, at the back part with roses of paradise. The body of the dress, according to the present mode, was the same as the skirt, but being diversified by a white satin stomacher and a falling tucker of blond, it had not the least heaviness in appearance; and the tunic robes, which are now very fashionable, are well adapted to velvet, which, especially at balls, looks better in such fanciful dresses, than in those that are round. The other velvet dress was also a tunic robe with a white satin petticoat; the velvet dress was black, splendidly trimmed with gold *cordon* in Vandyck points with tassels and fringe; and the sleeves, which were

long, were finished at the wrists with Vandyck points of exquisitely fine white lace, in the old English style; an ornament of which fell over the bust, which was beautifully relieved by the above-mentioned lace, and by a white satin stomacher. Amongst the hair were entwined pearls and white roses, in the most elegant and tasteful manner, though, seemingly,

"Wild, without rule or art."

Though we do not admire black for the ball room, yet this last-mentioned dress, with one of fine black *tulle* attracted universal admiration, especially as we were given to understand the two ladies were in the last stage of mourning. The black tulle dress was an Arcadian robe over satin, and was richly trimmed in bias folds of satin, as high as the knee, which were disposed in tasteful wavings, and scattered over with roses; this caused the most charming effect, when the robe was partially looped up, by the roses appearing as if they ornamented the petticoat of satin worn underneath. Pearl combs and roses adorned the hair. The young persons had, many of them, clear muslin dresses of fine India Bocca, over white satin or *gros de Naples*; indeed the very, young were all in white: Arcadian robes were very general, of richly striped gauze or of figured tulle: where the robe was of this form, a few simple flowers, to keep up the classical costume of Arcadia, were scattered among the tresses; but many young ladies had no other ornaments on their heads, but their own fine hair, beautifully arranged, and gave proof of the attractions belonging to youth's early bloom;—

"Unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

We were just about closing our observations, when we had the advantage of inspecting a beautiful carriage pelisse, just completed for a lady who ranks high in fashionable life. The pelisse is of blush-red *gros de Naples* lined with a rich white sarcenet, and trimmed at the hem with a double rouleau; down the sides of the skirt, in front, and on each side of the bust, is a superb ornament, representing *plumage*, beautifully embossed, and formed of such narrow rouleaux, that it appears light, as well as costly. The collar is half falling, scalloped at the edge, and elegantly ornamented with chain-work of narrow rouleaux. The sleeves are peculiarly novel and elegant; they are only of a moderate width, yet without mancherons, and are finished down the outside of the arm, from the shoulders to the wrist, with united diamonds, ingeniously formed of chains of narrow rouleaux; and the seams of the body are ornamented in a correspondent manner.

The favourite colours are jonquil, pink, scarlet, orange-tawney, amaranth, and massacca brown.

ANECDOTES.

VENITIAN DIGNITY.

A Frenchman, walking one day in St. M accidentally jostled against a noble Venetian, being much crowded. The Venetian took h Frenchman's arm, and begged he would tell beast was the most awkward and heavy? T man was astonished, and remained some time the Venetian, preserving his gravity, repeated th on which the Frenchman replied, that he thoug phant was the most heavy and awkward anim "Very well, Mr. Elephant," remarked the Venet for the future, that you are not to run against Venice!"

PERPETUAL MOTION.

The very high reward, which our governme fit to offer, for the discovery of the extraordi which should produce "*perpetual motion*," has times, set the wit and speculation of our mo philosophers in action. It happened once in a very clever and ingenious young man sudde he had made the desired discovery, and wit vehement assertions ejaculated, "I have found found it! "Found, what?" asked his friends, around him conversing in a public shop, "Found "Perpetual Motion!" cried he "the £20,000 wil and he ran to the door, and all the rest followed h when the wag, pointing to two gentlemen wh passed the house, linked arm in arm, again cri have found it!—there it is!" and it was then see one passenger's head was afflicted with a consta shake, and that the opposite end of the other, st time in unison like the pendulum of a clock.

ECCENTRICITIES.

Mr. Reddish, the tragedian and contemporary was designed as many other members of the *corps* are, for a quite different profession. He was to a surgeon, in the west of England, where that stimulus for the stage which ultimately cau adopt it with undisputed ardor. One day, when was out on professional duty, the young Rosci the cook in the capacity of auditor, and recited so from "Alexander the Great," to the great sa himself and Dolly. When lo! the sudden ret doctor as hastily put an end to the scene; fo very loud noise and unusual confusion above stair in a hurried manner, "What was the matter?" " Sir," replied the boy who let him in, "nothing bu killing Clytus!" The very learned, but eccentric di culapius, above-mentioned, made two pedestrian vis once in the habit of a pilgrim, traversing bare fo shrine of St. Peter. He also determined on how small a portion of nourishment the human be sustained: and to that effect contented hims gooseberry and a quart of water *per diem*, for t and it was with the greatest difficulty that h spected medical friends could prevail upon him life (which was fast urging to a close,) by a mo diet.

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the Paris *Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and a curately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of eve circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men a Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the contine in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

——Those husbands, who amuse themselves in telling their young wives of the little gallantries they practised when they were batchelors, ought, when they exemplify in themselves the conduct of *le Mari à bonnes fortunes*, to profit by this counsel of Madame Derville's :—

"A tender heart, my son, is jealous of the *past*."

Let them, also, remark when this piece is performed, that all the ladies at this line, close their fans, and strike them on the palms of their hands, which is their mode of applause.

——A man who arrived at Paris from the furthest part of Bretagne, strangely mistook the meaning of the word *dilettante*; he imagined that it meant those men who sing remarkably loud, and whose clear voices are conspicuous in the *miserere* at St. Peter's at Rome.

——It is now a fashionable term, for a young female who has been betrayed, seduced, and ill-treated, to say she is a *Léocadia*. Unfortunately for these *Léocadias* of the town, they are not so lucky as she at the Feydeau.

——Rossini and his wife, the late madame Colbrand, were no sooner arrived in Paris, than a lady of fashion was fortunate enough to get hold of them both, at one of her evening parties. The Orpheus of Pesaro was very desirous of accompanying, on the piano, some fragments of his *Semiramide*, (an Opera performed at Venice in 1823). Never did this great composer pretend to display much execution; it is one thing to be an able statuary who can model a figure of glazed earth, but it is another to be the adroit sculptor who executes it in marble. However, genius will always discover itself: Rossini, at the piano, when he accompanies a piece of singing, has a kind of rapture, and an energy that astonishes. His playing is not remarkably fine; but it is vigorous, and sinks deep into the heart.

——"Tell me, do you know that handsome gentleman who is talking to that good old man?"—"Yes, truly; but there is no great difference in their ages."—"He, that I have pointed out to you, cannot be more than thirty."—"Say, rather, fifty-six, at least."—"Impossible. Look at his hair."—"It is a wig."—"But his whiskers?"—"He dyes them every week."—"Ah! but then his easy carriage, his shape!"—"He has stays, and a padded coat. As for the rest, I have some business to transact with him to-morrow morning, and if you will not believe me on my ba word, you shall see him, and you will fancy him to the grand-father of him before you; which will p him in a fine rage."

——One of the most foolish ways of spending mon is in forming a cabinet of curiosities. This costs fro twenty-five to fifty thousand crowns; but then yo have the pleasure of shewing a fowling piece mounte in gold; a sabre with a blade from Damascus, th handle of which is a *chef-d'œuvre*; gardening too made of polished steel, most admirably finished; picture, in ivory of the most inestimable value; an a little horse, formed out of one single large pear &c., &c.

——Black makes our fat ladies look more slender they, therefore, mean to keep on their mourning a long as they can. But slender women look lean in i and they anxiously look forward to a fine day, whe they may put on a white dress.

——In all great houses they have now portabl screens of glass. On one side the glass is painted, o the other plain; the painted side is a subject taken fro history or fable, the other serves as a looking glass and the ladies find this *subject* not without its *merit*

——A new game of forfeits has lately been playe in company, entitled "*The Flower Garden.*" Th most beautiful flowers are supposed to appear on after the other. A *goat* presents itself among then and *eats up* some of them; but *Flora* comes in he turn, and causes those who have let the goat into he garden, to pay very heavy forfeits. The *butterfly* allowed to hover over the flowers, but *thistles* an not to be seen there with impunity.

This game, the chances of which are numerou and diversified, is composed of thirty-six cards, we coloured, and placed in a very elegant box.

——It is said, that a lady belonging to one of th first classes, has sacrificed the sum of ten thousan franks to form for herself a *musical library*. In book-case of citron-wood, with glass doors, divide into panes, are shelves to contain the works of Glück of Mozart, of Cimarosa, of Rossini, of Grétry, Berton, and of Boyeldieu, all bound in the followin manner: the German composers in green morocc the Italians in blue, and the French composers in re morocco.

——The price of a flute is, generally, twenty franc a guitar thirty, a violin sixty, and a piano may b had for fifty crowns, while a music desk, with a m

hogany pillar, with sconces and ornaments in bronze well gilt, is valued at three hundred francs.

——It must be confessed that the modern stair-cases are very elegant; but they are not favourable to politeness. Two ladies are quitting your house, and you offer them each a hand to conduct them to their carriage. It is not possible for three persons to go abreast down your stairs; therefore, one of your ladies must be either before or behind; which of them will you quit?—What may not be the result of the preference you shew!

——The principal hall, in the Artillery Museum, begins to have a very imposing aspect. We find there, among other suits of armour, that of Godefroy-de-Bouillon, King of Jerusalem. Notwithstanding the lapse of seven hundred years since its first existence, this magnificent envelope of polished steel, inlaid with gold, is yet complete. Godefroy-de-Bouillon was not a tall man. As a contrast, two suits of armour belonging to Francis I, one of which was denominated the *Lion's armour*, because it was ornamented with the heads and jaws of lions, prove the wearer to have been six feet in height. One of the suits of armour worn by this monarch is complete, not only for the knight, but also for the horse; all is placed in the middle of the grand armoury. The horse is modelled by one of the best French statuaries, and is formed of earthen-ware. The Artillery Museum possesses, also, a suit of armour given to Louis XIV. by the Republic of Venice: the workmanship is admirable; all the campaigns of this monarch are wrought on the divers parts of this armour. At the bottom of the cuirass is to be seen a vacancy occasioned by a ball which struck the left side. Ladies are not obliged to know whether a cuirass is proof against a ball, or against a musket with a good charge of powder and ball levelled at it. What is related above is not meant to diminish the glory of the monarch: LouisXIV. gave sufficient proofs of his valour.

——At Paris, when a lady does not receive company, she thinks she is better out of doors than at home, and this way of acting is not without reason. A man, for example, who is all the morning employed in business, and who, at night, is not seen in company or at the theatres, is reported to be sick, in deep mourning, or ruined.

—— Flowers are no longer placed on stands, in the middle of the room; it is now a globe of crystal, with gold fishes, to whom are thrown, from time to time, little pieces of sugar.

——The fashionable rings now worn, are of black enamel, adorned with gold chasing. The colet encloses a brilliant spark, or an amethyst. These mourning rings produce a good effect on a white hand.

——Why are all the ladies of fashion so fond of going to the Opera Buffa?—Because they are not only sure of being remarked there, but of being known, and it is not only said, "There is a pretty woman!" but, "There is the pretty *Madame une t*... the Buffa, are always assembled the first people, and foreigners of distinction. A... on coming out, is surrounded by princes, ... marquesses, while the compliments that are... are overheard by all those she is accustome... in society; this is much better than the a... of the vulgar, which is forgotten the next m...

——The favourite topic of conversation, i... carriage to be used at the ceremony of the... tion of Charles X. The lining is to be plai... of a bright crimson, embroidered with g... pattern of the embroidery is to be the arm... *fleurs-de-lis.* In the centre of the princip... cheon, will be two C C interwoven. 'The... are to be of glass, so that his Majesty may... The emblems on the imperial, as well as the... round the glasses, will be of gilt bronze, ... designs of the celebrated M. Percier.

——The musical evening meetings begin ... they did last winter. The piano is opened ... and the *Prima Donna*, and the *Senor* of t... do not make their appearance till midnight...

FRENCH THEATRICAL REVIE...

Opéra Comique.—*Léocadia* is a very s... piece at this theatre, our readers will, there... be displeased, at perusing an outline of ... cadia, as virtuous as Lucretia, has foun... Sextus in the person of a Spanish noble... triumphs over her virtue, while he renders ... to her charms, and four years have pass... since this crime has been committed; su... introduction, we now come to the piece itse...

Two weddings are on the point of being c... in the seignory of Elvar, on the banks of th... Philip, a simple sergeant, is about to be m... Fanchette, the niece of the alcaid Cresp... marriage is also spoken of, concerning ... a young captain belonging to the same ... as Philip, to whom Carlos, his colonel an... gives his sister for a wife. Carlos, in this ... has seen Léocadia, Philip's sister, and h... in love with her. But far from accepting hi... Léocadia avoids, as much as possible, the ... of him, and appears the prey of melancholy... no one can devine the cause. In crossing th... Fernand has remarked a young child, ca... Paul, whose parents are unknown, and ... speaks before Léocadia, of a scheme he h... mind, which he had just thought of, to take ... and make a page of him, and he goes to ob... of the woman who has the care of him. Fe... soon as he has formed this resolution, se... put it in practice, and returns with a letter ... nurse has just received, and in which she is ... to give the child to any one. This lette...

signature, but it is evident that it comes from the mother of the little Paul: the alcaid Crespo, who knows the hand-writing of Léocadia, immediately penetrates into this secret; and as he is very tenacious of the honour of his family, he will not ally himself to Philip; the breaking off the marriage of this one with Fanchette is then announced through the village. These events form the business of the first act.

In the second, Philip enraged at his sister, returns home. Léocadia, after she has, in part, assuaged her brother's anger, confesses her dishonour, but not her crime. Philip being one night on duty, Léocadia hastened to a town, situated a short distance from the village, to obtain help for her aunt, who was very ill, and with whom she was staying. All at once, she was surrounded and insulted by some young noblemen who had just broken up their orgies, carried off, and dragged into a house, without being able to combat against this outrage, for she had swooned away, and remained without sense or motion. When she recovered her senses the unfortunate creature found herself alone, in profound darkness: she tried to find her way out of the apartment, and felt with her hand for the door; at length she touched a window, which she opened. By means of a feeble light, which then beamed into the room, she remarked, she said, that she found silks and gold every where, in shining profusion, and she perceived over the chimney-piece a medallion of gold, which she immediately seized hold of, in the hope that one day it might lead to the discovery of her ravisher. "And where is this medallion?" asks Philip, "here it is," replies the trembling Léocadia. But alas! it is the portrait of a female; and Philip knows nothing of the original! The alcaid Crespo returns; he finds, in the portrait, the exact features of the sister of Carlos, whom Fernand is about to marry. "It is four years since Fernand has been in possession of the portrait of his intended bride," exclaims Philip; "he told me so; he alone is guilty! He must repair the honour of my sister, he must marry her!" But it is too late; Fernand has just wedded the sister of his colonel, Fanchette announces this marriage, and soon after all the wedding guests arrive, Philip then has no hopes but in his revenge.

In the third act the feast and the ball take place in the town, in a house that Carlos has given to his sister, and where the new married couple are, already arrived. Philip goes there to seek his adversary, to whom he sends a challenge, without naming himself, but demanding him to answer for a mortal outrage. While he is gone to find some one to carry the note according to its address, Fernand appears with Carlos, and gives to him, laughing, several letters of congratulations on his marriage, telling him that if he wishes to read them, he is very welcome, and he adds to them, that of Philip, which is just brought him at that moment. Carlos, alone, opens several of these letters, and sees by which his brother-in-law is challenged to fi a secret grief consumes him, and, as his life become a burthen to him, he does not fear to it. He says nothing of this challenge to Ferna and he goes in his place to the rendez-vous poin out. Léocadia, has found that her brot intends to fight, and to prevent it, she comes implore the succour of Carlos. But looking and casting her eyes around, she gives a scream terror—she knows the apartment again, and chimney-piece over which hung the medallion." was here—Ah! here"—she cries, as she shudd with horror, "Ah! Carlos, protect me." The troul the wildness of Léocadia's manner soon disco the truth to Carlos; he is the guilty person, it is who is pursued by remorse; and he finds him but too happy in recovering his peace of mind repairing his atrocious conduct, and it is on knees that he supplicates his victim to accept his hand and fortune. It is easy to judge of the ot dramatic incidents.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

Letters and Conversations on Ancient, Modern, R gious and Theatrical Dancing; by M. A. Baron. Paris, 1 vol. 8vo.

M. Baron has concealed, under the name of Soph that of the young female dancer to whom he addr ses his letters dated from London, in 1822; th are seven letters on the History of Dancing. A he returned to Paris, he completed his work by sev conversations on the same subject.

The historical treatise on dancing by Cahusac, a the history of dancing by Bonnet, written in the ti of the regency, have been great helps to him, wh he candidly confesses. Two dancing masters of same epoch, Feuillet and Desaix have furnished h with a *Choreographical Lythography*. What is sty Choregraphy is the art of writing on dancing as th write music. Feuillet and Desaix had engrav fifty dances; M. Baron has produced two.

After speaking of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the ancie M. Baron remarks to his pupil, "You will not fi which I think I ought to tell you, in the space of ti which you will have to run over before you arrive the present age, neither more passion nor voluptuo ness in the Indian dances; neither more gra dignity, nor philosophy in the Greek dances, more perfection and knowledge of the art in the F man dances, as when, in the midst of the brilli festivals of Italy, in the wonderful age of Louis XI You will, at least, believe that we surpass the ancie in magnificence; and, if we cannot render Ver more beautiful, we make her more splendid; yet shall be obliged to undeceive you, in displaying

fore you the pomp of the Ptolomies, and the majesty of the Roman Emperors."

One of the French Princesses was very fond of the colour of iron-grey. On her marriage with the Duke of Savoy, it was the wish to give her an entertainment in honor of her favourite colour. "When the curtain drew up," says M. Baron, "according to Bonnet, Cupid made his appearance, and tore off his bandeau; freed, then, from the restraint to which his eyes had been subjected, he called for light, and engaged it, by the most tender strains to diffuse itself over the stars, the air, the earth, and the waters; in a word, by giving a thousand different beauties by the variety of colours, he might be enabled to chuse that which was most pleasing. Juno heard the prayers of Love, and granted them. Iris, by her orders, flew through the heavens, and spread abroad the most brilliant colours; Love, struck by this dazzling sight, after having fully enjoyed it, decided in favour of *grey*, as the most modest and unobtrusive colour."

Mademoiselle Sophie interrupts M. Baron, by giving him the history of the opera to testify to him her astonishment at not hearing him name any female dancer. "Our forefathers," replies M. Baron, "could not boast of that which renders our modern ballets so charming, there were then no female dancers; you will find it difficult to believe that M. Gardel should fill those characters designed for a female, that Paul should replace Mademoiselle Clotilde, and Albert Mademoiselle Bigottini; then we should not behold the delightful *pas trois* of Noblet, Fanny Bias, and des Marélié; where Aladin, the chief character in the *Wonderful Lamp*, would change into soldiers all the army of enchantresses under his command. Well, our ancestors, if they did chuse to have ballets, they had male dancers, disguised as women, to fill those characters, and it was not till 1681, that, for the first time, four women danced in the Ballet of *The Triumph of Love*."

M. Baron has made a curious selection from passages in different authors, since the last hundred years, which all speak, in similar terms, of the great perfection of stage-dancing in France.

Bonnet, who wrote in 1723, says, "It is only requisite to see a *chacoune*, by Ballon, an *entrée* of the winds and the furies by Blondy; a solemn and serious *entrée* by Lestang, one of peasants by Dumoulin, and a dance of *Caprice* by Prévost, *in order to judge that it is impossible to carry the perfection of stage-dancing any higher*. Twenty years after, the abbé Dubos, in a little tract, written at the end of his *Reflections on the art of poetry and painting*, affirms, that, in his time, *dancing was brought to the highest pitch of perfection that it could possibly attain*. No man has better designated it than Dupré, none ever danced with more elegance, not any one *ever displayed nobler attitudes*. Who can ever hope to *surpass the grace* of Mademoiselle Sallé? you deceive youself if you you can *ever attain* that lively gaiety, that n precision which is displayed in the dancing of moiselle Camorge."

Noverre, who came far after these, says, "th mechanical execution of his art is *brought to t gree of perfection, that there is nothing left to sired.*"

To these eulogiums ever renewed, M. Baro that of the present time by M. Blasis. "It possible," M. Blasis says, "to prevent ourselve admiring the progressive rapidity made in th dern style of dancing. Our dancers are pos of a taste the most refined; their manner is charms and grace, qualities which *never* among the artists of former times; they wer rant of that firmness, that equilibrium, those *ful positions*, those *fine attitudes*; those fancif ductions we boast, were not then known."

Noverre, of whom we have spoken above, chief of the school of dancing, according to de gard, who furnished France with Dauberv the Vestris. "Noverre," says M. Baron, "ren immediately that uniformity consecrated by n and imitated nature. Formerly the figure were only a servile copy from the ballet-m wherein all, like a flock of sheep, did exac same thing; it was sufficient for one to lift u or an arm, for all the rest to do the same. N altered all that. A ballet, he used to say, is suite of pictures, disposed by some great pain proper order, where it is ordained that one f shall be given to one, different from the other, every group should take in the ballet different ments and positions."

Noverre composed above one hundred Before M. Gardel, he had treated of the subje lemachus afforded, and he gave with succe Ballets of Cupid and Psyche, and the *Judgm Paris*.

In the conversations relative to dancing M. has taken in the dances usually performed in society, in masquerades, and in public balls Opera. "Balls, at the Opera," he says, "h ways been a crowd. To the former masqu which the French kings were so fond of, suc masked balls, both public and private. Th masquerade at which Louis XIV. danced place on the 18th of January, 1688. The Regent Palais Royal, and the Duchess du Maine, at S gave magnificent balls. The balls, also, gi the elector of Bavaria, are much spoken of, as those by Emanuel of Portugal, at Surèn the hotel de Bretonvilliers. On the 31st of Dec 1715, the Duke of Orleans permitted public ball Opera three times during the Carnival week Comédie-Française wished also to establish m balls, but did not succeed.

NATIONAL SEPULTURES; *Principally those of the Kings of France; by Legrand d'Aussy. Paris,* 1. *vol* 8*vo.*

Three parts of this volume belong to Legrand d'Aussy, who died at Paris in 1800. His Treatise on National Sepultures was read at the Institut at the commencement of the Consulship; we may reckon ourselves fortunate in obtaining a second edition; for nothing has been yet published that treats so learnedly on this subject.

Whatever the Gauls possessed, that was most dear to them in life, was, at their death, always burnt with them, and consigned to the same tomb.

He gives the following reason why those barbarous nations that plundered all Europe, yet remained always poor; he says, "These robbers were ignorant of the true use of riches. During their lives they employed a part in dress and ornament. After their death all was buried in the earth with them; by which they hoped to shine in another world. Although this fact should not be attested by history, does not Tartary, at this day, offer numerous proofs of it? Those travellers, who have wandered over those immense countries, do not they inform us that, in a thousand places, are found under innumerable tumulis, and mounds of earth, besides skeletons and human bones, immense treasures of ancient coin, jewels, vases, armour, and precious stones?"

Legrand d'Aussy informs us that it was the Romans who first introduced among the Gauls epitaphs and monumental inscriptions.

The first tomb-stones consisted of two oblong stones, one of which being deeply hollowed out served as a kind of case to the body, and the other was flat, forming a cover, towards the feet, these stones became narrower. The custom of the stones being all of one breadth is of much later date. The coffins of the poor were always of wood.

The outward ornaments of tombs form the subjects of one chapter. At first, they were the representations of the deceased, graven on a plate of copper, or in mosaic work wrought on the tomb; next came statues to be placed on tombs, of this last custom, M. Legrand d'Aussy speaks as follows:

"We find statues were placed on tombs, early in the 12th century; and, consequently it must have been in the 12th century that monuments were placed over the dead. Philip I. who died in 1108 was interred at St. Benoît sur-Loire, and was there represented on his tomb by a statue, in a recumbent posture, clad in royal robes, with a crown on his head, and holding in his hand a falconer's glove. When Suger, abbot of St. Denis, undertook to beautify that church, he had a cenotaph erected for Dagobert, the founder of the Abbey, a prince whose tomb had been plundered by the Normans; and the monument was also adorned with a statue. Louis, the Young, had one in the church of Barbeau, as well as the Queen Constance, his second wife."

These statues were of stone. At the conclu the thirteenth century, marble was made use first statues were recumbent, they began them other attitudes. At first they only g effigy of the defunct; accessory figures wer sculptored. White marble was mingled with Statues, also were seen of bronze and alabast

Legrand d'Aussy informs us that "the ar Italy were patronized and naturalized into under Francis I. from them came the study quity, a love and knowledge of all that was be an enthusiasm for all that was magnificent."

To honour the memory of his predecessor, I I, ordered a superb mausoleum to be erecte his remains. The monuments of Francis Henry II. were also most magnificent. M. L d'Aussy, thus speaks of mausoleums:

"After all the rich mausoleums erected to or to gratify pride, it remained, for the ho virtue, that conjugal love should desire to ra tribute; and it is due to an inestimable wif could always preserve her faithful affection midst of a court, famed for its licentiousnes was Margaret of Savoy, wife of the famous Constable, Anne of Montmorenci, who died i She commanded one for for her husband, and f self in the little town of that name. Bullan was charged with this office, durst not depa those forms that had been adopted for the thre ceding mausoleums. He caused an archit monument to be raised, ornamented with pilla covered with a demi-arch; wherein, like his cessors, he placed four statues, two recumben two kneeling; but so far he departed from then instead of representing the recumbent figures they were clothed."

We think, having four statues for two p requires some explanation. By the naked s the sculptors wished to render them as in the st the sick, when death attacked them; for, at tha every body went to bed, as the Porteguese do, day, *sans chemises.*

Legrand d'Aussy then gives us the following ligence concerning those statues on monu which were not represented as kneeling.

"They now made use of another kind of d tion for sepulchres; the ornaments on monu were imitated from the ancients, and did not, i wise, resemble those that preceded them; they sisted of pillars, more or less adorned. Suc that of Francis II, loaded with flames, mented with Genii, and surmounted by a of bronze, in which is the heart of the mo Such was that of the Constable Anne de Mo renci, the pillars of which are wreathed, with l and vine-leaves: the urn on the top also co his heart; that of Timoleon de Cossé, erected in and adorned with cyphers and crowns; that Cardinal de Bourbon, king of the league, surmo

by his statue. Such, in a word, was the group of the three graces, destined to support the heart of Henry II. and which is regarded as the master-piece of Germain Pilon. These diverse essays merited encouragement; they did not meet with it. The use of kneeling statues yet prevailed."

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM A VARIETY OF ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

SEVERAL ladies wear at balls, black crape dresses sprinkled all over with bugles: others have a slight embroidery at the border in polished steel. Black dresses are most elegant among women of fashion, with which, at the Opera Buffa, have been seen white hats and those of rose colour.

Pelerines have been invented, made of marabout feathers, these have a very distinguished appearance.

Turbans are of gauze with the crowns of velvet; they are more in vogue than ever: on toques are placed two aigrettes; one near the ear, which falls over the neck.

Hats of black velvet or satin, have succeeded to those of *gros de Naples*; the brim flies off the face; the trimming them with bows of the same material as the hat, yet continues.

Wreaths of flowers are the sole ornaments on the hair of young ladies. At the public spectacles has appeared a new head-dress, called a *béret:* at evening parties, toques and turbans are preferred.

On several hats is seen so broad a blond at the edge, that it forms a demi-veil, this blond, however, should not be more than a hand's breadth.

The disposal of marabouts and other feathers is decisive of the manner most proper for the toques or *bérets*. At the opera a lady was seen with the *béret* covered entirely on one side by a plume of marabouts, the end of every feather standing upright: the other part of the *béret*, which was of black velvet was quite uncovered.

Half dress gowns are trimmed with fur; some are trimmed down each side, like an open pelisse, the ends of these two rows of fur are lost in the upper border that surrounds the skirt.

At the concert given in the rue de Clery, for the benefit of an Italian artist's widow, there was, among several other very remarkable head-dresses, a velvet toque, which was ornamented with three rosettes of velvet, and twelve marabouts, four between each rosette. Several toques of black crape were sprinkled with stars, others were covered with a net-work in bugles, and most of them ornamented with three flat feathers. On small dress caps, made very flat on the head, were seen the flowers called snow-balls, on others marabouts, placed arch-wise, the ends being bent together, so as to form a kind of bower. Young persons wore only their own hair, or a hat of white *plûche de soie*, ornamented with satin rosettes. Moabitish toques of rose coloured satin, fasten under the chin. Some velvet dress hats are ornamented with gold.

Turbans and toques are confined to every day wear, or to the public spectacles—for a ball or a concert, ladies of fashion have their turbans, their flowers or their feathers a by the hands of the hair-dresser. At balls, and at parties, wreaths of gold or silver, are often mingled the hair, and entwined among gauze or velvet. also, made of different coloured gems, are a favouri dress for young ladies.

Deshabille hats are of dark colours, and are trimm edge of the brim with a broad blond: the crowns ar trimmed with satin rosettes, and often with those f *plûche de soie.* There are many white hats now to they are fastened with two strings of crape, with at each ear: underneath the hat is a half wreath flowers.

Several dress gowns are of white barège, grey, they are trimmed with folds of satin, and three chenille.

Some maltese collars are of organdy, or of clea made very stiff, they are embroidered with black, i stitch.

For ball dresses, young persons wear blouse-robes Organdy, embroidered with black crewel: these emb fill up the spaces between broad bias folds.

On those days, when the weather has been less clo it has been for some time, some very fashionable la been remarked walking in the Thuilleries. They were i of velvet, either black, violet, or dark green, they trimmed with chinchilla or black marten; with lon of the same fur, which covered the back, and w broad over the shoulders: these pelerine tippets wer with gold claws, or with two hands, united.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPOND

In addition to the plan of giving the Genealogi illustrious families of Great Britain, (which, we py to say, has met the approbation of some ver guished personages), we intend, in future, to deno tion of our pages to Anecdotes of HERALDRY *and* RY, *which, we flatter ourselves, will contribute cessfully to the amusement and interest already our Work.*

Correspondents are requested to continue to s with information and criticisms, on the passing ev may interest the polite World.

Our readers are respectfully solicited to recomm Publication amongst their friends. It is the o dedicated to High Life, Fashionables and Fashi periodical of the kind, has embellishments tha compared to this.

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LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1845.

THE SENSITIVE MAN;
OR, THE LAST BEQUEST.

" Nature's mirror shows me,
What she hath made me. I will not look on it
Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch
That I am ! The very waters mock me with
My horrid shadow."—BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

My friend and companion Leonie Delbar, was several years younger than myself. She had lost her mother when very young, and in consequence I used to *chaperone* her about to balls and concerts, and her father often confided her to my care to pass the summer with us in the country. My husband had a beautiful estate on the borders of the Rhone, in the vicinity of Avignon. To bury myself in this retreat, was looked upon by me as a sort of exile, and in order to sweeten the solitude, I induced Leonie to accompany me.

We went as far as Lyons in the carriage, and from Lyons we proceeded in a steam-boat down the Rhone. Leonie, who had only seen Paris and its environs, was enchanted with our journey, and when she came in sight of our old castle, she expressed herself most rapturously. The country around was certainly delightful, but I was too fond of gaiety to appreciate its beauties; but submitted with a reluctant sort of resignation, to the idea of passing two or three months there in the society of Leonie, determined to gather together our surrounding neighbours, by a succession of entertainments.

" Your neighbours are few," said my husband, " but Avignon will supply you; you can get up a concert, or a ball if you like it better, and I shall take charge of the invitations."

Leonie had a most exquisite voice; the idea of getting up a concert quite delighted me; we should produce quite an effect in the country, and would cause a regular revolution in the musical world.

We fixed upon the following Monday for our *fête*, leaving the invitations to my husband to manage, and giving directions myself for the reception and entertainment of the company. The evening was superb, the setting sun reflected its brilliancy in the tranquil waters of the Rhone; all nature appeared at rest, and the surrounding flowers cast forth their richest perfumes.

" What think you of a walk this glorious evening?" said the enthusiastic Leonie.

" I see, my dear child, that you are quite captivated by our rustic scenery, but remember, we have no neighbours, therefore whither should we go; you know I have no taste for green fields and weeping willows."

" There is a sweet spot about a league from this," replied my husband, " a delicious Castle, that I should like to show to Leonie; but as the proprietor is a young man, I think it would be more discreet to await his visit, than first to honour him with yours."

" A young man, and having a splendid Castle," I cried, quite delighted at the idea of an adventure to cheer our solitude; " Oh! how I should like to see him; he is doubtless some romantic and handsome exile; rich, powerful, and amiable, what say you to a visit, Leonie?"

My artless friend coloured visibly. My husband informed us that the owner of Rock Castle was a most benevolent, amiable, and studious young man, who, regardless of his immense fortune and proud position, withdrew himself from general society, and gave himself up to literature.

" Oh! pray tell me his name?" I exclaimed.

" Augustus Senneval," replied my husband.

" Then do let us pay him a visit;" and without waiting for a reply, I rang the bell and ordered the carriage.

In a few minutes the servant announced the carriage was waiting. Leonie, who was dressed in pure white muslin, ran to her room, and placed upon her golden locks a hat of white chip, becomingly trimmed with satin and blonde, and throwing across her shoulders a scarf of rich lilac satin, was soon equipped for the ride.

We followed the course of the Rhone, ornamented on either side by a richly fertilized country, with here and there a picturesque and beautiful cottage, half shaded by the luxuriance of the surrounding trees. After following the course of the river for about a quarter of an hour, the carriage turned to the left, and we found ourselves in a

magnificent valley, in the middle of which reposed the most captivating and beautiful castle I ever beheld. When we arrived at the bottom of the avenue, we descended, and were conducted by my husband into the garden, where he left us to announce our arrival to Mr. Senneval.

Never was suspense greater than ours on entering this earthly elysium; it was the accumulation of art, with the utmost prodigality of nature. Flowers and shrubs of the most expensive and rare productions, were scattered around in almost excess of abundance. Without railings or enclosure, free and independent in the richness of its beauty, this parterre conducted to the terrace of the Castle by a poetic avenue of laurel and roses, whose elevated branches balanced their flowers over our heads. We ascended the steps of the terrace, where two orange trees, covered with showers of blossom, served as sentinels, and leaning against which we awaited the return of my husband. From the eminence we could see the course of the Rhone, enpurpled by the setting sun—the green hills on the other side of the bank—and farther still, the gigantic blue mountains mingling with the azure sky.

"What an enchanting spot," said Leonie, in an ecstacy.

"Yes," I replied, "what a favoured being the mistress of this place will be. What think you, Leonie, of such a residence?"

I was about continuing my bantering but imprudent observations, when my husband appeared. He told us that his friend had left for Avignon, and would not return till the next day; but that in his absence his gardener had directions to show us the house and grounds, and to offer us any refreshment we might be disposed to take.

The gardener now appeared, and conducted us to an elegant dining-room on the ground floor, where was prepared in a short time, a splendid collection of the choicest fruits, of which he entreatingly begged of us to partake. The walls of this apartment were covered with stuccos of the purest white, relieved by massy gilt mouldings and cornices. In each of the four corners, raised upon marble stands, were statues chiselled in the perfection of art, representing nymphs crowned with fruits and flowers. A carpet of the richest texture and brightest colours was on the floor, and the open door that looked upon this princely demesne, had, instead of glass, rich transparent windows, where the heads of Cupids smiled amidst a bower of roses.

We passed from this into another room of a more sombre appearance than the last. The walls were covered with various and choice pictures of the Italian school, in ebony frames, the subjects generally illustrations from scripture; the furniture of this room, like the frames, was composed of ebony; the couches and chairs covered with black velvet, which gave an air of deep dejection to the apartment. I hastened into the adjoining room, which I found to be Mr. Senneval's library; the walls were completely covered with maps, and the books were of the rarest and most valued selection. Here the furniture was superb, characteristic busts and precious ornaments, evincing the good taste and enlightened the master.

"I am sure Mr. Senneval is an artist and said I, in raptures with what I saw.

"Indeed, madam, I cannot tell," said the ho dener, who was, in truth, ignorant of the meani two words, "but I know this, that my dear notwithstanding his fortune and his youth, is al and gloomy. I devote my whole time to the cu of the choicest plants and rarest flowers which he much, but never a word, or even a smile, does h me with, to let me know he is pleased. I onl excessive care he takes of them himself, and the to be his only source of happiness."

"Ah, Andrew," said my husband, pressing hand of the old man, whom he had known living friend for several years, "you mistake for sad poetic reveries of a young man. When your m married, and has a pretty wife and fine children, see him become as smiling as those flowers he much."

"God grant there is truth in what you say, si the old gardener.

And chatting thus we regained the avenue of tions, where our carriage was waiting, which we r and taking leave of old Andrew we returned During the ride Leonie remained silent, and ap thoughtful; and I feel assured, that during the r exquisite demesne, Castle, and perhaps the absen passed more than once in the dreams of my youn

CHAPTER II.

THE FETE.

Three days passed on since our visit, and to m astonishment Mr. Senneval had not called u although I knew he had returned from Avignon.

"Is it excess of modesty, or excess of ignoran has caused your friend Senneval to commit such piece of rudeness as not to call on us in return visit," I said to my husband one morning.

"It surprises me much," said my husban previous to your arrival, he was here every d me."

"Then he is afraid of encountering Leonie's ting glances perhaps?"

"I know he is extremely timid, yet that d sufficiently explain his conduct. I fear he is ill shall call to-day to learn the particulars."

"Oh, do," I exclaimed, "and invite him to at the same time; tell him that I shall take no ex

Charles went; we awaited his return with imp and as the time flew rather heavily with me country, I proposed to Leonie that we should stro meet Charles.

"What you here," he exclaimed on seeing us had any idea of seeing you, I should have broug neval with me thus far, he is but a moment gone.

"Is he ill?" timidly asked Leonie.

"He has been suffering a great deal, I found him much changed."

"Well, will he come to us on Monday?" I asked.

"He has promised that he will."

The week flew rapidly in preparations for our *fête*, to which we expected all the aristocracy of the neighbourhood. It was my intention to commence with music, as Leonie had so exquisite a voice, and I was particularly anxious to display my acquirements in that way. We sang, we played for hours together, in order that our performances might be the more effective and finished when the display was required. We remodelled the old furniture, we decked the rooms with flowers in their choicest abundance, and lighted the suite of rooms with unwonted brilliancy. At length the time arrived, and our guests were exact to the moment. Our *soirée* consisted of about sixty persons, "But where," I whispered to my husband, "is Mr. Senneval?"

"He has not yet arrived," he replied.

Leonie was at the piano playing the symphony to one of the airs of Norma which she was about to sing. Never had I seen her look so lovely. A simple dress of white crape over white satin, displayed to striking advantage her noble and graceful figure. A bracelet of turquoise encircled her arm, and a handsome brooch of the same placed at her bosom, confined the drapery of her dress.

Leonie's face possessed all that nameless grace and purity, which youth and extreme beauty can alone bestow. Before she commenced singing, her large and expressive deep blue eyes wandered for an instant around the assembly, as if in search of some desired object, then turning them upon me I smiled; she blushed, and to relieve her embarrassment, she began the cavatina *Casta Diva*. Her voice was of the very highest order, and had often been compared to Malibran's, and certainly with justice; and her extreme beauty, with her entrancing voice, rendered her at this moment irresistibly bewitching.

All eyes were fixed upon Leonie—all ears were open to drink in her rapturous sounds; but above all I noticed a very small man, whom I had not seen enter, and who, in listening, appeared plunged in an ecstatic reverie.

This man was dressed in deep black, his gloves were of the same colour, inappropriate as they appeared at an evening party. His figure was thin in the extreme, which ought to have made him appear young, if the extreme pallidness of his countenance, and mournful expression of his eyes, had not thrown a gloom over his whole appearance. It is possible I should not have paid attention to this person, if my husband had not approached me, and said in a low voice,

"There is Mr. Senneval," and with his eyes he indicated the little gentleman in black.

"What! Is it possible!" I exclaimed, examining him feature by feature. His hair was thinly scattered over his head, so that the reflection of the white skull could be seen, which gave him the appearance of having grey hair, although he was a young man. His eyes were red and sore-looking, and totally unprovided with the accompaniments of eyebrows or eyelashes: his nose was flat and pointed, drooping over his mouth, which was almost totally unornamented with teeth, nothing being visible therein but a few discoloured stumps. The expression of his face was that of profound sadness, although at this moment it displayed more than ordinary sweetness, called forth by the visible emotion he betrayed in listening to the witching sounds of Leonie. But I could not believe it possible that Charles was serious in saying that little, ugly, insignificant looking animal was the accomplished master of the Castle and demesnes of Rock Flora.

At this moment Leonie had finished her song. Charles immediately took the little man in black under his arm, and approaching me, introduced him as his old and valued friend, Mr. Senneval.

I found great difficulty in addressing him a few polite words; he answered with considerable embarrassment, and then mingled with the crowd. Leonie, escaping from the enthusiastic acclamations by which she was surrounded, approached me, saying with a sigh,

"Well, he is not come."

"You mistake," I said. "He is here."

"Where?" said she, with vivacity.

I looked round for Mr. Senneval, and perceived him near a glass window that opened on the terrace, a lamp was placed over his head, and shed its full light upon him.

"Now you deceive me," said Leonie, with impatience, after she had looked at him.

Mr. Senneval, seeing that we were regarding him, disappeared upon the terrace.

"And is that the proprietor of Rook Florea?" said Leonie, drawing me into the recess of a neighbouring window, "the man whom I have so longed to see."

"Yes! my dear child," I replied, "that is indeed Mr. Senneval, the interesting young man, as Charles called him. You see how lenient gentlemen are to each other's deformities."

"Oh! your husband has been guilty, more guilty than he thinks," replied Leonie, with a serious and sorrowful tone. "I have loved," she added in a trembling voice, "Yes! I have loved for eight days the fancied image of this man. The deception is horrible."

Here she became agitated. I fondly embraced her, and we remained some moments in silence, resting against the window. I thought I heard something proceeding from a cluster of jessamines, whose branches touching our foreheads, shed forth its sweetest perfume. Although the night was calm and serene, yet it was dark. I leant forward, but could not distinguish any object.

We mingled with the company. I sang a duet with Leonie, but her voice was no longer the same, and she occasionally forgot her part. I sought in vain for Mr. Senneval, but he did not again appear. I then accused myself of not having paid sufficient attention to this poor young man, so unhappy on account of his extreme ugliness; this remorse turned to irritation against my husband, who, by his silence in this respect, had been the cause of so much pain to Leonie's susceptible nature, and led to the flattering conjectures with which we had invested him.

When the company retired, I spoke strongly to Charles on this point.

"In truth," said he, in reply, "the idea never struck me, I have known Senneval from his infancy: during my sojourn here I have seen him daily; he was at all times a delightful companion, full of noble and generous feeling, mild, affectionate, and instructive, with a loftiness of intellect not easily met with. And can you be surprised that I never remarked his ugliness. I assure you until this hour I have only thought of him with reference to the superiority of his mind.

The next day I was quite overpowered with the fatigue of the preceding evening, and my poor Leonie was evidently not recovered from the disappointment she experienced. The weather became windy and wet, and continued so for eight or ten days. This was quite enough to sicken me of the country; I accordingly proposed returning to town, which Charles acceded to, as he saw I was bent upon change. Leonie was silent, and the day was fixed for our departure.

The evening before our departure, I expressed my astonishment that Mr. Senneval had not called to say adieu.

"Mr. Senneval is very ill," said my husband. "He is a superior man; and I regret that you did not appreciate his worth."

We quitted the banks of the Rhone in the latter end of September. Charles remained three months after us. When he again joined us in Paris, I was at once struck with his melancholy air.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked.

He replied with intense sadness—"I have lost my friend. Senneval is dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "And of what?"

"That letter will inform you," he replied. "Before he died he wished to write to you."

"To me! Why, he scarcely knew me."

"He knew you through me," said Charles, with affection. "I told him you were more thoughtful than you appeared to be; and he wished to confide his secret to you."

I took the letter from Charles, and broke the seal with considerable emotion, read as follows.

CHAPTER III.

THE LEGACY.

"It is not to *her* that I dare write to cloud the serenity of her future life. 'Tis to you, madam, that I venture to unburden my mind, for you can pity me without entailing misery upon yourself. I die, because I feel assured of the impossibility of ever being loved. If I were to live, this avowal would be ridiculous: but one dare not mock an evil that causes death. Before arriving at this knowledge, my days were tranquil, but not joyous. But from the hour that conviction fell upon me, I felt stricken by death. That day—oh! that day, madam, was the happiest and the most miserable of my life. Before recalling it, let me give you a sketch of my infancy without joy, and my youth without hope.

"My mother died in giving me birth; I was b a noble house. My father was an old man, and leaving me immense wealth. Oh! that he coul bequeathed me instead, health and beauty—at le other face than the hideous one I possess. I wa made aware of my personal deformity, laughed at by the children of my own age, and afterwards sne by my school companions. Instinct led me to so and at eighteen years of age I shut myself up in the which you have seen. Nature cast around me her teous gifts—the love of study enthralled my min the morning I culled my flowers. and in the eve retired to my library. Thus I passed some years, out being actually miserable. Nature's study engrossing, the spectacle so imposing, and always s that if I could have forgotten my own identity, I have been happy; but everything reminded me isolation of my destiny. If I by chance encou a young girl in the fields, she started up on seei and an occasional exclamation of horror met m Oh! I was hideous, repulsive—and I knew it. my deformity, and looked with horror upon myself so keen a sense of moral beauty as I had, I also in appreciated the grandeur of personal perfection, would remain for hours with excited ardour contem the *chef d'œuvres* of the old masters, in which w quisitely pourtrayed the young, the beautiful, happy. But yet my sufferings were but vague and termined. I could struggle with them, and pe vanquish them; but the time was fast approachin misery and despair were my only portion.

"You cannot have any notion of the varied e and sleepless nights caused by the news of your accompanied by a young friend. What! two and beautiful women locating themselves in my bourhood—the common courtesies of society, indep of my warm affection for the husband of one, inevitably oblige me to see them. In vain your h tried to laugh me out of my terrors; and you ma some idea, madam, when I tell you that the day on you honoured me with a visit, I was there tremblin lowing you with my eyes, but not daring to appear you.

"Hidden behind the window curtains of my s apartment, I saw you leaning - you and *her*—agai orange trees, the blossoms of which were waving gra over your heads. I saw her—young, beautiful, and —charmed with the aspect of my retreat. I hea words and yours, and happiness was lost to me for

"For some hours my heart was separated fr body, and I lived in the world of thoughts, and was I fancied myself loving, generous, and intelligent— of *her*—and that she returned my passion with warmth and ardour of woman's first love.

"When you left, I spent the night in the p which you had walked, I kissed the print of he steps, and cherished her image. I felt she was own. I entered my deserted mansion; a lamp brightly in the drawing room; by its light I

entering, my own face reflected in the glass. I reeled back with horror, and in an instant was brought back to the sad reality of my disgusting deformity. 'Oh! never can I be loved,' I exclaimed, and tears of bitterest anguish rolled down my cheeks. Then I prayed to God to precipitate for me the course of years. I wished to be in a moment transformed into an old man. The world laughs at ugliness as if it were a joke—they ought rather to pity it as an incurable misfortune.

"Worn, ill, and becoming every day more weak, I refused at first to be presented to you; but I fled you only in appearance. Wherever she wandered there I was concealed by the foliage, and watching her every movement. Not an evening's walk have you taken, that I was not in attendance. I thus imbibed the poison that killed me, but it was a happiness I could not deprive myself of.

"The evening of your *fête*, I determined, notwithstanding my promise to your husband not to allow myself to be seen, but to listen on the terrace near an open window. But I saw her, and forcibly impelled to have a nearer view, I advanced, my resolution fled, and I entered. Then I forgot all. I saw no one but her, I heard nothing but her exquisite voice. Transformed by enthusiasm, I was no longer a man, but in a moment had become an etherial being.

"Oh! what happiness was mine for a few moments. When the song ceased I wished to fly, but I had not time, for the arm of your excellent husband grasped mine, and he conducted me to you. I felt that I was lost, and your look and start betrayed your disgust at my ugliness. I wished to mingle with the crowd, and retire before she could behold me. I was seized with a fatal weakness, and turned my head to look upon her for the last time. At this moment you pointed me out to her. Her look was as expressive as your own, for I read in it her disgust. In retiring I sat down overwhelmed with despair, and there I heard! I was there, Madam, I was there when she said to you, '*I have loved for eight days the fancied image of this man.*'

"Thus I would have been loved by her if nature had been less merciless to me, and might have been united to this lovely being, if my exterior was like other men's. Oh! what ineffable pictures these words present to my soul. I see her in my solitude, the beautiful and affectionate wife, the youthful mother, the lovely offspring gambolling around her. She encircles them in her arms, then conducts them to me to receive my caresses: then together we could visit the hovels of the poor; and bring to them relief, and happiness. Then our distant journeys together, and the cultivation of art and poetry, and luxury, I could anticipate her every wish. I had enormous riches, and I loved her with such intense adoration, that I would gratify her every thought. When these visions of unattainable happiness presented themselves before me, I felt the arrow of death entered into my soul.

"From that day I have felt that death would be a blissful summons, and I await the final summons with joyous expectation. My death will benefit the poor, to whom I bequeath the entire of my fortune. Tell her not of my sufferings, but tell her not to despise the last request of a heartbroken man, and it is this—that she will deign to receive through you the two orange trees against which I first saw her leaning: that she will give them an asylum in her own home—that she will occasionally inhale the perfume that they yield, and at that time, and at that moment, my spirit shall hover round her, shall protect her from impending ill, and soothingly whisper to her hope and joy in the world to come."

BELINDA.

TO M. A.

The morn breaks in beauty, the beam's on the sea;
The south wind is whispering like loved tones from thee,
And the music I hear in the rippling waves play,
Reminds me of tones and of times passed away.

Passed away—yet to memory what is so dear,
As a retrospect, e'en though it summon a tear;
When long banished hopes and past joys again blending,
Rush back to a heart long with sorrow unbending.

Yes, those hopes and those joys, oh! how oft will they wake,
With their musical whispers to woo the lone heart;
The dark spell which sorrow cast round us to break,
And a glimmer of passing delight to impart.

They come on the breeze as it murmurs along,
On the crest of each wave, as it burst o'er the main,
And memory still finds them in each favourite song,
And responds to the melody sadly again.

J. G.

A RIDDLE.

My riddle's the means to impart,
A zephyrous breeze to the fair:
But say, is it nature or art,
That taketh it under her care?

Yet wherefore should art be despised,
If it is not the means of distress?
My riddle the ladies much prize,
And it maketh a part of their dress.

Again, I have known it exposed,
To the touch of the husbandman's hand,
When the work of the day was not closed,
Tho' the sheaf was released from its band.

But how can a zephyrous breeze,
Be combined with the dress of the fair?
Like Eve do they deck from the trees?
Or do they delight in the air?

THE CONTEST OF HARPS;

OR, THE BARD KING.

A Tale of Pagan Ireland.—By J. H———.

CHAPTER I.

The ancient kingdom of Partry, in the west of Ireland, over which the ancestors of the powerful sept of the O'Mallies ruled, before they were driven to a more remote territory, was divided into three districts—Partry, of Keara, in the present barony of Kilmain, in the county of Mayo—Partry of the Lough, in which Cong, once the residence of the Kings of Connaught, is situated, and Partry of the Mountain, extending over the wild mountainous region that reaches beyond Lough Corrib, as far as the celebrated peak of Croagh Patrick. In a deep and solitary valley in the latter district, a few miles to the west of Cong, was the little village of Glandarra (literally the valley of Oaks), consisting of ten miserable cabins buried in the midst of the dark forest, that then covered the wild and lofty mountains of Connemara. And yet mean and humble as it was, it contained within its narrow limits, that which forms the glory of the greatest kingdoms of the earth—genius, strength, and beauty. Oona was fair as Freya, the Venus of the northern nations, and Keiran, her affianced lover, bore the sacred stamp of intellect and of superiority, with which the celestial Crom marked the brows of his favourite sons; while even the humble hamlet in which they lived, would appear to have borrowed from those bright stars a portion of their lustre. But what can boast of escaping the withering hand of time? All that then existed has disappeared. The beauty of Oona has faded. The genius of Keiran cast but a gleam around, and then passed away for ever. Like the great empires and cities of antiquity which have bent beneath the universal law of destruction, the little village of Glandarra, with its ten hovels, is no more, while Cong, the seat of royalty—the site of the celebrated abbey of Saint Fechan—the retreat of the last of Ireland's monarchs—is now but an impoverished village, remarkable only for its ancient celebrity, for its architectural ruins, and for the beauty of the scenery by which it is surrounded.

It was winter. The night was cold and gloomy, and a single star alone glimmered in the horizon. It was to be seen in the direction of the valley, and was, in fact, merely the light of a lamp, which trembled amidst the foliage from the entrance, to the poorest and the most dilapidated of the ten cottages.

The humble evening repast was prepared inside. Silent and absorbed in thoughtfulness, sat a young man and a young female at opposite sides of the apartment, without appearing to notice each other's presence, or the preparations for supper, which, for the preceding hour, had engaged the attention of the good old Brenda, the mother of the girl. After gazing for some moments alternately on the youthful pair, the old woman at length asked, with visible impatience,

"Keiran, will you not come to supper?"

"Whenever you have it ready, dear Brenda," was th reply.

"That makes the tenth time that you have given m the same answer within the last half hour. What is that can so occupy your mind. As for the time whe you used to join in the wolf hunts in the forests of Partry you were then a pleasant companion. There was not o this side of the distant Shannon, your equal in pu suing the wild boar through the woods, or in boundin like the red-deer over the highest tops of the mountain Keiran, have you renounced all these noble pursuits th are alone worthy of a brave Dammonian, or rather," sh added, in a subdued tone, "have resolved to kill po Oona, your affianced bride, by your indifference and fo getfulness."

At the name of Oona, the young man who had be but slightly moved at the other reproaches that were th addressed to him, rose quickly from his seat, and fixed h eyes, with a melancholy sigh, on the fair maiden who w seated in silence opposite to him.

Oona was more interesting in her humble garb, th the daughters of princes, dressed in lace and velvet. H pale features, and downcast but expressive eyes told th she was the victim of a tender and silent melancho Her dress bore a strong resemblance to that of the pe santry of the same district at the present day. It co sisted of a tight boddice of coarse red flannel, that ca close to the throat, and a short petticoat of the sa material, gathered in large plaits around the waist, a descending about half way below the knee—the enti being well suited to display the fair proportions of slender and graceful figure. A pair of dark *treheens*, stockings without soles, were the only covering of small and finely shaped feet, while her hair, uncove and unrestrained by even a band, floated in luxuri tresses of light brown over her shoulders. Such was daughter of Brenda—the artless and attractive Oona thc mere mention of whose name had sufficed to arou Keiran from his abstraction.

The resigned and melancholy silence of Oona, mad more powerful impression on the young hunter, than the words of Brenda. He advanced towards her, a seizing her hand in his said, in a tone full of tendern and sorrow,

"Oona, I have made you suffer. Can you forg me?"

"I love you, Keiran, and your pardon must ever in those words. But you have a secret—a secret which I am jealous, since it distracts your thoughts, a your love, and draws you away from me."

"Come," said Brenda, "none of this folly. Kei has, I am sure, no wish to make you unhappy. Do y not forget that your marriage is fixed for the day after morrow, and may not the near approach of his happin have the effect upon him of which you complain. perhaps," added she, with a smile, "he may have h one of those curious dreams which so often distu young brains, and for an explanation of which, he may anxious to visit some of the *draoi* among the mountai

if not to go to the sacred oracle of Cromcruach, on the plains of Moysleuct, in Brefiny; but if he intends doing that, he had better put it out of his mind until Domnach Cromduibh* comes round again.

"You have guessed more truly than you intended, Brenda. A dream has troubled my mind latterly; but let us speak of something else."

"In due time, Keiran, you shall see it fulfilled. A dream is a warning from on high, and as such it fills the soul with a holy terror from which it is impossible to escape. Oona, we should not press him further."

Here the good mother ceased, and cast a look of apprehension on her young companions. Then, as if struck with a sudden alarm, she asked,

"But, Oona, is not your brother yet returned?"

"Not yet, dear mother."

"How rash," murmured Brenda.

"Why do you accuse Murchad of rashness?" demanded Oona, raising her large and expressive eyes towards her parent.

"Why? Because he is incautious; because he is inquisitive as the daughters of Culrahen; so I'll engage he has been rambling in the environs of Cong.

"And what danger could await him there, mother?"

"Have you then been dreaming as well as Keiran? What danger! Are you then ignorant that a month has elapsed since the death of the old King Mac Ficahra More, and that his son, Aric, has not yet ascended the throne?"

"I see no great evil in that," said Oona; "the noble Aric is, at this moment, fighting on the plains of Gallian, and though he has not yet been crowned, he is no less entitled to ascend the throne, when he returns with his victorious *fenii*. What can he have to fear?"

"Every thing," replied Brenda, mysteriously. "An outbreak has taken place among the people, and to-morrow they are to assemble in the great council rath at Cong, when after long deliberation, whatever bard shall best sing the reign and the virtues of Mac Fiachra More will be elected king. All the greatest bards of the land will be present, and the ceremony is to be called 'The Contest of Harps.'"

"Oh, it will be a delightful spectacle! Will you not, dear mother, bring me to see it?"

"No, Oona, my child, it will be no place for us."

Keiran, during these latter observations, had resumed his absent and pensive attitude, His lips were for a moment contracted with a movement of nervous impatience, while large drops of perspiration chased each other down his forehead. Notwithstanding his efforts at concealment, his suffering was noticed by his two companions, and they were about anxiously inquiring if he were unwell, when a forced smile appeared on his countenance, and drawing the stool on which he was seated towards the table, he said,

"Ah, Mother Brenda, is it thus you give us our supper? All you have been saying is, I admit, very wise and true, and yet, at this moment, I am more anxious to see the contents of that old pot that smokes so temptingly near the fire, than to hear anything you could tell us either of dreams or of harp contests."

"You are right, Keiram. There should be a time for everything, and it is now time for you to get your supper."

The repast over, Keiram rose to retire, and giving his betrothed a parting kiss, left the cottage.

On approaching his own cabin he stood for some moments motionless, in the attitude of one who endeavours to distinguish some distant sound. The next instant a young peasant approached with hurried steps.

"Is it you, Murchad?" was the inquiry.

"Yes, and I am the bearer of good news. The contest of harps is fixed for the twelfth hour to-morrow. There are eight competitors, and your name is the last entered. Thank the Gods! If I had been but a moment later, the list would have been closed."

"Thanks, Murchad! Thanks, my brother. Guard well my secret until to-morrow, and till then, farewell. Hasten home and comfort your poor mother, for she is uneasy at your absence."

When he was left alone, Keiram endeavoured to sleep' but could not. He sought the coolness of the open air, for his blood was boiling within him. He had fever in his head and in his heart. Suddenly his countenance beamed with a pleasing idea. He re-entered his cottage, and taking under his cloak a small harp, in shape like the Phenician lyre, he had soon clambered to the very summit of Ben Levi, the nearest of the surrounding mountains. It was a wild and solitary spot. The thick woods were on one side of him, while on the other yawned a deep ravine, at the bottom of which roared a cataract of half frozen water. There, seated high above the mists that rolled beneath him, Keiram was soon lost in meditation. He raised his eyes with sadness to the heavens, as if complaining that they should appear enveloped, like shivering age, in a mantle of black clouds. In a few moments his mental prayer would appear to have been heard. The sky became more clear and beautiful, and the moon gradually tore aside the dark curtain by which she had been veiled. It was then that the face of the young hunter seemed to brighten with a divine light. His long hair floated wildly in the winds, while his cloak was flung aside as an encumbrance. The inspiration of the *Siodha* had descended upon him, and during the remainder of that night the echoes of Ben Levi rung with words as noble as any that had been ever sung in the same expressive language by the immortal Ossian, and with strains as sweet, as pathetic, and as heart-moving as the harmonious murmurs of an Eolian harp.

CHAPTER II.

The next day arrived, and with it came the great *fête* of Cong, which was to decide the chieftainship of the principality. A large rath, enclosed by a double moat,

* The Sunday of Black Crom, called also St. Patrick's Sunday, the last Sunday in summer.

and surrounded by a dense oak grove, was chosen as the scene of the contest; and here, from an early hour, a numerous and anxious assemblage had collected together from all parts of the country, to witness the proceedings. The "Contest of Harps" was at once a literary solemnity, and a political demonstration, and nothing appeared to be wanting to make it as efficient in both respects as possible.

The areopagus, or council by which the palm was to be adjudged to the conqueror, was composed of the ard-brehon, or chief judge of the kingdom, four draoi, or druids, four bards, and four senachies, all of whom were selected for their age and high character in their respective classes. They were seated on a bank covered with skins of the moose deer, and each was attended by a boy or page, who sat on the grass at his feet, and held the *Oraiun*, or Taibhle Fileadh, tablets of birch-wood, on which the ancient Irish wrote before the invention of parchment. This, however, was more for show than use, as their decision was given without any notes of the proceedings being taken. Immediately in front was a low wooden scaffolding, ornamented with branches of holly and of ivy, for the competitors, while the remainder of the space was allotted to the spectators, without much distinction as to rank, age, sex, or profession.

At the appointed hour the judges took their seats, and the eight champions were introduced before them amidst the general acclamation of the multitude, and the loud clangor of martial music. The ard-brehon after some moments rose, and on stretching forth his hand, ensured an instant and universal silence.

"Brave Dammonians," he commenced, "pay a deep attention to the poetic accents that shall reach your ear from this bench. We wish to make our decision with you and through you. On the election which we are about to hold, will depend the destinies of the land of Achy, of Nuadd the silver-handed, and of the great Crom himself. You have sworn to obey him whose tongue shall be most eloquent, and whose harp shall be most melodious. Listen then. It is the Gods who shall give the inspiration, and we are here but to sanction the choice which their divine wisdom shall make."

A murmur of approbation resounded through the rath at the termination of this address.

The competitors were then called in the order in which their names appeared on the list.

The first sung of the origin of the Dammonians—of the valiant deeds of Nuadh of the silver hand, the leader of the second colony of the Dananns into Ireland, and the conqueror at the great battle with the Belgians at Moyture, near which they were then assembled. He described the death of Achy the Belgian monarch after the battle, by the three sons of Badra, and the triumph of the race of Nemeth over all opposition, until the accession of their late sovereign, whose virtues he extolled above those of all his predecessors.

The second bard celebrated the superiority of Erin over all the rest of the world, in distichs burning with patriotism, and concluded by describing the reception of Mac Fiachra More at a banquet given to him by Immortal Gods after his decease.

The third bard sung a *Rory Cuath* - martial o with an effect so magical and overwhelm- that burden was repeated by the multitude at . petiti with wild enthusiasm.

Discouraged by this last ovation, t cceed bards declined coming forward, and ret i the r in succession. There now remained but one candid more, and he, after a moment's hesitation, slo ascended the steps of the tribune, and awaited in calm until tranquillity should be restored, while his predeces proud of his own triumph, surveyed him with a lool mingled pity and contempt.

The masterly chords that proceeded from the harp the new champion, at once communicated a stra emotion and a tender sympathy to the entire assembl It was no longer a cold and servile panegyric, nor a cry to make sword blades jump from their scabba but it was poetry grave and serious, penetrating and p found. The bard retraced the reign of Mac Fiac more as one that had poured the blessings of peace u the land—that had established laws founded upon just serving as a shield to preserve, and as a sword to def his subjects.

The tones of the harp, and the voice of its mas mingled in sublime harmony, while his words conve within the bounds of the most perfect rhythm, str upon the ears and the hearts of his hearers in a succes of magic verses.

Before he had yet ceased to sing, the ard-brehon a from his seat and presented him his hand. At this expected movement the admiration and enthusiasm of spectators knew no bounds. The entire assembly un in a cry of joy and approbation—a glorious and sp taneous confirmation of the judgment given by council.

The victor was at once crowned with a laurel garl He was then conducted to a splendid chariot, ornamen with trophies and banners, and was thus led in triu to his new residence.

Scarcely had the procession commenced its ma when a piercing cry arose from the group nearest to triumphal car. A young female had fallen down state of insensibility, and if a peasant had not snat her in his arms, she would have been inevitably tram beneath the horses feet.

It was Oona, whom an unaccountable presenti had induced to proceed to Cong, and her rescuer was brother Murchad.

When Oona recovered from her swoon, and once r opened her eyes, she found herself in a magnificent filled with richly-dressed persons of both sexes, lighted by a hundred lamps, with a degree of brilliand which she had never before formed any conception. poor maiden of Glandarra, accustomed to simplicity poverty, suddenly found herself possessed of that n nificent hall for her chamber—soldiers for her slaves, a palace for her residence.

"Keiran," she cried, as soon as she could collect her scattered senses, "I wish to see Keiran."

They l[illegible]er to the Chieftain of Partry.

St[illegible]ays in the day, when by the orders of Keiran the po[illegible]Brenda had been brought to the palace, and wh[illegible] demanded of her daughter the cause of her em[illegible] could only reply by a torrent of tears.

"[illegible]causes my child to weep thus," said the mother, trembling with affectionate solicitude as she spoke.

"I know not," said Oona, sorrowfully, "unless it be that I have become the betrothed of a monarch."

CHAPTER III.

In the meantime the night advanced, and the busy noise of the public festival had gradually died away. Sleep had spread its silken wings over all the inmates of the palace. Keiran alone, was awake, seated in the company of his betrothed and her parent in a retired apartment of his palace. Oona filled with affectionate indulgence for her lover, adopted with artless joy all the hopes which his pride inspired, and embellished with her sweet accents the splendid structures which Keiran's imagination raised in the dim perspective of the future. Brenda joined not in the discourse, and her silence was a mute protestation against the vanity of their anticipations, not one of which, in her mind, was ever to be realized. Suddenly the door opened, and Murchad, with agitated looks, stood in the midst of them.

"Keiram," he cried, "all is lost if the people do not rally around you. Aric, long apprised of the popular movement against him, has hastened with a large force from the Gallian wars, and is now within an hour's march of the spot where we stand."

This intelligence terrified the two females beyond description, Oona more particularly, who possessed but little of the strength and ruggedness of character common among the inhabitants of the north, and who approached more in her delicacy and sensibility to the weak and languid daughters of the East, felt her soul sink within her at the prospect of a new and unexpected danger. Attending only to the promptings of her love, and yielding to a gloomy foresight, she cast herself upon her knees before her affianced husband, and in imploring accents addressed him.

"Keiran, if you indeed love me, oh! grant me this one favour. Renounce at once all this grandeur for my sake, and be content in the possession of my affection alone. Or what advantage is a crown to those who love as we do. Let us then fly together. Keiran let us fly."

The new chieftain started from his seat at the sound of that dearly loved voice. Perhaps he was for a moment about yielding to her entreaties. But he glanced at the rich ornaments of the throne that were around him; the cushion beneath his feet felt more soft and yielding than ever, and the chrystal handled sceptre of Mac Fiachra More seemed to tremble in his grasp,

The fever of power, the pride of acquired rank, and above all, the golden image of royalty, quickly prevailed over the passing regret that his bitter feelings had raised within him.

"It is beyond my power," said he, "to be guilty of such dishonourable cowardice. What terror can death present when my eyes are to be closed by the God of Battle, and when the paradise that welcomes heroes who die in war, opens for me beyond the grave. No, Oona, if I cannot raise myself above my destiny I cease to be longer worthy of thy love."

Then snatching up a lance that rested near him, he rushed forth, his last words being,

"Mother, pray for him who shall soon become thy son. Oona, pray for thy spouse."

The maiden would have retained him, but his hand slipped from her grasp. She cried to him, but he had vanished.

The early dawn of day saw Aric at the head of his army before the great rath of the palace. A vigorous resistance was organized in the interior, for though the nobility had felt themselves humiliated by the elevation of Keiran, the mass of the people regarded him as their true representative, and had resolved to respect his election as a sacred evidence of their own power. The rivals might, therefore, be regarded as having nearly equal chances of success.

All was prepared for the attack and the defence, when Keiren, anxious to spare the blood of his new subjects, and willing that he alone should have the glory of confirming his former triumph, proposed to decide the contest by single combat, in presence of their united armies. Aric at once assented to the proposition, and hostilities were accordingly suspended. The God of War, the deity then most respected, was left to decide who should enjoy the sceptre, and from his decisions there could be no appeal.

Two hours were employed in preparations for the combat on either side, and at the end of that period Keiran was seen issuing from the rath, attended by an immense assemblage of the people. All eyes were now directed to the contest. The combatants fought with lances, and on foot. Aric had been born in a camp, and reared from his infancy among warriors, while the fingers of Keiran were more accustomed to touch the cords of the harp, than the rugged wood of the lance. Still the issue of the combat remained long doubtful. For half an hour victory hovered over the lists alternately, passing from one side to the other, not knowing which to crown or which to overthrow. At length, in the midst of a cloud of dust that rose around them, the two warriors were seen to roll together on the ground.

A deathlike silence prevailed for a moment among the spectators, and the next instant Aric was seen springing to his feet, and waving his lance aloft in triumph. A shout of "Aric for ever," rent the air, and stifled the dying groan of the vanquished bard.

The corpse of poor Keiran was borne away by his partizans, who prepared by the orders of the conqueror to bestow upon it the solemn and imposing obsequies ordained for the funerals of their deceased monarchs. The bards and croteries had already assembled, and had ranged them-

selves in two divisions or chorusses, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier, which was placed in an elevated position in the open air, and ornamented with flowers and grave clothes. The low doleful tones of the harp of the chief bard of the head chorus rose in the breeze, and he had already commenced the first stanza of the *caoinan* or funeral lament, when a piercing shriek from a female voice was heard in the rear, and in the next moment Oona had penetrated through the crowd, and was beside the cold and lifeless corpse of her lover. Her aged parent, in a voice hoarse, and nearly unintelligible from grief and agitation, was heard calling her away, and telling her that the deceased had proved himself unworthy of her regard, in preferring the allurements of pride and ambition to her love. But Oona heard her not. Her eyes were fixed on the pale and bloodless features of the vanquished warrior with an intensity of grief that found vent in neither words or tears, until her weak and gentle nature could resist no longer, and she sunk upon the corpse of her betrothed never to rise again in life.

The wretched mother bore the remains of her child in her arms to her humble cottage at Glandarra. She placed the corpse in a winding sheet, with a solitary lamp burning at her feet, and then taking up her own position, kneeling beside the pillow, she passed the long night in solitude and grief, singing in a low tone the virtues of her lost one, and the high honours of the station which she had been so near attaining. The neighbours entered in the morning, but they found the old woman a helpless maniac.

She had ornamented the humble bier of her child with parti-coloured rags and faded flowers, and when her friends approached, she beckoned them with pride to stand aloof, adding:—

"Approach her not; she is the affianced of a king!"

Aric took possession of his throne that same day, and shortly after the remains of Keiran and his betrothed were interred together in a small uninhabited island in Lough Carrib, where the site of their tomb is yet pointed out by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Such was the fate of Keiran the bard, of the lovely but unfortunate Oona, and of their royalty of a day!

CHARADE.

My first is useful in the linen trade,
Without the same, no linen can be made:
My seconds heard before the dawn of day,
And cheers the nightly traveller on his way.
My *tout* is nothing but a simple toy,
Excites the youthful mind with mirth and joy.

CHARADE.

When armies march the field to take,
My first is always met;
My next to find, your church go seek,
And it you're sure to get;
My *tout* will quickly bring to sight,
(As you, I'm sure, do know it),
A genius rare of talents bright—
A great and modern poet.

THE ARAB'S FRIEND:

AN ALGERINE TALE OF OUR OWN TIME.

CHAPTER I.

The vast plain of the Mitidja, which extends from the line of sea-coast hills, on the declivity of which stands the famous city of Algiers, to the foot of the chain of Little Atlas, slept in the stillness of a summer's night; while the soft moonbeams played with gentle zephyrs amidst the foliage of the solitary palms, the wild orange trees, the clumps of cactus and agate, and the pale-leafed olive trees that varied at intervals the monotony of its otherwise arid surface. A shadow might be seen moving on the brink of a broken ravine, or a whining cry heard on the waste; —it was that of the hungry jackal, or the lean hyena, seeking for prey—the silence of nature was disturbed by no other sound.

Near the verge of the plain two horsemen ascended the side of an eminence, which was clothed in the rich verdure of various tropical shrubs, and surmounted by a graceful but lonely marabout, or rustic mosque, with its dome and crescent of snowy whiteness. The costume of the travellers announced them to be Arabs of Mount Atlas; and whilst the age of one did not exceed sixteen or seventeen years, that of his companion was far beyond the spring time of life. They sought a place of repose for the night; and while their steeds were suffered to go loose and seek fodder for themselves, the elder Arab kindled a fire, and the youth produced some provisions and regaled himself with a good appetite, whilst his companion partook of them but sparingly. The old man then sat by the fire, holding his withered hands before him to receive the heat; and as the red light flickered on his dark visage, partly concealed beneath the hood of his white burnous, and on the long barrel of his gun, and the richly ornamented handles of his pistols and yatagan, it gave him a wild and picturesque appearance.

Thus did some moments pass, when suddenly the old man raised his head, and seemed to listen to a distant sound. He looked anxiously towards the plain, and then pointed out to his son,—for such the youth was—a white mass that moved at a distance of about a quarter of a league from the spot on which they were.

"It is a tribe marching on some warlike expedition," he exclaimed, "perhaps to meet the French, who left Algiers this morning a little before us, to avenge the murder of their harvestmen, as it was rumoured;" and the object which they thus descried, continued to approach them with the rapidity of a cloud driven by a tempest, until at length some hundreds of Arab horsemen, of which it consisted, were only separated from our travellers by a ravine, a few score perches in width, into which they dashed with reckless speed, and in another minute were lost in the thick shadows of some olive-trees and underwood.

For some time the travellers watched in breathless silence, to observe in what direction the horsemen would emerge from the ravine, but nothing living made its appearance, nor was any sound heard, no more than if

that mysterious troop had plunged into some chasm, which carried them into the bowels of the earth.

"Aroun, my son," said the old man, "move not, breathe not at your peril. This is an ambuscade, prepared no doubt for the French, by the tribes of the Sahel, who are our deadliest foes; and if they could but suspect that the Caid of Suk-el-Erba was so near them, my race would soon be run. Alla grant that I may not have to regret the curiosity which induced me to undertake this journey to Algiers!" and he murmured, "all I ask is, that I may be allowed to bring back safe to his tribe the son who will bear my name, or else," and he grasped his yatagan, "that I may not die without being avenged. God is merciful!"

"Father, do you not hear something at a distance?" earnestly whispered Aroun.

"Nothing!" replied the Caid, after listening with attention.

"Yes, below there, towards the north; but now it has ceased. Yet, hark!—there it is again! Do you not hear it now, father?"

And scarcely had Aroun ceased to speak, when the head of a column of cavalry was seen to emerge from behind a hillock, at a distance of about half a league in the direction in which he pointed. They filed silently along the base of the rising ground, and the regularity of their march soon showed that they were European soldiers.

The column, which consisted of two squadrons of Spahis, detached as a reconnoitering party in advance of the French army, which was encamped for the night at some distance, marched towards the Marabout; and in a short time, the Caid and his son could hear, at a few paces distance, a clear voice, giving the word of command to halt, form front, and put themselves in battle array.

The officers gathered round their commander.

"Comrades," said the latter, "we shall not pass this Marabout; we are farther from the body of the army than perhaps prudence would advise; the whole plain is in motion; every bush and every hollow may conceal an enemy; and as this is such broken ground, it would be well to explore it before we venture to repose. Send for the Arab guide, who has brought us hither."

"The guide! where is the guide?" cried several voices. But the guide was not to be found. Some men were ordered from the ranks to reconnoitre, but, at that moment, a ball came whistling from the ravine, and struck a sergeant of the Spahi's dead. Then a loud and fierce yell followed the messenger of death, and the Arab host appeared, as if by enchantment, face to face with the Spahis, who received a shower of balls before they were able to return a single shot.

The surprise was terrible, but brief; the trumpets sounded to the charge, and the French dashed forward with the impetuosity of a pent-up torrent that burst its barrier. The firing was succeeded by the clashing of sword blades; and the combat was carried on, man to man, with unrelenting carnage. Notwithstanding the bravery of the French, however, numbers were prevailing on the side of the enemy, until a party of the former who had gone round the Marabout, attacked the Arabs on the flank with a loud shout, and the latter, believing themselves assailed by a fresh force, fled in disorder.

And now a scene occurs, which brings us back to the Caid of Suk-el-Arba, and his son. A random shot has wounded Aroun, and a young French soldier, who has been placed as sentinel near the Marabout, quits his post to aid the father in staunching the wound of the youth. A Moorish officer in the French service, harshly reprimands the soldier for neglecting his post, and not killing the Arab whom he sees near him. The latter act he is about to execute himself, when he is prevented by the young Spahi, whom he accuses of treason and cowardice, striking him at the same time with his sword; but the ire of the Frenchman is roused into fury, and his sabre descending quickly on the head of the officer, hurles him from his horse. Some of the Spahis who witness the encounter from a distance, are stupified; but before they can seize the offender, the enemy rally and return to the charge; and in the midst of the confusion which ensues, Sanpierre—for such was the young soldier's name—put spurs to his horse, and gallops fiercely towards the mountains.

CHAPTER II.

An interval of two years has elapsed since the events which have been mentioned in the last chapter; and we have now to introduce the reader to the house of Ben-Ali-Mohammed, sheik of the dashakra or village of Suk-el-Arba, situated on a verdant plateau, amidst the very wildest fastnesses of the Atlas. It was a fine September evening, and the Sheik and his family were seated at their repast, on mats placed round an oblong table, raised but a few inches from the floor. On either side of the old man sat a youth; he on the right was Aroun, his only son, and he on the left, Sanpierre, the young French Spahi, who was saved from death on the morning after the untoward affair of the Marabout, by the intervention of our friend, the elder Arab, at the moment that he was about to be subjected to most cruel tortures by a horrible tribe, into whose hands he fell while making his escape. The humanity and devotedness which he had shown in aiding the wounded Aroun, and saving the life of his father from the rage of the Moorish officer of his regiment, gained him the warmest gratitude of both father and son; and in the course of time, while he continued to enjoy the hospitality of their roof, that gratitude warmed into a tender and familiar affection, the venerable Mohammed regarding the young Spahi, as a second son; whilst Aroun loved him with the fondness of a brother.

At the end of the table opposite to this group were two females—the wife and daughter of Ben Ali. They were habited in long dresses of fine white woollen stuff, which descended loosely from the neck to the ground, and, unlike the Moorish women, they were not veiled. Three negro slaves, one of whom was a young girl, and the handmaid of Ben Ali's wife, were assembled a short distance behind the latter group.

The meal ended, as usual, with some weak coffee, and

the smoke curled gracefully from the long pipes of the male portion of the company.

"I have often been surprised by the knowledge which you have acquired of the French language, father," said Sanpierre, after a short silence. "I have scarcely done more with your language, after my residence of two years in your tribes."

"From the Arab merchants who know how to speak it; and in your camps and villages where I sometimes ventured, I soon learned a few words of your language, which I considered might, one day or another, be useful to me," said Ben-Ali-Mohammed. "But that reminds me, son, that you have not answered our question, why you left the bosom of your family, and your native country, at so early an age."

Those words brought a cloud over the brow of Sanpierre, which the old man did not observe; there was a moment's silence, during which there was a struggle in the breast of the young Christian, and at length he said in broken sentences:—

"My story is a sad one, but it is brief and simple. Some time after the death of my father, an old naval officer, who left us at his death some six years since, a considerable fortune, a fire consumed in one night all that we possessed; and nothing remained but a few acres of land, which were sold for the support of my mother, my sister, and myself. In two years after my mother died, leaving us a prospect of immediate misery, and when all was gone I was obliged to do something for my sister's sake, and accordingly I engaged for a sum of a thousand francs. (£40), in the place of a young conscript, who was the son of wealthy parents. The money I sent to my sister, whom alas! I was never to see again; for I was scarcely a month away, when she too—died."

It was with difficulty Sanpierre pronounced the last words; they seemed to choak his utterance: and he hid his face for a moment, between his knees. Old Ben-Ali enveloped himself in a cloud of smoke, which concealed his emotion; Aroun paced the floor, with long strides, for the same purpose; but the gentle Marumi took no pains to conceal the pearly tear which stole from her dark eye along her oval cheek. It was plain that the sympathy which existed between the young Spahi and the daughter of the Sheik of Suk-el-Arba, was not of a common or a transitory nature; and when Sanpierre rose, in a few minutes after, to leave the house; there was an expression of the tenderest gratitude in the look, with which he thanked the gentle Marumi for her kindly feelings.

Sanpierre having crossed the small court, in the midst of which stood the gourbi of Ben-Ali-Mohammed, walked pensively towards the brink of the table land, whence the eye might glance down in the shades of evening, through deep mountain defiles that led by many an intricate winding to the distant plains below. There he stood, but stood not long until a sound, long unfamiliar to him, smote his ear—it was that of artillery, which sent its heavy booming at intervals, from amidst the incessant din and clatter of distant musketry. The French army must be near, and carrying desolation among the Kabyle tribes of mountains, would, probably, ere the morning sun, illumed the surrounding peaks, have overwhelmed with death and destruction, those who were now the only friends that he possessed in the world.

At that instant, Aroun tapped him on the shoulder, and their mutual glance told the anxiety with which both their bosoms were inspired. There was no time to be lost. They returned in haste to the house of the Sheik, where they found that the alarm had penetrated before them, for the heads of the tribes were already assembled there, and the fighting men were mustering in the court-yard without.

A Kabyle covered with dust rushed into the midst of the gourbie, and proclaimed with the gesticulation of a frantic person that the Censigris, a tribe of the plain, who were allies of the French, and served as irregular spahis in their ranks, were marching on them, and had already set some villages of their nearest neighbours in flames. This was, in fact, a *razzia*, in which a wing of the French army was then engaged.

There was, upon this, a cry of lamentation from the women, and the old Sheik, who was himself unable to move, owing to temporary lameness, issued his orders with vehemence to prepare for the defence.

"Aroun, my son!" he exclaimed, "and you, our christian friend, hasten, hasten to fill my place. Cut off the march of the enemy ere they pass the deep defile of the gate of Zoraya, or we are lost. Hurl the rocks of Atlas on their heads, and let their bodies lie unburied in the ravine; fly! God is great and merciful! may he speed your steps! Fly, my sons, fly!"

And a shout that echoed among the mountains was raised outside, and the warriors of the tribe, with Sanpierre and Aroun at their head, rushed with impetuosity from the village, and vied with each other in hastening through the rugged mountain passes towards the distant valleys from whence the sounds of war proceeded.

A height was soon gained that commanded a village, in pillaging which the enemy was engaged. At the appearance of the new foe trumpets sounded below, and leaving the work of plunder, the Censigris prepared for the attack.

A sharp discharge of musquetry ensued on both sides. and the Censigris were ordered to take the heights by assault, when a volley of formidable and unexpected missiles soon broke their forward movement. Huge masses of rock were loosened from the heights above, and came tumbling down with accumulated force until they swept through the ravine, leaving wide gaps in the ranks of the enemy. This kind of warfare spread terror among the invading force, and if they had not been officered by French veterans, with a large sprinkling of Frenchmen in their ranks, their disorder would have been irretrievable. They were brought, however, again to the assault, and several of the Arabs of Suk-el-Arba having descended from the heights, the combat was renewed with greater carnage than before, the light from the flames of the burning village now prevailing over that of the departing twilight, and adding by its lurid glare to the horrors of the scene.

Sanpierre and Aroun did wonders, flying from one spot to another, pointing out every way in which an advantage could be gained, and encouraging their friends by their valour in the thick of the battle. At length the enemy gave way, but skilfully covering their retreat, they succeeded in carrying off all the cattle and other spoils of the desolated village.

Sanpierre now sought for his young friend Aroun, but in vain. He searched among the dead and mangled, but could not find him, nor could he meet any of their friends who had seen him at the close of the battle. He made the rocks and caverns echo all night with the name of Aroun, but received no answer, and at length he returned in the morning to the daghakra with a heavy heart, which even victory could not cheer.

"We have made the enemy fly, and filled the valley with their slain," cried Sanpierre, on entering the gurbie of Ben-Ali-Mohammed.

"But my son, Aroun! where is Aroun?" cried the aged sheik.

"Alas! he must be a prisoner with the enemy, for I have sought him in vain the livelong night," answered Sanpierre.

"Aroun a prisoner!" exclaimed the venerable Ben-Ali; "and is it you, Sanpierre, who bring that news to his grey-haired father?"

"True—true, he was under my protection:" said the young Frenchman. "I should not have lost sight of him—I should have followed him to the very tents of the enemy; but now I go, not to return 'till I bring back Aroun, or some news of him. Farewell!"

And he rushed from the presence of the distracted father, and turned his footsteps towards the valley. Marumi he saw for one moment ere he left the village; her eyes were moistened with a parting tear, and her lips uttered a parting prayer; and then Sanpierre found himself alone among the dreary precipices, speeding, he knew not whither, on his perilous journey.

CHAPTER III.

We shall not follow Sanpierre in his painful and hazardous journey among the rugged valleys of Atlas, and along the borders of the plain, where he sometimes had to hide himself in the hollows of rocks, and in the groves of Cactus, in the vicinity of a hostile tribe or of a detachment of the French army, and sometimes ventured into villages which he hoped were friendly, to procure a morsel of food, and renew his inquiries about the fate of the son of Ben-Ali-Mohammed. But at the end of the second day his fraternal search was abruptly terminated. Indeed the plain, and lower slopes of the mountains, were so overrun by French troops and their allies, that it was impossible for Sanpierre to escape detection for any length of time, and hence, with all his caution, he fell into the hands of some irregular cavalry in the French service, by whom he was on the point of being shot, without further inquiry, as a Hadjout, or Arab of one of the hostile mountain tribes; but upon its being discovered that he was a Frenchman, he was delivered by his captors to a troop of his own regiment of Spahis, and was then conveyed to Algiers by an escort commanded by the identical Moorish officer whose life had been in jeopardy at his hands on the night of the ambuscade at the Marabout.

A court-martial followed, and Sanpierre was sentenced to be shot for the double crime of attempting the life of his officer, and of deserting during war.

On the morning after his condemnation, a few moments after sunrise, Sanpierre heard a loud knocking at his prison door, and as his cell was nearest the gate in the inner court, he could distinguish the well known voice of Ben-Ali-Mohammed, imploring the guard for permission to see the prisoner; but alas! all the entreaties of the old sheik were in vain; the guard was inexorable, and the sound of Ben-Ali's voice ceased.

A few heavy hours passed, and the voice of his old friend was heard again, but this time it approached nearer, and the prison door being opened, the Sheik of Suk-el-Arba was ushered into Sanpierre's cell. Nor was Ben-Ali alone. He was accompanied by a female—the gentle, dark-eyed Marumi herself, who, at this time, was dressed in the costume of the Moorish women of the city, being veiled, all except her soft expressive eyes, in ample folds of snow-white drapery.

To rush forward, grasp the hands of the old man, who could not speak with emotion, and more gently press those of Marumi, whose eyes streamed with tears, was the first movement of Sanpierre.

Their joy that moment was like the sunbeam which issues for an instant from amidst dark clouds, and is the last for ever—it was the joy of the unfortunate, that fugitive joy, which dies at the same instant that it is brought forth.

For some moments they spoke not; the fleeting smile was soon changed for the darkening look of sadness, then of anguish, and then bitter tears flowed, and heavy sighs were heaved.

"My father! my sister! my only friends on earth!" exclaimed Sanpierre, again pressing the hands of his visitors.

"Hush! hush! children as you are," said the venerable Ben-Ali, endeavouring to compose his countenance, "we have not yet lost all hope. I will go myself to the governor—I will plead your cause anew, and in justice he will grant the pardon. Bishmillah! hope my son; God is merciful, and I have come to bid thee hope. A brave captain who obtained permission for us to see you, has promised to lead me before the Governor himself. I will now go, may Allah hear my prayer!"

"But Aroun, father, have you heard nought of Aroun?" inquired Sanpierre with deep anxiety.

The eyes of the old man filled with tears, and he shook his head mournfully.

"Surely the Bensegris are keeping him with the hope of receiving a rich ransom; he will be restored to thee, father," observed Sanpierre in a tone of fervour.

The sheik made no reply, but turned and made a sign to the gaoler to open the door.

"I will return in a short time," he said. "Come Marumi, come my child; we are going back to our friend, and——"

But he would not finish the sentence, and left the prison, where a faint ray of hope gleamed on Sanpierre—a very faint ray, indeed, yet sufficient to foster hope in a bosom on which no ray had shone before.

Arrived at the marble portico of the inner court of the Casha, the old man found the Captain who had got him admission to the prison, and who now led him to the anti-chamber of the Governor's private office. In five minutes more he was in the presence of the Governor himself.

"Men chan Allah!" exclaimed Ben Ali Mohammed, approaching the General with solemnity. "May it pour on thee and thine the most precious gifts; but grant me only justice; I ask no more."

And he explained briefly the request he had to make, and the grounds on which he made it.

"You ask an impossibility, old man," replied the General. "I know all the circumstances of the case, and all that you could allege in favour of that young man. It is possible that his heart had no part in the crime which his hand might have committed, nor in the consequences of his unheard of infraction of military discipline; but for acts like his no excuse can be admitted. He must be made an example of; and if he be a good soldier his death will have the more effect. Go, my resolution is fixed; nothing on earth, or in heaven, can alter it." And turning to the officer of the guard, he said, "Let the culprit be prepared to undergo his sentence at the dawn of day to-morrow."

The old Ben Ali fell on his knees, he implored for pardon—he offered ransom—any ransom that could be demanded! Alas! he knew not the sternness of military law. He was led to the door by an orderly, as a piercing shriek from Marumi, who waited in the anti-room, followed the announcement of the sad news.

We will spare our readers the account of the harrowing scene which took place in the condemned cell of young Sanpierre, when Ben-Ali-Mohammed and his daughter returned to relate the result of the interview with the governor, and to take their last farewell. Their grief was the more poignant, as each endeavoured to restrain it from a feeling of decorum; and at length the gaoler interrupted them by announcing that the moment for separation was arrived, and that the prisoner should see no other person but the priest until the hour of his execution.

His parting with Marumi was more affecting than the terror of death itself; but ere they left Sanpierre whispered something in the ear of Ben-Ali, to which the latter expressed a silent assent; and then the Arab and his daughter were torn from their friend for ever.

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On the following morning as soon as the rays of the sun gilded the minarets of the city of white walls,* a detachment of the 13th regiment of the line filed along the narrow street of Bab-el-oned, with drums beating a funeral march at their head; and a soldier disarmed, with his h bare, and his hands tied behind his back, walking in centre of the gloomy cortege. It was the unhappy S pierre, the victim of military law.

His face was deadly pale, but his eyes sparkled, an pace was steady and bold. By his side walked the pr whispering in his ear the balmy consolations of religio

The march was slow and solemn; and the crowd lowed in silence, as if moved with pity for that young m whose graceful figure, and manly yet submissive touched the hearts of the spectators.

From the gate of Bab-el-oned, they proceeded over open space of the military ground to the foot of the Vingt-Quatre-Heures, where the detachment halted, with a regiment already on the ground, formed t sides of a square, the walls of the fortress being fourth. Sanpierre was brought into the centre of square, and having heard his sentence read, was ord to go on his knees. The firing company were drawn at a distance of thirty paces. The last words pa between the prisoner and his spiritual guide. The w of command to "fire" was given—the hills echoed the report that followed—but the mutilated body of S pierre lay senseless on the arid soil.

The drums beat once more; the soldiers filed past body of their comrade, and the cold remains were posited in an humble tomb in a distant corner of the Moorish graveyard which was hard by.

* * * * * * * *

If a benighted traveller had passed by chance on night of the following day through the cemetery in wh the body of Sanpierre reposed, he would have been star by a singular scene which he there might have witnes

The rain poured in torrents, and the thunder rolle fearful peals through the dark heavens, yet some covered with whitish cloaks, like ghosts muffled in t winding sheets, might be seen groping among the ton and at length appeared engaged in digging a ne formed grave. At a short distance stood several hor whose bridles were held by a single Arab, under shelter of a large white tomb, which was surmounted a dome like that of a mosque.

After some minutes work a bloody corpse was extrac from the grave, rolled in linen cloth, and placed on back of a stout horse, in front of a young athletic Ar and immediately after the clatter of the horse's hoofs, the party galloped off, was lost in the increasing uproa the tempest.

About a month after these events, a young Hadjo ascended with weary steps through the last rugged p that led to the dashacra of Suk-el-Arba. Arrived at top, he stopped for a moment, cast around him a look joy, clapped his hands, and exclaimed,

"Oh, Allah! what a joyful surprise when they me now, after being away they know not where, for t weary waxings and wanings of the moon."

He hastened with renewed energy towards the villa but had not proceeded many steps before he saw an man sitting on the green sod beneath a rock.

* Algiers.

"My father!" cried Aroun, for it was he, "My father, I am returned!"

But the old man heeded him not. His eyes were fixed on a whitened stone, on which were engraved the names of Sanpierre and Marumi—all that remained of both reposed beneath.

"Father! can this be true?" cried Aroun, and he placed his hand on the shoulder of his parent, but the body of the old man, which had been long since lifeless, rolled to the earth at the touch, and Aroun stood alone!

The village was sometime after laid waste in a *razzia* by the French, but the Arabs say that Aroun had been killed in the battle with the Bensegris, and that it was only his spirit which continued to hover about the dashacra of Suk-el-Arba, and the grave of the Arab's friend.

ON SEEING A LOVELY GIRL IN A CHURCHYARD.

She sat among the ruins of the tomb,
Like a fair floweret in its opening bloom;
Wild desolation reign'd around her there,
And hollow murmurs shook the evening air.
The wand'ring peasant turn'd away his face,
As if he fear'd to gaze upon the place;
The very birds with lengthen'd scream flew by,
And soar'd yet higher in their native sky;
And far off echo's caught it as they fled,
Swelling in mournful cadence o'er the dead.
And yet amid this scene so drear and wild,
In calm composure sat that lovely child;
Smiling in sweetest innocence and love,
Like some bright vision from the world above.
No shock of fear came o'er her joyous face,
Nor doubt nor dread could'st thou upon it trace,
She appear'd the guardian spirit of the place.
She twined a wreath of cyprus as it grew,
And bound amidst her long hair's golden hue;
Then gaily laughed and toss'd the curls behind,
As they waved forward in the sighing wind.
Oh! there was something beauteous in the sight,
Of that lone being in those shades of night,
Sporting in thoughtless glee upon the brink,
Of some new grave at which the boldest shrink;
Plucking the flowers which grew upon the earth,
That cover'd all of beauty or of worth;
Tracing the letters on the marble white,
Clapping her infant hands in gay delight,
And little dreaming that the same cold stone,
Would mark too soon her last long narrow home.
I gazed in wonder and in thought profound,
On that young fairy in that hallow'd ground;
When all things savoured of the ghostly tomb,
And death in all its horrors and its gloom;
What mortal then could look on that sweet thing,
And mark her dawning life her budding spring,
Without a sadden'd brow and tearful eye,
To think that like the rest, she too must die.

M. A. Colyer.

THE FALSE ONE.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which odours have once been distilled.
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

Moore.

"First love will with the heart remain,
When its hopes are all gone by:
As frail rose blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die.
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind,
From the shades mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind,
On which their blossoms hung." L. E. L.

It was one of those delicious evenings in very early Spring, when the whole air seems redolent with the perfumes of the different wild flowers that in all their varied hues adorn the hedges at this season. The sun had just sunk beneath the horizon, and in his dying glory had tinged the surrounding clouds and sky with those warm and glowing tints so peculiar to one of Claude's landscapes, but which are so seldom seen in an English landscape. Their brilliant hues and ever changing colours were reflected with additional splendour in the bright waters of the broad and beautiful Wye, as it went winding through the luxuriant meadows that lay round the romantic little village of Norton. On one side stood the old and ruined castle of Ham Aron, encircled by magnificent groves of oak old as the hills. On the other the village, with its gable-ended houses, ancient church, and "Ivy Mantled Tower," forming altogether as lovely a scene as pencil can picture, or pen describe.

On the banks of the river, just below the hill on which the Castle was situated, stood two persons earnestly conversing with each other, and watching the tiny waves as they rippled along at the distance of a few yards. Seated on the trunk of a recently felled oak, was a young girl of apparently seventeen or eighteen years of age, busily engaged arranging in bouquets the different wild flowers she had gathered during her walk. Pushing back her long fair hair, that fell in rich masses over her pale countenance, she suddenly looked up, and addressing her companion on the bank, exclaiming—

"See Isabel, look George, how beautifully the blue forget-me-not, that tells of the giver's truth in absence, harmonise with the pale pink rose; the lily of the valley and the wild white rose, emblems of modesty, innocence, and enduring affection."

The girl called Isabel turned towards the speaker, and displaying a face of faultless beauty, fixed her eyes on her with an undisguised expression of anger and impatience at the interruption; a scornful smile lingered for a moment on her well formed lips, as she looked towards her companions, and resumed her conversation with the young man by herside. He, however, stepping forward, said—

"Well, Ruth, you certainly have displayed great taste

in the selection of your nosegays; and if that be the signification of the one you hold in your hand, pray bestow it on me."

He held out his hand for it as he spoke, and the bright flush that crimsoned Ruth's brow at this speech, faded to a deadly paleness when she perceived that the simple flowers so requested, instead of being cherished by himself, were presented to Isabel.

She received the gift coldly, but her eyes sparkled with triumph on observing Ruth's anxious look of observation; and after holding them carelessly in her hand for a moment, suffered them to drop into the stream below.

Trifling as the act was, it caused a feeling of pleasure in Ruth's heart. She cannot love him, she murmured to herself; I have been mistaken. I would have cherished the meanest flower presented by *his* hand, and she coldly casts his gifts from her. She does not—cannot love—

Her reverie was here disturbed by Isabel exclaiming in a loud voice—

"And you really do intend to leave this village in a few months, George?"

"Such is decidedly my intention. What have I to detain me here when *you* have left, and glory calls me. But will you remember the sentiments of the few simple flowers I have just given you, and sometimes bestow a thought on me in absence?"

This was spoken with a confiding smile, that seemed to say the question was a needless one.

Isabel observed it, and drawing up her beautiful figure to its full height, said,

"Mr. George Howard deems himself, I read by that complacent smile, secure of a permanent place in the recollection of his friends. He entertains a high idea of his own attractive powers to be so certain of making a lasting impression."

"Isabel—dear Isabel—forgive me if I have done or said aught to offend you," rejoined he. "If I am vain, you have made me so." And taking both her hands in his, he whispered, "I only believed my Isabel, when she told me that as long as life remained *my* image should never fade from her memory."

Isabel suffered her hands to remain prisoner, and looking up in his face softly uttered,

"You are forgiven."

A smile of such doubtful import illuminated her face as she spoke, that George was for the moment startled at its expression; but he soon reconciled himself to the idea that it originated in a feeling of affection for him struggling with wounded maiden modesty, at his expressing his conviction of such affection in so open a manner. A keen observer, however, would have discovered more of pride, irony, and gratified vanity in that smile, than pure and shrinking affection.

Ruth during this conversation, which had been carried on as if the parties were unconscious of her presence, was so overcome by the variety of emotions that agitated her mind, that she sunk back almost breathless at its conclusion.

George was the first to observe her changed looks and rushing to her side exclaimed, "My dear Ruth, I fear long walk, and damp keen air, has brought back you ness. Come, we must return or Mrs. Milward will c us for our want of care."

And drawing her arm affectionately within his, offered the other to Isabel, and they thus proceeded ho wards to a beautiful little cottage near the entrance of village. At the gate leading to the grounds George the two girls, and took his way slowly along the f to the Grange, his father's residence, about half a distant from Norton.

CHAPTER II.

Isabel Trevallyon and Ruth Millward were first cou The former was the daughter of a gentleman of high b but small fortune, who resided near the town of B— She was eminently beautiful: her large full eyes, ebon tresses, rich dark complexion, and perfect Gre features, joined to a figure of matchless symmetry, m her an object of general admiration. But her perfect sciousness of her own loveliness rendered her haughty overbearing. Her education in childhood had been gr neglected. Left entirely to the care of servants, wh stilled into her infant mind vast ideas of her own be and consequence, she grew up an ill-tempered, disagree child; and at the age of twelve was so thoroughly tyran that her father, by the desire of his friends, sent her a school near London.

Unfortunately for Isabel, the school selected was of those where showy accomplishments were studi cultivated, and every domestic and womanly qualific entirely neglected, or considered as things of minor portance to grace, elegance, and a finished manner. the bad seeds sown in childhood were fostered in yo and when at the age of eighteen Isabel Trevallyon retu to her father's residence, she was as beautiful and acc plished, but heartless a being as it was possible for on God's creatures to be.

Very different to her cousin was Ruth Millward. inferior in personal beauty, and infinitely superior in m acquirements and goodness of disposition—in person was slight even to fragility—her soft blue eyes and golden hair, were in perfect harmony with her small exquisitely chiselled features; but to observe that features were beautifully sculptured, or that she was thing more than one of those fair interesting girls so met with in every day life, it was necessary to know long and well; for the chief charm of her face lay in ever varying expression, and her richly cultivated and amiability of temper, were duly discovered on an timate acquaintance with her.

Isabel, on the other hand, was cold, proud, and moveable. Her brilliant beauty struck the beholde first sight with admiration, but the more you knew of the less you liked her: and the longer you gazed on face, the more painfully you became aware of the absence of that soul which should have been enshrine so lovely a casket. Hers was the beauty that takes eye captive, but fails to touch the heart.

George Howard was the only son of a country squire of the olden time, who resided near Norton. He held a lieutenant's commission in the Indian army, and in the course of a few months he was to rejoin his regiment abroad.

Ruth and George had been chosen playmates in childhood, and many were the conjectures that the affection they displayed for each other as children would ripen into love at no very distant period. His son's marriage with Ruth would have been very gratifying to old Howard, who already loved her as his own child.

In the meanwhile Isabel Trevallyon came on a visit to Norton, and George became a victim to her superior personal charms. She, nothing loth to receive attention, did all in her power to rivet his chains.

Ruth's feelings, when the cherished companion of her youth became the declared lover of her lovely cousin, were sedulously concealed in her own breast. True it is, however, that from the day that George placed all rumour of his attachment to Isabel beyond a doubt, by announcing himself to Mrs. Milward as the betrothed husband of her niece, and requested her to write in his behalf to Mr. Trevallion, there was a marked and decided change in her conduct and appearance.

The lively, joyous girl, whose buoyant spirit rendered her the delight and life of all her youthful friends, became at once a silent, thoughtful woman.

Her soft blue eyes were clouded with a settled melancholy, strangely at variance with her youthful years. Her once open, placid brow, became marked with the records of deep care, whilst the beautiful, though fleeting bloom, more beautiful from its very evanescence, that used with every thought and movement to illumine her countenance, gave place to a paleness almost unearthly in its hue.

There were times, however, when she was a totally different being both to the moping, broken hearted woman here described, or the light hearted, innocent girl, she had been previous to her cousin's visits.

A chance remark on her altered appearance—a jest from one of her young friends that Ruth Milward had lost her heart, or was sighing with hopeless love, would call up the eloquent blood into her pallid cheeks, and lighted up her eyes with a brilliancy perfectly startling, whilst her clear voice rang painfully on the ear in wild laughter, and scornful denial of such a charge.

Thus roused from her apathy, her spirits became exuberant; she seemed to love all centred over them. Laugh, song, and sparkling jest would follow each other in rapid succession from her lips, until the suspicion which she dreaded had been excited by her melancholy was entirely done away with by this apparent joyousness, and then she would sink back into her former despondency.

Little did those who saw her in these moments of fitful excitement, imagine that the sparkling animation of countenance they so admired, the unwearied spirits they so envied, and the varied talents they so wondered at and applauded, were the emanations of a broken heart—the vain efforts of a crushed and wounded spirit to hide its woes under the semblance of gaiety and a mind at ease.

Oh! who could for a moment suppose, when looking upon that face radiant in smiles, and those brilliant eyes, dancing with pleasure, that a painful recollection had ever clouded the beauty of the one, or a tear of sorrow dimmed the lustre of the other? Who, when listening to that clear melodious voice carolling some wild song of other lands, or singing with deepest feeling a tale of happy love, could believe that the songstress's own heart was bursting with agony—the agony of seeing the object she adored devoted to another, and that other totally unworthy of such devotion.

"It is her spirit's bitterest pain,
To love and not be loved again."

The continual struggles Ruth underwent to conceal her love, and her fruitless endeavours to overcome it, at length brought on a severe illness from which she was recovering when this tale commenced.

CHAPTER III.

Time passed on. The period of Isabel's visit to her relations expired, and found her restored to her former health and beauty (to renovate whidh she had come to her aunt's cottage); she therefore returned to her father's, and George, a few week's after, went off to town to prepare for his voyage to India. Mr. Trevallyon had given his consent to an engagement, but would not hear of a marriage until Howard had attained the rank of Captain; and old Howard was so enraged at the disappointment of his favourite dream (of Ruth as a daughter), that he would not interfere in the matter at all, and the betrothed parted; George to toil for wealth and fame beneath the burning sun of India—Isabel to gain admiration and fresh conquests at home.

Ever since the departure of her cousin, Ruth had avoided George Howard's society; a few evenings previous to his leaving Norton they met by accident. Ruth was returning from a visit to a sick friend, and it was with a feeling of deep regret she observed George come forward to join her, for she felt it to be utterly impossible to sustain the part she had lately acted when in his presence. She listened with trembling to his candid expression of joy at meeting her, and accepting his arm in silence, she hurried on as quickly as possible, for she was fearful he would notice the deep depression she laboured under, and that she should in the event of his questioning her, betray her long hidden secret to him from whom she would have died to conceal it.

He talked gaily of his intended voyage—his prospects in life—his love for her cousin—and his anxiety for the time to arrive when he could claim her as his wife. All and every word of this conversation sank deep into poor Ruth's heart, yet she so far mastered her feelings as to speak in a firm voice her present wishes for his future welfare, it only faultered, and that slightly, when she alluded to his marriage, which she did in a cursory way, for it was a subject she felt too deeply to enter upon.

George was too absorbed at the time to notice her

averted face, and broken evasive answers—but often during his voyage out, when thinking of Norton, and the happy hours he had spent there, did Ruth Milward's singular coldness, so different to the warm interest she had always evinced in any plan of his, occur to his mind; but not a single idea of the true cause of her seeming coldness, glanced across it. Little did he imagine it proceeded from excess of feeling, and that his well doing and happiness were dearer to her than her own life, at the very time that she strove, and successfully, to appear careless and indifferent. The following lines written on the night of his departure, will but reveal the state of her feelings.

Fare thee well, and if ever again I should meet thee,
I will be as a stranger, perchance as a friend;
It will cost me some struggles thus coldly to greet thee,
My spirit may *break*, but it never shall *bend*.

I have loved thee, still love thee, but yet thou may'st leave me.
I'll not utter one sob, or shed one single tear;
To know of my wretchedness might, perchance, grieve thee,
I never will cause thee one heart-ache, one fear.

Oh! be happy with her whom thy noble heart's chosen;
Pursue thine own paths of unbounded delight:
No premature sorrows thy young heart hath frozen;
Oh! may it be ever as fresh and as bright.

For not in my bitterest moods can I blame thee,
Let mine be the fault, as its punishment mine;
I sought thy love—failed—oh! mine let the grief be,
It never must rest on *thee*, or on *thine*.

Then beloved one farewell, our paths lie apart;
And perchance, love, on earth we shall ne'er meet again;
But my first—best affections are thine, and my heart,
My true girl's heart, will thine ever remain.

HELEN.

TO P——A.

Dear girl wilt thou come with me
To Erin's sunny isle;
And joy shall crown our blissful love,
And fortune on us smile.
For Erin is a happy land,
The Eden of the west;
Favoured of heaven and of earth,
Most beautiful and blest.

And my home in the valley fair,
The home that gave me birth,
Needs but thy presence there to be,
The brightest home on earth.
Then sny my first, my only love,
Say, dearest, wilt thou come,
To the valley of my early youth,
My childhood's happy home.

W. J. CORBET.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—BALFE'S opera of the *Daughter o St. Mark*, continues its course most prosperously, and i certainly one of the most beautifully got up pieces tha has ever been produced on the English stage. The story is founded on history, and the incidents are highly romantic. The scene is laid in Venice in the year 1469, and at the opening of the opera we find that festivities are taking place in the Palace of the patrician *Andrea Cornaro* (BORRANI) in honour of the intended celebration of the marriage of his niece *Catarina* (Miss RAINFORTH) with *Adolphe de Courcy* (HARRISON), a gay French knight; the Council of Ten have, however, other views in favour of *Catarina*; it being decided she shall marry *Lusignano, King of Cyprus* (BURDINI). *Moncenigo* (WEISS), one of the Council of Ten, comes to inform *Andrea* of the intended state policy, and by his order *Andrea* commands the marriage to be suspended. The second act opens in the oratory of *Catarina*, who is surprised by the appearance of *Moncenigo* in her room; he tells her that she must forget *Adolphe*; and that on her so doing his life depends; he then lifts a drapery, and shows her three assassins concealed, awaiting her lover; *Adolphe's* secret visit takes place, and, under the dread of his being assassinated, she tells him she loves him no longer, and in disdain he casts her from him. The scene then changes to the Isle of Cyprus, and the arrival, with a brilliant *cortège*, of *Catarina* as the affianced bride of the King, *Lusignano*. In the third act we find *Adolphe*, who has followed *Catarina* to Cyprus, dogged by order of *Moncenigo*, and about to fall under the daggers of the assassins, when he is saved by a knight who, unknown to him, proves to be *Moncenigo*; *Adolphe* then meets *Catarina*, and learns from her the events of the night, and that she refused his love under fear for his safety; *Moncenigo* surprises them both at their stolen interview, and in retort of *Catarina's* threats, orders both *Adolphe* and *Catarina* to be taken to the citadel and confined in separate cells; *Catarina* is doomed to the scaffold for her supposed infidelity, and *Andrea* at the place of execution, discloses to *Moncenigo* that *Catarina* is not his niece, but *Moncenigo's* own child; he then anxiously protests her innocence, and *Lusignano*, with much magnanimity, bestows the hand of *Catarina* upon her beloved *Adolphe*. The opera is throughout most efficiently supported. Miss RAINFORTH sings with much spirit and excellence, without, perhaps, having quite power enough for the part; still her ballads are very charmingly sung, and she elicited much applause. HARRISON gives his music with excellent spirit, especially the beautiful ballad, "Oh! smile as thou wert wont to smile," in which he is invariably encored; whilst BORRANI, WEISS, and BURDINI, are also entitled to much praise for the really effective manner in which they execute the different portions of the music allotted to them. No pains or expense have been spared in the production of the opera, which is most complete in evnry respect. The scene where *Catarina* arrives at the Island of Cyprus, is, perhaps, unrivalled for its splendour, the entire stage seems to have been shorn

of its usual pendants to afford space to the splendid procession that marches from the very roof of the theatre. The whole of this scene is admirably managed, and the effect of the brilliant costumes, the brightness and splendour of the suits of armour, and the trappings of the men at arms, and heralds in their rich quaint dresses, with the hundreds of persons assembled on the stage together, form one of the most brilliant *coups d'œil* that can be imagined; the first and last scenes of the third act were also very beautiful, the last especially, the gigantic Castle with the crowds of spectators, was admirably painted, and had a most imposing effect.

The Christmas novelties present little scope for criticism. It is one of those periods when humour and practical jokes combined with splendid scenery and effects, are all in all of the theatres, and the juvenile interests are more especially considered. For them *Robinson Crusoe* will have many attractions; the story is well adapted for a pantomime: and with WIELAND, T. MATTHEWS, Miss CARSON, and HOWELL, a pantomime cannot go off otherwise than well.

At Covent Garden Theatre the pantomime is a hit at the musical promenades so recently given here (at least in the title, and is entitled *Crotchet and Quaver; or Harlequin Sharp, Flat, and Natural.* The characters are all musically entitled 'Semiquaver' being a young maiden loved by 'Crotchet,' and opposed by the 'Demon Discord.' 'Crotchet,' however, by the aid of the 'Genius of Music,' gains the hand of 'Semiquaver,' 'Discord' being discomfited; and the harlequinade winds up the pantomime in the usual style.

Mr. H. BETTY has made his appearance in *Hamlet*, with much success, his performances being marked with considerable judgment, and his delivery of the author's text is excellent. He possesses a good and commanding stage figure, with every requisite for success, and will prove a great acquisition as a leading tragedian. The lyrical tragedy of *Antigone*, with MENDELSOHN'S music, which is shortly to be produced, will also be a feature of prominence.

THE HAYMARKET has produced one of those amusing extravaganzas that have become almost as legitimate as the rich and racy comedies now produced here with so much spirit. It is by PLANCHE, and is taken from one of the stories of the Countess D'ANOIS, and is called *Graciosa and Percinet*, the chief characters being supported by Miss P. HORTON, JULIA BENNETT, and BLAND, by whom it is most admirably acted. The story is not very complicated, but there is a great deal of humour and quaintness about it, and the parodies are charmingly melodious. WEBSTER has spared no expense in its production; the new scenery and costumes are really beautiful, and a most attractive feature has been added in the shape of a new pictorial Dioramic Tour in Switzerland, painted by PHILLIPS, one of the most admirable performances of the class that has ever been exhibited.

At the LYCEUM, *Valentine and Orson* is done in the form of a burlesque by KENNEY and ALBERT SMITH, and produced with all the gorgeousness that characterizes the productions at this house. The *Valentine* of Mrs. KEELEY, and the *Orson* of KEELEY, are two most perfect representations of burlesque extravaganza.

NEW MUSIC.

The Daughter of St. Mark: Balfe.—Chappels.—In this opera Mr. Balfe has taken higher ground than he has done in any previous opera. His aim has been to write a grand opera, and in this he has fully succeeded; the consequence is, that there is more breadth in the music, whilst the melodies are of a more lofty character; there are, however, several of those catching melodies, that attract attention from their beauty and simplicity, and some of these are, perhaps, the most charming he has written in any opera, and will be certain of a lasting popularity. The arrangements that we have seen for the Pianoforte, have much brilliancy and character about them, and those most deserving of notice are,

The Favourite Airs, by Burrowes.—These are in Burrowes' usual style, fingered so as to be at the command of most amateurs, and possessing all the spirit of the opera.

Favourite Airs de Ballet.—These are light and effective, having the true spirit of ballet music, with its marked and joyous character, and are amongst the most pleasing *morceaux* of the opera.

The Welsh Quadrilles: Jullien.—Although there is neither the marked character, nor the flow of melody of the Irish and Scotch Quadrilles by the same composer, they are still rather effective, and the variations are well worked out; they are, perhaps, better adapted for *divertissemento's* than for dancing to, as the variations are rather intricate for "tripping a measure."

Castle Aymon: Balfe. Piano; Burrowes.—Addison and Hodson.—The second book of this lively opera seems to equal the first in spirit and originality, and embraces the most popular songs of the opera charmingly arranged. It is quite in Burrowes' best style.

Trois Mazurkas pour le Piano: Dohler.—Addison and Hodson.—These are not so difficult as the general run of Dohler's music, but they have the peculiar characteristic of his style of playing, excepting the somewhat frequent occurrence of accidentals, they may be almost termed familiar. The Mazurkas are pretty, and very agreeably worked out, being in the keys of B flat, A flat, and G.

The Fairy Bird: Ballad. John Parry, senior.—Addison and Hodson.—This is full of character and expression, the melody being charmingly written in the key of G, with a pretty change into B flat, and adapted for most voices, and is likely to be as popular as the same author's favourite song of "Jenny Jones." We regret want of space prevents us giving the pretty legend upon which it is founded.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR JANUARY, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. I.—A dress of rich white satin, *à trois jupes;* each skirt edged in a vandyke, and bound with lavender satin, and beautifully embroidered in lavender floss silk, giving the dress the appearance of having three deep flounces; very low pointed corsage; the top part decorated with folds of spotted *tulle*, forming a point in the front, where it is attached to the dress with a *nœud* and two ends of lavender satin ribbon, loops of the same decorating the top of the *corsage*, and a double row continued round the short sleeve, which is made loose at the lower part, and faced with folds to match the top of the bust; three folds are put on to a foundation of stiff net, so as to set out from the sleeve, and joined so as to form a point at the side of the front part of the sleeve. The hair simply arranged in front with two long ringlets *à la Anglaise*, and a round plait at the back of the head.

EVENING HOME DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant costume is made in pale pink *gros de Tours* or *moire*; the skirt very full, and perfectly plain; high pointed body, open in the front and upon the shoulders, shewing the under chemisette of thin white *batiste*, edged round the throat with a narrow white lace, and attached across with bands of pink velvet, fastened on each side with small round buttons of the same; half long sleeve, made straight and open from below the elbow, having on each side of the opening a row of velvet buttons; small open *jockey*, attached across with velvet bands and buttons; under loose sleeve of lace inlet and *tulle*; small narrow bands of black velvet are tied round the wrists. The hair arranged at the back in a serpentine twist, catching back the front hair in the form of a band, from which depends one very long ringlet.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of chocolate-coloured Pekin plaid silk. Scarf manteau of rich black satin, made much shorter than the dress, and encircled round the bottom with a black fringe of moderate width; the scarf which forms the cape is edged over the shoulders and back with a double broad frilling or flounce, edged as well as the ends in front, with black fringe; the top of this scarf turns over round the throat and down the fronts, forming a kind of lappel; these fronts are crossed, rendering it very warm to the chest. We need scarcely add that this is a very favourite style of cloak with our fashionables, particularly those who study comfort. Bonnet of white satin, the form rather large and close; the exterior of the front being nearly concealed by two rows of white lace, very rich, and put on perfectly plain, the upper row being headed with a wreath of small shaded red roses; the crown decorated with pipings of white *crêpe*, put on at regular distances; *nœuds* and ends of white satin ribbon are placed at the back of the bonnet.

PLATE THE THIRD.

OPERA DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of rich white satin, the skirt trimm with two immense broad flounces of white lace or blon reaching high up the dress; low plain corsage, and sh sleeves, both richly decorated with white lace. *Sor du bal* of dark violet-coloured velvet, with small squ collar, and half-long drooping Persian sleeve, edged rou as well as the collar and cloak, with a row of white swa down, the border round the lower part being consid ably wider than the rest, the entire mantle lined wit rich white silk quilted, or white satin. Small muff the same description of fur, lined with pale pink sa and finished on each side with two ends of white s ribbon, of a moderate width. Cap composed of a li style of lace, intermixed with pretty shaded pink ro without leaves, arranged in a kind of cluster at the si the lace being perfectly flat upon the top of the head.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—The under dress is of rich light-colou brown satin, corsage and sleeves made perfectly pl *Manteau* of a bright purple satin, the skirt being m much shorter than the dress; the cape large and round forming a kind of large sleeve in the front, and edged round with a broad black lace, the front of the c being closed all the way up by means of a purple ve facing opening on the top of each shoulder, where i laced across with a purple silk cord, from which depe two long ends of the same, finished with two sple purple silk tassels; the velvet facing may be greatly riched in appearance by having a *brandenbourg* trimm continuing all the way up the centre of the front. Ca of shaded orange-coloured *velours épinglé*, the edg the brim and crown decorated with folds of satin, folds on the latter being confined with a beautiful bra of shaded roses.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of dark emerald green velvet; skirt made perfectly plain and very full; high tight sage, and long loose sleeve, having under ones of p white silk. *Palatine* and muff of magnificent erm lined with rich crimson satin, the muff ornamented loops of white satin ribbon. Bonnet of dark-colou violet velvet, the top of the crown is greatly lighte in appearance, by being covered with black lace, w also forms the curtain at the back, and confined wit bow and ends of violet satin ribbon, the crown decor with a plume of *coq* feathers, drooping low over the side.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—This style of dress is called the "*Carac* a description of which will be found in our Fashion

Novelties. It is composed of green *moire* shot with a plum colour, the front of the *jupe* trimmed with several rows of narrow ribbon velvet, put on on one side, and continued up the centre of the high and tight-fitting corsage, the jacket edged to match *manche d'homme*, the *jockey* and cuff also edged with several rows of narrow ribbon velvet, the sleeve being sufficiently short to show the under fulled sleeve of plain *batiste*. Bonnet of straw-coloured *velours épinglé*, the edge of the front and curtain, handsomely trimmed with black lace, which also serves to decorate the crown, interspersed with a branch of *azalias*, the same colour as the bonnet, a fold of black lace surrounding the top of the crown.

HOME DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant costume is composed of pale lavender watered silk, the entire front of the dress being trimmed with straps of lavender satin, attached on each side with pretty fancy silk tassels, *en echelle*. Corsage fitting close to the figure, and perfectly high; long tight sleeves, the tops ornamented with a plain round epaulet, turning up round the bottom part, and forming a narrow facing, edged with a fold of satin; deep pointed cuff, also surrounded with a double narrow fold of satin, the folds divided with a flat band of satin, forming a facing to the cuff. *Coiffure* composed of crimson velvet, and a double row of white lace just passing over the top part of the head. Boots of green velvet, the top part of silk or satin of the same colour.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Pelisse of plum-coloured velvet, the front tastefully trimmed with a broad satin ribbon, the same colour as the pelisse, and put on in a vandyked form, caught at the point of each vandyke with a small *nœud* also of ribbon; high open corsage, edged round the top and down the fronts with a rich gympe border, and showing between the under body of fulled muslin and inlet, with a frilling of lace round the throat; the sleeves are straight, and rather larger at the bottom than at the top, and sufficiently short to show an under fulled sleeve of muslin, having *manchettes* of lace, the top of the velvet sleeves surrounded with a narrow fulling of the same, put into the arm-hole. Capote of pale pink satin, decorated solely with a splendid pink *maraboutée* feather, falling over the crown. Pelerine *écharpe*, of ermine, lined with white satin.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress and *Paletot* of black velvet; the dress made perfectly plain, with a tight sleeve, having a full puffing of cambric at the wrist; the skirt long and extremely full. The *Paletot* is made to fit the figure, the body and skirt being all in one; it closes from the waist to the throat, and has a small square collar; the sleeves are wide, and descend about half way below the elbow; they are left open at the back, are trimmed round with a rich lace gymp, and faced across with a cord and tassels; the collar is edged to correspond; the skirt is short, is left open at the sides, and bordered by a broader laced gymp; the opening at the side laced to correspond with the sleeves. Bonnet of satin, *couleur de rose*; the brim open and low at the ears; it is edged by a small double piping; the crown is a little full; a long full feather of the same colour droops from the centre of the bottom of the crown on to the right shoulder, and a trimming of satin is placed on the left tide; the interior is ornamented with *nœuds* of broad satin ribbon; strings to match.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A dress of rose-coloured satin; the corsage plain and tight; the waist long and pointed; the sleeves are short and quite tight; a deep cape *à la berthe* surrounds the neck of the dress, trimmed with three rows of black velvet; a narrow tucker of plain cambric stands up inside, fitting the neck close; the skirt is long, extremely full, and is trimmed *en tablière* by broad pieces of satin *en biais*, which falls from each side the point at the waist, increasing in width towards the bottom of the dress; these have three rows of black velvet down them, placed at equal distances at the bottom, but nearly meeting at the waist; the bottom of the skirt is perfectly plain. Head dress of rose-coloured velvet, consisting of a slight fulling across the top of the head; the fulness confined at each edge by a row of pearls; long ends of velvet fringed with pearls, droop on the right side, whilst on the left is placed a white ostrich feather.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of green striped silk; the corsage and sleeves plain; waist *à poine Manteau* of grey cashmere, the back fitting the waist; sleeves *à l'Orientale*, lined with pink satin quilted; a deep cape is attached to the *manteau*; it is open at the shoulder, and falls round at the back; the corners of the cape in front are pointed, and it is slightly hollowed from there to the opening at the shoulder; a row of fancy silk buttons are placed at this opening on the back part of the cape, and small loops on the front, so that it may close if required; a deep collar, the corners falling square in front, and having a small opening on the shoulders, forms a very pretty finish to the neck of the *manteau*, which is trimmed round with three rows of black velvet, as are also the cape, collar, and sleeves. Drawn bonnet of white lutestring; the crown rather high, the brim open, and not very low at the ears; it has a deep curtain, and bow and ends of broad ribbon placed low at the right side; the interior of the brim is ornamented by a simple trimming of pink ribbon; the strings are also of broad pink ribbons.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

THE QUEEN—CHRISTENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Dress of richly figured white satin, of Spitalfield's manufacture, the pattern most unique and splendid; the corsage is high, and fits the figure closely; the waist long and *à pointe*; from the seam on the shoulder to the point at the waist is a row of puffings or slashings of plain satin, edged with *blonde*, forming a stomacher; the sleeves are long and tight, the cuff a little open on the back of the arm, and the corners rounded, they are slashed at the back of the arm from the shoulder; the skirt is

extremely long and full, it is trimmed *en tablière* with puffings of satin, commencing on either side the point, increasing in size as they reach the bottom of the dress; a small *collerette* of *blonde* falls over the neck of the corsage, completing this rich and splendid costume.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT—CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Dress of rich green satin, the body and sleeves tight, the waist long and pointed; it has a small fur collar or cape, which, from the shoulder, decreases in width to the point at the waist; the sleeves do not quite reach the wrist, they are left open in the front of the arm, the corners rounded and trimmed with fur; under sleeve of plain cambric, having a deep lace ruffle. The skirt is long, immensely full, and is trimmed *en tablière* with fur. Bonnet of white satin, the brim open and not too long at the ears, there is a rich pattern embroidered round the front of the bonnet; the curtain is deep, and embroidered at the edge to correspond; a small bow with long ends is placed in the centre of the curtain; a long and splendid ostrich feather droops on the right shoulder.

DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND—EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of rich satin, shaded black and *couleur de rose*; the corsage low, waist long, and *à pointe*; the sleeve is short and quite tight; a deep double cape of black *Chantilly blonde* surrounds the neck of the corsage, falling deep on the shoulder, entirely covering the sleeve, and terminating in a point at the centre of the bust; the skirt is exceedingly long and full, and has three broad volants of *Chantilly* lace, above each of which are three rows of narrow black velvet, or satin pipings. Headdress of white silk and gold net-work, the ends falling low at the sides, ornamented with gold trimming, and tassels composed of gold and silver intermingled.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1845.

We greet our fair subscribers at the commencement of the new year, with sincere and grateful thanks for the continued encouragement bestowed upon our labours during the past year, and many preceding ones: their approbation being alone wanting to inspirit us on to fresh zeal and exertions in our researches after the newest and latest intelligence concerning everything appertaining to a lady's toilette. In order to prove our sincerity, we hasten to lay before our readers the greatest novelties in

CAPS.—Nothing can be more simple than those which are composed of silk *tulle*, made *très petits*, and trimmed with two *biais* of *tulle* headed with a wreath of small blue flowers; those of muslin are also much in favour, made long at the ears, and trimmed upon the front with several rows of very narrow lace very slightly fulled, separated with narrow loops of red velvet, each side of the loop being trimmed with *choux* of red velvet, from which depends numerous ends falling as low as the shoulder; the crown being also covered with a net work also of red velvet. The present style of cap is still made very small, but the crowns are more ornamented than they have lately been; the form *paysanne* is still in great request with some of our fashionables. We must not omit mentioning, also, those very stylish and becoming little caps, the crowns of which ar of pink or blue velvet, and ornamented with lappets o point lace.

CLOAKS.—We have remarked several of a very warm and useful description, made of black merinos or cloth and lined with a deep bright colour, such as red satin; th *jupe* part is made rather long, and corsage *à coulisse*, o guaged, trimmed upon the front with large facings of blac velvet; a small pelerine also of velvet, adds much to th graceful appearance of the cloak, and is gathered in at th waist, forming a little jacket or *caraco* descending ove the sleeve, where it is left open and laced up the fronts o the pelerine joining the *revers* of the skirt. A splendi *cordelière* is worn round the waist, and perfectly straight trimmed with facings of velvet opening underneath, an laced *pareil* to the pelerine. Another very elegant style are those made in blue satin *à la reine;* descending little below the knee, with broad facings of velvet suffi ciently deep on the shoulders to cover the top of the sleeve narrowing at the waist, and descending wider down th fronts to the edge of the skirt; small velvet collar joine upon the shoulder to the facings of velvet by a silk lace cord, terminated with long tassels; the cape of the cloa descends much lower than the waist, and is trimmed a round with a broad black lace; the facings are joined to gether down the entire front with ornaments of *passemen terie*, put on *en travers*; those in black satin are als much in request *à taille*; the pelerine forming a long an rounded *mantelet* at the back, gathered upon the top the arms, and descending down the fronts in long squar ends, and only trimmed as far as the top of the arms wit two broad frillings edged with a fringe, headed with gym ornaments; the lower ends of the pelerine being decorate with two narrower frills. A fringe headed with a row *passementerie* encircles the bottom of the cloak.

CHAPEAUX.—Velvet is in great request for hats fo public promenade, particularly those in dark blue green; they are mostly decorated with feathers or bouque of *marabouts*; those which are intermixed with satin hav a very light effect; for instance, the front part of the h of violet velvet, and crown of the same coloured sati fulled, and trimmed with a narrow fold of velvet and *nœu* of satin; *velours épinglé* is also a favourite material wit our *modistes*, those in yellow being considered very *di tinguée* looking, trimmed round the front with a bro *biais* of satin, which is again repeated round the crow and finished with a small bouquet of flowers upon th side; sometimes the *culotte* alone is decorated with tw satin *rouleaux*, brides and *nœuds* of blue satin decoratin the interior; the form of these chapeaux are very lon and close at the ears.

BALL DRESSES are at the present moment a subject o great importance amongst our *élégantes*. The followin are what we have selected as most worthy of the attentio of our fair friends. For instance, a robe of blue Italia taffetas, trimmed *en tablier* with fullings of the same ma terial attached at regular distances with *nœuds* or bows blue silk; plain body *à triple conture*, the point of th

waist being very deep and long. Another is composed of pink satin, trimmed on the top of the hem with *choux* or rosettes of satin, placed upon each side of the front breadth just over the seams. Under-dress of *tarlatane* muslin, having a broad pink satin ribbon fixed upon the side of the waist, and descending crossway upon the front as far as the top of the knee, where the skirt is caught up and fastened with a *choux* of pink satin; low plain corsage *à pointe*, trimmed with draperies *en tarlatane* put on in the form of a *berthe*, and fastened upon the shoulder with a *patte* of satin, and in the front with a bouquet of roses; sleeves *demi*-larges, caught up just under the *patte*, which confines the *berthe*, leaving the arm quite bare. We must not omit mentioning that the former dress is rendered complete by the addition of a most becoming *berthe*, made of a double row of English point lace.

Crispins are much in favour, particularly for throwing over an evening toilette; they are very pretty when made in pearl grey *poult de soie*, lined and bordered with a broad band of white plush, which is again repeated round the arm-holes; also those mantillas, with sleeves attached made in black velvet and trimmed in a most graceful manner with lace.

Full Dress Robes are principally composed of satin, and the *damas Pompadour* richly trimmed with volants of English point lace, whilst velvet dresses are generally ornamented with the *Alençon* lace, that being of a heavier and handsomer description. We may cite as a very elegant model, a dress of light green satin *glacé* white, *à double jupon*, each trimmed with a broad *falbalas* of *Alençon* lace; the sleeves and *berthe* formed of several rows of lace placed close together.

Shawls.—The most novel are those of black cloth or cachmeire fitting quite plain all round the throat, and fastened in front as far as the waist with a double row of buttons, laced across with braid, and decorated all round with a narrow embroidery of braid in a large Gothic pattern, the same being continued round the shoulders, and at the corners of the shawl.

Muffs are now universally adopted; they are made in every kind of fur, with their usual accompaniments those useful *manchettes*, and are lined with *moire* or satin fastened at each end with a pretty fancy *nœud* of ribbon of the same colour as the lining,

Mantles are also in great request, particularly for the theatre or evening costume; those having satin sleeves are extremely commodious for a *sortie de bal*; they are remarkably elegant when composed of white satin lined throughout with ermine, and encircled with a deep bordering of the same. This kind of pelisse is very pretty for young people, when made in pink or blue satin, trimmed with swansdown or *grêbe*, the ends of the sleeves edged to match.

Materials.—Amidst all the rich and varied textures now in favour, it is necessary to mention the Alpaca wool, now so much patronized by the Queen, and alike remarkable for its fine soft and silky fleece, its natural colour being a mixture of black and white. Several dresses, having colours intermixed, have just been finished for her Majesty, and also one entirely black (a plain lustre), which in gloss and softness exceeds silk. We have, therefore, but little doubt that they will now become all the rage amongst our *élégantés*, not only for its novelty but also for its warm and rich appearance.

Fashionable Colours.—Rich full hues are still all the rage, as well as *noisette*, *bruns*, greens, violets, &c.; black, also predominates, particularly for out-door costume; and azure blue, pink, white, *paille*, and *hortensia*, for evening dress.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Paris is now alive with gay hearts and smiling faces, all busy alike in giving and receiving New Year's gifts. We, the devoted ministers of fashion, hasten to present our gifts to our fair readers, trusting that they will be graciously accepted; for what offering can be more grateful to a pretty woman, than the knowledge (which we are about to communicate) of adding to those charms with which nature has endowed her. Let us see, then, what are the latest modes for

Capotes.—We may cite among the most novel, those of green, pink, or white satin, some trimmed upon the edge of the first gaging with a lace put on flat, and covering the second *coulisse*, the *calotte* encircled with a second row of lace lightly fulled, and the side of the capote decorated with a *oiseau de paradis*, whilst others are trimmed upon each gaging with a broad fold of *velours épinglé*, and a bunch of roses at the side, or what is still prettier, a white lace disposed round the *calotte*, and a *nœud* of green satin ribbon placed at the side, *nœuds* and roses serving to decorate the interior. Another very becoming style are those made of the blue *barbeau* satin, having a fulling of *tulle* round the edge, and two others very similar round the crown, a ribbon being passed through each. We have remarked several very elegant capotes in velvet, ornamented with *nœuds* of ribbon, or ribbon velvet, and having black lace intermixed, giving it a rather lighter effect. We see also that *voilettes*, or broad laces, are being attached to the edges of this style of bonnet, they are gathered on so as to diminish towards the centre in width, giving a winter appearance to the sides of the fall.

Coiffures.—Several very elegant ones are composed of velvet; for instance, those made in blue velvet, the crown entirely concealing the back hair, the front part being very small, and falling in a square form on each side, edged all round with a broad silver *galon*, and terminated on each side with a long silver *filet*, intermixed with pearls. Another and a lighter style are those made simply with lappets of lace, rather long, and attached on each side of the head with bouquets of small roses. The coiffure *à la vierge*, is also a new and charming style of head dress. Two of the greatest novelties for the trimming of head dresses is the *dentelle de velours*, and *le réseau de Venise*; the latter, however, is most generally used, and is formed of a white silk ground work, or,

what is richer, gold and silver threads, forming the centre part, bordered with a rich coloured *chenille*, which has a most magnificent effect. This style of trimming is also much used for the decorating both of long and short gloves. For the Opera the most favourite style of coiffure are those without any crown piece, the front being composed of a light blonde scarf, *à fiurs blànc d'argent*, one end of the scarf falling over the left shoulder, the right side decorated with a drooping branch of very small roses, the same colour as the leaves, and those elegant full-dress cachmeire turbans, of an entire new style, being composed of a scarf having a border embroidered in silver and coloured silk, and decorated with a splendid Arabian fringe. Then, again, we have noticed a very distinguished looking head dress, composed of dahlia-coloured velvet, having no crown piece, and decorated on the right side with flowers of the same kind of material, and on the left with a broad fringe made of white beads, such as pearls. Lastly, we may cite those rich-looking Oriental head dresses, composed of a mixture of gauze and velvet, and having a small crown ornamented with a gold *byrinthe*, and splendid Arabian tassels. For a ball head-dress, nothing can be more becoming than a *chaine* of flowers which encircles the head in the form of a crown, and falling on one side in a wavy branch, likewise terminated with a flower of a deeper colour than the rest.

Pardessus.—Satin ones retain all their favour, particularly those in black satin, descending as far as the knee, and edged all round, as well as the two sides of the front, with a broad band of black velvet, and upon the front a double row of large black velvet buttons; tight body, fastened straight up the front with a row of buttons similar to those on the skirt; square pelerine, sufficiently deep just to reach the waist, edged with velvet, and headed with a small stand up collar, bordered to match. Those in black velvet are generally encircled with broad black laces of rather heavy patterns, or richly bordered with sable and other dark furs, sable being the most favourite for promenade toilettes, and ermine for carriage costumes. In speaking of the *pardessus*, we must not forget mentioning one now in much favour, resembling somewhat a man's great-coat, or pelisse, the skirt being cut completely on the cross, avoiding the plaits round the waist. It is easy for ladies who have a handsome old shawl, to transform it into one of these *pardessus*, and line it with quilted satin, making either a rich visiting dress, or *robe de chambre*; the sleeves are made large, but not of that Oriental width as those of last winter.

Toilettes de Ville are now composed of winter materials only. We give the following as most remarkable for their *distinguée* appearance and good taste:—A dress of garnet-coloured plaid velvet, the skirt richly trimmed with three rows of broad twisted fringe, put on about the width of the fringe distant from each other, so as to allow the top row to reach over the hips; the body is formed high and *en biais* in the front, decorated with an open lace gymp *posée* upon the centre seam of the corsage; long plain sleeves, with *jockeys* upon the cross, and edged with a broad fringe, *pareille* to the *garniture* on the *jupe*. Another very elegant costume is composed o satin *à la reine*, ornamented on each side of the skirt wit a *passementèrie*, formed very wide at the bottom part and finishing at the point of the waist, at the distance o the seam under the arm, bordered on each side is placed ribbon velvet of the same colour; the corsage is mad quite high and perfectly plain, the waist forming rounded point, the front of the body being entirel covered with an open lace gymp; plain sleeves, *demi-longues*, and edged with velvet; under sleeves of fulle muslin, and *manchettes* of broad lace. Another way o trimming dresses made of velvet, is ornamenting the fron of the skirt with eight rows of a fancy gymp, put on *en travers* (across), the bodies made plain, high upon the shoulders, and open down the entire front, trimmed with four rows of *passementèrie*, of the same description as that on the skirt; the sleeves perfectly plain. Dresses of cachmeire are mostly trimmed with velvet; for instance, one of a beautiful *pensée* colour, decorated with eighteen rows of ribbon velvet, separated in threes, and distant about a third of the width; plain body, made high upon the shoulders, and with open facings edged with velvet; plain sleeves, rounded upon the front of the arm, and open nearly to the elbow, also edged with velvet. We cannot help remarking, that as the season advances so does the rage for the *passementèrie* trimmings, which are now universal for the decorating of this style of dresses.

Twine.—The most elegant are those composed of *grenat* velvet, lined with white satin, and ornamented with a broad *passementèrie*, reaching from the shoulder to the lower edge of the skirt; long open sleeves are attached, lined also with white satin, and edged with a fancy trimming, *pareil* to the one which serves to decorate the skirt; they are much in vogue for theatres, or to be worn over evening toilettes.

Le Caraco.—Here we have something quite after the ancient style of dress, at least as far back as 1786, consisting of a kind of high body, *à basques rondes*, so as to be very much cut out or marked, having the appearance in front of two small pockets, put on sideways. That which is most remarkable, however, in the new style of *Caracos*, are the sleeves, the top part being nearly like the *Amadis* sleeve, the lower part being sufficiently enlarged to allow of an under fulled sleeve, a small closed up *jockey* decorating the top part of the sleeve in *Pekin velonté*, *poult de soie glacé*, or *cameléon à quarte reflets*. These style of dresses have a very good effect upon plain materials, they ornament the edges with three rows of narrow ribbon velvet.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"*The Legacy*" received, and under perusal.
"*Ballads*," by Warburton Burch, received.
"*The Smuggler's Hut*," in our next.
"*Ah! Weep Not!*" certainly in our next.

LONDON:
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Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. James's. (1)

Fashionable Head Dresses 1845.

(2)

(8)

The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1845 Morning & Evening Dresses

Th. Scott & Nicolet Sculp. & Paris Fashions 1815 Morning Dresses.

The Duchess of Sutherland. Duchess of Kent. The Queen.

THE WORLD OF FASHION,

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1845.

THE POOR PAINTER;

OR,

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

"With sharpened sight sage antiquarians pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore."

POPE.

A young man of about five-and-twenty years of age, of commanding figure, and intellectual face, was wending his way resolutely on the high road which extends from Arezzo to Florence. His costume, his careless air, and above all, his scanty wardrobe, which he carried at the end of his stick, plainly revealed that he was a travelling artist. Hewas, in fact, a French painter, of the name of Hermann. Enthusiastic love of the art had brought him to Italy, and in this enterprise he had consulted his desires more than his resources. The organization of artists is generally incompatible with calculation and financial foresight, and such was the case with our hero. A sojourn of some months at Rome had nearly emptied his purse, and but little remnined, certainly not more than a few francs.

"This will enable me to get to Florence," said Hermann; and he continued his route on foot, without troubling himself as to the future. A painter, he thought, could not experience misery or hunger in the country of Michael Angelo.

Certainly our young traveller had not been very fortunate in his worldly *debût*. Art had responded but churlishly to his vehement desires. Success had not crowned his first attempts, and notwithstanding all his efforts, his name and his talents remained plunged in obscurity the most profound. At Rome he had executed many copies, and originated several pictures which he thought remarkable, but which the jealous public did not deign to notice. Previous to his journey to Florence, he offered himself as a candidate for the great prize of painting, but the judges did not recognize in his works sufficient merit to allow him even to become a competitor.

A decree so severe had excluded from the Louvre all the pictures which he meant to offer for competition there. He must either have mistaken his vocation, or been incorrigibly blind to bear up against so many humiliating failures.

On entering Florence, Hermann was so seduced by the grandeur of the monuments, the beauty of the statues, and the magnificence of the palaces ranged proudly round him, that he forgot for a time the fatigue of his journey. Instead of seeking a resting place, and thinking of repose, he abandoned his thoughts to the wonders that were to be seen around him. Covered with dust, and still carrying with him his wardrobe, he ran through the city, looking at this object, admiring that, and criticizing all. This day an extraordinary bustle was observable in Florence. It was said that strangers from all parts had made their rendezvous in this illustrious city.

At each step was encountered faces and figures belonging to all the nations of Europe. Hermann gave little thought to this increase of population. The only object that attracted his attention was a carriage that passed him slowly, containing a most beautiful girl, accompanied by a gentleman, apparently her father. As our young artist's heart was as romantic as his imagination, the image of this charming creature haunted him for the remainder of his walk. He still thought of her—when the night, fatigue, and a violent appetite, decided him upon presenting himself at an hotel of modest appearance, where he was told that but one single chamber remained unoccupied.

Hermann took it, supped and went to bed, and slept so long, that they were obliged to knock violently at his door to arouse him at two o'clock the next day.

Amongst the strangers that that day thronged Florence, not one of them less expected a visiter certainly than our young artist, who did not know a creature in that crowded city. What, then, must have been his surprise, when he saw entering his room a man of the most distinguished appearance, dressed in the extreme of elegance and luxury, which is only met with in great Italian noblemen, or rich oriental merchants.

"Have I the honour of addressing Mr. Hermann?" demanded the visiter.

"Yes, sir," replied the painter, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"I am the Prince Gratiani," said the visiter, making a profound bow.

"A Prince," cried Hermann, jumping from his bed. "But how comes it? Your excellency has doubtless made a mistake."

"No, Mr. Hermann. No, I mistake not; it is you that I have come hither to seek."

"In that case," said Hermann, "your excellency will, I trust, excuse my receiving you in such disorder. If I had had any idea that I should have been honoured with a visit——"

"It is I should apologize," said the Prince, "for thus intruding on the hours of rest of a man who, doubtless, consecrates the quiet calm of the night to learned meditations."

"Oh! no," said Hermann. "I have slept too much, that is all; as I was quite overpowered yesterday with fatigue. Will your excellency permit me to dress before you?"

"I shall consider myself flattered in assisting so eminent a man."

"Eminent," repeated Hermann, aghast. "Your Excellency is certainly deceived, or you mock me."

"Heaven forbid that I should mock a man of your talents. No, I am one of your most profound admirers."

"Then I do not understand it," said Hermann.

"I know well, Mr. Hermann," said the Prince, "that your modesty is only exceeded by your overpowering talent. You would remain in obscurity if it depended on yourself. But here your works are known."

"Truly," said Hermann, "I was far from thinking that they had penetrated as far as Florence. Your admiration surprises and embarrasses me."

"Well, then," said the Prince, bowing, "I shall do violence to my sentiments, and respect your scrupulous modesty; and, if more agreeable to you, will be silent as to your merits."

"You are kind and indulgent," replied Hermann.

"Permit me but this once to speak of your claims and your glory, and to say that a man such as you are, must not inhabit so humble an apartment as this. It would be a disgrace to the city of Florence."

"It answers my purpose admirably," sighed Hermann, carried back by the observation to the frightfully reduced state of his finances.

"I am perfectly aware that all the apartments are let, and you could not probably find better in this hotel, and I consider myself fortunate that the state of things are thus, as it enables me to offer you that hospitality which will confer everlasting honour on the palace of Gratiani. Refuse me not, I conjure you. Come, all is ready to receive you worthily."

Hermann made several excuses, but he found it useless to attempt to turn the Prince from his object, he yielded, in secret rejoicing at the prospect before him.

"It is evident," he thought, "that the taste here is more exalted than in other places. My pictures here would have met with that success which I vainly struggled for in Paris and Rome," and his mind revelled in all the delights of future fame. In descending the stairs of the hotel, Hermann gave free vent to the flattering thoughts the circumstances suggested, and inwardly lamented having thrown away his incomparable exertions on so blind and prejudiced a people as his early days were spent among.

Here was the field for labour: and fame, and fortune would alike be his. These thoughts added buoyancy to his step, and brilliancy to his eyes, as he seated himself beside the Prince in his splendid carriage.

"You are not acquainted with Florence," said the Prince, "and if you will accept me as your guide, I shall be delighted to shew you the principal buildings, and our splendid galleries."

"Joyfully," said Hermann, carelessly extending himself on the cushions of the carriage.

The young painter felt perfectly at his ease, and began to be convinced he was a great man, when in the gallery of the palace of Pitti his *cicerone* said:—

"Perhaps you do not like painting? As to me I frankly acknowledge that I have no taste in that way. I neither admire nor understand the great works of art."

It would be difficult to imagine the emotions of Hermann at these strange words. His pride was mortally wounded, and his head drooped with disappointed hope.

"All is, I now see clearly, a mistake," thought he with sadness: "but who does he take me for?"

They walked for some time, as the Prince was afraid of being seen with his companion. They did not return to the Palace of Gratiani until dinner hour. Two domestics in showy liveries, conducted Hermann to his room which was one of the handsomest in the palace. The young artist put on his best coat, and hastened to descend to the drawing-room, where a numerous company were assembled, amongst whom he recognized the charming girl he had remarked the preceding day.

The Prince presented Hermann to the company, and shewed him the most marked respect.

"But I warn you," added the Prince, smiling, "that you must not speak to my friend of his merits or his celebrity. His modesty is excessive."

"In mercy," said Hermann, in a low voice, "do not call the attention of the company upon me, it will embarrass me exceedingly; render me the greater service by allowing me to remain unnoticed. Tell me first, however, who that beautiful fair girl is, sitting near the window?"

"She is the daughter of a man whom you ought to know by reputation—Miss Hortense Pippart. You of course have heard of the great antiquarian of Genoa of that name?"

At dinner, Hermann was placed between the Prince and Miss Hortense. It is needless to say that his attention was completely devoted to the latter. The conversation generally turned upon science, literature, and the arts. The young painter took no part in the discourse he resisted upon these subjects all the advances and attacks of the company, and thus secured the triumph due to his discretion, as his silence was construed into profundity of learning. With his pretty and fascin

neighbour he talked fluently, but in a low voice, and met with all the success he could rationally expect from a first conversation.

This *tête à tête* was prolonged during the evening; they admired and respected Hermann too much to withdraw him from what evidently gave him so much pleasure. At twelve o'clock the company began to separate, when Hortense, with fascinating artlessness exclaimed,

"Already!" This was a strong manifestation of the agreeability of the companion she was conversing with.

The Prince and the artist were left together, when the former said with a malicious smile,

"I see with pleasure that your profound talents disdain not the sweet occupations of gallantry. Whilst you were conversing with Miss Pippart, her father appeared to regard you with pleasure; he asked me if you were married, and I answered 'No,' without being myself informed on that point."

"You have but attested the truth," said Hermann, blushing and smiling.

"I have very little doubt," continued the Prince, "of the hope that passed in the brain of the antiquarian."

"Alas!" exclaimed Hermann, in thinking that his favourable reception was based upon error.

"I do not understand your exclamation," said the Prince, "but I respect your secrets."

"Alas! Alas!" cried Hermann, shutting himself up in his gilded chamber in the Palace of Gratiani, "all this favour, and all these homages will disappear, when they learn that I am but a poor painter."

The next day Hermann, after passing a night of extreme agitation, was about descending to the gardens of the Palace to cool his feverish excitement, when Mr. Pippart presented himself before him.

"It is a colleague and an admirer who has come to pay his respects to you," said the antiquarian, entering.

"A colleague!" replied Hermann, astonished.

"An unworthy colleague, truly," said Pippart, "who wishes humbly to ask your advice upon this point;" and he unrolled a long parchment filled with strange figures. "What think you of that?" he demanded.

"It is very badly drawn," said the young painter.

"Oh, let us pass over that imperfection; but how do you translate these figures?" asked the antiquarian.

"You would laugh if I were to reply," said Hermann.

"I dare say it is very simple and easy to read," said the old man; "but yet I find difficulty ——."

The learned Genevese was visibly embarrassed, whilst Hermann recoiled back with horror, at length discerning the frightful truth. The enigma was discovered. They had mistaken the young artist for an antiquarian, versed in all the darkness of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

"I have not found these figures," continued Mr. Pippart, "upon the maps of the admirable work which you have revealed to the learned world."

Hermann now felt that he must summon up all his audacity to avert the catastrophe, and he replied with gravity,

"If these figures are not upon the maps of my work, it is because there are no such hieroglyphics."

"You believe so?" said the antiquarian, starting back in affright.

"I am sure of it," said Hermann.

"Oh, my God! and I about printing the translation."

The learned Genevese regretted these imprudent words, but it was too late to recall them.

"Do not destroy me," said he, in an accent of despair, "I hold a brilliant position—I am the father of a family—I occupy two chairs of professors—I have ample means of increasing my fortune—I am esteemed, honoured, decorated—destroy not then, I beseech of you, the fruits of a laborious life; and if I must make to you a complete avowal, I confess that I understand nothing of the hieroglyphics that I explain—nothing of the science that I have professed with honour for the last thirty years; but I believed that I was not doing evil, because my most solemn conviction is, that the interpretation of the Egyptian is a rebus, a chimera, a prejudice, by which a man may live, without doing wrong to any one."

"Oh! that is very true," replied Hermann, endeavouring to disguise the serenity of his soul on hearing this avowal.

"All now depends on you," said the Genevese, in evident disquietude. "The scientific congress of Florence opens to-morrow. There will be no other Oriental antiquarians there but ourselves. Give me your aid—stand by the sense of my translation of these figures, and I am saved. What do I say? your countenance will double my reputation. Be then merciful, I beseech of you, in the name of my child!"

"The indulgence which you ask," said Hermann, "I cannot but grant to the father of my intended bride."

"And is it possible? Will you deign? Oh! what honour—what happiness for my child; for she loves you, and I am enabled to give her fifteen thousand pounds fortune."

All the exalted aristocracy of Florence were disputing the honour of receiving and entertaining the men distinguished for their learning, who had arrived to be present at the Congress. By a fortunate chance the name of Hermann had appeared as the author of a scientific work, of which the German publisher had sent several copies into Florence. The President of the Congress had inscribed the learned name of Hermann amongst the number of eminent men whom he had invited by the voice of the public journals to come and honour that re-union with their presence. The poor painter had been mistaken for the eminent antiquarian of that name.

At the Congress all passed off with great *éclât*. The veritable Hermann had long ceased to trouble himself about such matters, for this reason—that he had been dead for the last hundred and twenty years. His book was only a reprint under a new form, a snare laid for science by an Hungarian editor.

Enlightened as to the productive vanities of Orientalism, Hermann gave up his pencils to espouse Miss Hortense Pippart, and to this day shares with his father in-law the dignities and honours consequent upon a professorship of hieroglyphics.

BELINDA.

A BALLAD.

Love has its cares, its soft alarms,
  Its pleasures, and its pains;
But tell me not of other charms,
  While yet the spell remains.

Oft has hope the bosom warmed,
  Delusive tho' thy power;
Love had a charm, that ever formed
  The magic of the hour.

No dream that ever fancy wove
  To people forms of air:
'Twas woman's smile, and woman's love
  Shone brightest features there.

Joys which else the world had fled,
  Shall never more depart,
While woman's love remains to shed
  Its lustre o'er the heart.

Love has its cares, its soft alarms,
  Its pleasures, and its pains;
But tell me not of other charms,
  While yet the spell remains.

WARBURTON BURCH.

WEEP NOT!

The moon is shining lovely maid,
  My barque is in the bay,
And I must leave thee now my love,
  I dare not longer stay.
Yet weep not thou, nor from thine eyes
  Let pearly tears be shed;
Although I part from thee my love,
  There's nought for thee to dread.

Let love beam in thine eyes my love,
  Hush all thy cares to sleep;
We do not part for e'er my love,
  Oh! why then should'st thou weep?
Love wipe away those pearly tears,
  And still those vain alarms;
My barque shall bear me back again,
  In safety to thine arms.

G. S.

THE FALSE ONE.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER IV.

Five years had elapsed since George left England in a few months more he was expected to return native shores. He had written frequently to the ward's during this period; his letters to Ruth were strain of pure regard and cousinly affection. In hi he informed her of his long expected promotion, an intention of being at Norton 'ere the close of the with Isabel as his bride.

This intelligence was received by Ruth with very ent feelings to those she once thought it would exc her. Five years had wrought a wonderful change i sentiments; she still loved Howard, but it was w pure and holy love. She had learnt to look upon h the husband of her cousin. His welfare was still c to her than her own, and gladly would she have se his happiness, by sacrificing her own had it been n sary; but she had ceased to feel that deep, that whelming affection for him, that had once rendere itself valueless without him.

" Her ripened years had told her,
  That life's a chequer'd way,
  And darkening clouds unbidden,
  To shade its brightest day."

She had seen the sinfulness of worshiping the cre instead of the Creator, and had been taught to bear row with patience and resignation, and to look for fort in affliction, from a higher source than earthly She sought for consolation and obtained it (none seek in vain), in pursuing that path of duty, which brings joy to the wounded spirit in this world, secures it everlasting bliss in the world to come. rose once more bloomed in her pale cheeks—her ste gained its elasticity, and her blue eyes beamed with tentment, if not with happiness.

* * * * * * * *

One beautiful evening in August, Ruth was sittin the cottage porch, quietly musing over a small volun the gifted L. E. L.'s poems, when she was startled b arrival of the Norton postman, with a large parcel dressed to Mrs. Millward. It was Mr. Trevally writing, and bore the B—— post mark. Hurriedly ing her mother, she awaited its opening with a feelin considerable trepidation. She felt a singular pres ment that the packet was in some way connected Howard's fate.

How often do we experience a foreboding of evil, peculiar buoyancy of spirits, without any real cause either sorrow or joy, previous to the occurrence of event calculated to produce such emotions in the m Truly hath it been said—" Coming events cast their dows before."

The parcel contained bride-cake, cards, and a let The words " The Earl and Countess of Maltraver were engraved on the cards, and the letter was eag

seized to elucidate the mystery. It was from Ruth's uncle, informing her of Isabel's marriage, and expressing his happiness—poor worldly minded man—that her beauty and acquirements had procured for her a partner every way more desirable than Captain Howard would have been, and an establishment infinitely superior to what his most sanguine wishes had led him to expect.

Ruth's first sensations were those of unfeigned joy and delight, but she soon reproached herself for feeling so much satisfaction at an event which she feared would embitter Howard's future life.

Mrs. Millward wrote to her brother, but Ruth would not so far compromise her feelings, as to address Lady Maltravers in a strain of affection, or offer congratulations on a subject which would occasion so much misery to one whose happiness she regarded as she did George's. Besides, she felt doubtful that Isabel's brilliant match, would in the end be productive of anything but misery to herself, for conduct so heartless and cruel as her's had been, would bring its own punishment, however bright the present aspect of things might appear.

They again heard from Trevallyon saying that he had written to Captain Howard, and that he hoped the letter would reach him previous to his leaving India, for he fancied the intelligence it contained, would in all probability prevent his coming to England for some time. This was sad news for Ruth. She had ever since her cousin's marriage, been looking forward with pleasure to a meeting, and unknown to herself had cherished the hope that he would again take up his abode at Norton.

The bitter disappointment she felt on the receipt of her uncle's letter, revealed to her the true nature of her feelings, and of the wish she had so fondly cherished. She had persuaded herself that the warm interest she took in Howard, arose from the purest friendship, and great was her distress when she found that since Isabel had rendered him free by her union with another, her sentiments towards him had assumed a warmer tone, more like the feelings of old, than those of cold esteem; therefore she determined to do all in her power to conquer them, and by stedfastly removing her mind from him, and fixing her thoughts on other subjects, she soon secured her wonted peace of mind, and resumed her different employments. Thus we will leave her, busily engaged in doing good to all around her, whilst we proceed to give an account of Isabel and her Lord.

CHAPTER VI.

About six months previous to Captain Howard's expected arrival in England, Miss Trevallyon accompanied some friends of her father's to a Race Ball. There she met Lord Maltravers, who was down in the country on electioneering business. He, struck by her dazzling beauty and brilliant accomplishments, soon made her an offer of his hand, heart, and fortune, an offer which she joyfully accepted, totally regardless of her solemn engagement to another. Her highest dreams were about to be realized. Rank, wealth, and beauty were her's, and she anticipated with triumph the sensation she should cause in town (whither they were going on her marriage), as the bride of a man so distinguished in the *beau monde* as the Earl of Maltravers.

George Howard she had never loved, but discovering her cousin's affection for him soon after her arrival at Norton, she, actuated by the very amiable desire of causing pain to one who never injured her, but whom she disliked, because she felt conscious of her superiority, did all in her power to supplant her. She in a short time succeeded, and finding attention and admiration necessary to her existence in so stupid a place as Norton, she gave him more encouragement than she at first intended, and finally allowed herself to be engaged to him. A feeling of shame prevented her confessing that she had been only trifling with his best and warmest feelings for her own pleasure, and the heartless gratification of her vanity.

She would, however, have found means of breaking off with him had he remained in England, but a lover in India was not the obstacle to her love of flirtation and unbounded conquest, that one nearer home would have been; besides, he might get promoted, and if that were the case, she determined to become his wife on his return, in the event of not securing a more desirable position before that time.

Great was her delight when Lord Maltravers made his proposals, and gave her an opportunity of forming a brilliant connection, as well as of avoiding a marriage with a man whom she certainly had no preference for, and who was so entirely destitute of any or either of those qualities that rendered Lord Maltravers so eligible a match—rank, high birth, and excessive wealth.

CHAPTER VII.

It was on one of those peculiarly gloomy days in November, when the azure fiends seem to have undisturbed power over the mind of every idle Englishman, that Captain Howard arrived at the Clarendon from Chatham. Intercourse with the world, and a few years passed under the sun of India, had transformed the boyish Lieutenant into a handsome, fine, but rather bronzed, military looking man.

The letter containing an account of Isabel's marriage, had passed him on his voyage homewards, and as she had neglected writing to him ever since the beginning of her acquaintance with the Earl of Maltravers, he was very anxious to quit London, and make his appearance at Mr. Trevallyon's, to inquire in person respecting her long silence. He had business at the Horse Guards that would detain him a few days in town, therefore he proceeded to examine the different dispatches he had been entrusted with by friends in India to their relations at home, in order that he might forward them during his stay, to their destinations.

Amongst them was one addressed to the Earl of Maltravers; the writer, a cousin of the Earl's, and a particular friend and brother officer of Howard's, he now recollected had requested him to deliver it in person; he therefore ordered his carriage, and drove to Belgrave

Square. On his arrival he was ushered into the library, to wait his lordship's appearance. He soon came, and receiving Howard with great courtesy, invited him to take up his abode at his residence during his stay in town. This he declined, but accepted an invitation to dinner on the morrow.

The library was divided from another room, furnished in the same style by folding doors. Just as Howard had risen to take his leave, a lady entered the inner room, and advancing to the table took up a book. She was about to quit the room again, when the sound of a voice (one well known) in the library attracted her attention, and caused her to look in that direction. Howard turned round at the instant. "Oh, powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?" She recognized him in an instant, but before he could collect his scattered senses sufficiently to utter a single word, she disappeared. The Earl, who had neither observed Howard's confusion, or the apparition, for such it really seemed to him to have been, repeated his invitation, and his carriage being announced at the instant, he took his departure in silence, ruminating on the singular appearance of his betrothed or her apparition, in Lord Maltravers' library.

The more he reflected, the more convinced he became that it was Isabel Trevallyon he had seen, and no other. Bitterly did he lament the momentary doubt of her identity, which had prevented his asking an explanation from the earl on the spot. The more certain he became of her identity, the greater surprise he felt at her not recognizing him; in fact, the whole affair was wrapped in mystery. His friend had often spoken of his cousin as a bachelor, to whose fortune and title he would probably succeed: but then he might have married since Howard left India, and Isabel might be on a visit to the Countess.

He tried to console himself if this were the case, as her familiar entrance into the room, and morning dress, seemed to betoken, they must meet on the morrow. He made up his mind to write to her immediately, and after informing her of his arrival, mention that he had seen her in the evening at the earl's residence. This would prevent the unpleasantness of an unexpected meeting, and prepare her for seeing him on the following day.

As he was proceeding across the park to his hotel, to put this plan into execution, an old friend, who only left India a few months previous to himself, rode up to the carriage window, and cordially welcomed him to England.

In the course of conversation, he spoke of the Earl of Maltravers, and mentioned having called there with their old friend's letter.

"Did you see our new star in the hemisphere of fashion, the lovely Countess. She is decidedly the most beautiful woman that has appeared at Almacks these five seasons. She has already turned the heads of half the men in town, and if her own stands the adulation and worship she receives, it must be made of more than common materials."

"I did not even know his lordship had become a Benedict. I dine there to-morrow, and shall then be favoured with an introduction to the lovely being who has made even the impenetrable Clinton captive to h charms," said Howard gaily.

"You are right," replied Clinton, laughing to displ his fine teeth to advantage, "I do plead guilty to a weal ness in that quarter. The Earl has not long entered t *holy* state. He became a victim to the saffron god B——, where she went to canvas with his cousin Mo tague."

These few words of Clinton explained all. The Ea had doubtless married some friend of Isabel's, and she h accompanied the bride to town. He was revelling in t delightful anticipations of meeting her on the morrow society which she was so calculated to shine in, and whi was superior to any he had ever hoped to see her plac in, when Clinton interrupted him, by making a remark his serious cast of countenance, and deep thought. T turn it off, he inquired if the Countess had any frien from B—— staying with her. He was all anxiety to he his companion's opinion of his future wife.

"Oh no! I fancy not. Her ladyship is too judicio a manager to endanger her newly acquired honours a distinguished position in the fashionable world, by the i troduction of any country cousin. By the way, Howar you may know her connections, I have heard you menti the name—Trevallyon—Isabel Trevallyon—was the Cou ess's maiden name."

Poor, poor Howard! All the bright visions of ha piness he had cherished in absence for five long years, we overthrown in an instant—fame, wealth, the brilliant r putation he had acquired in the field, were now valuel —for she whom he so fondly hoped would share honours, had basely deserted him, and all his prospects future enjoyment were blighted.

The meeting too, on the morrow, which a few mome previously he had been looking forward to with su anxiety and delight, would now be a scene of anguish a misery to him, for he should behold not his betrot wife, Isabel Trevallyon, but the idolised and beauti Countess of Maltravers. His feelings were beyond scription when he reflected on the duplicity she had be guilty of towards him; she seemed to have wound hers so firmly round his heart for the sole purpose of stabbi him the more effectually in his weakest point, and h secured his deepest, tenderest affections, merely to tri with them, and wound them.

When he called to mind the blandishments she had us to gain his love, and the devoted, endearing affection s professed even in the last letter he had received from —a letter, perhaps, written at a time when she was pra tising the very same blandishments and arts towa another that had been so successful in winning him; a when that other was secured, his love was trampled and himself cast off without a pang.

These recollections, even though painful ones, seem to diminish Howard's sorrow, even if they increased anger. His vanity and self-love was mortified, when thought that he had been considered a proper subject such heartless conduct. But his love was indeed go when he found that the object who once possessed it w

unworthy of even a single affectionate remembrance. Had she been obliged to relinquish her engagement with him and marry another, by command of her father, he should have pitied her—nay, in that case, he felt he must still have loved her: and though his stern sense of duty would have prevented his even returning into her society, still her interests would have been dearer to him than his own life. But no motive of this kind had influenced Isabel; for she had spoken in most of her letters of her father's anxiety for Howard's return, and his kind plans for their future comfort. She had been solely actuated by a desire of establishing herself in life splendidly, and in order to accomplish this, had thrown away a heart as devoted as ever beat in the breast of man—broken her solemnly pledged vows to one who would have worshipped her through life with love enduring and unchangeable, and finally perjured herself at the altar, by swearing to love, honour, and obey a man, who, however worthy he might have been of exciting those sentiments, she only married for the sake of his wealth and title. Therefore, under these circumstances, Howard's only feeling was deep and utter contempt.

His first determination on parting with Clinton, was to write an excuse to the Earl, and quit London immediately; but in a short time he came to the resolution of dining there on the following day, and by meeting the Countess as a stranger, show her that her heartless conduct, and worthless desertion, had entirely destroyed all feelings of love and regard he might once have entertained for her.

Lady Maltravers, on the other hand, had been deeply affected by the sight of Howard, whom she immediately recognised in spite of his altered appearance, closeted with her lord in the library. Her fears were soon dissipated when the Earl entered her boudoir with an open letter, and informed her that he had just received a long epistle from his cousin, and that the bearer of it, a Captain Howard, would be presented to him on the following day. Feeling assured by these words that George had not acquainted the Earl with their previous knowledge of each other, she began to look forward with great joy to the morrow, and anticipated with pleasure overwhelming him with her splendour and magnificence. Great was the disappointment when the morn arrived, to find on descending to the drawing room, arrayed in all the spotless elegance of her bridal toilet, and glittering with diamonds, that he was so completely engaged by his next neighbour's conversation, as to be totally unconscious of her entrance; and when particularly introduced to her notice by the Earl, he greeted her as a perfect stranger. His cold glance betrayed neither anger or admiration, and after listening with studied courtesy to the long flattering speech that followed her acknowledgments of his presentation, he turned away and sought the side of his fair acquaintance, who strangely reminded him of Ruth Millward. It was this chance likeness in look and voice to Ruth, that procured for her so much of Howard's attention.

Though his outward appearance was calm and unruffled, he still felt deeply the worthless, cruel conduct of Lady Maltravers, and, therefore, he turned with great gladness to a face, and listened to tones that reminded him of one whom he had known in happier days.

If he had entered the Earl's residence with one lingering solitary feeling of regard for its mistress, he left it wholly and thoroughly disgusted by her very palpable but fruitless endeavours to regain his affections, and regain the power she once possessed over his mind. The glimpse she had caught of Howard on the preceding day, slight as it was, had convinced her that he was very much improved in person, and strikingly different to the raw boy she had known at Norton, but it had not prepared her for the total change that had taken place in his manner and appearance. In fact, she could scarcely recognise her youthful and bashful lover in the handsome, noble-looking soldier, and perfect man of the world, who was the life and soul of the dinner table, by his brilliant conversation, and animated descriptions of the different scenes he had been witness of in camp or field.

If ever Isabel felt a sentiment approaching to love for Howard, or regret at having jilted him, it was at that moment. She determined to use every art in her power to make him once more her slave. If her beauty, when in ill health, and disguised in part by her invalid's dress, had made such an impression on him when at Norton, what would it not now be able to effect when she was in the full bloom of matured loveliness, aided, too, by all the advantages of dress and fashion.

But all her fascinations were put forth in vain, Howard was impenetrable. She failed to discover in his looks anything but the most studied politeness, and perfect indifference. Piqued by his coldness, she at length bestowed all her attention on Colonel St. Hillier, who sat on her left, and he, delighted at the honour, engaged her in an animated conversation, which lasted until Howard approached to make his adieus.

They did not meet again for years, for Howard left town on the day following. He longed to be at Norton, amongst old friends and familiar faces. Whilst the world smiles on us, and we bask in its prosperity, the home of our infancy, and the friends of our childhood are forgotten. But let sorrow come, and the world frown, then will the stricken heart cling to the memory of *home*, be it ever so humble; and the broken spirit yearns to be laid at last beneath the green sod that is hallowed by youthful recollections, the true oasis in life's desert, the green spots on which our memory loves to linger, is the remembrance of the place where our youthful days were spent in innocence and joy. The world with its coldness, its pomp, and its treachery, opened on our mind, and chilled our best and purest feelings.

CHAPTER VIII.

Howard's first visit was to her cottage after his return. Ruth had heard of his arrival a few days previously, therefore, when he came, she was prepared to receive him without any of those unpleasant feelings which must have attended their first meeting, had it been an unexpected one on her part. It was some time, however, before she

could bring herself to speak of Isabel. And great was her surprise when she did mention her, to find how little it affected Howard. She thought that he had once loved her cousin truly and fervently, and was astonished to find how little her loss was felt by him. She had first to learn that love, the deepest and tenderest—*first* love—may be forfeited by misconduct; for true affection cannot exist without respect.

She loved Howard once with her whole heart—loved him still very dearly—and knew that as the husband of another she should have regarded him with kindness and esteem, consequently she imagined his sentiments with regard to Isabel must be the same. She could not believe that true affection could ever be entirely eradicated from the heart that had once cherished it, though the object was lost to it for ever. There was a wide difference in her case to Howard's.

Her love for George had began in childhood; it had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. His love for Isabel had been founded on admiration of her excessive beauty, which blinded him to all defects of mind and temper.

He had gifted her in his own mind with virtue, amiability, and goodness; and when, on his return from India, he found that these qualities had only existed in his own imagination, and saw her in her proper colours, his only feeling was one of contempt for her, and sincere joy that he had escaped an union with one so little worthy of him.

The winter passed—George was still at Norton. He had ceased to talk of returning to India, and was beginning to find that the affection he bore for Ruth Milward was assuming a tenderer character than the passion he once felt for her cousin in its warmest moments ever had been. He spoke to his father on the subject, and in a short time Ruth—the patient, enduring Ruth—was made happy, by hearing from George's own lips how very dear she had become to him.

She did not attempt to conceal the affection she entertained for him, and in the course of a few months they were quietly married in the village church of Norton. Howard found that every day as it passed increased his happiness, and strengthened his love for his gentle confiding wife.

Soon after she became his bride she confessed her former love, and the misery she experienced when she first became aware that he loved her cousin in preference to herself.

If anything could have endeared her to him more fondly, or raised her in his estimation, it was the knowledge that she had suffered so much, and so patiently on his account; and that her love for him had stood the test of time, absence, and his devotion to another.

They resided at the Grange with old Mr. Howard, who insisted upon Mrs. Millward taking up her abode with her daughter, and when Ruth presented them with a grandson, which she did ere the close of another year, the happiness of the family was complete.

CHAPTER IX.

The first year of Lady Maltravers' married life w
passed in town, followed, flattered, and caressed, whe
ever she appeared, Her life was one long scene
d issipation and pleasure; the only mortification she
ex perienced was Howard's indifference, and subsequ
ma rriage with Ruth. But she soon forgot her sorrow
fre sh conquests, and a continual round of gaiety.

Colonel St. Hillier, of whom mention has been bef
made, was her constant attendant to all places of fashi
able resort. He was young, handsome, and aristocrat
peculiarly fascinating in manners, and a perfect man of
world in every respect. The daily and hourly compani
ship of a man of this stamp was particularly danger
to one so little gifted with strength of mind and virtu
principles, as Isabel. His unremitting attentions,
insidious flatteries, at length became indispensable to
happiness, and when they went down to the Earl's s
in Norfolk, she earnestly requested that St. Hillier mi
be of the party. At this time, she was free from a sin
thought of crime, as her so openly expressing a desire
his presence evinced; but if once a married woman fe
pleasure in the society of any man except her husba
she becomes guilty of a breach of the marriage vow in
sight of God, if not of man; and the chances, gener
speaking, are ten to one that she sinks into actual g
in the end.

Lord Maltravers was considerably older than his w
and had married her for her excessive beauty; being a m
of strong mind and strict principles, he was greatly d
appointed at the want of those qualities in his wife.

He was gratified by the admiration her loveliness
excited in the coteries of fashion, which his distinguis
position had placed her in, and delighted to find his ch
so universally approved of, but he had expected to f
in the woman he had married a continual companion:
who by her talents and conversation could enliven
hours of retirement in the country, as well as reign u
valled in beauty and jewels at Almacks.

It was during their seclusion at Norfolk that the u
frivolity of Isabel's mind became so apparent to L
Maltravers, and disgusted by the insipidity of her id
whimsical complaints, and querelous complaints, he sou
his amusements in field sports, books, and the billi
table; whilst she was thrown more than ever in the
ciety of St. Hillier, who did not fail to profit by any
portunity of ingratiating himself with her.

From the first moment of St. Hillier's introduction
Lady Maltravers, he had been a passionate admirer of
unequalled beauty, and being a libertine of some ten
twelve years' experience, had determined on adding
name to the number of those victims that already swel
his list, and rendered him a fit object of abhorrence
every woman possessed of female purity. But such is
world, and the opinions of those in the world, that
very number of his crimes, and the daring recklessness
evinced towards the feelings and happiness of others, o
made him the more sought after and caressed. The gl
of fashion shed on his faults dazzled the eyes, and blin

them to the utter depravity of his nature. His libertine conduct was termed the wild gaiety of youth; his crimes were faults, and these originated in the thoughtlessness of his disposition, not in badness of heart.

Thus is sin not only tolerated but glossed over, and the man who makes an habitual practice of it may lead a life of human infamy and be absolutely courted and sought after if he have the redeeming virtues of rank and riches.

St. Hillier had been induced to avail himself of the Earl's invitation to Norfolk, by the idea that he should have more opportunities of pleading his passion, and effecting his object with the Countess, in the country than he had in town. Isabel was flattered by his devotion, and dazzled by the thought of leading in her chains, a man so universally desired and caressed, as the gay and gallant Colonel, the leader of the fashionable world. She had married Lord Maltravers without feeling a single atom of affection towards him; indeed, his character and disposition, though calculated to ensure respect and esteem, were not precisely those most likely to inspire a young and beautiful woman with love.

All the love in her selfish nature was now bestowed on St. Hillier, and being entirely devoid of all religious and virtuous principles, she would have been an easy conquest, had not the love of admiration been so strong within her. That she felt reluctant to resign the homage of the crowd for the devotion of *one*, though she loved the *one* and despised the many. She had listened so often to his declarations of attachment without anger, that he, emboldened by her concessions, proceeded to urge warmly her putting herself under his protection, and accompanying him to Italy, whither he was going in a few weeks.

"He comes too near who comes to be denied;" for though at the time she appeared to be deeply indignant at his proposal, she one evening, after a bitter altercation with the Earl, brought on by her levity and impropriety of conduct, accepted his offer, and that very night eloped with him to the Continent.

The Earl did not attempt to pursue the fugitives, but proceeded at once to London, to take steps towards obtaining a divorce. This he found no difficulty in obtaining, and afterwards married a lady of high rank.

Of Isabel and her guilty companion, nothing from them was heard, but it was supposed in England that they had married at the time the divorce was obtained, and that they were residing somewhere in Italy.

CHAPTER X.

Ruth Howard had grieved deeply at the time over her cousin's fall from virtue, but seven years had elapsed since then, and Isabel, her beauty, and her shame, were alike forgotten by all not connected with her by ties of blood or affection. At the Grange her name was never mentioned, for though Ruth and Howard often thought of her, they seemed by mutual consent to avoid speaking of her.

These seven years had passed without either of them having had cause to repine for one single moment, at the actions or conduct of the other. Ruth studied every wish and thought of her husband's, whilst he endeavoured by every means in his power, to show her how sensible he was of her affections, and how dear her comfort was to him.

Their family had lately been increased by the birth of a daughter, who was christened Ruth after her mother. Their first child, a fine beautiful boy of six, was busily prattling on his father's knee about the "pretty baby" who took up so much of his mother's attention, and fairly threatened to place him in the background. It was a bleak, stormy winter's evening, the doors had just been fastened for the night, the windows closed, and the curtains drawn. Ruth had brought her charge nearer the cheerful fire, at which Howard and his son were already seated, when they were startled by a loud ringing at the outer bell. In a short time the servant entered with a letter from the landlady of the little public-house, dignified by the name of inn, at Norton, stating that a carriage, containing an invalid lady and her child, had arrived there about three hours previously, and as the lady was evidently in a dying state, and the servant who accompanied her a foreigner, she had taken the liberty of requesting Captain Howard, in the absence of the village clergyman, to give his opinion as to the best course to be pursued.

Howard lost not a moment in starting for the village, and on his arrival at the inn, was informed that the medical man who had just arrived, declared that it was impossible that the invalid could live for many moments. The foreign servant and the child now entered the room where he was conversing with the hostess.

The child was a remarkably beautiful, intelligent little girl, of about five years old, and Howard, by her excessive loveliness, and the helpless situation she was about to be left in, took her up in his arms. She clung round his neck affectionately, and in broken English called him her dear, dear papa Henry, whom her mamma spoke of so often.

Interested by her innocent prattle, Howard inquired her name. "Isabella," she did not know Isabella what. She was called "little Isabel" by her mamma. Turning to the servant, Howard put a few questions to her in Italian (her native language), respecting her mistress's name and rank, and on receiving her answer, rushed wildly into the inner room. There, extended on a low wretched bed, lay the miserable wreck of the once courted and admired Isabella Trevallyon. Few could have recognized in the care-worn, pallid object before them, writhing in the agonies of death, the lovely and followed Countess of Maltravers, her countenance lighted up with an expression of joy that for a moment banished the care and anguish imprinted there, when she observed her child in Howard's arms, and vainly endeavouring to express her thoughts in words, she sank back and expired.

CHAPTER XI.

It was many many months before Ruth recovered from

the shock her feelings sustained at the death of her cousin. The little Isabel was adopted by her, and brought up with the same care and affection as her own children.

Howard and herself proceeded in the humble path of life they had chosen. They continued to live at the Grange (though his fortune at his father's death, which took place soon after Isabel's, would have enabled them to shine in any circle), beloved and respected by all who knew them.

CHAPTER XII.

For a few months after Isabel's flight with St. Hillier, she was happy as a woman can be, guilty of the crime she had committed. She stifled the reproaches of her conscience, with the idea that as soon as a divorce was obtained, he would make her his wife, and that they should then return to England, and resume her station in society. She had seen several instances of the kind in high life, when women who had deserted husbands and families, and married to their seducers, were received into society as before, and as much courted, admired, and sought after, as if their whole life had been a pattern of excellence and virtue. Awful was the retribution inflicted on her when she discovered that marriage had never been contemplated by him, and that she had lost rank, station, and an unstained reputation, for one whose love for her was fast decreasing. The anguish of her mind brought on illness of body. This considerably diminished her beauty, and that had been her only attraction in St. Hillier's eyes, so he soon deserted her and her child for an Italian lady of high rank, whom he followed to Naples.

Isabel retired to a small cassino on the banks of Lac di Como, where she spent her hours in penitence and prayer. Finding her health decline daily, she determined to return to her native land to *die*. In passing through Norton to B——, she was suddenly seized, and as she had lived, unloving and unloved, she died unlamented; for "the wholly false the heart despises."

HELEN.

MY LOST FRIEND.

By a Lady.

Fidelle he was a favourite friend
Of moderate renown;
He was the best beloved I'm sure,
Of any dog in town.

I do not mean to say that he
In drinking used to shine,
But when a friend he wished to see,
He always gave them *whine*.

Nor do I wish his friends to think
Too fond was he of grog;
His *spirits* were not *over-proof*
For such an active Dog.

One day Fidelle was taken ill:
What ailed him no one knows;
For water he had in his eyes,
And wheezing in his nose.

I placed him in a tepid bath,
And then he had some *bark:*
I gave him sulphate of *canine*,
Because his tongue looked dark.

Alas! I did not know how much
Would ease my poor dog's pain;
Instead of giving him a *dram*,
I gave him half a grain.

Convulsions seized my poor Fidelle,
I saw we soon must part;
And with one sad reproachful look,
He nearly broke my heart.

At length I *muster'd* all my strength,
A *mustard* poultice made;
But in a *coughing* fit he died,
And in his *coffin's* laid.

OH! WEEP NOT!

By The Dreamer.

Oh! weep not that the friends ye loved,
Must change and pass away;
And weep not that on beauty's cheek,
The roses must decay.

And weep not that the gentle eyes,
That once with kindness shone,
Can meet thy gaze with coldness now,
And pass as though unknown.

And weep not if the friendly hand,
Which fondly press'd thine own,
Should raise the scornful finger now—
The first to cast the stone!

Oh! weep not these; but weep to feel
Thy spirit's dull decay,
And Time's effacing fingers steal,
Youth's buoyancy away.

Though lovers fly, and friends deceive,
Mourn not when these depart,
But weep in bitterness to lose,
Thy gay and guileless heart.

THE LEGACY:
A TALE.

By Juvenis.

What a diversity of opinion there is respecting connubial bliss! Some saying that a bachelor's life is a state of "single *blessedness*;" others that a wedded life alone produces happiness, and that without it, life is a season of unblest solitude; but this point we will leave our readers to decide, and proceed with the tale.

In a small sequestered nook of England, known to few save its own inhabitants, resided the Reverend David Ebenezer Trigge, a divine rich as to learning, but very poor as to wealth, he being only the curate of a rich rector, who hardly knew whether the edifice appointed for religious worship was a church or a chapel, and who, from his own liberal allowance, could only allow him £60 per annum.

Mr. Trigge had married a lady with an annuity of £50, a fact of which he was reminded by his spouse twenty times in a day. This sum, in conjunction with his stipend, enabled him to live; that is, to purchase a piece of beef on Saturday, which was destined to be roasted on Sunday, cold on Monday, fried on Tuesday, hashed on Wednesday, and compounded into a pie on Thursday, the two other days he dined on the air, or something as light and easy of digestion.

The curate had a sufficient stock of theological knowledge to teach him contentment, so he never expressed dissatisfaction with his humble fare. But here his troubles did not cease, his wife was a second Xantippe, and frequently in her contentions with her reverend lord, when peaceable means failed, resorted to *striking* arguments. The poor curate, however, resigned himself to his domestic persecutions, and sought amid his classical tomes, the peace which he could not find elsewhere. When he perceived the approach of the remorseless tempest, he seized his Horace and rushed into the fields, to escape the abuse of his lady's tongue, and look for solace in the placid enjoyment of his own thoughts.

But to give you, reader, a better idea of Mr. Trigge's life, we will impart to you a small particle of our own ubiquity, and introduce you to a matrimonial *tête-à tête*.

The curate was seated in his study, busied in disengaging himself from his black gaiters, and Mrs. Trigge was seated beside him, inflicting upon him the usual lecture, which took place every evening except Sunday, when he escaped from the side of his wife, to deliver a lecture in his turn to his parishioners.

"You pitiful wretch," exclaimed the lady, notwithstanding the parish clerk was present, "why don't you strive to elevate yourself in the world; look at Richardson's wife, the grocer, how smart she dresses, while I have nothing fit to wear, and you the parson too; what would you have done without my fifty pounds, eh, you old wretch? I was a fool to marry the like of you."

"Well, dear," blandly responded the divine, "you should have thought of that many years ago."

"Didn't you come round me with your honied words, you hypocritical old fellow; didn't you send me those lines,

'Fare-thee-well, and if for ever;'

and said they were your own composing; and didn't I afterwards find they were from that nasty, impudent poem Don Juan, written by a fellow named Southey?"

"Speak not lightly of the poet laureate, my love; besides, those lines you mentioned, are not from Don Juan, neither were they written by Southey."

"Why you told me so yourself, and beside, I'll leave it to Mr. Davies to decide," exclaimed the enraged lady, appealing to the clerk, who, knowing which of the two was most to be feared, though he was quite unacquainted with the poets, replied,

"Southey wrote it sure enough, mem, I know it well, mem, 'cos he wrote the streams of lovely Nancy."

"Oh! what vile ignorance," cried the curate, raising his hands; "to couple Southey's name with a wretched ballad."

"Sir," replied the clerk, "I means to say as how ——."

Mr. Trigge would not stay to hear more, but seizing a candle, hastened to throw himself into the arms of Morpheus, who casts a sweet oblivion over the woes of mortals, and bids them find in his kind arms a lenitive for every sorrow.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Trigge's life was truly wretched; he had to contend with poverty, and the still more dreaded temper of his wife. He had read in his favourite modern authors of the happiness and peace of life when shared with some loved companion, for whose benefit and advantage all the energies, whether mental or corporeal, should be employed; and at an early period of life, with a spirit teeming with benevolence, he had consigned himself to the fetters of Hymen, synonomous to him with the bonds of misery; and though his kind disposition was not soured by this constant irritation, he believed that his authors were much inclined to mendacity, or that their knowledge of the female sex did not extend to such examples as Mrs. Trigge.

The reverend gentleman had, it is true, some slight hopes of the ultimate amelioration of his fortune, by the death of a near relative, an old lady of that class denominated "old maids," an appellation so odious to the ears of young ladies; but these hopes were so faint as hardly to deserve the name. Our hero had been often requested, or rather commanded, by Mrs. Trigge, to pay more attention to this lady; but his noble spirit refused to cringe to another for pecuniary emolument, consequently he was deaf to all his lady's admonitory hints. In this unhappy condition was the curate, so that if he had not been a divine, he must have inevitably taken advantage of the suicidal month of November, to have suspended himself per collum (*Anglicè*, by his neck), but Fortune, which never wears a continual frown, sent him a messenger of joy in the shape of a letter.

This epistle came from Miss Gratton, the lady before alluded to, requesting the presence of her cousin, the Reverend David Ebenezer Trigge at her residence, as in one of her fantastic freaks she had determined to make her will, and bequeath to each of her near relatives whatever they respectively requested.

Mrs. Trigge hailed this epistle as the harbinger of good fortune, and accordingly was elated with the joyous prospect, but the expectations of her husband were much humbler, and his transports more moderate.

"Don't you see, Trigge," cried the lady, using her husband's surname, a proof of her increased suavity of temper, "dont you see your fortune's made?"

"No, my love, I confess," replied Mr. Trigge, "this matter is not so conspicuous to me, as it appears to be to you."

"What!" exclaimed his wife. "Don't you see it as clear as the light of day. You are sent for by Miss Gratton, and she promises to give whatever you desire."

"Firstly, my dear wife, she may not give us what we asked—and secondly, what I shall request as a boon will not raise us to affluence."

"Will you not, you old coward," angrily responded the wife, resuming her natural acerbity, "ask for enough to make us rich, when I have lived with such an old fool so many years?"

"I shall merely beg her Bible, my dear," said Trigge, with assumed courage, "as a memorial of her after death."

"We have plenty of memorials; am I not a lasting memorial of my folly in marrying you, and your mean and indolent spirit in not permitting me to appear as a lady, And we have plenty of Bibles, too; and I warn you, if you obtain nothing but the Bible, I'll break your foolish cranium with it."

The curate said no more, but shrugged his shoulders, and resigned the contest to his vituperative lady. Early the next morning his horse was at the door, and he set out on his journey, his wife remembering to renew her admonitions as to the biblical legacy.

Mr. Trigge, when he arrlved at the house of Miss Gratton, found this specimen of antiquated virginity confined to her room, and her kinsmen seated beside her, and wearing an air of great affliction; but the worthy curate saw through the flimsy disguise, and turned with contempt from their greetings. The sick lady received our friend with evident pleasure, and to the chagrin of the others directed towards him the whole of her conversation; she was proud to be connected with a member of the Church, and in addition to this, the curate alone of all her relatives had disposed her to be very liberal to him in bequeathing her property.

When all were assembled, and the attorney was prepared to note the request of each of the legatees in expectancy, the old lady explained the motives of her strange conduct, by saying that she wished all her relations to be satisfied after her decease, and not, as in most cases, execrate her memory. Mr. Trigge had the priority of asking, and notwithstanding the threats of his spouse, and the solicitations of Miss Grattan, he persisted in naming the Bibl as his sole request; the others, according to their senio rity, asked in their turns, and were more aspiring in thei wishes than the curate.

This business being concluded, Mr. Trigge, with a de sponding heart, but with a mind, as he expressed, *consci recti*, turned his head towards home. When he arrive at the door of his rustic dwelling, he encountered his wif who had been anxiously waiting his arrival.

"Well, sir," commenced Mrs. Trigge, as the curat entered the door, "What did you request from Mi Gratton as your legacy?"

"My dear, ere I started, I told you that I should as for nothing but Miss Gratton's Bible; which, as I hav not got a similar edition, will be very useful to me."

"Dare you say, sir, that you have asked for nothin except an old Bible. Well, sir, I tell you now I'll lea you, and live on my annuity, which is happily settled upo myself, and then what will you do without my fif pounds?"

"Be not so violent, my dear wife," mildly interpos the curate, "we have lived comfortably hitherto, an shall, I hope, continue to do so."

"What do you call comfortable?" retorted his wif "Is it comfortable to lead a dog's life with an old wret like yourself, who will not exert yourself to enrich us?"

"But, dear, listen to the words of——"

"I shall listen to nothing," exclaimed Mrs. Trigg as she angrily interrupted her much injured husband, an rushing into the adjoining room, she shut the door with noise which echoed through the house.

* * * * * * * *

About fourteen months after the last events, the Re David Ebeneezer Trigge and wife were seated in the little parlour; the former was bending over a folio theology, and was engaged in deciding some abstru point; and the latter was plying her busy needle, an wonderful as it may appear, her tongue was silent. Tim which effects miracles, had been busy here. Mrs. Trig had scolded her husband till she found it as useless as she stood on some promontory, and bade the waves cea their incessant rolling; so that she had, in truth, becon weary, and now seldom, except on important occasion exercised the terrors of her voluble tongue. But on more the curate was destined to hear her loquacio powers. The divine, to his great annoyance, when weig ing over some subtle metaphysical doctrine, had be disturbed by the entry of the servant, bringing in a lar parcel.

To view this parcel, Mrs. Trigge had laid aside her sew ing, and commenced tearing off the paper which envelop the mysterious contents. In a few seconds the lady, wi a smile of derision, informed her husband that it was h legacy—Miss Grattan's large Bible.

"It is enough to drive a person to madness," she ex claimed, with great bitterness, "to think that throug your stupid means, we have only that shabby old Bibl instead of a little fortune."

This conviction, indeed, afflicted the lady so much tha

she burst into tears; the kind-hearted curate was unable to withstand this forcible appeal to his sympathies, so he seated himself beside his wife, and endeavoured to soothe her. After her grief had somewhat ceased, he said,

"We perhaps should not have been happier, if our deceased relative had bequeathed to us a large sum of money; so, my love, let us remember our duty; for we could have no better gift than the Bible."

The worthy divine was proceeding to illustrate his words by some favourite passage, when upon opening the sacred volume, he beheld a folded paper, with his own name on the outside. The contents filled him with the liveliest joy, and were as follows:—

"Reverend Cousin,

"Being particularly impressed with your noble disinterestedness in the matter of the legacy, I have determined to reward it by bestowing upon you my Bible, among the leaves of which you will find notes to the amount of £2,000.

"A. Gratton."

This unexpected good fortune made the reverend gentleman believe that he was afflicted by some mental aberration, but he was soon persuaded to the contrary; the characters of the note were those of the testatrix, and the discovery of all the notes placed the matter beyond suspicion. Mrs. Trigge hugged her dear husband, and in her joy bestowed upon him a thousand embraces; she even implored his forgiveness, acknowledging that he had acted wisely, and that there could not be a better gift than the Bible.

From the day of the arrival of his legacy, the domestic comforts of Mr. Trigge were greatly increased, and his wife became quite amiable and obliging, yielding a ready submission to her husband's superior wisdom. Thus the opportune gift of Miss Gratton, smoothed the asperities of the curate's life, and rendered him a happy man, by enabling him to aid and comfort others in distress, and enabling him to drive misery from the neighbourhood of B——y.

Any one who visits the parsonage of B——y, will see in a conspicuous place in the little library, Miss Gratton's bible, now boasting a rich binding in calf; and if any one interrogates the good clergyman as to the secret of his success, he returns an unfailing answer,

"The means of raising us to affluence was the bible—the bible."

CHARADE.

My first is what we see each day,
In shape of dogs and gags;
My last what any man will say,
When of his horse he brags—
That's if at Epsom he has won
The cup with ribbons blue;
Now put the first and last in one,
And you'll have a wit—tis true.

THE SMUGGLERS HUT.

The morning arose dark and lowering, and the mist hung heavy and thick on the Belsumes, as a party of soldiers approached a miserable looking hut, at the door of which stood a young man evidently placed there to keep watch; for no sooner had the grey dawn allowed him to discern their numbers, than cautiously opening the door, he entered the hut, and after remaining for a short time, he came out and resumed his former attitude, and quietly waited until they drew near, when the sergeant called out,

"Stand aside, my lad, until we see who are the rest of your company."

"You're welcome," said the young man with a scornful smile; while the crimson blood mounted to his brown cheek, and the fire flashed from his dark eye, as the men rudely pushed past him.

But they found the place untenanted; while two chairs and a table, on which lay the remains of a humble repast, told it had not been long unoccupied: and an open door in the back of the hut, showed the way by which Ronald M'Gregor and his daughter had escaped. But the door opened out on the wild stream, now swollen by the Autumn rains into a torrent, and the frail bridge by which the fugitives had crossed lay floating in the roaring water, and the boldest of the men drew back as they looked at the dark sky, and the wild rage of the foaming element. And with an angry oath, the sergeant bade them seize the lad, and then ordered him to tell them where they would find Ronald M'Gregor, or he should have a trip to town, and a year's lodging in the county gaol.

A slight shudder came over the young man, as he turned to his native mountains, which the rising sun was now gilding with the golden light of morning, while the mist slowly rising, discovered the bold rocks that crowned the top. And after a long and sorrowful look, as rock after rock appeared through the opening mist, he said to the sergeant:—

"It is needless to ask, I will never betray them. And I am ready to go to the gaol, or wherever you please."

And in vain did they sometimes intreat, and sometimes threaten Allan Macdonald, for so was the young man called, remained steadfastly silent. And taking good care their prisoner should not escape, they travelled on through the bleak moors of Glenmorris, and the birch clad braes and silver streams of the lovely vale of Mortlach, until after a long and weary day, by the clear light of a harvest moon, Allan then saw for the first time a town—and now a prison. And when he heard the heavy clang of the iron doors, as the keys turned in their massive locks, the young highlander hid his face, and wept.

Weeks and months passed by, and Allan was still a prisoner, an associate of the felon and the thief, for no crime of his own; for Allan had never joined in the smuggler's dangerous trade, or shared in their unlawful gains; and until the morning he was arrested, never had he entered Ronald's wild hut.

But hearing a party of soldiers had been seen going in

that direction, he determined at every risk to save the life of the father of his beloved Jane, who had promised to be his wife, and with her only remaining parent had determined to try their fortune in America. And in a week hence they were to bid farewell to Glenlivet, to return no more.

For a ship lay at Inverness ready to sail, but Allan had scarcely time to give Jane his little all, ere the soldiers were upon them: and hastily bidding them God speed, he hurled the plank by which they had crossed into the stream, and for Jane's sake he resolved to give himself up, to allow them time to escape to the seaside, where, after a few days' detention, he hoped to join them. But the smugglers had of late become so bold and insolent, that the authorities had determined to make an example; and as he was found in Ronald's hut, and had evidently connived at his escape, they condemned him to a year's imprisonment, or to pay a heavy fine, which was totally out of his power.

Winter, and spring, and summer had passed, and autumn come again, and no letter arrived from one he had suffered so much for, and who, alas! was as worthless as she was beautiful. And often would the old folks say, as they walked from their little chapel in the braes, "Allan is o'er good for that hountan lassie o' M'Gregor's;" and even the old priest tried, but in vain, to put an end to the connexion; for though Allan would sometimes think she was over free with Jamie Stuart, a wild but handsome lad in Ronald's employment, she would tell him it was all for her father's sake; and with one of her sunniest smiles, and a saucy toss of her handsome head, would ask him if *he* could be jealous o' she like o' Jamie Stuart? and Allan, like many wiser men, if she had some faults, would look in her lovely face and forget them all; and this was the reward for all his true and trusting love.

At length the bright brown cheek of the Highland lad became pale and slim, and his dark bright eye sunk and dim, and Allan lay on the bed of death, amongst the vilest of the vile, with no hand to help, no voice to cheer him, for he was an orphan.

Never shall I forget the time I beheld him: it was a gloomy day in November, and a drizzling rain had wrapped all nature in a sort of cloud, as I entered poor Allan's dreary dwelling-place, and though accompanied by the jailor, and not my first visit, it required all my courage to enter the large, dark, ill-ventilated, stone-vaulted room, in which were ten of the most ruffianly savage looking men, surrounding a large fire-place, some smoking, some drinking, some playing at cards, and all singing, roaring, I should have said some horrible song; while on a wooden bedstead, raised a little from the floor, with scarcely clothes to cover him, in the last stage of consumption, and shivering with cold, lay him who was once the pride of his native glen.

With some difficulty, and the assistance of a good doctor, we got him removed from that den of vice and sin, to a poor but comfortable home, and kind hearts, and gentle hands, smoothed his pillow, but it was too late, all human aid was vain; and one evening as a friend sat by his couch, and read to him from the Book of Truth, he turned suddenly to the little window, through which the last rays of the setting sun shed its departing glories, and shielding his eyes with his thin white hands, gazed sadly on it, until the gold faded into grey, then falling back upon his pillow,

"Lady," said he, "I feel death is coming fast; I shall never again see that sun set, perhaps never see it rise, and I shall die far from the green braes of Glenlivet and the clear waters of the bonnie Avon, but I would fain lie there, and nae in a stranger's grave, but in my ain quiet kirk-yard, where Jane, if ever she came back would see my grave; and oh, tell her I forgie, and with my last breath pray for one I loved o'er well."

A faint blush came over his wasted cheek, but soon sunk to a deadly paleness; and Mrs. Evans, the fair young wife of the Minister, who day after day, with unwearied kindness, had watched o'er his sick bed, supported the head of the dying Allan; when pressing his already cold hands in hers, and breathing a fervent prayer for his support in the dark vale he was so soon to pass through, she bade him farewell for ever in this world, and when next she saw him he was at rest.

But Allan's wish was unfulfilled; he lies far from his Highland home, in the crowded churchyard of the town, and no stone marks the place where the solitary stranger sleeps.

No account ever came of the M'Gregor's, but as a large steamer going to America was wrecked about this time, and all on board perished, it is supposed that the and James Stuart, who had also disappeared, were amongst the passengers.

A BALLAD.

By Warburton Burch.

Thro' many lands these steps may stray,
Ere I may chance to see,
Among the youthful, fair, and gay,
Another like to thee.

Now as I gaze upon that face,
And gaze alas! in vain;
Where still my fancy seeks to trace
Love's fondest smile again.

To think, to dream, and oft survey,
Those treasured features o'er;
While yet thy charms around me play,
I love thine image more.

O, had I thought while yet you liv'd,
Such beauty rare could fade,
Tho' still of every hope depriv'd,
I had not grieved dear maid.

TALES OF THE OLD BARN.
No. IV.

By the Dreamer.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DREAMER—OR LIFE AS IT IS.—[CONTINUED.]

THE NOTE.

"Miss Onslow sends her compliments to Mr. ———, and hopes that he will trouble her with no further communications."

June 20th, 1830.

On reading this, it fell from my hands upon the carpet, a mist rose before my eyes, my head swam round, reason seemed to reel upon his throne—memory, hope, consciousness, all were gone: and I knew nothing, felt nothing, but an overwhelming sense of anguish, which all the subsequent troubles of life have never surpassed.

For hours I sat motionless, unmindful of everything that was passing around me, till I was aroused from my reverie by some gentle arm past round my neck, and a soft voice breathing in my ear, enquiring the cause of my distress.

'Twas my sister's. I am not in the habit of blushing, but pride at that moment made my cheek orimson, and I answered "Nothing." I picked up the note, which had fortunately escaped my sister's notice, and crushing it in my hand, I walked away, and thrust it into the fire. I immediately became calm, deceitfully, frightfully calm. That evening I accompanied my sisters to a public meeting, which I had engaged to attend and to address. Naturally buoyant and energetic, that evening I was more so than ever.

My speech was more effective, and more applauded than usual. Congratulations poured in upon me on all sides; my friends were all elated; they knew not what I was suffering. My manners gave the lie to my feelings; they knew not that evening's effort was like the convulsive lightning flash, heralding the devastating thunder burst. Yet so it was; I had now arrived at a terrible, at a reckless resolve. For five years I had been the ardent, firm, and devoted lover of her, who now, without a pang of remorse, scorned and trampled upon my love. I had loved her as none but ardent, enthusiastic, and poetical minds can love. Now that that love was rejected, my heart lacerated, and my feelings crushed, I resolved with a foolish and reckless madness, to plunge into every scene of pleasure and of vice which presented itself.

This was done to stifle recollection. Memory was a thing of tears, and I strove to crush it by vicious excitement; the pleasures of the past were as ghosts in my pathway, and thorns in my pillow. Madly did I fulfil my purpose; firmly keep my vow, till all the noble and finer feelings of my nature crumbled away beneath its influence; and custom and vice had thrown evil after evil of their adamantine chains around me, so that it required years of sorrowing and bitter repentings, and struggle upon struggle, to release myself from the frightful position and terrible bondage in which I was placed.

Ah! ye who still possess all the freshness of youthful feelings, and the purity and holiness of first love; whose hearts are as yet unpoisoned and uncontaminated by an enlarged intercourse with the world, may ye never approach so near to the fire of unhallowed passion, as to be scorched and blasted with its power! He who is laid down in the tomb of the Apostate from Virtue, is bound hand and foot in his grave clothes, and is never able to rise till that voice which found its echo in the tomb of Lazarus, pronounces the magic words—"Come forth!" and says to the hoary vices which bound him in their fetters—"He is mine; loose him, and let him go."

When the heart becomes excoriated, and the feelings warped, the soul flings back its immortality to its maker and dies. And surely if the angels rejoice when the sinner passes from "death unto life," they must veil their faces in sorrow when they see any of earth's wayworn pilgrims pass from life to death! the soul, forgetful of its high destiny, lays down in the sepulchre of its blighted hopes, and lives no more.

A few days after the receipt of the above note, I met Miss Onslow's sister; she was fully cognizant of Marianne's conduct, and I then heard, for the first time, that she was receiving the addresses of Alfred Travers. Indignant at the thorough heartlessness which such conduct manifested, in order that I might avoid seeing her, and thus be placed beyond her power of annoyance, I changed my residence to another but not very distant town.

Scarcely had I been in my new abode a week, ere, as I was one evening wandering in a romantic spot adjoining it, I came full upon her and her new lover. With a shriek she fainted in his arms. I turned hastily down a bye-path, and retreated towards home. With a bitter invective he called upon me to stop, and threatened to pursue me if I did not. It was an empty threat; his attentions were divided between anxiety to know something more of myself, and anxiety for the recovery of the precious burden laying in his arms. I threw back upon him one sarcastic smile in reply, and past on. He knew me not, but I knew him well.

A few minutes after reaching home, I was disturbed by a violent knocking at the door, and looking through the casement, perceived that it was Travers, bearing the unconscious form of Miss Onslow in his arms. I immediately sent to procure medical assistance, and bidding the domestics render all the aid in their power, but on no account to summon me, I withdrew.

This was not done without a struggle. Oh, how I longed to fly to her side—to press her gentle hand in mine, and administer the cordial to her lips. But pride forbade this. She whom I loved so fondly—for whose happiness I could have sacrificed everything I possessed, nay, life itself had it been required, was now in my own house, nay, reposing on my very couch, ill, unconscious, and I forbidden to approach her, while another was bending by her side. And that other—but no, not now, I shall come to that anon.

Repeatedly did I hear Travers, as he stood by her

side while she reposed upon the couch, curse in no qualified terms him who had been the cause of her alarm. Before medical assistance arrived, the lady had recovered, and was just preparing to depart, when uttering another fearful shriek, and clinging to Travers's arm, she exclaimed,

"Oh, take—take me away from this place; I am ill, very ill; let me go—let me go; I would not see *him* again."

Her lover was now evidently much puzzled at her extraordinary conduct, and from a remark he made, appeared to think that her brain was affected by her recent alarm; but as she insisted upon leaving forthwith, they departed: she, ever and anon casting a hurried glance back to the house she had just left, and he silently musing upon her strange and unaccountable behaviour.

On their departure I hastened into the apartment they had occupied, in order to ascertain what could have drawn from her the exclamation I had heard. The secret was soon unravelled. Directly facing the foot of the couch where she had been reposing, hung a full length portrait of myself. This portrait she had frequently seen and admired, prior to its removal to my present residence, and, by a singular fatuity, this was the first thing that arrested her attention, when she awoke from the alarm which the presence of its original had excited in her mind.

The evening's adventure somewhat excited me, as may be imagined. Its different features pleased and vexed me. But it had placed in my possession an important secret, which I failed not speedily to take advantage of.

* * * * * * * * *

The old Abbey clock proclaimed the hour of eleven on the next evening as I sauntered into one of the celebrated club-houses near to Charing Cross. A few young "sprigs of aristocracy" were collected round a table in the farther end of the room, laughing and joking. Their backs were toward me as I entered, so that they saw me not. I caught up a newspaper which lay on an adjoining table, and cast myself upon a seat within a few yards of them. I was just glancing over the foreign news, when I was somewhat startled by one of the above-mentioned party starting from his seat, and shouting in an angry voice,

"Why, d—— it, Al, you don't contemplate marrying the girl, do you?"

"Ned, you are too hasty," said a voice in reply, which I knew to be Travers's, "Neither my pride, my family, nor my honour, would allow me to think of that for a moment. The girl is well enough for her station; a linen-draper's assistant would be a handsome speculation for her, but as the wife of Alfred Travers—pshaw! the idea is preposterous."

"True, ah, true; the idea *is* preposterous," said the first speaker; "but what do you purpose doing? You say that the girl, though of plebeian extraction, possesses a high and unyielding virtue, and that to withhold your offer of marriage, would drive you from her presence for ever. Now, under such circumstances, I am at a loss to conceive how you mean to act; to give up the pursuit of beauty, is not the plan generally adopted by Alfred Travers."

"Neither will he adopt that plan now," said Trav
"The girl must be mine by fraud. Ned, I have i
will go through the farce of a mock marriage. I
persuade her to elope with me; the ceremony shal
private. I can frame a thousand excuses for that,
for keeping the marriage concealed for a year or two,
I am of age; our old friend Timothy Walker has
the cut of a country curate, and is as poor as a ch
mouse. Five guineas will be a little fortune to him,
he shall have that for playing the parson for once.
I will hire one of Mother Willis's country cottages f
couple of years; thus a little ingenuity and a handfu
gold will do all. O gold, gold! thine is a magic po
silent but mighty in thy effects; the virtuous and
vicious, the rich and the poor, are alike slaves to
will. The fabled enchantments of the sorcerer's w
melt away into 'thin air' when compared with the p
sures of that paradise which thou dost open to thy
sessor. Before thy touch the stern cherubim w
guards the Eden of beauty and love, shrink away. Vi
clothes herself in the robes of vice at thy biddi
modesty casts aside her blushes, and hearts of ice, w
nothing else could touch, melt into kindly sympathy
love, beneath the genial sunshine of thy smile. T
lendest a lustre even to vice, and givest high soun
names to crimes and things, which, if a man destitut
thee were even to contemplate, he would be expelled f
society as a wretch unfit to repose upon its bos
Profligacy and debauchery, when named by thee, are
'Fashionable Follies;' the madhouse, or the suici
grave, is nothing more than 'a spirited young fello
the duellist, who murders his friend for 'satisfaction,
man of honour!' Ah! gold—gold, like charity, t
canst cover a multitude of sins, and like repentance, o
to us the gates of heaven at last."

"Well done, Travers," said his companion, "by J
you'd make an excellent moralist. But the girl—s
you want any assistance in the affair? If so, I'm y
man; I like those kind of adventures, there is someth
so romantic in them. An elopement—a mock marr
—a country retreat—the consternation of her friend
and the *denouement*."

"Moderate your transports my dear Mortimer," s
Travers, "the thing will need a little contrivance yet
shall doubtless need your assistance. I shall have a c
riage waiting to convey her away on the night of
elopement; and——"

"And I'll be coachman," interrupted Mortimer,
can drive like the very devil you know. I'll lend y
my Lightning Jenny, the fastest thing at a gallop
London, no disparagement to your Lucifer, and I'll d
Belzebub himself to overtake us, with her in the trace

Here the conversation was put an end to by some
sitting at the table where the speakers stood, calling up
Travers and his friend to give their opinions upon
merits of a manuscript drama which was being read. C
of the party proceeded to read some of the most strik
passages, many of which called forth loud marks of a
probation from the hearers. But scarcely had the rea

pronounced two sentences, ere I felt paralyzed upon my seat. It was but a fortnight previous that I had finished the composition of a drama entitled "The Revenge," and the very passages which were now being read in my hearing, were passages from that very drama. I strove to arise and advance toward the reader, to ascertain how it had come into his possession (as I had written but one copy of it, and that had never past out of my own possession, as far as my own knowledge was concerned), but the events of this and the preceding night had unnerved me, and I remained fixed to my seat. Mortimer at length inquired the author's name, and my surprise was a thousand fold increased, when I heard the reader reply—Edwin Paxton. The idea instantly flashed across my mind that Paxton had abstracted it from my bureaux. I remembered that he had called upon me the day after I had finished it, and that I had not seen it since. From the subsequent remarks of the person who had been reading it, I found that Paxton had sold it to him for thirty guineas, and that having purchased it, he purposed erasing the name of its (pretended) author, and substituting his own instead, present it to the lessee of one of the London houses for representation. Overwhelmed with conflicting emotions, my heart wrung to very bitterness by the base perfidy of my old schoolmate and pretended friend. I rose from my seat and staggered rather than walked into the public street. At that moment I experienced the first strange pang of that terrible malady which has since destroyed my health, impaired my memory, and transformed four years of my existence into a fearful, a mindless, and a dreary blank.

Robbed of love, beauty, fame, honour, and happiness, by one of the most consummate villains that ever stepped athwart the threshold of God's world, I wandered I scarce knew whither, till I found myself on the road to Kensington, and leaning against the railings of Hyde Park.

I was roused from my reverie by hearing the chimes of a distant church clock announce the hour of two in the morning. I looked upward to the far off heavens: they were crowded with the radiant stars, which seemed to smile upon me in their mocking beauty. It was the month of July, and the first faint streaks of the morning twilight were visible in the orient horison.

When the first glimpse of passion beats upon the youthful heart, ere its warmth is chilled, or its green freshness withered by the poisonous atmosphere of common life, every object in nature is beautiful to an enthusiast. The hoary stars, the ever-youthful heavens, the tempest-wrought ocean, the everlasting mountains, the magnificent forest, the chrystal streams, and the *wee wee* flowers, are scenes and things, which while to the youthful heart they are pregnant with unalloyed delight, leave behind them no sting, awaken in us no regret, call from us no tears, and ask from us no love! But when the passion expires beneath the breath of jealousy or disdain, and the heart which had been its cradle is transformed into its sepulchure, and the fair hopes which had tended upon its infancy, fold their rainbow pinions, and weep in sadness over its grave. The beauty of nature is a torment instead of a delight: the heavens and the earth, the stars, the flowers, the birds, and the streams, are as gay and joyous, and changeless as ever. Our hearts alone are sad, and there is nothing in the external universe which can sympathise with that sadness, for there is nothing in that universe which has offended its maker. *Man* alone has *sinned*, therefore *man* alone must *weep*.

Such were the reflections which thronged upon my mind, as my gaze was fixed upon the distant stars in the dim twilight of that summer morning. At length roused to a more perfect state of consciousness by the chilliness of the morning air, I retraced my steps, and on arriving at Hyde Park corner, I stepped into a cab, and giving the driver my card, bid him drive me home as speedily as possible. I then threw myself back upon the seat, and fell into a kind of fitful slumber, which lasted till I was disturbed by the cabman informing me that he had arrived at his destination.

Dismissing the cab, I rung violently at the gate, till one of the servants appearing, I entered, and passing him without speaking, hastened to my chamber, and threw myself, still dressed, upon my bed, where in a sleep rendered memorable by the horrid dreams which infested it, I reposed till it was long past the breakfast hour. Pale, haggard, and feverish, I rose and left my chamber, and could hardly believe that the events of the past night were anything else than a horrible dream, till an allusion being made to the lateness of the hour at which I arrived at home on the preceding night, or rather morning, the dreadful truthfulness of the events forced itself at once upon my mind.

To the many inquiries put to me relative to my pale and wretched appearance, I returned evasive answers. The moment I was alone I determined upon some plan of warning Miss Onslow of her danger, and the villainy of Travers. For a long time I was at a loss how to do this. But at last I decided upon communicating the particulars to her personally. In consonance with this decision, I prepared to seek her immediately; but being anxious to satisfy myself upon another point, I searched among all my books and papers for my tragedy, but it was nowhere to be found. This perfectly satisfied me of Paxton's perfidy.

In the course of the day I called on Miss Onslow. She was from home, but as she was expected to return in a few hours, I called again in the evening. Upon being informed of my visit, she peremptorily refused to see me.

Alarmed at the danger which impended over her, (for I tenderly loved her still), I refused to leave the house till I had seen her. I sent her message upon message, each one more imploring and earnest than the last; and it was not till all my efforts being fruitless, and I was threatened with forcible ejection if I stayed any longer, that I took my departure.

Determined not to be foiled, I hastened home, and having written a letter detailing in vivid colours Travers's premidated villainy, I forthwith despatched it by one of the servants.

(To be Continued.)

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The opening of this theatre will take place early, and, contrary to former custom, be magnificent from its very beginning. On the 26th of January, MORIANI leaves Madrid for London, to begin the season. FORNASARI'S *congé* has just been purchased, so that he should arrive at the same time; nor will a second tenor be wanting, as CORELLI will arrive with the young *basso*. ROSSI-CASSIA and CASTELLAN, it is generally asserted will be here. As regards the ballet before Easter, CARLOTTA GRISI and LUCILE GRAHN are expected; together with the young FERRARIS, from Milan; MONTUEL, CASSON, DUBIGNON, and a favourite of last year, FERDINAND. PERROT is now on his way from Milan, and after Easter comes GRISI, MARIO, LABLACHE, and CERITO. TAGLIONI will make her last curtsey. ADELE DUMILATRE is also spoken of. Several new operas will be produced. *Ernani; I Lombardi alla Crociata*, and *Nabucco*, are three operas to be brought forth by VERDI, who, it appears, will come to superintend their production. RICCI'S *Scaramuccia* will also be produced.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Mr. MITCHELL'S programme for this season, presents more in the way of attractive novelty than any that he has yet put forth; for we have nearly all new *artistes*, a new *repertoire* of pieces that embraces all that is most in vogue in Paris, and the promised production of an entirely new comedy by Alexander Dumas, brought out under his own superintendence. The subscription for the present series of performances, is for forty nights, and the arrangements are precisely those that have been so much approved of previously, viz.; the subscription nights being on the Mondays and Fridays, with the option to the subscribers of exchanging them for the Wednesdays if they prefer it. Lafont is most favourably known to many of our subscribers, by his excellent performances some few years since in "Jean and L'Ami Grandet," and other pieces of that class. He is the husband of Jenny Colon, and has performed at most of the Parisian Theatres, at each of which he has been a star of the first prominence, his ease and gentlemanly manners, and the humour and spirit of his comedy, rendering him an especial favourite, and he possesses the advantage of being a good singer, having formerly been engaged at the Opera Comique. His performances in the "Chevalier du Guet," and "Le Chevalier St. George's," are very highly spoken of in Paris, and we are to have him also in several of his most popular pieces, amongst which are "Pierre le Rouge," "Requefinette," "Père et Fils," &c. Mademoiselle Nathalie, of the Theâtre du Gymnase, also appears with Monsieur Lafont, and is just the sort of *actrice* suited to him. Madlle. Nathalie is a very pretty woman, full of life and spirits, what the French term so neatly *un peu rieuse*, and can both dance and sing charmingly, accomplishments that she introduces with much effect. Frederick Lemaitre is, we think, a most excellent engagement. Who is there that knows Paris, that does not know Frederick Lemaitre, the Talma of the Boulevards as he is termed. He is the finished actor of the day in his line. The characters he has become celebrated in, seem to be peculiarly own; no one has been able to touch them. His "R Macaire," his "Don Cæsar," and a host of others, as fresh with him as if they had never been imitate others. During his engagement, the popular play "Don Cæsar de Bazan," and "Ruy Blas," by V Hugo, will be produced; as well as the last new pie the Porte St. Martin, which now excites such ext dinary interest in Paris, and in which he has perfo for ten consecutive weeks, "La Dame de Saint Tro Madlle. Clarisse, an actress of whom report speaks highly, is also to appear at the same time. After E comes Madame Albert, who is too well and favou known to require any comments from us. She wil pear in the two new comedies of the Theâtre Fra "Une Femme à Quarante Ans," and "Le Mari Campagne," in addition to "Mathilde; ou, la Jalou and "Marie; ou, les Trois Epoques;" with favourite pieces of her *répertoire*. We are then to an actor who is quite new to this country, but v celebrity at the Palais Royale is surpassed by few *ar* of the day. Those of our readers who can remembe production of a piece called "Le Tourlouron," at the deville, might remember the great ability displayed by a young actor named Ravel, then new to Since then, Ravel has risen very rapidly in his fession, and become almost the rival of that *comique* Arnal; there is an abruptness, yet vigour, s and freshness about his acting that is quite delightful he is just the actor that is suited for this country, v he cannot fail to become exceedingly popular. He w followed by the charming and graceful Plessy, with v is engaged M. Regnier, of the Theatre Francais, an also new to this country, and one who will be of vas sistance in the higher department of comedy; in Pa is considered as ranking next to Monrose, whose ch ters he frequently takes, and with much success. performances in "Bertrand and Raton," as Osca "La Camaradine," Timothee, in "Japhet," Balan in "Une Chaine," are performances that rank deser very high at the Theatre Francaise. Achard, with his of humour, and charming *chansonettes*, has left to vourable an impression behind him to be omitted i list of engagements, and we are glad to find that he is engaged for a few nights, and will appear in the last Vaudeville of "Le Gymnase," "Babiole et Joblot, Scribe, "Ywan le Moujick," and other new pieces, the occasional representation of some of the most po plays of his *répertoire*. Arnal is reserved to wind u season, and most mirthfully will he do so. Arnal i new to this country, he has even appeared at Drury theatre; and the rich fund of comic humour that he sesses will have ample scope for display in the pieces are selected for him to appear in; he is, without tion, as a *comedien*, the most amusing of all the Pa artists: his humour seems inexhaustible, and he sup it throughout the piece; even his bye-play is ric

the extreme. For his performances will be produced "L'Homme Blasè," ("Used Up,") "L'Humoriste," "Les Gants Jannes," "Passé Minuit," ("Two in the Morning,") "Les Cabinets Particulières," "Renaudin de Caen," "Le Poltron," "La Mansarde du Crime," "Le Bal du Grande Monde," &c. The working company seems to us to have been selected with much judgment, and comprises the names of most of the favourites of last season, whilst the additions appear to us to promise most favourably; indeed, we think, taken altogether, it will be by far the best company that Mr. MITCHELL has yet had. Amongst those engaged for the season are M. Cartigny, M. Oudinot, M. Déchampes (of the Gymnase); M. Lienard, M. Bizot, M. Masquilliez, (of the Porte St. Martin); M. Tourtillon, M. Bonnet, Mademoiselle Eliza Forgeot, Madame Croset, Mademoiselle Mery, Mademoiselle Ozy (of the Variétés), Mademoiselle Estelle (of the Palais Royal), Mademoiselle Valerie (of the Odéon), Mademoiselle Chaplin, Mademoiselle Andrea (of the Porte St. Martin), Mademoiselle Bonval (of the Theatre Française), Mademoiselle Lambert (of the Variétés, &c., &c. Leader of the Orchestra—Monsieur Burotte (second chef d'orchestre at the Theatre du Vaudeville). Mademoiselle Eliza Forgeot remaining as usual the Directrice. The opening pieces, "Le Mari á la Ville," and "Pierre le Rouge," are admirably adapted for Lafont and Madlle. Nathalie, and have all the freshness of novelty to recommend them.

The subscription, we are glad to hear, is an excellent one: boasting more rank and fashion than it has done during any preceding season, so that it will quite take the lead with the aristocracy.

NEW MUSIC.

There has not been much in the way of novelty during the month in the musical world. JULLIEN has put forth some more of his dance music, amongst which those most worthy of notice are the *Queen's and Prince Albert's Polka*, in D sharp, which is light and flows smoothly, and if there is nothing remarkably novel in the movement itself, it is still well adapted for dancing to, and is an agreeable *divertimento*. *The Varsovian Mazurka* is another of the *Cellarius Waltzes*, and is in F; the time is taken rather quicker than in any of the others we have seen, but there is a good deal of character about it. *Kœnig's Beaufort Waltz* is pleasing, and written in a familiar style, though the Introduction is somewhat overlaid with accidentals; it is principally in D and E sharp. *The Greys' Polkas*, by D. OWEN, are lively and brilliant, and have a good deal of marked character about them. They are in the keys of C. and F. We are promised several novelties in the musical world. Mr. BUNN is about to produce, it is said, *Robert le Diable*, by MEYERBEER, and the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, of DONIZETTI, for DUPREZ and ANNA THILLON, though that will be some time hence. He is also said to have entered into an engagement with MEYERBEER, to superintend the production of his new opera of the *Camp of Silesia*, for which a third act is to be written. At the Princess's we are to have AUBER'S opera *The Duc D'Olonne*; a new opera by LODER; and as report says, a new opera by Sir HENRY BISHOP.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO STOWE AND STRATHFIELDSAYE.

Within the course of the last month, her Majesty has honoured the Dukes of Buckingham and Wellington with a visit at their country seats. It was understood that both visits were strictly private—the demonstration of her Majesty's personal respect and sincere regard for two of the most illustrious of her subjects. These visits may, therefore, be esteemed as "strictly private"—as not coming within that class of entertainments, which, combining a portion of political duties, with personal amusement, are suited for the notice and the comments of periodical publications. We feel it to be our duty to respect the distinction which is thus drawn between the private pleasures, and the political responsibility of the Sovereign. We abstain purposely from entering into the details of each day's amusement: it is sufficient to inform our readers, that wherever her Majesty appeared in her "royal progresses" towards Stowe or Strathfieldsaye, her presence was sure to elicit the enthusiastic cheers of a people, who respect her for her high station, honour her for her greatness, and love her for her personal virtues.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF ST. GERMANS.—We have to announce the death of this venerable and revered nobleman. The lamented event took place at Port Eliot, St. Germans, Cornwall, on the 18th of January. The noble lord had been ill only a few days; indeed, we understand he had taken an airing during the week. The cause of death was disease of the heart, to which his lordship had been subject for many years past. The unexpected demise of the noble lord has been the source of universal grief to all classes residing in the neighbourhood, by whom he was regarded not merely with respect but veneration. His Lordship singularly adorned his station in life by the most perfect humility and unselfishness—he shrank from anything like flattery or compliment; and a mere vote of thanks, however richly deserved, seemed to distress him rather than otherwise. In charity the noble lord was bountiful and unostentatious; and he was always accessible to the humblest and poorest person in the parish, to whom he would listen with patience, and whose case he would follow up with anxiety, and relieve with cheerful liberality. In a word, his Lordship was an eminent Christian. His lordship was born on the 1st of April, 1767, and was in his 78th year. He was the third and youngest son of Edward Lord Eliot, of Port Eliot, and second Earl of St. Germans, having succeeded his brother John, the first Earl, who died without issue in 1823. The deceased Earl was married four times, but had only issue by his first marriage. He is succeeded in his title and estate by his only son, Edward Granville, Lord Eliot, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of plain pale sea-green satin, made to fit quite close to the figure, over which is worn a very warm and *distinguée* looking short cloak of pale lilac *gros des Indes*, to which is attached long loose sleeves, square cape, and collar; the whole surrounded with a splendid open gymp lace bordering of the same delicate colour; this mantle is closed up from the waist to the top of the throat. A simple head-dress, composed of white lace falling on the left side in the form of a pointed lappet; and on the left side the lace is rounded; very small sprigs of pink roses are placed on either side, the leaves being of velvet; there is no crown worn to this style of cap.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of rich white satin; the *jupe* splendidly ornamented with two broad flounces of *point d'Angleterre*, the upper volant being caught up on the left side with a splendid passion flower, beautifully shaded, the green leaves being of velvet; plain corsage, and very short sleeves, which are entirely concealed by a rich lace *berthe*, meeting in the centre at the top of the corsage, and confined with a flower similar to the one on the *jupe*. The hair simply arranged with half-wreaths of pale pink shaded roses, the green leaves which are attached being very small, and forming in a kind of point on the top of the head, where they are attached together.

FULL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—This costume is composed of pale blue satin; the skirt, which is ample in its width, being ornamented with a succession of rows of blue and silver gauze ribbon of different widths, gradually narrowing upwards; plain low pointed corsage; the waist surrounded with a very narrow kind of vandyked frilling bound with silver ribbon; up the centre of the corsage is placed a fancy ornament of pearls, the upper part of the corsage having a row of silver forming a heading; the short sleeve is entirely formed of three double frillings put on moderately full; the top of the long white gloves surrounded with a narrow fulling of *tulle*. The hair is handsomely decorated with three twisted ostrich feathers, and a mixture of pearls amongst the plaits of hair; the front part arranged in ringlets confined with splendid silver-mounted front combs.

PLATE THE THIRD.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—This elegant costume is made in purple velvet; the skirt being richly decorated with *martre* fur in the shape of a deep flounce, which surrounds the bottom part of the dress; the *caraco* body is made high up to the throat, and entirely encircled with a narrow row of the same description of fur, meeting and closing up the centre of the corsage; long tight plain sleeves, finished with pointed cuffs of fur. Scarf *mantelet* of *martre* fur, lined and wadded; the white satin lining being quilted in a large pattern. Capote of black raised velvet of a honeyco pattern, decorated on the right side of the crown wit cluster of small pink roses, encircled with a broad full of black lace.

VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A splendid robe of pale green satin; skirt trimmed with five rows of black *guipure* lace, e row headed with a narrow band of satin, corded on e side either with black satin or velvet; high pointed c sage, fitting close to the figure, and decorated round throat with a row of *guipure* lace, five rows of the sa being put on the front of the body in the form of a h stomacher; *demi*-sleeves, straight, and formed rat wider below the elbow than at the top part, also encirc with a row of lace; under fulled sleeves of *batiste*, w *manchèttes* of lace. Capote of pink *velours épinglé*; form of the brim being rather shallow, and rounded; crown decorated with a long pink shaded twisted ostr plume.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—An elegant robe of very pale pink satin; skirt richly decorated with three rows of trimming, e of which are composed of fullings of *areophane* ga down nine times, and diversified at regular intervals w loops of narrow pink satin ribbon put on rather slantin these trimmings are placed each at the same distance, one from the other, on the dress; the *berthe* which de rates the top of the low pointed corsage being formed the same kind of trimming attached in the centre of front with a cluster of beautiful shaded pink roses simi to the bouquet; this *berthe* entirely conceals the sh plain *chemisette* sleeve, which is edged with a narr white blonde. The hair is ornamented with a splen ornament of pearls and gold, the former drooping in fi rows on each side of the head, attached together with v *petit* gold chains.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

THEATRE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—An under-dress of pale lavender satin; t high body and sleeves made of India muslin; the corsa opening down the front, and headed with a fulling of *tul* through which may be passed any light coloured ribbo according to the wearer's taste; the sleeves fulled and tached across at regular intervals with bands of lace inle *Manchettes* of broad lace. *Pardessus* of rich purp velvet, faced with cross pieces of the same; this *pardess* is made to open all the way down the front, the body bei half high so as to show the under corsage, and is head with a flat *biais* piece forming a kind of small cape; a lo straight sleeve reaching half way below the elbow, a likewise faced with a *biais* forming a kind of man's cu the skirt is made also to open up each side. Head-dre of white lace, passing over the top of the head quite fl and square at each end, the centre part being trimm

with a double fluting of lavender gauze ribbon, and attached on each side the head-dress with two long ends of the same, fringed at the lower edges.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This dress is composed of an under-skirt of white crape worn over a pale primrose satin slip, and trimmed round the bottom with three rather broad fullings of the same material headed with a small corkscrew trimming; the upper dress is also composed of white *crêpe*; the lower edge of the skirt touching the top of the trimming of the under-dress; the left side caught up with a *guirlande* of delicate small pink and white roses; the right of the *jupe* trimmed with three fullings of the same inserted in the dress lengthways; pointed low corsage; the top part decorated with folds of white *crêpe*, which surrounds the top of the bust, and is attached in the centre of the front with a half-wreath of small pink and white roses, a row of the same surrounding the bottom part of the short full sleeve, which is edged also with a frilling composed of a fold of *crêpe*. The hair is decorated with a double band of crimson velvet passing over the top of the head, and attached on each side with a moderate sized roseate of the same, from which depends five loops of crimson velvet.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—This elegant costume is made of a rich white satin shot with pale green; *à double jupe*; the top skirt tastefully trimmed with a white lace surrounding the edge of it, and ascending three times up the left side of the skirt as far as the waist; this side of the skirt being also ornamented with clusters of beautiful roses shaded pink and white, the foliage of which being composed of dark green velvet; pointed low corsage; the top of which is trimmed with folds of satin; a loose hanging short sleeve, looped up on the top of the arm, and attached with pink roses the same as the centre of the body. The hair decorated with a splendid wreath of flowers shaded pink and white, and composed of velvet.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

COSTUME DE NORMANDIE.

FIG. 1.—Boddice of green velvet, fitting tight, the waist pointed; a plain short sleeve, trimmed with three bands of gold lace, and a deep ruffle falling below the elbow; the seams at the back are marked by a gold lace, and a band of the same is round the armhole; a deep fall of lace surrounds the neck of the boddice: the skirt is of green satin, short and full, and trimmed at the bottom to correspond with the body, it is looped upon the right side; under skirt of crimson silk, having round the bottom two rows of black velvet, edged with gold. Apron of black lace, fully trimmed. Head dress composed of a small cap *à la Normandie*, the trimming of which is black velvet, edged with gold; a small hat of black lace is placed very forward on the top of the head, it is ornamented with gold, and has long lappets.

GREEK COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Tunic of white cachmeire, the corsage rather high, and edged with a double row of gold embroidery; it is buttoned to the waist by rubies; the skirt of the tunic is extremely full, and descends a little below the knees; the sash is composed of a splendid cachmeire scarf, clasped by rubies, and having a deep gold fringe at the ends. Pelisse *à la Grèc* of pale blue silk, edged and embroidered with gold; the sleeves are short and plain, and open in the front, from under them hang long open sleeves of gauze, with a deep gold embroidery; loose trowsers of pale primrose-coloured silk, drawn round the ancle; a small Greek cap embroidered with gold, and a large gold tassel drooping on the left shoulder, complete this very elegant and *distinguée* fancy costume.

SWISS COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—*Jupe* of rich crimson silk, bordered by velvet of the same colour; small boddice of black velvet, perfectly plain; under boddice and sleeves of plain *batiste*; the sleeves reach a little below the elbow, and are composed of three large puffs, each being separated by a band of gold; the small cape or tippet is of pale straw-coloured silk, bordered with black velvet; it has a small square collar standing up, of black velvet, lined with white satin; apron of *batiste*, bordered with sea green. The head dress is composed of a small embroidered silk cap, fitting close to the head, and ornamented with rows of pearls, a kind of fan of crimson silk is placed a little on the right side, at the back of which are placed some very light *marabout* feathers.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress of pink *crêpe* worn over a *jupe* of satin of the same colour; the corsage low and plain; the waist long and *à pointe*; the sleeves short and plain; a deep cape *à la berthe* surrounds the neck of the dress, and is trimmed with four rows of narrow black satin *rouleaus*; the skirt is very large, and extremely full, being perfectly plain; the second skirt, *à la robe*, descends a little below the knees, and is surrounded with black satin *rouleaus*, which decrease in width as they approach the waist; this costume is an exceedingly elegant one, and is at once both becoming and *distinguée*.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A dress of *tarlatan* embroidered with fine wool; the corsage low and plain, the waist and point very long; a double cape, indented at the edge, and bound with white satin, falls very deep at the back and on the shoulders, entirely covering the plain short sleeves, and is brought quite to a point in the centre of the bust; the *jupe* is double; the under skirt being exceedingly long and full; the second is nearly as long behind, but is very short in the front; the edge is indented, and bound with satin; three *nœuds* of pink satin ribbon, having long ends, are placed on each side the skirt; those near the waist being smaller than the others.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Dress of green satin, striped and watered; it is high on the shoulders, and open in the front *à l'Amazone*, having two small capes turning back towards the shoulders, they are pinked at the edge; the waist is long,

and the dress fastening before, is left open at the point; a small double epaulette falls over a sleeve composed of rows of lace fulled transversely, and finished a little way above the wrist by a narrow band and ruffle; the skirt is very long and full, is open in the front, and has a plain facing *èn biais*, pinked at the edge, and turned back *à la* robe, being narrow at the waist, and increasing in width towards the bottom; underneath is a breadth of plain satin, of the lightest shade of the dress, on which is placed two rows of very broad and rich *guipûre* lace; chemisette to correspond. A small hat of black velvet, having on the inside of the brim on the right side, rosettes of black lace, and ends of velvet edged with lace; on the left side of the crown is a small plume of *marabout* feathers.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1845.

At this moment, and at this particular season of the year, there reigns in the houses of our *modistes* a very perceptible animation and bustle, if we may judge by the preparations going forward, in order to prepare and execute those exquisite costumes intended for both evening and morning wear; the opening of the Houses of Parliament, and the number of marriages which are about to take place, causing double occupation for our *artistes*. Amidst such a variety, it is almost difficult to decide upon which is most worthy of attention; we have, however, chosen to commence with

Carriage Hats and Bonnets.—Both are more remarkable for their elegance than for their novelty, as they vary but very little in their form, those that have already been adopted retaining all their favour, the colours alone constituting their novelty. Most of them are composed of velvet. We have cited the following as most worthy of attention:—The first, made in emerald green velvet, decorated with a branch of leaves also made of velvet. The second of black velvet, ornamented with a graceful heron plume, and trimmed under the brim with a fringed blue *Napoléon* ribbon; and the third, in white velvet, solely decorated with a lappet of English lace, crossed over the *calotte*, and drooping a little backward on each side, a second lappet which is plaited, is put over the brim and forms the *brides*; this hat is considered remarkable for its elegance and perfect taste. Those in satin are mostly decorated with drooping feathers *glâcé*, with *Mancinis* composed of *coques* of ribbon.

Ball Head Dresses are principally composed of hair, and we observe that ringlets, or as they are termed *Anglaises*, are, if possible, more numerous than the *Bandeaux*. Of the former style we may cite the following as one of the latest and most fashionable modes adopted:—The front hair being parted in the centre, forming waving bands on each side as low down as the eyes, and then the rest or points is curled in four very long ringlets; in the midst of these curls must be carefully fixed a *petite canetille*, and which reunites on each side the *cordon* which attaches the back hair; the front part of this head dress takes the name of the Polka, wh is likewise completed by the back hair being formed i a plait, which is likewise interlaced with an Alger embroidery, forming a kind of small turban inclining wards the left side; two ends are reserved of the e broidery, finished with rich tassels, which are allowed droop on the right side of the head. Another very li and simple kind of coiffure, is the placing round the b plait of hair a beautiful crown of heath blossom, to wh it is affixed by the aid of three *marabouts*, droop gracefully on each side of the head. We have also s this kind of wreath fastened on each side with large ros This is particularly becoming, especially when the fr hair is worn in bands. In speaking of wreaths we n here observe, that those which have met with the m decided success, are the *guirlandes Marie Stuart*, wh are not only extremely graceful, but very distinguis looking. We must not omit mentioning, also, that co is now all the rage with some of our *élégantés*, hav been successfully introduced by the young and Duchess of Aumale, made in the form of a coronet, s mounted with balls of rich pearls, and placed round back part of the hair. Then, again, there is the *coiff ionienne*, which is made simply of a band of velvet, eit sky blue, pink, or purple, *posé à l'Antique* over forehead, and allowing to fall from each side of the he a small veil of brilliant gauze, of a mixture of gold a silver.

Trimmings of Full Dress Robes.—Those wh are most in vogue, are called *les Montants*, that is to s trimmings placed on each side of the skirt. We h seen several very beautiful wreaths made for this purpo which are composed of foliage *semés*, with a kind enamel which glitters at candle light like precious ston and droops gracefully upon branches of a rich shrub, su as the arbutos. For velvet or satin dresses, rich bro lace is the most favourite trimmings, put on in the fo of *volants*. Those robes of a light hue being decora with white point lace, whilst those of darker shades ornamented with black.

Dress Hats for the Theatre are principa composed of white or black lace, and lined with a lig coloured gauze, such as pink or blue, decorated wi *marabout* feathers either white or black, tipped with t same colours as the linings.

Pelisses.—Velvet ones are much in favour for t public promenades, and as the weather is at present ve cold, several are trimmed with fur, dark furs being t most in estimation. Among those that are not trimm with fur, we have noticed several of satin, the corsa turning back, and fastened with beautiful buttons. Spe cers *à basques* are also much worn, made of velvet, a sometimes trimmed with rich black lace. They look ve rich when worn with *jupes* of satin or watered silk.

Peignoirs are principally made in rich silks or satin and trimmed with *rèvers* of velvet, every description costume not being considered complete without eith being trimmed with velvet, or composed entirely of th magnificent material.

Ball Dresses—Robes a Ruban.—Although we have made mention before of this novelty, still its success is so decided, that we cannot refrain from again speaking of it. The colours of those ribbons are so pretty, and the fringes so fresh and light in their appearance, that they are generally put on in eight or ten rows, particularly when intended for trimming of those becoming and youthful style of *crêpe* and *tulle* dresses. We must also mention those very elegant dresses composed of velours-satin, of a rich pink colour, the front part of the *jupe* (that is to say, the front breadth) entirely covered with a rich lace, upon each side of which is *posée* two wreaths of small flowers, having a very large rose at the end of each wreath, also encircled with very small flowers. Plain corsage, very low and pointed, and decorated with a *berthe* composed of two rows of lace, open in the front, and only reaching on each side as far as the side seams of the corsage, where it is attached with small wreaths of flowers, descending on each side as far as the point of the waist. Plain short sleeves, with *manchettes* of rich lace, headed with a *petit* wreath of flowers. Also a dress, the texture of which is silk, striped yellow and white, the white stripe being figured over with small pink roses; the *jupe* of this costume is made open, so as to show an under front breadth of yellow satin, joined on to the skirt by means of a rich black lace, which is put on plain, and ornamented with *nœuds* of yellow satin ribbon. The corsage is made very low and pointed, *à triple conture*, the two front pieces being composed of yellow satin, similar to the front of the skirt, and richly embroidered the whole length in gold. *Mantille* of black lace, the front part descending as low as the point of the corsage, and reaching no further than the side seams, so as to render the whole of the centre part visible. Very short sleeves, and *manchettes* of black lace, raised or caught up with a *nœud* of yellow satin ribbon.

Kazawejck.—Notwithstanding this somewhat barbarous name, we can assure our fair readers that it is as comfortable a novelty as the season has produced. *Le Kazawejck* is a kind of small *dolman* with sleeves, and which is made in velvet, lined with satin, wadded and quilted, trimmed either with lace, fur, or embroidery. It is made so as to remain open, or fasten up over the chest, according to the make of the under dress, as it is intended to replace the shawl, which is so often used by our *élégantés* for throwing over their shoulders when awaiting their carriage; it also serves to replace the *camail*. *Le Kazawejck* is, in reality, a very precious comfort, as it may be thrown upon a sofa, or any other place, without injuring it in any way. We particularly recommend those which are made in black velvet lined with pink, *grenat* velvet lined with white satin, white satin lined with cerise, or white encircled with a bordering of swansdown. Sometimes they are lined entirely with ermine, which has a very magnificent and regal appearance.

Les Toilettes de Ville.—The most universal kind of costume for out-door dress, are those comfortable *paletots*, which are entirely *doublés*, with rich furs, also those elegant pelisses in velvet, trimmed with dark furs, such as *martre*, to which are added muffs of the same description of fur for travelling. Cloaks made of bright coloured plaided cachmeires are much in vogue, the cape which is large, and small square collar, being trimmed with *biais* of velvet, the colour of the darkest plaid stripe, the interior lined with wadded silk, quilted in a large pattern, the same hue as the velvet.

Fashionable Colours do not vary much for the present month, dark hues being all in favour for out-door costume, such as purple, different shades of green, dark ruby, and above all, black. For evening dress light colours prevail, such as *mauvé*, pink, blue, pale lilac, and white.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Our predictions of a brilliant season are being amply verified, the fashionable winter having commenced with an unusual degree of gaiety and splendour. Several splendid *fêtes* are also in preparation, and numbers of our young *noblesse* are looking forward with anxiety to what will be most becoming for their forthcoming presentation costume, all that art and taste can invent being brought into requisition for this (to them) most momentous occasion. We will, however, before directing our fair readers' attention to these details, first see what novelty there is in evening costume, and will, therefore, commence by looking over what intelligence we have received respecting

Materials for full dress. Those which are most in favour being *Le Pompadour velonté*, *le Pekin satin à grappes*, *le royal bananier*, having its rich leaves raised upon a satin ground, and the *royal Mandarin*, with its rich and varied shades, and forming squares of precious stones upon satin stripes, all of these rich materials being now in much request.

Materials for Ball Dresses are now composed of lighter textures. We may cite as pre-eminent in beauty, embroidered *crêpes ombrés*, gauzes, also numbers of light silks prettily designed, such as *le poult de soie feuille*, *le damas taille douce*, *le Pekin guirlande*, *le royal point d'Alençon*, and *le point d'Isly*.

Evening Dresses are mostly composed of heavy and rich materials, such as shot silks, velvets, and satins; the most elegant style of costume are those made after the following fashion:—Robe of shot silk; *pardessus* of silver grey satin, reaching no lower than the knee, and ornamented all round, as well as the two sides of the front, with a splendid *dentelle de velours*; a second row of the same being placed some little way above, and finishing in the front under the first row; close fitting corsage, ornamented with a lace forming a continuation to the one on the skirt; square pelerine reaching no lower than the waist, and small collar likewise of a square form, both of which are similarly decorated with a *dentelle de velours*: *manches* (sleeves) *à la religieuse*, the facings of which are covered with lace. A very rich style of costume for a concert or evening dress, is made in satin, having wide facings, those on the body forming a kind of *berthe*, and fastened

in front with an enamelled *châtelaine*; these facings are composed of velvet as well as the three flounces which decorate the skirt, the facings and flounces being edged with a broad and rich embroidery or *dentelle de velours*, or else a very broad fringe; the latter ornament in particular being much in favour; the sleeves are made very short and *masquées* by the facings on the corsage, under which is seen a *chemisette* formed of a single piece, having, in consequence, the appearance of a corsage *à la vierge*; this *chemisette* surrounds the top of the bust, and is composed of very fine muslin, trimmed with very fine lace, and ornamented with open-work embroidery; under-sleeves of lace, fulled in the under seam, and confined round the wrists with enamelled bracelets. For a young lady, we strongly recommend the following very elegant dress, made of *soierie glacé;* corsage *aux deux tiers*, very low, and *busqué*; the top part trimmed with a broad facing forming a *berthe*; short sleeves, not very wide, and nearly covered by the *revers*; open skirt; each side ornamented with a *revers*, forming a quilling, upon which descends three rows of ribbon put on plain.

Capotes.—We observe that those made of satin are much in favour trimmed with velvet, particularly morning ones; when they are made in light colours no other trimming is used but ribbons; for a *demi-toilette. velours épinglé* is the material preferred, both in white, sky blue, and pink; these are decorated with bouquets of small feathers *posée* upon the sides, or marabouts of the same colour as the material, edged with white. We have remarked several very pretty looking capotes for promenade, composed of velvet and *agrafée*, with *nœuds* of the same, lined with satin of a different colour, but not of a colour sufficient to make it too *prononce*, such as pale green in the interior, and a beautiful laurel green on the exterior, the palest colour being always placed in the interior. Another very becoming style of morning capote are those which are made in pale fawn-colour *velours épinglé*, lined with pale pink satin, and decorated with *nœuds* of pink ribbon in the interior, and slender leaves of the same material as the exterior falls over each side of the crown, attached in the centre and on the top of the crown with a knot of the same.

Coiffures.—They are of infinite variety, the generality of them being, however, formed *à la Fanchon*, shewing to great advantage the lace of which they are composed; a profusion of flowers are now also much used for the decorating of those pretty little caps called *jeune femme* for a theatre; no style of coiffure can be better adapted (particularly becoming to young ladies) than those wreaths of gold or silver ribbons placed very far back on the head; also *le petit bonnet Marquise* retains all its favour, being slightly modified after the following fashion. The crown, or foundation of the cap, composed of blonde, the designs of which are made expressly for it, and decorated with blonde lappets arranged in *nœuds*, which are attached with a single flower, or a cluster of precious stones. We cannot fail to admire, also, those little *toquets* in pink or blue velvet, encircled with a narrow scarf in net work or gauze, a mixture of silk and silver, the stripes being crossways, and the ends finished with a rich fri of the same rich materials, falling low on one side of neck. A very *distinguée* kind of head-dress is formed a narrow *bord* of black velvet, ornamented with two r of pearls, the top row being placed on the edge, and second row round the head, raised on the right side w two small *frisées* feathers mixing with the curls of h We have observed that the most fashionable head-dre are worn very shallow at the ears, and are more or placed backwards on the head; long drooping ends ribbon *des pompons*, or branches of detached flowers, d cending upon the neck, being the sole *prolongements* p mitted in *coiffures à la mode*. Velvets of all colours now in great request for some of the present style of he dresses, and are mostly intermixed with lappets of and blonde; a lighter and richer description of materia also used, being a kind of net work either of gold or silv when the former, they are enriched with clusters of pe falling on each side.

Visiting Dresses.—Those most in favour are entir composed of velvet made in the amazonian form, richly ornamented with *dentelle de velours*; *pardessu* the same costly material; *à manches demi-longues*, rat smaller at the top, and wider towards the lower part; lacings and *tréfles* (trefoil) of embroidery; the fronts the *pardessus* are *à petit revers*, which will allow of being crossed at will; others, which are also composed velvet, plain or *épinglé*, are ornamented with rather la silver buttons, or buttons ornamented with preci stones; if the latter, they are only placed upon the c sage. Several very elegant mantelets have also appear called *un Mantelet ètole*, of an entire new form; m principally of *moire*, lined and wadded, and encircled w a rich velvet lace put on flat; the ends of this *mant* are made very wide, and the pelerine very spacious, plaits round the neck being sufficiently deep to admit its forming invisible sleeves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"*Helen's*" contribution has been received, and sh certainly appear in our next.

"*Home and Hope*" shall have an early insertion.

"*Stanzas to E*," under consideration.

"R. S.," received and accepted.

"*Stanzas to G*," in our next.

If "*Elize*" will favour us with her address, we sh reply by post to her last communication.

Falmouth.—White is proper for wedding favours.

Communications to be inserted, should be forward by the 10th of the month.

Books and Music cannot be reviewed, unless copies forwarded to the Editress of the "World of Fashio for that purpose.

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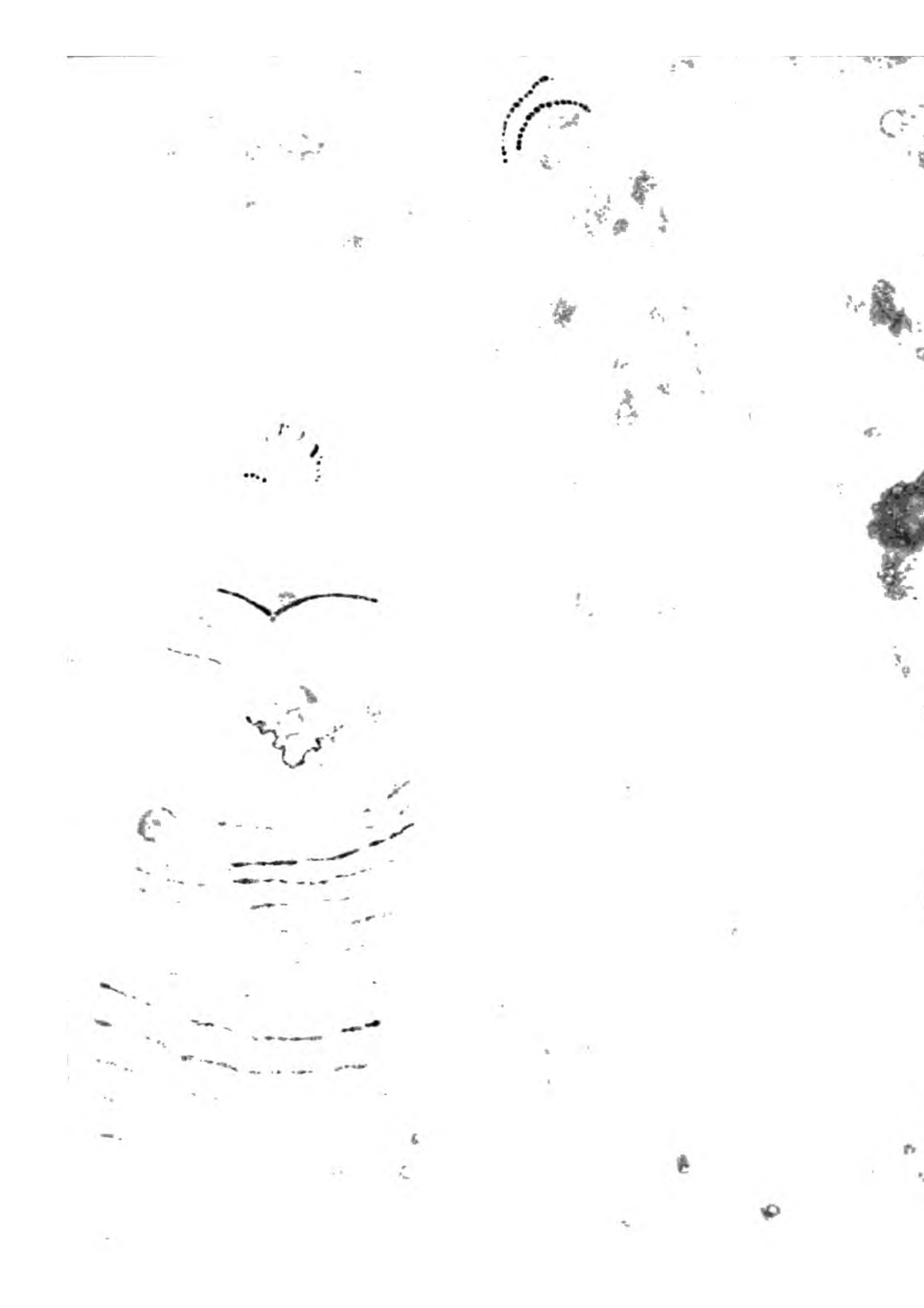
Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. James's. (1)



Normandy
Greek
Swiss

THE WORLD OF FASHION,

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, MARCH 1, 1845.

THE MAN OF HONOUR;

OR,

THE TRIALS OF VIRTUE.

" That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds—
His honour." SHAKSPEARE.

If there was a truly happy man in this world, Ambrose Dumesnil was one. God had bestowed upon him unsparingly, all those gifts that sweeten life, and constitute felicity. Health, content, and cheerfulness were his, with a never-ending desire of assisting his fellow-creatures. His tastes were simple, and his fortune moderate, yet more than ample to supply all his wants and wishes.

Dumesnil was thirty-three years of age, and calmly enjoyed existence, unmolested by the passions that governed his youth. A distaste for the din and bustle of the world, and a desire for profound repose, induced him to take up his residence in a charming house, in a retired but beautiful village. There he lived in peace with himself and with the world, cultivating those pursuits which yielded to him the greatest pleasures—his books and his garden, with its shady walks and blooming flowers; he abandoned himself to these enjoyments, forgetful of the world, and felt and acknowledged his life to be one of uninterrupted happiness, for Ambrose was perfectly satisfied with his moderate means, which enabled him to live in peaceful obscurity. He did not wish to go beyond the limits of his own garden, and refused alike, with equal indifference, the splendours, and the riches, and the honours of the academy.

Sometimes his thoughts would wander back to Paris, and he would sigh at the recollection of his former vanities.

" Poor people," thought he, " who agitate themselves so uselessly in that vortex of pleasure, and spend their lives in following a gilded chimera."

The daily journals which he received and read, brought him vast subjects for meditation; he encountered from time to time the names of one or other of his old companions—some members of the bar, some devoting themselves to literature, and others aiding their country by their wise counsels. Some rising, others falling, he deplored the misfortune of one party, without being jealous of the success of the other.

" I would not change the happy mediocrity of my condition," said he, with sincerity, " for all the triumphs and prosperity of the most favoured. And yet," he continued in a subdued voice, " if I had not been enlightened by reason, I also might have followed these frivolous enjoyments, not so much to gratify himself, but for her ——."

Where is the man that finds not in the past, the tomb of many a bright illusion and cherished hope? The heart of Ambrose Dumesnil had not been wholly exempt from weakness, and in looking back upon the past, he could traverse with the clear torch of memory, scenes replete with witchery, sadness, and disappointment. And he could still gaze with rapture on those gifts of the first and only love that had ever penetrated his heart. These gifts were a letter and a lock of hair. These treasures he preserved with pious care. The hair was bright gold colour, and the letter was signed Lucy. He could now smile, looking at this tress of hair, and that letter that he had so often bathed with his tears.

Does not time, with more than magic power, heal all wounds of the heart, let them be ever so deadly? Ten years had rolled by since the birth of that love, which the determined opposition of his family had reduced to despair. Dumesnil soon after quitted the province, and betook himself to Paris, where all was forgotten, and he heard no more of his loved Lucy.

" Doubtless," thought he, " she no longer thinks of me. At sixteen, the impressions are as speedily effaced as they are created.

Dumesnil, notwithstanding his modesty and retirement, was unable to withdraw altogether from the observation and admiration of his friends. They often visited him in his retreat, asking counsel of his wisdom whenever they found themselves in any difficulty. They always cited him as an example of sound sense, joined to a noble and benevolent heart, for Dumesnil was not only a professor of good principles, but a constant practiser of

them. Such men are rare, and therefore obtain a certain celebrity whenever they are found. We are willing to do justice to their merits, but never to imitate them, consequently the reputation of Dumesnil was established upon a solid and extensive basis, and he was called "the wise and honest man," titles which he certainly more than merited. This recompense of his virtues would have proved satisfactory, if his friends had not passed from admiration into indiscretion.

Under the notion that Dumesnil was full of benevolence, truth, and wisdom, they first came to consult him upon affairs of consequence, then he was appointed an arbitrator in all matters of deep importance, and his retirement and quiet was broken in upon every moment.

"We leave all to you," his friends would say, "because we know not any other man as honest or as just."

One of his old college companions endeavoured to force him to accept a post of great political importance, in which it was of the utmost consequence to have a truly honest man. But this Dumesnil resisted vigorously, saying that the wealth of the world would not induce him to embark in the fatigues and cares of a political life, but other missions he could not refuse, which were equally repugnant to him to perform. Two of his friends named him executor to their last will and testament; a third, on his death bed, confided to him the guardianship of three children, the eldest only seven years of age. How refuse the prayer of a dying friend? of a fond father who said with expiring voice,

"Take pity on my poor orphans; if you abandon them, they will fall into the hands of greedy relatives, who will despoil them of the little I am enabled to leave. I know but one honest man who will protect their interests as he would his own, and this consoling thought will sweeten the pangs of our cruel separation. Let me die in peace, with this consolatory assurance, and my last words shall be to bless and pray for you."

Dumesnil accepted the guardianship of his young charges, but from the moment he undertook this serious responsibility, he felt all the weight and embarrassment of the father of a family. Farewell the quiet calm of that peaceful retreat, where he had lived alone and happy for so many years. Farewell the silence and the study that had soothed and sweetened the bye-gone days of his existence. For the first time the philosopher perceived that his house was small, and scarcely accommodated his young guests. His beautiful garden was converted into a play-ground, and his cherished plants and flowers, trampled under the feet of his heedless and merry visitors.

At the farthest end of the garden, Dumesnil constructed a pavilion, to which he removed his library.

"At least," thought he, "here I shall be quiet and enjoy repose. The expense is somewhat more than I am able to bear, but I shall get over it by strict economy."

In fine, the honest guardian was obliged to mortgage part of his estate to pay the architect. Thus he clearly saw his ruin was commenced, for it is difficult for a man to practise economy, who has but just enough to live upon.

Dumesnil felt this sad truth, yet he lost not courag

"After all," said he, "I can work, or write, as many others are obliged to do, but then I shall obliged to renounce my loved solitude and sweet in pendence, which has so many charms for me."

One evening, as our philosopher was plunged into of those reveries, in which the bitter necessity of exer was manifesting itself to him, a carriage stopped sudd at the door.

"Who can this be, at such an hour?" thought "but it must be some mistake."

A loud knock was now heard; Dumesnil went hin to the door.

"Ah! is it you, Dumesnil?" said a well-kn voice.

"Yes," replied he, approaching the door of the riage, in order to ascertain who really was the speal and when he saw his friend, he exclaimed, "Sainval what happy chance ——."

"I shall explain all in a moment, but first assist n taking down this box."

"It is extremely heavy," said Ambrose.

"Yes; for the article it contains is made of iron."

"What is it, then?" demanded our hero.

"The model of a steam-engine, of my own inven a discovery that I have brought to you, in order to your opinion of it."

Sainval dismissed the carriage; the box was transpo into the drawing-room, and placed upon the table.

"So, at last you have become industrious," Dumesnil.

"Not in the least; that is what I shall never replied Sainval.

"Then I have not understood you rightly. Is it a steam-engine of your own invention?" said Dume

"I only said that before the coachman," replied S val, "there was no necessity in making him as wise am myself."

"Well, we are now alone, you may therefore s freely; what does this box contain?"

"My fortune," replied Sainval; in saying whic raised the lid of the box, which was filled with "Yes," continued he, "my entire fortune, five hun thousand francs."

"And why bring it here?" demanded Dumesnil.

"To confide it to your care. It is a service wh entreat of you to grant me, and I feel assured you not refuse me. One of my uncles has died lately, left me a considerable fortune. This sum is but a tion of my inheritance, and in order to secure the mainder, it is necessary that I proceed to the U States. I start this very night, as the least delay w be fatal to my interests. Now, you can well under that I cannot take this gold with me."

"Yes—but you could place it"—

"With you," interrupted Sainval. "You are the man on earth I would confide in. Nothing is soli safe now a-days. Bankers or notaries, they are all surrounded with peril. There is nothing certain bu

conscience of an honest man, and I know but one, and that one is yourself. I shall certainly deprive myself of the interest I might otherwise gain, but yet I shall be certain of finding the principal. Now, as I leave in such a hurry, just give me a receipt on plain paper for the sum, as sudden death might occur, and with this simple acknowledgment I shall start with perfect tranquillity and content."

Dumesnil's objections were repulsed by his friend, and the honest man was unwillingly obliged to accept this mark of confidence. Sainval departed, leaving the five hundred thousand francs.

Scarcely was he left alone with his treasure, than Dumesnil began to comprehend the innumerable annoyances attending such a deposit. Where could he place the box? In what secret corner would he hide it? If any one was aware of his having such a sum of gold in the house, what unhappy consequences might ensue? From this moment Dumesnil lost the blissful security which he had formerly enjoyed, and experienced all the tormenting anxieties of a miser.

What would he not have given to be restored to his former comparative poverty. He now looked with suspicion upon everybody, his house appeared more insecure than he had formerly thought it, and it would be necessary forthwith to have iron spikes put round the garden. At each moment of the day he left his books to see that the treasure was secure. At night he would start from his sleep under the impression that he heard robbers. Then he would shut himself up for hours to count over the gold, and assure himself that the deposit was as it was left to his care.

Thus, as guardian to the children, and as miser over the gold, Dumesnil suffered all the cruel anxieties attendant upon paternity and riches, without having the joys of either. And it was his character for being an honest man that drew upon him the honour of performing these double functions, so delicate and so embarrassing. Certainly the charge was heavy, and somewhat more than our poor hero was able to bear, and rather a heavy toll for worth and honesty to pay.

About two months after the deposit of gold, our unfortunate philosopher was doomed to receive another visitor, another friend—the friend of early boyhood, whom he had not seen for fifteen years.

"My dear Martigny," said Dumesnil, warmly grasping his hand, "you would not believe the joy I feel in seeing you once again. For now I stand in great need of your sympathy and friendship."

"Are you unhappy? But no, that cannot be. I have the world's opinion of you. I know that you are a philosopher, and a wise man, content with your lot, surrounded by the esteem and admiration of all. Yes, my friend, the world respects and honours you, and it is your brilliant reputation which brings me here at the present moment."

"What can I do for you?" asked Dumesnil in a faint voice, with a presentiment of increased embarrassment.

"I have a great favour to ask of you," said Martigny.

"I doubt my power of granting it," said our hero.

"Ah! Dumesnil, I expected not that cold reception when I calculated on our old friendship. I now perceive that I have more difficulties to battle with than I had calculated upon."

"Pardon me, my friend. I wish not to offend, or refuse you. Speak, and if it is possible for me to render you any service, I pledge you my honour to do so unhesitatingly."

"Yes, you can, and moreover I tell you that you are the only man in the world whom I would ask or allow to aid me in the critical situation in which I am placed."

"Explain yourself, then. I am all attention," said Dumesnil.

"I leave this very night for a distant journey," said Martigny.

"You also!"

But what matter, thought Dumesnil, two treasures will not be more difficult to guard than one. I shall be obliged to enlarge my money-box, that's all.

"It would be tedious, and perhaps useless, to tell you the motives of this journey. Enough to say that it is of vital importance to my prospects and future welfare. I shall embark the day after to-morrow from Havre, but I go alone my friend, although I am married. My wife is in delicate health, and the physicians declare that she would be unable to endure the fatigues of so long a journey. I cannot then bring her with me, and must, therefore, leave her in France. How am I to leave a young and lovely woman without protection. She has not a relation to whom I could confide her. I have but one friend, noble, generous, and honourable, with whom I would deposit that sacred trust, and that friend is—yourself."

"What! Martigny, your wife?" exclaimed Dumesnil, in a voice of alarm.

"Yes, I have your word, and I calculate upon its fulfilment. You will accept the charge that I shall leave to your care and vigilance. My wife is at Paris; I shall proceed there forthwith, and bring her back here. I feel assured she will not embarrass you in the least, as she is mild and modest, sweet and charming. As to the expenses of her sojourn with you, we shall settle that on my return. Farewell my friend. I shall remember this service with an eternal recollection of gratitude."

"Well," said Dumesnil, when Martigny had gone, "I shall take up my lodging in the pavilion, and put my books in the garret."

Some hours after the visit of the husband, Madame Martigny arrived. What was Dumesnil's astonishment to recognise in his friend's wife, the object of his first and only love.

"Can my eyes deceive me," exclaimed Ambrose, "or do I really see Lucy before me?"

"Yes! Ambrose, yes. Your old friend Lucy has become the bride of your old companion Martigny."

"And did you know to whom you were coming?" asked Dumesnil.

"Yes. But I did not know it till I was far advanced on my journey, when it was impossible to recede."

"And did you name to your husband that you were the object of my early attachment?" inquired Ambrose.

"No! I did not," replied Lucy. "For under the circumstances I thought it imprudent unnecessarily to agitate his mind. Besides, I had every reliance upon your honour, and the reputation you had acquired forbid me to doubt you. I feel assured the love you once felt has been long since forgotten, and my image has completely faded from your imagination."

Dumesnil believed that she was right, but this unlooked for apparition, this singular meeting, had operated like a revolution in the heart of the philosophic Ambrose, and although the flames of love had been for some time smothered, yet they were not completely extinguished, and only required the breath of circumstances to burst out afresh. Dumesnil soon perceived this: but what was to be done? Could he with propriety leave the charge he had pledged himself to protect? Would he be justified in deceiving the friend who had trusted him? He would consider her as an additional ward—a second treasure; but a treasure far more difficult to protect than the other, for he had to guard against himself, as well as guard her from the contact of others.

Never was virtue more tried—never did virtue conquer more gloriously. The honesty of this man had exposed him to all sorts of inconveniencies. His house was made a nursery of—his exquisitely cultivated garden converted into a play-ground—his retirement destroyed—his peace invaded—all his best and dearest occupations intruded upon, and all this because he was more honourable, honest, wise, and benevolent than the generality of his fellow men. Still Dumesnil, much as he deplored the circumstances under which he was placed, persevered in strictly doing his duty, although at times he felt the burden more than he was able to bear.

At length he began to despair, and looked forward to death, which could alone, he thought, release him from the annoyances which he now felt were beyond human endurance, when a letter arrived from Philadelphia sealed with black, announcing the death of Martigny, and stating that previous to his decease he had fulfilled the object of his journey. He had found the man whom he sought—the thief who had robbed him of five hundred thousand francs—and that man was Sainval.

Thus virtue, after having suffered much, was about to be recompensed. Ambrose Dumesnil married Lucy, the undisputed inheritor of her husband's wealth, and thus became the legitimate proprietor of the double deposit confided to his honour and truth.

BELINDA.

CHARADE.

My first it is called the best part of a pig;
If I was my second, a Doctor I'd call;
My third like fool fashion runs many a rig,
When you find out my *tout* you have all.

TO EMILY ON HER BIRTHD

By James Everett, Esq.

Though many a harp might sweetly ring,
And strains of melody be breathing;
Though many a bard might sweetly sing,
And chaplets for thy brow be wreathing;
Come, let me now entwine for thee
A wreath of rudest minstrelsy.

And long may circling seasons bring
This day to thee in love and gladness;
And time steal by on downy wing,
Unmixed with aught of pain or sadness;
And to thy gentle heart be given
The joys of earth—the smiles of heaven!

When, too, the dream of life is past,
That dream of vain and empty lightness:
May hope's bright prospect shine at last,
In visions of eternal brightness!
Where flowers of heaven shall brightly bloom,
In fadeless glory o'er the tomb.

TO ——

I never call'd thy beauty rare,
Thy cheek of roseate hue;
I never said that thou wer't fair,
Thine eye of softest blue.
For deem I well thou would'st not prize,
Such smooth and honey'd phraze;
Say, rather would'st thou not despise,
The flatterer's studied praise.

But mine is not the flatterer's art,
My love no transient gleam;
It flows from a truthful, loving heart,
'Tis affection's brightest beam.
'Tis a love that neither time can change,
Nor sorrow dim it's shine;
Grief may blight, but can't estrange,
For my heart—my heart is thine.

W. J. CORBET.

REBUS.

On London-bridge my first you'll see,
And yet a crowd 'twill always flee:
My second's joyous, gay and free,
And yet it pines for love of thee;
My *tout's* a wonder, so you'll say,
Whene'er you journey a long way.

B. M.

THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.

CHAPTER I.

" When on the past the memory dwells,
And with full tide remembrance dwells;
When o'er the heart are wildly flung,
Thoughts, feelings, passions, which have wrung,
Each in their turn the tortur'd breast;
The struggle o'er and now at rest,
The mind reviews with bootless pain,
Those faults it now deplores in vain."

" Oh! Lethe, flowed thy current still, how gladly would my lip,
To drown the memory of the past, thy blessed waters sip;
But ah! no longer flows her streams, and memory hath the sway,
And thoughts of all the past arise, and cloud the sunniest day."

How few of the actions of our lives, when reviewed at the age of fifty, can we contemplate without a feeling of regret or reproach being called forth by the recollection. Truly applicable, indeed, to all men, are these words contained in our Prayer-book:—" We have left undone the things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done." Sad is the truth, and bitter to the soul of man the reflection, that sin has in a smaller or greater degree, been an ingredient in all the past events of his life, the mainspring, perhaps, of some. Thoughts, feelings, and occurrences, which at the time we persuaded ourselves emanated from a pure, kind, or amiable motive, when viewed through the vista of years long past away, stand forth in their true colours, divested of the gloss which passion or folly shed over them; every hidden thought and action we have been guilty of, becomes revealed to the keen eye of conscience, and stands forth in fearful array against us, as we find life closing and eternity opening to our view.

Such were the reflections of Henry Hamilton, on calling to mind some of the different events of his past life. The only child of wealthy and aristocratic parents, he had inherited high birth and a splendid fortune. The latter, soon after he became of age, he impaired by gambling and dissipation, until at the age of thirty, of his magnificent estates only a small portion remained unencumbered.

It was at this time he first became acquainted with Emily Langham. Young, lovely, and ingenuous, she was soon captivated by the attentions of a man so considerably her elder, and so fascinating in manner and person as Hamilton.

His superiority in age, rendered him an infinitely more dangerous companion for a girl like Emily, than a youth of her own years would have been; for though so young, her mind had been richly cultivated, and her imagination being naturally a warm one, it was soon caught by his animated descriptions and glowing conversation. His mental capacities were of a highly intellectual order; he had read deeply, and travelled over the greatest part of the Continent.

Well versed in woman's mind, he was not long 'ere he perceived the advantage he had gained over Emily's other admirers. Attracted by her beauty, and flattered by the evident impression he had already made in her young and susceptible mind, he redoubled his attentions, and the love which he by way of pastime professed to feel for her, was repaid with the deepest and purest affection. Frank, ardent, conscious only of good in her own breast, and unsuspicious of evil in others—possessed of a heart overflowing with the best and tenderest feelings of woman's nature, before an intercourse with the cold world has chilled its warmth and blighted its loveliest blossoms, she was at no pains to conceal the affection she felt for him, when once he had declared his attachment to her.

From the retirement in which she had lived, the symplicity of her nature, and the deep root love had taken in her heart, Hamilton had calculated on an easy victim, and was but little prepared for the purity of principle and strength of mind displayed by Emily on an intimate acquaintance with her, and finding that, however devoted she might be in heart and soul to him, and however her happiness was in his power,

" Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theme,"

he suddenly quitted the neighbourhood where the Langham's resided, writing a cold letter to Emily, regretting that the smallness of his fortune would for ever preclude the possibility of his making her his wife, but assuring her she should ever hold the first place in his affections. His affections—the affections of a man who could basely and wantonly trifle with the best and holiest feelings of woman's heart.

Emily was prostrated by the shock; she lingered long on a bed of sickness, but youth and a good constitution triumphed for a time, and she was restored to health of body, and the full consciousness of the misery of having bestowed her love on an unworthy object, one who despised and rejected the gift.

The greatest anguish a woman can experience, is to find herself deceived by the being on whom her whole hopes of happiness were placed—the worshipped one who first taught her she had a heart to bestow, and when that heart has been bestowed in all truthfulness and sincerity, to feel herself scorned and deserted by him whom she would have cherished and followed in sorrow, sickness, or disgrace.

" Alas! the love of woman it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing,
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost life has no more to bring."

After the lapse of many months Emily was persuaded to give her hand to one of her former admirers, but the

continual struggle between her sense of duty to her husband, and her love for the faithless Hamilton (which she could not overcome), soon brought her to the grave, a youthful victim to unrequited love.

"Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours,
That makes it fatal to be lov'd? Ah, why
With cypress hast thou wreath'd thy bow'rs,
And made thy best interpreter—a sigh."

CHAPTER II.

Hamilton, soon after he left the neighbourhood of the Langhams, proceeded to Switzerland, and took up his abode at the metropolis (Berne). In one of his rambles round the city, he was particularly struck with the beauty of a small cottage on the banks of the Aar. Making some enquiries on his return to the hotel respecting the inhabitants, he found they consisted of a very old man, who had been pastor of one of the neighbouring villages, his daughter, Julia Werpert, who was called "The Beauty of Berne," and two domestics. The high enconiums he heard on Julia's beauty, made him determined to call at the cottage on the following day, under pretence of seeking for lodgings, and so get an introduction to the belle of Berne.

He did so, and on asking for the pastor, was shown into a small room, furnished with the greatest simplicity, in which sat a young girl, of apparently sixteen years of age, engaged in drawing. On perceiving a stranger she coloured deeply, and was about to leave the room, but Hamilton coming forward, detained her to explain the reason of his intrusion, and said that ill-health was the principal cause of his wishing to reside for a few months in the country.

Julia informed him that her father was out visiting some of his old parishioners, but would be home on the morrow. After protracting his visit as much as he possibly could, Hamilton left deeply struck with Julia.

She was, indeed, very lovely; her mother was an Italian, and from her she had inherited the large dark eyes, and rich brown complexion of the sunny south. Her features were small and well formed, whilst the beautiful smile that always lingered round her dimpled mouth, and the vivacity of her manner endeared her to all her acquaintances, young and old.

Julia was a coquette by nature; she had lovers in abundance. She flirted and laughed with all, but the one she liked best, and to whom she was sacredly betrothed, was Ernest Durnant, a young painter now in Italy studying his profession.

The following day Hamilton called at the cottage, and the curé having acceded to his request, he took up his abode there altogether. Julia and himself became inseparable; they read, walked, and sang together, and she soon became aware that the Englishman, her father's boarder, held a higher place in her esteem than her own betrothed husband, Ernest Durnant.

She had accepted Ernest, because her friends approved of him for her. He was the most handsome and agreeable of all her lovers, and she therefore fanci she was in love with him. She now felt that passi for the first time, and found that there was a wide d ference in her feelings towards them both.

Hamilton preserved the same plan as he previous followed in regard to Emily Langham, but Julia was n gifted with her strength of mind or virtuous principle she had never known a mother's care, and her fath through mistaken fondness, allowed her to select her o companions, and spend her time in any way she thoug proper.

Most of it was spent in rambling about the count with Hamilton, and in idle reading. The books plac in her hands by him, were of a very improper descripti for a young girl of Julia's nature, being the works Rousseau, and others of an equally immoral kind.

After he had resided for some months at the cotta Julia consented to elope with him. Ernest, her engag lover, was expected at Berne in the course of a f weeks, and she felt that she could not meet him in t same way as she had been wont to do. Hamilton p mised to make her his wife immediately on their arri in Italy, whither they were going; and one night, wh the pastor was out seeing his old friends, they both f together.

CHAPTER III.

It was a lovely day in July, the sun was shin brightly, light clouds were floating in the blue vault Heaven; birds were warbling from every green tree a shrub their hymns to the God of Nature, and the wh universe seemed to rejoice beneath the smile of Creator. Hundreds of splendid equipages were roll through the principal streets and crowded thoroughfa of London, containing lovely women, whose brilli glances and sunny looks spoke alone of joy and happin Mirth and pleasure seemed to reign around, and s sorrow, and pain, were as things unknown in the wo In a small low chamber, in the suburbs of the city, away from the busy scene just described, sat a yo artist, earnestly engaged in painting. He had been be his easel ever since the first dawn of morning. The was now high in the heavens, but so totally absorbed he in his occupation, that he never once allowed his e to wander from off the canvas, and scarcely changed position, except to brush back from time to time the masses of dark brown hair, that fell in clustering c over his noble forehead, and shaded a face of singular touching beauty.

At length his task was concluded. It was a copy Guido's celebrated painting of St. Peter in prison, an bright smile of triumph shot across the pale countena of the painter, on observing how peculiarly happy he been in catching the exact expression of the eye, wh was the distinguishing and excelling point in the wor that master.

The brush dropped from between his wearied fing and pushing back the easel from before him, he th himself exhausted on a low stool before the window:

light streaming in through the narrow casement full upon his pale and well formed features, gave him the appearance of a piece of sculpture. The chamber low and scantily furnished, as it was with regard to essentials, was richly decorated with works of art. The walls were hung round with exquisite copies from Domenichino, Giotto, the Gracci, and other ancient masters; some of them scarcely inferior in execution and colouring to the originals themselves. On a low couch, opposite to the one on which the artist lay, was a sleeping Venus, which would not have disgraced the chisel of Canova; whilst in a recess near the door, stood a splendid design after Flaxman. Yet in spite of these and many other gems of art with which the room was crowded, there were evident marks of care and poverty in its occupant.

His care-worn brow and pallid looks told a tale of sorrow and disappointment, and convinced the beholder that however young in years he might be, he was not unacquainted with the hardships and trouble of a cold and blighting world.

Ernest Durnant, for it was he, had during the last two years drank deep of the cup of affliction. He had returned to Berne immediately after the tidings reached him of Julia's disappearance from her home; and after spending some time in fruitless researches and inquiries after her, feeling convinced from all he had been able to learn that the Englishman (their late boarder) had been the companion of her flight, he left his native place for London, in the vain hope of being able to discover her.

For some time after his arrival he frequented all the places of public amusement, and fashionable resorts of the gay and wealthy, but without success: until at last feeling utterly dispirited, and his means being almost exhausted, he gave up the search in weariness of heart, and taking the small chamber we now find him residing in, he pursued his occupation as an artist. But his being a stranger, and unpatronized as he was, barely procured for him the means of subsistence. He had been several times on the point of returning to Berne in despair, but an indescribable feeling that he should one day meet with Julia prevented him.

As the shades of evening were closing around, Ernest quitted his chamber. He had this night determined on going once more to the opera. Many months had elapsed since he had last visited it, and the object which attracted him there now was not so much the hope of discovering his betrothed wife (for that hope had almost deserted him), as to hear the celebrated cantatrice, Mademoiselle Montmorencie.

During his happier days Ernest had been an enthusiastic lover of music, and the knowledge that Julia shared this taste induced him to visit the opera so often on his first arrival, feeling convinced that if she was in England, he should probably meet with her there.

Mademoiselle Montmorencie had only appeared in the musical world within the last few months. She came out one night at the opera in an inferior part, a stranger—unheeded and unnoticed: but her magnificent voice once heard, she was immediately raised to the rank of first cantarice of the day. Fame, with its thousand tongues, spoke in raptures of her splendid vocal powers; the public prints teemed with encomiums on the brilliant beauty, irreproachable conduct, and fascinating manner of the fair prima donna. Half the men in London were at her feet. Many among the rich and noble of the land would have gladly shared their rank and fortune with the unknown and beautiful songstress, but she invariably rejected every offer, and steadfastly resisted every effort made to induce her to mix more in the world, or appear in public oftener than her engagement at the opera obliged her to do. Her former life was enveloped in mystery.

She was young, beautiful, and gifted, but where she had acquired her extraordinary skill in music, and wonderful command of voice, previously resided, or what she was, or had been, none were able to discover.

Men she treated with studied coldness and contempt, whilst the society of her own sex she shrank from and avoided. Ernest had heard of her singular talents and beauty, and had that day read in the morning papers an announcement that Mademoiselle Montmorencie would sing a Swiss air in the costume of the Canton of Berne. The air he recollected to have been a great favourite with Julia, and he felt a desire to listen to it once more.

CHAPTER IV.

The first act of the opera was over when Ernest entered the house. Enthusiastic calls for the prima donna resounded from all sides: she appeared, led forward by the manager, when Ernest looking towards the stage for the first time since he had entered the house, immediately recognised in the glittering and beautiful being before him, his long lost, faithless, but still loved Julia.

The involuntary exclamation which escaped him attracted her attention—their eyes met—and she sunk back lifeless into the arms of her companion.

When Julia was restored to consciousness she was in her own house, and the first object on which her opening eyes rested was her former lover, bending over her with the tenderest solicitude. He had rushed to her side when she fainted, and representing himself to the manager as her brother took her to her own carriage (which was always in waiting to convey her from the opera) and desired the coachman to drive home.

CHAPTER V.

On their departure from Berne, Hamilton had taken Julia to Florence. He behaved towards her with the most devoted affection: her slightest wishes were attended to, and every trifling want anticipated. He placed her under the care of eminent masters, she received the best instruction Italy could afford in music, painting, and singing, and here it was she attained that wonderful proficiency which in after days became of such value to her. After spending some time in Florence, Hamilton proposed that they should proceed to Vienna.

Thither they went. His love was still unchanged, but the subject of marriage he never touched upon; and Julia—the artless, confiding victim of his libertinism—happy

in his love, and trusting implicitly in his promises, firmly believed he would sooner or later make her his wife. After they had been abroad two years, Hamilton mentioned his intention of returning to England, and then for the first time the fatal truth flashed across Julia's brain, and the sad reality and guilt of her position appeared in its true colours.

To return to the path of duty seemed quite impossible (for the *wish* was wanting), her friends would not receive her—desert Hamilton she could not. She had linked her fate with his, and come what might she would still follow him. He had grossly deceived her—he had rendered her an object of scorn and contumely to the virtuous and well principled—but still *he* treated her with kindness and affection, and though she felt her unfortunate situation deeply and bitterly, she still worshipped him who had been the means of reducing her to it.

Immediately on their landing in England, he took her to his country seat in Hampshire. Here his manner soon underwent a marked and decided change. He was for weeks absent in the metropolis, and brought with him on his return a set of wild libertine companions, who treated poor Julia with the greatest freedom, and insulted her feelings by the most disgraceful proposals. She complained to Hamilton, who laughed at her tale, and told her that his love would be withdrawn if she, by her prudish airs, and affected delicacy, rendered his home unpleasant to his friends.

During one of his visits to town, the rumour reached her that he was on the eve of marriage with a rich and beautiful heiress. On his return he boldly threw off the mask, told her it was requisite for him to marry a woman with wealth, in order that he might redeem his estates, and that he wished her to accept of the protection of one of his friends, who was prepared to make handsome settlements on her.

Julia listened in silence—the power of utterance seemed denied her; but the iron entered her soul—her intention was taken. She quitted the room quietly, and Hamilton imagined from the calmness with which she had heard him, that she would accede to his request. That very night she left his house, taking with her only a small sum of money, and a few changes of linen.

All the splendid jewels and magnificent clothes he had lavished on her she left behind, and proceeding to London, offered herself at once to the manager of the opera to sustain some of the inferior parts. She was accepted, and as we have seen, her rise was a rapid one.

Her first conversation with Ernest was a painful one to both parties; but when he proceeded to inform her that her father was ready to forgive and receive her to his heart again, and that her former offences should be forgotten, she consented to give up the stage, and return with Ernest to Berne.

The Curê was immediately written to—that beautiful portion of scripture, "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine just persons," influenced his conduct, and one short month saw the old man in England to conduct his erring but repentant child to her native home among the Swiss mo tains.

Ernest accompanied them, and after the lapse of m months renewed his proposals. She firmly and unhes tingly declined them, in a manner that gave him no r to hope that time would work any change in her se ments. She acknowledged that Hamilton's conduct entirely eradicated any portion of the love she once for him, and that she regarded him with feelings of sincerest and purest affection, and alleged as her reason refusing him, that she esteemed him too highly to be on him a heart whose brightest blossoms were withe or a hand contaminated by guilt.

Ernest left Berne for Rome, where he rose high in profession as an artist, and Julia continued to reside u her father's roof, and endeavoured by a life of penit and strict virtue to make her peace with heaven, and tain remission for past sin.

Many may think that I have treated Julia's crime leniently. Let those who are of this opinion remem that she was more sinned against than sinning: also to recollection Byron's severe lines on the cold and h less of our sex:—

"And every love a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame."

HELE

THE MURDERER AND HIS BRI

There in his damp dark dungeon cell, unheedin
around,
His clasped hands pressed upon his heart—his eye
on the ground,
The murderer kneels: but not to ask forgiveness fro
high;
From him who never turns away from the lowly hu
one,
Of him who sues for mercy—ah, no—not to hi
kneels,
No ray of hope or pardon, his bursting heart now fe
And now his hands are wildly passed through his
and raven hair,
And there he kneels in agony, the image of despair
A lovely, gentle, weeping girl, was standing at his s
Who only three short months before had been his
bride;
And now, despite his wretchedness, tho' all other f
were flown,
She would not leave him in his grief: no—she wa
his own.
She is standing by him now—her fair arm roun
cast,
While down her pale and careworn cheek the bitter
flow fast;
And her young heart is raised above in silent a
prayer,

For him who prays not for himself, but kneels in mute despair.
Little he knows the agony, that fills his wife's sad heart,
As she thinks that on the morrow's dawn, they must for ever part.
Her hopes so early blighted, her dreams of life all dead,
What has she now left, but to mourn those happy visions fled.
She feels she will not linger long, she knows she's fading fast,
Like that young and tender blossom, nip't by the withering winter's blast.

* * * * *

'Tis midnight: through the grated bars the little stars shine bright,
And through the "fleecy white clouds sails," the silvery Queen of Night.
She stooped to part the clustering hair, from off his fevered brow,
"Ellen, dear Ellen," fare-thee-well, she hears him murmur low.
Lower she bends to catch his voice, but his last words are said,
And Ellen clasped a lifeless form, that erring soul had fled.

* * * * *

The morning came, all there was still, for sleeping side by side,
Upon the dungeon floor they lay—The murderer and his bride.

EMILY.

THE POLISH CAPTIVE.

A TRANSLATION.

Oh! warble again
Sweet skylark that strain,
It raises my thoughts with delight;
And once let me share
Thy dance in the air,
Through the clouds take an ærial flight.

Oh! wherefore rejoice,
Already thy voice,
Is hushed as thy spurs kiss the earth;
Here silent and sad,
In misery clad,
A captive—I envy thy mirth.

Then, repeat that sweet strain,
Pretty songster again,
It reminds me of moments gone by;
In grief all alone,
For freedom I groan,
For glorious liberty—die.

K.

LITERATURE.

The Beauties of Jeremy Taylor, D. D., Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles the First. By B. S., Barrister at Law.

Any one who has read the works of that most poetical, as well as most powerful of English writers—Jeremy Taylor—must hail with delight this tasteful selection of his "beauties." Here we have the quaint and the exquisite, the moral and the right thinking old divine in that garb, which if he had lived in modern times, his own good taste would have induced him to assume; for here we find removed all that rubbish of ancient lore, and useless pedantry, which rendered so many of his beauties obscure; and that impeded the person of refined taste from approaching them. It is only those who have read the original, can appreciate the labours of our friend B. S., who modestly conceals the merits that are known to so many in the literary world, beneath his initials. This edition of Taylor's works is the performance of a man, who being a writer himself, is perfectly competent to appreciate the beauties and defects of another. The result of his toil is a book of unequalled beauty in the English language. We have no prose book to be compared with it. Never did we feel less hesitation in recommending to our fair readers a book so worthy of their perusal, as that from which we take the following extracts.

CHARACTER OF THE COUNTESS OF CARBARY.

"If we consider her person, she was in the flower of age, of a temperate, plain, and natural diet, without curiosity or an intemperate palate; she spent less time in dressing than many servants; her recreations were little and seldom; her prayers often, her reading much; she was of a most noble and charitable soul; a great lover of honourable actions, and as great a despiser of base things; hugely loving to oblige others, and very unwilling to be in arrear to any upon the stock of courtesies and liberality. So free in all acts of favour, that she would not stay to hear herself thanked, as being unwilling that what good went from her to a needful or an obliged person, should ever return to her again. She was an excellent friend, and hugely dear to very many, especially to the best and most discerning persons; to all that conversed with her, and could understand her great worth; she was of an honourable, a nice, and a tender reputation; and of the pleasures of this world, which were laid before her in heaps, she took a very small and inconsiderable share, as not caring to glut herself with vanity, or take her portion of good things here below.

"If we look on her as a wife, she was chaste and loving, fruitful and discreet, humble and pleasant, witty and complaisant, rich and fair; and wanted nothing to the making her a principal and precedent to the best of wives in the world, but a long life and a full age.

"If we remember her as a mother, she was kind and severe, careful and prudent; very tender and loving; a greater lover of her children's souls than of their bodies; and one that would value them more by the strict rules

of honour and proper worth, than by their relation to herself.

"Her servants found her prudent and fit to govern, and yet open-handed and apt to reward; a just exactor of their duty, and a great rewarder of their diligence.

"She was in her house a comfort to her dearest lord—a guide to her children—a rule to her servants—an example to all.

"But as she related to God in the offices of religion, she was even and constant, silent and devout, prudent and material; she loved what she now enjoys, and she feared what she never felt, and God did for her what she never did expect; her fears went beyond all her evils, and yet the good which she hath received, was, and is, and ever shall be, beyond all her hopes.

"She lived as we all should live, and she died as I fain would die. I pray God I may feel those miseries on my death-bed that she felt, and that I may feel the same effect of my repentance which she feels of the many degrees of her innocence. Such was her death that she did not die too soon; and her life was so useful and excellent, that she could not have lived too long.

"And as now in the grave it shall not be imagined concerning her how long she lived but how well, so to us who live after her, to suffer a longer calamity, it may be some ease to our sorrows, and some guide to our lives, and some security to our conditions, to consider that God hath brought the piety of a young lady to the early rewards of a never-ceasing and never-dying eternity of glory."

STRANGE FANCY OF A GERMAN GENTLEMAN.

"I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friend's desire by giving way, that after a few day's burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it, draw the image of *his death into life*. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his windriff and back-bone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured amongst his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? What friends to visit us? What officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?"

TO THE COUNTESS NAKWASKY.

Two English friends united claim,
The kind remembrance of a name;
Herr Whitney and his gentle Frau,
Weave a chaplet for thy brow;
A wreath of love—a friendship's knot
Of roses and forget-me-not.

THE TWO DUELS.

"Some pause and respite only I require,
'Till with my tears I shall have quench'd my fire."
DENHAM.

CHAPTER I.

"My dear friend," so wrote the young and gall Charles Melville to his old schoolfellow, Edward V millier, "I shall be in Paris on the 25th instant, and h at length one grasp of your honest hand. Adolphus d not accompany me. He remains at Baden Baden to t charge of my affianced bride, Eugenia Dorval. brother, in my absence, watches over, guards, and prote my happiness. It required, I can assure you, a stro effort on my part to leave her—nothing but a most imp tant affair could have induced me to determine on journey which must separate me, even though it be but a few days, from my beloved Eugenia.

"You remember well the story of myself and brother—how we were both left orphans at the age eight years, and brought up by an aunt who really act towards us as if she were our mother, for she never ceas to lavish upon us the most affectionate care, and the m unceasing solicitude. That affection has never diminishe and when forced by necessity to take up her abode Paris, and that we ran our wild career through the wor she has yet watched over us, and sustained us by counsels, or encouraged us by her praises. To repay th so much love with indifference or forgetfulness, wou have been most base; and therefore it is that I determine however great was the sacrifice, not to enter into t married state without asking of my second mother consent, that I know she will be most happy to give me

"But, as yet, you know nought of the lady I ha chosen. Let me describe her to you in a few wor Eugenia Dorval is a perfect woman in beauty, and heart and affections, pure as an angel. It is not love th I feel for her, it is idolatry. And shall I let you see in the inmost folds of my heart? Shall I tell you what think of my approaching marriage? I tremble to ent into an alliance that I sigh for; for my reason—my obse vation—tells me that I am not the only adorer. M brother also loves her—my brother, too, idolizes her: a yet with a perfect abnegation of self—with a complete deni of his own wishes, that might almost be termed sublim he affects in her presence tranquillity and indifferenc Even as I write these lines my hand trembles with agit tion—my eyes are covered as with a mist. And alas how could it be otherwise? Why should he not feel th same ardour and the same affection for the same obje that I myself experience? Twin brothers—have we n had from our birth always the same sentiments, the sam feelings, and the same thoughts? The very resemblanc that there is in our features, has it not also penetrated int the minutest fibres of our hearts? Ah! such an ide terrifies me. I have surprised Adolphus weeping—I hav seen him turn pale as he listeded to *our* words. Tell— oh! tell me, that I deceive myself. Prove to me that

am the victim of a terrible delusion. Inspire me with the strength of not looking deeper into this mystery—for I feel that devotion and sacrifice are not for me, and that I would not yield Eugenia even to death."

It was not without the liveliest emotion, that Edward Vermillier perused this letter; for he was sincerely attached to the two brothers; and in thinking on the astonishing harmony—the perfect resemblance—the miraculous union that nature seemed to have established between them, he was but too well disposed to believe in the reality of the misfortune, which his friend had intimated thus distinctly to him.

The letter reached Paris but three days before the writer himself arrived. Charles Melville was a remarkably handsome young man, twenty-four years of age. His forehead denoted the possession of brilliant faculties, and in his full dark melancholy eye might be seen depicted a soul at once passionate and thoughtful.

The two friends met with joy, and at once entered into a full and confidential conversation with each other—a conversation in which there was not one secret thought withheld. Edward Vermillier had but few things to tell to his friend. His life had been free from those storms which come but to destroy the affections, and frequently to break the hearts of their victims.

It was not so with Charles Melville. All his thoughts, his wishes, and his hopes were centred in the heart of a single maiden—that was the heart of Eugenia Derval.

Endowed with a perfect education, with a lovely face and figure, of a character at once simple and affectionate, Eugenia was, in one word, an accomplished woman. Her father had acquired an immense fortune, and taken up his abode in Baden-Baden. Far from interfering with "the course of true love," M. Derval had encouraged the growing affection between his daughter and Charles Melville. Everything contributed to make the proposed union a happy one. In age, rank, and feeling, both parties were on a perfect equality.

Eugenia, it might be said, had the opportunity of choosing between the two brothers, and she gave the preference to Charles Melville, not because at first it was possible to make a distinction between them, but because Charles was the more animated of the two, and had first presumed to speak to her of love—to press her hand—and to make her mistress of her own destiny.

Adolphus, the more timid of the two, had contented himself with admiring Eugenia in silence, and loving her in secret, his disposition being to take the part of "Sorrow," in that domestic drama of which his brother should appear as the representative of "Happiness."

Charles, as it may be perceived, had penetrated the mystery of his heroic sufferings. On the point of being united with Eugenia, he was terrified at the thought of the blow he was about to aim at the heart of Adolphus. He told his grief to Edward, and the latter at length succeeded in convincing him, that despite of their amazing sympathy with each other in everything else, it was not to be presumed that they must both fall in love with the same lady.

Our wishes often are the interpreters which our heart employs to mislead our reason. Such, too, was the case with Charles Melville. The words of his friend at once dispelled all his cares, and it was agreed by the two young gentlemen, that they should finish their evening by a visit to the opera.

But, alas! on what a fragile thread depends the life of man! Charles Melville left his seat between the acts, and when he returned, he found his place occupied. He politely remarked to the stranger, that he had made a mistake in taking it, for on going out he left his glove on the seat, where it was still to be found.

The man to whom these observations was addressed, was of a most ferocious and forbidding aspect. He had thick grey moustachios—his frock coat closely buttoned up to the neck—the red ribbon at the button-hole—and the high, haughty look and manner, at once declared him to be an old officer, who had served under the Emperor. This person, in hearing himself addressed by Charles, scarcely deigned to turn round his head. He slightly raised his eye-brows, and then cast upon the young gentlemen a haughty and disdainful look.

"The place is mine, sir," said Charles, in a voice slightly tremulous with anger. "Will you give it up quietly, or shall I have to take it by force?"

"The place is *yours*, you say; very well; that is the reason I am determined to keep it as *mine*."

"Then you compel me to remove you from it," replied Charles, placing his hand on the stranger's collar.

At the moment he did so, he was instantly struck in the face; and thus an insult was offered to him, that in every country of the world, and despite of the strongest laws, requires a reparation, too frequently stained with blood.

A place of meeting was instantly fixed upon. Not one word of rage or of passion passed between the parties, only at the end of the performance the unknown, in passing Charles, looked at him fixedly, and in order that he might see what effect his words would produce upon him said—

"To-morrow, sir—I am General Dupont."

That name was known to Charles, as it was known to all the world; for it had acquired in France, but in Paris especially, a horrible celebrity. Every one knew that, thanks to his murderous talent, aided as it had hitherto been by chance, that every unfortunate man that had fronted the General as an antagonist in a duel, had been removed as a corpse!

No matter what may be a man's courage—nor how strong may be his nerves, nor how fixed his determination, still the moments that precede a duel are moments of awful suspense; for then all the bonds that bind us to the world seem to be drawn with greater closeness towards it. Charles passed the entire night in thinking and in writing. And more than one bitter remembrance came to shake his nerves, and to wring his heart. When daylight, however, at length appeared, the time of trial was over. The man was complete master of himself, and free from every weakness.

Conceiving that the insult which Charles Melville had received was too gross for any middle course of reconciliation to be adjusted, Edward Vermillier took upon himself the office of a second, without thinking of being a peace maker. He knew, too, that his friend Charles was a man of dauntless bravery, and a most accomplished shot. He then, with the second of the General, arranged that the meeting should take place in the wood of Vincennes, near to the village of Saint Monde—that the two combatants should stand at twenty paces distance, and that chance should decide which should first fire.

Charles, on getting into his carriage, gave to his friend a letter, telling him that in case he should be killed, he was to give it to his brother Adolphus.

"You will tell him that the last words that faltered on my lips when expiring, were his name, and that of—Eugenia."

Edward clasped the hand of his friend in silence. It was felt by Charles as an inviolable promise, and he only added, with a melancholy smile,

"Thanks! thanks!"

Charles at once proceeded to the ground. The General was there before him, and perceiving him, he advanced towards him, and coldly saluted him, and then began smoking as apparently unconcerned as if he were an entire stranger to the frightful scene that was about to be enacted.

A five franc piece was thrown in the air, and chance favoured Charles Melville. Certain as he was of his aim, he at once saw that his adversary wss lost; but on finding himself master of the existence of a man who had offered him a most unprovoked outrage, his resentment was completely extinguished. He was horrified at the thought of causing death in that body which God had animated with life. He asked himself how he could think of bringing to the altar of religion the pure Eugenie, and there offering her a hand red with the blood of a fellow creature.

The thoughts of his love triumphed over the memory of the outrage he endured. He extended his arm, and exclaimed,

"Now, General, for—the half of your hat."

The ball whistled, and carried off the object at which he had aimed.

General Dupont had not made a single movement that could indicate fear, surprise, or gratitude. His brow was frowning, his look menacing, and a smile of irony curled on his lip.

"You are very skilful, sir," he said coldly. "And now for you, sir—the fifth button on the left."

The shot was fired, and Charles fell—the shot had passed through his heart.

"It is a vile, cold-blooded assassination!" exclaimed Edward Vermillier, pale with rage and indignation.

"Make no foolish noise, young man," said the General, in an icy tone of voice. "Every one uses his right of firing as he pleases. Farewell, gentlemen."

In pronouncing these words, the General got into his cabriolet, and drove off.

Edward Vermillier rendered the last duties to the remains of his friend. The unfortunate young man w interred in the cemetery of St. Maude; and when th sad mission had been fulfilled, he immediately repaired Baden-Baden, in order that he might most punctua fulfil the promise that he had made to him who no lon existed.

Adolphus Melville, on receiving this news, remain like one stricken with a thunderbolt. His grief w silent and sombre, like that which despairs and cann seek any consolation in a future hope. He brought E ward Vermillier into a shooting gallery. He fired t shots with a pistol, and each shot was directly in t centre of the mark.

"Edward," said he, "do you think I could hit a m if I aimed at him?"

CHAPTER II.

Six months after the occurrences just detailed, a gre crowd, attracted by the promise of a splendid perfor ance, was attracted to the opera-house, and among them was one well known to every one—General Dupon Not far from him might be observed a young man who face was of marble paleness, and whose eye of fire seem to be fixed with an intent gaze upon every movement the General.

It was not without astonishment that some persons r marked, that the instant the General left his seat betwe the acts, this young man dashed from his own, and to possession of that which the old officer had but vacat for a moment.

"This place is mine, sir," said the General, in haughty tone of voice on his return.

Not the slightest answer was given to him.

"Quit this place instantly—do you hear?" continu General Dupont, excited to a furious passion.

The young man turned round his head. There was ironical smile on his face, and without speaking he look at the General fixedly for a few moments. The latt involuntarily shuddered. That face—the extraordina resemblance between the two brothers, called back to h memory a scene that he had almost forgotten.

"The place is *yours*, you say," slowly uttered th unknown; "very well—that is the reason I am dete mined to keep it as *mine*."

A blow was exchanged, and at the same instant female shriek was heard in a box, where a young la was seen sitting alone and trembling.

"To-morrow, sir."

"To-morrow," repeated the General, in a simil tone.

"We shall fight, if you have no objection, at Vi cennes, near the village of St. Maude, and that gentl man there will be my second."

In saying these words, the unknown pointed to Edwa Vermillier, who was in an adjoining seat, and who re mained a calm, but not an indifferent spectator of th scene. The General looked at the latter with the greate surprise.

"Well—well!" he exclaimed, seized with a strang

emotion—"either he or some one else—it is a matter of no consequence who it may be."

It is unnecessary to say that the young man was Adolphus Melville.

He took Edward's arm, and repaired with him to apartments in the rue Lepelleteer, which were occupied by Eugenia and her father. Since the death of Charles, the sight of Baden had become intolerable to Eugenia. Grief was slowly but certainly undermining her health, and M. Derval insisted that she should come to Paris, in the hope that the thousand distractions of the city might dissipate a sorrow that seriously threatened her life.

White as a statue, Eugenia trembled as she heard tbe approaching footsteps of Adolphus, and in the midst of her tears, she exclaimed,

"Oh! Heavens! What have you done?"

"My duty."

"Alas! alas! am I condemned to lose all?"

"Think on *him*," replied Adolphus.

Eugenia let her head fall between her hands, and in a voice scarcely intelligible murmured,

"Ah! I can no longer think but of—you."

"Oh! hush! hush!" cried the young man, as he turned pale. "So you wish to make me a coward—a wretch? I am a fool—I weep—I tremble—see—you have made me afraid."

Eugenia Derval in an instant obtained full command of herself. She seized hold of his hand—looked at him for a long time, and then said,

"I do not at all love you."

"Thanks! thanks! my sister," cried Adolphus in a despairing tone of voice, as he left the house in company with his friend."

Edward Vermillier had consented to become the second of Adolphus, as he had been so to Charles Melville; for his entire soul was possessed with the thoughts of vengeance, and he was determined if his friend fell in the coming conflict, to offer himself to the general as the last victim.

The place where the quarrels had taken place—the ground selected for the combat—the astonishing resemblance between the man whom he had as an adversary, with him whom he had slain—all those circumstances which seemed to be brought about by chance, produced a most extraordinary impression upon the mind of General Dupont. He did not bring to the ground his wonted careless courage—nor had he that confidence in himself which on all other occasions he had experienced; and although chance gave him the first shot, he felt that his skill had left him with his *sang froid*.

He aimed at his adversary with an eager and convulsive hand, and the ball whizzed by the hair of Adolphus Melville.

Adolphus preserved an attitude of stoical indifference while fronting the weapon of his formidable adversary. He turned to his enemy, and extended his arm, while with a cruel slowness he aimed at him, and said in a voice that penetrated his frame,

"*And now for you, sir—the fifth button on the left.*"

The trigger was pulled, and again the prophecy was realised. General Dupont was slain with a pistol bullet on the scene of his former homicidal exploits.

The ravenous wild beast was deprived of the power of destroying life.

When Adolphus Melville and Edward Vermillier again appeared in the house of M. Derval, they found Eugenia bathed in tears, more pale than usual, and on her knees. Adolphus advaneed towards her.

"Eugenia," said he, "my brother is avenged. I can now read for you a letter, which he wrote to me the day of his death, and the contents of which I have hitherto concealed from you."

"Read," murmured the young girl, as her hand pressed closely on her heart.

The letter of Charles Melville contained but these few lines:—

"My friend, my brother, my Adolphus. I fight today, and I shall fall in the *rencontre*. I have a presentiment of it, and shall I avow this to you?—that though I am on the point of espousing Eugenia, that maiden of my choice—that angel of my dreams, yet I dread not death; and I dare almost to desire it, for the union which would render me the most happy of men would also condemn me to an everlasting grief. I have penetrated your thoughts. I have learned your sacrifice—I have admired your devotion. Espouse her—I demand it as a kindness—I prescribe it as a duty."

Not one word was exchanged between these two young persons after the reading of this letter. Eugenia Derval stretched her hand to Adolphus, who pressed it to his lips, and the wish of the dead was soon carried into effect. United before men, as they had been almost unknown to themselves, in the secrecy of their hearts, they withdrew to the village of Saint Maude, near to the tomb of Charles; and not a day now passes over their heads, that they do not bring thither a prayer, a flower, and a tear.

B. GALLET.

STANZAS.

She stood on the beach for her heart beat high,
As she watch'd for his gondolier;
And he whom she sought for was to her nigh,
As her own heart's blood so dear.

The waves beat high o'er the troubled main,
As each bark bore across the sea;
She turn'd her eyes and look'd again,
And with joy she cried—"'tis he."

In a moment he pressed her to his heart,
Their embrace was long and dear;
He vowed they never again should part,
And led her to his gondolier.

He bore his prize swiftly across the wave,
Her aged father sought her in vain;
She was destined to be the wife of the brave,
And his daughter he ne'er saw again.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS MISER.

Two students of the University of Varsovia were passing through the street that is called the suburbs of Cracow, facing the column of King Sigismund, the top of which towers above all the buildings of the capital of Poland, and the pedestal of which is surrounded by petty hawkers, who sell fruits and cakes to the passengers. Our two students stopped to look at a man whose figure and dress attracted universal attention. He appeared to be about fifty or sixty years old, a black coat worn almost to rags covered a body which appeared to have been thinned by toil and hard work, a large hat shaded a wrinkled and lofty brow, and his pace, which was almost a run, plainly denoted that his time was not his own.

This man, whose vivacity afforded a singular contrast to his bodily weakness, walked towards the column; there he stopped and purchased a small morsel of bread, for which he paid a halfpenny. After taking a few mouthsful he carefully put the rest in his pocket, and pursued his road, turning towards the palace of General Zaionezek, the Lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the Czar Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

"Do you know who that man is?" demanded one of the students of his companion.

"Indeed I do not. But, judging from his miserable appearance, and sorrowful countenance, I should say he was an undertaker."

"Then you are wrong, for that is Stanislaus Staszic."

"Staszic!" repeated the student, looking at the man, who was just about entering the palace of General Zaionezek. He continued, "Is it possible that that man who was running along the street, and stopped to buy a morsel of bread, is rich and powerful?"

"Yes, it is Stanislaus Staszic," replied the other. "Would you believe that under those wretched habiliments lays concealed one of our most influential ministers, and illustrious students of Europe?"

In truth the man who had attracted their attention by the singularity of his costume, and the hurried steps by which he walked the streets, was no other than Staszic himself, the minister of state, president of the Academy of Sciences, knight of several orders, and author of a great many works, as remarkable for their towering genius, as for the patriotic sentiments which they breathed.

The man whose exterior so forcibly contrasted with his position in society, who was as powerful as his appearance was degrading, who possessed as much riches as his apparent poverty, owed all his fortune to his own works and talent. Born of poor parents, he quitted Poland to seek in strange schools that renown which he could not acquire in his own.

He spent some years in the universities of Leipsic and and Gottingen, continued his studies at the College in France, under Brisson and Anbunton, possessed himself of the friendship of Buffon, visited the Alps and the Appennines, and returned to his own country to display for the benefit of Poland, the fruits of his long study, and painful researches.

Attentive, industrious, and esteemed for his good conduct, he was employed by one of the rich Polish lords to finish the education of his only son. The Government then wished to profit by his talents, and Staszic by degrees was elevated to the highest dignities, and first p Economy made him rich. Five hundred deer ornamented his grounds, and a large portion of the Bank was occu by his immense fortune.

A man of the people who has raised himself above crowd, no matter what may have been the services he rendered to the state, is the mark at which the arrows envy are levelled. The mediocrats revenge themselves calumny. Then is it to be wondered at that Staszic, arrived at the summit of power, was surrounded by numberless enemies?

His fortune they attributed to intrigue, his elevation favouritism, his good works to vanity; but what gave air of truth to these ill-natured rumours, was his inconceivable avarice.

He gave large donations towards the propagation science, and for the benefit of the country, but how could the people believe him possessed of such generosity, when they beheld his worn clothes, the poor nourishment he took, and his beggarly lodgings.

Thus, when he traversed the streets of Varsovia, all were upon him.

A group had formed round the students, among whom was a nobleman and a priest. All had been looking after Staszic.

"Now, who would think," cried the nobleman with white mustachios, and whose costume recalled the fashions of the time of King Sigismund, "who would think that was a minister of state? Why, in the time of the old republic, when a palatin passed through the capital mounted soldiers preceded and followed his carriage, the military dispersed the crowd, that his passage might be unobstructed. What respect can any one feel for a man who is afraid to buy a carriage, and passes along the streets greedily devouring a small morsel of bread like a beggar without money or home?"

"He is a disgrace to mankind," continued the priest. "His heart is as hard as the coffers that contain his gold. The poor might die at his door, and he would refuse them a single crumb."

"He has worn that same coat ten years," said another.

"He sits on the ground for fear of spoiling his chair," continued they, and then every one broke out abusing and mocking him."

A young man present listened to all this in silence, and although he said nothing, he was suffering visibly from the malevolent remarks which were showering around him. At length not able to bear it any longer, turning towards the priest, he said,

"You ought to speak with more respect of a man who is distinguished by his generosity; what matter is it to us how he dresses, what he eats, so that we know he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

"What has he done?" demanded the priest.

"The Academy of Sciences wanted the place where the

might have a library. Who was it offered them a magnificent palace? Was it not Staszic."

"Yes, yes, it was Staszic, for he is as greedy of praises as of gold. There his vanity conquered his avarice, he knew well that the journalists would praise him as if he was a demi-god."

The young man wished to answer, but they would not listen to him. Sadly he turned away, after hearing his benefactor so wrongfully accused.

That night he repaired to the theatre; the play was "The Miser Zolkowski." Crowds filled the theatre and saloon. Our young student penetrated the mob till he got a good place; in vain he looked for the man whom he admired, but he saw him not. He had expected to have seen Staszic there.

The curtain rose; a thunder of applause greeted the actor, who imitated the dress and walk of Staszic. The young man was pained, but how was his grief augmented when the people, by one accord, commenced hissing. This outraged man was Staszic. The crowd had recognized the miser in the actor. He appeared calm and passive, notwithstanding the convulsive movements of the crowds, he remained indifferent to the end of the play.

The following morning the student went to see Staszic, and there he encountered his sister, who was weeping and cursing her inhuman brother. This astonished him, and inspired him with an unalterable resolution that it was Staszic who had placed him at college—it was he who offered him the means of continuing his studies. The young man determined to repulse these gifts; he did not wish to receive favours of a man who was not touched by the tears of a sister.

The learned minister, on perceiving his favourite pupil, did not stir from his studies, but while writing he said to him:—

"Is it you, Adolphus, what do you wish for? If you want books, take them from my library. If you want any instruments, buy them, and let them be put down to my account. Is the money that I allow you sufficient to satisfy all your wants? if not, I will augment it. Speak, as if to a friend—a father."

"On the contrary, I came here to thank you for your gifts, and to renounce them for ever."

"Have you then become rich?"

"I am as poor as ever."

"And the college?"

"I abandon it."

"Impossible!" cried Staszic, raising his head, and giving a penetrating glance at the young man. You, who are the cleverest of our pupils, the hope of our engineers. By my honour, that is not possible."

In vain the young student wished to conceal the truth, but at last, being forced, he acknowledged the noble motive which influenced him to take this proceeding.

"You wish to do me a service," said he, "at the expense of your own family."

Staszic could not conceal his emotion, and tears fell from his eyes. After a few moments silence, he pressed the hand of his pupil, and said with emotion:—

"My young friend, you ought never to judge men and their actions before their death. There is no virtue which may not be sullied with vice, no calumny that time will not dissipate. My conduct is, to you, an enigma, and I will not give you the key, for it is the secret of my life.

Seeing that the young man remained immoveable, he added:—

"Count up the money that I have advanced you, keep it as a boon; and when you become rich, you will pay it to any young man who may want it. As to me, wait for my death before you judge of my life."

* * * * *

During fifty years Stanislaus Staszic allowed calumny to darken every act of his life; he knew that a day would come when all Poland would do him justice, and when his name would be placed at the head of men distinguished by their generosity and devotedness to their country.

The 30th of January, 1826, thirty thousand inhabitants, with tears in their eyes, were gathered around his death-bed.

His will explained his conduct—it gave the key to his avarice.

"Yes," said he, "I imposed the hardest privations on myself, and it was solely by this means that I gathered this fortune—the fortune which I have destined for my country."

The immense grounds that he possessed, he divided amongst five hundred peasants. He ordered to be built a school for children, and with the approbation of the Emperor Alexander, several improvements were made in the College which he himself had founded. He also left six hundred millions of florins for the endowing and building of an hospital, and a considerable sum to be divided amongst the studious youth of Poland.

As to his sister, he left her a house to live in rent-free, and a sum of money, as much of which was to be given to her yearly as would enable her to live comfortably, for this woman knew not the value of money, and she would throw it away without thinking that it was her brother's bounty that provided it for her.

For a long time Stanislaus Staszic was the victim of unjust calumny. Since his death five-hundred families surrounded by happiness and liberty, each day raise their grateful voices in humble prayers for the eternal welfare of the illustrious miser.

PAULINA.

FELICITY.

It is felicity supreme,
To rove through woods when mortals dream;
To listen when the thrushes sing,
And watch the wild deer as they spring.
Oh! sit my love on yonder mound,
And mock the warblers that surround;
Or imitate the young fawn's grace,
That I thy fairy steps may chase.

K.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. LUMLEY has proved by his programme of the present season, that the tact and ability that has carried him so well through previous seasons, and amidst difficulties that would have ruined most other managers, has not been allowed to lie dormant during the recess. On every side we were told of difficulties—that no performers were to be had—that the Continent had scarcely any one worth bringing to this country who were not engaged, and yet we find by the programme now issued, that the company has never been surpassed in point of brilliancy and force, and that the new engagements not only promise in themselves to be of high excellence, but to embrace the production of novelty in the way of operas, of a more than usually attractive character. We can speak in terms of unqualified praise of the engagements for the opera. First we have GRISI, as usual, always the queen of the lyric drama. Then we have Madame CASTELLAN, who, whether in this country or the Continent, has always maintained a reputation as a *vocaliste* of the highest rank, and whose beauty of voice, and purity of style, must be well remembered by the *habitués* of concerts during the past season. Then we have BRAMBILLA as *contralto*, and a most charming *artiste* she is, her success a season or two since having been very decided. Madlle. RITA BORIO, from the Grand Opera at Madrid, is already very favourably known to us by reputation. Her voice is a *soprano* of high quality, being well trained and flexible, and in addition, she is a very pretty woman, of some five-and-twenty years, and is likely to make a most favourable impression in this country. ROSSI CACCIA has long been spoken of as being a most desirable engagement, and as ranking next to GRISI; her charming florid style, and the beautiful quality of her voice, a *soprano* of exquisite quality, has rendered her so much a favourite on the Continent, that her engagement has hitherto been a matter of great difficulty, and we feel certain the subscribers will be much delighted with her, and that she will prove a most profitable card for the management. MORIANI is engaged, and commences the season with the favourite FORNASARI, whilst MARIO, LABLACHE, BOTELLI, CORELLI, and F. LABLACHE, are also in full force, and a new engagement for a limited period has been made with BARROILHET, the celebrated singer from the Academie Royale, who has so suddenly sprung into the highest reputation. He is likely to make a great sensation, as he possesses one of the most extraordinary and beautiful voices that has ever been heard. COSTA, as usual, conducts, and a variety of new operas have been put into rehearsal; and most conspicuous amongst the composers we find the name of VERDI, whose music has become the most popular of the day in Italy; his compositions are full of sparkling melodies, and in his style he reminds us much of BELLINI, with a great deal of the grace and expression of MERCADANTE. In the *ballet* department Mr. LUMLEY has catered in a most liberal spirit, for we are to have a more brilliant assemblage of talent in this, than has yet been assembled together. CARLOTTA GRISI. CERITO, TAGLIONI, are to appear in the same ballet, TAGLIONI bids her farewell to the stage, on which o sion a ballet will be produced for her of a very pec character, in which the principal scene from each of t ballets in which she has obtained the greatest success, be brought forward, and we shall then lose for ever most perfect *danseuse* the world has ever seen. In a tion to these eminent *artistes* we are to have the grac LUCILLE GRAHN, Madlle. LOUISE WEISS, FERDINA DEMELISSE, CASSON, MONCELET: and the men are well selected, ST. LEON is the chief dancer, with PER who is also ballet master, GOSSELIN, DE MAT BERTRAND, and TOUSSAINT; whilst the celebr *Danseuses Viennoises*, thirty-six in number, have been engaged. The great sensation these chil have excited in Paris is most extraordinary; the be and grace of their characteristic dances, and the *ensem* of their *tableaux* and groupings, are said to be the n wonderful things of the day; and during their perfo ance at the Grand Opera, in Paris, they completely th the regular ballet performances into the shade, bea away all the applause from the regular *artistes*; even greatest favourites of the Parisian public being unabl make any head against them during their stay at Academie Royale, so great was their triumph the and we can venture to predict to the full as equal a s cess to them in this country. We have heard an alm incredible sum named as the terms of their engagem but we think that, liberal as it is, they will fully re Mr. LUMLEY for his spirit. The subscription for present season is unusually strong—fuller, indeed, tha has ever yet been, the number of nights being the sam previous seasons—viz., 47 nights. The season co mences with VERDI's opera of *Ernani*, (with new scen by Mr. MARSHALL), thus cast: *Ernani*, Signor M RIANI; *Ruy Gomez*, Signor FORNASARI; *Carlo Quin* Signor BOTELLI; and *Elviro*, Madame RITA BOR After which will be produced a new ballet, by PERR entitled *La Fille de la Dryade*, the music by PUGNI, scenery by Marshall, in which will appear Mad LUCILE GRAHN, LOUISE WEISS, FERDINAND, DEM LISSE, CASSON, MONCELET, &c.; M. TOUSSAINT, GO SELIN, DI MATTIA, BERTRAND, PERROT, and *Danseuses Viennoises*.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Mr. MITCHELL seems likely make this the most successful season he has yet had; a certainly to the subscribers it is the most attractive, the novelties are of an exceedingly interesting descriptio and the *artistes* have all the freshness of novelty and hi rank in their profession to recommend them. The p tronage bestowed by her Majesty in honouring the pe formances with her presence, has had an excellent effe the theatre being more than ever the resort of the fashio able world, who seem to enjoy in the spirit of the pe formances, and the luxury of the handsomely furnish boxes, the sort of entertainment so well suited to t aristocracy. The engagement of FREDERICK LEMAITR has been a grand *coup* for the director. In France the

are now few actors of prominence in the more serious branches of the drama, and if we take away FREDERICK LEMAITRE, we may say none. Though his style is peculiar, it is the melodramatic of deep, intensely deep, interest, tinged at times with the humorous, the strong contrast forcing out the points the more vividly and intensely from the sudden and unexpected working. FREDERICK LEMAITRE is unquestionably a great actor in the style he has chosen; he stands alone, and amid the host of imitators who have envied his success, and chosen him as their model, none have ever approached him nearer than as the shadow dimly reflects its object. Most happily in Paris has he been termed the Talma of the Boulevards. Possessing many points of resemblance to that tragedian, he has done for melodrama what Talma did for tragedy: he struck out for himself a line as original as it has been extraordinary. His public is his own; the *Galérien* has been ennobled, and *Robert Macaire* has become the type of a character as perfect as MOLIERE has painted to us in his *Tartuffe*. In every sense LEMAITRE is a perfect *artiste*, whether in the deep and serious impersonation of the highly wrought character of the melodrama, or in the widely different school of comedy, in each he is truly excellent, for they bear the stamp of true genius about them. In the part in which he commenced his engagement, that of *George Maurice*, in the *Dame de St. Tropez*, he is seen to much advantage; the drama, which is very peculiarly constructed, has run upwards of a hundred nights in Paris, the groundwork being formed upon some parts of the life of Madame Laffarge; but in this instance she is made an innocent and suffering woman, the victim of hate on the part of the husband's relatives; and it is only when too late the dying man discovers by the reflection in the looking glass the hand that has poisoned him, that he atones to his wife for his unjust suspicions and injuries. Nothing could be more striking than LEMAITRE'S acting, especially in the last scenes; it was perfectly true to nature: the picture of life ebbing fast from one who lingers but to work out the purpose and moral of the drama, was most beautifully delineated, and must long linger in the remembrance of those who have witnessed it, as one of the most extraordinary performances the stage has ever produced, and the applause that rewarded his exertions was more loud and general than has been bestowed upon any *artiste* Mr. MITCHELL has yet engaged. But in all the parts that LEMAITRE plays he is equally great: whether in the *Auberge des Adrets*, the wild and reckless *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, or the host of others of his varied *repertoire*. Madlle. CLARISSE is an actress of much ability; her style of acting is natural, and marked with much good sense and discrimination; and she possesses a ladylike demeanour that few actresses have. She was altogether extremely well received, and will be a most valuable accession to the company. In the *Auberge des Adrets* we shall have an opportunity of seeing him in his most celebrated character of *Robert Macaire*. In *Trente ans de la Vie d'un Jouer*, he is likely to be more striking than even in his performance of *Maurice* or *Don Cæsar*, as the interest is most thrilling.

NEW MUSIC.

In the absence of any novelty in the way of operas, the musical publishers are putting forth every variety of the Polka, the new Cellarius Waltzes, and Mazurkas, whilst an occasional pretty ballad peeps forth to remind us of the sweet and plaintive style of our own English melodies. Amongst the pieces most worthy of notice, are—

The Cellarius Waltz. By Charles Coote. Chappell.—This is marked in character, and admirably suited for dancing to, being arranged with that facility for fingering that Coote is so very successful in. It is in the key of D, and a very pretty movement adapted to the purpose of the Cellarius Waltz.

The Bayadere Galop. By Strauss.—This is chiefly in F, and is the favourite movement in Auber's ballets of the *Dieu and the Bayadere*, arranged in the form of a galop.

Les Russes. By Charles Coote.—These are a lively and pleasing set of Mazurkas; the greatest favourite will be the Vienna, No. 3, in A sharp, which is very nicely worked up.

Burgmuller's Mazurkas.— These arranged so as to serve the double purpose of Quadrilles and Waltzes, being all written in $\frac{3}{8}$ time. They are devoid of difficulty, but present otherwise no very marked character.

The Premiere Mazurka, by the same composer, in C, is more marked in character, and is altogether a lively and effective Rondo.

Jullien's Chimes Quadrilles.—Beyond saying that like all Jullien's Quadrilles, they are well marked for dancing to, we can find little to admire in these quadrilles. The selection of melodies is not happy, and they present nothing very striking in character.

A new ballad, by John Parry, senior, "*In a Sweet Fertile Valley*," is a very pleasing ballad, in B flat, adapted for soprano and mezzo-soprano voices. The air flows sweetly and gracefully, and it is altogether effective. "*Hark Mother, Hark*," is a ballad by F. N. Crouch, in C. The compass is rather low, being adapted for contralto voices; it is however effective. The change of the *cantabile* into A flat is very well managed and striking.

"*I Think of Thee.*" *By W. Gutteridge.*—This is one of those charming English ballads that every one feels a pleasure in hearing, being replete with taste and feeling. It is in A flat, and adapted for almost any voice.

DESTINY.

Yes, fate!—I understand thee well:
Happiness in this world will not dwell;
It blooms in dreams of fiction and in thought,
But never yet by mortal hand was caught.
We suffer much of misery and pain,
And for every grief—comes grief again.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOMS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE EARL OF HOWTH.

Amongst the nobility of the sister kingdom, there are some the superiors in rank, a few the superiors in wealth, but none so deservedly popular, nor so justly beloved, as the Earl of Howth. He is one of those excellent men, who, deriving their wealth from the toil of the Irish, diffuse their treasures with a generous hand, and promote by their presence, and encourage by their example, all the manly and popular sports of the poor. Lord Howth lives in the midst of a happy tenantry—he watches over their welfare—and whilst we are often shocked in this country with tales of crime, and deeds of terror, perpetrated in Ireland, we are always certain, that none of these transactions occur upon the lands which belong to the Earl of Howth.

It will be seen from the following account of Lord Howth's ancestors, that theirs is a "truly Irish" family.

The original surname of this very ancient family was Tristram, and it is said to have been exchanged for the present one of St. Lawrence, under the following circumstances:—A member of the house of Tristram, having the command of an army against the invaders of his native soil, attacked and totally routed them on St. Lawrence's day, near Clontarffe, and assumed, in consequence of a vow made previously to the battle, the name of the saint, which his descendants have ever since borne. The sword, with which this warrior fought and vanquished, still hangs in the hall of Howth, where the family has resided since its first arrival in Ireland, a period of six centuries at least.

Sir Amoricus Tristram, the brother-in-law and companion in arms of Sir John Courcy, having in the year 1177, succeeded in landing at Howth, defeated the Irish in a pitched battle at the bridge of Ivora, and obtained the lands and barony (by tenure) of Howth, as a reward for his distinguished valour during the conflict. After this successful commencement, Sir Amoricus, with his brother-in-law Sir John Courcy, reduced the whole province of Ulster; but in 1189, when Sir John was removed from the government of Ireland by King Richard the First, Sir Amoricus, who was then in Connaught, being attacked by O'Connor, the king of that province, and overwhelmed by numbers, himself and his whole party, consisting of thirty knights and two hundred infantry, perished to a man. By the sister of Sir John Courcy, Earl of Ulster, Sir Amoricus left three sons; the two younger of whom were slain on Good Friday, 1203, in assisting their uncle Courcy against Lacie's men, in the churchyard of Downpatrick; and the eldest,

Sir Nicholas Fitz Amorey, second baron, was obliged to content himself with the lands of Howth, and relinquished, to religious houses, the conquests of father, in Ulster. From this Sir Nicholas, the ba descended, uninterruptedly, to

Sir Robert St. Lawrence, the fifteenth baron, was appointed, on the 23d of February, 1467, chanc of the green wax of the exchequer; and constituted the 10th July, 1483, Lord-Chancellor of Ireland. lordship married Joan, second daughter of Edward E fort, Duke of Somerset, by whom he had four sons two daughters. The second son, Thomas, was appo in 1532, Attorney-general of Ireland, and, in second justice of the court of king's-bench. Sir R was succeeded by his elder son,

Sir Nicholas St. Lawrence, the sixteenth b This nobleman, for his fidelity to King Henry the Se in the affair of Lambert Simnel, was presented by monarch with 300 pieces of gold, and confirmed by ter, dated 4th March, 1489, in the lands of Howth, He subsequently attended the Lord-deputy Kildar the famous battle of Knocktough, in Connaught, fo against the Irish, 19th August, 1504, where his lor headed the bill men on foot. Sir Nicholas was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 10th June, 1509, and in 1526, was succeeded by his eldest son by his first Genet, only daughter of Sir Christopher Plunkett, lord of Killeen,

Sir Christopher St. Lawrence, the sevent baron, who was succeeded by his eldest son,

Edward, eighteenth baron. This nobleman without male issue, in 1549, was succeeded by brother,

Sir Richard St. Lawrence, nineteenth baro whose decease, without issue, in 1558, the baron volved upon his brother,

Christopher, twentieth baron, generally calle "blind lord;" who married Elizabeth, daughter John Plunket, of Beaulieu, by his wife Anne, daugh Robert Barnewall, Esq., of Dromenagh, and was ceeded at his decease, in 1589, by his eldest son,

Sir Nicholas St. Lawrence, twenty-first b This nobleman married first, Margaret, fifth daugh Sir Christopher Barnewall, of Turvey; and, secc Mary, daughter of Sir Nicholas White, of Leixlip, m of the rolls. His lordship died 14th of May, 1606 was succeeded by his eldest son (by his first marriage

Sir Christopher St. Lawrence, twenty-s baron. This nobleman, who was a colonel of infa commanded the rear of the vanguard at the bat Carlingford, 13th November, 1600, under the deputy Mountjoy, against Tyrone. His lordship m Elizabeth, daughter of —— Wentworth, Esq., of ering, in the county of York, and died in 1619. this period the barony passed, uninterruptedly th father and son, to

Thomas, the twenty-seventh baron, who succeed 1748, and was created, on the 3d September, Viscount St. Lawrence, and Earl of Howth. His ship, in consideration of his own and his ancestors' ser obtained, June the 7th, 1776, a pension of £500 a-

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR MARCH, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

BOHEMIAN FANCY DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Skirt of a bright crimson satin, ornamented round the bottom with two broad *biais* of black velvet, each *biais* ornamented with three stripes of gold lace, the upper piece of velvet being somewhat lower than the lower one; low corsage of the same material as the skirt, having a small gold stomacher let in in the front, the shoulder straps being made wide enough at the lower part to represent a short sleeve; over this corsage is worn a lower cut boddice of black velvet edged with gold, opening down the front to a little above the waist, which is pointed, and from the point of which descends a narrow strip of pale blue satin fancifully trimmed at the bottom with black velvet and gold lace, and edged with a broad fringe of gold and white silk; a bouquet of pink and white roses concealing the point of the waist; under chemisette and loose sleeves of fine India muslin. Black velvet hat with a pointed crown, decorated in the front with a rosette of crimson satin, which attaches two crimson feathers; two long ends of black velvet stream from the back.

TURKISH DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Trowsers and slippers of pale amber satin; the former being made full, and fastened round the ancle: under loose dress of fine book muslin embroidered in gay colours; an open tunic is worn over of pale pink satin; this skirt is made considerably shorter than the muslin one, and over this again a sort of deep rounded jacket, fitting in to the waist at the back, and ornamented down the fronts with a narrow stripe of gold, upon which are placed small round gold buttons; this round jacket is composed of purple velvet; short sleeves are attached also bound round with a gold lace; under these short sleeves are very wide loose sleeves of plain white gauze or muslin. The hair is arranged in long loose plaits, and surmounted with an oriental turban of yellow cachmeire striped with crimson, and decorated on the left side with a short white *esprit* feather. We must not omit mentioning that a girdle of crimson satin surrounds the lower part of the hips, attached in front with a clasp of rubies set in gold.

FANCY DRESS.

Fig. 3.—A dress of the time of Elizabeth, composed of an under-dress of white satin shot with pink, and trimmed with a narrow pale straw-coloured satin ribbon, surrounding the bottom part twice, and ascending up the centre of the skirt, where it is entirely concealed by a *cordellièrre* composed of precious stones, which is attached to the point of the stomacher; the upper dress is of green velvet lined with white satin and made *à train*, opening up the entire front; the low corsage is cut square over the bosom and descends on each side, where it is decorated with a narrow gold lace and buttons; the stomacher is composed of lilac satin laced across with a small gold cord; half-long hanging sleeves of velvet likewise lined with white satin, and shewing an under-dress of white satin puffed and slashed with crimson velvet. The head-dress is arranged with a golden net work, forming a kind of broad plait, and placed rather behind the ears; on the summit of the head is a flat kind of crimson velvet round cap, from which depends a long flowing veil of white ganze.

PLATE THE THIRD.

HOME COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—*Robe redingote* of a pretty chocolate-coloured rich watered silk; the *jupe* is made very long and full; plain high Amazonian corsage, forming a slight point in the front of the waist, and fastened with two silk tassels of the same colour, the corsage faced with velvet lappels of the same shade as the dress, and fastened half way up the front of the body; plain tight sleeves, opening up as far as the elbow, and let in with velvet, forming a lozenge pattern; plain rounded cuffs, also of velvet; *chemisette* of fine cambric, trimmed with a plaited stand up frill round the throat, supported with a cravat of purple velvet, tied in a pretty knot in the front, a row of fine cambric-work decorating the front part. Cap of India muslin, trimmed with two rows of white lace, the top row headed with a wreath of pale lilac satin ribbon, the left side being decorated with a *nœud* of the same; strings to match.

BALL DRESS.

Fig. 2.—This elegant dress is composed of a rich white satin, the skirt trimmed on each side of the fronts with a facing of the same, cut in a kind of wave on each side, and edged with a narrow binding of white *areophane*. This facing is put on flat, and ornamented at regular intervals with a fancy trimming of pale yellow and pink flowers, the size of the flowers diminishing as they ascend; low pointed corsage, made perfectly plain, as well as the short sleeves, the whole top part of the corsage being entirely concealed with a rich *berthe* of white lace, attached in the centre with a bouquet of pink roses. Ball head-dress, composed of a magnificent lappet of white lace, fastened on the top of the head with a *guirlande à la reine* of pink and white roses, forming a kind of coronet, the front hair being worn in light ringlets.

EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—A dress of pale pink satin, trimmed round the bottom with three flounces of pink *areophane*, each flounce having a pink satin ribbon hemmed round the lower edge, and forming a small heading at the top, divided from the flounce with a pink satin piping. Over this skirt is worn a short tunic of pink satin, rounded in the fronts, and encircled with a double row of flounces *pareil* to those on the lower skirt, but gradually narrow-

ing towards the waist, which is formed in a perfect point, plain and very low over the front of the bust, the drapery of the body consisting of a kind of square *berthe*, trimmed with two frillings similar to those on the skirt, attached in the centre of the front with a splendid bouquet of pink roses. Coiffure of green and gold coloured *tissue*, forming a double roll over the front of the head, and decorated on the extreme end of the left side with a beautiful shaded camilla, made in velvet.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—*A double jupe*, the under dress made perfectly plain, and composed of rich white satin, the upper short skirt made of the same kind of material, trimmed all round with narrow fullings of white *crêpe lisse*, each fulling divided with a *petit* piping of dark blue satin; pointed stomacher, low body, the edge of the *berthe* which decorates the top of the corsage, and the lower part of the short sleeves trimmed to match the edge of the tunic; a row of stand up lace encircles the top of the corsage shading the neck. The hair is arranged with a *Bacchante* wreath passing over the top of the head, and finishing on each side of the lower part of the front bands of hair, the back hair formed in a serpentine twist.

DINNER COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—This elegant dress is composed of a rich French lavender satin, trimmed up the front *en tablier*, with crimson velvet, forming a succession of loops on each side of the centre bands, the outer part of the loops being decorated on each side with broad facings of magnificent white lace, gradually diminishing in width towards the upper part of the dress; a very low corsage; waist forming a perfect point; short *chemisette* sleeves, which are entirely concealed by the deep lace *berthe* which decorates the top of the body, and which is confined in the centre of the front by a number of narrow crimson velvet loops, depending from an elegant broach; coiffure composed of crimson velvet, the front part having a lining of white lace, and formed *à la Marie Stuart*, the left side of this toque decorated with two white marabout feathers, the lower one being rather long and curled at the ends, the back of the crown finished with a *nœud*, and two long ends of crimson velvet.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Under skirt of pale amber satin, trimmed with fullings of amber tulle, forming two rows, the lower one being divided into three fullings, and the upper one into two; over this is placed a second short skirt, also of amber tulle, finished round the lower part with a broad hem, which just touches the top fulling of the under skirt; low pointed body, the top of the bust trimmed with broad folds of tulle, and edged round the neck with a narrow blonde; short full sleeves, caught up in the centre, and fastened with small sprigs of dark crim carnations, a bouquet of the same kind of flowers rounding a white rose, placed upon the centre of front of the corsage. The front hair arranged in p bands, surmounted with a half wreath, composed pretty light fancy flowers, the green leaves being mad velvet; hair plaited.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—High dress of pale lavender striped silk; body quite plain; the waist is very long, and droop the front; this body fastens before, and is indente round with small scollops, the body laying over the in the form of a small jacket; the sleeve is tight, and on the top of the arm nearly to the elbow; the edge indented, and the scollops fastened together to corres with the front of the body; a small *epaulette*, open in centre, is placed on the top of the sleeve. The skirt double *jupe*, the one having an exceedingly deep flou the second *jupe* falling nearly to the head of it, givin the skirt the appearance of two deep flounces Capote of drawn pink satin; it is lined with black which is turned over the edge; the crown is covered black lace, and there is a deep curtain of the same; bows of satin intermixed with lace are placed low a left side.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of *organdie* embroi in green and gold; the corsage is low; the waist point very long; full folds of *organdie* are placed a the front, commencing at the seam on the shoulder increasing in width as they approach the centre, w they form a point; a narrow edging stands up roun neck of the dress; a tight and very short sleeve is fin by a similar edging, over which falls a very full sl reaching at the back nearly to the elbow, but in the is sufficiently short to show the under-sleeve, and is lo up by a narrow band. The skirt is without fulness front or upon the hips, but there are a few gathers back. Turban of green and white satin, worked gold thread; the front of the turban together with ends are of white satin; the crown, which is square form, is of the green which is vandyked ro each vandyke being finished by a small gold ball.

BALL COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Dress of *crêpe* or *tulle*: the corsage low waist long, and being pointed at the back as well a front; the sleeve is short, and a little full; a deep falling nearly to the waist; it is open in the front ar the shoulders; it is surrounded by a broad hem, thr which is drawn a satin ribbon; a white flower surrou by foliage is placed on each shoulder; the skirt is long, and has at the bottom a very full reverse plaiti double *crêpe* or *tulle*; over this is a second skirt fo of separate breadths of the material, each having a

hem round it, in which is a satin ribbon; these breadths are fastened together at a little distance from the bottom by bunches of white flowers, the foliage of which is of satin; at about an equal distance is placed a smaller bunch of flowers, the whole forming a novel, and at the same time an elegant *Costume du Bal.*

PLATE THE SIXTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig 1.—Dress of green satin; the body high on the shoulders, and open in the front, fastened across by narrow pointed bands of green velvet a shade darker than the dress; a small cape or collar trimmed with velvet is placed on the dress, taking in the front the form of a stomacher; the sleeves are tight, having small *jockeys* edged with velvet, and open in the centre; a trimming of velvet is placed on the top of the arm composed of three bands of velvet, the points being upwards; a deep double ruffle of lace finishes the sleeve at the wrist, one ruffle falling over the hand, the other laying back on the arm; the skirt is long and extremely full; the trimming is two pieces *en biais*, narrow at the waist, and increasing in width towards the bottom; they are edged with two rows of velvet, and between them are narrow pointed bands, placed in threes at equal distances. Bonnet of violet coloured velvet, trimmed with satin, forming a band along the bottom of the crown from the curtain on the left side; it is fastened just past the centre by a simple knot, the end being trimmed and falling to the ear on the right side, while low on the left is a bunch of flowers and foliage.

EVENING COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress of white lace worn over a *jupe* of white satin; the corsage is low, the waist long and *à pointe*; the sleeve is short and plain, and is entirely covered by the deep fall of lace which surrounds the neck; the skirt is long and extremely full, and has two very deep volants of rich lace, one falling over the other. Turban of white *crêpe* or *tulle*; the twist which is placed across the head being ornamented with gold, the long ends having a deep gold fringe, and are embroidered with a large gold flower.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—A pelisse of shaded silk; the body plain and high; it has a small cape or pelerine of black velvet, the corners slanted and coming a little below the waist; it is fastened by bows of velvet, each having a small gold buckle in the centre; the sleeve is tight, having small *jockeys* of black velvet, and a deep cuff at the wrist; the skirt is long and very full: it is faced with black velvet, being the same width at the waist as the ends of the pelerine, and greatly increasing in width towards the bottom; it is, like the pelerine, fastened by bows of velvet and gold buckles, those towards the bottom being larger in size. Bonnet of orange-coloured velvet; the brim is large and open; it is ornamented by black lace, and has a beautiful velvet flower, the foliage being satin, placed on the left side; small *nœuds* of blue ribbon ornament the interior.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1845.

The fashionable world is now all vivacity, and revelling in balls, concerts, and above all, the opera; the luxury of the toilet being carried to its utmost height. We cannot, indeed, expect quite so much novelty as at the commencement of the season, but if the details are less varied, they are, perhaps, more magnificent. Our plates, as our fair readers may see, contain some elegant novelties, added to which, we beg to lay before our fair subscribers, the fruits of our researches concerning

Caps.—The change most perceptible in this style of head-dress, is their being made very short at the ears, the lace with which they are decorated being put on nearly plain all round, the manner of placing the ribbons is varied, elegant, and original, rendering them always *la mode*. For instance, they are formed in *rosettes*, *coques*, or *pompons*, producing those pretty little caps denominated *Fermière*, *Pompadour*, *Alsacien*, *Marquise*, *Charlotte Corday*, &c. We must not omit mentioning, also, a very pretty style of cap made in *tulle*, and trimmed with two rows of English *application* lace put on slightly, fulled and rounded at the ears, headed with a large plait of pink satin ribbon, forming a kind of wreath, and having a *nœud* of the same *posée* on the side of the cap.

Embroideries are now in great request both for evening and out-door costume, as well as those charming little novelties, such as mittens, &c. We have seen several very pretty ones, embroidered in a small round braid, of the same colour as the mittens, intermixed with a light fine gold thread, the colours most worn being black, dark green, and blue.

Ball Head-Dresses are composed simply of the hair, arranged *à l'Anglaise*, a single rose being placed on each side, and attached with *nœuds* of ribbon, the ends of which are finished with diamonds, forming a kind of pendant to the ears. Another very pretty style of arranging the hair, is the introducing of a kind of black *toque*, which surrounds the back hair as well as the front, in a kind of twist or *rouleau* made of velvet, the centre part being very narrow, and enlarging on each side; a splendid marabout, tipp'd with gold, adds much to its rich appearance. We may here remark, that long ringlets are now universal, drooping as low as the bust; sometimes only one is seen, forming part of the Vendean; this style allows of tufts of flowers being worn, which is composed of bouquets of three daisies, roses, camillas of three shades or colours, or simply leaves, prettily grouped in clusters. Crowns of ivy are also much in request, as well as those of heath, the flowers of which are of the beetle colours, which sparkles like precious stones; the Norma wreath, and the wreath Marie Stuart, which inclines upon the centre of the forehead, is raised slightly over the temples, and is rounded in descending so as to encircle the masses of front hair. The *Almées* wreath is also a new style, combining all that is delicate, graceful, and poetic. It is composed of a *guirlande* of very light leaves, of a *dorée* or golden colour, in the midst of which

appears to play a myriad of small round flowers of every colour, which are not larger than pearls, and sprinkled over with dew drops, which gives them the effect of diamonds; this elegant wreath has but lately appeared, and is much sought after. We may also add, that feathers are in great demand, their light appearance having so good an effect when intermixed with the hair, which is generally worn rather high. A *coiffure* worn by one of our *grande dames* is also worthy of notice, the front hair being arranged in two long ringlets, and the back part in a bunch or knot of plaits, and ornamented with a wreath of red *courlis*, intermixed with diamonds. This wreath has two *touffes*, which are placed on each side behind the front curls, and are attached across the top of the head with a small cord, a row of diamonds passing across the forehead.

Ball Dresses.—We cannot do better than quote some of the most striking and novel of those that have recently appeared. A robe of white *moire*, over which is worn a *tunique* of *crêpe lisse*, opening in the front, and descending a little below the knee, embroidered all round, as well as the two sides of the front, with sweet peas, *brodé* in red silk, edged with gold; plain corsage made low, and decorated with a *berthe*, rounded in the front, and embroidered to match the *tunique*. A robe of pink satin, trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with two rows of plaited ribbon, put on the one from the other, at about the distance of ten *centimetres*; tunic of verdant green *crêpe*, raised on each side above the knee, with a large bouquet of variegated daisies; plain low body, ornamented all round the top of the bust with a narrow plaiting of green satin ribbon, attached in the centre with a cluster of daisies; the short sleeves ornamented to match, with two rows of plaited ribbon. We have also remarked several very elegant and youthful style of toilettes, composed of *crêpe*, *à double jupe*, the second skirt open up each side, and trimmed all round with plaits of pink and white satin ribbon; at the lower end of the openings of the upper robe, pretty *nœuds* of ribbon are placed, to which are attached long floating ends. There is also another very charming style of trimming these dresses, composed of ribbons, which surrounds the waist, and descend as far as the lower edge of the first skirt, where it is terminated with a *nœud* of the same, the ends of which wave over the under dress. Lace is considered the most *récherché* kind of material for ball dresses. Two very elegant costumes have just been shown us, of white and black lace, the former being worn over pale pink satin, the black over *bleu princesse*, the front of these dresses, forming by their embroidery *un tablier*, closed with three rows of lace, which, continuing all round, form *volants*, the lace on the corsage being put on so as to form the *berthe*.

Trimmings of Ball Dresses are now of a very rich description, being principally composed of those open-worked fringes in gold and silver. We have also seen trimmings for the front of these dresses called *montants*, or *échelles*, the *berthe* which decorates the body being formed to match. Then, again, there are those fringes which are called *mousseuses*, all white, which are used fo the decorating of *doublures*, and those white *barè* dresses *à triple jupes* which are considered now so el gant. We must observe, also, another very favouri style of trimming, called *quilles*, formed of *passémenteri* the ground work is of *ponceau* and blue, intermix with which are threads of gold or silver, forming a kin of rose. They have a very rich effect.

Ceintures tied in a *nœud*, with long ends floatin are often worn with those *double* robes of gaze liss trimmed with fullings of the same, through which passed a ribbon, caught at regular intervals with a rose.

Toilettes de Ville.—Those of silk are mostly ma after the following fashion. For instance, a dress green moire, trimmed *en tablier*, with two broad folds velvet on the cross, the corsage plain and high upon t shoulders, opening *en cœur*, and faced with velvet, whi joins those on the skirt; plain sleeves, rounded over t hand, and edged with velvet, *jockeys à dents*, border with velvet; *guimpe* of muslin, divided with embroider inlet; under sleeves of muslin, and manchettes of lac This style of dress is always made high, *à corsage carac* that is to say, having round the waist *des basques ronde* which encircles the hips. We may also observe, that t spencers *basquine* are very generally worn. *Les brand bourgs* are much in favour for the ornamenting of velve moire, and satin pelisses; those terminated with tasse are the prettiest. We have also remarked a pretty kin of dress composed of *Pekin quadrille* silk, the corsa tight, and the front *dentelé*, each point being fasten with the one opposite; *Amadis* sleeves, laced up the fron and at the lower part; the skirt trimmed with two bro *volants festonné*, the upper flounce resembling a sho *jupe*.

Bonnets have not varied much since last month, eith as to size or material. We observe that feathers are onl used for afternoon costume. Those which we have prin cipally remarked are in satin or *velours épinglé*, pin white, *mauve*, and sky blue. We have observed a ve pretty one composed of white *velours épinglé*, ornamente with a long twisted feather, the interior decorated wi roses. The only alteration remarkable, is the suppressio of the *bavolet*, replaced by a broad piece, which forms continuation to the front of the brim, and which piece raised high at the back, so as to show some of the low part of the head. We may cite those made in a dee blue velvet, and which are simply decorated with a *nœu* of the same description of velvet, the drooping feath which falls over the side is of the same hue. I place of the feather, we see sometimes a bunch of oa leaves and acorns, which have a very novel effect. Thos bonnets intended for *negligé* costume, are mostly of close form; those worn for afternoon or evening toilett are slightly opened, so as to allow of more ornamen in the interior.

Les Sorties de Bal are invariably lined or trimme with fur, and are in form, somewhat resembling thos ancient Northern garments, which are so remarkable fo their originality. Some are made in cachmeire, and th

capuchon, which is always detached, is formed and quilted, so as to represent a kind of *petit chapeau*, and is trimmed with a broad lace, which forms a veil.

Suedoises.—This name is given to those beautiful cloaks decorated with rich furs, the sleeves of which are ornamented with broad facings, which fall back so as to form a kind of muff.

Fashionable Colours.—There is no perceptible change in the colours intended for out-door costume, black still being in the majority. For evening toilette, on the contrary, the colours are most mixed and varied; pink, blue, jonquil, the morning and evening primrose, violet, and light shades of green, being the most predominant hues.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

The severity of the weather may now be considered as partial. Although it is yet too early to expect much change in out-door dress, *en revanche*, nothing can equal the splendour and novelty of evening costume, which is more expensive than ever, owing to the introduction of every description of jewels, gold, and silver. But before we enter upon this fruitful theme, let us see what is most remarkable in

Capotes.—Those of satin are mostly decorated with *biais* or folds of the same, relieved with a *chou* of black lace on the side of the crown, from which depends the end of a scarf of the same light texture; the colours alone vary for this style of bonnet, being of lighter hues than those worn last month; those intended for *negligé* or morning wear being simply trimmed with lace; sometimes the folds are composed of shaded ribbons, having a very pretty effect. Several very spring-like ones have lately appeared made of pale pink satin, covered with a veil of black lace attached on each side of the *calotte*. Those composed of fine straw or Leghorn, lined and trimmed with white, pale green, or lilac, are also making their appearance; when decorated with feathers, ostrich tips are preferred, slightly curled, and arranged in a kind of half wreath, the lower one nearly touching the shoulder, like one in the centre top figure of our third plate of fashions; the interior decorated with half wreaths of shaded hedge roses.

Coiffures in the style of *Marie Stuart*, *Isabeau*, and Grecian, are now all the rage. We have also remarked *des mancinis* in a very pretty kind of open work, and formed in rather wide plaits on each side of coloured silk, intermixed with gold, and which is attached upon the front of the head with a small twist, and descending on each side of the ears, edging the *bandeaux*, or it may be allowed to confine the hair, which is worn *à l'Anglaise*; bunches of small tassels of every colour are attached to the end of the gold and silk twist. We must here remark that the most *récherchées coiffures de bal* this year, are either historical or national ones, such as Italian, Spanish, *romaine*, &c., all of which are put on rather forward on the head; the Algerine turban is likewise much worn, both as a *toilette de bal* and evening dress; the *tissu* of which they are composed are generally mixed with lively colours and gold. We have also remarked the turban *Kabyle* as being very charming; it is composed of *gaze cachemire*, figured in large stripes of blue and silver, the ends finished with quite a new style of fringe. *Les Coiffures Marquises* are still worn made of lappets of blonde and flowers; they are also extremely elegant when composed of *dentelle d'or*, attached with bouquets of *verdure*, and are put on very backward upon the head, causing the lappels to droop over the dress. Turbans are also in great request; they are remarkable for their light and graceful appearance; they are principally distinguished by the vivacity of their colours; some are composed of gold and silver *lamée* gauze; others have the crowns made of velvet trimmed with an Arabian scarf.

Ball Dress Materials.—We have seen several very beautiful dresses of light tissues, relieved with embroideries of coloured silk and gold, remarkable for their fresh and novel appearance—such as *organdies* and *gazes linon*; jet is also introduced, having a very brilliant effect, for instance a robe of *linon*, *séme*, or striped with small Easter daisies embroidered in shaded blue silk, the heart of which is formed of white pearls or bugles; those which are embroidered in arabesque patterns of a golden yellow, relieved with a light kind of silver design, and forming a tunic, are remarkable for their oriental and *récherché* appearance.

Pardessus are still much worn, particularly the *pardessus Mantelet*, which is made of Pekin of silk lined and wadded of a spacious form, which is closed all the way up, having a very wide *falbalas*; this conceals the sleeves, and is entirely lost in its folds; a double cape forms a kind of shawl in the front. Then we have those worn in satin *à la reine*, with a pelerine made of velvet forming a point in the front. We must not also omit mentioning that the *Kuzawejck* is in great request, perfectly replacing the *camail* or pelerine; this *petit dolman à manches*, which is made in velvet, and lined with silk, is wadded, quilted, and trimmed with lace, fur, or *passementerie*, and can either be worn open, or closed over the chest.

Robes de Visites are mostly decorated with black lace, an open-worked fancy twist, or chenille, seamed with jet; they are of infinite variety. We have remarked several very distinguished looking ones, the corsages of which are made high and *à revers*; others are closed all the way up, whilst some are allowed to remain half open, the two fronts being united with several rows of lace, or by a fancy trimming made expressly for the purpose; the sleeves, which are straight, are also made sufficiently short to allow of a small under-sleeve. Another very favourite style of dress, are those made in brown damask; the skirt plain; the corsage of which is formed high upon the shoulders, and open about two-thirds up the front of the body, the facings of velvet being cut after the fashion of a man's waistcoat. .Elbow sleeves, made perfectly plain; *gymp* of embroidered India muslin. Another in *moire* of a dark

colour ; the corsage *busqué*, and cut at the lower part, so as to form two points which surround the hips ; *Amadis* sleeves, with facings *à Louis Quartorze* ; a stripe of velvet descends from the summit of the corsage to the lower part of the skirt, the same kind of trimming encircling the *jockeys* and edges the facings ; fancy buttons ornamenting the bands of velvet. Several very elegant ones have attracted our notice, composed of grey cachmire, descending to a little above the hem of the dress, and ornamented all round with a fancy trimming ; plain corsage, very high, and forming a point decorated upon the front with a double row of fancy trimmings joining that on the skirt ; the cape, or pelerine, is sufficiently deep to fall a little lower than the waist at the back, and being round and open in the front ; upon the top of each shoulder it is also made open, and laced across with a fancy braid ; this pelerine is likewise encircled with a fancy trimming ; long sleeves *à la religieuse*, having facings ornamented with *passementerie*. When the dresses are composed of satin, volants of broad black lace are mostly preferred ; the bodies plain, and *ceinture* to match ; plain sleeves, with the puritan cuffs, and *fichû à petit col brisé*.

Evening Dresses are principally composed of heavy materials, such as damasks, satins, light coloured velvets, and *velours épinglé* ; such as a robe of this latter material of a beautiful pink tint opening up the front, and showing the under-dress of white satin, the two sides of the upper skirt being joined with pink satin ribbon disposed in the shape of a lozenge, and attached on each side by three *nœuds* of satin ribbon ; the corsage plain and pointed, the draperies of which are composed of pink *crêpe*, ornamented the whole way up the centre with *agraffes* made in cameos ; short sleeves ornamented with folds of *crêpe*. At a late concert we observed that robes made of pink and white satin were most in majority ; those of white satin being trimmed and decorated with three roses, yellow, black, and pink, which serves to raise three beautiful draperies, put on rather slanting, of superb white lace placed upon the front of the dress ; then, again, we have remarked a most elegant style of dress composed of blue velvet, ornamented on each side, reaching from under the arm to the lower edge of the *jupe* with a trimming composed of *crevés* of white satin divided with *coques* of velvet ; the corsage is made perfectly plain, low, and pointed ; plain sleeves, very short, with *petit crevés* of satin forming a kind of bracelet ; *berthe* composed of two rows of *point d'Alençon* lace. Dresses of satin, damask, *brocart*, and, in fact, all heavy materials, are mostly trimmed with lace, often put on *en echelle* up the fronts of the skirt, or in two ascending rows on each side, separated with a ribbon plait, or a row of *nœuds* forming a *pompon*, that is a kind of rosette ; the corsage of these dresses are always made pointed, and descend very low upon the centre of the bust in the form of a heart, and allowing of the richly embroidered muslin *chemisette* to be made visible. We have seen several very pretty ones made expressly for evening costume, composed of *organdie* finely plaited and put on a rich inlet, which is preferred to the muslin embroidery.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The following anecdote is taken from a contemporary, but we will not pretend to vouch for its correctness. The Princess Royal is in her 5th year ; an affectionate child, but inheriting strongly that willfulness of disposition so marked in her great grandfather, George the Third. When she could do little more than lisp unformed syllables, she used to be taught to say—"Huzza, for the Queen!" But the little lady, instead of shouting "Queen," would always substitute "Mamma!" and the more she was told to say "Queen," the more stoutly she adhered to "Mamma." Not long ago, at Windsor, it is reported that the apothecary of the Royal Household visited the nursery. The Princess was playing with a piece of paper, which, upon his entering, she caught up and held tightly in her hand. She accosted him by saying—"How d'ye do, Brown ?" Her instructress, Lady Littleton, told her to say Mr. Brown ; but the child would say nothing but Brown. Mr. Brown, as we are informed, inquired what her Royal Highness was playing with, but she refused to answer—and answer she could not be made to do, or even to show the piece of paper ; Lady Littleton's influence failed to make her do so ; and in the last resort for such fits of willfulness, her Majesty was sent for. A despatch to the Queen on such occasions is the climax of disgrace, and never fails to set matters right. Upon the Queen's arrival, her Majesty was informed of the refusal to say *Mr.* Brown, and to show the plaything. The Princess Royal was put in the corner, where she stood in dudgeon for some time : at last, wanting to come out, the little self-willed girl, crunched up the paper, and said—"Ball—ball !—Brown !"

CORRESPONDENCE.

"*The Dreamer*" must not be surprised at the typographical errors which have crept into his contributions, when he recollects the *egregiously* bad writing in which they are clothed. Printers have neither time nor inclination to ponder over hieroglyphics.

"*A. B.*" We could not think of paying so bad a compliment to the understandings of our readers in general, as to comply with your request. Of this we assure you, that all that is required is a little time, a great deal of patience, and a moderate share of brains.

"*To Hannah*" received, and shall certainly appear in our next number.

"*R. T.*" Declined.

"*P. R.*" Accepted, with thanks.

Communications to be inserted, should be forwarded by the 10th of the month.

Books and Music cannot be reviewed, unless copies are forwarded to the Editress of the "World of Fashion" for that purpose.

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LONDON, APRIL 1, 1845.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER;
OR, LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

"This fate he could have 'scaped, but would not lose
Honour for life, but rather nobly chose,
Death from their fears, than safety from his own,
That his last action all the rest might crown."

DENHAM.

CHAPTER I.
THE PROPOSAL.

A few months previous to the first invasion of the Bourbons, and at the time that France was surrounded on all sides, and about to fall under the united efforts of Europe, the town of Aix was the theatre of a tragic adventure, which, under other circumstances, would have occupied altogether public curiosity, but which then passed away, without exciting a population already affected by more grave and important interests.

In one of the streets in the neighbourhood of the court, and not far from the celebrated Thermal fountain, from which flowed the foaming waters of Sextius, lived a Monsieur Renaut, a widower, and already of an advanced age. He had a daughter of nineteen, whose beauty and accomplishments had already attracted the observation of the neighbourhood in which she resided. Opposite to the house occupied by this young lady and her father, resided a young advocate, whose pre-eminent talents placed him, notwithstanding his youth, in the very first rank at the bar of Aix.

Monsieur des Essarts saw Miss Julia Renaut, and notwithstanding his grave occupations, became desperately enamoured, and he determined upon acquainting the father of the young lady with his sentiments. He was rich, and extremely handsome, two qualities which ought to forward his suit, one with the father, the other with the daughter.

Monsieur des Essarts, not having any introduction, relied upon his eloquence for success. And who better than himself could plead his own cause? Who could describe in more glowing language the fervency of his admiration? who better pourtray the depth of his attachment? he therefore proposed to visit Monsieur Renaut, and ask his permission to address his daughter.

Monsieur Renant was a simple, open, honest, but timid man; he listened with attention and respect to the young advocate, and when he had concluded, he replied,

"Both my daughter and myself feel honoured by your visit, but—but——"

"But what?" demanded the advocate, alone waiting for an objection to be made to reply to it.

"But I have disposed of my daughter's hand, otherwise I should feel happy——"

"My dear sir," interrupted the advocate, "permit me to hope, in despite of your words. You know my fortune and my position, but you do not know the ardour of my affection for your daughter. Doom me not to despair, or at least tell me who is my rival—who is that happy man that you prefer to me? Do me the favour of letting me know for whom I am refused?"

"Oh! certainly," replied the father, "my daughter has been engaged for the last ten years, she was scarcely nine years old when she was betrothed?"

"But to whom?"

"To my dearest friend, Monsieur Mauclair."

"Monsieur Manclair!" exclaimed the advocate. "Is it that old man, whose reputation is not the very best, and who is older than yourself by many years?"

"Stop, sir," said Monsieur Renaut; "Mauclair is my friend, I owe him all that I possess, and my word is pledged to him."

"Then you will sacrifice your daughter," said Des Essarts, with a gesture of disgust.

"Sir," said the father, "think you that if I gave you my daughter, the sacrifice on her part would be less?"

"How, I do not understand you?"

"My daughter loves you not."

"I know too little of her," replied the advocate, "to flatter myself that I am loved by her; but, if I had your permission to address her I would dare to hope ——"

"That you would succeed with her," interrupted the old man; "no, sir, give up that hope."

"Why, do you mean to tell me," said the advocate,

" that your young and beautiful daughter loves Monsieur Mauclair ?"

" No, sir, she does not love him, but there is a young man that you doubtless know, his family is good, but he has no means, and I like him not; his name is St. Ange."

" I know St. Ange," replied the advocate.

" Well, that is the man she loves, notwithstanding my advice and prohibition. If, then, you think that marrying my daughter against the wish of her heart is sacrificing her, you can no longer have any pretensions to her hand. If I studied her wish, I should give her to St. Ange, you are altogether out of the question; thus, between both, I regret that I cannot have the honour of further cultivating your acquaintance."

The advocate left Monsieur Renaut much less irritated by his refusal, than grieved to learn that Julia had placed her affection upon so unworthy an object.

" Well, then," thought he, " all hope is over, for she loves another, and who is that other ? a mere boy, little St. Ange, who, although not yet a man, is already depraved, and full of vice; a gambler and a libertine, surrounded by debt, and looked upon with suspicion."

The advocate might have added that his favoured rival had certainly a remarkably handsome face, and exquisite figure, with the most seducing manners.

Full of sorrow and disappointment, he entered his house, put on his robes, and entered mechanically into the Chamber of Correctional Appeals, and took his place on the bench of advocates.

" What is your name ?" demanded the President of the accused, who was standing in the dock.

" Gaetano Di Torro," answered the prisoner, in bad Freneh.

" Your age ?"

" Forty years."

" Your country ?"

" Genoa the Superb."

" Who have you to defend you ?"

" I have got no counsel."

" Then I shall procure you one. What situation do you hold ?"

" Sailor in the brig Pantaloon."

Gaetano was low, and stout in figure; his hair was black and curly, his look wild and revengeful, his fiery black eye was cast around upon his judges with scorn and anger, and seemed to defy the justice they were about inflicting on him.

The President requested Monsieur des Essarts to defend the prisoner, to which he readily consented, anxious to escape his own thoughts, but as a condition required that he would be allowed half an hour's conversation with the accused. His request was readily granted, and he retired with Gaetano to an adjoining apartment. He found the accused in a most exasperated state of mind, grinding his teeth, and striking his brow with his clenched hand, exclaimed—

" The ruffians, the rogues, the blackguards—they will condemn me."

" My friend," replied Des Essarts, " the men who about trying you are honest and high minded magistra but let me know what thus agitates you, if you are i cent you have nothing to fear."

Some days before there was stolen from an inhabi of the town a gold watch in one of the boxes of the the Having instantaneously missed his property, the raised an alarm, and Gaetano was arrested on suspici

" And oh !" cried the Genoese, after he had recou the history of the stolen watch, " although I am a sinner, and have done many things for which I repr myself, yet I swear by the Madonna that I am perf innocent of the crime they now charge me with."

" But were you not seated beside the person whom the watch was stolen ?" demanded the advoca

" Yes," replied the sailor.

" And do you know the thief ?"

Gaetano acknowledged that he did, but at the same disavowed being an accomplice in the act.

" Well then," said the advocate, " enlighten ju —name the guilty one, and it will be easy indeed for demonstrate your innocence."

The Genoese started back in horror.

" What,', said he, " dishonour myself, and throw unfortunate man into the hands of justice—never. do not know Gaetano. I know how to play with the p nard, but to turn informer—never—never."

The young advocate could not but admire this sing sense of horror in a man who would not probably feel compunction at committing a greater crime, and fe assured of his complete innocence in the affair of the st watch, he encouraged him, and begged of him to tranq lise his mind, promising to use all his efforts to have honourably acquitted.

" No—no !" replied the sailor vehemently, " they condemn me."

The advocate appeared before the tribunal accompa by his client, and knowing the state of desperation to w the soul of Gaetano would surrender itself if he were fo guilty, and feeling perfectly convinced himself of his nocence, he pleaded his cause with such irresistible war that, in the absence of further proof, he easily obtained acquittal of the accused.

When Gaetano heard himself declared innocent, w he saw himself free, and at perfect liberty to depart, features completely changed, and were instantly rem able for their savage beauty, and stretching forth his h towards the judges, he exclaimed—

" Yes, you are honest people—brave judges, that holy spirit enlightens—and heaven will always protect your children, and your grand-children."

Then turning towards Des Essarts, he embraced warmly, and said,

" We shall meet again, my noble advocate, we s meet again."

CHAPTER II.

THE WEDDING.

Monsieur Renant was actively engaged in making

parations for the marriage of his daughter with Monsieur Mauclair, and on his part young St. Ange did his utmost to induce Julia to elope with him; but the vigilance of old Mauclair was not easily lulled, as he never for a moment lost sight of his betrothed.

The young victim did all she could to turn her father from his determined sacrifice, and was warmly backed by all her relatives.

"We admit," said they to Monsieur Renaut, "that Mauclair is rich, but how he has acquired his wealth? no one can positively say, but all the world suspects, and boldly asserts that it was amassed by fraud, violence, and even murder. They speak of a former wife, ill-treated by him, and dead long before Julia's birth; and they darkly hint that poison was had recourse to. By what strange freak an old man as Mauclair is, who cannot walk a single step without the assistance of a servant, can think of marrying a young girl, of whose disgust and aversion towards him he is perfectly sensible; and what unnatural complaisance induces you, the father of that young and innocent girl, to give your consent to so unhallowed an union, quite perplexes us."

Such arguments as the foregoing, failed in altering the father's determination. Mauclair's sway over him appeared absolute. The bride's dresses were prepared, and the banns published.

This state of affairs would have rendered an elopement romantic, and St. Ange did his utmost to forward it. Not from motives of pure affection, for he was a libertine in his heart—a *roué* without conscience—a Don Juan of low degree, who flattered himself with the notion that he was irresistible, and had a right to put the highest value on his personal appearance. He wished, in fact, to become the Lovelace, or the Fronsac of the village of Aix; and made up his mind to run away with Julia, and then lay a price upon himself before he married her.

Poor Julia was far from suspecting the true character of him to whom she had yielded her fondest affections. Love completely blinded her, and she believed him what she wished him to be, a hero in all that was noble.

The young advocate saw and knew what was going on, and grieved to see the misery of poor Julia's position. No matter which way she turned—the hated old Manclair on the one hand, and the disgusting libertinism of young St. Ange on the other.

"How truly deplorable," thought he, "that one so young, and so beautiful, should have so misplaced her affection. If I had been fortunate enough to awaken an interest in her bosom, how happy could I have made her—how fondly would I have called her my wife, confided to her my most secret thoughts, and shared with her my wealth, and the distinction which already encircles my name."

He felt that he must at once renounce these illusions, as her fate appeared inevitable. She would be either sacrificed—or lost. The young advocate watched with vigilance the proceedings, and at length saw the young, pale, and weeping girl conducted by her father and Mauclair, and accompanied by a few friends to the church, where the odious marriage was performed. After which the youthful maiden was conveyed half insensible to the carriage, followed by Mauclair, amidst the groans of those collected outside.

CHAPTER III.

THE VISITER.

The same day that the marriage of the hapless Julia took place, our young lawyer was sitting sad and gloomy in his study, when the door opened, and Gaetano entered, extremely well dressed, and a large bag containing money in his hand.

"Good morning," he joyously said, "do you recollect I promised that we should meet again?"

"Is it you, Gaetano? Are you again in trouble?"

"Not to-day," replied the Genoese. "I have yet to try if my good angel will abandon me."

"Then what can I do for you?" said Des Essarts, evidently annoyed at this unlooked for intrusion on his privacy.

"Sir," replied Gaetano, "do you forget that we have an account to settle?"

Saying these words, he laid the bag of money on the table, and taking a chair, quietly seated himself beside the advocate.

"You do not owe me anything," said the lawyer, pushing the money away from him. "I did but my duty in pleading for you, and have been already paid for it, so take back your money, I pray you."

"Wait a moment," said Gaetano. "It is not my intention to give you all the money that is in that bag—only a part of it. Fix yourself the sum that I am indebted to you, and take it. Your words were gold to me, and I know not how to value them."

Seeing that Des Essarts was annoyed, he continued—

"When any body insults, or does an injury to Gaetano, they may calculate that their days are numbered. And, also, when Gaetano is rendered a service, he never forgets it, and would repay it with his life. And now, my generous advocate, if you are in want of money, you are welcome to the whole contents of the bag."

Seeing it was in vain to induce Des Essarts to receive any recompense for his services, and having too much tact to press the matter further, he instantly changed the subject, and with a finesse truly Italian, he said—

"You appear dejected and unhappy. Ah! I see even honest men are not at all times free from care in this world. You are this day miserable and gloomy, whilst there is an old rogue in this town full of joy, and surrounded with riches, who is just married. You doubtless know his bride, the beautiful girl who lives opposite your house."

"Do you know Mauclair?" demanded the advocate.

"Know him," replied Gaetano, with evident embarassment. "No; but I have seen that young girl, with her beautiful face, her exquisite figure, her brilliant black eyes, and her snowy white teeth. Oh! what a pity."

Yes, it is indeed a pity," said Des Essarts, with a sigh.

"Ah!" said Gaetano, casting upon the advocate one of those piercing looks which appeared to penetrate to the bottom of the soul.

Des Essarts saw at once that his passion was known to the Italian, and however repugnant he felt at such a confidant, he could not refrain from inveighing against the father, who immolated his daughter at the shrine of riches, or sacrificed her to a more mysterious, and, perhaps, less honourable cause.

The Italian listened with interest, and strongly recommended the young lawyer to forget Mademoiselle Renaut —to arouse from the gloom that was at present overmastering him—to look around him, and select from the many one worthy of his affection, and the high position he held.

"Gaetano, you are right, and I shall take your counsel. And now, my good friend, take your money; your advice to me is equivalent to my pleading for you, and we are quits."

"Oh! no, no," replied Gaetano, reluctantly taking the money. "Listen—in five or six days I shall again rejoin my vessel, and as soon as possible will send you a necklace of coral for the wife you are about to select. You can place it with the diamonds and pearls of your wedding present, and it will be a remembrance of the gratitude of a poor sailor.'

The young lawyer, quite charmed with the lively sentiments of gratitude so deeply felt for so trifling a service, warmly clasped the hand of his client, and they separated mutually pleased with each other.

Des Essarts left that day for his house in the country, which was within a few leagues of town, and resolved to follow Gaetano's advice, and marry as soon as possible, in order to chase his unhappy attachment from his mind. He was young and handsome, and he held a brilliant position; and he would, therefore, find little difficulty in obtaining a suitable match. After a week's reflection he returned to town with a lighter heart and more joyous mind than he had enjoyed for some time.

His servant met him with an affrighted look, and told him that for the last few hours Monsieur Renaut had been twenty times asking for him.

"What did he want with me?" demanded the advocate.

"He did not say."

"What is the matter?"

"Why," replied the domestic, "Mademoiselle Renaut, the new Madame Mauclair has assassinated her husband."

"Julia, Julia," cried the advocate.

"Yes, sir. She is in prison."

Des Essarts waited for no more, but flew from his house across the street to that occupied by Monsieur Renaut.

CHAPTER IV.

WHO IS THE MURDERER?

And now, reader, behold the young advocate entering that once joyous and happy house. But what a fearful change had come upon it. All was now sad and gloomy. The aspect of the very furniture was altered, and a sort of fatality appeared encrusted on the walls. He found the old man immersed in grief.

"It is all my fault," he cried, on perceiving Des sarts entering the room. "It is all my own fault. why did I not accept your reasonable proposal. He offered me the means of happily settling my child, a refused it—but I am punished."

"What I have heard then, is too true?"

The wretched father remained a few minutes wit replying, then in a low voice said,

"I have not seen my daughter."

"She is accused," replied Des Essart, "and if I a judge by your anxiety to see me, you wish that I w defend her."

"Oh! yes, sir."

"She shall not want my best endeavours, but I am ignorant of all the details of the event. I am utterly acquainted with all the facts except one, and that is Monsieur Mauclair has been murdered. Pray give m necessary instructions."

Monsieur Renaut could alone tell what all the knew—that morning an old and valued servant of clair's, who alone had access to his apartment, enter his accustomed hour, and opened the door with the with which he had locked it the night before. All w he left it, so that no one could have been admitt that entrance.

The servant, upon withdrawing the curtains, foun master extended upon the bed, stabbed to the heart w poignard, and apparently dead for several previous h The poignard belonged to Mauclair, and it was known he never retired for the night without placing it und pillow, together with a bag of money, which was nov where to be found. His apartment led into another, was used as the dressing room of his wife. The se passed into the adjoining room, the door of which wa open, and there found Julia resting on a couch, her under her head, and her face bathed in tears. The vant exclaimed,

"It is you who have killed my master."

He then raised an alarm of the murder, and ac Madame Mauclair. The place was examined, and ascertained that the only entrance that could be gaine through the dressing room of Madame. Every one of her repugnance to the marriage, and her love fo Ange, who was considered as the accomplice of her c He was strictly sought for at his residence, where i stated that he had left town a few days previous t marriage, and was staying with one of his friends i country.

"And do you believe her guilty?" demanded the cate of her father.

"Guilty!" said her father. "Never, sir—never is utterly impossible that my gentle girl could commi a crime."

"That is also my opinion," said the advocate. young girl who has scarcely left the paternal mansi become an assassin—to seek a poignard in the nupti —and plunge it into the heart of an old man, whon

certainly disliked, but who was still her husband. She would not have had the strength—it is impossible."

"That God may bless and reward you for those sweet words," said the father.

The advocate quitted the father, for the purpose of visiting the accused in prison. He found her seated on a box, with her head leaning on her hand. He respectfully bowed to her, and taking her hands between his own, he said—

"Madame, I have loved you. It is but three short weeks since I asked your hand in marriage from your father, and was refused. It is most likely that even if I had his approbation, your's would still be wanting, as your affections were placed elsewhere. You are accused of a most dreadful crime, of which I believe you to be innocent. Will you accept of my services to defend you?"

"You but do me justice. I swear to you it was not me —I have not assassinated him."

Des Essarts then represented to her the perilous position in which she was placed; telling her that she must put him in possession of all the facts, in order to make out her defence. She assured him she knew nothing of the transaction, nor was she aware of the murder, till she herself was accused.

As to St. Ange, she had not seen him for some time before her marriage, nor had he written to her. It is true she had loved him, but she determined to give up her own will to gratify her parent, and from that moment she had determined to have no communication with her lover.

The proceedings against the young widow progressed in the ordinary course, and the time arrived when she was to appear as a criminal in a court of justice, and public opinion ran high against her. We willnot detail the course of reasoning by which the young advocate sought to convince his hearers of the complete innocence of Madame Manclair. He spoke warmly, and at great length: touching with peculiar pathos upon her early and pious education, her simple and modest demeanour, her amiable and accomplished mind, her strong filial affection, which induced her to contract an odious marriage rather than displease the father she loved, her firm resolve to break off all communication with the man she was attached, in order to do her duty as a wife with more fidelity. What were, he asked, the facts of the case. Mr. Manclair was found murdered in his bed, and it was directly concluded that his young and virtuous wife had killed him. A weak and tender female should have some accomplice in so desperate an act. It required both strength and vigour to give the fatal blow. Was it likely a pure girl, who had never been reproached even with a fault, could in a moment overstep the immense barrier that separates innocence the most perfect, from crime the most odious. Why could not the servant, who was the first to accuse his mistress, have committed the murder himself? Traces of blood would be found upon the assassin, and he dared them to the proof to discover the least stain upon his hapless client. He concluded by calling upon the jury to respect themselves and their country, by acquitting one so young and helpless of so foul a crime.

After lengthened speeches on both sides, the terrible moment arrived when the jury retired to consider their verdict. Breathless, and in tears, the young widow awaited their return. At length a stir was heard, and the foreman cried with a loud voice,

"We find the accused guilty of murder."

"She is not guilty," said the voice of a man from the body of the court, who was making his way towards the bench where the counsel sat. "I shall never allow an innocent woman to be condemned."

The individual now presented himself—it was Gaetano. He turned towards Des Essarts, and said—

"You have pleaded well, and your arguments were able."

The eyes of the court were raised, and fixed upon the intruder. Silence succeeded to confusion. Gaetano grasped the advocate's hand, and whispered in his ear—

"Do you think that Gaetano would let her you love suffer innocently—never."

"If you know aught of the matter in which we are concerned," said the president to the Genoese, "state it. You appear to think that the widow is not guilty. Can you tell us then who has committed the crime?"

"I have done it," replied Gaetano. "And here are the proofs."

At these words, he threw upon the table a key, and the sheath of the poignard.

"Speak, speak," said the president, with impatience.

"This Manclair," replied Gaetano, "was a mean and sordid dog—a wretch without honour or feeling, who, for a trifling consideration, would swear away the life of his own father."

"Recollect that you are speaking of the dead," said the president. "And one whom you yourself have murdered; therefore, express yourself with more decency."

Gaetano appeared to disregard the interruption, and continued without changing his tone.

"When Manclair needed the service of others, he spared not his gold to obtain them. It is now fifteen years since he first met me at Marseilles, and for a small consideration enlisted me in his behalf. It is useless to detail what occurred there. The evening before his marriage he again sought and found me. He gave me a bag containing five hundred francs, and made me promise to go and see him at the expiration of a week. I was punctual to my time. 'Gaetano,' said he, 'I have married a young girl, who does not love me; but I care not for that, as I have decided the part I shall take. She loves another —a fellow without principle. Between the two, they are capable of poisoning me.'"

"Oh! heaven," screamed the young widow.

"These were his words," quietly added Gaetano. "He then said, 'I wish to get rid of this fellow, and you must strike the blow. Do you know St. Ange?'

"I replied that I did. Manclair then told me where St. Ange lived, then he drew me towards his bed, and passing his hand under the bolster, drew forth a poignard, at the same time he showed me a purse filled with gold, the weight of which he made me feel. He then placed it under the bolster.

"'This evening,' said he, 'St. Ange will be at the theatre. Follow him, and at the moment he is about entering his own house strike him. The matter is easy—you will escape unhurt, as the streets will be deserted. You will then bring me back the poignard, and you shall have the purse.'

"Manclair saw by my manner my repugnance. I was no longer as young as when I first used to do his bidding. But I had left myself in his power, and he reminded me that one word from him, and I was lost. I accepted his commission.

"'Here are two keys,' said he, 'one of the street door, and the other of this room in which we now are. At midnight you will strike the blow—two hours after, when all in the house are wrapped in sleep, you will here find me. You have the means of getting in without being seen by any one.'

"I took the two keys, and left him. That evening I went to the theatre, but did not see my victim. Towards eleven o'clock I had the temerity to knock at his door, and inquire for him. I then learned that he was in the country. I wished then to inform Mauclair of the circumstance, and following his instructions, I waited for two hours after midnight. My keys opened the doors without noise—every body slept—even Manclair himself had been surprised by sleep, for his lamp still burned upon the table. I seated myself beside his bed, and gave myself up to thought.

"Look, I thought, at that old rogue, who is a thousand times more wicked than myself, yet as long as I shall put my foot in France that man is master of my liberty, and even of my life; and his malignity might follow me even to my own country. If he commands, I dare not disobey. This very night I was to have slain a young man whom I know not—and all for a little gold. This yoke is too heavy to bear. If this man were dead, I should be free."

"Scarcely had this thought come into my head, till I felt my hand grasp the poignard, and I flew like a tiger on Mauclair. There was a terrible necessity for his death. I struck so instantaneously to the heart, that he had not time for groan or struggle. I laid down the poignard, drew forth the purse, and left the house as mysteriously as I had entered. On returning through the streets, I lost one of the keys; you have now got the other, as well as the sheath of the poignard, which remained in my belt. I was about quitting Aix, and returning to Marseilles, to embark on board my brig, when I heard that the young wife of Mauclair was arrested. I waited till the trial was over, that I might hear of her acquittal, as it never for a moment occurred to me that you would find her guilty. Why do you not learn to distinguish between innocence and guilt. If I were in your place I should be more skilful."

The young advocate, with a heart throbbing with joy, again undertook to defend Gaetano—at least he tried to extenuate his crime, by picturing the maddening ascendancy Mauclair held over him, the infamy of the old criminal, wreaking his vengeance at the price of his gold, and exacting atrocities from a bold and generous spirit, who nobly came forward to accuse himself, rather than let an innocent woman suffer. Des Essarts failed not to profit by all the favourable circumstances of the case, but all his eloquence was vain, as after a patient investigation, the complete innocence of Madame Mauclair was announced, and the luckless Gaetano found guilty, and condemned.

A few days after this double verdict Paris was taken, and the tri-coloured flag lowered. The whole province was in a commotion, and a less skilful person than Gaetano would not have found much difficulty in making his escape, which the Genoese easily effected, and before leaving the country for ever, paid a last visit to his defender, who received him with warmth and joy.

"I see two different characters in you," he said; "one that I should shrink from knowing, and the other that I rejoice to be acquainted with a noble and generous man who voluntarily gives up his own life to save that of an innocent woman, after all my eloquence had failed to justify her. It is in that character I embrace thee."

"Do not speak of that," said Gaetano. "I have come again to thank you for your powerful eloquence, and to tell you that you shall have the necklace of coral I promised."

Madame Mauclair passed the period of her widowhood in strict retirement. She had already seen the folly of her attachment to St. Ange, and at the expiration of a year she espoused her eloquent advocate, who exacted as a favour of her the day of their marriage, that she would wear the coral necklace sent to him by Gaetano.

"Although it comes from an assassin, my dear Julia, yet it will always remind you of Gaetano, who did for you what I was unable to accomplish. He saved both your reputation, and life—and, therefore, I honour him."

The fate of Gaetano is unknown, as Des Essarts never afterwards heard of him.

BELINDA.

A BALLAD.

By Warburton Burch.

Now I love thee more than ever,
Spite of each opposing ill;
Tho' fate perchance our hearts may sever,
Mine must love thee fondly still.

In the world no dearer treasure
Than a faithful heart can be;
Mine could know no other pleasure,
Once deprived of thee.

Love, like a ray from heaven shedding
Round my path celestial light;
Thro' each sense new joy spreading,
Wraps my soul in halo bright.

Now I love thee more than ever,
Spite of each opposing ill;
Tho' fate perchance our hearts may sever,
Mine must love thee fondly still.

THE THREE BROTHERS;
AN IRISH LEGEND.

"Glaube mir, Berthold, unsere Begriffe vom Moglichen andern sich, wenn wir mit dem Wurklichen vertraut werden." DIE HEILIGE VEHME.

There lived once, in the county of Wicklow, and I suppose it is scarcely more than six or seven hundred years ago, a very decent, well-behaved, respectable farmer, that never owed more at a time to his landlord, than three gales of rent; and this farmer's name was Owen Gilligan, and in the course of time he had two wives and three sons, and the wives died before him, and he died after them, and just as he was going to die, he called his three sons to his bed-side, and thus spoke to them.

"Well, boys, here I am going at long last to leave you for ever and amen, and now mind what I'm saying to you, because to-morrow or next day, may be it's at my berrin, you'll all be, instead of listening to your poor old father. As to you to Tim Gilligan, and you Tom Gilligan, it's sorry I am to tell you, that I have nothing in the world to leave, barrin it be my blessing, and may be, if you take care of that, it may be as good as a breakfast or a dinner to you on the long road of life. All I got with your mother was the priest's blessing, and it did me no harm; but as to a bed, or a cow, or even a crock of butter, your poor mother hadn't any such thing the day she was married. She came to me poor, and she died poor, and now, I hope, she's in glory before me. However, there is something better than an ould wicked sinner's blessing for my youngest son Jack, that sits there in the corner crying his eyes out, and roasting the praties for your supper. It's his mother that brought me the fine fortune I can tell you—a whole stocking full of gold guineas, and there they are hid in the thatch over my head, and there they have been, from the day she came into the house, until the day she walked feet foremost out of it; for I had too much spirit ever to think of making money out of a lone woman's little savings. For, says I to myself, wouldn't it be a mangy thing for a man, who had his four bones to work, to be living as if he was a lord, or a born gentleman, on what he never earned himself; but that his wife made him a present of. No, says I to myself, if Norry has a babby, he shall have every tester of it, and so he must, and now mind my words, Tim Gilligan and Tom Gilligan—that gold was given to Norry's great grandfather's grandmother, by the King of the Fairies, and if any body lays a hand on it, barrin it be the rightful owner, it will only bring him hard-fortune here, an unlucky death, and Lord knows what'll become of his unlucky soul hereafter. So mark my words—let neither of you touch a guinea of it. Don't as much say you ever saw it; but keep it safe and sound for your brother Jack, until he's going to be married, and then give it to him, and you will have my blessing, and his mother's blessing on you, and if you don't, why then bad luck to the two of you, for a pair of ill-conditioned, ill-looking, thieving rapscallions as you are ——."

And just as Owen Gilligan said these words, he took it into his head to die—was decently waked for two nights as every Christian ought to be, and was buried beside his two wives, where I dare to say, he is still, lying in the churchyard at Enniskerry.

Well, the funeral was hardly over, when Tim Gilligan and Tom Gilligan, caught a hold of poor little Jack Gilligan, and without as much as saying, "Will you please to go," they kicked him clean out of his father's house, laid hold of his mother's stocking, poured out the contents on the floor, divided the gold into two halves, and each took his charge of the plunder, and put it into his pocket.

"Now for sport," says Tim, "by Gorra, it's I that won't be twenty-four hours out of Dublin, and may be, I won't have Thomas street in an uproar and the Poddle in a commotion."

"And so you intend to spend all that money," says his brother Tom.

"Would I rob Jack of it, if I didn't you nagur," said Tim, "I'll make it fly. Sure then, is not a guinea of it, but wants to get a little fresh air, after being smoked in the thatch there for so many years."

"And what will you be after doing with yourself, when you've spent your money," said Tom.

"Why, then," said Tim, "as I'm a bit of a sailor, and have gone already as far out to sea as the Kish Light and the Isle of Man, may be I'll go to see England, and Africa, and other foreign parts."

"You're an omathawn," said Tom.

"You're a liar," said Tim; "but what will you do with your gold?"

"I'll go and work in the Wicklow gold mines, and never stop, until I have twice as much money as I have this moment."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, then, I'll buy a thousand acres of land, and I'll have a thousand cows, and a thousand sheep, and I'll die the richest man in the county."

"And then—you'll be damned," said Tim.

"The devil may care," said Tim, "I'll have the money in the meantime, any how."

"Oh!—you're a purty boy," observed Tim.

"And you're a nice lad," answered Tom, as he took up his parcel of gold.

And without saying good morning, the two villains of brothers parted from one another.

Now all this was very well; but when the news of what had happened was brought to the King of the Fairies, who was at the same time stopping in a moat in the county of Kildare, he was as cross as two sticks, and ready to beat himself out of pure vexation.

"Never mind," says he, to the little Leprechawn, that told him the news; "Many years won't pass over the vagabones two ugly heads, before I make them sup sorrow. A decent man's two sons never came to an uglier end than that which will happen to these very two chaps. I'll have an eye on them, and if I don't make them jump for this, I'm fitter to be a scarcecrow nor a King of the

Fairies. In the meanwhile, mind poor Jack Gilligan is never to be left without his breakfast, dinner, or supper."

Well, now, when Jack Gilligan was kicked clean out of his own father's house, and wasn't given as much of his mother's property as the stocking itself, in which she used to keep her gold, he was little better than a gossoon, not more than fifteen years of age, and had nothing with him but a knife, with which he used to cut his potatoes, and a small spade for digging them that his father had bought for him, at the fair of Arklow. He had neither kith, kin, nor relations, except his two brothers, and from them he knew he would be sure to get more kicks than halfpence. He was ready to die with the grief, only that he was so hungry, until at last he came to a bog, and saw something growing in it, that he thought looked like a potatoe plant. He clapped his spade into the ground—and only just turned up a sod, when what should he see but two plates under it, with laughing potatoes, ready boiled upon the other, and the other as full of fat bacon and brocoli as it could hold.

"That I may never sin," says Jack, "but that's the finest plant I ever seen. Wasn't I mighty lucky entirely to find it out."

Hardly had he spoken the words out of his mouth, when a great big yellow frog, with a cocked hat and a pair of spectacles on it, and with a yellow coat, and yellow knee-breeches and yellow silk stockings, jumped out of the bog-hole, and sits itself right down opposite to Jack.

"Good morrow, Jack Gilligan," said the frog.

"God morrow kindly, sir," said Jack, who had learned the best of good manners from his father.

"Do you like your dinner?" said the frog.

"Wouldn't I be a baste if I didn't," answered Jack, stuffing a wisp of brocoli into his mouth.

"Would a drink of buttermilk lie in your way," asked the frog.

"Would a duck swim?" answered Jack.

"Well, then, Jack," said the frog, "here's my cocked hat for you; put it into your pocket, and whenever you wish for a drink of fresh buttermilk, clap this cocked hat into the dirtiest bog-hole you meet, and you will have as fine a drink of milk as ever helped to make a crock of butter, and now Jack, mind, what I'm saying to you. Whenever you feel hungry, just clap your spade to the first plant you see, and you will have just as good a meal as you have to day, and so it will be ever until you get back all the gold that your blackguard brothers got from you—and when you have that, you can marry like any other decent man—but mind, you never forget to say your prayers, nor wish long life, and a happy reign to my master, the King of the Fairies."

"Long life and glory to him, and my blessings be on your own yellow mug," said Jack, as he saw the frog make one dive into the bog-hole, and disappear from his eyes.

Jack went on thus feeding like a prince on bacon, potatoes, and brocoli, and having the finest buttermilk out of the frog's cocked hat, until at last he grew up to be an uncommon handsome, nice tidy boy, as ever yet was seen in the county of Wicklow, or even in Tipper itself, and of course, there was not a pretty girl t looked at him, that didn't wish he was her husband. Jack minded what was said to him. He wouldn't much as look at one of them, except one Sally Magen that he promised to marry as soon as he got his moth stocking full of gold back again; but as Sally Mage never saw his mother, her stocking, nor the gold in it was a blue look out for her; however, as Jack said it, believed him, and kept up her heart for the wedding d though two or three Lents were passing over her h without Jack taking any advantage of them, which thought, small blame to her, was a murdering pity tirely. And so it was.

At long last, who should be seen coming back to county of Wicklow, but Tim Gilligan, and he was as p as a church-mouse. He never thought of asking ab Jack, because he was sure he must either have die hunger many a long year before, or have been eaten by a Bog of Allen bear, which were then as commo Ireland, as our dogs are in every village now. He n thought then of asking after Jack; but he was mig particular in finding out where it was that Tom Gilli had hid himself, and at last, he found him working a like a galley-slave in a dark, dirty, gold mine in county of Wicklow.

The instant Tom Gilligan saw his brother Tim, knew that he hadn't a farthing to bless himself with, he, therefore, determined not to speak to him. T however, knew that Tom always carried all his gold a him, and he had been so long out of Ireland, that he lost all nature for his own born brother, and was resol if it cost him his life, to get some of his riches ou him.

"Tom," says he, "will you lend us a loan guinea."

"Is it to go rioting, and drinking, and blackguar about Dublin with my hard earnings," answered To

"No," says Tim, "but if you don't give me money quietly, I'll knock the devil out of you."

"Do, if you dare, you ugly rascal," answered T taking up a pickaxe, and making a blow of it at T But Tim knew how to fight a great deal better than T and so before the latter could look about him, he astonished to find himself a corpse, for Tom had s his knife to the very heart in him, and instead of wee or groaning after him, he set to, turning his pocket in out, and in a jiffy he got hold of Tom's bag of gold, the widow Gilligan's stocking, and three times as m money as it could hold.

"And now for real sport entirely," said Tim, jum for joy, when he saw this heap of gold.

"By your lave," said a Bog of Allen Bear jum up on him, and giving him a squeeze, that he tho would knock the puff out of him.

"Let me go, you blackguard, or by the hokey- But before he could finish the curse, the bear squeezed the soul out of him, and cut off with itself t woods.

"What's all this murder for at all at all," said Jack, running up when he heard the noise of the scrimmage.

"It's all to get back for you your gold, which the King of the Fairies promised you," answered the yellow frog. "There it's for you, and more to the back of it, and there too, are your vagabone brothers. You have money enough now, and can bury them decently, and after that, marry Sally Magennis as soon as you like; but mind, whenever you wish for bacon, potatoes, and buttermilk for the rest of your life, you'll—have to pay for them."

W. B. M.

TO MY SISTER SUSAN;

ON BEING ASKED BY HER TO WRITE SOME VERSES.

Susan, I cannot write, 'tis vain,
My truant thoughts will rove;
I cannot write thee in the strain,
I know that thou dost love.

If I were on the mountain's brow,
That looks upon my home,
Could I behold the valley now,
My boyhood loved to roam;

I'd strike a chord thou would'st admire,
Of happy days to come,
A strain to thy whole heart's desire,
Could I behold that home.

The well remember'd scenes that taught,
My fancy first to soar;
With many a fond remembrance fraught,
Would steal my spirit o'er.

But here all—all is desolate
To me, I am alone
Midst countless thousands isolate,
Unknowing and unknown.

It chills my soul and saddens me,
To think no friend is near;
To know I'm far from home and thee,
My own, my sister dear.

W. J. C.

CHARADE.

My first is destroyed when the daylight appears,
My second's alone to be purchased by years;
My third is a trifle, if weighed by itself,
And my fourth is the mainspring that actuates pelf;
Then join these together, and my *tout* you will find,
Is what's sure to please you—the best of its *kind*.

B. M.

MY FIRST LOVE;

OR, PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A FRIEND.

A Tale; by Juvenis.

It was in the winter of 18—, that I became acquainted with Mary Castleton. I was at a select party at the house of one of my father's old friends, and by chance was seated beside one of the prettiest girls in the universe—at least she was so in my opinion. Those individuals who admire the dark eyes and raven tresses, which are the characteristics of a southern clime, would not have been captivated by the beauty of Mary, but to me there was a greater charm in her mild blue eye, and if there were no powerful feelings depicted *there*, there was the most ineffable tenderness and love.

I was very young at this time, and particularly susceptible of the charms of a beautiful woman, so I did not neglect this opportunity of fishing for a heart, and if I might judge from the heightened colour of Mary, my words were not without effect. The acquaintance thus commenced by chance, quickly ripened into something more, and I soon became the accepted suitor of my fair *inamorata*.

Mr. Castleton resided in Devonshire, and as my affection was of a very impetuous nature, I made frequent journies into that country, to visit the fair girl who engrossed so great a portion of my thoughts.

It was on a beautiful morning in the commencement of summer, that I mounted my horse to ride to L—— House, the name of Mr. Castleton's mansion, which was distant about thirty miles from the house where I was then staying; the sun was shining gloriously—the feathered creation were on the wing, or singing sweetly on some shady bough, thus paying their tribute to the God of creation, and everything seemed happy. I, too, felt happy, and my feelings were in accordance with the morning, for I had good reason for joy; I was hastening to the arms of one who would anxiously await my arrival, and who would not participate in the happiness so beauteously pictured around her, until she was shielded by the presence of her lover.

Having arrived at the straggling village in which Mr. Castleton's house was situated, I stopped at the door of the little inn (which from my frequent visits I now regarded as an old acquaintance), and after disencumbering myself of the dust of the journey, hastened to the garden adjoining Mr. Castleton's abode. Having arrived at the low wall which bounded the garden, I easily jumped over this slight obstruction to my wishes, and was in a moment close to the arbour where the interviews between Mary and myself took place.

Our meetings had always been secret hitherto, so I was somewhat surprised to hear my mistress in conversation with a person, who, as I soon discovered, belonged to the male sex. This circumstance was sufficient to excite my anger, and though I well knew,

"That trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ,"

I thought that the words which reached my ear, were sufficient to justify my regarding this event as something more than a trifle.

"Dear George, do leave me now, for Arthur will be coming," exclaimed Mary, the affectionate epithet which she used towards her companion, driving me to the verge of madness.

"You are always thinking of this Arthur Clayton, you might spare a moment to think of my interests."

"Now, George, you are unjust; have I not sufficiently proved to you how tenderly I love you, then why this accusation now."

It is in vain to attempt a description of my feelings when I heard this damning confession from the lips of her in whom all my hopes were centered. My first resolve was to rush into her presence, and accuse her of her perfidy and ingratitude; but no, my heart refused to be humbled thus, and my lip curled with scorn at the idea of exposing to her unfeeling gaze the agony which she had inflicted. There was only one course remaining and that I chose; I fled like a demon from the hated spot, and with feelings of unutterable anguish, returned to my humble resting place.

Resting place, did I say? Alas! there was no rest for me, for the state of my mind defied repose, and after a night of unmitigated torment, I arose with the first flush of morn, and having ordered my horse, I left the spot which I now detested, and I imagined at that time that I was leaving it for ever. I now earnestly desired solitude, and wished to escape for a time from any communion with the world, so having taken leave of the friend with whom I was staying, I returned to my own home in ———shire.

Those kind eyes, which are so quick in perceiving the sorrows of those they love, soon detected my affliction, and by them my secret was easily won. They, however, with the delicacy, so peculiarly the characteristic of refined minds, did not increase the wound by their officious sympathies, or make my misery the theme of their conversation. I thus for a long time brooded over my misfortune; for proportioned to my former love was the acuteness and intensity of my grief; I had loved Mary with all the warmth of a heart which was yet unchilled, and I was shocked at the cruelty and deceit of her heartless conduct. My father, however, persuaded me to seek a refuge from my sorrow in the bustle of the world, and strive to find amid the fair sex a successor to my faithless mistress, and although I considered my case hopeless, I took his advice, and set off for the metropolis, when I was again launched into the sea of fashionable life.

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Many weeks had not elapsed before I was again involved in the meshes of Master Cupid, and strange as it may appear, I did not make an effort to liberate myself, or to avoid the quicksand where I had been so nearly wrecked.

The object of my fresh passion was a young lady named Somerville, with whose friends I had become lately acquainted. Though I loved my new mistress so strongly, she was in everything the reverse of Mary. The latter was modest, diffident, and retiring—while Emily Somerville was an accomplished woman of fashion, proud haughty, and conscious of her own merits; but though Emily forced her attractions upon my notice, and excelled in the graces of a flattering exterior, my heart clung secret to Mary, and would have been easily reduced under her domination, if she had been present to re-assert her sway.

My jealous temper was often severely tried by the conduct of Emily, for she had a host of admirers, and was liberal of her favours on all. Rumour said she was too liberal, but I heartily disbelieved the report, for rumour is at best a lying jade, and the envious and foolish alone place credence in her. I had not, however, much reason to complain of her conduct towards me, for she was apparently really attached to me, and generally disposed to please me.

My mistress was a constant attendant at fashionable resorts, and as I am a lover of the ballet, I was her constant partner. Many will think that these favours from a fashionable woman should have satisfied any reasonable mortal—they would, I know, have been sufficient for any mere worshipper, but I was seeking an unsophisticated heart, and I was, of course, searching in a place where I was not likely to find it. I wished to find one who could love me for my own sake, and this I felt assured Emily would never be capable of. I, however, continued one of her avowed admirers, though I often expostulated with her on her conduct, which would provoke a reply similar to the following:—

"Pooh! you wish to brand me with the name of a coquette, because you are jealous; but I must leave you, as I am engaged at Lady C——s, and as you look too grave for anything but a funeral, I will accept Captain R—n's escort, and leave you to your philosophic cogitations."

Thus increasing my spleen by her taunts, she would immediately hasten to put her threat into execution, by accepting the attendance of Captain R—n, whom of all men I most detested.

This amour wds destined to be as disastrous and unsuccessful as the former one, and nearly induced me to abjure the society of the fair sex for ever. I was busily employed one evening in improving my personal attractions, previous to an assignation with Emily, when I was disturbed by the *entrée* of a friend, whom I heartily cursed for his intrusion. After a short silence he said, with a half concealed sneer,

"You are, I presume, Clayton, preparing for a visit to some fair lady's bower, but I hope that lady is not Miss Somerville?"

"Why should you hope that I am not about to pay Miss Somerville a visit, and what need is there of this officious interference with my concerns?" I replied with some asperity.

"That speech is just suited to an irritable, hot-headed youth like yourself; as to meddling with your concerns, it is because I am your sincere friend, and would willingly save you the indiscretion and folly which you might be guilty of, if you heard this exposure in public."

"And what, sir, is the event which you consider of such importance to me?"

"That Miss—but you must promise to bear those evil tidings calmly—that Miss Somerville has eloped with Captain R——n.

"The d—l she has," I exclaimed, with unsophisticated astonishment; and then, as the shock of this fresh misfortune overpowered my feelings, I rushed out of the room with the appearance of a madman, leaving the bearer of the news in a state of bewilderment and surprise.

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The high opinions I have formed of feminine excellence, were considerably weakened by the ill-success of my amours, and a kind of vow, to never approach the presence of a woman again, escaped my lips. This, however, like similar protestations, was destined to be immediately broken. for in a few months I contracted a near acquaintance with a lady, who I at that time understood, was a young widow, whom a series of misfortunes had reduced from a much higher grade to comparative poverty. When I heard that a lady was unfortunate, this was sufficient to enlist all my sympathies in her behalf, but when she was pretty and young, I felt that kind of pity, which is a very near relation to love, and which said pity generally contrives to introduce her kinsman in her train. This feeling led to my introduction to Mrs. Morton, who was in every thing calculated to console me for the loss of Emily.

Mrs. Morton was not beautiful, and her face would not have borne criticism, but there was an air of joyous animation in her features, and a smile of seraphic sweetness, which illumined her countenance, when in the presence of those she loved, that pleased me far more than the Stoical indifference, and cold monotony of strictly regular, but unimpassioned faces.

This fresh object of my affection was somewhat of an enthusiast, and passionately devoted to poetry and music, so our conversation generally flowed into a strain, more elevated and intellectual than that which often takes place between the lover and his mistress. Our interviews were usually enjoyed at the magic hour, when the glare of day fades before the sober twilight. Oh! who can describe the soothing influence of an evening hour, when spent with the idol of our love; in every situation there is a beauty in the close of a summer day, which none can wholly resist, but to a lover it presents peculiar charms, especially when the fair being is present, who lends a charm to the scene, and who increases to a tenfold degree, the beauty and harmony of nature, for then this hour is attended by a feeling, somewhat sacred in its nature, like that of the peasant, when the stillness of the evening is broken by the vesper bell, which bids him cease from his labour to say his Ave Maria.

Mrs. Morton's taste for music had led her to cultivate this sweet science, and as she was a skilful performer upon the harp, I was delighted by many a favourite air, while I repaid her by reading Shakspeare, of whom we were both great admirers; this mode of passing our time was very injudicious, as it strengthened a passion, which on her side was very culpable, though I must say in my own justification, that I was entirely unacquainted with the facts, which were made known to me in the following manner.

I had returned from my usual *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Morton at rather an early hour, and was reclining on a sofa, my mind busied with thoughts of past happiness and anticipations of future felicity, when a gentleman was announced, whose name and person were equally unknown to me. After the preliminary courtesies, my visitor with a grave brow, and stern tone, thus commenced the conversation.

"I am sorry, sir, to be concerned in an affair of this disagreeable nature, but as the friend of Mrs. Morton's husband—."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, repeating the words, "Mrs. Morton's husband, is Emma married?"

"She is, sir; but from the manner of your receiving the intelligence, I conclude you were unacquainted with the fact, so I hope this matter will be settled with little difficulty, as you could most certainly have no intention of injuring a man, of whose very existence you were entirely ignorant."

"By my honour as a gentleman, I declare, that I did not know Mrs. Morton had a husband alive. Your information has shown me the duplicity of this deceitful woman, and the culpability of my own conduct."

"Sir, judge not yourself so harshly,—for though you may have acted indiscreetly, you cannot be said to be guilty of a crime; that will rest upon the head of the faithless woman, who has so basely repaid the affection of her husband."

Having reiterated his promise to explain the circumstances to Mr. Morton, my visitor retired, the hostile character in which he had come, being suddenly changed into that of a pacificator. My own feelings were so violent, that I was thrown into a fever, which endangered my reason, and it was solely owing to the kind care and attention of my nurses, that I finally recovered.

Mr. Morton, who was a man of the nicest honour, was sufficiently convinced of my innocence, and became from that period one of my firmest friends. This connection became stronger and more intimate, when the fair but frail Emma left her home under the protection of a French officer; for we had both loved her, and to me alone he could speak without reserve, of the agony and suffering of his lacerated heart, and from my hand alone would he receive the balm of sympathy and consolation.

* * * * * * * *

When I became convalescent, I left the busy hum of the city for the quiet solitude of rural scenes. Summer was approaching, and I found myself where my heart was really most at home, with a volume of Shakspeare before me, I reclined on a favourite bank upon the brink of a bubbling stream, which never failed to awaken a thousand reminiscenes of earlier years; thus I spent my time, during the sultry part of the day, and in the cooler hours of evening, I rambled with an old spaniel over one of

the most picturesque scenes of England, gazing with admiration on the lovely works of nature, while my mind, impressed with solemn awe, turned in lively gratitude to the great Creator of the universe; even now my heart overflows with the fulness of its emotions at the remembrance of that time of happiness.

But autumn came, and I could not bear to see my friends withering (for I had a friend in every tree, and each leaf seemed to rustle its amicable welcome on my approach), so I again betook myself to London, where I was again destined to become the slave of Cupid, though only one being in the world could then have induced me to break my vow.

One morning I was dispelling my *ennui* in the best manner I could, when I received a note of invitation to a ball, from the gentleman at whose house I became acquainted with Miss Castleton, the postscript adding that I must on no account absent myself, as the events of the evening might have the most important effect on my interests. This billet awakened my curiosity, if not my fears, so the invitation was accepted.

When I arrived at Mr. S——s house, there was, I must confess, a slight *tremor cordis*, and my memory led me back to five years antecedent, but it was a momentary weakness. My surprise, however, was excited, when Mr. S——s led me into a small room, and said,

"Arthur, you some time ago confided to me the cause of your disagreement with Miss Castleton."

"If that, sir, is to be the subject of this interview, I must beg leave to terminate it."

"Rash boy, allow me to explain my motives of requesting this interview as you term it."

My impatience was speedily converted into gratitude and joy, when Mr. S——s said, that being determined to discover the whole truth, he had found that an absence of five years had been caused by a mistake of my own stupid head. That Mary's companion was her brother, whose voice I had heard in the arbour, who, wishing her to use her interest in his favour with a lady then at her father's house, he had requested her to seize that opportunity of doing so, but that she, as it was the hour appointed for her interview with me, had refused compliance.

"Can Mary forgive me after my gross injustice?" I exclaimed, as soon as Mr. S—— had concluded.

"She is willing to extend her forgiveness to you this moment. Come, I will introduce you."

I felt like a young courtier approaching for the first time his sovereign, as I followed Mr. S—— into the ball room; but I was soon assured that Mary had dismissed all her resentment, if she ever cherished any, for when my kind host led me to her, she spoke as sweetly as she had ever done, and her eye retained its bright glance, and in a few minutes we were again the tender lovers, whirling through the mazy dance.

When my fair partner exhibited signs of fatigue, I led her to a window, and we both gazed on the still street below, and from thence I turned to look on the fair features of Mary, whose eyes were filled with tears. When I asked the cause, she murmured—

"Oh! Arthur, the joy, the unlooked for bliss of
moment, is too much for my feeble powers. I fear
to be ever as I am now, is too much to ask of fortun

"Mary, you shall never have reason to complain of
again, and this shall be the seal of my promise," I
claimed, as I imprinted a kiss upon her snowy brow,
swore to keep inviolate the vow I had thus made.

When I returned to my favourite haunts in the coun
Mary was my companion, having exchanged her mai
name for one which she had long in secret wished to b
Now every beloved spot was rendered dearer by the p
sence of her, whom I could at last call *my own*. And
this period, though years have passed by since our un
And though I in vain look for the fragile girl in the
tronly person of Mary, who is now inclined to *enbonpo*
I have kept sacred my promise to treat with kindness
wife of my bosom; for though her figure is altered,
kind voice is yet unbroken, and the lustre of her ey
undimmed by affliction, for she can have no sorrow w
her husband loves her as tenderly as he did in the day
his youth.

TO MRS. R——.

By a Young German Lady.

As soft and gentle you appeared to me,
So have I drawn your picture in my heart;
Your gracious smile, ah! once more let me see,
Before the hour strikes, and you depart.

Though we often spoke in different tongues,
Your voice will leave an echo on this spot;
And what I said to you in friendship's songs,
Will you remember, and forget me not?

LOUISA SONNAWALD, WILDBAI

ENIGMA.

In silence my first is composed and resigned,
But open your lips and then you will find,
I can dance up and down as fast as you mind;
My second is felt in an easterly wind;
My third and my whole can jump, run, and walk,
But sings not, and flies not, or yet can it talk;
If you catch it 'twill bite you and give you a cuff,
But it is not inclined to be savage or rough;
It is lovely when dressed in a very dark stuff,
And looks well in a boa, a cape, or a muff.

Answer—CHINCHILLY.

K

CHARADE.

My first is the first of the spring,
My second's the last of the winter,
And my *tout* is what you now see before you.

ULRIC;
OR,
THE ENAMOURED MUSICIAN.

The ball had just finished in one of the brilliant hotels of the faubourg Saint Honoré. A young man, who was the last person that quitted the saloon, left the hotel slow and sorrowful; he was evidently suffering deeply from grief, and it might be easily perceived that the *fête* had left behind, impressions which were anything but agreeable. He walked towards the Champs Elysées, and in passing before the beautiful gardens which ornamented the sides of this promenade, he stopped to contemplate with sorrow, the green tint with which spring had commenced to decorate the young trees.

The return of spring is generally looked upon with pleasure, all yield to its sweet and benign influence, with a smile on the lips and the heart. It is the season to enjoy life, when invalids revive, and the old become young again; it is the time that woman is loveliest, and poets best inspired. In the midst of this happiness, how explain so strange an exception, as an expression of despair, produced by the gay aspect of the newly-bursting leaves?

Nothing is more easily explained. The young man was sad on leaving the ball, and sadder still in witnessing that season's arrival, which must terminate winter's *fêtes*. Is it that there is no happiness for him but in the ball-room? Much more, it is by these *fêtes* that he makes his living; for he earns his bread by playing the violin at balls; he had no other resource, no other fortune in the world but this.

This revelation, has perhaps stripped our hero of a great deal of the romance of poetry. How! you will say, exhibit so much sadness and sorrow for the sake of a little money? A young man, and an artist, ought to be prepared to combat these difficulties; but——

"I shall then see her no more," cried the young man, raising his large blue eyes to heaven, which were wet with tears.

The romance of poetry now returns, for it may be plainly perceived, that it is the sadness of the heart which alone produces such profound sorrow in the breast of young men, especially artists, who are more than any others indifferent to the freaks of fortune. Vainly might search be made in the kingdom of melody for a prouder spirit, or a more sensitive heart than had our young musician, Ulric.

Born in Germany, he was an orphan, and brought up by the tender care of an old professor of music, who taught him the rudiments of the art, and all he knew concerning it, which was but little. This professor was a good man, gifted with more virtue than talent; he had found this poor abandoned child, and shared with him the scanty fruits of his labour. Pupils were always scarce, and sometimes entirely failed; his master, therefore, joined a troop of travelling singers, who went from town to town performing the *chefs-dœuvres* of the German theatre.

Ulric accompanied them in their travels, and assisted them as much as he could with his violin, in taking a part in the orchestra. Years past in this manner, and Ulric had attained the age of eighteen when he lost his benefactor, who died at Strasburg, after a representation of *Freychutz*.

The young man was strong enough to fly with his own wings, and about this time having received his discharge from the travelling actors, taking courage, he profited by it to go to Paris, where he hoped to find occupation. His patience was, however, put to the test, but at length he was fortunate enough to establish himself in the good graces of a *maestro*, celebrated for his talent for conducting a quadrille, or a country dance, a waltz, or galop. He was to the young German a second protector, less devoted and less affectionate than the first, but whose position enabled him to procure a more comfortable existence. During two winters Ulric earned enough to economise for the summer. He wished for no more, his ambition soared not higher, and he was happy, after having in vain tried to subsist amidst the fatigues of a carnival, to find himself in a situation where he might rest in agreeable idleness during the summer months, above want, and enjoying innocent amusements. But the third winter brought with it the trouble that dispelled the charm of a life so calm and so happy.

The season of balls was about commencing. Ulric had quitted his repose; the chief of the orchestra collected his musicians for a grand *fête*. Between two country dances, as the eyes of our young musician wandered through the assembly, he met the glance of a young lady, who was remarkably beautiful, and he felt in his heart an emotion hitherto unknown. From this moment his eyes never left this charming object, who exercised over him a power resembling fascination. Without a struggle, he gave himself up to the charm which her beauty threw over him; he followed her every step, and admired her grace. Already he had more than once lost the time, and he soon altogether lost his head. Pale and trembling he felt his strength abandoning him; he rose to leave the saloon. After advancing a few paces, he fell fainting on the steps of the orchestra.

The noise of his fall resounded through the room. The music stopped, and the dancers pressed round the young man, who had been wounded by the fall. They placed him on a chair, and to stop the blood which flowed from his forehead, they had to cut off some locks of his beautiful hair. The ladies now remarked that the face of Ulric was extremely handsome, and some of the more compassionate offered their scent-bottles to aid in restoring his senses, others their embroidered handkerchiefs to bandage his wound.

After returning to his senses, Ulric was transported to his house, in the carriage of the mistress of the mansion, who sent the next day to inquire how he was. This lady was named the Baroness de Serilly; she was young, pretty, and a widow. The young lady, who had produced so lively an emotion in the heart of Ulric, was a cousin of the late Baron de Serilly, and her name was

Henriette. The wound on his forehead was quickly healed; but the one on his heart was of that species that never heals.

Ulric had no other thought, no other feeling; he lived, he breathed but in his love. It chanced that at the next ball he attended, he found Madame de Serille and her lovely cousin. The Baroness condescended to speak to him, Henriette shook hands with him, and poor Ulric had no strength to answer.

The cousins mixed much with the world; Madame de Serille had a ball every fortnight at her own house, and the young musician, recommended by the Baroness, had frequent occasion of seeing Henrietta. He had now attained more mastery over the passion which devoured his soul, and Henriette blushed more than ever on perceiving the tender and burning glance of Ulric, of which she was the constant object. What did he hope? Nothing, of course. This was a question he had never dared ask himself. All others but the amorous musician would have cursed their fate, which proved so insurmountable a barrier between him and the baroness's cousin; but Ulric, how could he curse the means which gave him access to the world where Henrietta lived? On the contrary, he thanked Providence, and he blessed the memory of his old protector, who had taught him the violin, but who had not taught him very well.

This delicious dream had lasted until the day of which we spoke at the commencement of our recital. Ulric had seen the baroness and Henrietta at this ball, but after the last galop, the chief of the orchestra said,

"This is probably the last fête of this season: Spring has arrived, and the fashionables will now depart for the country. So now our labours are finished; we shall not meet here again till the month of November."

These words fell like lead on the heart of Ulric. No more balls. The curses he breathed on the spring were deep and fervent. Must he then wait till the following winter? It was impossible. He, who was miserable if he did not see her every week. His profession now appeared disgusting to him, for it separated him from Henriette for half the year. He now understood all the misery of poverty.

What am I who dare love her? he asked himself. Love is a master that makes celebrated pupils; in an instant Ulric felt a noble ambition to become distinguished, so that he might nearer approach the object of his love; unhappily he soon became aware of the insufficiency of his means. The memory of his poor teacher began to suffer, and, in the agony of his despair, the ungrateful pupil smashed his violin.

This act of destruction was hardly completed than the young musician began to repent of it. The truth was, that he was not rich enough to buy another. The winter that had just passed was not so profitable as the preceding one; but, absorbed by his passion, Ulric had not thought, as was his wont, of economising for the time of rest; he had spent all his money in useless dress, and frequenting places of amusement, in hopes of meeting Henriette there. How was he to make out a livelihood during the long months that those who are happy call the most beautiful season of the year?

Nought but gloom hung over Ulric's future; misery now began to draw a blacker cloud over his dark thoughts. He remained several days alone in his room, his mind crowded with despairing thoughts. One of his comrades who came to see him, wishing to distract him from his thoughts, asked him to come out, and take a walk.

"Do you not see," said he to him, "how pure the heavens are, the air is bracing, and the leaves are not thick; spring is shining in all its brilliancy."

Ulric answered but by a deep sigh. The two friends wandered towards a wood, a carriage quickly passed them. A lady leaned forward, and waved her hand to Ulric. It was the baroness; by her side sat her cousin, and before Henrietta a young man, who was busily engaged conversing with her. The conversation seemed to please her, for Henrietta did not perceive Ulric.

Until then jealousy had but slightly tormented the soul of our young musician; this last blow had doubly multiplied the measure of his sufferings.

"Her intended husband, without a doubt!" said he, biting his lips, whilst a cold perspiration covered his forehead.

From this moment, the idea of suicide took firm possession of his heart.

When he arrived home, he gave himself up to his gloomy meditations. But on mechanically turning towards the wall, he saw hanging in the place his destroyed violin used to rest—a new one. He rose, thinking he was the victim of some perfidious hallucination, and his astonishment was great on perceiving it was one of the most magnificent that was made. On a paper attached to the bow he read these words—"For M. Ulric."

They told him this violin was brought by a livery servant, who had not mentioned from whom it came, and would not take anything for his trouble.

"'Tis strange!" thought he, "who then can be interested in me!"

He strolled the following day towards the wood, but the carriage passed him. At length he took courage, and a few days after repaired to the hotel of the baroness. There he was informed that Madame de Serille and her cousin were gone to the country.

"Would it not be better to sell this violin, which I got by unknown means, than to starve of hunger," said he. "It is my last resource."

His thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a note. It was from a lawyer, inviting Ulric to repair immediately to his house on an affair of importance.

Another mystery; but one which would be easily cleared up. He went, and the lawyer, after closely questioning him on the country he had left so long, on his family whom he had never known, and about the old musician who had brought him up.

"Yes," replied Ulric, "he left me all he possessed, which was but ten crowns, a violin, and some music books."

"The inheritance is better than you imagine, sir. The old man had a cousin, who died shortly before him. In his will he left him a thousand crowns. You are his heir, therefore this money is your right. Here it is."

Ulric, in his turn, now questioned the lawyer, who replied that he knew no more. That money had been left with him to deliver to the heir of the old professor.

Here was food for reflection. Ulric had thoughts that the thousand crowns came from the same source as did the violin; but the lawyer was immoveable.

"Wait," said he, "I shall, perhaps, some day be able to solve the enigma."

The inheritance was sufficient to last him till the return of winter, but the grief of separation, added to the torments of jealousy, would, if longer continued, conduct him rapidly to the grave.

"Is this also from the lawyer?" asked he, on breaking the seal of a letter which had been remitted to him three weeks after this event—three weeks which had passed slowly and miserably.

"But no!" replied he, on reading the note.

"M. Mersannes begs M. Ulric to repair to his chateau de Saint Pons, near Montmorency, and to bring his violin with him, to assist at a ball which will take place to night."

"A ball! I shall perhaps see her."

This was but a slender hope, yet Ulric clung to it with pertinacity. It was about four o'clock when he arrived at Saint Pons. The party had assembled on the terrace of the chateau; the first person whom Ulric recognized was Madame de Serilly.

"Allow me to present my *protegé*," said the baroness, taking the young musician's hand.

A slight flush was visible on the face of the charming Henriette as she encountered the keen burning gaze of the impassioned Ulric.

"I would wish to speak to you," said the baroness, addressing the musician.

"I am obedient to your orders, madam," replied he, making a violent effort to disguise his agitation.

"Then come into this valley, for fear of interruption."

They walked on till without reach of being overheard, she then continued,

"It was I who wrote for you to come here to M. de Mersannes, an old friend of my family."

"Madam, you flatter me."

"Perhaps so; have you not remarked the interest I have always taken in you since the night you met with that accident? happily, since your wound was the means by which I became acquainted with you; for I hope it was not only a great happiness for me, but for you also. Would you be agreeable to a change of fortune, Ulric? What would you say if you found here one whose affection is yours, whose heart you possess?"

"And who is this person?"

"It is myself."

"Good Heavens! what do I hear!—ah! I understand all, now. The violin—this fortune—all—all! wretch that I am; and 'tis you?"

"Yes, Ulric, it is I. But why this uneasiness? I have perhaps said too much; but be prudent. The mystery will not be cleared for a few hours. I shall await, but with what impatience! Be ready; I shall tell you when the time comes. Some one approaches—go.

The baroness immediately quitted the arm of Ulric, and wondering, he bent his returning steps towards the chateau.

Dinner hour had now arrived, and the guests repaired to the saloon. After the repast, when all the company had retired to the drawing-room, Madame de Serilly rushed in with an open letter in her hand, and running towards Ulric she threw herself in his arms, exclaiming, "My brother!"

An explanation was readily given. The father of Madame de Serilly, on his death-bed, had told his daughter of a son whom he had lost, and traces of whom he was never able to discover. His name was Ulric. After many vain researches, the name of the musician, pronounced by his comrades when he fainted, struck so forcibly on the baroness, that she immediately set about making inquiries, which ultimately proved successful, and the letter she had just received, furnished incontestible proofs of his identity.

"And now, will you not love me as a sister?" said the baroness.

"*And as a cousin*," replied Ulric, taking the hand of the blushing Henriette.

A slight pressure of the hand was the only answer.

PAULINA.

LATE IMPORTATION IN THE MUSICAL WORLD.—No sooner did the Ojibbeway Indians decamp, than they are succeeded by other human rarities, such as the Emperor Nicholas, (Old Nick) Louis Philippe, and Tom Thumb, But now we have to announce the arrival of a Black Jullien! from the land of rum and sugar, who threatens to put the Paine's, the Julliens, and our own celebrated "Polka" Jullien *hors de combat*. We have his music now before us in the shape of a set of Quadrilles, which it appears has been composed altogether from negro or African airs, with a grand dash of the "French Creole" therein. We have also a polka *à la "sha sha."* Now we cannot tell whether this word is "Mongolion," "Ashante," or "Coromanti," but we have heard that the figure is most graceful. There is, we think, a sly cut at *some other* Jullien in the design, which is represented on the title page of this novel production, for the gentleman is observed to be standing upon the works of Mozart, Rossini, and Weber, while he is endeavouring to place in the Temple of Fame a volume of his own Polka. The idea here is certainly good, and points a moral too. The music before us may be sung or danced, or both may be enjoyed at the same time. As far as melody is concerned, these airs unquestionably go far to redeem the negro character from the charge of wanting taste or capacity for this science. No. 3, particularly, is a most chaste and beautiful melody. We hope that this black musician will find every justice and liberality dealt out to him.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The prospects of the present season seem to promise that it will be one of the most brilliant we have ever had; the subscription is unusually strong, nearly every box and stall being let for the whole season. Almost every person of note in the fashionable world is to be met with during the evening in the boxes, more so, indeed, than at any previous season, for it seems now to form part of the establishment of every person of any pretension to rank or fashion, to enjoy the luxury of an opera box. Mr. LUMLEY put forth more strength in the opening than has hitherto been the custom, the *Ernani* of VERDI being produced on the occasion; and as we are to have more operas from the pen of this talented composer, we are induced to enter a little into his merits as a writer. His name is already familiarly known in this country by his published operas; and judging from his present composition, he is likely to attain much additional popularity here. His music is quite in the modern Italian school, embracing the florid and beautiful character of DONIZETTI'S melodies, with the force, grace, and spirit of MERCADANTE; his style has at the same time much that is striking and original, he frequently dashes off a beautiful melody, and works it out with a spirit and freedom that evinces strong marks of genius; and in some of his plaintive melodies he is particularly felicitous. The subjects are worked up admirably with the situations of the drama, one or the greatest proofs of the ability of a composer. In his accompaniments and incidental music there is a great deal of freedom and spirit, the phrasing of many of the melodies is light and elegant; and, taken altogether, his music is as much likely to be popular as that of any modern composer, whose operas have been produced in this country. The *morceaux* that attract most attention are the *cavatina, Oh tu che alma adora;* the *allegro* of which is exceedingly light and elegant, flowing smoothly and with well marked character. The aria *Infelice e tuo crevi*, is also a graceful and plaintive *andante*, and the duet *La tuo Fido*, is striking and original; there is also a spirited movement charmingly worked out, *Letizia ne Iondi*, one of the most brilliant *morceaux* of the opera. The *andante* trio, *Oro quant' Oro* is also effective; the harmonies being clever and original; the *cavatina, Oh de verd anni Miei*, is a plaintive air, written with feeling, and reminding us of some of DONIZETTI'S exquisite *morceaux* in the *Lucia di Lamermoor*. The aria *I miei Lamenti*, contains some of those bits of *cantabile* that tell with such effect on the Italian stage. The *andante cavatina, Ernani Involami*, is replete with grace and expression, and leads into a well marked *allegro, tutto sprezzo*, which is likely to be one of the favourites of the opera. The *scena ed aria, Lo Verdremo*, is written with freedom and spirit; the few preliminary bars of the *andante* being exceedingly elegant. We may also particularize an effective march and solo, *Ad Augusta*. Madame RITA BORIO, the *debutante* in the opera, is about six or seven and twenty years of age, with a commanding figure, somewhat above the average height, with agreeable and handsome features; her voice is a *sopra* of rather high quality, with the facility of occasional touching notes rather lower than the general range of *s prano* voices. She sings with taste and feeling; her sty being good; and she excels most where power is not r quired, as her voice is a very agreeable one, and manag very skilfully.

The new ballet of *Eoline où la Dryade*, was very su cessful. The subject is taken from a collection of Germ legends. It is very prettily treated, and LUCILLE GRAHN light and graceful style of dancing, is admirably suited it, and truly charming was she in her *Mazurka d'Extas* in which she most perfectly and gracefully delineates t fascination of the *Gnome*; but throughout both her pa tomime and dancing was excellent, it seemed to embo the conception of the author, and to carry the poetry the tale into the scenic display, and render the illusi perfect. There are also several other charming dances i troduced—viz., a waltz, *Selesienne*, by the *Coryphees*, very fanciful and elegant *pas de Fiancée*, by GRAHN a TOUSSAINT, a *pas de cinq*, by WEISS, FERDINAN DEMELISSE, CASSAN, and MONCELET, and a grand *p de Dryades*, by GRAHN and the *Coryphees*. The seve *debutantes* are excellent additions to the company, havi been selected with judgment. Mademoiselle WEISS slightly made, rather above the average height, with e pressive features, and there is both spirit and novelty her dancing. Mdlle. FERDINAND has improved since l year, whilst DEMELISSE and CASSAN are young, and f of buoyancy and grace, whilst MONCELET, who is ev younger, will be no less a favourite for her agile danci than her beauty. The new scenery is by Mr. MARSHAL and both in the opera and the ballet exhibit talents of t highest order; in the ballet there are some truly beauti effects. The scene in which the trees where the spir dwell, become converted into human forms in all dire tions, has rarely been surpassed on any stage for no and splendid effects; and that, also, where the Gnom destroy, by fire, the forest and Edines Oak, and the spir of the Dryades wing their way to the realms above, is a mirably managed. Indeed, nothing could be more su cessful than the *ballet*, which is very beautifully produce nor must we omit a passing notice of PUGNI'S musi which is lively and spirited.

The great sensation that DAVID'S *Ode to the Dese* has created in Paris, has naturally attracted much atte tion to it in the country; nothing could exceed the *furo* it created in the Parisian musical circles: its many star ling beauties, and the masterly manner with which t composer has grappled with his subject, being quite out the ordinary run of musical composition, and presen such novelty of phrasing, and original and grand effects the scoring, as fully to justify the praise that has alrea been bestowed upon it; it is certainly a *chef d'œuvre* composition, and will create no less sensation in th country than it has previously done in Paris. It co mences with a slow and majestic movement of the string instruments, sustained and prolonged by a pedal for abo thirty bars, depicting admirably the vague grandeur a

monotony of the desert, and the heavy rolling of the sand. The introductory strophes, entitled the *entrée au desert*, are spoken to this accompaniment; then follows the *Glorification d'Allah* in recitative—afterwards the tramp of the caravan is heard—first vaguely in the distance, but the music increases in sound as it approaches. The firm, steady march of the caravan and the charming chorus, "Allons, marchons," is interrupted by the howling of the fatal simoom—the tempest rages in the desert. The music at this moment, descriptive in the highest degree, brings the scene before the spectator—but the storm allayed by degrees, the former calm returns, the caravan recommences its march, and the beautiful chorus, "Allons marchons," is resumed. The second part has a more dreary and melancholy character. The "Hymne à la nuit," and the "Reverie du Soir," are *morceaux* of exquisite beauty; the poet and musician, animated by the same feeling, described most truthfully the calm, the languor, and sweetness of a night in the east. These two pensive melodies are finely contrasted by the wild gaiety of a *Fantasia Arabe* and the *Dance des Almées*; the latter especially is full of fantastic grace. The third part commences with the famous "Lever du Soleil," which would alone suffice to raise the reputation of any composer. It begins by a slight *tremolo* of the violin; soon the wind instruments join in the most exquisite harmony; as the sun rises the sound increases, and a tremendous explosion of the whole orchestra announces the arrival of the glorious luminary at its zenith. Words cannot convey without appearing unnatural or exaggerated, the effect produced by the last *morceau*. The *Chant du Muezzin* which follows, is full of character, and finishes by a chromatic passage of the wildest eccentricity. The caravan then resumes its march, the sound soon dies away in the distance, and the desert again breathes her hymn to Allah.

Madame Castellan, who supplies the place of Persiani, is a great acquisition to the company. Her singing and acting as *Lucia*, in the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, has been spoken of in terms of high praise at St. Petersburgh and Mexico, where she has played it with great success. Madame Castellan's voice is one of much purity and beauty, with ample volume for expression, and being admirably cultivated, it is far more under control than voices of a similar quality usually are. She is a singer who is much wanted at this theatre, having power to be heard in the concerted pieces, and with vocal strength to carry through an opera where much exertion is required. Persiani, with all her beauty, and finished execution and taste, had scarcely powers for so large a theatre, so that the range of operas in which she played, was naturally very limited. With a singer like Madame Castellan, we shall have more novelty, as many operas that have not hitherto been played, will be brought forward, and be so cast as to render them perfect in every respect. We are also to have a new Spanish *danseuse*, La Nina, who is quite the Taglioni of the Spanish school of dancing, and if one half that we hear of her abilities be true, she will create quite a sensation here.

French Plays. — If success depends upon merit, most richly does Mr. Mitchell deserve it, for nothing can be more spirited than his management has been during the present season, and it is gratifying to find that it is so well appreciated by the subscribers. We can imagine nothing more aristocratic in appearance than this elegant little theatre on a subscription night. Her Majesty and Prince Albert gracing their box with their presence, the Duchess of Cambridge generally in the box on the left hand of her Majesty, whilst next to her on the left hand, is Lord Chesterfield, with a host of fashionable friends; on the opposite side of the house to the Queen, we have the boxes of the French ambassador, the charming and graceful Baroness Brunow, the wife of the Russian ambassador; the Turkish ambassador, the Austrian ambassador, the Lady Fox, Lord Pembroke, and Lord Cardigan, whilst the centre of the house boasts of names no less well known in the fashionable circles, than those we have already mentioned, and presenting an array of rank, fashion, and beauty, that no theatre could rival. We were much struck with the elegant and costly arrangements made for her Majesty's convenience. The interior of the box is most beautifully fitted up with every luxury that can tend to the comfort of the illustrious visitors, and a private withdrawing room, and passages that lead through the entire of the house, apart from the public entrances, have been fitted up in a style of splendour, combined with good taste, that would seem almost impossible to any one who knew the limited size of the house, and had not seen the arrangements we speak of. So much attention seems to have been duly appreciated by her Majesty, as she is now a frequent visitor here, and speaking French so admirably as she does, every point in the dialogue is appreciated by her; she enters into the spirit of the performance with hearty enjoyment.

To enumerate the successes of Frederick Lemaitre, would be to enter into a detailed criticism of each performance, since every piece in which he has appeared, has been most decidedly successful. The admirably drawn character of his *Maurice*, in the *Dame de St. Tropez*, teeming with powerfully sustained effects in the last two acts, contrasts well with the spirited and dashing delineation of his *Don Cœsar de Bazan*, whilst his *Robert Macaire* was as perfect a bit of acting as we have ever witnessed, the broken-down *roué* striving to keep up amidst his rags, the appearance of a man of fashion, chaunting forth his favourite reminiscences of the opera, and disconcerting the flow of melody by the *malapropos* grating screw of his snuff-box, are bits of acting so original and genuine, as to claim the warmest praise we can bestow. The *Trente ans de la vie d'un Joueur*, is, perhaps, less a favourite of ours, than the other pieces in which he has played, not that it abounds less in artistic excellence, but that the subject is not an agreeable one, and it presents points that are rather too strongly worked up.

Madame Albert was to have commenced the season after Easter, but the recent death of her husband has prevented her fulfilling her engagement at present, so that

Mr. MITCHELL's plans are somewhat disarranged. He has been to Paris to endeavour to get PLESSY to alter the time of her appearance, and to delight us with her charming acting earlier in the season, when the elegant lively comedies of the *Ecole des Viellards*, and the *Folies Amoureuses*, by their chaste and brilliant dialogue, and the finished excellence of her acting, may render this theatre more than ever attractive. PLESSY is deservedly a great favourite in this country; she is the most lady-like actress on the stage, dressing always to perfection, and the truly beautiful delivery of her dialogue, renders it delightful to listen to her, were it only for the sake of hearing French spoken in its highest purity. All the pieces in which she plays are the most classic productions of the French stage, being from the *repertoire* of the *Theatre Français*, where only pieces of the highest merit are ever brought out. The great interest that Madlle. PLESSY has excited with the aristocracy in this country, will render the following short account of her interesting to our subscribers. Madlle. JEANNE SYLVANIA PLESSY, is a native of Metz, where her father, from some reverse of fortune, followed the *nomade* life of an actor. At a very early period Madlle. PLESSY was placed under the instruction of Michelot and Samson, who nominated her in 1829, at the age of ten years, as one of the pupils of the *Conservatoire*. Five years afterwards, viz., on the 10th of March, 1834, she made her first appearance at the Theatre Français, where her pretty and youthful figure, combined with the softness of her expression, and the great talents she evinced, soon won the good opinion of the audience, who received her with unbounded enthusiasm. She was not contented with her success at the moment, but when most actresses cease their exertions, she seemed about to commence, for her course of study and practice for the stage, after her *debût*, was most severe, and she has gradually worked her way up to the highest position on the French stage. To enumerate the pieces in which she has been most successful, would be almost to state all the productions of the French stage, since no author will bring out a play or comedy, without stipulating that PLESSY shall play the chief part. We need scarcely say, that she is no less a favourite in London than in Paris, and that she will attract some of the fullest and most fashionable houses of the season.

CHARADE.

The world's round, and so am I,
With clouds of gold I'm like the sky;
Where'er I come men gaze at me,
And wonder at my variety.
I shine, I dazzle, I delight,
And sparkle in the darkest night;
Upon the earth I'm deemed a gem,
And prized I am as a diadem;
I bear one impress, yet you'll see,
I semblance bear to eternity.

B. M.

THE FAIRY RING.

TRANSLATION.

In former times there lived a man,
Of Spain he was the king;
He had a lovely daughter Ann,
To whom he gave a ring.
"This little guard, my child," said he,
"A fairy mother gave to me;
Without instruction it imparts
A knowledge of all useful arts."

The Princess soon began to try,
And found it very true;
First she made an apple pie,
And then, she made a shoe.
She made a periwig and cap,
A pudding, tarts, and baby's pap;
Stockings, dresses, gloves, and hats,
Berlin slippers, rugs, and mats.
Such wondrous work was never seen
From any daughter of a Queen.

At last she made the king a robe,
Of linen very fine;
And then she made a pilgrimage
To wash it in the Rhine.
She washed it with her snow white hand
In water very blue,
And there was not in all the land,
So fine a sight to view.

At length she made a sudden stop,
And loud began to weep,
For ah! she let the gold ring drop,
Into the water deep.
The maiden wept, the maiden sighed,
As if her little heart,
Would burst the bondage of her side,
And make a sudden start.

Three knights arrived, and some say four,
(It might be less, it might be more),
To whom she promised this;—
Whoever will my ring restore,
Shall claim from me a kiss.
One more daring than the rest,
Plunged into the flood;
He swam and dived, and did his best,
To stir about the mud.
At last ten fathoms deep he spied,
The ring upon the ground,
But as it was a stormy tide,
The poor young knight was drowned.
The Princess nothing did but weep,
She wept away her breath;
First she wept herself to sleep,
And then she wept to death.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR APRIL, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of white *areophane* worn over a pale morning primrose-coloured satin dress; the skirt made open up the fronts, allowing of an entire breadth being let in, trimmed at the lower part with three rows formed of the same number of fullings, headed with a cut *rûche* of the same, each row being gradually enlarged at the lower part; the sides of the upper skirt is trimmed to match lengthways, the only difference being, that these fullings are slightly waved, and attached at distances with three *nœuds* of pale primrose satin ribbon, having rather long ends attached; this trimming is also gradually diminished towards the point of the waist; the top of the low corsage is decorated with *bouffants* of *crêpe*, finished in the centre of the bust with a splendid brooch; very short sleeves formed entirely of fullings, and ornamented at the side of the fronts with a *nœud* to correspond with those on the skirt. The hair is prettily arranged with white *marabouts*, gold wheat-ears, and green vine leaves, placed very much on one side of the head.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of rich pale green satin; the skirt being made very full, and decorated with a succession of rows of green bullion fringe, each put on in a kind of half circle, headed with a large gold cord, and attached at each end with tassels to match; this trimming is continued on the front of the low body, being placed straight across *à la militaire*; short loose sleeve, edged round with a green and gold flat trimming, and cut open all the way up the front of the arm, shewing an under-sleeve of white satin, edged round with a narrow lace; the top of the corsage is cut very low, so as to allow of an under-chemisette of fine muslin, edged with rather a broader lace becoming visible. The hair, which is arranged perfectly plain in the front, is twisted at the back, and intermixed with a roll of broad striped velvet ribbon, green, crimson, and gold; the two ends which droop on the left side being edged with a narrow gold lace.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3,—This elegant style of dress is composed of pink *areophane à double jupe*; the under one being trimmed round the bottom with a beautiful broad band of pink and silver, the ground being of satin; the upper skirt is made sufficiently short to touch the top edge of the pink and silver trimming, and is caught up on each side with a fancy silver trimming, resembling a broad open gympe or chain, which is attached at the top to the waist; plain low pointed corsage, similarly decorated up the centre; the short plain sleeves being entirely concealed by the somewhat deep round cape edged to match the lower fancy trimming on the under *jupe*, which cape is fastened in the centre of the front with a large silver brooch, a narrow white lace encircling the top of the corsage; the coiffure is formed of plaits of hair, and a kind of half wreath formed entirely of green *crêpe* leaves arranged in a full cluster on each side.

PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress of rich blue satin; the skirt ornamented with two broad volants of white point lace put on perfectly straight and flat, and at a sufficient distance to allow of a heading of folds of satin, three on the top of the lower flounce, and two on the top of the second one; these folds are placed a little apart so that the trimming reaches to a little below the waist; plain pointed low corsage, surrounded at the top with a light row of white lace, the sleeves being entirely concealed by a round cape forming a *berthe*, and trimmed with two rows of rather broad white lace of a similar description to the flounces; these rows are put on at equal distances, so as to form a heading to each row of lace, the front of the *berthe* being finished with a *nœud* of pale blue satin ribbon. Coiffure composed of white lace intermixed with green foliage and bunches of grapes; this head is put on rather forward, and passes straight across the head, being attached on each side.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress composed of white gauze *à double jupe*; the under skirt being simply finished round the bottom with a broad hem; the second skirt is made open all the way up the front, and also surrounded with a broad hem, added to which a broad double fold of the same light material descends on each side of the front, and is headed with a French piping of white satin; a broad pink satin ribbon is attached on each side under the point of the waist, reaching half way down the fronts, and finished with a large bow and ends of the same; the upper skirt is made rather shorter than the under one; low pointed corsage; the short sleeves and top of the body formed entirely of folds of gauze; a handsome camella of a deep cherry colour being placed in the centre of the corsage. *Coiffure Algerine* composed entirely of crimson loops and velvet, and deep gold tassels drooping low on the left side.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of white tulle worn over white satin *à double jupe*; the under skirt finished with a broad hem; and the upper skirt, which is considerably shorter, is cut half way up on the right side, and decorated with a *nœud* of pale lavender gauze ribbon, a similar one being placed on the opposite side, serving at the same time to loop up

the skirt, and forming it into a kind of graceful drapery, the top of the low pointed corsage being encircled with folds of the same, forming *bouffants*; the short sleeves trimmed round with narrow plaited frillings of gauze, headed on the top of the arm-hole with bows of lavender ribbon; the tops of the long gloves decorated with fullings of white tulle. Coiffure composed of a plain straight band of lavendsr satin passing across the top of the head, with gold wheat ears intermixed with *marabouts* and green vine leaves streaked with gold.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of pale lilac *poult de soie*, made in the *redingote* form, and trimmed with a narrow *rûche* of the same, forming a border to the plain cross-way pieces down the front of the dress, as well as round the jacket body surrounding the top, and descending down the centre of the corsage, which is open sufficiently to show the under chemisette of embroidered muslin. This corsage is made high upon the shoulders and back, the sleeves plain, with cuffs turning back, and also edged with a narrow *rûche*; ruffles of broad white lace. Drawn capote of pale straw-coloured satin, rather close and small in the brim, the crown prettily trimmed with goffered *areophane* of the same colour, and satin ribbon, having small loops on each side of the interior.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress composed of an under dress of white muslin, made three parts high, and plaited down the centre of the body; full sleeves, confined at the wrists with narrow bands, edged with lace, as well as round the neck of the dress; trowsers of the same material. Upper dress of shot silk or cachmeire, violet and green, open all the way up the front, and turned back on each side, forming a kind of *revers*, trimmed with narrow ribbon velvet of the same colour; the corsage is also made open, and laced across with a ribbon velvet, which also encircles the square open cape, and round the cuffs of the loose straight sleeve. Cap of embroidered muslin, sitting close to the face, and trimmed with puffings of crimson ribbon.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—This splendid costume is composed of pale blue satin, the skirt very full, and trimmed with an immense broad *volant* of rich white lace, which is brought up in a point on the left side of the front, and finished with two *nœuds* and long ends of blue satin ribbon, this flounce has a heading of the same; plain corsage, made low and pointed, and trimmed as well as the short chemisette sleeve, with a splendid pointed lace *berthe* and facing of the same round the edge of the sleeve, the front of the *berthe* decorated with gold ornaments. Algerine turban of white and silver cachmeire, the ends edged with silver fringe.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 4.—Under dress of white satin, edged roun bottom with a broad *biais* of pink satin; full c chemisette and sleeves; short upper dress of pink open up each side, so as to show the under skirt, on both sides with a narrow fancy trimming of pink and attached across with straps, with bows of pink ribbon. The corsage is made very low and po opening the whole way up the front, and encircled narrow fancy trimming, as well as the short e sleeve, and ornamented with *nœuds* of pink satin ri both on the body and sleeves. The hair is s arranged in bands, having a pink band crossing ov forehead, and decorated upon the left side of the with a bunch of beautiful shaded pink and white arranged in two rows.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—Dress of pale lavender cachmeire, the b high, and *à l'Amazon*, it is fastened in the front b large silk buttons; the waist is long, and is finishe small jacket, which is left open in the front, and i rower at the sides, increasing again towards the where it is formed into two double plaits; it is s corded at the edge; the sleeves are tight and pe plain, having merely a narrow lace ruffle at the the skirt is immensely long and full, and is without ming of any kind. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, ornan with a single ostrich feather, drooping over the le of the bonnet, the interior of the brim has small b striped velvet ribbon, the strings being of the sam *nœud* and ends at the back are of white satin ribbo

PROMENADE OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Pelisse of green satin, the body quit and fitting tight, the waist and point being very lon sleeves are plain, and tight, finished at the wrist deep ruffle of lace; the skirt is long and extremel two rows of a flat rich silk trimming, of a darker than the dress, is placed on the skirt *en tablier* creasing in width towards the waist, two corresp rows of trimming are placed upon the body of the between which are bows of a thick silk cord, whi larger as they reach the bottom of the pelisse. of pink satin, low at the ears; a profusion of roses a rich satin foliage, ornaments the left side of the the interior has only a few very small flowers, wit cap.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of rich silk, the corsage lo waist and point long; the sleeves are very short an tight; a double cape, which falls over, and e covers the sleeve, surrounds the neck of the dres edges of this cape are vandyked, and pinked or sta

the skirt is very long and full, it has flounces *èn biais*, which reach nearly to the waist, the edges being stamped, and increasing in width towards the bottom. Cap of rich blonde, having a rather large round crown; the border is plain across the top of the head; the lappets are broad, but not very long; it is ornamented by a bunch of roses, placed on the left side, and falling low at the ear; the foliage is very rich, being composed of velvet and satin.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress of very thick lutestring, with a broad stripe of brilliant colours *à l'orientale*; the corsage is low; the waist and point very long; very full folds of the same material are placed across the bust; a short tight sleeve of plain lutestring is finished by a narrow *rûche*, over which fall a full sleeve of Chantilly *blonde* looped up in the centre with a small rosette of lace; the pattern of which is worked in gold thread; the skirt is long and extremely full; it is left open at each side nearly to the waist, and a breadth of plain silk is let in, on which is placed flowers, each headed by a puffing, the whole composed of lace worked with gold thread. Turban of white cashmere of the finest texture, ornamented with gold cord, and having a deep fringe of gold at the ends, which droop on the shoulders. This costume is decidedly *distinguée* from the richness of the materials, and the extreme simplicity of its form.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of plain white muslin; the corsage half high; the waist long, and drooping in the front; three broad folds are brought from the seam on the shoulder to the centre of the waist; the neck is finished by a narrow lace; the sleeves are composed of rows of lace, the last row set on full, and falling as a ruffle over the hand; the skirt is immensely full, very long, and perfectly plain; *ceinture* and long ends of shaded amber ribbon. Cap of lace; the border being quite plain round the face with a little fulness at the rounding of the ears, and is simply trimmed with ribbon the same as the *ceinture*.

MORNING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Dress of shaded silk; the corsage is half high, the waist and point long, the sleeves plain and tight, with a broad cuff *en biais*, turned back, and headed by a narrow *rûche*; a small cape, *à la berthe*, surrounds the bust, edged and headed by a *rûche*; the skirt is long and extremely full; at each side of the front breadth is a *rûche* of the same material, and three rows are placed round the bottom at equal distances, as far as the front breadth. A small cap of cambric, with a beautifully worked border turned back in the front, and falling rather low at the ears; three rows of work, a little full, are placed at the back of the cap, each headed by a narrow piping of green satin; a twisted ribbon crosses the top of the head, terminated at each ear by a *nœud*; at the back of the cap, under the last border, is a small bow, with long ends.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1845.

The cold, although very severe for this time of year, does not seem to interfere with, or retard those novelties which at this season of the year are generally in preparation. Winter costumes are gradually fading away, and giving place to the fresh and lively appearance of a spring toilette, still there is not a sufficient change visible to render them very remarkable, the principal variety being seen in the trimmings of dresses, particularly in evening costumes, which are well worthy the attention and notice of our fair readers.

CAPS, for half-dress, are principally composed of *tulle*, or *crêpe lisse*, those in *tulle* being trimmed with a long piece of lace, forming lappets on each side, where it is raised with a bunch of very *petit* roses, either pink, or yellow and white. We have also remarked that those made in *crêpe lisse* are trimmed over the front with three folds of the same material, which are finished on each side with a *dentelle de soie*, joined to the folds, and hidden by a *nœud* or trimming of pink satin ribbon, and a small cluster of flowers. Some caps we have remarked, decorated solely with pretty light-looking green leaves; others in blonde are very pretty, when ornamented with tufts of the elder flower and china roses. Coloured *tulles* are again coming into favour, such as green, pink, and blue, and trimmed with a pretty description of flower. Then, again, those made in black lace are very fashionable, made very short and round at the ears, and decorated on each side with three red or cerise coloured roses, without any kind of foliage attached.

BONNETS.—It is as yet too early to announce anything positive as to the form of bonnets for the ensuing spring season. We have, however, every reason to believe that the brims will not increase in size. Those for the present month are mostly to be seen composed of *poult de soie*, or *moire*, the former trimmed with *bouillonnés* of *tulle*, the same colour as the silk, and those in lilac or white *moire*, with feathered tips of the ostrich or marabout, and magnificent white English point lace. *Paille de riz* hats will have the *bavolet relevé* in the same fashion as those velvet bonnets which have lately been so much *la mode*; indeed, this style we have no doubt will become universal, as it gives a youthful and *dégagé* air to the wearer. Several very elegant spring bonnets have lately appeared of pale green *poult de soie*, decorated with lace, put on in a slanting form; also those in lilac, covered with *tulle*, and trimmed with Turquish roses. Yellow will be a favourite colour for spring bonnets, the brim

rather close, and ornamented with a ribbon of the same colour.

Trimmings for Full Dress.—The most fashionable way of trimming almost every description of dress, particularly the skirts, is *à pyramide*, that is, trimmed round with a considerable number of rows of ornaments, placed at certain distances, the whole of different widths, the lower circle being considerably wider than the top one, which is very narrow, and almost close to the *ceinture*. The style and texture of these *pyramides* vary according to the lightness or solidity of the material upon which they are placed. For instance, there are bands of velvet, the novel kind of *dentelles-zéphirs*, velvet laces made in white, others of the fringe style, having an open kind of heading, *dentelles du puy*, and others equally charming for this style of trimming. Above all, we would remark that those having the richest effect, are composed of the real *mirecourt* thread lace, made on purpose, or for full dress, rich blonde. Nothing can equal the distinguished and rich appearance of this style of trimming, the divisions betwixt each circle showing the elegant material of the dress.

Straw Bonnets will become very fashionable this spring, particularly those open-worked ones, the favourite trimming being a cerise-coloured ribbon, and a branch of the *sorbier des oiseau*. *La capote de rue*, trimmed with fullings and cerise ribbon, are also much worn, the fullings being of the same colour as the capote. Those which are composed of plain straw are generally decorated with *marron* embroideries, and rows of autumn leaves.

Scarfs.—We prophecy that this graceful addition to a lady's toilette, will be as fashionable this season as they have been for many seasons preceding. They will partake of the Mauresque, Albanian, and Turkish forms. China *crêpe* scarfs are greatly in request, beautifully embroidered, and having both sides alike, the patterns being of a large form.

Full-Dress Robes.—Those of a light texture, such as tulle or gauze, are made extremely wide in the skirts; they are still made *a double jupe*, and trimmed with rich silver lace; on each side of the *jupe* ascending, are two wreaths of anemonias of different colours, which catches up the skirt on each side (forming a kind of drapery) attached to the ceinture. The *berthe* is also composed of silver lace, with an *echelle* of small anemonias *graduees* up the front of the body. We have also remarked several costumes made in satin, trimmed somewhat in the same style. For instance, a dress of pompadour satin *rayé*, white and blue, having small bouquets of embroidered roses scattered over the white stripes; the skirt slightly raised on each side with wreaths of small pink daisies, white and blue alternate, reaching up to the ceinture. Under dress of white silk, trimmed with a rich lace. Those in green and white are also very rich looking, decorated with pink roses or rosettes. As a striking contrast to these dresses, we see those composed of rich silks or velvet, the skirts of which have hardly a single plait round the top of the dress, but are extremely w round the lower part. We have observed several elegant ones made in pink moire, and trimmed wit Venetian silver lace; also one in white satin, trim with fullings of gauze lisse, having the effect of flake snow over the surface. An Algerine scarf worn with delicate costume, adds much to the effect of it. We here observe, that the more juvenile style of dresses, are a mixture of the Grecian and tunic styl costume. The ceintures are round, and double ski the corsage formed of folds, and fastened with anti gems.

Young Ladies' Dresses are well worthy the att tion of some of our *modistes*, being so varied and tremely pretty in their appearance. We may cite as worthy of attention, a dress of green cachmeire, m open up the front, and edged with a narrow *revers*, b dered with a row of black velvet; low body, open whole way up, and laced across with black velvet; sq square pelerine, the edge just shading the waist. T pelerine is allowed to remain sufficiently open to show lacing up the centre of the corsage, and is edged all ro with a black velvet; straight sleeves, *demi-larges*, hav facings edged with velvet. Under dress of Scotch ca bric, the corsage made half-high, plaited in the front, edged with a Valenciennes lace. Another very pre and elegant costume is composed of a dress of p cachmeire, and mantelet or cape of a pretty pla wadded and lined with white silk; this cape is roun at the back, slightly gathered upon the shoulders, rather over the tops of the arms, and descends over front in two square ends, the capuchon forming a point the back.

Home Dresses.—Those most generally adopted, made of heavy materials, such as satin, silk, or velv Two very elegant costumes have lately appeared, the fi made in a beautiful French grey satin, ornamented rou the skirt with three broad fringes, headed with an op nêt work fancy trimming of the same width as the frin Corsage plain and pointed, formed very high upon t shoulders, and opening half way up the front: the pe rine cut small and pointed in the front, so as to show t opening up the front of the body, and trimmed with fringe, which continues down the front as far as the wai Plain sleeves and cambric chemisette, embroidered a trimmed with Valenciennes. The second costume w composed of a rich shot silk, the skirt trimmed with t indented broad flounces, each edged with a cut *rûche* the same; low *corsage à pointe*, the small pelerine for ing a *berthe*, *dentellé* or pinked to match the flounc and bordered with *rûches*; sleeves *demi-longues*, havi facings and epaulets, pinked and edged with *rûche* *guimpe* of fine embroidered muslin, and *rabat* or frill lace.

Peignoirs.—We have already seen several very e gant ones, encircled with a running pattern or trimmi forming a kind of *feston*, and ornamented with la Those have a great degree of favour which are surroun

with broad hems, embroidered over the top, forming a heading, the interior of the hem lined with a pretty light coloured silk or satin ribbon.

Capuches-Laitieres. — A very charming novelty has lately appeared, taking the place entirely of those *sorties de bal*, which have been so long in fashion. This kind of *capuche* forms an entire and complete habiliment, and can be worn with any kind of evening or morning dress, in town or country at the present season. They are generally lined with plush, but when the weather becomes milder, we have no doubt but that they will have simply a lining of *gros de Naples*. The *capuche* is fixed on to a small collar, forming a *fichu*, and falls over the back, shoulders, and chest; a soft *baleine*, or bone, is passed through the hem encircling the face, without interfering with the coiffure, the lower part of the *capuche* being fulled where it is joined to the collar. The *Mazourkes* is a fashion very generally adopted for the present season, being a kind of mantle, and made in black or *glacé* silks, and trimmed either with *dentelle de velours*, or black lace. Spanish laces, those of *Caen* or *Puy*, are also much in request.

Flowers.—Several very light kind of wreaths have lately appeared for decorating those new style of straws which are now so fashionable. Then we have the simple Easter daisies, roses *mignonnes*, variegated heaths, or sprigs of the *plantin*, lilacs of different shades and colours, the honeysuckle, and the pink and white acacias, with others which are too numerous for us to mention.

Fashionable Colours for the ensuing month are grey shot with black *fanne* (a pale red), different shades of green, both light and dark, *mauve* and mixed colours of different hues, white being mostly worn for evening dress.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Balls and *soirées* are still all the rage, the out-door novelties not being of sufficient consequence to attract particular notice, both the form of dresses and millinery being much the same as those of last month, although furs are perceptibly on the decline. *Long-champs* is, however, approaching, and will bring in its train all the novelties and changes so earnestly looked forward to by our first *modistes*, who have not been idle in preparing everything that can contribute to add grace and beauty to the fair wearers.

Capotes.—Satin is already replacing velvet for this style of bonnet, although we have no doubt but that *poult de soie*, and dark shaded *crêpes* will be most fashionable this spring. For a morning, we have remarked a very pretty light style of capote, composed of white *guipure*, and decorated with small blue flowers; those made of *gros de Naples* are generally drawn, and decorated with a branch of Persian lilac; capotes made of *paille* are remarkable for the elegance and novelty of their trimming, which is mostly formed of ribbons and flowers. We have remarked a new kind of *nœud* which has lately appeared, somewhat resembling a Spanish bow, and which is made of different shades of verdant green, resembling an elegant *panache* or cluster of leaves; those of velvet are mostly of a *grenat* colour trimmed with black lace, gracefully intermixed with *nœuds*; several in *velours épinglé* are also remarkable for their distinguished appearance, the next fashionable colours being *mauvre*, *bleu*, *Joinville* white, and pale pink.

Coiffures.—We may cite as the most novel style, the *coiffure de page*, like those worn in the middle ages, as well as those small light looking turbans, composed of plain white tulle, and decorated with chaplets made of steel beads, or an Algerine fringe and twist of a gold open work heading. We must here remark that the *coiffure de page* is a kind of *toquet* placed rather backward on the head, and may sometimes be edged with a heading of jet or steel, two tips of feathers falling over the left side. At a grand ball given by one of the ambassadors, we remarked that white turbans were most in favour *en Algerine*, or cachmeire enriched with gold ornaments; those *petit bords* were also much in favour, reminding us so forcibly of the ancient style of head-dress, and decorated with two white feathers tastefully arranged; the younger ladies wearing simply their hair intermixed with *triple* rows of leaves *mêlées*, with roses, and long drooping grass, having a very novel and fresh appearance.

Visiting and Promenade Dresses.—There is little or no change visible in the material for these style of dresses, *poult de soie* and Italian silks retaining all their favour; they are universally trimmed *à pyramide*, either with rows of velvet, or fringes of black *dentelle de velours*; if with fringe, it has generally an open heading of net work; the corsages of those intended for *visites du matin*, are mostly of a close form, gathered slightly upon each shoulder, and *trés basques*; plain sleeves; the under sleeves being now on the wane. Indeed, ladies most remarkable for their good taste have already discontinued wearing them; those dresses composed of damask silk are also much in vogue; the body being made high and very stiff, and trimmed with *à revers*, which descends down the front in a very deep point, and falls gracefully over the top of the sleeves; plain sleeves, faced with a kind of cuff, turning half way back; round epaulets; the *jupe* having straight pockets edged all round with a fancy trimming, terminated with tassels *à longues franes*; under the dress is worn a chemisette *à petit col de guipure*. Another very fashionable style of dress are those made in the Amazonian form; the body high and *basqué*, buttoned up close to the throat; thy are mostly made of those *pekin sultans*, which are figured in broad, deep, horizontal stripes; the sleeves perfectly plain, and terminated with lace ruffles; also, we may cite as a very becoming style, those made of Parma violet silk, trimmed upon the

front of the skirt with a double *revers*, bordered on each side with a narrow cut *rûche* of the same material; plain corsage, formed high upon the shoulders, and opening half way down the centre of the front; the two sides of the front ends of the *basqués* or jacket rounded, and also edged with a *rûche*; *guimpe* of embroidered muslin.

Evening Dresses.—Those decorated *à pyramides*, are certainly most fashionable, particularly when made in white *poult de soie*; the corsage formed very low; the *jupe* ornamented with three *roués*, each *roué* formed of seven, nine, and eleven *bouillons* of Brussels tulle; body trimmed to match *à bouillons progressifs*; when made in pale light colours, they have a very novel and distinguished appearance, and are universally worn by some of our highest ladies at the Court reunions. Dresses made of velvet are generally perfectly plain in the skirt; the corsage low, and ornamented with a pretty drapery, attached in the centre with a very rich description of brooch; the sleeves formed very small, and also decorated with a trimming *agrafée*, with a *nœud* of ribbon; a narrow black lace being fulled all round. For a young person, nothing can be prettier than those dresses made in *barége à bandelettes satinées*; corsage *tres basqué*, and rather low, a broad piece forming a kind of cape encircles the top of the body, opening in the front, and trimmed round with a *rûche* of ribbon, which also serves to decorate the small short sleeves; the skirts of these dresses are generally made plain and simple. *Les robes Moitza*, which are embroidered in different colours, and intermixed with point lace, are also extremely oriental and charming. We have remarked several embroidered *en tablier*; the corsage decorated with a *berthe* and sleeves *demi-longues*, entirely covered with the same style of embroidery as forms the *tablier* on the skirt.

Pelerines.—*Cannezouts*, *guimpes*, &c., are now universally adopted. We may cite as those most in favour, the *Zarah* pelerine, remarkable for the richness and taste of its embroideries; also those named *Desilly*, which serves to render charming any costume, over which it may be worn, *La guimpe Johannita*, and a hundred others too numerous to mention.

Morning Walking Dresses are now made in the *robe redingote* form, and composed of fine cachmeire decorated with *brandebourgs* of velvet upon the high body, and round the jacket skirt which surrounds the waist; then, again, we have those made in the same material as the above, having a high stiff corsage with a row of enamelled buttons up the front, and *Amadis* sleeves; the fronts of the body being made so as to turn back if necessary, and allow of a cambric chemisette being seen. It will not be out of place to remark that shaded materials and the *caméléon* silks will be much in fashion this spring, as well as those elegant silks which are shaded gradually from the lowest edge of the robe up to the *ceinture*; for *negligé quadrilles*, silks will be most in request; small patterns in the *Pompadour* style; the sleeves are made rather less than have lately been worn, but sufficiently open at the sides to show the under white sleeves of cambric, muslin, &c.

THE OTHER DAY.

Upon the meadows spread below
Full softly fall the flakes of snow,
Yet choke they up the way
That lately wound along the scene
'Mid fields of gold and swards of green,
Ay, but the other day.

All things are here but for a while,
The frown must vanish, fade the smile.
E'en beauty must decay.
And who upon that wrinkled face
The lily and the rose can trace
We saw the other day?

The mother sadly bends her head
Upon the breast that lately fed
A child with glances gay;
See how her eyes now vainly seek,
The softly dimpled rosy cheek
She kissed the other day!

But wander through all scenes of life,
Through scenes of peace and scenes of strife,
Consult the whole array!
Seek amidst every rank of men,
For one who would not fly again
Back to the other day.

Lovers regret their early sighs,
Regret the maiden's downcast eyes,
When first she said them nay;
All quaff too soon, all would regain
The feelings they esteem'd a pain,
And quench'd the other day.

Children alone look forward still,
They pant to climb life's rugged hill—
Oh! in the valley stay;
Stay in the balmy land awhile,
Where heaven, and earth, and all things smile,
Now as the other day!

CORRESPONDENCE.

"*The Mathematician*," received and accepted; shall be glad to hear again from that quarter.

"*R. Y.*," inadmissable.

"*Eliza*," under consideration.

"*Alfred*," must remember that the "World of Fashion" is destined for the perusal of ladies, therefore upon reflection, he cannot be surprised that his verses are declined.

"*To Flora*," received, but unperused.

"*Stanzas to* ——," certainly in our next.

Communications to be inserted, should be forwarded by the 10th of the month.

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Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. James.

Fashionable Heart Dresses 1843

THE WORLD OF FASHION

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, MAY 1, 1845.

THE RIVAL LOVERS;
OR,
THE ARAB'S REVENGE.

Better be with the dead,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy.

SHAKSPEARE.

One evening amongst the tribe of Beni-smiel, situate on the borders of the Isser, three Arabs and a young girl were assembled under the same tent, raised a little from the rest of the tribe upon the slope of a gently rising hill, at the foot of which ran a clear and sparkling rivulet. One of the party had fallen into the vale of years, but the vivacity of his black eyes, and the manly firmness of his look convinced the beholder that he was one of those privileged mortals whom God has not visited with the inconveniencies of old age. They called him Brahim-Ben-Zaragont, and he was the father of the young Baia.

Brahim was respected by all the surrounding tribes for the courage he had always shown in their combats, and the wisdom he displayed in their councils. In 1830, he rushed forth in the defence of his invaded country; but being vanquished, he retired to the mountains, until the day when the French, wishing to enlarge the extent of their conquests, invaded the province of the Oran. Seriously wounded in the *rencontre*, he entered his tent. Then, when the power of Abd-el Kader increased, he ordered his two sons to join his ranks, and, fighting against the Christians, revenge their people's wrongs. Brahim never again saw his sons.

Of the two young Arabs assembled together in the tent of the old man, the first was the richest inhabitant of Gaefera, a neighbouring tribe; his name was Kaddour. The second, Hassan, was a relative of Brahim; he possessed numerous flocks, and had already signalized himself in several combats against the French.

These two young Arabs were aspirants for the hand of the beautiful Baia. Their proud and decided bearing announced the manly character of their tribe, and contrasted singularly with the soft and feminine loveliness of Baia, who, seated upon the skin of a lion, carelessly suffered to escape through her lips, the blue smoke of her *narquile*. Baia appeared embarrassed, for this daughter of the tribe was not ignorant of the sentiments entertained by the two Arabs in her regard, and sympathised with the sufferings of the rivals, thus brought together by accident; their scrutinizing and unquiet glances sought to discover a favourable look or smile directed to one more than the other.

Night approached rapidly, for in Africa one enjoys but a few moments of twilight, which is so agreeable with us, after the setting of the sun. The sun disappeared behind the mountains, and Atlas, like a cameleon, changed five or six times his colour, and allowed nought to be seen a few moments after, but his immense and black colossal. The darkness arose in an instant, and the earth was enveloped in shade.

Crouched in a circle around a fire in the interior of the tent, the Arabs spoke not, leaving to Baia the more active duty of fanning the fire with large palm leaves, upon which rested a large vessel filled with water. The old Arab contemplated the three actors in this scene, and sought in vain to read in the heart of his daughter the secret which she dared not discover, yet one that she hoped he would guess. He was not ignorant of the custom of his tribe, which excluded Kaddour, as not belonging to the same people; but he had seen infractions of these laws, and the old man was willing to gratify his daughter at all hazards.

Baia upon this evening looked more seducing than ever. Nothing was wanting to the perfect display of her beauty. A neck-lace composed of small silver coin and rich coral, encircled her throat; large rings of gold ornamented her feet and hands; a long robe of snowy whiteness opened on the chest, and was confined at the waist by a silken girdle, which descended in rich tassels nearly to the ground; a light turban embroidered in gold rested upon her head, allowing her black tresses to fall thickly over her shoulders. As if she had foreseen the visitors she was about receiving, Baia had forgotten nothing that could in the least embellish her beauty. Her eyebrows and her nails had been coloured, and the little tatooed star which she wore in the middle of her forehead had been newly tinted by the juice of the "*echnan.*"

To put an end to the painful embarrassment of his guests, Brahim took the vessel into which he had previously thrown some coffee ground to an inconceivable fineness, and filling the cups, offered them to the Arabs, togetner with tobacco to renew their pipes with.

"My daughter," said Brahim, in a moment afterwards, "sing us the air that you used formerly to sing for me when wounded by a ball from the infidels, I was unable to raise myself from my couch."

Baia obeyed, and taking her Darbouka of crystal, she preluded upon it for some moments, by striking with unequal throes upon the resounding skin, and thus commenced the song of her tribe.

"May God be along with you, sons of the Arabs; defenders of Islamism, thee I salute.

"To create the rapid courser which carries you, God called the wind of the desert, and said concentrate yourself! He was obeyed.

"He took then a handful of this new element, and breathed upon it. It is thus that your fleet horses were created.

"To create your hearts inaccessible to fear, he took a piece of steel, and said to it—'Be thou the heart of an Arab!' He was obeyed.

"Thus he flies in pursuit of the enemies of God. At the sound of his step, the infidel trembles. At the sound of his voice he is struck as with a thunderbolt."

Hassan at these words waved his hand, as if to impose silence. Notwithstanding his apparent calm, his face inspired fear. His extended arm, his fixed and watchful eye, his anxious and scrutinising look—all his senses appeared to be on the stretch to discover what could be the cause of the strange noise that he thought he heard.

Kaddour and the old man held their breath, and Baia trembling, sought refuge behind her aged parent.

In order to hear with greater clearness, Hassan loosed the turban which was closely confined around his head by a cord formed of the skin of a goat, and applied his ear in order to draw in the distant noises that an Arab alone can comprehend. Kaddour and Brahim equally interrogated each movement in the desert.

At this moment the horses attached to the entrance of the tent sent forth feeble neighings. By the vacillating light of the lamp, a glimmering of which fell upon the animals without, you could perceive them with necks extended, and devouring ears, their tails erect, and their eyes fixed in the distant obscurity to discover that which made their bodies tremble. To the neighing of the horses was speedily added the wild and plaintive cry of the goat, with the shrill bleating of the sheep, who rushed towards the tent so secure themselves from the impending danger.

At these signs, the three Arabs knew the alarming truth, and that this night was to be a night of destruction and death. The formidable lion of Mount Karkar, who contrived to entrench himself amidst the inaccessible rocks where he could not be molested, even by the Arab himself—This terror of the surrounding tribes had chosen this night for his fearful devastations.

At the certain approach of danger, Hassan and Kaddour recovered all their firmness. It was not thus with th man; he thought of his trembling child, who clun him for protection, and whose hand shuddered in his the leaf disturbed by the rude blast. One part alon mained for him to perform, and he accordingly con her to the courage of his two guests.

Hassan took down the unerring gun of Brahim, mined the lock, renewed the powder rendered dam the dews of the night. Kaddour seized his pistols crusted with silver, and caught up his yataghan, the of which he fastened in the earth, that it might be for him to grasp at a moment's notice. The old himself recalled his forces, and with the only hand he use, he seized his sabre, manufactured formerly o walls of Damascus.

"My children," he cried, with an air of inspir "Glory be to God! he is the best judge. He has me now the means of knowing his will. You both Baia. He who brings me the skin of the lion of K shall obtain my daughter. It is God now who shal cide between you."

"Stop, my father, stop," said Baia, "promise not it is"—

"My child," interrupted the old man, "do not r it. I have said it. Console yourself, for God is th judge."

Baia raised her eyes to heaven, and doubtless addr a fervent prayer to the throne of mercy. Then she gl at Hassan, as if to rouse him to become the victor. dour trembled, and his hand instantaneously graspe handle of his pistol.

At a sign from her father Baia retired to the inne most distant part of the tent.

An Arabian tent consists of two apartments. Th is allotted to the men. The second, which is sepa from the first by a partition of planks or thick matti apportioned to the gentle sex.

Scarcely had the young girl disappeared, ere appr ing sounds became more distinct. The flocks ran ble with that peculiar instinct which reveals to them th proach of a ferocious beast. In the midst of this c sion they remarked the noise of heavy steps, accomp with a wild growl.

Hassan raised his gun. Kaddour directed toward entrance of the tent the barrels of his two pistols. B a little behind, prepared himself to defend the entra Baia's tent.

All at once a fearful noise, followed by a cra sound, was heard. A cry of terror escaped from the Arabs, and the tent was smashed upon their heads overthrew them. The lion, deceived by the darknes the black colour of the stuff that covered the tent, ex to meet with resistance upon the spot upon which bounded, but his paws had broken the cords whic tained the planks upon which the covering formed of skin rested.

The lion, affrighted for an instant upon feeling th stance give way under him, stopped; but his se smell, and his natural instinct, at once revealed to hi

he had his victims within his grasp; and in his joy he made the air resound with a terrific bellow. Retracing his steps, he sought with his powerful claws to tear away the obstacles that separated him from the buried Arabs. He seized with his teeth the thick skin that covered them, the solidity of which was their only defence.

Hassan preserved his coolness and his courage; he succeeded in regaining his yataghan, and glided towards the place where the lion was continuing his desperate efforts. Through the dilapidated tent he directed his uncertain blows against his terrible enemy, and from the resistance which his arm met with, as well as the furious bellow which followed, he felt assured that he had struck his object, which only infuriated the animal more, and made him redouble his efforts to vanquish his prey; and the increased crackling of the covering, announced that all defence would speedily become useless.

As if fate had determined to unite every species of anguish upon the doomed heads of the tent, a second calamity occurred to add to their inexpressible terrors. The fire upon which rested the vessel destined to make the favourite drink of the Arabs, fell to the earth, and communicated with the planks which formed the partition, and from the wood the flames passed to the covering. Stifled by the smoke, and the insupportable odour of the burning skin, Hassan, with a blow of his yataghan, opened a passage through the covering; and now it was a combat face to face which he would have to dare with his terrible enemy.

But already the lion, equally stifled by the infected odour of the burning goat skin, and frightened by the fire, withdrew himself a few steps backward. Carelessly crouching himself upon the earth, he appeared to watch patiently, lest his victims should escape him. Hassan rushed towards the spot where Baia was imprisoned, tore away the tent, and carrying the fainting girl, placed her in the air, as near as he could, without danger, to the blazing fire, which ought now to protect her. Brahim was saved in the same way.

A third person still remained exposed to the fury of the merciless flames. Hassan felt at the moment a violent combat in his own breast. He could now disembarrass himself of a rival, but the arm of that rival would be necessary for the defence of his beloved Baia. Thus love conquered his hatred, and Kaddour is rescued from impending destruction.

Still was the lion watchful. By the bursts of light from the burning fragments, the Arabs could perceive him crouched, and licking his wounded paw. How was he to be combated with? for the Arabs had left their fire-arms beneath the fragments of their asylum, and four distant explosions had told them that they had discharged themselves. Already the fire was diminishing. Would it last sufficiently long to deter their terrible enemy until assistance could reach them, or must they defend themselves with the single yataghan, now their only weapon.

A number of confused voices were heard at this moment, bringing hope and joy to the doomed Arabians, which informed them that aid was approaching.

Aroused by the roaring of the lion, and the deafening explosion of fire-arms, and attracted by the glare of the conflagration, the Arabs ran to the spot, giving utterance to their wild battle cry. The lion fiercely turned his head to the approaching sounds, arose, and collecting all his strength, he raised a terrific roar, by which the echoes of the Atlas were aroused. Then shaking his crested mane, he bounded towards his assailants. A cry of terror, followed by feeble groans, accompanied his footsteps, and all was over—the lion of Mount Karkar had again added to the number of his victims.

The tribe gathered around the three Arabs, and Baia was restored to consciousness. By their exertions the fire was extinguished by the flakes of sand, and a new tent was constructed for Brahim and his daughter. The dispersed flocks were gathered together, as well as everything else that the fury of the flames had spared.

In the midst of the confusion, Baia approached Hassan.

"This night," said she, "I shall expect you to meet me under the three palm trees of Isser."

The Arab grasped the hand of the young girl, saying,

"I shall be there."

Tranquillity was soon restored amongst the tribe. Each betook himself to his respective tent. The old man entered his along with his daughter, and Kaddour again took the road to Gaefera, in order to prepare himself for the morrow's combat.

Hassan immediately repaired to the three palm trees of Isser.

Within but a few paces of Beni-smiel, this place was protected by umbrageous olive trees, the branches of which were bent forward by the weight of wild vines with which they were crowded. Enormous aloes, with the fig trees of Barbary completely hid this spot from observation, whilst millions of laurels and roses mixed themselves with the herbage of the river, now nearly dry. On either side arose the mountains of Atlas. This was the place selected for the meeting.

Hasssan waited some time, and Baia came not. He followed with uneasiness the movement of the stars, which announced to him that the morning's dawn would soon appear. Oppressed by the emotions of the night, as well as by fatigue, sleep, in despite of himself, began to steal over his faculties; but the Arab was aroused from his torpor by the neighing of the chakal, together with the gambols of that animal across the shrubs. He was in this lethargic state, which is neither sleeping nor waking, when the ideas break confusedly upon us, and evaporate without making any impression on the memory. Hassan's thoughts reverted to the lovely daughter of the solitude—then he fancied himself alone in a deadly encounter with the lion, and his heart experienced all the emotions of a veritable combat.

At this moment a hand was tremblingly laid upon the shoulder of Hassan. He started, and raising his eyes, saw Baia standing before him. By the light of the stars, which, during summer, sparkle so magnificently in an African sky, giving a chastened beauty to all around, he saw the young girl clothed in white, holding in her hand a

yataghan, and looking like one of those apparitions upon whom the superstitious Arabs look with so much confidence.

"You sleep, Hassan," she said, "and appear happy. I am not so, for deadly presentiments present themselves to my mind, and I cannot sleep. See how I tremble."

"Say but one word, dearest, and I shall conquer. Do you love me?"

Baia cast upon the Arab a look of reproach.

"Does not my presence here speak a language sufficiently intelligible. This night, but I fear it is too late even now, I shall discover all to my father. I shall tell him that it is you whom I love. You know the rest. God has spoken by the mouth of my father, and to you I confide my fate. Take this weapon. I have carried it away from the ruins of our tent. Whilst my brother lived, this was his favourite weapon. It was formerly carried by Sidi-Chafi, the celebrated Marabout chief. With it you will conquer. And now, Hassan," said she, with a more solemn voice, "remember well these words. The grief of belonging to another, would be nothing in comparison to the despair of hearing that you were vanquished. Go now, and may God in all his strength be your guide."

At these words, Baia disappeared as a shadow amongst the thick plantations of rose and laurel trees. Hassan confounded, regained his tent, in order to repose himself for the fatigues of the coming day.

The dawn of morning found Hassan saddling his white horse, with its long mane and tail, which, according to the custom, was coloured with "henna."

Without incumbering himself uselessly with the long fusil of the Arab, he suspended from his saddle a steel hatchet, and placing in his belt a pair of pistols, together with the yataghan given him by Baia, he sallied forth. He took the road to Mount Karkar, passing near the tent of Brahim, from whence he hoped to discern the track of the lion.

Baia and her father were at the entrance contemplating the disasters of the preceding night. Hassan advanced towards them, and alighting from his horse, respectfully kissed the hand of the old man; then turning to Baia, saw a tear standing in the girl's eye. The Father also perceived it, and, in a broken voice, said—

"Go, my son. I bless thee as such."

Hassan remounted. Travelling slowly, he followed the bleeding track of the lion's claws, certain that trace would conduct him to the resting place of his enemy. After a long course, he found himself between two elevated mountains, covered with brushwood, and completely inaccessible to all but the Arab's charger.

The noble animal appeared to enjoy himself amidst the difficulties and impediments that surrounded him.

From the more distinct traces here visible of the lion, it was evident that the animal had commenced to slacken his course. Hassan knew that he was approaching the Karkar, the bare and grisly summit of which arose like a giant in the midst of the surrounding mountains.

The Arab, after several hours of fatiguing journey, descended into a valley which lay at the foot of the mighty Karkar. This valley, as you see many others in Alger was filled with enormous rocks, torn from the sides of mountains by the hand of time, or the winter's rai Other rocks hanging from above, appeared to be suspen in the air, and to require but a feeble effort to fall into valley beneath, as the others had done.

A little rivulet, occasionally marred by the obsta which it encountered in its route, now glided gracefull its pebbly bed, then suddenly becoming free, forme cascade against the rocks that opposed its passage. this spot the scenery was magnificent—gigantic trees ov shaded the river with their graceful branches, and invi to repose the wearied Arab.

Hassan dismounted from his horse, which he fo would be useless to him in ascending the lofty mount before him, and taking a little water in the palm of hand, he moistened the nostrils of his steed, and withd the bit from his mouth, before he allowed him to dr plentifully at the river. The noble animal seeing the p parations for a halt, raised his fore-leg, as if to present to his master, (which is the way the Arabs fasten t horses).

Hassan smiled sorrowfully, and addressing the fait companion of all his dangers, said:—

"My best and truest friend, I shall not confine for I am ignorant if I shall live to release you. If again see me, you will rejoice, for I shall suspend at flank the remains of the lion of Karkar. If you sh not see me again, retrace the road back to our tribe. daughter of Brahim and my father will then unders what my fate has been."

Hassan then withdrew his axe of steel from his and commenced his ascent from rock to rock, along side of the Karkar. With naked feet, fearful of arou the enemy against whom he was about contending, he vanced noiselessly, gliding like the chakal across cactus which covered the mountain, then listening, b movement disturbed the absolute silence of the place could hear nought save the wild throbbings of his heart.

After more than an hour spent in this painful as Hassan perceived a vault formed by rocks tumbled upon the other, and near the opening the lion was m tically reposing. At the approach of the Arab he r his head, and looked with proud defiance upon surro ing objects. Doubtless either instinct, or some noise, had denoted the presence of a living being. san, protected by the large leaves of the cactus, rem motionless, holding in his breath, and refraining even winking his eye, fearful lest his enemy might the movement of his eyelid.

The lion again laid down, with his head resting bet his two fore paws.

Tranquillity was again restored to the heart o Arab, which had been dispersed at the sight of the movement. With that cold intrepidity which fanat gives, he walked calmly to this terrible attack, tru to the goodness of God for deliverance and success. customed as he was to the chase of wild beasts, he

knew that in a combat alone and unaided, tact and presence of mind were preferable to fire arms, which often but increased the danger, when they failed to do more than wound the fearful adversary. Thus it was upon his axe that Hassan confided his life.

He waited to assure himself that the lion slept.

In about half an hour a heavy snoring announced to Hassan that his enemy was in a profound sleep. Now was the moment to act with firmness and energy, as every instant was precious, not knowing the minute Kaddour might arrive, and dispute with him the victory, for which the hand of Baia was to be the conqueror's reward. Hassan arose, and notwithstanding his daring courage, a cold perspiration sat upon his brow. In order to restore his self-possession, he turned away his head to avoid the sight of his powerful adversary, and perceived the Arab of the tribe of Gaefera ascending the mountain. In a few minutes he would be beside him. Hassan hesitated no longer, but raised in his powerful hand his axe of steel, whilst with the other he seized one of his pistols. Walking with extreme precaution from stone to stone, he advanced. The lion still slept.

He arrived at the spot, and already the axe had been brandished twice, and twice had it been lowered. Each stroke had, if not cut, at least wounded the fore feet of the lion, and more prompt than lightning the Arab had bounded backwards, abandoning the wounded animal to its fury. A horrible roaring replied to this attack. The lion rolled in its agonized rage, and spurted forth the splinters of the stones which it had broken by its teeth in its agony. He endeavoured to arise, but it was a useless effort, and only augmented his sufferings. Mounted upon a rock which looked into the cave, Hassan discharged his two pistols, the balls of which wounded the side of the lion.

The animal, irritated by this increase of pain, collected all its fury, and leaning its broken claws against the rock where his enemy had entrenched himself, with a desperate struggle he raised himself upon the platform, from which he held with his teeth. The Arab again raised his axe. At this moment the noise of fire-arms was heard, and the lion fell backwards.

Kaddour had hastened his ascent, warned by the roaring of the lion. Having arrived near the place of combat, he had seized the moment when the animal had thrust forward its head, to strike it with a well-directed ball.

Kaddour approached Hassan.

"Son of an Arabian," said he, "I have the misfortune of owing to thee my life, which but for thee would have been sacrificed in the fire that consumed the tent of Brahim. Now the debt is repaid, for I have come in time to save thee. Thanks to God, this skin is the badge of my victory."

Hassan trembled with rage.

"You have saved my life? no. You have come like the vulture, to feed upon the prey which the huntsman has killed; but at the huntsman's appearance the vulture flies."

"This spoil is mine, I tell you," said Kaddour, "and woe to him that touches it."

"Son of Gaefera," replied Hassan, calmly, "'tis not for us to decide this point. We have amongst our tribe wise men who shall judge between us. You shall bring the sheik of Gaefera, and I that of Beni-smiel, and Brahim shall settle the question if the others disagree."

"Then be it so," replied Kaddour.

The two Arabs drew out the little poignard they carried in their belt, and raised in an instant the bleeding trophy.

It was arranged that each should carry in his turn the skin of the lion, and that when they arrived within the precincts of Beni-smiel, they should carry it suspended between them. They regained the place where they had left their horses, and traversed the road that led to the tribe.

The Arabs approached. At sight of them a fearful tremor overpowered Baia. Her heart was convulsed between fear and hope, her eyes lost their vision, and her lips refused utterance. Surrounded by the tribe who were drawn together by the intelligence of Hassan's perilous enterprise, singing aloud songs of war and victory, was she seated when the lion's bleeding skin was placed at her feet. They then faithfully narrated to the old man all that had occurred.

The next day the sheiks of Gaefera and Beni-smiel were gathered together in council under the tent of Brahim. The skin of the lion was placed in the midst. Hassan and Kaddour were alone admitted to the conference. Hassan began the recital, and faithfully narrated what had occurred. The three judges conferred with each other, and gave their opinions, commencing with the eldest and sagest.

All decided that the victory belonged to Hassan; that the lion had been reduced to that state previous to the arrival of Kaddour, that any assistance he could offer to Hassan's determined attack would be vain and useless.

Kaddour rushed from the tent in a frenzy of rage; whilst Hassan hastened to lay his trophy at the feet of Baia.

The immediate marriage having been agreed to by Brahim, Hassan conducted Baia before the sheik of Beni-smiel, who successively addressed them in the following form:—

"*Baia, daughter of Brahim Ben Zaragout, before the witnesses here present, do you consent to take Hassan for your husband?*"

He then pronounced their union in these words:—

"*The marriage is accomplished; may God bless you both.*"

The next day the relations of the bridal pair came to offer them presents proportionate to their fortune.

Amongst those who assisted at this ceremony was an Arab of the tribe of Gaefera. He made a sign to Hassan that he wished to speak with him apart, which was at once understood, and the bridegroom advanced to the Arab.

"Son of Beni-smiel," said the unknown, "here is

the nuptial present that Kaddour has desired me to present thee."

The Arab extended to Hassan a piece of copper coin.

"This gift will explain to you his vengeful and eternal hatred. The fire is lighted at the foot of the mountain—my master awaits you there."

Hassan took the coin that was offered, and sending a similar piece to Kaddour, said :—

"Tell your master it shall be as he desires."

The Arab moved on, and Hassan followed.

They soon arrived at the foot of the mountain, where Kaddour, impatient for his arrival, had already prepared the fire.

Three stones, one placed against the other, formed the place for the fire.

Without pronouncing a word, Kaddour stooped to a bundle of dried leaves and herbs, and taking a large quantity in each hand, threw them upon the burning flame, then casting a wild look at Hassan, demanded,

"Where is the coin that I sent you ?"

Hassan restored it to the Arab.

"You shall feel my vengeance yet," continued Kaddour, placing in the fire the two pieces of coin mutually exchanged; "for one of us must die. I could have slain you on the Karkar. I might have concealed myself on your road, and then have avenged my wrongs. Yet, notwithstanding the pleasure it would give me to shed your heart's dearest blood, I was generous, but it shall be for the last time. I now declare war with you unto death !"

Already the two pieces of coin were red as the burning charcoal in which they were placed. Kaddour took one, and placed it, burning as it was, on the palm of his enemy's hand. Hassan took the second, and disposed of it alike on the hand of Kaddour.

The two Arabs seated, remained silently watching the smoke arising from their burning flesh. Not a movement of their body—not the slightest contortion of their faces, evinced the indescribable agony of their sufferings.

When the coin had cooled, they slid it from their hands, and spread some grains of powder upon their bleeding wounds; then arising, they both pronounced these words :—

"As long as this mark remains, I shall be your deadly foe."

Henceforward the fury of the two enemies was boundless. Wives, children, father, mother, all were enveloped in this fierce enmity; every opportunity was watched for carrying into effect this brutal hatred, and no distance of time could lull either into peaceful security.

The two Arabs, aware of each others animosity, left no precaution neglected for protecting their families against it. They never went out unarmed, and Hassan in his absence invariably left a negro slave to watch over his beloved Baia's safety.

Six months glided away thus. In a few months more, the young wife would become a mother.

One evening, on returning to his tent, Hassan perceived some Arabic characters traced upon the sand; read,

"I have waited until you were about becomin father !"

A deadly presentiment came over his mind; he rus forward, his wife was in violent agony. The awful tr at once flashed upon him. Upon making enquiries, was informed that a strange Arab had presented hims offering the dates of the desert for sale. Baia had p chased them—Baia had eaten them. The fact was apparent; the poison had already circulated through blood.

At this intelligence the voice of Hassan resounded i savage yell. He tore his hair in hands-full, and fall at the knees of Baia, he shrieked, and wept, and pres her closer and closer to his bounding heart.

On hearing Hassan's cries, Brahim hastened his tot ing footsteps to learn the cause, when the fearful myst was unfolded to him. The milk of the goat was quic brought, of which the young wife drank long and deep but death had too firmly grasped its victim, and the ene had so skilfully selected his poison, as to leave no h of remedy. Baia, after two hours of excessive tortu surrendered her soul to him who had created it.

Hassan withdrew himself from the old man, but wild and piercing shrieks gave ample testimony of the tensity of his sufferings.

The next day the former characters were effaced, in their place was written these words,

"Have I not aimed the blow well ?"

The body of Baia was carefully washed by the wor of the tribe, and according to their usual custom, t dressed her in her wedding garments, then envelop her in a coffin of palm-leaves, those she loved in l carried the young expecting mother to the place of terment.

A crowd of relatives and friends followed, rending air with their deep and heartfelt shrieks.

When they had arrived at the appointed place, t deposited the body on the edge of the grave, four Ar turning towards the four quarters of the world, cried i loud voice,

"Sons of Beni-smiel, alas ! alas ! learn that the yo and blooming Baia, daughter of Brahim-Ben-Zaragon dead."

The Arabs replied to this announcement with pierc shrieks and wild cries.

They then lowered the body of the young wife into earth, first placing upon the remains flat stones, and t filling up the chasm with the dust of the solitude. La stones were then placed standing around the tomb, indicate the spot where Baia reposed.

The crowd then took the road to the tent of Hassan.

The repast of death awaited the relatives of the ceased. It consisted of cheese made of the goat's mi and a species of bread saturated with oil and butter. Th each separated, after having drank the coffee from same cup.

These painful duties accomplished, Hassan repaired

the tent of Brahim, in order to announce to him his determination of quitting the tribe, and devoting his remaining days to avenge his wrongs upon his enemy. He then left, directing his steps to the side of the mountain where he had accidentally heard that Kaddour was in the habit of frequenting for the purpose of hunting the gazelle and the partridge.

Nearly a month thus passed away; enveloped in his cloak Hassan passed his nights under a tree. During the day he concealed himself in a position from whence his view extended over the entire valley.

There, immoveable as the rock on which he leant, he awaited the approach of his enemy with that patience which an Arab alone can exercise, in the cherished prospect of revenge.

One morning Hassan saw a cavalier enter the valley; his eye, or rather the instinct of his deadly hate, at once recognized Kaddour.

The road which Kaddour selected was well chosen, for it opened upon both sides. In a single spot a few thick bushes arose, capable of concealing an enemy.

The heart of Hassan trembled with joy—a smile spread itself upon his lips, it was the first that had visited them since the death of his beloved bride. He pressed his gun between his hands—renewed the powder, and hastily directed his steps towards the hedgy spot near to which Kaddour would pass, resting his gun upon a branch, in order to ensure his aim.

In this position he waited, with a pleasure mixed with inquietude, for he feared Kaddour might change his route, and thus rob him of his vengeance. But the sight of his enemy quickly reassured him, he saw him advancing, but walking with precaution. On perceiving the thick brushwood which concealed Hassan, Kaddour stopped and looked, as if interrogating each branch and each leaf, but nothing was visible to arouse the least suspicion of danger, and he continued his route.

The arm of Hassan is already directed to the breast of the unsuspicious Arab. He discharges his fire-arms and Kaddour falls from his horse with his arm broken and shattered at the shoulder joint, the gun falling at the same time from his powerless hand. With his broken arm Kaddour raises himself, but before he could cock his pistol, Hassan bounded towards him, threw him backwards, and unfastening the belt which he wore around his body, tied with it his hapless enemy.

Hassan, intoxicated with that savage joy which vengeance gives, already enjoyed the tortures to which he was about subjecting his hated rival. With his foot placed upon the breast of his enemy, he recalled to his remembrance the words which he had read traced upon the sand the day after the death of Baia.

"And I also," cried he, "have I not aimed the blow well. The ball which I directed towards your shoulder, I could have sent to your heart, but that would have deprived me of the bliss of witnessing your tortures. It was you who killed my young and beauteous bride—it was you who murdered my innocent babe—it is you who have condemned me to a life of unutterable misery, of ceaseless grief, and of every evil that humanity can endure. But God be praised! he has delivered you into my hands in the way I should most wish. Baia—Brahim—my innocent child! you shall all be avenged."

The Arab of the tribe of Gaefera replied not, but commenced reciting his prayers.

Hassan, his head leaning upon his hand, seated himself opposite to Kaddour. He reflected what description of death he would inflict upon his enemy. With his eye fixed upon him, he appeared to have a conversation with himself, for his lips moved—sometimes he would shake his head in token of disapprobation of the proposed project—sometimes a smile of satisfaction would spread itself upon his parched and burning lips.

At length he arose, and drawing from his purse a piece of money, he showed it to Kaddour, saying,

"Do you know this piece?"

The Arab replied not.

"Well, then," continued he, "this is the same piece which has imprinted upon my flesh the trace of your hatred. See how the mould adapts itself to the wound. You said at the same time that one of us should die. I now tell you that you shall be the victim. What did I do to deserve your hatred? What was the crime my hapless Baia committed, or my unoffending child?" Here Hassan's voice faltered, and his eyes became moist. But resuming his rage, he continued—"But now I shall wreak my vengeance upon you."

Hassan gathered several branches, and then drawing together three stones, he placed in the aperture a quantity of dried moss, and striking a light with the end of his yataghan, he soon communicated to the moss a burning flame, into which he cast the piece of money.

"Villain!" exclaimed Kaddour, "kill me, then, quickly."

"Kill you quickly," said Hassan; "Oh! no—no. My Baia—my child—have you not killed them? Ah, that I could prolong your tortures to the extent of my sufferings."

Hassan, brandishing his yataghan which had been formerly given to him by Baia, seized the legs of his enemy, and with two blows separated from them the feet of the Arab.

"It is thus," cried he, "that we punish the thief in our tribe, and you are worthy of this infamous chastisement."

The features of Kaddour now became contracted by pain, yet not a word escaped his lips.

Hassan then took the piece of money reddened by the fire, and grasping in his powerful hand the head of the Arab, he placed the burning coin on one of his eyes. Notwithstanding all his courage, Kaddour could no longer refrain from giving vent to a piercing cry. He endeavoured to shake off the fire that was consuming his eyelid, but already the metal had incorporated itself with his flesh, and the blood spurted forth. He rolled his body in agony, and uttered fearful shrieks, but Hassan followed all his movements, still holding the head of his powerless enemy.

"Hassan! Hassan! mercy! death!" piteously ejaculated Kaddour.

"Not yet," cried Hassan. "You that have destroyed two lives—you that have condemned two others to hopeless misery—you ask for a speedy death? No—no, you shall remain thus, and I will stay here to watch over you. If I have not rendered you completely blind, it is that you may be enabled to see me rejoice in your tortures. I shall remain here even to your last sigh, and after that I shall abandon you to the chakals, for the body of a man such as thou art, ought to be their prey."

Hassan at these words quietly seated himself near to Kaddour, and watched his victim until the last sigh of the Arab of Gaefera, told him that nothing now remained to his vengeance. Then raising the dead body in his arms, he hurled it from him into the valley beneath.

He then took the road to his tribe.

"Father," said he, on entering the tent, "Kaddour no longer lives, and I must instantly quit this tribe in order to secure myself from their vengeance."

"I shall follow you my son."

"No—no, father, you cannot follow where I shall go. Remain near to the tomb of our fathers—near to the resting-place of my worshipped Baia."

"Shall I ever again see you my son?"

"God alone knows," replied Hassan.

Hassan mounted his horse, and directed his course towards the north. He gained Oran, and joined the French in battle.

Hassan delights in recounting the above history, and shows upon his hand the ineffaceable mark of his enemy's hatred, and is never seen to smile but when he is narrating the *denouement* of his vengeance.

BELINDA.

TO ELIZA B——.

Musing o'er bygone days, a happy thought
  Beamed in upon my mournful reverie;
And o'erjoyed meditation with it brought
  From the profoundest depths of memory,
Remembrance of my dream, my promise, and of thee.

Forgive me, dearest, though my promise spoken
  In harsher times, has not yet been redeemed:
If not redeemed, it has not yet been broken.
  Some judge too hastily; still I had deemed
You would not think I had that promise slighted,
  However circumstances weighed me down;
But hold my word of honour when once plighted,
  As sacred as I would regard your own.
Yet, it is true, I might have kept it better,
  Had I not known you ready to forgive;
I never keep a promise to the letter;
  That's candid, and you know I ne'er deceive.

Oh! 'twould be bliss to feel that you believe me,
  When slanderous tongues run riot o'er my name;
To know that you will say he ne'er deceived me,
  When those who love not seek to blight my fame
And though relentless fate awhile has parted,
  And fortune sent us each a separate way;
And laid the lash on me, for I have smarted,
  Yet we may meet upon some brighter day,
When she will smile on both. Do you remember
  You gave me a dream token once in jest,
Wishing me visions fair, and peaceful slumber,
  Filled with your image, I had sunk to rest.

I dream't ('twas but a dream) that we were straying
  By the lake shore in my own native land;
Whilst on the water the moonbeams were playing,
  And shone like gems the pebbles on the strand.
The gentle ripple on the beach was breaking
  With a soft, soothing, melancholy sound;
And the night air was sweetest music waking,
  Sighing through groves and flowers; all around
Was stillness and repose; it was the hour
  Nature designed for lovers, and for love;
When hearts like ours meet, for it has power
  To fill the soul with something from above.

A softer, holier, more delightful feeling,
  Than aught that's earthly, it steals o'er the heart
Shutting out evil passions, and revealing
  Only each purer and each better part.
Methought the scene, though always lovely, never
  Had look'd so bright before; 'twas passing fair;
Oh! that such vision had remained for ever,
  With you for ever to have wandered there.
At such a time and hour my heart o'erflowing,
  And that fair scene breathing o'er all my soul,
Whilst the young moon, with purest beams was thro
  A soft luxurious light upon the whole.

I told my love, alas! that 'twas ideal,
  And your lips softly sigh'd an answer sweet,
I'd give a world, if mine, and that scene real,
  To hear those lips again, those words repeat.
Here vanished from my sight the dear delusion,
  As some one on my happy slumber broke;
You may be sure I did not bless the intrusion
  That chased away my vision. I awoke
To wish it might again; but sleep refuses
  To bring me back that dream. I try in vain,
It sends me visions of what e're it chooses,
  Though I would give my all to dream that o'er a

W. J.

REBUS.

My first's an emblem of the spring,
  My last implies possession;
My *tout's* a learned, witty thing,
  And honour its profession.

THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE ALPS.

In one of those green vallies of the Alps, which the eye delights to rest upon, where the earth unveils its loveliness to the golden and delicate light of heaven, where the foot falls upon a carpet of verdure—whose border woodlands, pasturage, and vineyards, look richer and more inviting than those of other climes—where the wild growth of brushwood billows up the sides of the mountains, the awful glaciers, their cloven peaks lost in the circumambient ether, which shut in the landscape on either hand, and circle it as with a gigantic crown of sapphire—in this delightful scene the young and blooming Emma fed her flock. Six little goats, white as the driven snow, were all her care; nor did the observer, as he watched their gambols, discover upon them either riband or ring, by which their wild impulses could be checked.

They were, in fact, suffered to wander where they pleased, as happy and free as the luxuriant impulse of the nature around them. Their mistress meanwhile, having laid down the crook, was busying herself in gathering strawberries, which clustered over, and some yards down the sides of a natural dais, or rising ground, that formed the limit of her pastures.

With this delicious fruit she proposed to reward her good mother, when she brought her the simple noon-day meal. Her basket was now full, and with that contentment, which an act of kindness done or intended is ever reflected upon the countenance, she turned to rejoin her herd. But, woe of woes!—she could count but five goats—one of her six pretty ones was missing.

She lost not a moment in depositing her strawberries by the side of her crook, and began seeking for the strayed animal along the winding and tangled footpaths of the vale, and by the margin of the brook which rippled o'er a pebbly channel behind the flower-studded bank where she had been sitting.

"The careless little thing must have run away into the wood," said Emma to herself; and to the wood, therefore, she bent her way.

Wrought by her ill-success to a great pitch of anxiety, the maiden wound hastily through the maze of trees, marking the commencement of her forest pilgrimage, and one moment she called out its name, "Darling!" "Darling!" at another she stooped down, and with her ear level with the wild flowers and prickly turf, she listened in the hope that the bleating of the goat might indicate to her the place where it was.

She had been engaged for about half-an hour in this search, and had penetrated nearly into the bosom of the darksome glades of pine, when just as she was surmounting a woody mass of trees, and forest flower, worked by the ever-varying hand of nature into a circle, there suddenly appeared before her a stately pilgrim, whose friendly glance at once disarmed the maiden's fears.

"Can'st thou show me, pretty shepherdess," said the wayfarer, "within a spear's length of these arid and desolate wilds a fountain of living water. I have wandered in uncertainty since, by the lengthening shadows of yonder beeches, the sun hath travelled two hours of his course to the west; and now I faint with thirst."

"Reverend father," answered Emma, "there is no fountain in these parts; but follow me to my flock, and with goat's milk shalt thou slake thy thirst."

The pilgrim accepted the offer, and walked behind her with a lingering step, the girl forgetting that she had lost a goat, and thinking only of the pleasure of administering to the holy traveller's wants. He said little, but his eye blessed his gentle guide, and as often as it fastened on her, it became filled with tears.

They now reached the flowery grass-plot whereon the little herd was grazing, when lo! the goat that had strayed had found its way back again, and Emma was now happy. With willing heart she filled the wooden beaker, and handed it to her guest. She then produced from her wallet a piece of rye bread, coarse, but wholesome, and with a slight courtesy she presented it, together with the basket of strawberries.

"I can easily," she thought, "gather some more for my dear mother."

"And what may thy name be, gentle maiden?" asked the pilgrim, as he regaled himself with the delicious fruit. "Thou art not of this land."

"Emma is my name," said the girl. "But how know you, Sir Pilgrim, that I am a stranger in this lovely vale?"

"Thy servant knoweth even more than this," replied he, with a glance beaming the most heartfelt delight. "Only show me thy hand, fair Emma, and be assured I will tell thee truth."

Emma smiled incredulously; but, out of curiosity, she gave him her hand. The stranger contemplated it for some minutes in silence, and then said in a solemn voice,

"A castle was thy cradle. Thy sire—alas! alas!—a dark cloud hovers o'er his crest, and thy mourning mother—she that hath few compeers on this earth—she is named *Bertha*."

Emma turned pale, and half involuntarily withdrew her hand. She trembled, and looked with fear and apprehension at the pilgrim, who, with unmoved countenance, exclaimed in accents mild and bland,

"Be not afraid, good daughter; lead me, rather, to that mother, for I bring her news of a Suabian knight, whom, in the old days, the Emperor delighted to honour, because at the tourney at Worms"—

"Oh! name not to mortal ears, for the love of heaven!" interrupted Emma, "the ill-starred victor in that passage-of-arms!"

And then, inconsistently enough, giving way to the dictates of that feeling which has been said to be the characteristic of her sex, she continued—

"Whence comes your knowledge, holy wanderer? May not an Alpine sheperdess inquire? Certain they are words of wondrous truth and meaning that have fallen from your lips; and yet you may know *more*. Aye, I see plainly you do know ALL. Tell me, then, good father, I beseech you, what became of this Suabian knight. Is he yet alive? Where is he?"

"Thou shalt hear his destiny from first to last," re-

turned her companion, with more emotion than he had yet betrayed; "first, only guide me into the presence of your mother."

"Ah!" cried the girl, springing up from the bank with a shriek of joy, "she is coming hither, I see her even now threading the narrow defile which lies at the entrance of the valley;" Emma pointed as she spoke in the direction of her cottage home.

The pilgrim beheld the advancing female, and suddenly a remarkable change came over him. His form (which was considerably above the middle height) appeared to dilate into a stature well-nigh gigantic; and by the fixedness with which he stood, and the unconscious expression of his lack-lustre eyes, it almost seemed that his disembodied spirit had flown to greet the lady of his thoughts.

Meanwhile Bertha stepped firmly over the ledges of moss, and carpeting of forest violets and tangled briar, to the crest of that little hill which her daughter had chosen for the boundary of her mountain-fold. She bore in her right hand her daughter's humble meal. The bloom of her early loveliness still lingered in her noble and benevolent face; but it was easy to see that sorrow had somewhat dulled the native splendour of her eye, and traced many wavy lines on her clear expressive forehead.

As she approached, the pilgrim also moved forward, with a glance that spoke volumes, but with a step so faltering and unnerved, as to illustrate the exquisite comparison of the Scriptures, so perfect in feeling, and so humanely true, which recordeth that "the spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Bertha had approached to within a few yards of where the pilgrim stood, when the latter sprung suddenly towards her with outstretched arms, and falling upon her neck he passionately exclaimed,

"Bertha, my own Bertha! do these arms, then, hold thee once more?"

"Arnulph! my long lost Arnulph!" faintly murmured Bertha, but here she paused; her calm and yielding spirit was overpowered by this flood of undreamt of happiness, and for a moment she lay swooning and unconscious on her husband's breast.

Emma, who showered kisses upon her parents at one moment, and tears the next, assisted to recal the scattered senses of the gentle Bertha. Mighty is nature, when, uninterpolated by the appliances of art, she is left to her own resources; but mightier still is the voice of Love, breathing from young lips in tones that never tire the ear, the simple, earnest words of a child's affection.

Under the influence of such a sublime restorative as this, Bertha soon opened her eyes, and then, full of joy and happiness, she was able, leaning on her husband and her daughter's arms, to walk to her mountain home. On the way Arnulph related how he had been pursued unrelentingly by the friends of that unfortunate knight whom he had left dead in the lists on the day of the tournament at Worms; that he had wandered through foreign kingdoms, and at length, in a Venetian ship, had reached the distant shores of Lusitania. Of that fatal encounter, he observed that it always gratified him to reflect wha brave death his noble challenger had found. First spl tering a lance in full and fair "attaint" of his burnish shield, and then receiving his trusty spear a little bel the heart, which protruded almost a cloth-yard's len on the other side, dripping with the life-blood of t flower of chivalry. "My next fortune," proceeded A nulph (dropping the mannerism in which, while suppo ing the character of a pilgrim he had thought it pro to clothe his speech), "was to distinguish myself grea in the war against the Infidels. My arms were eve where victorious. I was graced with the peculiar fav of the Christian monarch, and rose to the supreme co mand of all his armies. Thrice was I crowned with g lands on the field of battle, and once I accepted from small white hands of the Princess-Royal, a chaple diamonds, lustrous as her own beautiful eyes, wit prayer of liquid melody, 'for the weal of the brave w rior, who, coming from some unknown land, had fou so devotedly and so successfully in her father's cau and when, after repeated defeats, the Moors were at extirpated from those dominions, I felt that no power earth could withhold me from my wife and darling ch On the confines of Germany I assumed the garb of a grim, and carried my palm-branch as one newly retur from the Holy Land. Shielded by this disguise I ventu to present myself at the castle-gate of my old friend E tram, to whose generous interference you will remem sweet ones, you owe your present security. After a re admittance, and a most friendly welcome, I learned fr him where you had found an asylum. Winibald, named 'the Sleepless,' his born servitor and most fait adherent, who acted as your escort to this enchanted co of the world was dead, else it had not been so difficult me to trace you out. There is, however, above us al supreme Governor, whose essential mercy doth never of bringing the greater ultimate good out of all the affl ive dispensations of life, in His own time, and accord to the counsels of His excellent wisdom; and His un and protecting hand it was, that led me when I least pected it, into the presence of my darling child. Altho I left her a merry little blue-eyed girl some six or se years old, I recognized in her at the first glance, mother's richly moulded features." Here he threw arms round Bertha and Emma, and an impetuous b of rapture anticipated the sequel to his story.

Three heavenly days were spent by our happy frie in their Alpine cot, and then they bad farewell for ever their humble abode, and shaped their course over Mo St. Gothard to Italy. At Genoa they took ship; pr perous breezes filled their sails, and after a voyag rather more than two months, they landed at Lisb Arnulph presented his wife and daughter to the king queen. Emanuel the Great did his utmost to retain th at his court, but they preferred the peaceful country lif a small castle, which bloomed a perfect Paradise upon sweet banks of the Tagus, where they soon forgot their misfortunes, but never once those who needed their c rities.

W. H. F

TO HANNAH;

The Purest, the Best, and the Noblest of her Sex.

BY BENJAMIN BURLINGTON WALE.

"An Angel, yet a woman, too."—WORDSWORTH.

Forget thee? Never! Years may pass away,
And memories sad, sweet, precious, *all* decay!
Friends, friendships, hopes, in quick succession pass,
And leave no shadow upon memory's glass:
But every look of thine is mirrored there
In lines indelible, distinct, and fair!
Distance may part us, scenes may change, time fly,
And steal the lustre from thy cheek and eye;
And other hands thine own may fondly press,
And other eyes beam their deep tenderness;
And other hearts as wildly thrill as mine
Did once, to hail that happy voice of thine.
And other joys may claim thy love, thy smile,
And tenderer ties thy hours of care beguile;
And cruel tongues may whisper in thine ear,
Harsh words of one whom once thy heart held dear;
Till thou may'st e'en be taught to think of me
As one all error, vice, impiety!
And the swift moments as they pass away,
Quench in thy heart all memory of that day—
That bitter day—of untold anguish, when
We parted, ne'er on earth to meet again.
Till from the lover of thy youth estranged,
Thy love extinguished, every feeling changed;
All those who hate me shall rejoice to see
Their malice shared—their hatred joined by thee.
The puny throng of slanderers, who stand
With hearts all venom, but with voices bland,
And to thy tears breathe condolence, as though
Their hearts knew aught of sympathy with woe.
With all the treachery of Iscariot's heart,
Without the skill to act the traitor's part.
Fools! know they not the veil is all too thin
To hide the hideous Golgotha within?
These are the drivellers, who fain would turn
Thy love to hatred, and thy grief to scorn;
For well they know though gloomy was my lot,
It had been gloomier had'st thou loved me not.
These long to see thy nobleness debased,
And every virtue from thy heart erased;
Retailing slander with a saintly smile,
They talk of christian charity the while.
Their serpent tongues with envious falsehood fraught,
Mixed with details of "What the Lord has wrought!"

* * * * * * * *

Well, should thy love decay, I could not blame,
Nor breathe with harshful bitterness thy name;
For well my heart remembers moments gone,
When bowed with anguish and assailed with scorn;
When those for whom I had suffer'd loss and shame,
Were first to raise the finger of disdain;
Thou stood'st alone, unflinching by my side,
And gazed in calmness on the raging tide;
And when the billows strove to whelm me o'er,
Thou bad'st the angry storm at distance roar.
My guiding star amidst the rocks of life,
Speaking of peace when all around was strife:
The dove whose presence cheered my lonely ark,
When all without was fearful, wild, and dark!
The olive, which of future gladness spoke,
When from its living tomb my soul awoke.
The gentle soother of my love-lorn heart,
Anxious in every grief to bear a part.
Firm as the mountain pine to meet the blast,
Gentle as childhood when the tempest's past.
An oak midst storms, but when their wrath was laid,
Retiring as the violet in the shade.
Pure as the lily, fragile as the rose,
And lovely as a summer evening's close;
When to the things of earth awhile 'tis given,
To glitter in the borrowed tints of heaven.
All this thou wer't, and such will ever be,
Whene'er my sadden'd spirit turns to thee;
Each lineament engrav'd on memory's page,
And still surviving to my latest age.
To fancy's eye unchanging and unchang'd,
The same as when in love's first hours we rang'd,
Hand, link'd in hand, the beauteous hills and fields,
And quaff'd the bliss that pure affection yields.
When Age hath curv'd its wrinkles on thy brow,
To me 'twill always be as smooth as now.
For Memory is all I have of thee,
In Fancy only cans't thou live for me.
Should sorrow change thee I shall not be by,
To mark the fading lustre of thine eye;
I shall not see thy beauty's dull decay,
As one by one Time steals thy charms away.
When he hath sprinkl'd 'midst thy raven hair
His locks of grey, I shall not see them there;
And when the lightness of thy step has fled,
I shall not hear its slow and fitful tread.
Should thy sweet voice grow tremulous and weak,
I shall not know—I shall not hear thee speak;
And when thy tottering step has feeble grown,
Another hand, not mine, must clasp thine own,
And lead thee gently o'er the rugged way,
And guide thee where thy footsteps cannot stray;
And when thy little day of life has run,
And death's dark shadows cloud thy setting sun,
Another hand, not mine, must close thine eyes,
Another heart must echo back thy sighs,
Another ear must catch thy parting breath,
And tears, not mine, bedew thy couch of death.

But when the troubled dream of life has fled,
And this frail body slumbers with the dead,
I shall behold thee, meet thee, love thee then,
Where spirits meet, but not to part again!
No more a wanderer from thy side to roam,
But ever near thee in thy chrystal home.

THE BUSTLE.*

"It was a fine summer's day—a day upon which 'Russia' ducks were in their glory, and every other kind looked miserable for want of water—though, indeed, the same remark might be applied to some of the former also—a bright, glowing, sunny, dusty day in the middle of July. I was strolling quietly, as is my wont, along the banks of a canal not many miles distant from the good city of Dublin. A huge green umbrella (cost two-and-eightpence-halfpenny, under the piazza of the General Post Office—the vendor demanded two-and-ninepence, but I never submit to extortion!) was held horizontally above my head to protect my new hat from the beams of a meridian sun (new hats cost money, and money is money, now-a-days). I was dressed in my 'customary suit of sober black,' relieved by a spotless pair of white kid gloves (I had been at a wedding the day before—gloves are to be had gratis at weddings. My square-toed shoes shone resplendant in the brilliant jet of Warren's unrivalled polish. My linen was of the whitest. A beautiful bandana disported its many coloured glories as it hung dependent from my dexter hand. A minute atom of court plaister at the corner of my nether lip gave to my mouth an expression of winning pleasantry. A rose was in my button hole; its hue was on my cheek; its sweetness in the smiles that beamed on every feature. In short, in every respect my appearance was *comme il faut*, and more than one young creature as they passed me were heard to remark that I was 'any woman's fancy.' Modesty prevents me from saying more, but, were it not for that, I might add that, perhaps, in the entire brotherhood of old bachelors, my equal could not have been found that morning!

"I strolled along, oblivious of all sublunary matters; free from the cankering cares and covetous desires that prey upon the minds of other men, wrapt up in the seductive beauties of my own heaven-born thoughts; and only wishing now and then that I had a pipe of tobacco! when suddenly my contemplations were disturbed by the appearance before me of one of my beautiful imaginings, embodied in the form of a sylph. Only the back was towards me, but that was sufficient—more than sufficient; it was something which would take a word of, at the very least, two dozen syllables to express! I never beheld any thing like it—it was grand, surpassing, glorious, transcendant, the climax, the *ultima thule* of everything that was lovely! At the distance of a few yards, where my eyes first fell upon it, it was perfection! I sprang forward, I bounded, I rushed, I flung myself, I plunged, I galloped, I flew, I careered along like lightning, until I came close to it—I broke my toe over a stone, but if it had been my head I would not have felt it. I was going to sing, to shout, to shriek, to yell, with ecstacy, but I controlled myself—I would have given worlds that some little bo had been near me, whose hair I might have pulled out t the roots, to keep me quiet!

At last I came within a yard of it—of *it*, the sylph, th aglaia, the seraph, the houri, the angel! "Oh! for poet's pen to paint the dream that filled my soul" while gazed on the wavy outlines of its form! I was enrap tured, spell-bound, entranced, frantic with admiration I thought my brain would burst; another minute, or minute and a quarter at the utmost, of such feelings then swelled my heart, would have killed a hippopotamus It moved along before me—that dazzling vision; glidin in the very poetry of motion. I followed it; it attracte me as powerfully as ever loadstone did a needle; it migh have led me, resistless, round the world. For half hour I felt myself in heaven—the delusion might ha lasted longer but that I happened to meet an attorn with whom I have the misfortune to be acquainted—th inference is obvious; attorneys may be found thick black-berries in the opposite direction, but they never *there*.

It, the sprite, the fay, the trinity of the graces, st pursued its way straight forward; from bridge to brid it glided on, never turning its head even for a second never in the slightest deviating from its rectilinear cours except once, when a small pool, which had got the Heaven knows how, lay before it, obstructing its passa along the pathway. The vision paused; changed parasol (for it carried one) from its right hand to its le and, with the former lifting up its garments somewh farther than was absolutely necessary, stepped light across the impediment. It was then that my ecsta reached its height. I beheld an ancle, *and* a leg, co pared with which Fanny Ellsler's are like an elephant' they were encased in a black silk stocking, terminating a faultless shoe, which concealed and yet displayed t beauties of a tiny foot, that Titania might have envie I revelled in wild delight—it was a sight which would ha reconciled Adam to the loss of paradise!

On we went again—the angel first, the mortal follo ing. I surveyed its beauties—its posterior beauties—f those were all I had as yet beheld, from the crown of pale blue silk bonnet, to the hem of its flowing bla satin gown, with increasing wonder at every step. T stately neck, the beautifully turned shoulders, the wa that might be spanned by a fairy's fingers, the hips—ay now I'm coming to it—the *hips*—oh—h! the Hips They seemed to spring out from below the taper waist, though the latter had been "curtailed of its fair propo tions," to add to the glorious magnificence of their lux riant fullness. Gracefully, in easy flowing lines of un qualled symmetry, they graduated from each side of t seraph's form, until, proceeding *à posteriori*, they co verged to a centre of the amplest, the grandest, the mo sublime rotundity. It, the rotundity, looked so soft, inviting to repose, so India-rubber, cushion-like, that required every effort of my philosophy to resist the i pulse which I felt to jump up behind, and sit upon it.

At length it appeared as if conscious of my horrib

* We extract the foregoing from a novel just published, entitled "*The Freaks of Cupid*," which abounds in wit, humour, power, and pathos. The author bids fair to be one of the most popular writers of the day.

idea to change its position slightly, and retire a little to one side—it was no illusion, my eye was intently fixed upon it. Argus never kept a stricter watch on the golden fleece—it could not have moved a hair's breadth one way or other without my seeing it; and, herald of coming evil! I distinctly beheld it *wriggle*! The poetry of the seraph's motion was fast subsiding into prose—the glide became a zig-zag and uneven trot—the neck lost its proud and stately swell—the shoulders their rounded beauty—the waist became thicker—one hip had suddenly grown flat as a smoothing iron—the other seemed as if a feather-bed had been concealed beneath the gown that covered it. Never was dream dispelled so rapidly as mine—never had vision a more "baseless fabric," though it *did* leave a wreck *behind*."

I thought I should have died on the spot—I *was* dying as fast as I possibly could; the blood had ceased to flow in my veins, my pulse was still, my heart no longer beat, my eyes were growing dim, my lips parched, my brain obfuscated; two minutes more would have put me into a condition to claim the services of that "jolly old waterman" who plies not at "Blackfriars-bridge," but across the Styx, when I was suddenly recalled to life by a half smothered scream from my *soi disant* angel. Instantaneously my functions were restored; the voice sounded uncommonly like a woman's, and I was about to essay my powers in an effort to "cut my stick" with the utmost rapidity, when happily I recollected to have heard that sometimes "seraphims cry aloud." The thought was almost sufficient to wrap me a second time in a delightful reverie, and I think my illusion might have returned to make me happy, but that I chanced to fix my first glance upon—where the rotundity had been. It was entirely gone! neither at one side nor the other was it any longer to be seen—all was now as flat as a prairie or a pancake.

"I expected every moment to behold the vision melting away into thin air—to see the light blue bonnet float upwards to rejoin his kindred *nebulae*—to witness the transfiguration of the black satin gown into a gloomy and portentous cloud—to watch the para-sol become a para-chute, and commence its ascent in a manner that would have afforded infinite gratification to Mr. Green, or any of his brother æronauts; in short to gaze upon naught but vacancy where I had so lately been dazzled with a glimpse of heaven; when my eye, in one of its wanderings in search of the missing 'rotundity,' happened to extend its glance so low as the ground, upon which the sprite had stopped a moment before; and there lay—something which had no right to be there.

"I stepped forward, arrived within a yard of it, stood staring at it in surprise, in wonder, in amazement. I thought it was one of the pillows belonging to the feather bed, but it had strings attached to it; it looked something like a freemason's apron ready to burst with dropsy; but, albeit one of 'the craft,' it puzzled me completely. There it lay, mute and motionless before me, 'a marvel and a mystery.' I could make neither head nor tail of it, though, had I been a lady, I might have made the latter; it was a riddle which I could not read. However, I knew it had no right to be lying there, and so, with a high-souled determination to discover any secret it might contain, I stooped and picked it up. By heavens! it was—a BUSTLE! The enigma was solved in an instant—my dream was over—the sylph, the aglaia, the seraph, the houri, the angel of my recent infatuation, was nothing more than a mortal woman—and the 'glorious rotundity' which I had almost fallen down and worshipped, turned out to be—horror of horrors! a 'head's antipodes' under false pretences!"

HYPOCRISY.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FREEMASON.

With rapturous delight I gazed on the charms
Of the beauteous babe in its mother's arms;
And hearked to the voice of its lisping love,
In accents mild as the gentle dove,
As it tenderly claimed some promised flower,
Which budded and bloomed in that silent hour;
And I asked myself can it ever be—
Will one so pure know *hypocrisy?*

I looked on the brow of the young and fair,
And I marked the peace that was resting there;
And the sportive jest, and the winning smile,
And the light which shone in the eye awhile;
And the bounding step in its buoyant grace,
And all the charms of that angel face;
And again I thought, can it ever be—
Was she, too, formed for *hypocrisy?*

Then I turned and gazed on the form so mild,
Of *Religion's* calm and holy child:
And I saw the stillness that reigned within
A bosom unruffled by care or sin;
And the hallowed words, as in awful dread
He spoke of salvation, the dying and dead;
I wildly exclaimed, oh! tell me not yet,
He, too, wears the mask of the *hypocrite*.

Then wond'ring I knelt by the bed of death,
And watched the last sigh of the parting breath;
And beheld the grief of the mourning one,
The long loved, the last, and the only son;
Sternly and proudly he bent o'er the bier,
His cheek was unwet by a single tear;
No! I dare not believe—it cannot be,
Such sorrow ne'er dwelt with *hypocrisy*.

But, alas! it was so; e'en he who stood,
By the cold remains of the kind and good,
Apparently wrapp'd in absorbing woe,
And deaf to all comfort from aught below;
Even he, yes he, in that lovely place,
Ah! he wore the treach'rous mask on his face;
Then say, oh! say, can there ever be,
Such a fearful sin as *hypocrisy*.

MARY ANNE COLYER.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT;
OR, THE COQUETTE VANQUISHED.

CHAPTER I.

The coquetry of the beautiful Baroness de Koeller was proverbial in every drawing-room in Paris. She boasted of the precious rights of a widow, and declared a sentimental war against all her friends and enemies; she remained indifferent amidst the tender passions which she herself had provoked; cold in the middle of the dangers which sometimes threatened her, and inexorable to the despair of her credulous victims. Mme. de Koeller abused the rights which were hers, on account of her youth, wit, and beauty.

The noble husband whom she had the happiness to lose in his twentieth year, had left her an immense fortune, the remembrance of a violent temper and inflexible will. Perhaps she remembered the disagreeable qualities of her husband, and the servitude of her marriage; and in her turn she exercised against every one the caprices of her independence; it also pleased the pretty widow to revenge to the extent of her power the misfortunes of married women.

M. de Koeller was enthroned on the cushions of her boudoir; a movement of her sceptre, which was a fan, awed the most rebellious of her amorous subjects; laws she dictated by her looks, her recompense was a smile; she conquered with an epigram; and silence with her, signified an order of exile.

With less resolution and audacity, the baroness would have sunk under the petitions, reproaches, and menaces with which she was each day assailed.

Amongst her lovers was one, a young Italian, who was obliged to fly to France at that time when the liberty of the young Italian nobility was in danger. Count Leonard Ortis had not now the same things to occupy him which he had in Italy. Now it was impossible for him to make the lake of Milan resound with the noble cry of independence—now impossible to harangue the people to stand up in defence of that liberty which was already extinct, or of the country which was just conquered—in fact, it was impossible for him, in Paris, to conspire against the usurpation of the Austrian monarchy.

The imprudent Leonard began to make love—he resolved to attack the heart of this pretty woman—he did not scruple at throwing himself at the feet and on the mercy of a coquette—he tried to grapple by the aid of his passion, against the frivolous capriciousness of Mme. de Koeller—he, the poor lover, who had but heart, dared to fight this charming and terrible adversary, who had but wit; the most wonderful miracle love ever performed, would be to conquer coquetry.

A harsh voice would often say to Leonard—"take care; love is always the dupe of wit."

A frivolous voice would say to Mme. de Koeller—"how delightful it is to love no one, and witness the unhappiness of those who love us."

Leonard's heart would sometimes sadly whisper—"hide well your jealousy from the disdainful looks of this coquette; of all the evils which appertain to jealousy is that which wins less pity from a wo heart."

Smiling wit would then oft repeat to Mm Koeller—"since Leonard threatens to cease loving let him go; absence will only complete your conque will augment his passion."

Wit was right: the heart tried to cure itself by ling; but, alas! it quickly returned. Poor Leo love resembled folly, and he was lost.

CHAPTER II.

One morning on awaking, Leonard found a no the table addressed to him; he knew the writing w was from Mme. de Koeller.

Tremblingly he opened it, and read the following words:—

"Your love begins to make me uneasy Leonar your despair frightens me. Obliged to pity yo *complaisance*, yet I will not fly without your know Try not to follow me; I have found out the mea which I may be saved the pain of witnessing your passion. A cousin of M. de Koeller resides in where he has the command of an Austrian garriso a few days I shall be at Milan, on the borders lake of Como, far from you Leonard, and living wi persecutors by whom you are proscribed. W pleases you to become calm, we shall, I hope, see other again in Paris, but not till you are transf from an Italian lover, to a gallant Parisian gentl In Milan I shall have the happiness of knowing th are separated by the Alps, the sea, and above al laws of the Austrian monarchy by whom you are demned. Adieu!

"DELPHINE."

Mme. de Koeller was prompted by her wit and co to write the letter which you have just read; Leonard in his heart and love the following answer:—

"Your sudden departure has made me suffer the poignant anguish. This morning I knocked at the of your hotel; I begged of your *valet de chamb* permission to write to you in your own boudoir—o own little table, with your paper, Madame, with own pen. I thought I was at home, Delphine, and the audacity to go over the whole of your apartmen gazed on your beautiful portrait, and it received m braces without returning them. I tried to disco the corners of the room, and on all the furniture, s of ribbon, a pin, or anything which would seem to cate the presence of one who gives life to all she to But alas! Delphine, my search proved fruitless; apartment which is always rich and beautiful, wante your adorable self to make it perfect. Since you Milan, on the borders of the lake, and in the magni residence of General Goritz, we shall soon see each I hope, not in France, but in Italy. I will go— change my name, and brave every danger to be near though at the same time I should be obliged to subm

Austrian tyranny. If I am betrayed, and should I fall, I will die at your feet and in my native country, with my eyes raised to that sun, which will, sooner or later, shine on Italian liberty. My last breath will be blessing thee, Delphine, and my own beloved Italy. Adieu!

"LEONARD."

Judge of the terror and embarrassment of the fair baroness, when she read the letter, which announced so strange and desperate a resolution! She tried to behold in this singular project but the effects of his furious love, which she vainly endeavoured to persuade herself would pass quickly away!

One day a servant of the general's announced to Madame de Koeller that a French traveller wished to see her.

"His name?" demanded the baroness.

"He refused to tell me, Madame."

"And in our turn, we decline seeing him," exclaimed M. de Goritz.

"Why, General?" replied Madame de Koeller. "It is, perhaps, one of my friends from France. Conduct this anonymous visitor here."

"Just as you please," said the General.

In a few moments a young man entered the saloon. It was Leonard!

A word, a gesture, and a cry escaped from Madame de Koeller, but the fates had pity on her trouble and fright, so that the wit of the coquette was that day, for the first time, useful to her; and rising, she ran to Leonard, and throwing herself into his arms, she exclaimed, with every apparent mark of surprise and pleasure—

"Welcome, welcome, my dearest cousin! So you have arrived from Paris. Have you any letters for your cousin? We will return together—and in eight days, if that will please you? Oh! how delighted I am to see you!"

Approaching M. de Goritz, she continued—

"General, allow me to introduce my cousin, M. the Count de Courcy, a gentleman whom I am sure you will love and esteem! May I beg a favour of you, General, on the part of our amiable visitor. Permit me to offer him till the day of our departure for France, the place of an intimate friend—which is an asylum under your hospitable mansion!"

The old Anstrian General pressed the hand of Leonard, and, thanks to the baroness, the head of the condemned lover might yet be saved!

CHAPTER III.

It was four o'clock, and Delphine was occupied in preparing for her departure, which had been fixed for the morrow, when the General entered her apartment; throwing himself upon a chair, he appeared greatly agitated. After murmuring some unintelligible words he fixedly gazed on the clock.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Madame de Koeller; "what is the matter?"

"I am watching the clock."

"What for?"

"I am waiting till the time comes when I can speak to you."

"Speak now, General."

"Very well. Now listen, Delphine, and try to have courage. Your cousin, Madame—is he not your lover?"

"My lover!—the lover of Madame de Koeller!"

"Another word. The person whom you call the Count de Courcy, is really Leonard Ortis!"

"Leonard?"

"Yes! He is not French, Madame; he is an Italian, condemned to death by the order of the Emperor, my master."

"Condemned to death!"

"Leonard has adored you a long time in France, and he had the ridiculous stupidity to come and torment you in Italy; but you need not have any fear that he will annoy you further. You will see him no more."

"I will not see Leonard again."

"I had secret intelligence of his presence in my house; I interrogated him myself, and the knowledge of my duty has made me unpitying. A superior order has forced me to arrest one who is proscribed. Perhaps he is already dead."

The report of fire-arms was heard on the borders of the lake, and Madame de Koeller fell insensible in the arms of the man whom she now considered as the assassin of Leonard Ortis.

Unaccountable miracle! on coming to herself, on opening her eyes to that light which was now odious to her, kneeling beside her was Leonard—poor Leonard; and, with a voice of tenderness, he said to her—

"Yes! weep still; for your wit and beauty have succeeded in killing a noble heart. But I have forgiven you, Delphine."

"Now, my children!" exclaimed the Austrian General, "by to-morrow, if possible, you must be far from Milan. You must thank me in France."

Madame de Koeller threw herself at the feet of the General. M. de Goritz raised the beautiful and now repentant coquette; and pressing her to his heart, said—

"On questioning Leonard he told me all. Believe me, Delphine, he has suffered much from your cruel coquetry. But time flies, so I must now bid you adieu!"

On their return to Paris, Madame de Koeller learned from Leonard that on M. de Goritz hearing his story, they had privately concerted the scheme.

A few days afterwards, Count Leonard Ortis led the beautiful Delphine to the altar, where their hands were joined. M. de Goritz gave away the bride. P. M.

THE DREAM.

Last even I fell asleep, and in my dream
I thought myself an engine, without steam;
Thy sparkling eyes soon struck a mortal light,
Which caused a fire quickly to ignite.
I simmered soft and steadily at first,
But soon I bubbled fast, at last I burst;
Thy whistle echoed shrill, and when I woke,
It vanished from my senses—in the smoke.

HOME AND HOPE.

By James Everitt, Esq.

" Oh, well it is youth may not see,
'Mid the fair visions round it flung,
The shadowings of its destiny:
Or whose the brow that would not bear
The wrinkl'd stamp of joy's decay?
And the bright cheek of gladness—where
Whose bloom would fade not soon away?"

ACTON.

What a sweet sounding word is Home! especially when the associations connected with it remind us of all that is pure and peaceful—of happiness and contentment. How soon the troubles of life are calmed, when shut from the world we can gain a few hours sweet repose in the company of those we love. Who has not felt young again, when the scene of his early days presented itself to his mind's eye? Then it is that we can fancifully picture the companions of our school-boy hours—the merry, joyous faces, which have past away from our gaze for ever! The loud laugh sounds upon our ear as merrily as if it was but a moment old. All at once the cares and vexations of the world seemed to have past away from us, and with them the melancholy which they had engendered.

But amidst all these bright forms, there is one whose girlish gaiety has given place to the dignity of womanhood. But these are but the wanderings of a passing thought. What of him, whose grey hairs taught us to look up to age with respect and honour? Whose kindness chased away many a tear from our youthful eye. What of our parents, who watched over us when the wind whistled, and the night was cold? Whose voice (sweet as it was) called us away from our childish mirth to refreshing slumbers, and sunny dreams? Alas! never must that voice be heard on earth again! It is sounding far more harmoniously above, where the spirit wanders in a happier and a holier world.

Seemingly insignificant objects present themselves to our notice; the tree that found us, when weary with our childish play, and around whose root we seated ourselves in the calm bright summer's evening, now presents itself to us as an old lost friend! How delightfully the music of the old church bells falls upon our ear! How many dark and sunny memories does that music awaken! The joyous bridal host—the solemn funeral train. The remembrance of our home never dies. As manhood succeeds youth, old associations are broken up, and old friends torn from our side; and in the place of sincerity and love, we have the deceitful blandness, and the polished hypocrisy of the fashionable world. We mingle with the crowd, and we travel on amid a host of strange and uneven remembrances, the fruits of which are alternately bitter and sweet. Hope spans our heaven, leading us onward in the pursuit of pleasures, which only mock us and die. But, in spite of this, we hope on; weary and faint it may be, but hoping still, till hope and life expire together. friendships are formed, other hands are grasped, ot quaintances welcomed, but amidst them all there a that can fill the place of the loved and the lost ones thronged our childhood's home!

MORNING;

A SCENE IN WALES.

The glorious morn is breaking,
On yon mountain far away;
The sun with light is streaking,
Cader Idris* summit grey.
The sea in distance blending,
With the blue sky's morning light,
Its sparkling smile is sending,
After the clouds of night.

And see, the fisher hastens,
With his children—joyous throng,
His little boat unfastens,
Singing some wild Welsh song.
The bark is launched and graceful,
It glides the beauteous sea;
May its return be peaceful,
As the slumbers of the free.

See on the shore who's gazing,
With an anxious, tearful eye,
Her hands to Heaven she's raising,
And we know she heaves a sigh.
'Tis the fisher's wife, who's parting
With those she holds so dear,
She leaves them now they're starting,
At night she'll meet them here.

But back unto our mountain,
With its gold and crimson crest;
The sunshine lights each fountain,
The eagle leaves his rest.
To the highest rock he's flying,
Of the Giant's cloudy chair;
His mighty wings he's plying
In the glorious mountain air.

The last grey cloud is fading
Before the light of day;
The gentle breeze is aiding
On its lofty way.
Now all is brightly beaming,
Nature is on her throne,
With joy and beauty teeming,
Each praises *One* alone!

ELEANOR

* Giant's Chair.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The opera has been running its career in the full tide of prosperity, revelling in all the talent that the musical or terpsichorean world can produce. GRISI, the *Diva* of song, has come back to us with all the freshness and spirit of former seasons, and whether in the charming *Norma*, the light and piquant *Norina* of the *Don Pasquale*, in the *Assyrian Queen* of the *Semiramide*, or in the vivacious and spirited *Rosina* of the *Barbière di Siviglia*, she is alike faultless and excellent. MARIO, also, seems in as fine voice as ever, his manly style, and singularly correct intonation, being truly delightful. MORIANI not only pleased but surprised us, by the effect he produced in *Pollio*, in *Norma*, he made this part stand out as one of much excellence, the energy and spirit he infused into it, rendering it of so much prominence, that we were not aware it could be made to tell with such effect; and when we add to these the great LABLACHE, in better voice and spirits than ever, BRAMBILLA, the excellent *contralta*, and CASTELLAN and ROSETTI as *seconda donna*, we have such a company for the working of any opera that may be given, that the director is in a perfect *embarras de richesses*, his only difficulty being not how to fill up the parts, but rather how to employ all his materials. This is the great secret of good management, and no manager ever understood it better than Mr. LUMLEY. He is thus independent of his company, and has always resources to fall back upon, the only difficulty he has to contend with, being the immense expenses he has to meet, and which this season must far surpass any previous ones. We have been delighted with the *Enfans Viennoises*, the sensation they have created being immense, and never have we heard more enthusiastic applause than attends their performances; it is so novel, graceful, and interesting, that to describe the effect of their dances is no easy matter; they are peculiar to the dancers themselves, and no ballet dancing approaches at all near it. They execute the most complicated figures with a precision and finished execution that is truly surprising: the impetuosity and sudden changes of the figures, seems for the moment to perplex the spectator, but not so the children, they seem capable of a mathematical precision, so exactly does each child find its position in the figure or group, that it is impossible to say there is the deviation of the hundredth part of an inch in the circle, figure, or *tableau* that is formed. If they advanced by pairs or tens, or all at once, it is only one step; the whole seems but one body, and one spirit pervading them. Every movement is as a whole—as perfect as it is possible for anything to be. These dances are of various kinds; being a series of highly effective groupings and complicated dances, most exquisitely performed. The national Hungarian and Styrian dance, have a great deal of quaintness and peculiarity of step about them; and although exceedingly interesting, are novel in the steps and figures, being different to anything that has ever been danced here before. The *pas des fleurs* is remarkably interesting, from the picturesque grouping that is formed with the addition of the wreaths of flowers, and the novel and extraordinary character of the *tableaux* themselves. We can really imagine nothing more charming than these dancers; their little feet, as it were, twinkling in some peculiar steps, and then suddenly disentangling themselves from the most intricate positions, the little dancers appear running, as it were, in seeming confusion across the stage; and then, as if by magic, forming some exquisite group or *tableau*; the great beauty of the performance being the extraordinary rapidity and precision with which it is executed: and it is quite beyond our comprehension how they could have been trained to arrive at such perfection, for certainly no ballet dancing by adults will for a moment bear comparison with it. They have also appeared in a new *ballet divertissement*, called *Kaya*, in which they dance a charming *pas de Moissonneurs*, and produce by the means of some corn sheaves, and their brilliant and picturesque costumes, some truly beautiful *tableaux*. This *ballet divertissement* of *Kaya*, is a pretty little ballet, and is the production of Madlle. LUCILLE GRAHN, whose dancing in it is deserving of every praise. The story is that of a Norwegian maiden, a coquette in every sense of the word, and whose sole delight seems to be (having no love herself) in teazing her honest lover *Kund* (PERROT). He, however, falls in with a wayworn child, whom he assists and revives, and in return the child, who proves no less a redoubtable hero than Cupid, perplexes the coquetting *Kaya*, and teaches her that she has a heart, and that after all, she sincerely loves the worthy *Kund*. The tact, spirit, and ability displayed by little FANNY PRAGHER, who plays the part of *Cupid*, is really extraordinary; she scarcely seems to rise more than a few inches from the ground, and yet her acting and pantomime are excellent, and she bore away a large share of the applause bestowed upon the ballet. LUCILLE GRAHN danced with infinite grace and spirit; a new Norwegian dance that she introduced, is a very pretty and original dance. It is different to anything we have seen for a long time, but its quaintness and piquancy render it a most captivating affair. There are several other dances in the ballet deserving of much praise, and the music, which is selected entirely from Norwegian airs, have a strongly marked national character about them. The melodies are generally simple and wild, and are worked up with excellent effect for the purposes of ballet music.

LA NENA, who is so celebrated in Spain as the *danseuse* of the national dances, has also made her appearance here. She is rather *petite*, with a graceful figure, and a pretty Andalusian cast of countenance, her dancing possesses all the *abandon* and *enjouement* so peculiar to its school; action and attitude being the chief points, rather than finished execution in the steps. She has great suppleness of body, and the peculiar action of advancing the chest, possessed by the Spanish dancers, bounding and springing with great activity. LA NENA enjoys a very high reputation in Spain as a *danseuse*, but the school is so widely different from the French school, that it requires to be more

familiarised with the style of dancing to properly appreciate it. La Nena has, however, many excellent points in her dancing, not the least of which is that it is purely national, giving the true character of the Spanish style of dancing.

French Plays.—Plessy has been, of course, the great attraction here, having brought with her a new and charming *repertoire* of pieces, not the least attractive of which was the *Marie ou les trois Epoques*, a piece in which she has not hitherto appeared in Paris, though she played it with great success a few years since in this country. It is certainly a most finished and artistic performance; the workings of a woman's heart through the most difficult epochs of her life, afford her full scope for some admirable acting, and in which she is certainly seen to the greatest advantage; but in all her pieces she has been highly successful, and Mr. Mitchell proved himself a skilful *entrepeneur* in renewing her engagement, for she is just adapted to the taste of the subscribers; her grace and elegance, combined with the charming way she makes her points tell: so easy and natural, and yet so effective, rendering her unquestionably the first actress of the day, and the model from which many of our own actresses might study with advantage; as they would see how much is to be done by quiet natural acting. Plessy, indeed, never misses a point; there is no appearance of effort, yet every sentence tells. This is the true secret of an actress's powers. Nature, not art, has been studied, and the feelings of a spectator are more quickly excited by one touch of nature, than the most laboured acting. Ravel made a decided hit in the first piece in which he appeared, *L'Etourneau*; and he at once became a great favourite. Ravel is an actor of rare merit; his acting is peculiar; smart, bustling, active, full of a rich fund of humour, and by his petulance and suddenness of manner, he causes immoderate laughter. His chief line of characters is the *bourgeois* class of the day: the commercial traveller, the *vrai badaud*, and other cockneyfied specimens of *la jeune France*; and these are as correct as it is possible for them to be drawn. Ravel, like Bouffe, and Arnal, the latter of whom he resembles more than any other actor, draws his characters from nature; they are, perhaps, a little highly coloured, but still they are natural in the conception; and though a stage situation may work them up, we have little difficulty in identifying them as perfect specimens of the class represented. Paris abounds in characters of the type that Ravel delineates; they seem to live in a world of their own, for each class is so distinct. that there is not the attempt at amalgamation that we find in this country, and they consequently afford excellent scope for an actor of ability like Ravel to represent. Indeed, we have seen few actors that we like so much as Ravel; the rich joyous fund of humour that characterises his acting, acts upon an audience, and imparts to them his joyous spirit; we have never been more agreeably entertained and amused than we have been by Ravel. His *repertoire* is at the same time a very good one, and having so recently sprung into popularity in Paris, they are most of them new to this country, and will, from the humour and variety of incidents, be certai to be transferred to the English stage.

Regnier, who is shortly expected, will be a great ad dition to this company. He is an actor of a high clas playing with Plessy in the *repertoire* of the Theatr Français; and he takes the line of characters played wit so much success in Paris by Monrose and Samson; b there is a freshness and spirit about his acting peculiarl his own. His style is the perfection of gentlemanly ea and gaiety, with all the refinement that belongs to the C medie Français, and we shall be much deceived if Reg nier does not make a great hit when he appears.

Mr. Mitchell has no end of attraction in store for t remainder of the season, as Madlle. Doche has also be engaged. She is a lively, agreeable actress, and sin very charmingly; then Achard, with his *chansonett* and lively pieces; and Arnal, with his highly wroug acting, and most amusing *repertoire*, winds up the seas most brilliantly; so that the present is likely to be by f the best season Mr. Mitchell has yet given; and much hope that the increased expenses he has incurr by producing a succession of novelties, will meet wit corresoponding return, a wizh we know generally ponded to by the subscribers.

Monsieui Philippe, the celebrated *artiste* of Paris, also engaged here, to give a series of his *soirées* myst rious. His feats are said to be more than extraordina and to eclipse those of Dobler, whose feats of magic w so much admired here; he is expected to create a co siderable sensation. We have no doubt that he will pr highly attractive.

Female Charms.—The Ladies of England are jus celebrated beyond the charms of all other countries, the beauty and transparency of their complexion. It this characteristic of their charms chiefly that has tanced all competition throughout the world; nor have famed Georgians and Circassians even approached in th appearance that look of health and delicacy in the s which so pre-eminently distinguishes our fair count women.

"Still the fairest of roses is subject to blight,"

and the sun, during the summer months, in a climate variable as ours, is but too apt to produce those great enemies to beauty, *tan* and *freckles*, in the arms, fa and neck. To effect a prevention and cure for this pleasant deterioration to female charms, the greatest c mical researches have been made, but without effect, u the invention of the most celebrated ROWLAN KALYDOR.

Rowland's Kalydor is of *the most delightful perfu* and, while it *softens and renders additional whitenes the skin*, its felicitous effects are more immediately evinc by its *expelling all pimples, tan, and undue redness f the face, arms, or neck*.—See Advertisement.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR MAY, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Dress composed of pale green striped Pekin silk, trimmed up the fronts on each side with a narrow green silk fringe, put on in a kind of zig-zag, gradually narrowing upwards; this trimming is also continued up the fronts of the high corsage, widening towards the upper part of the waist, being sufficiently long to be left open at the lower part, each end forming a small point, the tight sleeve is formed on the cross, and is made sufficiently short to show an under tight sleeve of muslin, finished round the wrists with a lace inlet, edged round with a frilling of the same, the upper part of the sleeve decorated with a round epaulet, edged round with a double row of fringe, headed with a French piping. Bonnet of pale pink satin, edged round with narrow folds of pink *crêpe lisse*; the crown is trimmed with a full twist of satin, passing over the front. and drooping over the left side in two square ends, bordered with pink fringe, the upper one just touching the top of the lower one.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress made in the redingote form, of a deep blue cachmeire, the front let in with a breadth of amber cachmeire, ornamented with straps of fancy gymp work, of a dark shade of brown; high blue Amazonian body, opening down the front, and showing an under chemisette of fine cambric, with a small round lace collar, tied with a dark violet coloured satin ribbon, the fronts of the corsage lined with amber cachmeire, and turning back so as to form lappels, and a small turn-over collar; tight sleeves, rounded at the lower part, and opening up to the elbow, showing a series of white muslin puffings, a puffing of the same surrounding the wrists. Cap of white tulle, trimmed with a double row of broad white open-worked lace, placed flat over the top part of the head, the top one headed with a twist of amber gauze ribbon, *nœuds* of the same being placed on each side, and one at the back.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of shot lavender and plum-coloured silk, made very full in the skirt, and decorated up the centre with a fold of the same material, upon which are placed a row of fancy buttons, gradually enlarging towards the lower part. This style of trimming is continued up the centre of the high plain corsage, the waist rounded, and sleeves plain, fitting close to the arm, decorated up the back part of the sleeve with a row of buttons to match those on the body, a row of lace surrounding the wrists. Bonnet of white satin, edged in the interior with a narrow fold of white *crêpe lisse*, and on the exterior with a row of white lace, turned back plain over the front, a round kind of crown, fulled and decorated with two magnificent shaded pink and white roses, surrounded with a cluster of green leaves.

PLATE THE THIRD.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A skirt of a rich striped blue and white silk, made long and very full; spencer made of black velvet, in the Amazonian form, forming a kind of jacket at the back, full and *busqué* in the front, closing quite up to the throat, which is surrounded with a narrow plain cambric collar; the sleeves are made to fit close to the arm, the lower part opening at the back part from the wrist up nearly as far as the elbow, and shewing a full white cambric sleeve edged with a narrow *rûche*; gauntlet cuff turning back, and open at the side, edged all round with a row of black buttons like those up the centre of the corsage, the top of the sleeves being decorated with two deep folds of velvet forming a kind of epaulet. Bonnet of white satin; the form rather deep and close, edged round the brim with a fulling of *tulle* put on flat, giving a very light appearance to the bonnet; the crown tastefully decorated with two beautiful white ostrich feathers, the one drooping over the crown, and the other descending on the right side, the two feathers being attached to the bonnet with a *chou* of *tulle*, a *flott* of the same passing round the crown.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant pelisse is composed of a rich spotted shot green and fawn-coloured silk; the skirt made immensely full, and trimmed on each side of the front with facings of the same, the outer edge being slightly waved and bound with fawn-coloured satin; these facings are gradually narrowed as they ascend to the point of the waist; the corsage is made very high and plain, as well as the sleeves. A very becoming style of a double narrow cape is placed half high upon the corsage, sufficiently to shade the back part of the shoulders, and descending down each side of the front, so as to form a point where they meet; these capes are gradually narrowed in the front, and the edges waved to match the facings on the skirt. Bonnet of pale pink satin; the crown trimmed with a stiff roll of satin, forming a kind of support to the white ostrich plume which passes over the crown, drooping over the back part of the left side; another feather of the same description is placed under the tip of the upper one, and falls gracefully on the left side, the end of it being lightly curled; *nœuds* of pink satin ribbon decorating the interior.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of pale lilac satin; the *jupe* made immensely full, but perfectly plain, and setting in immense plaits over the hips and at the back; *corsage à basque*; made quite high in the back, descending open half-way down the front, and faced with a broad *biais* of white satin or silk forming a kind of collar, at the back, the fronts being laced across with a silk braid or piping, the outer part is attached with small round fancy buttons; under chemisette of inlet and cambric, with a small square plain collar, the edge of the waist bound with satin; the

upper part of the sleeves are made perfectly plain and close fitting, descending half way down the arm, and opening a little way up the back part of the arm, and bound all round the lower part of the sleeve; under full sleeve of muslin, edged round with a narrow *rûche* of lace. Capote of Italian straw; the form rather open and small, and trimmed with lappets of white lace tastefully arranged and intermixed with beautiful blush roses both on the crown and in the interior.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of pale primrose shot silk, open on each side of the skirt, and cut out so as to show an under breadth of white silk; these openings are caught at regular intervals with a button, surrounded with a narrow fold of silk, the openings being bordered with a narrow *rûche*, cut at the edge, and of a similar material to the dress. Half-high corsage, fitting close to the figure, and opening the whole way down the front, and showing the under *chemisette* of lace inlet and cambric, the edge of the border trimmed to match the openings on the skirt, tight close fitting sleeves, with pointed cuffs, edged round with a narrow fringe, and turning back over the arm; under sleeve of fulled muslin, with lace ruffles. Capote of white satin, the crown prettily decorated with white marabouts and *nœuds* of white ribbon, the interior trimmed with pale green leaves.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This costume is composed of an under skirt of white satin, over which is worn a dress of white *crêpe*, open down the front of the skirt, and turned back on each side with a double facing on the *biais*, each edged with a kind of fulling of the same, put on quite flat, and sometimes a light fringe is used; tight low corsage, a narrow piece on the cross surrounds the lower part of the waist, forming a kind of jacket, and is encircled as well as the small square *berthe*, cape, and sleeves, with a trimming similar to that on the skirt, the cape being attached together with a large gold cameo brooch; half-long gloves, headed with a double row of blonde goffering. The coiffure is arranged in two large ringlets in the front, and with puffings of purple velvet ribbon, edged on each side with a white stripe, and intermixed with the back hair.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Redingote of pale lavender *gros d'Islay*, beautifully embroidered up the fronts of the skirt, and the facings of the corsage and jacket, with a kind of *guipure* trimming, which also encircles the small round open epaulets and cuffs, the back of the dress setting to the figure in the form of a habit, and opening rather low in the front; chemisette of embroidered cambric, and lace ruffles. Capote of straw-coloured *crêpé*, the form small, and rather deep at the ears, the exterior ornamented with small puffings of straw-coloured gauze ribbon, ascending up the right side of the capote, and the interior trimmed with a roll of white tulle, and puffings of the same on the right side and on the left, with a *nœud* of straw-coloured ribbon.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A *robe redingote* of very rich shaded silk; t body high, and *à l'Amazone*; the waist is long and sligh pointed, and finished by a small jacket, which, as well the lapels, are simply corded with the same material; sleeves are plain and tight; they have a deep cuff turn back, and are finished by a lace ruffle; *chemisette* plaited cambric; a rich lace falling round the neck; skirt is very long and immensely full, but perfectly pla Bonnet of blue velvet, the brim open and low at the ea a large and splendid ostrich feather droops over the side of the crown; the interior is simply decorated w bows of ribbon.

BRIDAL COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A dress of silver grey satin; the *corsage* h high; the waist and point long; the neck of the corsa is trimmed with a rich blonde, headed by a band of sat with loops of the same placed at equal distances; t sleeves are tight; a band of the same trimming which on the corsage is placed round the top of the arm, bel which falls a deep blonde; the bottom of the sleeve trimmed to correspond; *chemisette* of *tulle* quite high the throat, and finished by a very narrow blonde edg the skirt is very long and full, and have three deep blon flounces, each headed by a trimming like that on the bo Head-dress: a half-wreath of pale roses, and a blonde v or rather scarf, which is twisted and placed across head, fastened on each side by a diamond, the long en falling gracefully over the figure.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of shaded *poult de soie*; the bo plain, and quite high; the waist long, and a little point a small cape is attached to the pelisse, over which falls collar of the same; they are both richly embroidered; sleeves are plain; they are left open at the back of arm nearly to the elbow, and trimmed with a narrow la under sleeve of fulled cambric; the skirt is *à deux jup* both exceedingly full, the under one very long; they both very richly embroidered. Capote of white sa rather small; the curtain is deep; the trimming is co posed of a piece of satin *èn biais* placed along the bott of the crown, and reaching to the curtain on the ri side; a band of satin is passed loosely over it at equal d tances, forming, as it were, a kind of clasp; on the side droops a very long and full feather; the interior simply ornamented with loops of green satin ribbon; t strings of the capote being of the same.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—Dress of shaded Levantine, the colours be two blues; the corsage high and plain, the waist long a drooping, without a point; a cape is attached to the ne of the corsage, falling deep at the back and on the sho ders, from whence it is gradually lessened, the corn being left square; it is trimmed with a rich black lace, on full; the sleeves are large and straight, they hav

deep cuff, which is turned back, and left open at the back of the arm, trimmed with black lace; full under sleeve of cambric. The skirt is with *deux jupes*, the under one being exceedingly long and full, but perfectly plain; the second skirt is short, open in the front, and trimmed with a deep black lace, set on extremely full, and narrowing towards the waist. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, the brim open, a splendid shaded feather droops on the left side; the interior of the brim is ornamented by bows of striped ribbon, the strings are of the same.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Dress of *poult de soie*, the corsage high and open, *à l'Amazone*, the waist long and slightly pointed; a small kind of cape is attached, the edge being slightly waved and trimmed with a fulling of the same material; the sleeves are tight, and have a bell-shaped epaulette, open at the shoulder, and trimmed to correspond with the cape. The skirt is very long and immensely full, it is trimmed *en tablière*, with pieces *en biais*, narrowing towards the waist, the edges slightly waved, and finished by a fulling or *rûche* corresponding with the cape. Capote of drawn silk, the brim open and low at the ears; the curtain is very deep; a large full-blown rose, surrounded by buds and foliage, is placed high on the left side of the crown; the interior is ornamented with bows of ribbon, of the same colour as the bonnet.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Redingote of shaded *poult de soie*, the corsage high and plain, the waist long and pointed; the sleeves are large and straight, they have a deep cuff, turned back towards the elbow; full under sleeve of cambric, confined at the wrist by a worked band, a deep ruffle falling over the hand. The skirt is exceedingly long and full, it has a piece *en biais* down the front, which is narrower towards the waist; on this, placed at equal distances, are large rosettes of fancy trimming, three smaller rosettes are on the cuff of each sleeve. Bonnet of satin, the front small, the edge being covered with white lace, as is likewise the crown and curtain; it is trimmed with a profusion of flowers, the interior being perfectly plain.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY 1845.

The summer fashions are commencing to peep forth, like our garden flowers, fresh and lively in their appearance. We have given the most striking in our plates, and we now hasten to lay before our fair readers the result of those observations on the *modes* which we have been studiously employed in making for the last month. We will begin with those novelties in carriage dress, which may be considered worthy the attention of our fair readers, and first in the list are the

REDINGOTES.—They are generally adopted both for promenade and evening dress, those intended for the former being principally made in those coloured striped silks, having wreaths of every colour *brochées* upon the stripes, in white, blue, green, &c.; sometimes we see them *quadrillées*; these style of dresses are simply trimmed with fancy buttons, such as mother of pearl, steel, agate, and for full dress, diamonds. A very elegant costume made lately for the Duchess of S———d, was composed of pink satin, the sleeves and front of the skirt fastened with a row of diamond buttons set round with pearls; the corsage was made very open in the front, and trimmed with a rich broad lace, a double row of the same kind of lace *manchettes* at the bottom of the sleeves, which were tight and *à crèves*. Those intended for promenade costume, are very elegant when made in *caméléon* silk trimmed with two broad flounces of black lace placed so as to touch each other, covering two-thirds of the dress in height, and separated upon the front of the skirts with a row of large buttons *quillés*, the bodies made very high, and also ornamented with a row of buttons, forming a continuation to those on the skirt; plain sleeves, and deep *manchettes* of black lace surrounding also the opening of the sleeve. Light materials, such as *mousseline* or *barege*, and trimmed with a deep volant of lace, or the same material as the dress, which conceals the bottom hem, and is headed with a fancy trimming or embroidery, ascending the whole way up the front of the skirt; the bodies are gathered or plaited, and worn very high, the sleeves matching the corsage; over these dresses are worn a *pardessus* of striped Pekin silk, white, and *capucines*: the skirt being open in the front, descending as low as the top of the trimming on the dress; the corsage made with a plain back, but forming in the front a net work of narrow ribbon velvet the same colour as the material of which the *pardessus* is composed; *demi-longues* sleeves, open the whole way up, and attached with a net work *pareil* to that on the front of the corsage.

MORNING COSTUMES are principally made in the *peignoir* and *redingote* form; if the former, they are made in *batiste*, and trimmed with three narrow trimmings of the same *festonnées superposées*, and having for a heading a narrow embroidery of round braid at once pretty and simple. This style of embroidery is extremely rich upon those plain muslin pelisses lined with pink silk, encircling the whole of the skirt, and forming a *chevron* upon the corsage, and facings to the sleeves. Several very elegant dresses have also just appeared, composed of muslin, and made high, trimmed with three broad flounces put on in a wave, and which are intended to be worn with spencers *à basques*, or the *cazavecks* of lilac silk, lined with white taffetas, and encircled with a small cord; others of the pelisse form are trimmed with embroidered bands sufficiently open here and there to shew a pink or blue ribbon with which it is lined, and which has a very pretty effect. A very elegant description of *redingote*, are those made of *foulard* striped white upon a blue ground; the body made plain and open, and decorated with a narrow facing of the same material; plain skirt and sleeves, the former simply decorated with an *echelle* of *brandebourgs*, composed of a suitable texture and colours; the same kind of trimming being placed upon the corsage. Many of our *élégantés* have had some most elegant *peignoirs* made, for a kind of morning *negligé* costume made in white *mous-*

selaine de laine, and embroidered with pink or blue braid, according to the colour of the lining, an ample pelerine having places cut for the arm to pass through in such a manner that the shape of the waist is not perceived.

MANTELET DU MATIN.—This fanciful article of ladies attire, is now made *petit sezant*, and trimmed in rather a particular manner, with a new style of ribbon which is now much in vogue for the making of *capotes*, &c.; this silk ribbon is *rûche à la vielle*, the fringe part being on the exterior, and encircling the cape, which is made high, and fastened close up with a new style of hook forming a button; the pelerine descends as low as the elbow, and is rounded at the back, and rather shallow, descending as low as the waist in the front in a straight line.

MATERIALS.—Italian silks are quite the fashion, being *glacé*, and in two colours. A lighter texture are those *taffetas porphyre*, and light *bareges* in pretty patterns, which will, we predict, be much worn, as well as the *toiles de Chine*, *les batiste*, *les Mousselines de soie*, Indian plaided cambrics (quite a novelty), also *organdies*, printed in the Arabian style, shaded *palmyriennes* in different sized plaids, *balzoriennes*, and *foulards* striped brown and white, are amongst the latest novelties; the Pekin Mogador, and *moire d'Isly* are also much in request, whilst, on the other hand, we have an infinity of gauzes *brochées* with a thousand flowers, flowered plaids, and the *taffetas de Zurich*, the texture of which is beautifully fine and marked. We must not omit mentioning, also, those elegant *toiles de Chine*, and those composed of goat's hair, the *gros de Tanger*, those striped *zanzibar*, &c. For evening costumes, we must not omit mentioning two very elegant materials named the *taffetas blonde*, and the *taffetas guipure*, being mostly in light colours, such as pink, *mais*, *sauffre*, &c.

SHAWLS.—In our search after novelties, we have been much delighted in examining the immense variety of shawls in every kind of pattern and texture at Messrs. Everington's splendid and elegant establishment, on Ludgate Hill, near St. Paul's. The taste displayed is wonderful and highly gratifying; such an exhibition, we think, it is quite impossible to equal. Our *elégantés* may now compete which shall have the most costly and elegant shawl, adopting the idea of the ladies of Paris, that a lady is never suitably attired, unless her shawl is well chosen. The perfection of taste in a Parisienne, is always seen in the shawl she wears, and unless its design is perfect, and its materials costly, she is decidedly pronounced a lady with a mind uncultivated. Shawls are worn very large, almost enveloping the wearer, which gives the figure a very graceful appearance.

BONNETS.—Those of the newest style are made in gauze, *lisse*, or *crêpe* of one colour, but in three shades; this striking novelty is very becoming, particularly when accompanied with bunches of *marabouts*, *des follettes*, or *oiseau de Paradis*, also shaded in three shades; white bonnets are lightly trimmed with a *flott* of *tulle*; this word is adopted, because now it is not the fashion to full the tulle either upon or under the brim of the bonnet; they are generally trimmed with bunches of lilac; those made in *gros d'Afrique* are generally elegant, of a beau straw-colour, and decorated with an *oiseau de para* the same colour, as well as those made in white *m* having round the edge of the brim two fullings of *t* and trimmed with lappets of blonde tied on each side, decorated with a bouquet of daisies and hedge roses. have also remarked those made of *gros d'Naples*, trimmed with *bouillonnées* of *tulle* and a long wee feather, and decorated in the interior with *coques* of g ribbon.

STRAW BONNETS.—We may here remark that It straws, and those which are open worked, are no lo of a close form, but more open, and decorated upo crown with light branches of leaves or *coques* of sh ribbon intermixed with *coques* of *tulle*. Veils and *voil* are considered indispensable now that summer is co on, the only difference being, that for morning the worn large, and covered with a bold pattern, and and light for afternoon. We have also observed se very elegant open-worked straws lined with pink or st coloured *crêpe*, and decorated with sprigs of jasmine dian lilacs, poppies, and very often with fruits, intern with leaves, the blossoms of the hazel nut, or a bun grapes, mulberries, or currants, their appearance very much lightened by an intermixture of field flo A very new style of bonnet has lately been brought notice, made of *passementerie guipure*, either in st colour or white, and which, it is said, will replac *pailles de Riz* and Italian open-worked bonnets, bein only solid, but also light in its appearance, which is gr enhanced by being lined with a lively colour. The n style of ribbons invented for the present season, are having a straw-coloured stripe running through the ce A very new style of bonnet has just appeared in It straws, intended expressly for wearing in the country, watering places, partaking of the *Pamela* and *chapea bergere* form, being deep on the brim, with a ligh shaped crown, the sides are less deep than the b the strings are placed underneath, and rather near t edge of the brim; they are simply decorated with a w of Parma violets, a bouquet of hedge roses, having a l ribbon drooping over the side, or what is quite as pr a *nœud* formed of a new style of ribbon, silk and ve in very lively colours; in this case, the edge of the is encircled with a straight ribbon *posé à cheval*.

CHAPEAUX EN PAILLE DE RIZ will, we ventur predict, be as much in favour as usual during the en season, particularly for afternoon or visiting toilettes most favourite flowers for the decorating of these will be the water-lily, bunches of the pink and v acacia, branches of the maqualia, and others too num to mention; others are trimmed with *point d'Al* lace, attached with *agraffes* composed of light flo whilst the most remarkable for their elegance are which are decorated with the peahen's feathers o colours of the rainbow; long shaded plumes of diff hues, and small bouquets of the marabout feather graceful and light in their appearance, and which fo kind of circle round the hat, whilst others have bl

lappets attached instead of ribbon, having a much more magnificent effect; in the latter case a mixture of pale light flowers has a very pleasing appearance, such as small light blush roses, the harebell, jasmine, or clematris, the fresh anaxyris, and rich looking oxyacanthes, &c.

MANTELETS DOUAIRIERES.—These elegant kind of mantles are composed of muslin, and lined with pink or any other light fancy colour, and encircled with a deep trimming or trimmings of the same light texture put on in waves *en crête coq*; then there is another very elegant style of mantelet made of India muslin, and enriched with raised feathered stripes, and a wreath partly plain and partly open-worked, so as to show the coloured lining, should there be one attached; this style of mantelet reminds us most forcibly of those worn in the middle of the last century; tarlatane is a material much in request; they are lined with a transparent of any light colour, and encircled with trimmings of rich lace.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS are several new shades of grey, *tourterelle*, *Nankin de Chine*, lilacs, greens, dark blues, and an infinite variety of different shades of pink, as well as the morning and evening primrose.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Our hopes have at last been realized as far as regards the weather, which is certainly most propitious for this season of the year, ushering in the spring in unwonted splendour, and causing our *élégantés* to appear in all their newest and gayest apparel. Our fair readers will be persuaded of the truth of this assertion, partly by the models given in our plates, and partly by the details we are about to lay before them.

PEIGNOIRS are generally adopted for morning dress, and what can equal the fresh, elegant, and commodious *peignoir châtelaine*, composed of *batiste*, having flowers embroidered all round in different colours, the under petticoats made to match; or those made of fine muslin, sufficiently thin to show an under lining of coloured silk, of a light delicate hue, beautifully embroidered or encircled with a broad open worked lace inlet, and edged with a rich fluted lace, the full body and sleeves trimmed to match. We have also seen buttons used with a very good effect.

NOVELTIES.—The following are the newest fashions respecting *cannezouts*, &c. The most novel are *Les cannezouts à petites manches*, intended to wear expressly with Italian silk dresses; *Les fichus vierge*, which are entirely plaited and worn with those fashionable looking pelisses; *Les petites collerettes Medicis*, which are adapted for those high dresses; *Les pelerines russes*, with long ends, which are turned back a little over the hips; and above all, *Les cannezouts à petites basques*, covered with embroidery, and encircled with beautiful lace, being one of the most charming novelties of the season.

SCARFS are now admissable in every style of costume; in cachmeire for morning wear, of the Albanian form, and the *mauresque* form for those costumes of a richer material. Then we have others made in *grenadine*, China *crêpe*, &c., intended merely to throw over dresses of a lighter texture, as well as several very elegant ones in black and white lace.

HEAD DRESSES are now composed of the lightest materials possible. We have also remarked several very new and elegant wreaths, made entirely of a light description of foliage, which is intended to be intermixed in a graceful manner with lappets of lace or blonde. Then there is the *coiffure Bassompierre*, made of ribbon, which is so remarkable for its youthful and coquettish appearance. The Asiatic *coiffure* is also much approved of, *à double pan*, whilst several of our *élégantés* place simply over the head a lappet of lace, the ends falling on each side behind the *touffes* of flowers, or *nœuds* of ribbon of two colours, which are arranged over the bands of hair.

FLOWERS.—After having produced for the winter season leaves and flowers intermixed with gold and diamonds, our florists are now preparing the most delicate and simple flowers for the adorning of spring hats and coiffures. Flowers and fruit, branches bearing its buds, and those in full blossom, are now all the rage for decorating of *pailles de riz* and Italian straws, of gauze and *crêpe* hats. There are beautiful bunches of roses in three colours—*oeillets de Chine*, *anémones*, and Easter daisies, which form charming *touffes* when placed in the centre of a *nœud* of white ribbon. Then we have branches of the *héléotrope*, honey-suckle, and eglantine, the peach tree blossom, and the *réséda*, intermixed with roses *trémières*, which form elegant *bouquets en chute*, half wreaths of violets, rose-buds, and forget-me-nots, which are placed simply upon the crown of the *paille*, and attached at each end with a *bride* of ribbon which ties under the chin.

DRESSES.—They are still principally made high in the body, with three flounces, or three rows of fringe, the sleeves ornamented with *jockeys*, formed rather large, and on the lower part of the sleeve with buttons, nearly concealing the under sleeves, which are certainly declining in favour. We have also remarked that the facings *à la Louis XIII.* are much in vogue amongst our *élégantés*, as well as those *petites poches*, which are marked out with a fancy trimming or embroidery. A new kind of material has also appeared for the forming of flounces and trimming of pelisses, it is shaded, and produces a most original effect. Pelerines are also much in favour, and of every form; for instance, some form epaulets to the sleeves, others a kind of demi sleeve, others half-long sleeves, whilst some have long ends, descending in the shape of a scarf down the front, or *à pointes retournantes*, whilst others resemble the *corsages à basques*.

MANTELETS have again made their appearance, and are made either in black or *caméléon* silks, and trimmed with *rûches à la vielle*, *un falbalas*, or a *dentelle de velours*, to match the colour of the ground of the silk; others are made in rather dark colours, and ornamented with fulled trimmings, or light fringes forming Venetian points, or silk embroideries in various colours. Black

lace is also much in request, and we question whether anything is equal to it. For instance, a mantelet made of black silk, and decorated with a double row of lace, descending very low, rounded at the back, and forming a scarf in the front. These mantelets are made ample in size, and are not at all formal in appearance, suiting either a promenade, visiting, or an elegant *négligée* costume. A few are now in preparation, the cape itself entirely formed of lace, or a material imitating lace, and encircled with a light ribbon, fringed and fulled on.

Morning Caps.—We may cite as among the simplest, and at the same time the most becoming, those pretty little caps which are lined with pink or blue silk. They are but slightly trimmed, and in general descend rather low upon the forehead. Those in cambric are also in great favour, embroidered and trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes lace, put on nearly plain, and having *brides* of the same, trimmed with the same kind of lace. *Les dentelles du pays* are very much in favour, and used for the decorating of morning caps and peignoirs, lined with pink silk. *Le bonnet règence* is a very pretty style of cap, made of thread lace, and trimmed with a second *papillon*, formed of a cerise silk ribbon, and then the lace fulled in a fanciful manner on each side. The *bonnet paysanne* is also in great favour, the lappets of which surround the crown, others have merely a small plain crown, the *papillon* formed of a broad long lappet, the ends of which are attached at the back, and having for an ornament slanting bunches of cherry-coloured and black *Chiné* ribbon.

Dress Caps.—We have remarked several very elegant ones made of Brussels net, or *gauze-pompon*, festooned and striped with sweet peas, shaded and embroidered in silk. Then, again, we have seen those of a perfectly new form, amongst which we may cite as the lightest looking, those descending rather low at the ears, and composed of a single *biais* of plain tulle, supported upon a light invisible frame of gold or silver twist, and decorated with a very light style of lace or blonde, with *coques* and bunches of *Chiné* gauze ribbons, of a very pale colour. We may here remark, that ribbons are much in fashion for the trimming of caps, the mixture of colours being as dissimilar as possible, such as dark lilac, and green and cerise, or what is still more remarkable, orange, blue, and pink, partaking of the Chinese character.

Toilettes de Ville.—We may cite the following as those most generally adopted for the present season:—A robe of green poplin, trimmed upon the front of the skirt with small fancy trimmings, disposed in a lozenge form; corsage plain, very high, and ornamented upon the front with a *passementerie* to match the decorations on the skirt, a small open collar is similarly trimmed, the sleeves made quite plain. Others are made of brown damask, and trimmed upon the front of the skirt with fullings of satin placed *en zig-zag*; corsage plain, very high upon the shoulders, and open the whole way down the front; sleeves *demi-longues*, and rounded upon the front of the arm; *guimpe* and under sleeves of muslin. Then, again, those of a greyish colour, *à reflets* blue, and trimmed upon the front of the skirt with a double *revers festonné*, plain body, made very high and *à point*, trimmed with fullings, *festonnés* descending over the sleeves, and forming a *cannezout* back and front; plain sleeves, and *rabat* of lace.

Capotes.—Some very elegant ones have just appeared, made in *crêpe* and *poult de soie*, and ornamented with a graceful *nœud* of ribbon, or a delicate flower. Those in white tulle are also extremely elegant, varied with circles of white satin, and decorated with jacinthes roses, without leaves, and intermixed with a *chou bouillonné* of tulle. Then, again, those composed of bands of lilac *gros de Naples* and rows of lace, put on flat, forming a kind of inlet, the crown formed in the same manner, and allowing of the open part forming an alternate row with the plats of back hair, decorated with an elegant crown, composed of bunches of violets *de Parme* and the wood violets. Those composed of *poult de soie* are generally trimmed with rich lace, the form *demi-ouverte*, and rather small, having a very graceful appearance. Several very pretty ones we have remarked, made of white satin, and ornamented all round the *calotte* with a row of lace, put on rather easy, another row being put on plain round the edge of the brim, a *oiseau de paradis* drooping over the left side.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.—A little work has just appeared, written by a Person of Rank, on the subject of Personal Appearance, entitled the "Book of the Toilet, or, the Secret of Beauty"—and it stands quite alone, for the excellence of its precepts, the charm of its style, and the absolute knowledge which pervades it. The "getting up," too, is exceedingly elegant, so that a lady may be proud to place it on her Toilet Table. The Hair, the Teeth, and the Complexion, of course, form the chief topics: but all subsidiary matters are comprised—so that the work may be said to treat of Health and Personal Comfort as well as Beauty. It is written for the instruction of both sexes, and no family circle should be without a copy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"*To K.*"—"*The Artist*," "*The Learned Sergeant*," and some poems, have been received, and are accepted. "The Learned Sergeant" shall have a place in our next.

"*The Frowns of Fortune*" received, and under revision. We shall, if possible, insert it in our next.

"*Marion*," accepted

"*Love Rhyming*" declined.

"*S. K.*"—Certainly; but not in our next.

"*R. T.*"—Refused.

"*B. L.*"—Not suited to our pages.

We have just received from our American correspondent a beautiful little sketch, entitled "*The Peri*," which shall certainly appear in our next.

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THE WORLD OF FASHION,

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LONDON, JUNE 1, 1845.

THE LOVERS.

A SKETCH FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Nature formed me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions;
And sunk me even below my weak sex."

ADDISON.

CHAPTER I.

If Spring appears to us clothed in charms, how much more bewitchingly does it present itself on the high mountains of Switzerland, covering, as it does, with a rich mantle of verdure the sides of the hills, the margin of the torrents, and even bespangling the deepest hollow of the vallies.

A few years back, upon an April day, when all was joyousness in the air, and gladness on the earth, when the poetic country of Helvetia, celebrated by Gesler, and sung by the melodious muse of Rossini, suddenly assumed new life and beauty. Already the fir and Linden trees were bursting with buds, and about to branch out their graceful foliage, as a hall of concert for the thousand warbling birds that hopped with gleesome chirrup upon their favourite resting places. Already the Alpine rose, which flourishes even under the snow, when winter is tardy in taking its periodical farewell, gave forth its bursting buds to the balmy breeze of new-born Spring.

Upon this blooming morning all was peace and tranquillity in the happy cottage of Melchtal, situate in one of the most beautiful cantons of Switzerland. The old people had left from an early hour in the morning, to proceed to a neighbouring town, for the purpose of disposing of their weekly supply of butter, milk, meats, and eggs. The only inmates that remained in this pastoral abode were two young persons, one the daughter of the owner of the cottage, named Baptistine, the other Horace Kreyser, a young landscape painter, and a favourite pupil of Cabat.

For two hours had Horace been seated upon the step of the door, amusing himself with twisting some osiers in the form of a large basket in daily use amongst the mountaineers in Switzerland. The young girl now approached him, her eyes cast down, and her cheeks tinged with more than ordinary bloom.

"What were you singing just now, Horace?" she asked in a low voice.

"Nothing, or almost nothing," negligently replied Horace. "It was merely a few stanzas"—

"Doubtless of your own composition?" archly demanded the girl.

The young man seeing that she had guessed truly, reddened and replied not.

"Why do you seek concealment, as if you had committed a crime?" continued the young questioner. "Surely it is not the first time that a young painter has also been a poet. All the world knows that Michael Angelo has bequeathed to posterity magnificent sonnets, and that Pippo Vecelli, the son of Titian, excelled still more in drawing forth melodious sounds from the strings of his lyre, than in managing his pencils."

Horace still continued silent.

"Well," continued the beautiful girl, disappointed at finding her cousin so uncommunicative, "it is very evident that I have been guilty of an indiscretion in thus questioning you; but I shall speak no more on the subject. This mysterious sonnet may be intended for a destination that I am not to know anything about. But be tranquil, I shall hold my tongue for the future."

These last words, pronounced in a tone of mild reproach, went straight to the heart of the young man. Horace loved Baptistine with the deepest and most fervent adoration of his young and enthusiastic heart. When he saw that his cousin, who was also to be his bride, became alarmed at his obstinate silence, and that unmerited suspicions had arisen in her mind against him, his timidity gave place to his tenderness, and clasping her hand between his with energetic fondness, declared that it was his excess of love for her that kept him silent to her queries, and drawing from his bosom a little blue paper folded in the form of a heart, he handed it to the pouting girl.

"Here are the verses, my beloved," he said; "read them at your leisure."

Baptistine took the billet, and slowly unfolded it, for her heart beat violently; and seating herself, read with attention and extacy lines breathing fervent love for herself alone, and declaring that he despised the world's wealth,

so that he was assured of her affection, which was alone necessary to his happiness.

When Baptistine had read these ardent lines, tears of delight and unalloyed happiness stood in her beauteous eyes, which prevented utterance. In silence she returned the paper to Horace, but had scarcely done so, when she again asked for them, and read them a second time, and was then struck with the tone of melancholy that ran through them.

At this moment the sound of approaching footsteps warned them of the return of the old people.

"And what name, cousin, do you mean to put at the top of these verses?" demanded the fond girl, blushing like the morning rose, and trembling with happy consciousness.

The young man took the little white hand of his cousin, raised it fondly and fervently to his lips, and whispered in a lover's voice,

"Baptistine."

The lovers turned away, for Baptistine's parents were about entering.

CHAPTER II.

THE PARTING.

Some time after this scene, upon a beautiful May morning, a young artist, who was no other than our friend Horace, opened the door of the little cottage we have before described. Behind him walked a young girl, whose eyes were red with weeping, and in whom our readers will recognise the sweet and lovely Baptistine.

The lovers walked together to the summit of a high hill, from whence they had a splendid view of the surrounding country, and where the pure breezes of morning played revivingly upon their burning brows. But for the first time in their lives nature's wonders were unobserved, and unthought of.

In a transport of wild grief, the young artist, clasping Baptistine's hand between his, raised it to his lips, and kissed it with ardour, saying—

"Be consoled, my much loved Baptistine, this absence shall not be of long duration. One year's study at Paris, under the tuition of an eminent master will suffice, and then our lives and our loves shall be crowned with happiness. The time will pass more quickly than we think, and I shall return, never again to leave you. Besides, our fortune depends upon this step."

"Our fortune," replied the young girl. "Why does this cold word always interpose between the heart and its happiness?"

"Well, but your parents are becoming old," said Horace, "and will not long be able to toil as they have done. Would you not wish to soften the infirmities of their old age, by being enabled to provide them with all necessary comforts?"

"You are right, Horace; it is I alone that am unjust. Yes, we shall labour with joy for my beloved parents. Go, then, and become master of your art. Go and acquire for yourself a name, but remember poor Baptistine, and return quickly, for your absence will b grave of my happiness."

Horace clasped her fondly in his embrace, and af violent effort to restrain her sobs, she detached a po of herself, which had been fastened round her neck black velvet ribbon, and handing it to him said:—

"Keep this for love of me; and when you go to look at it sometimes, it will speak to you of me—of tistine—of your affianced bride."

"This is not necessary," replied Horace, looki the beauteous semblance, "for is not your image libly engraven on my heart."

A faint smile lighted up the saddened face of B tine; they rushed towards each other in a last embra

"Adieu, my beloved; may God re-unite us, again to part."

Horace could trust himself no longer; he rushed the declivity, and when he was some distance fro spot where he had parted from his earthly treasu looked and saw the beauteous girl on her knees, wit hands clasped, and her eyes uplifted to Heaven, breathing a fervent prayer for the safe and speedy r of her heart's idol, and in the same spot, too, on they parted.

CHAPTER III.

THE CROSS OF WOOD.

Each morning as Aurora with her first faint caressingly rested upon the chamber of Baptistine arose and dressed herself noiselessly, lest she awaken her watchful mother; and passing the thre of the door, bounded with the lightness of a fawn to the spot where she had received the last fond farew her beloved Horace.

Having arrived there, she untied her light boun straw, which she laid beside her, then straining he she would fix them upon the road taken by her love by which same path she hoped, 'ere long, to see return.

"God be praised!" she would exclaim, "the m of May is approaching, and when he is returning, h be sure to recognize me standing here, for I shall flowers to strew his path with, and he will know Baptistine alone has been so watchful of his return."

For months and months Baptistine knew no othe istence than this. To be at this spot upon the first of morning, she considered a sacred duty, and one she never neglected. There she would sit for h twining together the flowers she knew he loved till her heart got sick with the fever of anticipa Never had time appeared to her so slow in its progr

At length patient confidence began to give pla desponding inquietude; the lily replaced the rose her soft cheek, and her step became heavier and elastic, whilst with jealous scrutiny she watched nat beauties bursting afresh under the genial influen balmy spring.

"The winter has rolled past," she said to he

" with all its dreary gloominess. April has well nigh counted its thirty days; May advances with light and hasty steps; the blackbird and the nightingale cheer us with their sweet notes, as they proudly perch upon their favourite branch, but where is the voice that's music to my heart? Where is Horace, my beloved? The time is arrived when he promised to return. What can prolong his absence when he knows his Baptistine awaits him with fond anxiety? Who has the power of keeping him from me? This Paris I have always heard is full of enchanting snares to catch the guileless. The girls are beautiful and matchless in their attractions. Horace may have encountered one whose beauty far surpasses the simple Baptistine, and she may have riches also. Alas! that I might die 'ere that fearful truth were ascertained!"

The month of May passed away, but not merrily with poor Baptistine, yet Horace came not. June followed, but he for whom she drooped appeared not. July was succeeded by August, but brought not even a line of comfort to cheer the maiden's heart.

It was then, and only then, that despair filled her heart. The agonizing anxiety of preceding months undermined the delicate frame of this devoted girl. She became worn and wasted; her eyes became dull, and her cheeks lost their brilliancy, and Baptistine faded and died as the leaf which the unruly wind severs from the branch that gives it life.

To distinguish the spot in which she found a resting place, her aged and agonized mother placed a wooden cross there with these words:—

Poor Baptistine!
Withdrawn from earthly cares
At seventeen years of age. All you who pass
Drop upon her grave a tear, and
Offer a prayer for her to her eternal
Father. She loved—and died.

* * * * * * * *

Six weeks after this event a stranger hurriedly approached Baptistine's dwelling, exclaiming in joyous tones,

" Baptistine! where is my beloved Baptistine?"

The aged mother recognized Horace, and without saying a word, or shedding a tear, took him by the hand and conducted him to the cemetery, when she turned to him, saying:—

" Do you see that black cross Horace? It is there my child sleeps!"

The horror-stricken youth fell motionless upon the grave of his betrothed, uttering a wild cry of agony, which more than words spoke the sorrow of his soul; and when recollection was restored, he harrowed the mind of his hearers with his despairing grief, calling upon his affianced bride—his fondly beloved Baptistine—his first his only love—to console his widowed heart with one parting word of fondness, But Baptistine spoke not.

BELINDA.

STANZAS TO ——.

I saw thy young form droop beneath the with'ring brand of care,
And many a grey lock mingle with thy curls of golden hair;
I saw the fair and rounded cheek grow thin, and pale, and wan,
The last sad ling'ring traces of the beauty that was gone.
And sometimes when I'd speak to thee, of happy days gone by,
A pearly tear would glisten, in thy deep thy gentle eye;
A flush would kindle o'er thy cheek—a flush, but not of joy,
'Twas regret for thy sweet childhood, when bliss knew no alloy.
And soon I stood beside thy bed, and clasped a clay cold hand,
'Twas not in our own mountain home, but in a stranger land;
'Neath the deep blue skies of Italy, thou'rt calmly resting low,
But thou heedest not their brightness—thou art unconscious now.
The verdure springing round thee, is green as thine own isle,
Where oft in merry childhood, I've watched thy happy smile.
My home is lonely now, for thou no more art near,
And everything I see around draws forth the bitter tear;
My harp still keeps its wonted place, but no fingers fair I see,
Gliding along the deep toned strings, as when 'twas touched by thee.
Its chords are broken—silent—like the young voice that oft,
Poured forth its rich wild melody in tones so sweet and soft;
'Tis past—and never more that voice shall thrill me with delight:
I n'eer again shall gaze upon that form so fair and bright.
Farewell, my child—how can I wish to call thee back again,
To this cold, heartless world of ours, so full of care and pain;
Farewell—farewell—I know that thou can'st ne'er return to me,
But soon this pilgrimage shall close, and I may go to thee.

EMILY.

CHARADE.

Take a name that sounds absurd,
And add to it a single word,
You'll have a gift that's fine and rare,
To gem the neck, or braid the hair.

W.

THE LEARNED SERGEANT;

OR,

A CHAPTER ON WIDOWS.

Dramatis Personæ.

SERGEANT FLATTER'EM. COL. BLAB.
MR. & MRS. SQUILL. MR. & MRS. PARCHMENT.
MR. & MRS. PINKTAPE. WAITER.

SCENE—Chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

Col. Blab and Sergeant Flatter'em.

Col. Blab.—So you have really made up your mind at last to get married Sergeant. Well, my dear fellow, I sincerely congratulate you.

Sergeant.—Yes—verily—before the next sessions it is my intention to enlist in the matrimonial army; none of your old heavy dragoons for me, I shall belong to the light infantry.

Col. Blab.—Well, my friend, I hope you will not prove a deserter before the ceremony, or absent without leave after. You lawyers are slippery eels—eigh! talking of heavy dragoons, seriously, how do you mean to dispose of your several detachments of petticoat cavalry stationed at the various towns on the Northern Circuit? Report says you have promised and vowed eternal fidelity to ladies of all ages and dimensions, embracing every degree of temperature, from water-boil to water-ice.

Sergeant.—Ha! ha! ha! not quite so bad as that, Colonel. There are two or three I might have trifled with a little, and a few raw recruits were added to them on my last trip, but nothing to be alarmed at.

Col.—Depend upon it, my fine fellow, you would find two or three raw recruits as you call them, rather troublesome to manage in an action.

Sergeant.—Not at all; they are nearly all married women, therefore I am protected.

Col.—But widows are very devils in disguise.

Sergeant.—Fortunately for me they are not widows yet, and never will be if I have the power of keeping their good husbands alive. I plead guilty, that in some of the weakest intervals of my life I have raised hopes on slight foundations, and administered a few doses of flattery where it appeared to be beneficial, but quite on the homœopathic system. For instance, John Parchment's wife believes faithfully when nature relieves her of her poor old man, that she will wear half of my silk gown. Poor fellow! he certainly has a hollow cough, but nothing serious, I trust. Her gratitude for my trifling attentions is evinced in hailstorms of purses with which she pelts me unmercifully. As for Tom Pinktape's truly better-half, why, what could I do? Her devil of a husband is drinking himself to death; she applies to me for advice and consolation, and a man must be a brute to repulse a pretty and interesting woman in distress. I have a desk full of sonnets and perfumed notes from this poor thing, and hair enough to make a wig, which, by the way, had better now be destroyed.

Col.—Does not Mrs. Squill retain some document in your handwriting, that may prove an annoyance at future time?

Sergeant.—O! that is merely a circular. They each a copy. I always take especial care in my spondence, never to commit myself. I believe Squ be as good a fellow as ever lived, and it would distre much to hear of his death for many reasons.

Col.—Squill—Squill—That reminds me I read *Times* of a serious accident that has happened to a p of that name; his horse fell with him returning from races.

Sergeant (animated).—Indeed! you astonish m was but last week I received a gay pair of embroi slippers from his good lady. Poor thing! (*Sigh* am quite overpowered with Berlin wool, seven p these articles have been presented to me within th six months, one for every day in the week, and eac blematical of the fair donors. Monday I wear a bea full-blown cabbage rose and bud on each instep, mented with a wreath of green leaves. Tuesday I the head of a fierce fox, with very firey whisker moustaches. On Wednesday a variety of red fox's in every imaginable form. Thursday a blue teakettl ting sentimentally upon a bundle of golden sticks. I I patronize groups of the Forget-me-not on ever and on Saturday I am stormed with a patte thunder and lightning, worked in what is called s cross stitch.

Col.—By Jove you are a very lucky fellow. And return are you expected to make for all these favours?

Sergeant.—I merely stand godfather to their chi and allow them the privilege of being called afte This flatters the papa and captivates the mamma.

Col.—Well, that is certainly an economical way ting rid of an obligation. But how would you m with a widow?

Sergeant.—My dear fellow, do you imagine man who has employed his forensic eloquence for summers in perplexing judges, brow-beating with and cajoling juries, would be deficient in stamina to a widow? Eigh! or fifty widows, and of the Scotch breed, long fangs, sharp noses, and wiry I could mislead them in five minutes—(*takes sn* sweet, confiding little dears.

Col. (*sighing.*)—Age and experience have taug that married women and widows can be as misch as monkeys.

Sergeant.—So they may, my friend, with you; have the power of making them as gentle and do donkeys; it only requires a few obscure hints and terious inuendoes, with one or two apparently cland manœuvres, you may then twist the majority of round your finger. Skilful management is all necessary, and a little flattery.

Col.—You have never yet had occasion to emplo forensic eloquence in self-defence, Sergeant.

Sergeant.—Perhaps not, to a great extent. should like you—you man of steel, to see the tem

my mettle—Cool as a cucumber—Impudent as the devil—Nothing in the forensic line will ever puzzle me—My honourable intentions have been questioned twenty times.

Col.—Indeed! And that is one of the severest trials that can assail any man of irresolute principles.

Sergeant.—Pshaw! Always tell them—Intentions not yet formed and developed—Plans not quite made out—Future prospects undefined. Bless your soul, there are a hundred loopholes through which a wise man may escape. But never be dumb foundered, that is a certain sign of approaching wreck on the quicksands of matrimony.

Col.—But are you not afraid that these simple-minded creatures may meet and compare notes?"

Sergeant.—Not at all. I have sufficient tact to scatter the seeds of jealousy among them, giving each half an ounce of the spirit of envy, a few drachms of pepper, and forty drops of the compound extract of cordial-hatred, which keeps them all apart by mutual consent.

Col.—You have pluck enough now to combat the fifty widows, that is certain, but I should much like to see it tested in action.

[Enter a servant with a letter, bordered and sealed with black.]

Sergeant.—Ah! This looks ominous. I fear it is to announce poor Squill's accident—(*looks at the signature*)—From Nancy Parchment—The devil it is—(*reads.*)

"DEAREST SERJEANT,

"Your expectations and fond wishes are at last fulfilled—I am a widow—and hasten to throw myself into your arms, conscious of meeting with that reception which our long and faithful engagement entitles me. My poor John breathed his last a fortnight since. He burst a blood vessel in a fit of coughing, and rapidly sunk under it. Poor dear—he spoke of you only a short time before his departure, and bequeathed myself and six little orphans to your faithful care. Ah! he little knew what indissoluble ties of affection already bound us to each other. I am sorry to say his affairs are somewhat involved, but knowing your excellent judgment and superior wisdom, we shall soon be righted, (and altho' I say it that ought not to say it—yet still I do say it—although it is so very soon after the event) the sooner we go through the rights the better.

"I shall come to town the first moment I can spare from my little ones, poor dears. Any one may feel proud to own them. And believe me, dearest Sergeant, your attached, devoted, affectionately betrothed,

"NANCY PARCHMENT."

[*Sergeant Flatter'em* stands aghast, without speaking, and his mouth wide open.]

Col.—Sergeant—my dear fellow—what is the matter?

Sergeant.—Don't ask me. It is that woman. By Jove! I would not meet her for a thousand pounds. She is the greatest vixen in England. But stay—here appears to be a postcript—(*reads*)—

"I have this moment heard of poor Tom Pinktape's death from *delirium tremens*. I am quite aware that his wife is a rival of mine, you naughty, naughty man; but our long engagement gains *me* the precedence. Therefore I forgive you this time."

Was there ever a man so strangely situated. I am perfectly bewildered.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Servant.—A lady in deep mourning, sir, has requested me to give you this card. [Gives the Sergeant a card with a broad black border, and "Mrs. Pinktape" written thereon.

Sergeant.—Oh! tell her I am not at home. Gone out—gone to the devil—gone—

Servant.—She is now at the door.

[Enter Mrs. PINKTAPE, in weeds. She rushes into the SERGEANT'S arms. SERGEANT groans aloud.]

Mrs. Pinktape.—Dearest Sergeant, I am the bearer of my own melancholy intelligence. Poor Pinktape is no more. Those awful fits! It is all over with him. You anticipated his fate, and taught me to feel resigned. I hope I am (weeps). I think I am (weeps louder). I feel better already (Sergeant groans). Oh! dear, dear Sergeant, you are a great comfort to me.

Sergeant (supporting her).—Dear, charming widow.

[A noise heard outside, and Mrs. PARCHMENT rushes into the room greatly agitated.]

Mrs. Parchment.—I expected as much—I knew it—I said so—I saw it all—and a great deal more. Oh! you deceitful, whitefaced woman—I scorn you. This is where you come to hide your grief from the eyes of the world, is it? You hypocritical thing, I was determined to follow you.

Mrs. Pinktape (in hysterics).—Take—oh! take her away. For mercy sake send her off.

Mrs. Parchment.—Send me off, indeed, you audacious woman. No! here I am—and here I shall stay.

Sergeant (groans).—Oh dear!

Mrs. Parchment.—You may groan and sigh, Mr. Sergeant, but it is no use. Here are my credentials. Do you remember writing that (produces a pink note). That is my passport, and I am not to be put out for nothing. As for you, sir, you are a base deceiver—a wicked heart-breaker—an insidious, perfidious, deleterious compounder of female confidence. Now I have given you a piece of my mind I am content.

Sergeant.—Dear ladies—sweet widows—pray compose yourselves.

Mrs. Parchment.—No, I won't be composed. I came here to expound my sentiments, and show you up before my sex as a Bluebeard, a Mustapha, a Turk, a sinner, a—a—ah! ah! ah!—oh! oh! oh! oh! (Goes off into violent hysterics in the Sergeant's arms, who supports both widows at once.)

[Enter Mrs. SQUILL, in weeds. Starts with astonishment at the scene before her.]

Mrs. Squill.—Dear, dear, what a distressing scene. What can be the matter? Oh! Sergeant—Sergeant, you have deceived me. I am sure you have—I am convinced

of it—seeing is believing—but I won't be disappointed (weeps). I am determined you shall not break my heart—no, that you shall not (sobs). I will bring an action against you. I will—yes, I will have damages, and you shall be exposed—(sobs louder)—that you shall. Look, sir—do you recollect that (produces a pink paper note). That will tell against you in any court of judicature. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, wearing a wig, to deceive poor simple-minded countrywomen in such an outrageous manner (sobs louder, and seems inclined to fall).

Sergeant.—What! another fainting window! Oh! ye Gods! What will become of me? Here! help! Ho! help! (calls out). Where can I go? What shall I do? Was there ever a lawyer so situated? Colonel! dear Colonel! 'or pity sake take some of these divine creatures off my hands (widows all sobbing and kicking).

Col.—No, my dear friend, I would not deprive you of one for the world. Why don't you try forensic eloquence?

Sergeant.—The devil take you. Why the fact is this, dear, charming widows, I—I—you—I—why (aside) (my forensic eloquence fails me when I most require it.) You see, sweet, lovely creatures, that I—you—I cannot marry you all three (loud sobbing). The superabundance of your affection chokes my utterance (continued sighs) I have not words to express my gratitude for your kindness—(aside)—(had it been one at a time a fellow might have a chance of escaping). Merciful powers! Believe me—I love you—(violent emotion)—you all—from my soul I pity you all. The law will not permit me to take more than one at a time—(widows much excited). I acknowledge my error—I ask for mercy—I implore forgiveness. But save me—for pity sake save me. Compassionate my weakness, and relinquish your claims.

Widows All.—Never.

Sergeant.—Will you give me time to reflect?

Mrs. Parchment.—I shall not

Mrs. Pinktape.—Nor I.

Mrs. Squill.—Nor I.

Sergeant.—Then what do you require?

Widows All.—Satisfaction.

Sergeant (in despair, wiping his face with a handkerchief).—Will no one come to my assistance?

[Enter Mr. PARCHMENT, Mr. PINKTAPE, and Mr. SQUILLS.]

Parchment.—Yes, my dear fellow, we are come to your rescue. What is the matter? You appear dumbfounded. What has become of our wives?

Sergeant (rushes towards them, and seizes their hands)—Thank God. This is indeed a merciful interposition. Then you are not dead? Say it is all a joke—a wicked malicious joke of those three false widows.

Widows (all laughing).—Nothing more.

Mrs. Parchment.—Hearing from our young friend, Agnes, that she was shortly going to be married to you, we all came here to offer our congratulations to you on the happy event.

To lawful love and youthful face,
Our ancient charms submit with grace.
Dear husbands—tho' your wives are out of pl
Think not they will your noble names disgrace;
And frisky Sergeants who would run a race,
Sport only where the law allows a chase.

CURTAIN FALLS.

RESOLUTION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In silence roving through the shady grove,
  In vain for happiness I seek;
What makes me tremble to disclose my love?
  The fullness of my heart and thoughts to speal

Artlessly she greets each friendly face,
  While I pass by unheeded and unsought;
Yet watching every glance to trace,
  If she bestows on me a thought.

The flowers bend beneath her fairy feet,
  The birds sing plaintive songs to greet her ear
They warble love in accents soft and sweet,
  And why must I alone indulge in fear?

Daily to the heavens I complain
  And nightly watch the moon and stars above
Why, then, does my simple tongue refrain
  From whispering to her—"how much I love t

Beneath yon tree I'll venture to repose,
  For here my fairy queen delights to rove;
And in a feigned dream will I disclose
  The nature of my true and faithful love.

I will—she comes—I tremble—hush!—
  She sees me—I am dumb—alas!
I'll hide myself in yonder bush,
  And watch her footsteps as they pass.

THE EYE.

What is that brilliant orb so bright,
Sparkling in an hemisphere of light,
Turning into day the darkest night?
The Eye.

When fond affection warms the soul,
Beyond all power of control,
What will its secret thoughts unroll?
The Eye.

K. L.

THE PERI;

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

From an American Correspondent.

The first time I saw little Florence Fearing, she presented as lovely a picture as the imagination of painter or poet ever conceived. She was leaning over the vine-covered balustrade of a balcony, resting one hand upon it, holding a pipe, and with the other shading from the sun her large, light gray eyes, in order to gaze after a brilliant bubble which she had just set floating overhead. She was the most delicate, ethereal-looking creature I ever saw. The bubble itself seemed hardly more frail or more beautiful. The inmost leaf of a white Provence rose has sometimes the faint, soft colouring that warmed her delicate cheek; but her lips were red as the wild wood-berry, and her fair hair, of the very palest golden hue, fell round her snowy shoulders like a veil woven of the starlight. So light, so pure, so airily graceful did she look, that I almost trembled lest she should suddenly spread a pair of hitherto invisible wings and vanish from my gaze.

But the bubble burst, and little Florence started, and let fall the pipe; it lay shivered at her feet, and the child flew, in tears, to confide her first grief to her mother.

Ah, Florence! many a radiant hope, in after life, sent from thy heart into the sunny world—beautiful and frail as that soaring "circlet of light"—was destined like that to die!

She grew up lovely, loving, and beloved; but still so tender and so delicate, that all who saw her trembled. At the age of seventeen she was wedded to the man of her choice. Henry Errington was young, handsome, intellectual, and affectionate, although too much a man of the world to be a suitable husband for her. He regarded his wife with fondness and admiration; but she was far too pure, too aerial, too finely organized for his rougher and warmer temperament. He did not understand her. He did not know what to make of the exquisite fragility, the timid sensitiveness, of the creature confided to his keeping; he had wooed and won, and wedded the first being that caught his fancy, and now that the plaything was all his own, he could not tell what to do with it. If he had caught a Peri and caged her, he could hardly have been more at a loss. Every flutter of her spirit's wings frightened him, as that of the Peri's would. He could learn in time, by constant study, how to *feed* and *clothe* his dainty captive sprite; but there were "immortal yearnings" to which he could never minister.

If his manly voice took unconsciously a colder or more careless tone, those great gray eyes would be raised pleadingly, imploringly to his, slowly filling with "unbidden tears." If he breathed a word of praise, a quick, vivid blush would burn and fade in her pure cheek so suddenly that it startled him. If he frowned, the graceful lip would quiver, and the soft eyes close, as if to shut out some terrible and overwhelming spectacle.

At last he wearied of being kept so constantly on the *qui vive*. He tried to persuade himself that this lovely, innocent, and affectionate wife, was a very unreasonable person, a petted and spoiled child, whom he ought, for her own sake, to discipline a little. And so, gradually, he became careless, and frequented his club, and grew fond of gay parties, and wilfully blinded himself to the fact, that his Peri was perishing of cold, and starving for want of food, or, in other words, that his wife's heart needed sustenance, and attention, and care, quite as much as her physical frame. If "the winds of Heaven should not visit" the latter "too roughly," neither should the chilling blasts of neglect or unkindness from her other heaven, himself, be suffered to fall upon the former. But men forget that hearts can break, and that Peris were meant to fly.

In the gay world he met one night a brilliant and impassioned creature, to whom he was, at her own request, introduced. Henrietta Harley had been in early life a warm-hearted, generous, and guileless girl; but, disappointed in her dearest hopes, she had become almost reckless of her future fate.

She was now, at twenty-five, a gay, witty, capricious, and captivating woman, who seemed to have but one object in life—excitement for her restless mind—and that she was determined to obtain at any cost.

Henry Errington was just in the mood to be caught by this contrast to his trouble at home, and he was soon a willing victim to the beautiful and gifted coquette.

The slighted wife caught now and then an echo of the rumours which were circulated concerning them; but she resolutely shut her senses, her heart to the fact, and would not doubt. What could doubt have been but death to one so constituted?

One day an anonymous letter was put into her hand, by a person who hinted that it enclosed one from her husband to the lady in question. With a flash in her eye, unwonted there, and a curve of disdain on her beautiful lip, she tore the packet, sealed as it was, into atoms, and flung them from the window where she stood.

But the poor child was destined, in spite of herself, to know all that she dreaded but to dream.

At a birth-day *fête* given at the country-seat of one of their friends, Florence was wandering alone through the grounds, when she suddenly heard the voice of her husband in a shaded walk close by.

"My own beautiful Henrietta!" it passionately began. Florence would not for worlds have heard another syllable. She glided swiftly away by the nearest path, and locking herself into her chamber, gave way to a wild and long-suppressed burst of feeling, so violent that her frail frame shook beneath it, like a flower in an autumn storm.

She never betrayed by word or sign, the cause of the intense suffering which from that hour was visible in every look. It was only by her private journal that the terrible secret was long afterwards revealed. But day after day the faint colour paled in her youthful cheek—day by day the spiritual eyes grew more spiritual, and the slight form wore away. Yet she was still exquisitely fair and grace-

ful, and her husband, proud of the wonderful and unearthly loveliness, which attracted all eyes, and thinking that she needed excitement, urged her into society, for which she was little fitted to exert herself.

Ignorant that she was aware of his heart's transient infidelity, he did not think it necessary or beneficial to tell her that he had broken with the brilliant and dangerous woman who had so lightly lured him from his allegiance; but he was now devoted to his evidently suffering wife. The sight of that patient suffering, by touching his pity, re-awakened his love, and he watched over her as fondly, as tenderly as a mother over her first born babe.

But the shaft had flown and could not be recalled; the heart was breaking silently, yet surely, and the pure spirit within was already pluming its flight through eternity.

One night, reluctantly yielding to his wish, which she never dreamed of disputing, she had consented to take part in some tableaux, which were to be represented at their own house. Florence had all day a presentiment that some awful event was about to happen, and as evening approached, she grew more and more timid and nervous, and would have given worlds to have lain her weary head on her husband's bosom in peace and quiet—to have told him once more how fondly, how dearly she loved him—to thank him for his tender care, and slept or died, she scarce cared which; but she had not strength to reason with him upon her fears, and so she allowed herself to be dressed like a victim, for the sacrifice.

She was to appear in the last tableau as the Peri at the gate of Paradise, and in the one immediately preceding, Henrietta Harley was to personate Cleopatra at her toilet, attired by Charmion and Iris.

A brilliant and fashionable circle, of which I was one, had assembled to witness the tableaux, and all had now been represented but the two last.

The curtain suddenly rising, revealed the gorgeous chamber of the Egyptian queen, and gloriously did the graceful Henrietta personate the character.

Arrayed in a rich undress, she lay luxuriously pillowed on a splendid couch, with her rich black hair unbound, and partly gathered in the hands of a dark but beautiful girl, who was braiding it with jewels, while another knelt by the couch and tied the sandal on a foot of exquisite proportions. Magnificent drapery, flowers and gems were lavished in rich profusion around, and the whole scene was redolent of beauty, grace, and splendour.

"The rare Egyptian" lay in an attitude of charming languor. Her dark eloquent eyes, where love seemed to be dreaming, were half closed. Her full, crimson lips were parted slightly, and her clear brown cheek, "most passionately pale," was pillowed on an arm round and graceful as that of Juno. But her lightly veiled bosom was seen to heave, and, as the first symptom of restlessness, on the part of the performer, had been agreed on as the signal for dropping the curtain, the radiant vision vanished from our view.

Again the curtain rose. The whole stage was in profound darkness, except just in the centre, where a flood of rosy light from some invisible source illumined a sh that I held my breath to see. Attired in a transpar flowing robe, with drooping wings, and hands cla languidly before her, while her fair shining hair fell wa to her waist—the graceful Peri leaned against what see to be a cloud, bending her head and listening with large lustrous eyes upturned as if in wondering rapt while a strain of low, delicious melody rose softly on air and died away, and came again and went, till our souls came and went with it almost! Never to my d day shall I forget that thrilling moment! You c have heard your heart beat, so profound, so wrapt wa stillness that prevailed. But at last delight and wo changed to awe, so motionlesss, so statue-like she seem Not a breath—not a sigh. It was too perfect! al painfully so. We longed to speak and bid her mo No!—still the vision remained, without the slightest ceptible change.

Bathed in that pale, rosy light, soft, radiant, ærial dream of heaven, there were was a superhuman lovel in the picture which might well make us tremble. denly, with a sharp, agonized cry, her husband sp from his seat and rushed towards her. The terrible t flashed upon us all. She was dead! Life had left even as she stood "the observed of all observers!" husband took the inanimate form in his arms, stagg beneath its light weight, in the enfeebling anguish of blow.

The curtain fell, and we saw her no more til saw her in her shroud. Dear, lovely Florence Erring Thou wert admitted sooner than thou dreamed "be the gate" where thou hadst stood "disconsolate."

FIRST LOVE.

(*Translation.*)

A girl's first love is like a toilet glass,
Whereon coquettishly she seeks to trace
The thoughts reflected on a polished face;
And gay or sad, the visions swiftly pass.

Firt love is mortal, pure, and sweet,
Like water that attracts the infant feet;
The child first sees his face, then bathes his lips,
And step by step his little body dips;
At length attracted by some summer flies,
He trusts too far—he screams—he sinks—he dies.

K. L.

RIDDLE.

Love what's finest in Peru,
Think what will the heart beshrew,
Leave undone what you ought to do,
And you'll attain, what e'er you'll rue.

B.

THE FAMILY TRAGEDY.

" Revenge is virtue."—YOUNG.

LETTER THE FIRST.

To Mr. John Louis Cayot, at the Count de Terey's, Paris.

" You left us, my son, at the end of the month of January, 1837, for the great city, and it will soon be the month of February, 1840; that is, three long years have passed away since you went to reside in Paris, and I may, therefore, justly suspect that you have alike forgotten your old village in Brittany, your aged father, and the injured honour of our family. Since, then, your memory is so bad, so weak, or so slothful, it is necessary for me to arouse it, and to excite you to exertion.

" Four years ago I had a daughter, Marianne! It is impossible that you can have forgotten her lovely face, her kindly disposition, and her surprising accomplishments. Well do you know, my son, that Marianne was but a simple peasant girl, but still one that had not her equal for miles around. The kindness of Heaven, and the cares of your mother, made her too beautiful and too charming; and that beauty and those attractions, have destroyed her! Mark me well, John.

" Since the year 1815 (that fatal year when foreigners brought us the Bourbons, and that they will now have to take away with them) I have been the principal tenant on the estates of the Count de Terey. The Count was pleased to become your god-father on the same day that they christened with his name the new bell of our village church; and then there were two splendid baptisms at the same time. Tell me, John, was it to be ascribed to chance alone, that the lordly god-father brought misfortune upon you, and upon that which was named after him? To you he has left sorrowful recollections, while, as to the other, it no longer emits its old religious chimes. The bell was cracked by a thunder storm, and your heart appears to have been blasted by the storms of the world. But I must proceed.

" I now dwell alone upon facts. The details may be irksome to you, but it is necessary to recapitulate them; and remember, mine is no fancy sketch.

" The noble family of your protector were graciously pleased to pay a double compliment to mine, and to bring upon it a double misfortune. Whilst you had the honour of being the godson of the Count, our poor Marianne had the distinguished advantage of being the foster-sister of his eldest son—the Viscount de Terey.

" As these children grew up, they became the most attached friends; the young nobleman and the peasant girl were as fond of each other as if they were two cousins. It was my pride and joy to see this; and while the god-father promised to advance you in the world, the foster-brother swore to provide for the happiness of my daughter. Our benefactors have kept their promises *finely*. The one has taken care of your education, and you are happy, of course. While, as to the other, he has left Marianne to her *repose*. Thanks to him. She has been at rest for four years. She stands no longer in need of any thing—she is *happy*. My son, the blot that you find upon that last word, is caused by *a father's tear*.

" I am about to recall to your mind the death of your sister. I wish you not to forget it. I am going to tell you *why* Marianne is dead. I bid you to remember it. Observe well what I say, John.

" During the time that you were at school at Valange, by order of the Count, Marianne used to go to play, to amuse herself, and to be instructed, in the Castle of the Count. The Countess therein proved herself a very kind, but a very imprudent protectress of a young girl. The Countess was old, and like many other old persons who have been always virtuous, it delighted her to see near to her, a combination of youth, beauty, and virtue, because those things reminded her of what she herself had once been. Marianne being every day in the society of a great lady, soon ceased to be a common village girl in manners, in dress, or in language. Each evening that she returned to our home, she brought something new with her—a new lesson acquired—or a new grace possessed—or a new dress presented to her. She soon, then, began to abandon the idea of marriage, that which is generally the first, the most agreeable, and often the only thought of a young girl. When we spoke to her of a suitable match—of a worthy, simple, and honest husband—she curled her pretty lip in disdain, at the idea of a mere peasant presuming to offer her his home, and a share of his labour and his affections. I ought to have corrected, at once, this folly in Marianne; but, alas! you will sooner or late learn, my son, that in a father's love for his children, there is frequently more of pride than of tenderness. Yes, I was proud of the vanity of my daughter, and I believed myself to be a great man, because she took it into her head to speak as a fine lady.

" A long and calamitous sickness which attacked the Countess, confined Marianne to the bedside of her noble protectress. Day and night did she there witness the tender care of Mademoiselle de Terey, a good little creature, younger, richer, and more brilliant than your sister, but assuredly not more pretty, more graceful, nor more accomplished. These two young girls—these charming nurses received the last sighs of the Countess. The young lady was instantly removed to Paris, and placed either in a convent or a boarding-school; while as to Marianne, she resumed her place as a peasant. She left a castle for a cabin, and grieved I am sure she was at such a sad change. She was no longer a peasant, she was no longer a lady; she became a very miserable, broken-hearted girl.

" I thought it right to forbid your sister ever again going to the Castle, as there was no longer a lady to preside there. The young Viscount highly approved of that interdict; and in place of asking her to go there, he was always calling to see her. Morning, noon, and night, he was to be found under our roof. He had abandoned the manor for the farm-house. Was not that doing us a great honour?

" But the compliment was as brief in its duration, as it

was unexpected. It only lasted as long as the fine weather, and at the fall of the leaf, when the birds sung their last song of love, the gentleman warbled his last note of affection, and was seen no more beneath our straw-covered cottage.

" He had promised to love your sister for ever, and he basely addressed her a letter, upbraiding her with her lowly condition, and declaring he never could think of marrying any one but the daughter of a nobleman. It was a gratuitous insult, but it proved his power over her affections, for it broke her heart. One evening your sister had withdrawn herself into the solitude of her little chamber, when of a sudden, stifled cries and agonizing moans were heard to issue from it. We found the villain's letter on the floor, while she was stretched on her bed—calm—mute—motionless—her arms crossed on her breast, while her head was enveloped in a bridal veil—that veil had been given to her by the Countess, as an intended marriage present for her *protegée;* alas! it was destined to serve as an ornament for her coffin.

" Upon seeing us all leaning over her, agitated, panting, distracted with grief, Marianne gently raised herself in the bed; she pointed to the withered bouquets and the faded garlands that had been given to her by the young Count; they were the fitting emblems of his dry heart and worthless affection; she stripped them one by one of their leaves, and scattered them over her bed; she cast then the stalks from her, and looking down at the white quilt and her withered feelings, she mildly said—' thus am I prepared for my funeral.' In a few hours afterwards, Marianne was buried in her bridal veil, and with that mortuary covering that she had herself arranged.

" Oh! my son, my son, you know all this perfectly well. You were yourself present at that trying scene, and remember, John, those who have not assisted at such a spectacle of death in the midst of a loving family, when the one that is most dear is taken from them; those who have not seen, who have not known this, are altogether ignorant of what real grief—of what true sorrow, is. In that agonizing moment, when the last breath flies from the form you have prized, when it appears that it is your own blood that is shed—that it is a part, the dearest part of yourself that is taken from you—that it is your own flesh that is torn—that it is the very core of your heart that is penetrated and mercilessly hacked away—John, my son, my heart—my heart—a father's heart has been thus bleeding, thus suffering, for four years. Is it not, at last, time to chastise the miserable villain that has caused all this?

When, forsooth, our remorseless enemy heard of the death of Marianne, he thought proper to offer to repair to her brother, the irreparable offence he had been guilty of towards the sister. He made us splendid promises. He promised to me, that instead of your growing up a mere humble farmer, he would make you a great man—a rich man—a distinguished man—*a happy man!* The bargain was agreed to on my part. Do you know why, son John? I am going to tell you, because you appear to have forgotten it.

" You are at this moment in the house of the Count Terey—you are at this moment there with his son. wished you to be thus, that you might have the full pow to avenge yourself. You are now in the full strength youth—you are now capable to take vengeance on head. If you dislike doing so—or if you are afraid to as a man and a brother—say so, and restore to me t right which I am willing to cede to you. In that cas shall bear with my years as manfully as I can, and aven the insult offered to me and to my child.

" John—John, what have you done these three years, to prove that you remember your sister? W have you done for her, and for revenge—full revenge

" Pierre Cayot."

LETTER THE SECOND.

To Pierre Cayot, farmer, at the Village of Valang

" The sad recital contained in your letter was a port of our family history, which it was unnecessary to rem me of, my dearest father. You wrong your son. I h an excellent memory. I have forgotten nothing. Ev day, every hour, every moment, I think of you, and o Marianne. And now father, I say, in reply to yo mark me well!

" Upon my arrival in Paris, three years ago, I was ceived in the most kind manner in the house of our protectors, that you, in your anger, call our cruel e mies. They gave me servants to obey me alone, masters to instruct me. They lavished favours and structions of all kinds upon me. I took advantage of prodigal charity, and I became in a little time all tha could wish to become, by force of study—a perf scholar—an accomplished gentleman, and I have been mitted in both respects to be far superior to the Count Terey himself. That was my first vengeance—but m me further.

" If, after my departure from the village, my heart my memory could, through any baseness, be forgetful the life and of the death of your daughter, I must s have found the remembrance of Marianne in the yo and lovely maiden who had been so dear to her. Upon seeing again in Paris that noble and lovely girl, that already know—Mademoiselle Juliette de Terey, I ag was made a spectator of that dreadful scene, that your solation and despair have depicted. Seeing her, in agony, I said to myself—of the two enchanting girls once played and sported together, in the midst of bloo ing flowers and verdant fields, there is one still happy, the other is in her grave—the one has known nought joy, and the other has learned nought but sorrow—the has been basely deserted by a perfidious lover—but as the other, who could presume to trifle with her affectio and to break her heart?

" Aye—even in my first interview with Juliette—in drawing-room of the Palace de Terey, a horrible thou —one that has never for a moment quitted me, is thi he, who by his unkindness, baseness, and cruelty kil Marianne, has a sister—aye, *he has a sister.*

The villain whose family pride would not allow him

marry Marianne, would, I know, feel himself dishonoured, and his family debased, should his sister consent to unite herself to a common peasant. Father—I have thought of the worst vengeance I could inflict upon him. Juliette is in love with me. She adores me—she knows that to marry me, she breaks her father's heart, and drives her proud brother to despair. She, I can see, hates herself for her meanness of soul, in thinking of me—and yet she will marry me—though it strips her of rank, of fortune, of everything, and consigns her to a worse than beggar's misery. She believes, even, that I shall not be a good husband, and yet she marries me. What is there for her but the early grave of Marianne?—what for her father and her brother, but shame, dishonour, and confusion?

"My duty is fulfilled. You ought, father, to be satisfied—and as to me—*I weep!* At this moment I can answer you in your own words—the blot that you see upon this letter, is caused by the tears of your miserable son.

"But take courage—I shall wipe away my tears—I shall extinguish my love—and I shall give full scope to *my* —to *your* hate. Juliette shall be made to feel all the griefs that Marianne has endured. She shall be killed by insults, brutality, and unkindness, like Marianne—all shall be done to glut your vengeance.

"In a few days the abasement of Mademoiselle de Tery shall be known to the world. It shall be no longer a mystery. If I am challenged by her brother, I shall not fight him. If I am basely attacked—if I am assassinated —I can but die, and submit patiently to my fate. If they should declare themselves willing to recognise her marriage, I shall then forsake Juliette—all shall be done—and yet—my dear father, I cannot help thinking that such a wife for your son could have restored to you all the happiness and joy that you felt in the tenderness of your lost daughter.

JOHN LOUIS.

LETTER THE THIRD.

To the Count de Terey, Fontainbleau.

"I am, my dear father, scarcely able to write to you. So many, and such extraordinary, as well as calamitous events have taken place in your home, since you left us, I beg of you to return to Paris as speedily as possible.

"You will find enclosed letters that I discovered in the writing desk of Juliette. They will prepare you for the knowledge of dreadful secrets. These love letters are written by a low-born miscreant, that we have honoured with our patronage. They are addressed to one who is no longer my sister, and that you ought not any longer to look upon as your daughter. Juliette will be placed by me to-morrow in a lunatic asylum, and without doubt, you will take care that she is never again permitted to escape from it.

"As to her shameless and audacious suitor, or husband, John Louis Cayot, a singular accident, has deprived me of the means of taking due vengeance upon him.

"This morning, whilst I was thinking what species of punishment I should inflict upon him, I met the wretch in the garden, and he, with a disgusting familiarity, that made the very blood rush to my temples, came up, and said:—

"'Julien, do you know what has happened last night?'

"'No, I replied, nor do I wish to know.'

"'What! have you slept all last night?'

"'No—I was awake until three o'clock.'

"'Then, in that case, you must have heard the storm?'

"'Well?'

"'And also the thunderbolt that fell upon the roof of the house?'

"'But we have a lightning conductor.'

"'Yes, and what is most curious, the lightning has twisted it, as if it were a mere pin. The fire of heaven, in running along the rod, has curled it as if it were a screw. Would you like to see it from the roof of the house?'

"'Yes.'

"I followed the miserable being to the roof. I ventured with trembling upon the small platform that looks down on a court-yard. John Cayot knelt down on it before me, in order that he might trace the progress of the lightning along the side of the house—and while in that position, a frightful vertigo must have taken possession of his brain—he saw no more—he heard no more —I think he must have lost his senses. I did my utmost to succour and to save him—the awful scene was but momentary. Heaven did not wish that vengeance should be taken by my hands upon him—for he fell from the roof, and his brains covered the pavement of the court yard.

"A dreadful scene then took place—Juliette forgot in the eyes of the world the illustrious name that she bore. I mean to treat John Louis Cayot in a manner suitable to his rank and merits—the coffin of a beggar, and with as little ceremony as if he were a dog.

"JULIEN DE TEREY."

LETTER THE FOURTH.

To the Prefect of Police, Paris.

"Monsieur le Prefect, I am but an honest man, and I therefore feel it my duty to denounce to you a great crime which was committed this day in my presence, in the rue Saint Dominique, Saint German.

"I was this day at work upon a roof that was repairing —23, in the rue Saint Dominique, I saw two young gentlemen venture upon the roof of an adjoining mansion —that is No. 25. One of these knelt down upon a little platform, and appeared to me to be examining the places along the sides of the house, where the lightning had struck the night before. While he was thus leaning with his head down, the other, with three desperate efforts, pushed his unhappy comrade off the platform, and the latter fell into the court yard, where he was, of course, instantly killed.

"I am told that it is given out at the hotel of the Count de Terey, that this dreadful calamity was but the result of a mere accident. Not at all, sir. It was a base murder —a cruel assassination—a horrible and cowardly murder.

I know well that it is the greatest crime known to the law, for I have before now been in a court of justice.

"A MECHANIC."

LETTER THE FIFTH.

To Pierre Cayot, farmer, at the Village of Valange.

"My poor friend Pierre, I have been banished to a place where I wish to die, and have no desire to live. I can now write to you, my honest friend Cayot, that which is the truth—I loved—I adored your son.

"If persons should presume to tell you that John's death was the result of his own imprudence, do not believe it. If they should endeavour to persuade you that he committed suicide—again, I say, do not believe it. John Louis is assuredly dead—but he was assassinated.

"Adieu, my friend—pray for me. I constantly pray for your two children.

"JULIETTE."

LETTER THE SIXTH.

To the Count de Terey, Paris.

"I have been now, my lord, three days in Paris. I wished to kneel, and to pray at the tomb of my son—but it seems that my son has no tomb. His body was flung into a ditch—he was interred as a suicide—and you consented to this. May heaven punish you for it!

"I arrived, my lord, in Paris, on the morning of the 28th July, at the very moment that they were beating "to-arms" in all the streets, and that the people told me they were again about to chase the Bourbons out of the country. I did as the people did, and I armed myself with a musket.

"The inhabitants precipitated themselves pell mell across the street of the faubourg Saint Germain. It was about two o'clock when we were making our way gradually through the rue Saint Dominique, when suddenly one, two, three shots were heard. The Bourbonites were firing at the people. I remarked that the shots came from a window in the house No. 25. I concealed myself behind a large cask, and fixing my eyes upon the spot from which the spots had proceeded, I perceived a young man hiding himself behind the drapery. I am sure that young man recognized *me*. I took deliberate aim with my musket at that young man. I fired—and suddenly I saw fall headlong through the window a young man shot through the brain. He tumbled heavily to the earth—I saw him stretched dead at my feet—it was *your son*!—it was the Viscount de Terey, he who had insulted and killed my daughter Marianne—he who had basely assassinated my son, John Louis.

"This is the *denouement* of our common family history. We are now quit with each other.

"PIERRE CAYOT."

"P.S. I am wrong—we are not on perfectly equal terms with each other. I have taken from you a son—but you have deprived me of two children. The balance is to be regulated betwéen us in another world.

"LOUIS LARINE."

VICTORIA VARNEY;

OR,

A LESSON FOR PRUDES,

"Love is lord of Truth and Loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest sky."

SPENSER.

CHAPTER I.

The quietness of the very quiet little town of C—— was suddenly interrupted one fine afternoon in autumn by the arrival of some cavalry regiments on their way t the metropolis. In one of these regiments was the cava lier who had long offered his vows at the shrine of th pretty blue-eyed madcap, Victoria Varney, the onl daughter of General Varney, who had long before th opening of our little story, returned from the great me tropolis, much to the discontent of his blue-eyed daugh ter; who was much enamoured of Captain Vavasour, he accepted suitor, and did not mind who knew it. Captai Vavasour had been for twelve months absent with hi army in Ireland, and they were now returning, and fortu nately for Victoria Varney, they were to pass throug her much detested, because *dull*, little town, and bette than all, they were to rest there three weeks. The sol diers entered the town with drums beating and colour flying, and altogether it was a joyous spectacle; many o the windows were tenanted with young and pretty faces and the pathways were lined with the good people of th neighbourhood, to whom a sight of the kind was a event in their lives never to be forgotten.

On the evening of this beautiful autumnal day, afte the soldiers were all domiciled in the building which ha been converted into a temporary barracks, and some thing like the original peaceful bliss of the little town o C—— was restored, a small knot of interesting singl ladies, of all ages, were assembled in one of the drawing rooms at Firefly Lodge, the residence of General Varney discussing a very important subject—a subject in whic their feelings were most deeply interested. But befor we proceed further, let us introduce the parties singly t our readers.

In the first place there was Miss Belinda Bathwyck, lady of five-and-twenty, "there or thereabouts," a goo figure, and with a face that would have been passabl pretty, had it not been spoiled by her temper. Next t her was seated a vinegar-looking lady of thirty seven Miss Bumpstead, a lady in crimson silk and a turban The third, Miss Clarissa Sparks, a pert little chit of nine teen, who fancied already that she was neglected, an made it her business to abuse every young lady in th town, who was supposed to have a lover. The fourth Miss Joliphant, whose age gallantry forbids us to men tion; she was tall and thin—bony some folks would sa —and was attired in book-muslin, with red flounces, an a cap thrown jauntily upon one side, and a maiden's blus rose peeping out from under it. She had a lisp and poodle, and, moreover, a very provoking knack of pinch

ing the poodle's ears whenever she was shocked by any allusion to the indecorum of any of the young ladies of the town unconnected with the *coterie*, so that what with the expressions of horror from the ladies, and the yelping of the nipped poodle, a musical effect was produced in the highest degree imposing. Besides these there were Miss Sophia Hopkins and Miss Dorinda Dawes, ladies of all ages, with no remarkable characteristics, famous alone for throwing up their hands and their eyes, when the more clever of the party gave the cue. Well, there were all these prudes, all relatives of General Varney, in secret conclave on the night in question.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Bathwyck.

"Well, I never!" repeated the lady in the crimson turban.

"Well, I never!" said little Miss Sparks.

"I never!" echoed Miss Joliphant, giving her blush rose a more than ordinary shake, and her poodle a more than ordinary pinch.

"The indelicacy!" cried Miss Bathwyck.

"The impropriety!" said Miss Bempstead.

"The scandal!" said Miss Sparks; and all the ladies sighed in chorus.

"The brazen creature!" exclaimed Miss Joliphant. "And so she stood, unblushingly upon the balcony all the time."

"Yes, all the time," replied Miss Bathwyck; "all the time the soldiers were passing, looking so provokingly happy, her hair streaming in the wind ——"

"*Her* hair!" interrupted Miss Bempstead. "Truly it is *her* hair, for I know that she has paid the hair-dresser for it."

The ladies laughed at this, and Miss Clarissa Sparks declared "upon her word and honour," that she had seen the roses in the lady's countenance, rubbed off one evening in mistake.

"Well, for my part," said Miss Bempstead, "I never thought her beautiful."

"She is pretty," rejoined Miss Joliphant, "that's all."

"Pretty!" exclaimed Miss Bathwyck, "say *passable*, my dear Miss J. Her face partakes too much of the apple-dumpling character to be beautiful, and what a figure!"

"O!" shrieked Miss Dawes, "a perfect squab!" and she jerked her own body into a perpendicular position.

"And *how* she dresses!" said Miss Joliphant, giving her jaunty cap, and the maiden blush under it, a significant toss. "What shocking bad taste she displays."

"She is in high spirits now that the soldiers are come," was the next remark of Miss Bathwyck, "for she hopes to find her captain constant. But the senseless chit will wear the willow."

"O, yes; she'll wear the willow!" was ejaculated in chorus.

"*She* marry the captain indeed!" cried Miss Joliphant, who was only prevented from giving her poodle a terrible pinch, by the interposing hand of Miss Hopkins, who sat watching her companion's movement, with a view to prevent another howl. "The captain is a man of superior discrimination."

"Poor thing," sighed Belinda, "I *do* pity her, after all. Women ought to sympathize with women. We should feel for the distresses of one another. Alas! she escaped from the nursery too early. Indeed, I pity her."

"Well, and so do I," said Miss Bempstead.

"Yes—yes; the poor child deserves our *pity*," murmured Miss Joliphant, and much to the relief of the poodle her hand was transferred from its ear to its glossy coat. A fit of amiability had come over her.

"Yes—yes; she is to be pitied!" said the ladies all.

"Her fate will be distressing!"

"Sorrow and tears!"

"Desertion!"

"Blighted hopes and a broken heart!" and a general sigh wound up the lamentations.

In the midst of all this sorrow and grief, a fine, clear, musical, bell-like voice was heard without, and the ladies all turned themselves about in their chairs, and endeavoured to make themselves look pleasant and agreeable, for that was a well-known voice which met their ears, the voice of her, the subject of their conversation—Victoria Varney.

She was addressing some of the domestics in the vestibule:—

"Let the mare be sent back to the stable," were her words. "Turn Juno and Neptune into the kennel again, and if Captain Vavasour should come or send, tell him I've changed my mind, and will not ride to-day." And presently her light fawn-like foot was heard upon the stairs, and in another moment she was in the midst of the interesting company, and saluting them all in turns. "Ah, my dear cousin Belinda, how do you do?—Miss Bumpstead, too!—and my *dear* Miss Joliphant! Well, I declare, I *never* saw you look half so well, nor half so youthful!—Miss Hopkins!—Miss Sparks!" and so she went on, shaking their hands familiarly, like a good-natured, wild romp as she was.

"You are welcome to town, Miss Varney," said Clarissa Sparks, who wished her a hundred miles away.

"*Well*-come, indeed!" rejoined Victoria. "It was horrid dull work to get through the day's twelve hours, in that old-fashioned house of my aunt's; fit dwelling-place only for the ghosts of my ancestors. *Well*-come, indeed! *Well*-come to gaiety and gladness. The soldiers are come, ladies! Do not your little hearts all leap at the idea of the soldiers? *Mine* does. You saw the regiments march in?"

"No;" replied Miss Joliphant, "a regard for female delicacy prevented us."

"Fiddlestick!" exclaimed Victoria. "How demure you all look; one might think you had each of you swallowed an ensign's flag-staff. Now, Miss Bempstead, it's no use for you to deny it; I saw you peeping at them from behind the curtains of your bed-room window."

"*I!*" shrieked the indignant lady. "It must have been my maid."

"What a set of hypocrites you are!" exclaimed the laughing Victoria. "You know that you'd give the world for one of those dear delightful fellows that came into town yesterday."

The friends were all shocked at this idea, and a muttered exclamation went the round of them.

"Miss Varney!" cried Belinda.

"O, my dear cousin," exclaimed Victoria, "down to the ground I bow before thy superior prudence and delicacy."

"It is a pity, cousin," said Belinda, "that you left the old country house of your aunt, where you were enjoying such excellent health, the air of this close town may not agree with you."

"Indeed," observed Miss Sparks, "it is reported that we have an epidemic here."

"I know it," replied Victoria. "'Tis the *scarlet* fever. It came into town this morning—will remain in town three weeks; attacks only the female sex—defies the doctor—and when its course is run, it will go out of town with the beat of drum!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Bathwyck, "I mean the atmosphere is unfavourable to health. Have you not found a most material difference in the very taste of the air?"

"*Taste* of the air!" echoed Victoria, with a smile. You may as well ask me if I feed upon air. My dear, dear cousin, do not you assume such airs before me. You and I were educated together, and we know one another's hearts pretty well. I remember the time when we never troubled ourselves about the air, but roamed about the mountains, enjoying the air, like two merry, wild, innocent, and happy creatures as we were."

"Ah, you have strong nerves, Miss Varney."

"I require no salts for my head, no kalydor for my complexion. I can gallop all the morning after the hunting horn, and all the evening to Weippert's harp. And where's the harm?"

"You are perfectly mad, cousin."

"Well, and 'there's a pleasure in being mad, which none but madmen know.' So dear ladies I kiss your hands. I am going to write a billet to my lover; you may, if you please, follow my example. If it does not please you so to do, why then sit still, like poor ridiculous prudes as you are, and sing the 'Fox and the grapes' in chorus!"

Thus saying, away the merry girl bounded, singing a scrap of the ballad which she had recommended to her interesting friends, and, for some minutes, her clear mellow voice continued to fall upon their ears.

CHAPTER II.

It was about a fortnight after the scene above described, when the amiable Miss Bathwyck received a very neat, pretty rose-tinted billet, to the following interesting effect:—

"DEAREST BELINDA,

"Meet me to-night by the little pavilion at the General Vernon's garden. I have bribed the gar and as the General and his daughter are from hom need be under no apprehension of an interruption. be there precisely at half-past seven. We can then mise about the elopement.

"Yours, till death, devotedly,

"AUGUSTUS VERNO

Strange to say, Miss Bempstead, Miss Sparks Joliphant, Miss Hopkins, and Miss Dawes, all re similar letters, the only difference being in the addre the signatures. And never were ladies more happy these were made by the receipt of these little e This may seem strange, considering their previous co but it is not more strange than true. "*Never t appearances.*"

It was in the autumn: and by half past seven o in the evening the sun had gone to rest, and ther remained that interesting "twilight," which lovers partial to, and poets dwell upon so much.

At the appointed hour, there was a gentle tap-tap garden gate, which instantly flew open, and closed d that Miss Bathwick had entered.

"Hush!" cried the gardener, and led the way to the pavilion, when, in low whispers, the gardene that a visitor was in the house, and that Miss Bat had better go into the pavilion, to prevent her being The lady acquiesced, and the gardener introduced the garden, and locked her in.

By this time two or three gentle taps had been upon the garden gate, and, with all convenient Miss Clarissa Sparks was ushered into the pavilion also locked in. When Miss Bathwick found son else approaching, and heard the rustling of petticoat at once concluded it was Victoria, and fearful of bei tected, she crept into a corner, and remained there as a mouse. And when the honest gardener intro Miss Hopkins to the pavilion, Miss Sparks followed Bathwyck's example; Miss B's. tremor very nat increasing. The next comer was Miss Joliphant; th Miss Bempstead; and the last Miss Dawes; all exp cing the greatest possible trepidation, and all wond what it would lead to, and when their adorers would to deliver them.

Presently, a soft low voice was heard. "Hist!" the exclamation.

There was no reply.

"*Vernon*!" breathed the same soft low voice.

"Here!" murmured Belinda, almost dead with

"*Trefusis*!" murmured the voice again.

"Here!" exclaimed Sophia Dawes.

"*Montmorency*!" said the voice again.

"This way!" lisped Clarissa Sparks.

"*Jervis*!"

Miss Bempstead, with palpitating heart, respond this.

"*Harrowby*!"

Here Miss Hopkins whispered a reply.

"*Corporal Joliffe* !"

"Thy faithful Dora!" and then there was an universal cry of "*hist* !"—the ladies putting their hands out to take their lovers, as they supposed. Suddenly a suppressed "*oh !*" broke simultaneously from the ladies, and there was an universal shiver.

"Oh dear !" shrieked Clarissa Sparks.

"And then arose a cry as shrill,
As shriek of goshawk on the hill."

The ladies found themselves already up to their ancles in water !—and now a splashing sound, as if from a fountain in full play, saluted their ears; and they felt the water still rising around them. Louder and louder were their outcries, for the darkness was increasing as well as the water; and then, in a moment of pause, a well known voice was heard carolling a scrap of the well known song:—

"A hungry fox one day did spy,
Fal lal lal la, &c."

And while the ladies stood wondering what this could possibly mean, the same well known voice exclaimed:—

"Lieutenant Vernon presents his compliments to Miss Belinda Bathwyck, and would keep his appointment if he could; but it happens unfortunately that he is otherwise engaged."

Suddenly a shutter was withdrawn, a window thrown open, and there, in a blaze of light, stood the madcap Victoria Varney—the author of all this mischief. The ladies now screamed louder than ever, for they perceived not only that Victoria was gazing upon them, but also that the water came rushing into the pavilion from a large aperture in the wall: and Victoria, compassionating them, exclaimed:—

"That will do, Barker: stop the engine—the ladies' imaginations are sufficiently purified."

And her order was immediately obeyed.

The situation of the ladies is soon explained. Victoria had addressed letters to each of them, in the names of the several officers then residing in the town, and received replies by a trusty messenger. She had carried on a correspondence with them, and had won from each something like a consent to an elopement, and now her revenge was complete.

"I hope, ladies," she observed, "that your indignation at the impropriety of my conduct is now sufficiently cooled to enable you to take a more just view of it; and I hope you will also allow that a fair open countenance, and a candid avowal of the truth, are not less 'decorous' than a hypocritical face, and an affectation of prudery. Barker! you may unlock the pavilion door.

The door was unlocked, when out rushed the discomfited ladies, casting the light of their beautiful countenances upon the gravel walks of General Varney's garden, and never looking up until they had got on the other side of the gate. What they said, or what they did after that, it is unnecessary to state. They saw no more, however, of Victoria Varney, for the next morning she became the bride of Captain Vavasour.

LINES TO AGNES.

Sad, pale young Agnes! what can make
Her spring of life so cold and bleak?
What grief her tongue in silence ties,
And at her heart for ever seeks;
Eats all the roses from her cheeks,
And drinks the soft blue of her eyes.

Two sabbaths gone they called it dead,
And since they took it from her sight,
She hath done naught but sob and sigh,
While not a tear-drop wets her eye;
For she hath wept by day and night,
Till the very spring of tears is dry.

In vain to her all words of hope
Till some at length in sadness said—
If sinful grief may be forgiven,
The heart by such affliction riven,
Before the passing year is fled,
She and her babe will meet in Heaven!

And now she sits beside the grave,
Her tearless eyes to heaven turning;
To heaven—but not, alas! in prayer,
Nor sees she if 'tis dark or fair,
So mute and passionless her mourning,
As even her grief unconscious were.

'Twere joy to see that changeless woe,
Some form of deeper anguish take;
To see once more the tearful rain,
To see her bosom swell again—
Swell as if her heart would break,
So we might know it felt it's pain.

But why do thoughtful tears again,
At sight of yonder rose tree start?
From that green grave that springs, and though
It o'er a still dead heart doth grow,
Hath root within some living heart—
Some living heart of love and woe!

Two infant roses 'mid the leaves,
Two bright young buds her glance have caught;
For while her infant breathed the air,
So oft 'twas called the rose-bud fair;
"And would'st thou not, oh God!" she thought,
"My own sweet bud of promise spare."

Even while the thought was in her heart,
A glistening angel came that way,
(It was a heavenly vision sent
To give the sorrowing heart content),
And gently from the parent spray
The brightest of the building rent.

We hope also to see him in the favourite pieces of *Babiole and Jobiet*, and the *L'homme Gris*, two of his best pieces.

PHILIPPE'S *Soirées Mysterieuses* here, have been more decidedly successful than we could have predicted, we knew him to be a clever *artiste*—indeed, surpassed by no one; but his success has thrown even DOBLER'S performance into the shade, the theatre being crowded on the nights of his performance even to overflowing; his feats are of a very peculiar character, and it is difficult to form any conception as to how they are done. A pencil case is put into a handkerchief, and this, before the audience, is turned into a small flag and staff, representing the union jack; and from this again proceeds hundreds and hundreds of similar flags. Coffee is made instantaneously from, apparently, nothing, and issues steaming hot from a silver vase; according to the ladies, who were many of them partakers of it, it was most excellent in quality. The "Magic Confectioner" also displays large quantities of liqueurs and bon bons to the audience; as M. PHILIPPE is most liberal in giving away his delicacies, many persons indeed, must get the value of their money back in bon bons, bouquets, coffee, and liqueurs. "*L'Arlequin Celebre*," a figure about six inches long, in a small box, is also introduced. His performance consists of some dancing, smoking a cigar, (which he did in the most approved style), and whistling the popular melodies of the day. The last feat, "*Les Bassins de Neptune*," is also one of the most extraordinary feats we have ever witnessed, several globes of gold and silver fish, and the whole produce of the farm yard seem to proceed from the person of the *artiste* without any mode of concealment. M. PHILIPPE is certainly the most expert of all the persons we have yet seen, his experiments being performed with remarkable neatness and finish.

DRURY LANE.—BALFE'S new opera of the *Enchantress* will be, perhaps, one of the most permanently successful of any of his operas, as it is full of melodies of a very pleasing character, and such as are adapted to become general favourites. The libretto is the production of M. ST. GEORGE and Mr. BUNN, and turns upon the romantic adventures of a pirate's daughter, *Stella* (ANNA THILLON), who loving a youth, *Sylvio* (HARRISON), employs her vast wealth and the services of her band to procure for him his rights, in being acknowledged King of Sicily, and he takes her then as the partner of his throne. Her constant and opportune appearance to release him from all his difficulties, induces him to believe she is an enchantress, from which the opera takes its name. ANNA THILLON is truly delightful in this opera, singing with all the lively and *piquante* grace of the French school, and enhancing her charming singing by her admirable acting. Her reception was enthusiastic in the extreme. In point of getting up, this opera is most beautiful; the scenery and appointments are of the most gorgeous description, and it is unquestionably the most brilliant spectacle Mr. BUNN has ever brought forward.

HAYMARKET.—The success of the new comedy of *Time Works Wonders* at this theatre, has been very great, the house being filled to overflowing every night that it is played. It is certainly one of the best wri comedies of modern times, the point and humour of dialogue, and the breadth and vigour displayed in fil out the characters render it a first rate play; and seld have we laughed or enjoyed any performance more t we have done the representation of this comedy; it is throughout capitally acted. FARREN'S old trunk ma is the perfection of *parvenu* vulgarity, whilst the touc feeling that he dashes off when he is told that his so probably dead, was a true artistic bit of acting. VES and CHARLES MATHEWS have parts out of which t eke a vast deal of humour. VESTRIS's description of marriage, and its consequent miseries on board ship, told with infinite point. The *ci-devant* school mistres Mrs. GLOVER is also a performance of much abili her constant querulousness and half complete enjoym as she feels that everything she possesses was very kin given to her, but that she should still have liked it ferent; that though she has the best bed room, she sho have liked another better; and her indignation as the p fessor likened her to grapes in the dried up raisin state laughable in the extreme. Miss FORTESCUE also pl most charmingly; and BUCKSTONE has a part of a co fighter turned valet, that is quite in his line, and provo universal laughter. WEBSTER has brought out the pi in excellent style; and we can promise our readers t they will find it one of the most amusing plays that been produced for many seasons.

DEATH.

Draw near my pillow when I die,
And hail me with a passing breath;
One look from thee—one gentle sigh,
Might wake the sombre sleep of death.

If on my pallid lips arise
A word of murmur or despair,
One trembling tear from those dear eyes,
Would drown a world of anguish there.

And if my drooping spirits faint,
Revive me with a kiss of love;
From mortal I should rise a saint,
And dwell with thee in realms above.

K. L. K.

STANZAS.

Ah! why should this immortal mind,
Enslaved by sense be thus confined,
And never, never rise?
Why thus amused with empty toys,
And soothed with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies!

The mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR JUNE, 1845.

PLATE THE FIRST.
HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA'S
GRAND FANCY BALL.

Portraits of Three of the English Nobility, in the Splendid Dresses to be worn on the occasion.

Fig. 1.—Boddice and train of rich brocade, the colour a bright azure blue, the narrow band which is laid round the train, at a little distance from the edge, is of a darker shade, the ornaments with which the train is looped back, are composed of pink topaz, richly set with diamonds, forming a centre, and the finest fillagree work in silver, in the form of wings. The boddice is trimmed with large pearls, and laced with a rich silver cord, the stomacher being of white satin; the sleeves reach nearly to the elbow, and have very deep ruffles of point lace: the trimming which heads the ruffles and the *nœuds* at each side the stomacher, are of the same shade of blue as the band on the train. Petticoat of rich white satin, brocaded with silver; girdle of pearls, the ends reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress. The hair is taken back from the forehead over a cushion, and is tied at the top with a ribbon the colour of the pink topaz, fringed with silver; the feathers are white; long curls flow on the shoulders. A narrow band of black velvet surrounds the throat, the clasp of pink topaz, set with diamonds.

Fig. 2.—A boddice and train of pink brocade, lined with Pomona green satin; the trimming which surrounds the train is a plaiting of plain rich silk of the same colour as the brocade (pale pink); the edges are stamped, and the trimming increases in width towards the bottom of the train: it is looped back with small plumes of feathers at a little distance from the waist; the boddice is trimmed to correspond; full stomacher of white satin; the sleeves have very deep ruffles, headed by a plaiting, and finished in the front of the arm by a small bow. Petticoat of rich white satin, having a deep flounce of point lace. Head-dress: white feathers and diamonds set in the form of roses; the hair taken back from the forehead; long curls falling on the shoulders.

Fig. 3.—A boddice and train of rich violet brocade, lined with white satin; the train is surrounded by a flat plaiting of point lace. Petticoat of rich satin; the colour a pale primrose, having a deep flounce of point lace, headed by a narrow one; the boddice is pointed and laced with silver cord; under boddice of primrose satin; the sleeves have deep ruffles of point lace looped in the front of the arm by a bow of satin, of a darker shade of primrose than the petticoat; a bow to correspond finishes the point of the boddice; the stomacher is formed by rubies set with diamonds in the form of small roses; a rich point lace falls over the shoulders and back of the boddice. Head-dress: the hair is taken back from the forehead over a small cushion; full curls at the sides, and on the shoulders; an ornament of gold wheat ears and diamonds is placed so that the diamonds lay on the forehead, and the wheat on the hair, which is turned back; a magnificent plume of feathers is placed on the left side, fastened by an ornament of rubies and diamonds.

PLATE THE SECOND,
Represents the *Dancers Viennoises.*

PLATE THE THIRD.

VISITING DRESS.

Fig. 1.—A dress of a splendid pink *barége*, striped crossways with small satin bands wove in the same material; the skirt is ornamented with two immense broad volants or flounces, finished round the lower edges with a broad pink silk *bouillion* fringe, headed with a narrow vandyke; these flounces are put on nearly plain, small French plaits allowing for the requisite fullness; the corsage is made high up to the throat, and fits close to the figure, headed with a double frill of light white vandyked lace, attached in the front with a tie of pale pink satin; long straight sleeves opening a little way up the lower part, and sufficiently short to shew the under fulled sleeve of white muslin, finished off round the hand with a row of lace. Scarf of pale green China *crêpe*, beautifully figured in a shawl pattern at each end, and finished with a deep green silk fringe. Capote of shaded pink ribbon, all excepting the crown, which is of plain silk, and which is also decorated with loops of ribbon put on in threes over the front part of the crown, the brim being fulled in three rows.

BALL DRESS.

Fig. 2.—This truly elegant costume is composed of rich white lace, worn over a very pale blue satin, the *jupe* being beautifully worked and trimmed with three flounces of the same, coming up into a point upon the front of the dress, the higher row being fastened under the point of the waist, where it is attached with an ornament composed of pale straw-coloured satin; tight low corsage; the deep fall of lace forming a *berthe* over the back, and a cape on each side of the front, shewing the under-chemisette of fulled white India muslin headed with a narrow inlet and lace; the sleeves are plain, and reach just to the elbow, which is entirely shaded with a deep row of lace *pareil* to that on the skirt; the hair arranged with a wreath of puffs composed of straw-coloured satin ribbon.

PROMENADE DRESS.

Fig. 3.—A *redingote* of dark blue *poult de soie*; the front of the skirt trimmed with large fancy velvet buttons, and a narrow vandyked trimming on each side, which is also continued round the edge of the lappels, which decorates the front of the corsage *à l'Amazone*; plain tight sleeves; chemisette of embroidered muslin. Scarf *mantelet* of shot peach-coloured silk, trimmed very prettily with three frillings of the same, edged with a narrow fringe, and headed with a narrow vandyke in gymp or silk, the top of the scarf forming a kind of pelerine to the pelisse.

the ends descending very low. Bonnet of white chip, lined with a straw-coloured *crêpe*, and decorated with a plume of white parrot's feathers.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of pale pink *glacé* silk, made in the redingote form, and decorated down the centre of the front with oblong pink fancy buttons; the *jupe* is made very full and long; corsage *à basque*, reaching high up to the throat, and perfectly plain; sleeves to match the lower parts, turning back, and being lined with pale pink satin, forming a kind of cuff to the sleeve, which is sufficiently short to show the under fulled sleeves of muslin, edged round with a narrow frill. Bonnet of white Italian chip, edged round the brim with folds or *rouleaus* of green satin; a beautiful green and white drooping plume entirely conceals the crown of the bonnet; *brides* and bow behind of striped green and white ribbon.

CONFIRMATION DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of rich white silk, made in the *blouse* form, the deep folds reaching up to the throat, and confined round the waist with a band of the same; tight plain sleeves, a large wide white veil, of either net or gauze lisse, falls over the head, and entirely envelopes the figure, being fastened to the hair with a wreath of perfectly white roses, without leaves.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of pale Nankin *poil de chevre*, the skirt trimmed round the lower part with three broad satin ribbons, the same colour as the dress, and put on at regular distances, perfectly straight and plain; high body, fulled into the waist and top band, the back part fitting tight to the figure; the short sleeves are composed entirely of small fullings, finished with a broad fall of white vandyked muslin, worked and concealing the elbow. Simple cottage bonnet of pale pink fancy straw, lined with white, and edged round the interior of the brim with very small narrow folds of pink *crêpe*, curtain and ribbon of pale green ribbon, crossed simply over the crown.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 4.—Dress of a rich lilac and peach shot *glacé* silk, the entire front of this costume being prettily decorated with straps of fancy gympe and buttons, gradually narrowing towards the waist; the corsage is made three parts high, and is also decorated with the same kind of ornament, only put on so as to form a downward point in the centre; this trimming surrounds the top of the neck, and the top part of the sleeve, forming a kind of round jockey, the lower part of the sleeve being made perfectly plain, the wrists being decorated with *manchettes* of deep white lace; the waist *à point;* chemisette of embroidered muslin, with small square collar to match. Capote of *paille dé riz*, the crown decorated with a long white ostrich feather, the tip of the feather being lightly twisted, the crown trimmed with *nœuds* of white gauze ribbon.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress of green satin; the corsage *à l'A zone*; the sleeves plain and tight, having a small cu black lace turned back towards the elbow, and a w lace ruffle falling over the hand; the skirt is immen long and full, and has four tucks run in the satin at e distances; at the head of each tuck, except the top is a row of black lace set on quite plain. Shawl of same material as the dress, the corners in front round two rows of black lace, quite plain, are placed round shawl, which is of a very large size. Bonnet of *paill riz*; the brim open, and falling low at the ears; the t ming is composed of white satin and blonde; a s green wreath is placed towards the bottom of the cro and a long feather droops on the left side; the interio the bonnet is ornamented by pale roses and a light foli

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Dress of pink *poult de soie;* the cor half high, and open nearly to the waist, which is long, and rounded in the front; the sleeves are plain, very long, and are open at the back of the arm, the ners being rounded, the bottom of the sleeve is trim with a fulling of the same material; under sleeve of c bric; the skirt is very long and full, and is trimmed *tablière*, with a kind of fulling plaited, the same rounds the neck of the corsage, and three rows are pla at equal distances at the bottom of the front brea Capote of very pale pink *crêpe*, full at the edge; on left side of the crown is a bunch of roses, without foli surrounded by a very light blonde, and at the right s placed very low, is a bow add ends of a splendidly sha gauze ribbon; the interior has no cap or flowers.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Dress of plaided *sylphide;* the corsage high, opening nearly to the waist, and displaying a ri worked chemisette of cambric, finished at the throat b *rûche;* the waist is long and pointed; half-long slee having a narrow *rûche* round the top of the arm, wh gives the appearance of a small epaulette, and is finis with the same at the bottom; full under sleeve of camb a worked ruffle falling over the hand. The skirt is long and extremely full; the neck of the corsage is rounded by a *rûche* or fulling, which is carried down centre of the skirt; from each side of the point is brou another row of fulling *en tablière*, slightly rounding wards the bottom. Capote of white *crêpe*, the brim ceedingly open; a bow of striped *crêpe* ribbon is pl low at the left side of the crown; above this is a magn cent flower, from which is carried a beautiful half-wre of small flowers and foliage; the interior of the brim flowers to correspond.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

HOME COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—This dress is made in the *redingote* form, is to open the whole way up the front, and turning b on each side of the front with rounded facings, gradu narrowing upwards, and headed with a very narrow *ri*

of plaited fancy trimming; this trimming forms a continuation to the one on the corsage, which is open, and allows of the gymp to be seen, which is composed of fullings of muslin and lace inlet; the rounded *jockeys* and edges of the lower part of the fancy sleeve decorated to match; under-sleeve of *percale*, surrounded at the lower part with a row of broad lace. Head-dress of white lace falling in a kind of half-handkerchief point on each side, and intermixed with a pretty cherry-coloured ribbon.

PROMENADE DRESS.

Fig. 2.—A dress of a rich pale pink silk *glacé*; the skirt made perfectly plain, and of an immense fullness, and rather long at the back; tight pointed corsage; the top part being trimmed with a *biais*, forming a small cape to the dress, and descending in the front (where it joins) to the lower part of the dress; small rounded *jockeys* trimmed with a double narrow piping; the sleeves reach about half way down the elbow, and are cut in a kind of wave round the edge; bordered with a narrow *biais*, finished with a satin button. Rich black lace scarf lined with a pink gauze chemisette of fulled muslin and lace inlet, reaching close up to the throat, and finished with a narrow white lace. Bonnet of white satin, having a fold of *crêpe lisse* round the edge of the brim; the crown decorated with two white ostrich plumes.

EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—A dress of pale primrose-coloured satin; the skirt trimmed in the tunic form with puffings or fullings of *crêpe lisse* the same colour as the dress, and disposed in two rows in a fanciful manner; this trimming is continued also at the edge of the double pointed cape on the corsage, which is open in front, shewing the under muslin gymp, and also twice round the top of the plain sleeves, which fit close to the arm, and reach to a little below the elbow, where it is decorated in the same style. We may here remark that the capes form the point of the waist, and are closed half way up the centre of the front. Head-dress *à la Flamanole*, of broad goffered lace, and decorated on one side with a large blue shaded rose, from which ascends a small wreath of leaves attached on the opposite side with lappets of lace.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1845.

Summer fashions are now in all their *eclât*, and our plates will testify as to the truth of this assertion. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, when we consider that every year adds to the improvement of manufactured articles intended for the use of a ladies toilette, as well as other things. The constant inventive genius of our native *modistes*, are also brought into greater requisition, in order to select and arrange the different novelties, now more than ever brought under their notice. But let us, without further digression, give some account of what has been doing since our last number appeared; and first

Robes de Chambre.—A new style of *robe de chambre* has just offered itself to our notice; the corsage is not, in fact, seperate from the skirt, the seams being part of the shoulder-pieces, which is narrowed as well in the front, as in the back, straight down to the waist, something like a man's over-coat; a *cordélière* fastens the dress round the waist, the top part of the corsage being *à piece*, allows of its resting open so as to show the chemise *à la Suissesse*, which is worn underneath, the front part being beautifully plaited, all the fullings being taken into a band, headed with a straight Valenciennes, and which fits close round the throat, in order to give it a more graceful appearance. We sometimes see a ribbon passed under the inlet, making a small rosette in the front. The sleeves of this dressing gown are made wide, with facings *à la bonne sœur*, the material, *Mousseline de laine*, of a dark colour, such as dark blue or emerald green, lined with a light colour, such as a yellow, orange, or cerise, the material also *Mousseline de laine;* the skirts are left open, showing an under petticoat of *percale*, trimmed with a broad flounce *à tete festonné*.

Dresses.—The newest description of costume, are those dresses made of *barège imprimé*, in large shaded Arabesque designs; the corsage formed *busqué*, a quarter high and fulled; *manches d'été*, being an entire new style of sleeve, it is gathered twice into the cuff, enlarging towards the lower part of the wrist, where, instead of its being fixed like the sleeves, *à la russe*, it is allowed to be at liberty, and is terminated with a broad *feston* of silk, in the same colours as the dress. Under sleeves of inlet, and fullings of tulle filling up the hollows of the upper sleeves, three broad flounces decorating the skirt.

Les Couleurs Changeantes, sparkling in the morning sun, or in a brilliant evening light, are now most in favour, being adopted for *négligé* costume, as well as sought after for full-dress. Stuffs of the richest description, *brochée*, are generally of dark and changeable colours; those plain, of three or four colours, which are intermixed in a manner so contrary, as always, however, to have a pleasing effect to the eye. Those dresses composed of silks, figured *à lignes pyramidales*, are generally made up perfectly plain, but then this excessive simplicity, is done away with by the excessive width of the skirt, which has nine or ten breadths, allowing of the back part being *à train*, having a most graceful appearance; others are decorated with a very broad flounce, edged with a fancy gymp, or two or three flounces, edged with a fringe. Velvet is also still used for trimmings, it is put on in a number of rows, the upper one being within four fingers width of the waist, and gradually diminishing in width, whilst we also see it used for seperating flounces of black or white lace.

Visiting Dresses.—The most fashionable materials for this style of dress is the *poil de chèvre*, the *tissus memphis*, or fancy silks; the form of these dresses merit some little attention, the corsage being extremely long waisted, and a little stiffened, a turn-over facing, or *revers*, encircles the top of the body in the form of a lengthened heart, a kind of notch is *incisé* in the front of each shoulder. This *revers*, which somewhat reminds one a little of the costumes of Francis the 1st time, is remarkable for its graceful appearance, as it leaves the contour of the throat free and open, and allows of those

pretty little fancy articles (the lengthened handkerchief) to be worn; they are placed inside the dress, the straight turn-over part of the *fichû* being beautifully embroidered and encircled with a rich lace, which partly shades the facings upon the dress. We must here remark, that laces of every description are much in demand for the trimming of dresses.

Cape Mantelets are still much worn, particularly those which show the form of the waist, back and front. These capes have long broad ends in the front, reaching up as high as the waist, resembling a scarf, the body of the cape being fulled upon a straight band, three rows of a fancy trimming forming a *falbalas*, is put slantways upon the lower part of the ends, and encircles the scarf, which is likewise fulled in at the top of the waist. We have remarked that the broad fringed ribbons, are also used for the trimming of these capes, as well as a new style of *dentelles de velours*, made in white, black, or the same colour as the silk of which the mantelet may be composed. Several very pretty mantelets have also made their appearance, made of white silk. They are particularly adapted for young ladies, whilst others prefer those made of muslin, beautifully embroidered, trimmed with a Valenciennes lace, put on quite plain, or organdy, decorated with frillings, put on in a wavy form, or fullings, with coloured ribbons passed through. We have also remarked several composed of *barège*, embroidered with braids.

Straws.—Those of an open appearance are very pretty when trimmed with an *écharpe bluet*, and lined with *gros de Naples*, of the same colour as the scarf. Those white plats are much in vogue for the country, as well as those mixed green and lilac; they are principally decorated with a drooping long marabout. We may here remark, that although Italian straws are still much worn, that the open-worked straws obtain the preference, particularly for a fancy toilette, being decorated with a branch of beautiful flowers, *nouée* solely with a broad ribbon velvet, of a darkish colour, or a small wreath of daisies, or violets of two shades, put on between two rows of lace, or what is simpler, leaves of ribbon, of two colours, blue or green, the first leaf being either of very dark blue or green, the opposite end of the wreath being shaded off quite light, into the palest of both colours; the interior of the brim is always trimmed with a profusion of tulle and ribbons, particularly those bonnets of the *Paméla* form, the ears being so open on each side.

Materials.—We may cite as among the most *distingué*, the *gros d'Isly* of every colour *glacés*, the *Pékins Malaquites*, green *glacé* white or brown, Italian silks of an immense width, intended for those dresses having three tremendous broad flounces. Also those *guipure* silks, the grounds of which are of a light colour, over which is designed a kind of white lace pattern. The *taffetas ombrés*, in different stripes and shades, some of which are placed athwart, of a very distinguished character. Then we have those elegant *camaieux* and Pompadour silks, and lastly, the *Mousselines de cachmeire*, *les batistes des Indes*, *les barèges*, *brochés*. We must not omit mentioning *les robes pyramidales*, which are striped, and whose colours graduate from the lower edge of the dress up to the waist. Then, again, those which are decorated with perpendicular stripes, the centre one being of a dark colour, shaded off light at each edge, whilst several have lately appeared, having the stripes raised, and *à carreaux*. Nothing can be more elegant (as a light texture) than those *Mousselines de Smyrne*, the ground of an azure blue, over which is *jeté un sable d'argent*, or others in *mauve*, green, or *ponceau*, figured with a brown foliage, forming a column of boughs.

Home Dresses are of a very rich description, and made in lilac or pearl grey silk; if the former, they are trimmed round the skirt with four *volants* of black lace, each divided by a narrow wreath, embroidered likewise in lilac silk, and intermixed with points of lace, executed in black silk. *Cannezout* also of black lace; those in pearl grey are decorated with white lace, and embroidered in grey and white; when trimmed with flounces, they are of a very great width, and have headings either formed of a fulling, a *chicorée*, or a ribbon plaited. But the most elegant and novel style of dress, are those entirely trimmed with fringed ribbons, put on at distances, resembling the trimmings *à la Ninon*, and ascending to the middle of the skirt. These ribbons are either shaded in themselves, or put on so as to form a series of shades, such as a dress of lilac, shot with white, the ribbon on the lower edge of the skirt being a rich violet colour, and gradually shading upwards into quite a pale shade. *Cannezout* of embroidered muslin.

Morning Caps.—This is an article of dress much in request at the present moment, uniting the most beautiful embroidery and lace, with the choicest selection of laces. Those named *à la Jeannette*, are very pretty, formed of a very short lappet, raised over each ear with a *pompon* of pink ribbon. Those called *à la Jardinière*, having a round crown in lace, with a lace *posée* flat upon the edge, and on the top of it a wreath of small *coques* of pink and green ribbon intermixed. Then, again, we have those *à la châtelaine*, of a more simple appearance, forming a kind of *demi-veil* on each side; and the *régence* cap, with its double *papillon*, attached with fringed ribbons, and trimmed so as partly to raise them. The bonnet *à la Sainte Cécile*, is also a favourite style of morning cap. Ribbons are much used for the decorating of all styles of caps, they are of a single colour, but gradually shaded, ten degrees lighter for instance, from a deep cerise to a pale pink, or a Prussian blue, lightening to the palest blue. Then, again, the Russian green, shading off to an apple green, the Parma violet diminishing to a light lilac.

Bonnets.—Every day brings forth some fresh novelty in the shape of out-door costume, and in no other article more than bonnets, which offer so great a variety as to be almost undistinguishable; for instance, we see some made of *crêpe vert-naissant*, and ornamented with an English *appliqué* lace, and beautiful foliage. Those in *tulle*, or *crêpe-lisse*, are also admired for their simplicity, ornamented solely with a *choux* of ribbon, the *brides* crossed, and what is very much admired, the *crêpe orseille* and the

raisin vert. The most favourite style of feathers are the *saules-marabouts*, spotted with blue or pink; also, the *saules tombants*, divided with bunches of tips of marabout feathers. Those hats made of a deep rich-coloured *crêpe*, are much in favour, decorated with three *rûches* of *tulle*, the same colour as the bonnet, only in rather lighter shades, under the brim. Then, again, we have those made of the same light texture, edged with satin folds, covered with white *tulle*; there is no curtain worn with this style of hat, but two projections, put on apart, and placed at the back part of the bonnet; a wreath of the Alpine fern decorates this hat.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

At last the summer seems to have set in with sufficient warmth to enable our *élégantes* to appear in what may be termed decided summer costumes. Our fair subscribers will find in our plates a variety of models worthy of their imitation. We hasten, in addition, to give them such intelligence as, we flatter ourselves, will be found worthy of their notice, and gratifying to their several tastes and styles of dress.

Capotes.—White capotes are much in fashion, the most remarkable being decorated with large *peonys*, bunches of dahlias, and Turkish roses. We may also cite as being much in request, bouquets of *roses du roi*, clusters formed of the *absynthe*, and thistles half blooming, wreaths of the *liserous* and clematris, and *nœuds* formed of the Easter daisies. For a morning, several very pretty capotes are in great demand, composed of lilac *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with three rows of tulle all round the brim; a *rûche* of silk encircling the crown; capotes of *illusion* tulle, fulled with a kind of inlet of straw, and ornamented with grapes, and lilac and straw-coloured ribbon, are also much in favour. A very pretty *négligé* style are those having the front part composed of straw, and the crown of silk, called *à la bonne femme*; the sole ornament being a bunch or branch of the blue corn flowers; for *demi-toilettes*, those made in *crêpe* are most in vogue, being considered by far the most becoming. For morning wear, they are made in very dark colours, and trimmed with fringed ribbons, the prettiest colour being the wild violet; the fringe a pale lilac.

Demi-Toilettes.—Several very elegant *peignoirs* have lately appeared, compesed of white *barège*, and *doublés* with a pale pink *Florence*, trimmed with a rich *passementerie*; others of light-coloured *tarlatans* are extremely pretty when encircled with lace, and worn with a scarf of the same; the bodies of these dresses are made very low with sleeves *à la Georgette*, that is *demi-longues*, and when not decorated with lace, *rûches* of tulle are generally worn round the top of the corsage, and the lower part of the sleeves.

Trimmings for Ball Dresses.—Our young Queen, who is as much remarked for her great taste as for her elegance, has brought flowers now much into fashion for the trimmings of this kind of costume. We have been favoured with a sight of one or two intended for her Majesty, being composed of wreaths forming *montants* for the front of a dress, or the two sides of a tunic; they are arranged in a variety of clusters, and formed very small near the waist, enlarging gradually towards the lower part of the skirt, having a very pretty effect when made in white grapes and vine leaves, the stems of which are composed of diamonds.

Paille de Riz.—The most favourite style of trimming these kind of hats, are with the *oiseau de paradis* feathers, and those fashionable ribbons *à cinq nuances*. When flowers are used, they are of a very light appearance. We have seen some remarkably elegant bunches of grapes made of *crêpe* of all colours, and intermixed with different sorts of leaves used for decorating this kind of bonnet. Then we have those which are sewn and ornamented with vine leaves, describing a kind of running wreath all round the crown as well as the brim. One of the newest descriptions in this kind of hat, are those lined in the inside of the front with white *crêpe*, trimmed with white ribbons doubly fringed, and decorated with a coronet of feathers composed of the partridge and the tail feathers of the peacock.

Chapeaux Guipure.—This novelty is well worthy the attention of our fair readers. It is a kind of open silk material, and is as light and as delicate as lace; these bonnets are lined either with silk, gauze, or tulle, giving it as rich an appearance as a silk, and as graceful as the *paille de riz*.

Morning Walking Dresses.—We cannot cite a prettier style of dress, than those made in *glacé* silk; the corsage high, and fulled upon the shoulder and into the waist, which is round, and confined with a band and buckle. *Amadis* sleeves, trimmed upon the top part with two narrow festooned frillings; the skirt decorated with six flounces, put on rather apart, of the same width, and *festonnés à crêtes de coq;* then, again, a *robe d'écorce d'arbre*; the corsage, although somewhat high, yet not sufficiently so to hide the perfect contour of the throat, fulled into the waist; sleeves *à la Georgette bouillonnées*, and descending as low down as the elbow, terminated with small *engageantes* in embroidered muslin, headed with a plain Valenciennes *fichûs à petit col rebattu*. The skirt being trimmed with three folds put on at equal distances in the same manner as the flounces.

Surtouts.—This most convenient and elegant appendage to a lady's out-door costume, and which is particularly adapted for travelling, somewhat resembles the *polverini* which was worn by the ladies of Naples and Palermo in 1760; the sleeves are made wide, with raised facings *à la Bonne sœur*; the corsage large, high, and *écourté*; a perfectly simple *capuchon*, or a small pelerine, forms the collar, descending only as far as the fall of the shoulders, somewhat resembling the cloaks, and giving to the dress a light appearance, being made of silk.

Black Lace Shawls are now all the rage; they are of an immenss size, and perfectly square. Scarfs are also much in request, of sufficient width to form a kind of upper dress, particularly when it is fulled in at the waist.

TOILETTES DE VILLE.—Some of these elegant costumes are composed of Italian silk of a blue shade shot with grey; *à deux jupes*, the under one being made long and quite plain, and the upper one of an open tunic form, reaching as low as the knee, and trimmed all round, as well as the two sides of the front with a black lace; the corsage plain and high, the point of the waist being rounded; the pelerine does not reach lower than the waist, and is likewise trimmed with a black lace; *sleeves à la religieuse*, having a broad facing edged with lace; *sous-manches* of muslin and lace ruffles; others are made in the *caméléon* silks, and trimmed upon the front of the skirt with a double facing *dentelé*, and edged with a narrow cut *rûche*; plain corsage, made high upon the shoulders, and opening three parts up the front; a small cape forms a kind of facing upon the body, and is similarly bordered with a *rûche*; plain sleeves with open *jockeys*, bordered with a *rûche guipure* of fulled muslin.

MANTELETS are of two principal forms, one so immensely deep and wide, as to give one the idea of its being an upper skirt, and the other so small as merely for the point to reach to the edge of the waist, so as to give an elegant *tournoure* to the figure; the first we mentioned have the front ends formed in the shape of a scarf, trimmed with a straight or festooned *falbalas à dentes rondes*, very long, but very little indented, giving it more the appearance of being waved than really *festonnées*; we need not add that the two or three volants with which the cape is trimmed are all made in the same style. When made in light coloured silks *glacée*, a twist forming a fancy heading is put on to the edge of the *falbalas*; whilst those composed of black or dark-coloured silks are decorated with broad black laces. These mantelets are made very wide. the seam over each arm forming a kind of curved line, and, consequently, resembling in appearance a kind of half-sleeve.

LE MANTELET POLONAISE.—This kind of mantelet, which has the advantage of not being very common, descends sufficiently low to touch the lower volant of the dress, and being fulled in the waist, forms a kind of *demi-jupe*; these gathers are concealed by an immense cape, trimmed like the rest of the *mantelet* with lace; it is generally made of sombre colours and *glacées* for a walking dress; those worn of an evening being, on the contrary, of light colours, and decorated with three rows of ribbon velvet *en échelle*, and trimmed with a broad fringe.

DES CORSAGES HOLLANDAIS.—The late cold weather has brought back velvet bodies after the above fashion; the corsage is fastened up the front as far as the throat, and is cut pointed and *à basques* upon the hips, where it is laced, forming a *caraco* at the back. Tight sleeves; open up a certain height in the inside of the arm, and likewise laced; a small square collar can be attached to the top of the corsage.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS for the present month are of every hue; we may, however, observe that grey has completely usurped the place of black, particularly for a morning toilette.

HER MAJESTY'S BAL COSTUME.

The period, of which alone the dress is to be worn at the approaching *fête*. happens, unfortunately, to be one of the dullest and most hum-drum that perhaps could have been selected in English history. The dress to be worn—and none but Highland gentlemen of course, will wear it—at the Queen's Palace on the 6th of June, must be the same in character as what was to be seen in 1745 at the balls of Holyrood House. The jacket should be of velvet or fine cloth, with large loose cuffs, and a flapped waistcoat, most frequently of scarlet cloth, which, as well as the jacket, may be enriched with gold or silver lace and button holes. There are good authorities for a doublet instead of a jacket, made somewhat in the shape of the long waistcoat with sleeves now worn by grooms in undress. In this case the cuffs should be like those of the jacket, and the doublet shorter than the vest by some two or three inches. The buttons are entirely matter of taste; but the best specimens we have seen are of the basket-work pattern, either of gold or silver twist, or of metal to imitate it. There are two modes of disposing of the tartan portions of the dress, and both, we conceive, equally correct. In the one case, that of the *Breacan Fheile* or belted plaid, the kilt and plaid were composed of one piece; in the other the *Fheile beg* or little kilt, the kilt was made separately, and the plaid worn over the shoulder. In either it was fastened with a brooch, in which much magnificence was commonly displayed. The period when the change to the *Fheile beg* took place is not certain, but we think there can be no doubt of its having been in use in 1745. The ordinary method of wearing the hair was unpowdered, and plaited at the back into the form known as a "club." Some, who affected the courtier, adopted the powdered peruke and the bag. Prince Charles wore his own hair without powder. The bonnet was round, and, in the more Highland districts, cocked. The stock for the neck was of white cambric. Ruffled shirts are quite in keeping. The hose ought to be of the same *set* as the tartan, and the garters striped. The shoes of the period, with buckles, square toes, and red heels. Varnished leather ought to be carefully eschewed.

MC MICHAEL'S SILK RESTORATIVE.—The Inventor of this truly unique preparation has forwarded us a piece of silk, part of which is dirty, and the remainder cleaned. We think it a very great desideratum, and cannot fail to be useful to the ladies, for whom it is intended.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"*To Leila*," inadmissible.

"*Louisa's*" tale is interesting, but certainly not original; we must consequently decline it.

"B. R.;" received and accepted.

"S. D.;" certainly in our next.

LONDON:
J. B. BELL, PRINTER, 299, STRAND.

Three of the English Nobility,

In the Dresses to be worn at Queen Victorias Royal Ball Costume.

on the 6th of June 1845.

Pas Berger — Dansé par les 36 jeunes danseuses Viennoises. — Pas Hongrois

Sauvage. — Postillon. — Paysanne. — Marquise.

dans UN BAL D'ENFANS.

Confirmation Dress

(4)

The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1845 Morning Dresses.

The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1845 Morning & Evening Dresses.

THE WORLD OF FASHION,

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1845.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A FLEMISH LEGEND.

" Can misery no place of safety know,
The noise pursues me wheresoe'er I go,
As fate sought only me."

DRYDEN.

In a German town, not far from the banks of the Rhine, resided two brothers, of the name of Van-Buck, who were regarded, and with truth, too, as the most skilful engravers in the district.

They habitually spent almost every evening with an old goldsmith, their neighbour, and particular friend. This good man, who was called Thomas Hermann, received them in his back parlour, seated at the side of his fire, with a large pipe in his mouth.

The evenings spent between these three persons were not the most animated; the two brothers being naturally of a taciturn disposition, whilst the goldsmith, although his eye was lively and bright, abandoned his thoughts so completely to the interests of his trade, that even in his hours of recreation, his mind was thus pre-occupied. Nevertheless, the friends met, and loved each other the more, because their dispositions were alike. It was rare, indeed, in passing Hermann's shop in the evening, not to perceive across the glass door that divided the two apartments, the heads of the three associates, seated around a table on which stood a lamp, and generally a large pot of beer.

One evening, Hermann appeared less abstracted, and gayer than usual.

"What is the matter?" asked the brothers, with one accord. "There is joyful news inscribed upon your countenance."

"My good friends," said the worthy goldsmith, "my daughter leaves the convent to-morrow. Her education is completed; and thus you see me, my worthy friends, and dear neighbours, in so joyous a mood, that I could get up and dance willingly upon the table."

The brothers pressed affectionately the old man's hand, and the remainder of the evening was spent in talking of Miss Madeline! The pot of beer was replaced by a well sealed bottle of old wine, and Hermann made his friends promise that they would come to dinner the next day.

They failed not in their appointment. Clothed in their choicest garments, and with more than ordinary attention to their toilet, they betook themselves at the setting of the sun to their old friend's, and in a few moments after were seated at dinner, with the young girl, timidly blushing, seated between them.

But the dinner, in despite of the efforts of the goldsmith, was silent and heavy. After the first ebullition of the old man's gaiety had passed away, he contented himself with looking at, and smiling fondly upon, his dear and much loved child. The brothers, with countenances reserved and cold, were more than ordinarily taciturn.

When the hour for parting came, the brothers returned home, and went to bed without saying a word to each other, contrary to their usual custom, which was to chat upon the events of the day, and as they slept in the same chamber to prolong their conversations, oftentimes long after midnight.

The two brothers loved each other ardently. Their tastes were alike. They were always together—whether at the promenade, the dance, or the chace, which they enjoyed beyond all other amusements—they were never apart. They equally excelled at their business, and such a complete unity of interest was there between them, that often the name of one was inscribed upon the work of the other. And then, with regard to their appearance, one would have said that the face of one was the model upon which the countenance of the other was sculptured. Never was there so exact a resemblance of mind and body, character and constitution, seen under Heaven. It was then very astonishing that they now appeared to shun each other's looks and conversation.

Their conduct had mortified their good neighbour. Many nights passed thus, although each perceived that the other slept not, by the aid of the moon that brightly, though chastely, illuminated the apartment. It was evident that they had both received, and at the same moment, a heavy blow—they both loved Madeline.

An entire week thus elapsed, during which time they

had not once clasped each other's hand, as was their daily wont. A stubborn silence reigned in their workshop, and each leaning over his plate of copper, raised not for a moment his head.

On the last day of this sad and trying week, old Hermann was seated in his parlour, conversing with his daughter.

"I thought you told me, my dear father," said the latter, "that we should see the two Van Bucks every evening."

"Alas!" replied the goldsmith, "I fear their friendship is fled, as they have not been here for the last eight days. Their conduct is most singular, and I cannot account for it."

"I must be the cause," said Madeline; "as it is since my return they have ceased to visit you."

At these words, pronounced with great simplicity, the old man became thoughtful and silent.

"Oh! my child," cried he, at length, pressing the soft and polished hand of his daughter to his withered lips, "the nuns have, doubtless, taught you to detest love, but have they taught you how to resist it?"

Madeline made no reply, but smiled fondly upon her father.

"Your smile is sweet, my little angel. It is sweet even as honey. Grant, oh! my God, that it may never change to bitter tears."

"Oh! my father," replied the simple maiden, "talk not thus gloomily. Whilst with you, I can never be unhappy."

At this moment, the two brothers appeared at the door. Madeline modestly retired at their approach.

"We have seen your daughter, Hermann, and have lost our peace of mind and former happiness. In our dreams we have betrayed our secret to each other. Speak, now, frankly to us. Will you accept of one of us for your son-in-law? Then ask her which she prefers, and whichever it may be, she shall become his legitimate bride. We have magnificent patronage, and our workshop is filled with orders. Let us, now, hear your decision?"

The goldsmith held out a hand to each.

"I ask you for three days to consider," he said; "is that too long? You are both in love, and I see it."

"It is but too true," replied the brothers; "we passionately love your daughter, but it would be a woeful waste of time to love without the hope of inspiring her with a corresponding sentiment."

In the evening the beautiful Madeline was interrogated by her father, and she stated to him the object of her choice.

The next day, the old man sent to his two young friends a letter thus worded:—

"My daughter has seen you both. She will receive Robert as a husband, and Henry as a brother. I trust this avowal which I have had considerable difficulty in drawing from her, will be received by you as it ought to be. Your old friend awaits you, in order that he may clasp in his arms his entire family."

These noble and devoted brothers had resolved betw themselves, that when one was accepted, the other w withdraw his claims for ever. Alas! such was the c pact they agreed to before they knew their fate. He who first took the letter of the goldsmith to re aloud, was unable to finish it; he laid it upon the t and becoming pale as death, fell back in his chair.

Notwithstanding, the brothers continued to liv gether in good fellowship. They even betook thems according to their old custom every evening, to the parlour of the goldsmith's, the happy lover conve with his mistress. Henry forced himself calmly to ness their joy, his excessive paleness alone evincin interior struggle.

One day, that the two brothers were indulging i pleasures of the chase, they stopped at the entrance wood fatigued by their walk, and extended thems upon the grass.

"Robert," said Henry Van Buck, "I have silent for a long time, and I must now lay open t my soul. It is impossible that I can consent to marrying Madeline."

"My dear brother," replied Robert, "is it thus you fulfil the laws of honour?"

"I know that I am a defaulter to these laws," Henry, pale with agony, "and I have reflected lon deeply 'ere I determined to speak to you on this su But look at me. I no longer live. Daily, I fe strength decreasing, and the little blood that I ha my veins, is boiling and burning away my ver strings."

"I see it," replied Robert, "and think you not my sorrows and sufferings are, to see you reduced t extremity? Alas! in looking upon you I have lo my joy. But where's the remedy?"

"There is no remedy my beloved brother," Henry, "and I have but one wish which I entreat to grant me. Do not marry that young girl until dead!"

"Dead!" cried Robert.

"Yes, my dear Robert, it must be so. I c you to give me your solemn word; and if ——"

"No, my beloved brother—no, you must not di in your despair. If you wish, I shall make you a mise which freezes my blood to think of."

In saying these words, Robert looked earnestly brother—he saw the paleness of death overspre lips.

"My dearest Henry," cried he, "rather than you thus to perish, I will yield to you my rights. her I pray you, and I will quit the country."

"Marry her!" cried the other in a frenzy. " you transfer to me her love for you, as well as yi me your rights. No—no; one of us must die," he in a deep and saddened voice. His hand tremble he grasped the handle of the knife which he carried hunting belt.

"Yes," said Robert, "our destiny is one of bitt and sorrow."

They both mechanically arose.

"There is but one means left," said Henry.

They both drew their knives, and placed themselves in a posture of defence. But accustomed to fence with each other, and knowing so well the manœuvres of each, they fought with fury for one entire hour; their brains became maddened, their looks wild and haggard, and from time to time they were obliged to rest, overcome by fatigue, and overpowered by various wounds.

During one of those pauses, they heard the drums announcing the citizens' return into the town. It was the hour at which many a time they had returned home together, affectionately discoursing; whether gay or sad, still they poured their secret thoughts into each other's ear. It was the hour when covered with dust, and fondly leaning on each other they were wont to return after their day's chase, rejoicing in the past, and anticipating a happy future.

All their youth, and all their affection, spread itself before their eyes at this moment.

The sun was setting—his last rays were glistening through the waving branches of the surrounding trees, and shed a rich coat of gold on the earth, which was covered with dry leaves; the dews of evening were gently descending, and the feathered choristers announced the approach of night.

Robert turned his head, and saw in the distance the clock of his native town, bursting through the mists of evening. His soul was harrowed; he advanced a step towards his brother, holding out his hand. But a mortal weakness seized him; he leant against a tree—his head drooped, and he fell to the earth.

Henry contemplated with horror the last efforts of his brother to recover life; he wished to walk towards him, but found himself unable; weakened by loss of blood, upright and immoveable, he staggered as an intoxicated man would.

These twin brothers had a mother, who loved them tenderly. At the bottom of the valley a vague and indistinct form appeared to move and advance towards them. It ascended the hill, and scarcely had it approached, when the sons recognized their mother.

At the moment when this spectre became visible and was recognized, Henry, who was standing, by a supreme effort quitted the spot to which he had been previously nailed, and threw himself into the arms of Robert, who was gasping on the ground. Thus these unhappy brothers, covered with blood, and bathed with tears, expired in a last, fond, and deathlike embrace.

BELINDA.

CHARADE.

My first the glow of sunset yields,
My second's wild in all the fields;
My third is a part of a musical note,
And my *tout* of all towns is the most remote.

M.

A LEVANTINE ISLANDER'S TALE.

None care—few question—whence I came,
And scarce in other tongues a name
Hath the small cove, or islet bay,
Wherein my father's boat would lay
Safe moored, whene'er he stayed at home;
For oftenest on the wave's white foam,
Far from the wife he loved, and me,
For days together he would be:
Well that I knew not what to gain,
His daring spirit sought the main;
Else might the shadow of my lot
Taint my lone mem'ry of the spot,
Which now, o'er all my path of gloom,
Rays bright, through darkness drawn, illume.

Thence trace I why my earliest thought
Should be of scenes unceasing fraught,
Which yet I never looked upon,
Through manhood come—or youth long gone;
But wakeful on my mother's breast,
My roving eye would turn and rest
On quiet mountains, faintly blue,
On waves as beautiful of hue;
Which soothed my ear with surgy cry,
And mingled with my lullaby.

Come once again—come once again,
Thou past, as Eden, void of pain,
Till in beguiling dreams I stand,
Barefooted on the golden sand:
And see my mother's glance of love,
Soft as the heavens of light above;
And hear her teach my lisping tongue
The holy words she nightly sung:
When rosy clouds were waxing pale,
And for my father's latine sail
She watched, with me alone to share
Her hope, without her anxious care.

One night—the first I saw a storm
The quiet of our hills deform,
Straining her gaze athwart the bay,
She blessed the lightning's lambent ray,
As hour, by hour, its deadly glare
Clove the thick curtain of the air;
Through one long lasting flash—awhile
My father saw his pirate's isle
With latest look—for other fire,
More dreadful than the storm cloud's ire,
A shout of triumph, and a groan,
A boat sunk, it's pursuer flown;
Told us the worst—that night of tears,
My early date of darker years.

My father suffer'd for his crime,
This lock'd my grief in after time—
This made my mother's soul disdain,

Thro' want and anguish to complain,
To those who 'ere their bounty cast,
Might blame the irretrieveless past.
Yet was there one from Western shore,
Who her still mis'ry pitying saw;
He promis'd to befriend her boy,
Her pale lips shook with smile of joy;
He left me by her side to stay,
Until her grasping arms were clay;
Then took me where, my childish moan,
They strove to soothe with words unknown.

And almost from that hour, my home
Hath been where roof, and tow'r, and dome,
The cities mart of wealth proclaim,
Such as were none from whence I came;
The friend who brought me from that shore,
My falt'ring tongue can thank no more.
I fain would bless his unpaid care,
But then, my rising heart is where
An azure sky of golden glow,
Smiles on a wine-wreath'd cot below;
On surges cool, on far-spread sands,
On isles, and mighty mountain bands,
On all I may not look upon,
Tho' once by birthright made my own.
Yet sometimes when my day of toil,
Is closing on this foreign soil,
Or compass'd round by dusky walls,
To me a moment's respite falls;
Aside my grasp-worn pen I lay,
And on the crowds that throng my way,
I close my eyes—I see again
The hills, the beach, the boundless main,
The sun that dips his orb at eve,
Where waves all gold to meet him heave;
And then across my transient dream,
My mother's pressure and her hymn,
I feel and hear, and would resign
My spirit, that would, aye, repine
For those bright scenes of by-past years,
Mourn'd, yearn'd for, watch'd, thro' dimming tears.

M. Rowley.

THE SUMMER THREAD.

Let us wander through the field,
And watch yon summer thread;
Some fairy spinner lies concealed
Beneath her flowery bed.

That floating web betrays a sign
Of love, by mortal guided;
With vapour it is woven fine,
And oft by air divided.

K.

THE ARTIST.

Dramatis Personæ.

William Bird—An Artist
Fanny—His Wife.
Dr. Krambolus—A Physician.
Charles Staddon—A Boot and Shoe Maker
Birch—A Bailiff.
Tom—Bird's Assistant.

Scene—London.

[The play opens in a room occupied by Bird. A p
on an easel. More pictures and portraits hanging
the room, or resting against the wall. Tables, chair
painting apparatus on the left side, towards the
ground is a broad bench.]

[This room has three doors.]

SCENE THE FIRST.

[*Fanny* and *Bird* standing before a portrait
the easel.]

Bird.—So, friend Staddon, only requires once m
sit, or, if he prefer it, to stand. The latter, perha
best. I am quite ready for him now.

Fanny.—But, dear Bird, how can you so debas
art as to paint out-door signs? What will posterity
of it?

Bird.—What care I what they think? The nex
neration will pay me less than the present. The ar
fetch bread—it does not suit me to feel hungry—so
paint what will pay best.

Fanny.—But why do you not sell some of those
tures already finished, and hanging round the cha
making our little room appear even smaller than it
is?

Bird.—Why? For the best possible reason—be
no one will buy them. As long as I live, my work
never leave this room. My friend Pratt, the landl
the Beefsteak Tavern, was quite right when he said
—"If you desire to make your wife a very rich w
—go—and throw yourself into the Thames, or sm
yourself with charcoal." He believes after my de
England, all my works will be appreciated, and fetch
proper value. Got damn it. The end is, there re
nothing for me to do—but to die!

Fanny.—So—then I would rather remain thy
wife than become a rich widow. Thanks to friend
wicked counsel.

Bird.—The pictures that pay are always the best-
if they be only out-door signs. When this one is
Master Staddon will pay with ready money, and th
morning it figures over the door of a shoemaker's sh

Fanny.—You have exactly hit the figure of th
sanctified man.

Bird.—Do you mean that my dearest little wife.
of your mouth I hope only to hear the truth, and n
tery. But is it not an original idea for a shoemak
allow himself to be painted as large as life for an ou
sign, engaged in polishing a leather boot?

FANNY.—Perhaps this ingenious little fellow will succeed by his blacking in producing a mirror of the fashion.

BIRD.—At least, his blacking will serve him better than my colours serve me. Ah! my dear wife, I feel a certain presentiment that this picture will be a good sign for me. What will become of us if I remain alive? I have received information that all my creditors have met to expostulate, and induce me to satisfy their demands.

FANNY.—Then give them up your stock of paintings.

BIRD.—They will not have canvas. They will have gold or paper—or my liberty. I have made handsome proposals to the avaricious men, and offered to paint all their wives gratis. Therefore, they should grant me some reprieve; but it is in vain. They unanimously agreed that they had had quite enough of the originals, and were not in need of copies. Oh! these usurers. If I did not hold the honour of my profession as an artist so high, I would very soon white-wash them all.

[Enter *Tom*, out of breath.]

TOM.—Gracious powers—dear master make haste and escape! It is all right—quite right what we suspected. I was at your friend Pratt's Tavern, and he had already received the information, and sent me to tell you that to-day—perhaps in an hour, you will he arrested.

FANNY.—Oh! Heavens! Are there no means of escape?

TOM.—Yes—rescue is possible.

FANNY.—But how?

TOM.—Only be quick above all things to preserve your liberty, before you fall into the hands of the bailiff. Mr. Pratt has offered you an asylum in his house. But let him tell you all about it. In the Beefsteak Tavern he provides you with rest and peace until you die.

BIRD.—Ha! ha! I understand thee, friend Pratt.

FANNY.—Oh! hasten dear husband. Escape for your liberty. I will remain here, and receive the bailiffs.

[*Tom* looks out of the window.]

TOM.—Who have we arrived here?

BIRD.—Oh! these men-tormentors!

TOM.—A man tormentor truly, but not a bailiff. Dr. Krambolus is alighting from his carriage.

FANNY.—His visits are not gratis. Since the new year he repeats them every week.

TOM.—I must go down and receive him. But as soon as he leaves you must hasten to the Beefsteak Tavern.—[Exit *Tom*.]

[Enter *Dr. Krambolus*.]

DOCTOR.—Good-day—good-day, How do—do?—How do—do? How do you find yourselves? Slept well? Eat well? Good appetite? Eigh! Preserve a moderate regimen, sir. Regimen is the thing, sir. That is of the utmost importance; in fact it is universal, the necessity of proper regimen.

BIRD.—Be not troubled about that, Doctor. I know to my mortification and sorrow that circumstances render the strictest attention to regimen necessary.

DOCTOR.—And you, fair lady. How do you find yourself? You must dress warmer. You are much too lightly clad; the least cold creates a disposition to bring on epidemic attacks. Have you had any of my preservative powders made up yet?

FANNY.—It is all done according to your directions. (Half aloud) I have made a washing bill of his prescription.

BIRD.—The illness of my wife disappeared after the first medicine she took of your's, doctor.

DOCTOR.—Good—very good. And when the complaint appears again, you must meet it with the powder. You have the good luck to find an excellent apothecary living very near me, where you will find an abundance of the best drugs at all times. First, I recommend a little draught and a lotion—one to cleanse the internal delicate vessels, and the other the external. Then I prescribe a leetle powder, and a particular specific, which is good for all imperfections—from the crown of the head to the top of the toe—that is to say, it pastes the system together, as it were. And if these fail—then I bombard with pills afterwards, which are a certain cure—taking ten every three hours! until the enemy is vanquished.

BIRD.—And if these also fail, then the patient takes a pistol bullet, and all his complaints are at end.

DOCTOR.—Capital—capital—very good joke. You are witty this morning. That is to say, the old humour returned again. I see *you* are quite recovered.

BIRD (to himself).—The fool well understands the extent of my complaint, (Aloud)—Is there at present much illness in the town, doctor?

DOCTOR (drawing a long paper from his pocket).—The new year will have his sacrifices and victims. That is to say, epidemics are unavoidable; and, under such circumstances, a man cannot say in the morning who he will find living at night. It is also well for men to settle their accounts at this time, which I have just done, and brought your bill. As your are quite restored, sir, may I beg—

BIRD.—Your demand does not relieve me, I assure you—but the payment—the payment. How much am I in your debt?

DOCTOR.—A mere trifle, sir. From you the cold was warned off, which might have become dangerous if it had left of its own accord, without medicine. Your wife was delivered from a cough, which is always the commencement of inflammation on the lungs. I do not willingly enumerate my cures, but that, with the necessary visits for the after-cure, amounts sum total to five guineas.

BIRD.—Your demand is not unreasonable, and when I receive my money I will acquit it. But, dear Doctor, do you remember the promise you made at your first visit to me, that you would, through me, have a spirited likeness of yourself transmitted to the next generation?

DOCTOR.—All right. I remember.

BIRD.—Now is the point of time. Your likeness has never yet been taken. And shall a man like you, of whom all men speak so highly, not be visible to the eyes of the next world? On canvass you will continue to live in the hearts of all; and the next generation will write under it—Hippocrates the Second. That will be my masterpiece.

DOCTOR.—You touch my heart, friend, and sketch such a plausible outline, that I cannot oppose it. I will deliver up at discretion my whole visage to your pencil; but I make this condition—that the price of the picture does not mount above my bill. And that you immediately begin the work. (He seats himself on the right side of the stage, and face turned towards the audience.)—There—I am sitting already. I feel to-day a bold, enterprizing expression of countenance, and a good-natured address. Nothing more beautiful and agreeable can be immortalized by man.

[Enter *Charles Staddon.*]

BIRD (half aloud).—What, another creditor? Now I am indeed lost!

FANNY (aside).—Do not lose your courage, I will pacify them.

BIRD (aloud).—Ah! welcome Mr. Staddon, welcome! You are come, of course, to fetch your portrait.

STADDON.—Exactly so, honourable sir. People are speaking so much of the times, that there is a liege of misery and distress concocting to scourge us for our heavy sins. The world is oppressed with wickedness, and the great judgment day will not be long enough for all the debtors that will then come and beg for the remission of sins.

BIRD.—Amen! But how will the heavy necessity of time, and the heavy time of necessity interfere with the sign over your shop door?

STADDON.—Very much, my dear Mr. Bird. A time will come when no one will walk out, and not one of my brethren will have occasion to wax his thread. There, now, if we were to have a good season, such as we hope and wish to see, then might I hang over my door that portrait, which will speak to the passengers. And my brethren will come and buy blacking wholesale and retail. And if you were to come to the gates of Paradise in a pair of my polished boots, the doors would fly open for you.

BIRD.—Your face now only requires a few more finishing touches, which will be soon accomplished. Please to seat yourself there, and in a few moments my work will be ready. Look here, and see how you like the subject.

STADDON.—Excellent, upon my word, sir. My face has all the spirit that I desired. Ah! and that polished boot in the hand, exactly as it stands before me—and my blacking stall in the back-ground. There is much life in that boot—my face appears to breathe—and that blacking is inimitable!

DOCTOR (aside).—There stands, that is to say, a most ridiculous man.

BIRD.—Now, if you please to let me, I will quickly throw in a few lights on your countenance.

STADDON.—Exactly so, my friend. Place me and my shop in a very strong light.

[*Staddon* seats himself on the left side of the foreground of the stage, his face turned towards the audience. The *Doctor* seated on the right. *Bird* stands in the middle of the back-ground, painting at his easel. *Staddon* and the *Doctor* cannot see what passes behind them. *Fanny* stands by *Bird's* side.]

DOCTOR.—Now, sir, I remain here that you may m a sketch of my face. There is not much time to sp I have now forty patients waiting for me most im tiently.

BIRD.—Only patience, Doctor. I will fulfil my p mise.

STADDON.—Sir, I beg you to place the boot in right light. You can keep me more in the dark, on count of the contrast.

DOCTOR (looking at his watch).—It is already late. have, at the most, only a quarter of an hour to sp Lady Kinglake is at this moment at the point of dea according to my calculations, she cannot live over o'clock. I will just give her one more harmless spec which will increase my bill.

BIRD.—Be not disturbed, my dear sir, I want only minutes, just to throw in your sketch; and in five mint the portrait of friend Staddon will also be finished. P be patient a few minutes longer.

DOCTOR.—I must—that is to say—I will be patie perhaps the entertainment will indemnify me.—(Aloud *Staddon*)—Anything new stirring in the town, sir?

STADDON.—Nothing; excepting that Heaven torme us with every sort of misery and trouble. The threaten comet is always an *avant courrier* sent to purify the c sequences of the unholy state of sinful men.

DOCTOR.—And what are the consequences?

STADDON.—The grippe. One half of the town is i fever. It is supposed that all the drunkards of old E land are collected together.

DOCTOR.—The grippe is a very trifling complaint. the bye, sir, are you aware that I cure it on the hom pathic system? Are you a homœpath or allopath?

STADDON.—Your pardon, sir, but only a shoemaker his royal highness Prince Albert.

[When *Bird* finished speaking, *Tom* stepped into room unperceived, and whispered to him, upon wh *Bird* makes a secret communication to *Fanny*, and ta himself off with *Tom*, without being perceived by others.]

FANNY.—I am exceedingly sorry, gentlemen, to you notice that most unexpected news has just arriv and a pressing affair draws my husband away for hour.

DOCTOR.—But he must first design my portrait.

STADDON.—And finish my boot.

FANNY.—Not first—because you see he has alre left.

DOCTOR.—I call that—that is to say—a plebeian sli without an adieu.

STADDON.—Oh! if this fellow would but go. shortest moment of his stay appears too long.

FANNY.—My husband regrets very much that neces obliges him to withdraw his politeness in this instan but on his departure depends some good fortune. advantageous offer for some pictures has been forwar to him.

DOCTOR.—Oh! if that be true, I shall receive money sooner. In the meantime, I will attend my dy

patient. After that call at every house where I suspect the inhabitants are out, and come here again on my way back.

[Exit *Doctor.*]

FANNY (to herself).—Thank God he is off. Now, how shall I get rid of this languishing shoemaker.

STADDON (who during all this time makes frequently side glances at Fanny, at last betrays his emotion, and becomes suddenly tender.)—Beautiful, charming woman!

FANNY.—What an address.

STADDON.—My thoughts betray themselves, written, as they are, upon the page of my heart in rosy red letters. Heavenly wife! Daughter of Paradise! look on me even as I look on thee.

FANNY.—Poor, miserable, withered little object!

STADDON.—I am, indeed, withered—withered by the fire of those eyes. And truly miserable, through that love that leaves me no rest.

FANNY.—What you? Poor little man.

STADDON.—Oh! I am not so poor as you think, sweet Fanny. I earn plenty of money. My custom is very good, and my superior blacking will very soon be distributed over every corner of old England. The nobility order all their boots to be polished with it, and obtain it all from me. Yes! they make use of it also for writing, instead of ink. Yesterday I received an order from Germany, where an enormous quantity of ink is consumed. For men there, I understand, blacken one another very much with their pens, and write down every word that is said: a great deal of which had better remain unsaid. Oh! lovely woman! I will turn my blacking into wine, and bathe you therein. You will then become healthy and strong, like the lively angels in Paradise.

FANNY (ironically).—A noble prospect, truly; but it is a great pity I cannot profit by it.

STADDON (drawing a bottle from his pocket).—See here, kindest of woman kind. Look at this pledge of my love, which I transfer unto thee. Thus will it speak to thee of my affections. Black as is this nectar, so black will be my grief if you reject my heart. Clear as you find the contents, so transparent will be the joys of our life. Try this proof of my affection, and assure me that our feelings are reciprocal. I know thy chaste little mouth shuns to speak out the sentiments that would gladden my acute hearing, and which my sharp eyes can trace hovering round those bewitching dimples. Now, take this blacking, and write with it—"Charles I love thee!"—

—[He sinks on his knees at her feet as *Tom* enters.]

[Enter *Tom* with a letter, which he conveys secretly to *Fanny.*]

TOM (softly).—Read this letter quickly—it comes from my master. The contents will communicate all—but the postscript is for you alone.

FANNY.—From my dear husband. (She breaks the seal, and reads aloud).—Dearest Fanny, my embarassments increase every moment, and the measure of my grief is full. My only choice now is between a lingering, disgraceful captivity and death. Be not angry with your Bird, if I prefer the latter. I will spare you the expences of my funeral for the Thames will liberate me, and put an end to all my sorrow.

TOM (aside to *Fanny*).—Remember the real truth is concealed in the postscript.

FANNY (appears almost distracted).—Oh! my poor unfortunate husband!

STADDON.—A self-murderer by all that's good!

FANNY.—How could any one forsee this (reads the postscript aside). I find it will be best to remain with friend Pratt at the Beefsteak Tavern. My suicide is a deception of his, and he hopes soon to bring me back to life and all its enjoyments.

STADDON.—What is contained in the postscript, my beautiful widow? Let me know the extent of the misery, that I may lighten the burden which presses so heavily on those charming shoulders.

FANNY (weeping).—He writes under, that I may probably seek for consolation in the arms of another.

STADDON.—Oh sweetest tulip! let me be this other. Throw yourself into my arms! I am only small and infirm in figure; but my arms are long enough to embrace you, lovely widow.

FANNY.—Cruel, cruel man. Do you jest and mock at the broken heart of an affectionate, devoted wife?

[Enter *Tom.*]

TOM.—Madam, there is a man below who wishes to speak with my late master.—(Aside to *Fanny*)—It is a bailiff.

FANNY.—Even so—already—good. (To *Staddon*)—I have pressing business with that man, and he must not find us together. Respect my grief, attend to my instructions, and if you foster as much love for me as you profess, then leave me immediately. Step into the bed room of my late husband for a short time.

STADDON (presses her hand to his lips).—Your request, sweet creature, is to me a command. I fly into that chamber which I hope soon to call my own.

[*Staddon* returns into the next room, making tender and affectionate glances to *Fanny.*]

FANNY.—Now, Tom, open the door to the bailiff.—[Exit *Tom.*]—All is right. The love of this tender hearted shoemaker will, at least, do some good. I will make it of use to us both. My husband cannot take it amiss if I encourage the foolery of this quizzical little fellow for a short time.

[Enter *Birch* and *Tom.*]

BIRCH.—Fellow! as true as my name is Birch, you tell lies. I will drink myself to death in a pot of porter, if that fellow lies not. True as I am called Birch.

TOM.—Now convince yourself.

BIRCH.—Zounds, hell, and thunder, be silent. The magistrates do not want you to convince them of a fact. If an execution comes, it is customary to have the conviction before it takes place. This clown says his master is not at home.

TOM.—Not only not at home, but—

BIRCH.—Silence I say! There is no occasion to convict yourself. Answer not more than is necessary. Who is the chambermaid?

FANNY.—The wife of the unfortunate Bird.

BIRCH.—She is pretty, as true as my name is Birch. Where is your husband?

FANNY.—Gone, where the judges of this world will never find him.

BIRCH.—So ho! I no longer deserve the name of Birch, with the finest nose for hunting a foe in all England. I bet twenty pots of porter against one kiss from those rosy lips, I find him, and pretty round lips they are, like a Devonshire dumpling.

FANNY.—My poor husband ended the cares of this life by a spring into the Thames.

BIRCH.—If that be correct, as true as my name is Birch he will this day fall into my hands. Since we have a tunnel, people can now live under water. Where leads that door?

FANNY.—Into our bed-room.

BIRCH.—Open it, for I must take a general survey. An execution is, at present, objectionable.

FANNY.—You will find nothing there but the dead body of my late lamented Bird.

BIRCH.—Ha! ha! you have already fished it out, eigh! Good—I am always at home with the living, but with the dead I have nothing to do—willingly. I will go and explain to the Commissioner how it is. Perhaps the Creditors will seize the corpse, for the furniture will hardly cover the expenses of a funeral. True as my name is Birch. I will return again shortly, and my people, in the meantime seal the outer door, that none of the stock may be removed. (*To Tom*). Now, scoundrel, you see still that you are a liar. Your master is at home—whether dead or alive, it is all one. His corpse makes the stock certainly of more value than if he were living. Open the door, fellow. I shall return again very soon—true as my name is Birch.

[Exit *Birch*.]

FANNY.—Am I not a formidable widow? I am terrified at myself. One husband is not quite under the earth, before I supply his place with a second, in order to place him, also, underground, or, rather I should say, in his bier. (She opens the side door.) Are you living, Mr. Staddon?

STADDON enters, dressed in Bird's dressing-gown, night-cap, and slippers.—Charming widow, is there any just cause or impediment why I should not live? Yes, I am more alive than ever, and have put on this robe for the purpose of practising my future part. My head is decorated with this one-horned cap, that you may see how well the *negligée* becomes me.

FANNY.—Very good. You represent the deceased exactly as he was.

STADDON.—Do you think so, fair tulip?

FANNY.—In order to resemble him exactly, you must also—die.

STADDON.—Die! Oh, fie! When I intend to live and bloom afresh under the rays of thy sunny orbs. Why die? Is it sinful to love thee? The commandment says, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife." Touch me not, for art thou not a widow? A y widow—a beautiful widow—a lovely ——.

FANNY.—Now, then, it must run thus. I shall wail my husband's loss for a short time; after that I promise to become your bride, if you will do as I mand.

STADDON.—Oh! do not ask; rest assured I wi every thing.

FANNY.—Now, then, you must die.

STADDON.—Die! No, sweetest flower, there I not meet your request. What would become of my s And what will become of the world if I make no blacking?

FANNY.—You do not comprehend the exact mea of my words. You shall die; that means, you shal half an hour play the part of my dead husband. Do understand now? My husband has, as you know, k himself. As a widow, this confession will be to serious injury. His creditors will show me much indulgence if I give out that he died suddenly of a na death; for this reason I must be able to produce body. This I could do, if you were to lay down yonder bench in that costume, and pretend to be dea a little while?

STADDON.—Don't name it. Why I should expec see Satan himself appear to me on the wall.

FANNY.—You should be ashamed of yourself to hibit such timidity. My husband drowned himself in Thames, his body will probably never be discove and if I have no funeral certificate, who, then, will us?

STADDON.—Considering it in this light, it is necessary for me to do it, and if I judge rightly, we by this joke obtain a little money. The people perhaps, raise a clamour as to the cause of his death, wish to have the body opened. Now, sweetest tulip, pose if you sell me to some anatomist. He will barg and of course pay ready money for me, and in the n when they come to fetch me, the nest, here, will be saken, and you and I safely tied in my house. To-r row the neighbours will see Mr. Staddon alive as usu his stall, and never suspect that he passed this day a funeral bier.

FANNY.—That is not a bad idea, and we shall b attain our purpose by this method. No time mus lost. Go you and lay down upon your death couch, t on that bench, as quickly as possible.

TOM—(At the window.)—Doctor Krambolus is dri this way.

FANNY.—Exactly at the right time. Go and him, Tom. Announce my husband's death as we you.

[Exit *Tom*.]

FANNY.—If you wish to enjoy the fruit of our pl you must play your part well, Master Staddon. Do forget that you are a dead body, and observe abov things, to keep a steadfast countenance. It will soo dark, draw your cap some way over the face, that doctor may not recognize you.

STADDON—(Stretches himself upon the bench).—I can well say I seek for love in the jaws of death; but if the day of judgment appears not soon, it is certain my apparition will.

[*Fanny* seats herself on a stool, and affects to be much grieved. Enter *Dr. Krambolus* and *Tom*. The stage gradually darkens.]

DOCTOR.—Is it true what Tom tells me? Is it irretrievable? Has he hastened the rapacious enemy?

FANNY—(Much afflicted and sobbing).—Ah! (Points towards *Staddon* in silence.)

DOCTOR.—There can no longer be any doubt about it. An apoplectic fit seems to have shortened his days. Madam, I will not aggravate your grief, but friend Tom will report to me an account of his death. That is to say, under what symptoms did your late master expire?

TOM.—That I will soon explain, Doctor. You see my late master died what is called a beautiful death. He came home healthy and hungry, and as was his custom, he drew on his dressing-gown and cap as you perceive. He then made a very hearty meal off fried tripe and cold pudding, after which he became suddenly ill, and slept away like an infant.

DOCTOR.—Dear, dear. How could he be so imprudent to eat cold pudding? But it is too late now to lament. Will you allow me, beautiful widow, to make a proposal. That is to say, will you permit me to dissect the dead body of your husband? I shall then have an opportunity of clearly ascertaining the true cause of his unexpected demise. By so doing it will make us quits as regards the bill; and furthermore, I will add five guineas. The value of your poor husband now, is about ten, and if you require it I will pay it immediately, and my people will fetch him this evening after it is dark.

FANNY.—Oh! of what use to me is his lifeless corpse? My husband's spirit belongs to Heaven, his mortal remains belong to the worms. Still, for the advancement of science and the fine arts, take, then, what I can no longer retain.

STADDON—(Whispers to Fanny, unperceived by the Doctor).—Demand more. Remember, I claim halves.

DOCTOR—(Throws the money on the table.)—Well, then, here are five guineas ready money, and five, the amount of my bill, which makes us now quits. After nine o'clock this evening, I will fetch the body of your blessed husband. Here, Tom, is money for you to take care that no one goes near the corpse during my absence.

TOM.—There is no cause for fear, Doctor. No one will touch him. If he departs, it will be of his own accord.

DOCTOR.—(To Fanny.)—The reflection that the departed spirit is well provided for, and that we must all follow some day or other, is a great consolation in grief. Should your health, charming lady, suffer from this excitement of the mind, let me recommend you to Dr. Krambolus for counsel and advice gratis.

[Exit *Doctor*.]

STADDON.—(Springing up.)—Oh! gemini. The doctor was nicely taken in about the corpse. Ten guineas for a dead man, and I die for five.

FANNY.—Tom, bring us a light, I have always a great aversion to darkness. How naturally you played your part, my friend.

[Exit *Tom*.]

STADDON.—Is that true, sweetest? I have been half afraid of myself. Now, dear little pigeon, I have fulfilled thy wishes; I have played your dead husband, now let me try the part of your live one. (He tries to embrace her.)

FANNY.—(Pushing him back.)—Stay; our farce is not yet concluded. We have only half accomplished the first act. To-morrow I will fulfil my promise, if you keep your's to-day, and do your duty like a complaisant husband.

TOM.—(Enters hastily with a light.)—The bailiff is following my footsteps, he is ascending rapidly up the stairs.

FANNY.—(To Staddon.)—Quick; stretch yourself once more on the bench, he only comes to convince himself of my husband's death. Make haste, and for the love of mercy do not betray yourself.

STADDON.—(Returns to the bench.)—Perhaps he may also take a fancy to me. I will allow you to sell me again, provided I receive half the money, my sweet angel.

FANNY.—Do not trouble yourself. It is all yours. (*Aside.*) Now I can escape with a good grace, and will resign the loving idiot to his fate. (*Aloud.*) You must take care not to change your countenance. I shall see you from the next room. Now, Tom, show the unpolished bailiff in.

[*Fanny* goes into the next room.]

STADDON.—Sweet widow! wilt thou leave me here all alone with this rough-mannered churl? She goes; she will not hear me; she ——.

BIRCH.—(Outside.)—Zounds! Marrowbones and cleavers! S'death and damnation!

STADDON.—Ah! I am already dead. (He stretches himself out.)

[Enter *Birch* and *Tom*.]

BIRCH.—Dark as pitch. Black as a crow. Obscurity visible, as true as my name is Birch. Aha! here comes a light.

TOM.—What! returned already?

BIRCH.—Yes, can't you see I am, lubber. Procure me something to drink, I am thirsty, and have not yet had my allowance.

TOM.—Shall I fetch water?

BIRCH.—Zounds! no. Go and drown yourself in that you insipid scrub. I want wine; plenty of wine; the best wine or brandy.

TOM.—We have neither good or bad wine in this house, but plenty of excellent water is decanted every day.

BIRCH.—By Jove! your master appears to have had enough of that; he must have liked it better than I do;

as true as my name is Birch and yours is not. Well! So there lays your master; that is convenient, I have not the trouble to go far for him, therefore I shall set to work immediately.

Tom.—What on earth do you mean to do to him? Surely you do not grudge his eternal rest?

Birch.—Hold thy muzzle, can't thee? or I will bring thee to eternal rest. What will I do to him? I will tell thee. I mean to put a seal upon his jaw. The creditors distrain the body. Now do you understand? (He draws near the table and sees the money.) Ha, ha! ready money, by all that's good. Bright, solid gold, true as my name is Birch. That gold belongs to the general stock. The stock pays me, ergo, I have a share therein. Here is a sovereign—(gives one to Tom)—fetch me a bottle of brandy, of the very best.

Staddon.—(Aside.)—The mean-spirited fellow!

Birch.—Well, blockhead; what do you stand staring at?

Tom.—Nothing. I am going, directly.

[Exit *Tom.*]

Birch.—The worst part of my commission is the placing a seal upon the forehead. If he should move it would make me jump. I have stamped and sealed live men of all ranks and ages; but a suicide, a self-murderer! That is very unusual work for me. By gar, I am half afraid of him. Fie, fie! Take it altogether, what is there, Birch, that thou fearest to do, with the assistance of a little brandy. (Looks round the room.) The stock will not come to much, for there is precious little here. The pictures appear to be only half finished. (He holds the candle to Staddon's portrait on the easel.) Who may that caricature be?

Staddon.—(In a low hollow voice.)—Me.

Birch.—(Terrified.)—What was that? Who spoke here? Something sounded like *me*, as true as my name is Birch.

Tom.—(Returns with brandy and glasses, and places them, with the change of the sovereign, on the table.) Here is brandy and the change. I wish you good health. (Going out.)

Birch.—Where are you going?

Tom.—I have a great deal to occupy my time.

Birch.—Remain here a little bit with me. Will you have something to drink?

Tom.—Thanks; but this is not the place for drinking.

Birch.—Zounds! why not?

Tom.—I cannot understand what you want of my poor master?

Birch.—Gaper. I only want to place a seal upon his mouth, that he may never open it again.

Tom.—(Shuddering.)—Hu! hu!

Birch.—Now pack yourself off, or as true as my name is Birch, I——I——

[*Tom* flies out.]

Birch.—I should not like to be an executioner. I am full of fear. Fear! for what? For the dead? Dead is dead; and I boldly ask the churl yonder to take a glass with me? He is in debt to me that pledge. The w there, drinks water in preference to wine.

Staddon.—(In a low voice.)—Nein!

Birch.—(Alarmed.)—Ha! who spoke there? V nein. Thunder and lightning, it was an echo, as t my name is Birch. No! (He lets the cork fall und table.) Thou ought'st not to have died so soon, M Perspective, for thou had'st certainly a very fa brush, and could draw from life for thirty guinea drink to thy spiritual welfare and eternal rest.

Staddon.—(In an under tone.)—Jest!

Birch.—Miserable echo! It quite startles me; wretch of an echo speaks as if it had a cold.

Staddon.—(Softly.)—Bold.

Birch.—(Helps himself again.)—Here's to thy h Mr. Echo. Where the devil is the cork? The s will all fly away. Perhaps it fell under the table. searches round, and then takes the candle and looks the table. Staddon comes softly behind Birch, and out the light.) Thunder and darkness! Here is a p go, and I here all alone. I am not exactly afraid, a as I am called Birch; but if this cold man should out of his death sleep?

Staddon.—(Slips back and whispers)—Sheep!

Birch.—Yes, true; the echo says quite right, I sheep, and that is what makes me fearful. I will ju and fetch a light, and if thou hast a heart, and kn what it is to thirst, thou poor wretched teetotal pa leave thy bier, and help thyself to the spirit.

[Exit *Birch.*]

Staddon.—Thanks! It will not be necessary t peat that invitation, friend. I thank thee from the bo of my heart. (He drinks the glassfull that Birch l on the table.) Good brandy, very good; quite ref ing; runs through my torpid liver, and circulate blood. I feel it already; I shall not be dead lon quite enlivens me. I hear footsteps. (He stretches self on the bench.)

Birch (returns with a light).—The dolt of an ap tice is standing there out of doors, rubbing black p and when I asked him for what purpose, he answer order to mourn for his sainted master. (He sits a table, and peeps into the empty glass.) Odds bobb Who drank the brandy? It was not me.

Shaddon (softly).—Me.

Birch.—That echo begins to become very trouble to me; I know not why, but it certainly is very un fortable here, all alone. (He pours out and dri This brandy does not taste pure, it is bitter, but I drink it off, or I shall never leave this abominable room. (He places the wax and seal before him.) I in my time sealed many chests, chambers, and ho but never yet have I made an impression on a co true as my name is Birch. Thanks to Burke an comrades, they first brought the dead into repute, that body appears to be the only valuable article (He takes the candle in one hand, and sealing-wax i other, and approaches the bench on which Staddo stretched.) The churl is so thin that I cannot find a

large enough on his whole face for my seal. (He stretches one leg over the bench and sits on Staddon's knees.) His forehead appears to be the best part, just as a man would seal a hare. (With the candle in his left hand, and wax in the right, he begins to melt the wax. Staddon jumps up, puts out the candle, overturns the bailiff, and gives him a box on the ear. Birch lets the seal and wax fall, and is struck dumb. After a little pause, he says)—Thunder and lightning! what was that?

STADDON.—A box on the ear.

BIRCH.—That I felt, as true as I am called Birch; but that was no dead man's box. Zounds! that comes from a living fist. What are you, man or ghost?

STADDON.—Only an echo.

BIRCH (feels Staddon with his hand, and convinces himself that it is a living man.)—Thou art a cowardly fellow! a deceiver! Hell and confusion! no man shall joke with a bailiff unpunished. That box on the ear shall procure you a free living for some time, Master, whoever you are. I will bring thy creditors here as true as I am called Birch. (He seizes Staddon and drags him towards the door, just as Dr. Krambolus and Tom enter.)

[*Birch* carries *Staddon* on his shoulders, when he sees the former he stops.]

DOCTOR (to Tom).—Is not that dead body mine? Have I not paid sufficient for it? (To Birch.) Hold, there, let me have the corpse. It is my property.

BIRCH.—Zounds! it is mine, true as my name is Birch; and if I let it loose, he will run from you as fast as he does from me.

DOCTOR.—He will not go quite so quickly as you think. Lay it down instantly, or I shall, as is my custom, snatch it from you. Ten of my pupils are invited by me to sup and dissect, and if I do not produce the body, how are they to be amused? Now, my friend, for the last time, lay it down willingly, or Got dam, we shall box for it.

BIRCH.—Box! oh, certainly; that is my delight. Thunder and lightning! I have not many opportunities of boxing for my authority. (He places Staddon on the ground, and whispers)—Remain there a few moments quietly. (Aloud.) Come on. Now, if you have any true English blood in your veins, show it! (Both throw off their coats, and commence boxing.)

DOCTOR.—The exercise is invigorating and healthy.

STADDON (to himself).—Now is the best opportunity for me to take myself off. (He escapes through the side door.)

DOCTOR.—What is that? See, our bone of contention is become alive and walked off.

BIRCH (going after him).—Hold there! halt! It is as true as my ——.

[Enter *Bird*, *Fanny*, and *Staddon*.]

BIRD.—What a spectacle! How is this? What, doctor, is this you, in difficulties with a bailiff?

DOCTOR (raging).—That is my man. I have bought and paid for his body. (To Birch.) You may keep the other. But what the devil is this? Are you the true living Bird, or is it your ghost that is water-proof, and raised out of the Thames?

BIRD.—I am really and truly the living Bird, at present portrait and historian painter to her majesty.

BIRCH.—Zounds! Dead or living, it is all the same to me, true as my name is Birch, but I do not want a duplicate. How many painting Birds are there? I can only claim one, and if you are the right man, you stand arrested by me on behalf of your creditors. As for this half-decayed coward—(he pushes Staddon away)—he may run where he will.

STADDON.—Listen to the echo; and be more civil to me, I beg, Mr. Bailiff, for I am Charles Staddon, boot and shoe-maker to her Majesty.

BIRCH.—Then Mr. Boot and Shoe-maker to her Majesty; you may go; I want only Mr. Bird, the artist, whose creditors ——

BIRD.—Are joyfully welcome! (Draws a paper from his pocket.) Will it please you to cash this bill? I sought consolation in the Thames, and found it. When I was under water a gold fish instructed me when to procure spawn like this—(takes up a guinea)—and I have brought home a pocket full.

DOCTOR.—It pleases you to joke.

BIRCH.—Thunder and lightning! The change is all right. If you are Mr. Bird, you are at liberty, but I cannot lose my job, and a man shall not affront a servant of justice without punishment. That boot-maker has insulted me, therefore it follows that I appoint him to a chamber where he will learn to play his part better next time, more natural to him.

STADDON.—Most worthy, honourable, true Privy-counsellor, upper executor of justice, it has been most flattering to me even under the mask of death, to have an opportunity of forming your acquaintance. We have mutually affronted each other. You wanted to put a seal upon my lips, and in return I gave you a box on the ear, tit for tat.

BIRCH.—And for this blow I ——

STADDON.—Will give you full satisfaction. Accept this genuine bottle—of blacking.

BIRCH.—Go to the devil with your blacking. What do I want of blacking?

STADDON.—No, truly, you are black enough without it, and love better to white-wash your victims. (To *Fanny*.) Fair one, what I have done has been entirely to serve you. Speak a word or two in my defence, and restore me once more to life.

FANNY.—You know, dear Bird, we are under many obligations to Mr. Staddon.

BIRD.—Undoubtedly. And if I request you, friend Birch, to accept five guineas for your trouble, you will forget the little joke that has been played by Mr. Staddon.

BIRCH (meditating).—Three guineas for boxing fee, one to forget, and one to forgive; sum total, five guineas, agreed, as true as I am called Birch.

DOCTOR.—But are you aware that this money is ——

BIRD.—Yours, which I will repay you. Believe me,

I have more money than you imagine. Since I have been underground, time has treated me kindly. It is my duty to inform you in a few words the way to become rich. My friend Pratt, the merry landlord of the Beef-steak Tavern, has had for some time two of my best paintings hung in the Coffee-room. The wealthy Lord Connoiseur, who daily took breakfast there, cast a longing eye on them, and affirmed that the pieces would be of great value if the painter was dead. My desperate situation, without a shilling in my pocket, drove me to friend Pratt, and I requested him to sell my pictures at the lowest price. However, the worthy landlord knew better, and soon persuaded me to adopt a fictitious death. Therefore I plunged into the—wine-cellar. The report of my being buried in a vault, was soon propagated among the rich customers of the Beef-steak Tavern, and the crazy old Major Curry, of the East India Company, heated with cayenne and wine, immediately bid for both my pictures the sum of one hundred pounds sterling! Friend Pratt said that he had permission from the heir-at-law to take advantage of the offer, but for such a trifle, these valuable works should not be given away. A few present said loudly, that the price was too low. The Major reinforced his demand; Pratt bid still higher, until at last it came to a regular auction. The Major became passionate, and at last paid for both paintings, the enormous sum of three hundred pounds.

BIRCH.—Thunder and lightning! you don't say so.

STADDON.—Astonishing! Oh! if he would only give me an order for blacking.

DOCTOR.—That is to say, he did not pay on the homœopathic system.

BIRD.—You see, my friends, that in England an artist is never properly valued and esteemed until after his death.

STADDON.—But properly speaking, this must certainly be called a fraud.

FANNY.—Pshaw!

If people wilfully put out their eyes,
The ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

[Curtain falls.]

K. L. K.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! I shall not be to thee
More than a passing thought;
But every time and place will be,
With thy remembrance fraught.
Farewell! we have not often met,
We may not meet again;
But on my heart the seal is set,
I ne'er can love again.
Fruitless as constancy may be,
No chance, no change, can turn from thee,
One who loves thee wildly, well,
But whose fond lips now breathe farewell.

JANE.

MARY;
OR,
THE BLIGHTED BLOSSOM.

"Men have died and worms have eaten them, bu
for love." I shall not attempt to controvert th
maxim by laboured argument, it may, or it may n
true; and yet the story that I am about to tell, w
far to show that the triumph of high moral senti
over long-cherished affections, may work the slow ye
decay of a gentle nature. In the old Church
where I have so often strolled during the Sabbath
in summer and autumn, sleeps the once lovely fo
Mary. Often have I read on her tombstone her
age, and death, and the simple couplet that expresse
love and sorrow of those who laid her in her last
chamber. Her history was often rehearsed by the n
bours, who had admired and loved her, but the old
who had acted the part of a father to the gentle or
was never weary of recalling every virtue and grace
which memory encircled her character. When an i
her dying mother had commended her to the care
wife, who was an early friend, and as she had no chi
of her own, she bestowed all her affections on her ad
daughter. No pains were spared to render her lovely
her uncommon docility of disposition made her a g
favourite.

Among her school-fellows was a boy of a few
older than herself, whose neglected training, and c
quent ungracious manners, won the hearty dislike
but Mary. She felt that want of kindness made his
evil, and always strove to make him gentle and hap
winning words and pleasant smiles. The conseq
was, that he became gentle and obliging to her,
municated all his sorrows and bitterness of heart,
looked up to her as his only and best friend. He
a child of uncommon beauty, and his manners,
governed by high and gentle influences, became even
cinating and refined; but a sense of wrong, of sham
the misdeeds of those to whom he owed his being a
feeling that he was degraded in the eyes of the worl
that account, had so embittered his spirit that her
alone could soften and subdue its asperities. As
grew older, the ties that bound their hearts seeme
strengthen; but the evil influence too often prevails
the good, and when he became a man and saw how s
rior was the pure and gentle Mary to his own dark,
spirit, he dared not hope to unite her destiny with his
She, with all the hope and long suffering of a refined
Christian character, sought to restrain and lead him
whenever she saw him overcome by temptation,
dreaming even then that her heart was so much inter
in his behalf. Indeed, their spheres seemed too wi
separated for them ever to hold intercourse with each o
beyond the school room. Nor did they for some y
often meet after those days were past, for Mary felt
his character was such that it would bring dishonour u
those she loved were she to encourage his addresses.
saw that he became weaker in moral principle as her

fluence was less felt. She even knew that her rejection rendered him hopeless and desperate. Often, very often, did she feel that she was the only human being who could lead him into the paths of virtue and peace, yet she feared the force of early neglect and subsequent irregularities would be even stronger than her influence; and yet her heart would hope that he would emerge into a higher life, and become the fit companion of a refined and virtuous spirit. A mysterious sympathy seemed to unite them, yet each felt that the distance between them was immeasurable. For months she watched his course, vacillating between hope and fear, until she learned that he had taken to the fatal bowl, and then her heart sank. She could no longer sing as she did, she grew pale and weak, and her anxious friends blamed the damp east wind for treating so rudely their tender blossom. Physicians said she was threatened with consumption, and advised that she should visit the Atlantic coast, hoping that the ocean breezes might invigorate her decaying frame.

"Oh!" said the old man, when rehearsing her story, "you cannot imagine how I felt when I saw her wither beneath its influence. I knew that my dear child must so soon leave us, and how could our old hearts endure life without her!"

He soon returned, bringing his drooping flower to fade and die among the hills where it had bloomed so sweetly. Shortly after her return, she communicated the history of her heart to one of her most intimate friends.

Said she, "I pitied the boy for those very faults for which others blamed, for I saw that his heart was crushed by unkindness, and rendered cold and bitter by want of sympathy; and when I used to speak kindly, and notice him in our little plays, he was so gentle and tender, and his clear dark eyes expressed so much gratitude, that I cannot wonder he became an object of childish love. For that I can scarcely blame myself, but as I grew older and saw that he was surrounded by such influences that he could hardly become any other than a vicious man, I erred greatly in bestowing anything more than feeling of friendship upon him; and yet I did not regret that he was my heart's idol until I saw that he was too surely ruined, and there was little hope that he would ever be brought back to a life of virtue. My heart sank under it, not so much because its earthly hopes were blasted, as from the conviction that in suffering such a love to find a place in it, I had dishonoured the kind friends who had acted the part of parents to a destitute orphan, and more than all, had departed from the peace and love of the Redeemer. But now the struggle is over, and I feel that I shall soon rest in peace in the arms of my reconciled Saviour. It was this struggle between love and duty that undermined my health, and yet, for my own sake, I do not regret that my heart will soon be freed from its weakness, but for those who have bestowed on me such undeserved affection, I feel most deeply. I know that my early death will almost break their hearts."

"You have done wrong in keeping all this from them," said her friend; "they must know it."

"I could not tell them," replied Mary. "I could not find strength to say to them that the weakness of my heart had cost them all their suffering and sorrow on my account; but if you think justice demands it, tell it them for me."

When the old folks heard the story—how she had for their sakes, and for the honour of the religion which they had taught her, refrained from even encouraging his love, they expressed the deepest regret.

"Oh!" said the old lady, "why have you done so, my child? We would not think of opposing you in anything."

"How could I think of bringing disgrace upon those who have done so much for me?" inquired Mary. "I knew that he was unworthy whom my foolish heart idolized, and that my life would only be made wretched by uniting my destiny with his."

"No," returned the kind friend; "had we entertained the most distant idea of all this, we would have taken him and rendered him worthy of your love. And perhaps it is not too late even now," continued she, as hope whispered that her life might yet be spared.

"It is too late to bring back my wasted frame to health and vigour," replied Mary, "yet it might recall him to a sense of duty to know that his irregularities have caused so much sorrow."

The young man was accordingly invited to their house, and remained with them till Mary's departure, for it could hardly be called death which so gently emancipated her spirit. Her earnest exhortations, and a consciousness that a virtuous life might have won her for its partner, seemed to give him new resolutions, and those who loved him for her sake believed that with her he might have lived a life of usefulness and propriety.

It was a beautiful Sabbath in early autumn that the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered to the church of which Mary was a member. At her request, the pastor, deacons, and a few of her neighbours and friends, repaired to her chamber after the close of the exercises at church, that she might once more commemorate on earth the dying love of the Saviour. Slowly and solemnly they wound their way through the beautiful valley skirted with woodland, through which peeped the bright waters of the quiet little lake spread out at their right hand; at their left lay well cultivated farms, and orchards bending with fruit, while almost before them rose a high hill, over whose summit they must climb before they would reach the dwelling of the departing girl. To a stranger, the scene was one of beauty, but to one who knew what objects of familiar love all these had been to Mary, and how soon her eyes would be closed for ever on all that she admired on earth, there was a voice of sublime sadness whispering in every mountain breeze. Mary had counted the hours, and at last the minutes, that would intervene before their arrival, and began to think that they delayed coming, and she should depart without seeing the good pastor, and bidding him and other dear friends farewell.

"Why do they come so slowly?" asked she. "I fear I shall not be here when they arrive."

"There is no visible alteration in you, Mary," replied the youth, who sat by her bed, watching every indication of the approach of the fatal messenger. "I trust you will not so soon leave us as you imagine."

She shook her head, then in a low voice said, "I shall not behold another day on earth," and then beckoned him to look once more.

"They are coming, dearest," said he, "and will soon be here."

"Then my request is granted," said the dying girl. "My exit will be sweet and fearless."

With slow and measured tread they ascended to her room, as though the spirit had already winged its way to another and better land. Her pale face glowed as with unearthly brightness, and her voice was clear and unfaltering, as, supported on the bosom of a friend, she welcomed each by name, and expressed her pleasure at meeting them once more. The solemn scene which, in this chamber of sickness and suffering, brought back to the heart the dying love of the Saviour, may be imagined but never described. When the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Saviour had been received by the gentle sufferer, her young friends joined in singing a hymn, and her sweet clear voice was heard among them as in other days. All were astonished at the fresh strength with which she moved her limbs and spoke; and a feeling that she was not thus to go, seemed spontaneously to govern all but her. She called each in turn to her bedside, spoke with rapture of her departure, and the prospect of meeting them in glory, received the blessings of her beloved pastor, and then calling to her the young man whose weak, erring course had cost her such bitterness, she placed her hand in his and gently said—"Prepare to meet your Mary in heaven." A shade passed over her features like the flitting of a white cloud before the sun, her eyes closed, and all was over.

The hushed stillness of death was interrupted only by the suppressed sobs of those who loved and mourned the early departure of the gentle orphan. The last rays of the setting sun gilded the distant hilltops, as the mourning group knelt round the couch of the departed, while the tremulous voice of the pastor led their humble supplications. And when they rose, the youth still clasped the hand which her dying love had proffered, and the gentle remonstrances of friends could scarcely persuade him to relinquish it. It seemed like sundering the last tie that bound him in holy sympathy with his kind. Reluctantly did these foster parents consign the beautiful dust of their loved one to her last resting place, and tears of sympathy and deep regret bedewed many an eye that was unused to such gentle expressions of sorrow.

For her sake they loved and cherished the youth whom Mary once had loved, but the strength of early habits, and the want of a controlling spirit, that could, under all circumstances, act upon his own, gradually diminished the impressions which her death had made upon his heart, and in a few years he was the wretched husband of a miserable woman, who became the mother of a drunkard's children.

And yet they could never give him up. Whenever came to their neighbourhood they treated him as the he had been their own son, tried to cover his faults, often, very often repeated—"Had Mary lived he w not have been what he is."

THE FRIENDS.

Oh! Mammon, how misguided are thy votaries w they imagine that they act wisely in sacrificing all t hopes to thee; they wrongly suppose that in thy t happiness and peace are unfailing followers. At shrine, thou potent deity, are a numerous band of w shippers, who are deceived by thy seemly and temp exterior; but these enthusiastic believers should rem ber these admonitory words:—

"All that glitters is not gold;
Many a man his life has sold,
But my outside to behold."

And they should first discover whether thy fair prosp are real, or whether they "arise like an exhalation," like it are evanescent and deceptive.

Henry Manning and Frederic Alford were firm frie and loved each other as brothers. They had been sch boys together, and in the same class; by each other's their lessons had been conned, and by mutual assista many a "stiff" passage had been overcome, and meaning ascertained. They were the Pylades and Ore of the school, and each was the "fidus Achates" of other. After their secession from their school-fell the friendship of the two youths remained unabated, was indeed increased, for kind Fortune had ordained they should not be separated. They were thus consta thrown into each other s society, enjoying in full mea the sweet blessing of social, confiding intercourse, pouring into each other's ears the plans which they respectively formed for the future, in which they sou mutual guidance and advice.

Manning, however, differed from his friend in point, it was in his views of wealth and worldly greatn He imagined that to be happy, a man must possess ric and to be respected and admired, he must move in elevated sphere; he felt an inward reverence for the n and powerful, and a corresponding contempt for the lo and obscure. To support these views, he freque quoted those lines of Horace, which fully expressed own sentiments,

"Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo."

This foible, which somewhat sullied an otherwise n and elevated mind, was strongly combated by Alford, was unwilling to see his friend maintain these views, wi he himself deemed absurd and incorrect.

This opinion of Manning, in which he steadily refu to be shaken, often led to arguments between the frie respecting the importance of wealth and greatness, their influence on the destinies of men; and tho

Alford frequently puzzled his companion by his superior reasoning, yet he failed to convince him of the folly of his sentiments.

It will be supposed that Manning, in looking round for a matrimonial alliance, had principally considered wealth as an inducement to submit to the sovereignty of Hymen, and this, indeed, was the case. He had seen many fair and amiable girls, without cherishing the slightest attachment for them; for what were amiability and goodness of heart, when contrasted with his darling object—Mammon? Nothing!

This was the futile reasoning of the young enthusiast, for such he was, though his enthusiasm was that of the grasping speculatist, and plodding trader, not of the gay, high-minded youth. In his own opinion, fate had dealt kindly with our fortune-hunting friend, in introducing him to a young lady who was mistress of some hundreds a-year, which were solely at her own disposal. The fair heiress, after refusing many offers for her hand, seemed disposed to listen favourably to her new suitor, and bestowed upon him such marks of her regard, as no other gentleman had ever obtained. Elated with his success, Manning frequently burst, when in company with his friend, into a vivid eulogium of his lady and her qualities, and would sometimes drop hints of his pity for his less fortunate friend.

"Reflect, Alford, for a moment," he would exclaim, "on the many privileges, which I shall enjoy, and which I greatly fear you will lose. I shall be enabled to build a splendid little villa in the country, which shall rival that of any indolent poet or man of refinement, either ancient or modern, and to purchase an ample library, where I may revel in the bright imaginings, or deep disquisitions, of poets or metaphysicians; I shall, in short, live in dignified elegance, and undisturbed retirement."

"I question not your ability, dear Manning," observed his less ambitious friend, "to effect this and even more by the aid of the wealth which you will gain with Charlotte, but then can you be certain of attaining happiness at the same time? Will Miss Harringdale enter into your views, and willingly see her dowry expended in the manner you propose? Will she, as a last but primary consideration, forget her station as a lady, and love you as an humble, confiding wife?"

"I have every reason to infer that she will; but even if your dark suspicions should be realized, do you imagine me weak and foolish enough to pine for a woman's love, while I have wealth and ease to court me to enjoyments? Pooh! my dear fellow, if Charlotte frowns, I can walk away and sing,

'My mind to me a kingdom is,'

or some such philosophic stanza: now, I hope, your objections are answered."

"No, Manning. I must confess that they are as strong as ever; for I feel assured that the heart of man is not qualified for the kind of happiness you have mentioned; it requires sympathy, and is nought but a dreary, aching void, without some loved object to cling to, as the ivy to the elm. What pleasure will your numerous plans afford you, if there is no one to be pleased and surprised? Shall you value your temples and your grottos, if you live like an eremite among them, with no affectionate companion to share your gratification, and admire the beauteous erections of your fancy? You may believe me, when I say, that unless there is some approving smile to cheer and encourage you, your happiness, even in the midst of wealth, will at least be doubtful and incomplete."

"Ably argued," Mr. Philosopher, though upon a false hypothesis. And now, what share of felicity do you propose to yourself with a poor wife?"

"I do not contend that pleasure consists in 'poverty,' but I do maintain, that wealth does not confer it; my own opinion is, that kindred hearts, and sympathy of feeling, are the most likely means of ensuring this blessing, and that unions between those of similar taste and stations are, on this account, more conducive to happiness than 'misalliances,' where each party is unqualified for the enjoyments and habits of the other."

"Well, let the matter rest thus; for if I listen to you longer, you will make me as great a cynic as Diogenes, and I shall be forswearing all the superfluities of life."

"I am no cynic, Manning, nor place slight value on the little elegances of life, but I merely argue, in the words of the poet, that

"Bene qui latuit, bene vixit; et intra
Fortunam debet quisque manere suam."

"You are determined to maintain that point, so I will not attempt to weaken it. Adieu."

The conjecture of Manning, that his friend would make choice of some dowerless maiden for his future lady proved correct. Alford had become acquainted, when young, with the widow and daughter of a clergyman of the established church, whom straitened circumstances had compelled to take their abode in a small town in the outskirts of the metropolis. The peculiar situations of these ladies had long been known to Frederick, and a strong feeling of pity had been excited in their favour. They appeared to him to want some one to fill the sad vacancy in their affections, and to draw their hearts from the melancholy musings on old scenes and faces, to new and charming associations. As these thoughts stole upon his mind, he had often mentally asked himself whether he was qualified to discharge this pleasing duty, and in his happier moments he hoped that at some not far distant period he might become a member of their family, and be the instrument of restoring to them the peace and pleasure of earlier days.

Manning treated this attachment as absurd and ridiculous, but Frederick had been acquainted with Emma Grantley sufficiently long to be conscious of her worth; he even knew that she was a portionless girl, but he felt that the annual income which he derived from his profession would support in respectability, and in more than a common grade, his wife and her mother, and he desired no more; for he considered, and truly, with our poet, that

"Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship."

The want of wealth was not thought of, when Emma's goodness was brought into comparison with it, and Alford felt that if he gained the mistress of his affections, he should acquire a treasure immeasureably superior to the possessions of a thousand Charlotte Harringdales.

Tehse views of Frederick's, when explained to Manning, were treated by that gentleman as the visionary ravings of a disordered intellect; and we truly believe that he entertained great doubts of the sanity of his friend. Time, however, will prove which was the soundest reasoning.

A few months after this dialogue between Manning and Alford, the former became the husband of Miss Harringdale, and master of Harrington Hall, with its fair domains. This was, as may be supposed, a glorious day for Harry Manning; and if his friend and associate had been present to witness his joy, nought would have been wanting to complete it. He was, however, on his return from his wedding tour, honoured with a visit from Alford, whom he welcomed to Harringdale with every demonstration of joy, as his best and oldest friend. His reception from his haughty lady was far different; for when Manning introduced him, she merely noticed him by a slight inclination of her head, and as he turned away, exclaimed to a lady beside her, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the object of her remark—

"I wish Manning would not bring his vulgar acquaintances here, one would imagine he had not been in the society of a single gentleman."

At this rude, unfeeling allusion, Frederick felt disposed to leave the house instantly, but a glance at the beseeching countenance of his companion altered his design, and he forbore to make any comment on the uncourteous conduct of the lady, lest he should increase the misery and indignation of her husband.

Many weeks did not elapse, before Alford followed the example of his friend. There was not the large array of friends, and long line of carriages at these nuptiais, which had characterised those of Manning; but there were joyous hearts and smiling faces, and Emma's lovely presence amply compensated for lack of earthly grandeur. Yet, that sweet girl was not beautiful, nor did her features possess that regularity which attracts the eye of the connoisseur; yet there was an indescribable charm thrown around her, the pleasing influence of which won upon every eye, like that of music softly stealing on the soul. Manning, who, in opposition to his lady's wishes, was present, lost some of his forebodings respecting his friend's future happiness; and as he affectionately grasped the gratified husband's hand on his departure, he confessed that with Emma it was impossible to be miserable.

Reader, there is something particularly charming in a snug fireside in the dreary months of winter, if you have some beloved object to sit beside you, and listen to your conversation. To a scene of this kind, so peculiarly English, we beg the honour of your company.

In a neatly furnished room in one of the genteel houses situated at the west end, were sitting two ladies, on dark evening in November, 18—. One of the had apparently attained fifty years, the other had n half that number of summers. Both were busily the needle, and for sometime they both appeared si intent on their task, but when the hour of six arriv younger lady became uneasy, and often turned pretty face towards the time-piece on the mantel At last, laying aside her work, she turned to her nion, and said—

"Mother, what can delay Frederick to-night? much later than usual. I fear something has occu

"Nonsense, my dear," exclaimed the mother. solicitude on Frederick's account, causes you a vas ber of groundless and unreasonable fears; the a will, I have no doubt, in a few minutes arrive."

In a few minutes, the object of this tender anxi arrive. He was a tall young man, of about twe years of age, with a pleasing, but not handsome nance. He entered the room with a smile, and his eye, and smiling features, testified his acknowledg his young wife's affection.

"What has detained you, young recreant?" she fully exclaimed, as she wheeled her husband's arm the blazing fire, and summoned the servant with equipage.

While the young mistress was officiating at table, Alford, (for it is our old acquaintance,) rela cause of his delay, which was, that he had receive at his office from his former friend, Manning, who i to pay him a vis t at his own house.

Our readers may, perhaps, be anxious to hear th of Manning's marriage with the wealth heiress of H dale. The first step which the proud lady took t her sway, was a command to her husband to assu family name, and in this easily succeeded; but the other things, of greater importanee, which her im will effected.

She refused to acknowledge one of poor Henry mer friends, and excluded from the house all hi ciates; he was thus compelled to sit among perso scarcely deigned to address him, and who treated every respect as one of the menials. This condu long endured with patience, until at last the u Manning (or as we must now call him)—Harrin became wearied and disgusted with his home, and in intemperance, an oblivion for his wretchedness.

Had wealth purchased happiness for Henry H dale? No! he had sacrificed to it all that rende worth possessing—a happy home, and all the swe of domestic affections, and he had gained—what illusory phantom, that faded in his grasp! Mi man; one kind word from the lips of affection, calculably more valuable than all thy boasted treas

During the evening, Harringdale paid a visit happy abode of his friend. There was, it must fessed, a pang of envy passing through his frame he beheld a sight as full of real happiness as the fore him. Alford was reading from a volume of

pere, while his wife and her mother were deeply listening to the tones of his deep rich voice, the former gazing with her large blue eyes, in which was pictured the most inexpressible affection, upon the beloved form in which was centred all her earthly riches. The book was laid aside upon the entry of the visitor, and Emma offered him a cordial welcome.

For some minutes after the interchange of mutual greetings, there was an unbroken silence, each was busied with the thoughts of by-gone days. Harringdale's cogitations seemed cheerless and wretched, and a dark shade passed across his brow as he gazed on the fire in silence; at length he said in a subdued tone,

"Alford, you appear happy, and I doubt not are really so; consequently, notwithstanding my own mortification at the confession, I must allow that your views respecting riches are correct, for I am now painfully convinced, that happiness is not necessarily the concomitant of wealth."

"I am happy, dear Harringdale, since I have nothing to render me otherwise. I have a moderate practice among those of my profession, and I have a comfortable home, beyond which my wishes extend not, for I can say to Emma—and you know this is no affected sensibility—I can in sincerity exclaim to my beloved companion,

'From the gay world we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employ.'

And surely, with such a life, no reasonable mortal could be miserable."

This was the last visit which Harringdale paid to his friend, for intemperance, and a long course of dissipation, soon afterwards terminated his career.

Frederick Alford prospered in the world, and became a wealthy man. His wife had brought him no dower, and the thought that she was dependent upon his own exertions, acted as a stimulant to him, inducing him to labour eagerly in his profession, and when he had acquired an ample fortune, he acknowledged that it was owing to the sweet influence of his adored Emma.

Reader, art thou in pursuit of happiness real and lasting—happiness which time will hardly lessen, or circumstances destroy, fly not to the world in the vain hope of obtaining it *there*, but search for it in the bosom of thine own family, and you will find it in the kind and affectionate heart at home, whose gentle influence will soothe you in your bitterest moments, and secure for you the greatest bliss this varied world can bestow.

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joy must flow,
And that dear hut our home."

JUVENIS.

WHAT IS THE SPELL?

What is the spell? what is the spell,
That dwells in the cup of the heather-bell?
That spreads its charm o'er the violet's nead,
And revels unseen in the lily's bed?
Nymph of the wild wood, what is the spell
That is found in each forest and shady dell,
That is heard when the winds of heaven are high,
But oftener still in the zephyr's sigh?
Spirit of melody, what is the spell,
That ringeth so oft in the old church bell,
Chaining the heart with a viewless hand,
And causing it pensive and sad to stand?
Sons of the ocean. what is the spell
In the depths of the mermaid's chrystal cell;
When the deep is reflecting the azure sky,
And the ship glides onward in Majesty?
He that hath felt his spirit stirred,
With the wild notes of a forest bird:
Who looks on the earth with a *poet's* eye,
On the river, the woodlands, and heavens high,
Whose heart is a harp of melodious strings,
The home of all bright imaginings;
He, and *he only* can *feel* the spell
The spirit's love of the beautiful.

JANE.

STANZAS.

A voice of plaintive music fell
Upon the summer air,
Faint as the broken murmur
Of a spirit's dying prayer;
It was the music of a heart
O'er which the storm had passed,
And left but one imperfect chord
To answer to the blast.

"My strength is immortality!"
The soul's clear voice replied,
'Twas like an angel's when it kneels
A tempted one beside;
I watch the surges as they break,
The tempest raging high,
As some brave mariner whose home
Gleams bright before his eye.

Is it a bitter thing for thee,
Worn heart! to tear away
The idols thou hast cherished here,
The sunbeams of the day?
Or agony to hear the knell
Of all thy bright hopes toll?
List to the better voice within,
The teachings of the soul!

"HE WANDERS ON THE GOLDEN SANDS."

BY S. N. EBRINGTON, JUN.

This ballad is founded on the life of Lord Nelson, and illustrates three periods of his glorious career—as a playful and innocent child, sailing his boat on his native stream—a midshipman defending England—and thirdly as an admiral, expiring in the arms of victory at Trafalgar.

He wanders on the golden sands,
His little boat to glide,
Which he hath made with gentle hands,
To launch upon the tide.
The breeze expands its snowy sail,
And none more proud than he,
Hath ever led in strife or gale,
A bark upon the sea.

Next, on the deck where heroes tread,
His country's sword he wears;
Her flag is streaming o'er his head,
Her glorious badge he wears.
None bolder ever dared the storm,
None braver met the foe;
No firmer heart or finer form,
Could o'er the ocean go.

Now, while upon his breast appears
The star his country gave,
He meets amid her blood and tears,
His death wound on the wave!
Swift from the foe's unerring gun
The fatal bullet flies;
A shout proclaims the battle won,
And with a prayer he dies.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK.

Reader! when this volume you peruse,
Learn to meditate, to think, and feel;
Let its contents be, like the widow's cruse,
The type of her imperishable meal.

And when you have extracted all the sweets,
From leaves besprinkled with the printer's dew,
Remember, that a friendly voice entreats
Compassion for the pages in review.

Protect them from the stranger's warm embrace,
Preserve the ears from fingers rude and free;
And if you want another in its place,
Return this volume safely back to me.

K.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We have still litt record in the way of novelty, though much in the w excellence; the favourite operas, cast in the admi way that they can only be at this theatre, have drawn overflowing houses, that Mr. LUMLEY has found it necessary for the present, to produce any of the nov he has in store, and among which will be found the beautiful opera of VERDI's, the "Lombardi," an that contains more exquisite melodies than ever "Ernani," fresh and sparkling in melodies as that tiful opera was. The "Lombardi," however, tak higher ground than "Ernani," the airs are of a lofty character, and there is much breadth and gra in the concerted pieces, whilst the music is, throug exceedingly beautiful. An *andante* air, "Sciaguiat a very graceful and attractive melody, well worked and the *coro e Marcia*, "Gia le croce," is spirited brilliant; the *andantino duet*, "Oh belle a g misera," has a good deal of marked character, and is monized with a particularly happy effect; there is a splendidly written chorus, "Oh nobile sempio," th likely to be very popular, as there is much breadth character about it. A lively *rondo* "No pe sogno likely to be one of the favourite *morceaux* of the op it is phrased with much elegance, and the melody i very attractive character. The *andante cavatina*, mia letizia infondere," and the succeeding *allegro*, " poteva un angelo," are charmingly written, being re with graceful phrasing, and worked out with much spir effect. Mr. LUMLEY will produce the opera in the excellent manner that the "Ernani" of the same poser was brought out with. The scenery by M MARSHALL will be entirely new, and historically co in the period of the first crusades, whilst the pictur costumes of that chivalrous age, will afford Ma COPERE full opportunity for the display of her ta *costumier*.

Otello has also been produced here with the foll cast:—*Desdemona*, GRISI; *Elmiro*, LABLACHE; FORNASARI; *Rodrigo*, CORELLI; *Otello*, M GRISI's *Desdemona* is one of her greatest achieven The exquisite movement in the third act, "Deh C o'ciel nel sonno," was admirably given by her, the tiful plaintive character of the air, and the felicity which it is written, rendering it one of the most cha of ROSSINI's compositions, and GRISI certainly su to perfection. MARIO acted with much spirit, and a warmth into the part that we have rarely seen equ His opening air, "Ah si her voi," displayed his p to the highest advantage. LABLACHE was of great ance to the opera; in the *finale* to the second act pecially, his magnificent tones were heard to the gr advantage; the music of *Iago*, is rather high for Fo SARI's voice, but still he acquitted himself so as t much applause.

The return of TAGLIONI once more to the scene many triumphs, was hailed by the subscribers a

of the most delightful features of the season; and though it may be with regret we learn that it is to be positively her last appearance in this country, still Mr. LUMLEY has so arranged, that she shall appear in all the most favourite scenes of her brilliant achievements. Her "Sylphide" will long linger in the remembrance of the Opera *habitués*, as the perfection of grace and poetry in dancing, and the most charming of ballets. What, indeed, can be more exquisite and fairy-like than TAGLIONI'S dancing in this ballet? She seems to float and spring about the stage, as if her feet scarce touched the ground, whilst every attitude and step is, in fact, the perfection of grace itself.

ROSA CACCIA is another of the great features of the season, coming to us with all the freshness of novelty, and a most brilliant reputation. We shall be much disappointed if ROSA CACCIA does not make a most decided hit; she has risen very rapidly in Italy to the highest eminence, and she has the reputation of being the best singer of the day in Italy. Her style, too, is novel, and admirably adapted for her Majesty's Theatre.

With the immense array of talent now engaged here, Mr. LUMLEY must be almost at a loss how to employ his resources, for certainly, never since the house has been built, has there been collected under any management, so powerful and brilliant a company as we now have here, whether in opera or ballet.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The season of these delightful performances is now fast drawing to a close, and we shall miss much the agreeable *soirées Françaises*, where the light, piquant acting, agreeable singing, and highly aristocratic appearance of the *salle* itself, render it a perfect *bijou* of theatrical entertainment. Mr. MITCHELL has been a most liberal caterer during the season; and, contrary to former seasons, we believe, he has found it a very successful one, as the houses have been exeeedingly well attended, and the public, as well as the subscribers, have been far more constant visitors than during any previous season. ACHARD was as popular as ever; his lively acting, and the charming singing of his *chansonettes*, render him most deservedly a favourite. He has much increased the good opinion entertained of him by his performances during his second engagement; and we are confident he will be extremely popular next season. ARNAL has been reserved by Mr. MITCHELL as a *bonne bouche* for the close of the season; and certainly no one can see him play in the various amusing pieces of his *repertoire*, and refrain from laughing, for there is so much humour about him, independent of the aid that nature has given him to complete the comedian, that he is almost the only person at the present day, who is what may be termed a comic actor, such, indeed, as LISTON was in his zenith. ARNAL is not altogether new to this country; he has played here before with immense success, and once or twice he played either at Covent Garden or Drury Lane in one or two of his light vaudevilles. ARNAL is the great star of the Vaudeville, where his graceful poetic effusions have won him a favourable reputation, as well as his acting, his "Epitre a Bouffé," being a work of really much excellence. There is no actor on the French stage who, to make use of the French phrase, have *crée* so many characters as ARNAL; most of the broadly humourous pieces of the English stage have been taken from his *repertoire*; he has the peculiar talent of embodying a character, and filling it out so as to stand out with a pre-eminence and effect that even the author has scarcely imagined in his conception of the part; his inimitable bye-play, never at rest, but always working up the business of the scene, adds so greatly to the effect of his performances, that no piece in which he plays ever flags for an instant. The pieces in which ARNAL will play, will be "L'Homme Blasé," "L'Humoriste," "Les Gants Jaune," "Passo Minuit," "Les Cabinets Particulaire," "Renaudin de Caen," "Le Poltron," "La Mansarde du Crime," "Le Bal de Grand Monde," &c., &c. In all these he is truly excellent, and there is little doubt he will be the most successful of all the engagements of the season.

PHILIPPE continues to attract overflowing houses with his *soirées mysterieuses*, being even more the *furore* than DOBLER was; unquestionably he is a most extraordinary performer, and one whose tricks, often as they may be seen, are as striking and wonderful as at first. He is certainly one of the most skilful of any who have yet appeared in this country, and has well merited the success he has met with.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Brussels company has now been located here for some time, and has been very fairly attractive; as the company is really a good one, being considered the best after the Paris opera, and embracing the names of Monsieur and Madame LABORDE, COUDERE, ZEGLER, QUILLEVI, &c., all names well known in the musical world. The company has been transferred from Brussels entire, and includes the whole of the orchestra, chorus, and *corps de ballet*, in addition to the whole of the principal singers, and is in a very efficient working state, requiring no rehearsals, the operas being given exactly as they are at Brussels; except that the orchestra is rather too noisy, from the overweight of brass instruments. The operas are really excellently played. "The Diamans de la Couronne," "Le Part du Diable," "Robert le Diable," "Le Postilion de Longemeau," "Guillaume Tell," and a variety of the other favourite French operas have been given, and have gone off with much spirit, being throughout very well supported. Indeed, we may say that, taken altogether, it is the most perfect working operatic company we have yet had in this country; the *ensemble* being throughout most perfect.

CHARADE.

My first's fruition,
My second's tradition,
And my *tout's* perdition.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS

FOR JULY, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a pretty light plaided *barège* of a dark lilac; the *jupe* made very full, and trimmed with two very broad flounces of the same material; the edge of each *volant* being waved and bound with satin of the same colour as the plaid of the dress; tight high body, and plain close sleeves, the former trimmed across the front with straps of the *barège* waved and bound, *pareil* to the two rows which encircle the top of the sleeve, which is made rather short, and turned back at the lower part with a double cuff, cut slanting, and waved at the edge; under full cuff of plain muslin, edged with a narrow lace round the cuff; *ceinture à boucle*, bonnet of white chip; the interior of the brim trimmed with *petit* loops of narrow gauze ribbon of a pale lilac, placed between two folds of white gauze, and put at equal distances from each other round the edge; the top part of the crown is encircled with a ribbon to match, a *rûche* of white and lilac fringed ribbon passing over the front of the crown.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant costume is composed of a rich rose-coloured *pouli de soie* silk; the skirt being splendidly trimmed with six rows of silk fringe the same colour as the dress; the lower rows boing somewhat deeper in width; this fringe is put on at equal distances round the dress, the top row reaching only a little below the waist; corsage *à l'Amazon*; the lower part forming a kind of jacket, which is trimmed round, as well as the open lappels, with a narnarrow green silk fringe; repeated, also, round the lower part of the straight sleeve, which is rounded and cut up at the back, so as to give greater ease and play to the under fulled sleeve of muslin, bordered with a broad lace falling over the hand; under-chemisette of fine cambric, headed with a small twist or *rûche*. Bonnet of Italian straw; the crown decorated with a splendid plume of white ostrich feathers falling low, and tapering at the side, the tips being very much curled; the interior of the brim bordered with a wreath of pale pink and white small roses without leaves.

YOUNG LADIES' COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A costume of a narrow striped Pekin silk of a rich blue; the skirt made immensely full and *à train*; the fronts decorated on each side with a kind of narrow plait, composed of the same coloured satin; corsage half-high, and rounded waist; a round plain *berthe* of the same material forms a trimming to the top of the bust, edged round likewise with a narrow plait; half-long straight easy sleeves, surmounted with a plain round epaulet, which is edged round, as well as the lower part of the sleeve, with a trimming *pareil* to that on the cape; plain under neck shirt of embroidered India muslin, edged round the top with a narrow Valenciennes lace; long white silk mittens, edged at each side with narrow plaiting of white satin ribbon. Capote of pale lavender *crêpe*; the outer edge of the brim and top of the crown trimmed with of the same; a single row of rather a broad open gympe of the same colour surrounds the crown, and a kind of small *nœud* and ends on the left side.

PLATE THE THIRD.

MORNING COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a splendid white and coloured *tarlatane* muslin; the pattern of this dress ceedingly bold and magnificent, the stripes going the dress, and giving a full rich appearance to the f the skirt is made immensely full, and perfectly tight half-high corsage, forming a kind of point front, and headed with a very becoming small cap up a little upon the shoulders, and edged all roun a narrow peach-coloured silk fringe; rounded waist circled with a striped peach-coloured silk ribbon, w tied in a kind of knot in the centre of the waist, a scends in two ends down the front; plain loose s sleeves, reaching to a little above the wrist, the top arm trimmed round with a narrow fold of the same rial, headed with a narrow fringe; under sleeves of muslin, and chemisette of figured lace, headed with of narrow lace. Capote of white chip, prettily tri the exterior and interior with *nœuds* of pale shaded ribbon.

AFTERNOON DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This truly elegant costume is made of a striped light green and white *moire*, the *jupe* hands trimmed with two immense broad *volants*, *à biais*, rather easy, at a little distance from each other, cu wave, and stamped round the lower edge; plain ha pointed body, and short sleeves, trimmed with a frilling, cut out to match the flounces on the skirt straight sleeve, slightly full, of plain India muslin, f with a narrow band and a row of lace round the pale lavender gloves; chemisette pelerine of rich edged all round with a graduated frilling of the Scarf of plain white *barége*, edged with a broad round the ends. Capote of *paille de riz*, the crown rated with three small curling white ostrich feathe lower one being placed very low at the side; *bri* white satin ribbon.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A pelisse of pale blue levantine, the trimmed with a pretty fancy ornament, composed buttons, put close to each other, and having a ver effect, this trimming gradually enlarging towar lower part of the skirt; *pardessus* of pale pink rounded in the front, made rather short, and entire circled with a ribbon plaited *à la vielle*, the edge ribbon being of a deep *cerise* colour, forming a k border on each side; this trimming is repeated rou neck and sleeves, and is gathered into the waist, w encircled with a double gauging, forming a kind of

Bonnet of white *paille de riz*, handsomely trimmed with a green plaided ribbon and white lace, the crown of the bonnet, being simply composed of lace, is quite transparent; a narrow piece of the *paille de riz* is put across the front of the crown, and turns slightly over towards the back, having a very novel effect; a fancy, drooping, green marabout feather is placed on the left side.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Pelisse of a rich light green satin; the *jupe* is made excessively full and long; tight high corsage and sleeves, the former closing half way down the front to the point of the waist, the corsage headed with a small square open collar, edged round with a very narrow green silk fringe, which is continued down the front of the body, the whole front of the dress being handsomely trimmed with an ornament of fancy gymp, of the same colour as the dress. Scarf of a rich bluet silk, handsomely figured at each of the ends, which are also decorated with a broad silk fringe. Under chemisette of fulled muslin, surrounded at the top with three very narrow *rûches*. Capote of white silk, looped across the front with a light, narrow, fancy straw; striped yellow and white ribbon, forming a *nœud* in the centre of the front, and finished with a long fringed end of the same, drooping over the right side.

EVENING CONCERT DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant costume is composed of rich white satin; the skirt being richly trimmed with a fluted white gauze ribbon, striped with cherry-colour, and of different widths; there are seven rows of this trimming, placed at rather unequal distances from each other, the upper one being within a short distance of the waist, and having a very graceful effect; the low tight fitting corsage is made in a perfect point at the waist, the bust being decorated with a double kind of round cape, formed rather narrower over the centre part of the sleeve, and deeper over the bosom, trimmed to match the skin, and attached in the centre of the front with a small *nœud* of the gauze ribbon; very short chemisette sleeves, surrounded at the lower part with a narrow fluting of plain white ribbon. Coiffure of white gauze disposed in three flat folds over the top of the head, and finished on each side just over the ears with loops of pearls on one side, and a bunch of red currants on the other.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of pink striped silk; the skirt decorated with two broad straight flounces, each edged with a pink silk fringe of a moderate width; these flounces are put on a little apart from each other; the corsage is made high and full, the fullness descending on each side from the shoulders, and meeting just above the waist, where it is fastened with a double guaging, fan back and *ceinture* of pink *chiné* striped ribbon descending down the front in two long ends; plain straight sleeve, reaching to a little above the wrist, and cut out in the form of a vandyke, edged round with a narrow pink fringe; under-sleeve of white muslin, forming a kind of large fulling round the wrist, finished by a narrow frilling of the same, or a lace over the hand. Scarf of a rich plaided *barège*. Bonnet of white *paille de riz*, handsomely trimmed with a long drooping green and white feather, and striped green and white silk ribbon.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dark dress of shaded silk; the body quite high, and fitting tight; the waist is long, rounded in the front, and is finished by a small jacket, the edge of which is slightly indented; the sleeves are tight, open on the back of the arm, the corners being rounded; the opening is trimmed with a narrow *rûche* of silk; under-sleeve of cambric. The skirt is very long, and extremely full; the rows *en biais* of the same material, the edges being slightly waved and trimmed with a narrow *rûche*, are placed round the dress at some distance from the bottom, giving it almost the appearance of a double *jupe*. Capote; the brim open, and falling rather low at the ears; the left side is ornamented by a bunch of beautiful purple flowers surrounded by foliage; the interior is perfectly plain.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A dress of striped *sylphide*; the corsage low, and quite plain; the waist long and pointed; lace pelerine falling low at the back, and over the shoulders, but pointed in the front; the sleeves are composed of fullings, continued by narrow bands, finished at the wrist by a lace ruffle. The skirt consists of three *jupes*, one falling over the other, the edges slightlp waved, and finished by an exceedingly narrow cording. Bonnet of fancy straw, coming low at the ears; it is simply trimmed by broad ribbon placed across the bottom of the crown, and a bow and long ends low at the right side; the interior is trimmed to correspond.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of striped *Balzerine*; the corsage half high, and forming a point; the waist is long and pointed; plain sleeve, showing the full under-sleeve of India muslin; the skirt is exceedingly long and full; it has two broad flounces, each headed by a narrow *rûche*. Scarf of most splendid black lace. Bonnet of fancy straw; the brim open, and falling low at the ears; it has a ribbon carried plain across the bottom of the crown, and an ostrich feather drooping on the left side.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—Dress of rich *Levantine*, shaded green and rose colour; the body is quite high, and perfectly plain, fitting tight to the figure; the waist is long and pointed in the front, drooping slightly at the back; the front of the corsage is fastened to the throat by small silk buttons; the sleeves are tight, and are finished at the wrist by a narrow band, corded at each edge; under sleeves of fulled India muslin. The skirt is extremely long and full, and is quite plain; there should be ten or twelve breadths in the skirt. Bonnet of pale pink satin, trimmed with rich *blonde*, the flowers should be, as near as possible, of the same shade of green as that with which the dress is shaded. Splendid black lace scarf.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Dress of plaided *sylphide*, the corsage low and fitting tight, the waist long and but slightly pointed; a deep cape, *à la berthe*, is round the neck of the dress, trimmed with a richly shaded bullion fringe; the sleeves plain, of the three-quarter length, finished by a fringe; under sleeves of embroidered cambric. The skirt is very long and full, it has a deep flounce, headed by a broad bullion fringe, to correspond with that on the cape; *ceinture* of ribbon, the ends trimmed with fringe. Capote of white *crêpe*, the brim round and very open, a *marabout noué* droops on the left side, on the right are small *nœuds* of *crêpe* ribbon.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A high dress of lavender *poult de soie*, buttoning up the back; the body has a little fullness both back and front, which is confined by a gauging at a little distance from the waist; small pointed capes are set on the shoulders, and fastened with the waist of the dress; long tight sleeves, having three deep folds on the top of the arm, setting a little out from the sleeve; the waist is long and drooping towards the front; a rich silk cord and tassels are worn with this dress. The skirt is perfectly plain, very long, and immensely full. Capote of *tulle*, of the cottage form, the trimming being composed entirely of wreaths of vine leaves; the interior without cap or flowers.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1845.

The London season is still progressing most brilliantly, our young Queen setting the example by her unbounded hospitality, and magnificent *fêtes*; foreign princes, the greatest potentates from all parts of the habitable globe, being anxious to vie with each other in paying respect and homage to so patriotic and high-souled a Queen, and thereby rendering our Court the most splendid in the world; our fair and noble dames, willing on their part to add lustre to the scene, are sparing no expense to render their costumes as elegant and imposing as they can be invented. In this wish they are ably seconded by our clever *modistes*, the result of whose labours we now beg to lay before our fair readers; to commence with

HATS.—Those which are shaded are of the latest fashion. They are composed of a quantity of gauze folds, the colours being shaded across, from a very light hue to the darkest shade. For instance, upon a citron coloured one, the first is of the palest straw colour, the deepest and last fold being of the hue of the marigold, the intermediate folds being of the graduated shades. Then, again, a pink hat, the first fold being of the palest China-rose colour, and the last *biais* a perfect cerise. Another style of bonnet are those made of the Pamela form, and composed of pink *tulle*, the *bavolet* forming a part of the crown, on each side of which is a cluster formed of very small roses, with their leaves, which are intermixed with a light fulling of *tulle*, of the same colour as that of which the hat is composed. Then we have others, quite as elegant looking, composed of *crêpe*, citron colour, and ornamented with hedge roses.

WALKING DRESSES.—Some of the most fashio
are made of *mousseline*, either in white or coloured.
mousselines de soie are in great request, and are gen
made up after the following fashion:—The corsage
busque, and with facings falling back *à ceinture*
sleeves *à la russe*, the skirt trimmed with two
volants, or deep flounces. Another pretty style for
which are of a white ground, *à bandes Pékinées*, the
high and plain, forming a kind of stomacher, and f
ing behind; over the front part of the corsage are *p*
straps, or bands of the same material, put on in a k
feston; these bands, or, what is perhaps the same,
debourgs, are four in number; ceinture to match, *à*
pans, the epaulets droop a little over the plain sleev
are trimmed with two festooned bands to match;
the front of the arm are placed two *festons* of the
description, *posées en biais*, like the straps upon
mental sleeve, narrow facings, and manchettes of
crêtées, with a straight Valenciennes; the skirt tri
with two flounces, edged with a *feston ondé*, on the

EVENING OR DINNER DRESSES are principally
posed of the *gros grain* lilac, *mauve*, or verdant
handsomely trimmed with two flounces of magn
broad black lace, put on nearly plain, and of a
kind of pattern. The *berthe* worn over the corsag
the same description of lace, and sufficiently deep to
little below the waist, and just over the front of the
Another very elegant style of dress is composed o
damas d'été, the corsage made very low and very
manches mignonnes, ornamented with *gueules de l*
the same material; the skirt is made quite plain, ver
à queue très prononcée. We have seen another dr
the same style, only made of white *velours d'écoss*
the bodies and sleeves decorated with draperies.
a dress of plaided *gros de Naples*, the skirt dec
with nine flounces of different widths; plain stiff co
the sleeves *à godets*, and facings *à Louis XIV*.

PALETOTS.—Several of our first-rate *modiste*
commencing to bring forth this style of over-all
they are denominated the *paletot d'été*, and are
entirely of black and white lace. We very much
their becoming universal, being not only very expe
but mostly intended for carriage or afternoon dress.

MANTELETS.—A very fanciful looking one, an
with which our *noblesse* are much pleased, has ju
peared, composed of white *crêpe glissant*, upon
satin. The ends of this mantelet are rounded at th
tom, the pelerine *très-ample*, and over each arm is a
by the aid of which the ends are fulled to the top
waist, and their junction with the pelerine produces
of *demi-manche*, the whole of the mantelet being
cled with a pink satin ribbon, fringed with pink,
in the centre a very narrow white stripe, the pelerine
ornamented with three rows of this ribbon, *ruch*
vielle. Those intended for promenade are very p
made in shot and *glacé* silks, such as the following
à reflets, blue and pink, formed deep, and rounded
back, cut very sloping over the top of the shoulder
scending down the front in long square ends, and tri

upon the back with three *volants*, edged with a fringe, terminating in a point at the bend of the arm; laces are also much used for the trimming of these kind of mantelets; they are generally put on as a kind of frilling round the two capes or pelerines, and plain upon the front part of the ends; others are decorated with three rows of fringe, *à la fontaque*, or with gauze ribbons, forming round plaits.

Caps.—Nothing can equal the coquettish and fascinating appearance of the caps of the present day, pink and blue are the colours always most in vogue, notwithstanding which, we see them trimmed with ribbons of a darker hue, such as deep blue, green, *groseille*, and violet; some very distinguished looking ones we have remarked, decorated with trimmings of velvet. For morning wear, the most favourite material is embroidered muslin, the crowns made very small, and decorated with a *triple papillon*, trimmed with *brides*, or streamers of ribbon or velvet. We may cite the following as one of the prettiest, composed of three rows of English lace, divided by three rows of velvet *bleu de la reine*, each row being terminated by a *chou*, through which may be passed a jewelled pin, these three pins on each side, adding much to the effect of the head-dress, and giving it a very elegant appearance.

Morning Dresses are commencing to be quite *recherché* in their appearance. For instance, nothing can be more elegant than a dress composed of the *tissus Memphis*, decorated with four flounces, the corsage having pretty facings or *revers* turning back and *à ceinture;* sleeves *à l'ottomane*, having under ones of some light material. The *tissu Memphis* is now in great favour, and is only made in light colours, plain or in stripes, plaids, or *semis de pois*. For home costumes *bareges*, and *tarlatan* muslins are preferred, the former in pretty shaded stripes, the *blouse* body, and the skirt perfectly simple; whilst those in pink *tarlatan* are made with the Grecian body, and the skirt ornamented with four broad folds. The sleeves are generally made the same width at the top as at the wrist, where they are fulled into a band of sufficient width to allow of a trimming composed of three rows of lace, put on so as to touch one another, and very slightly fulled.

Le Kazawaika, or *pardessus d'été*, is still much in favour, forming as it does such an elegant and fanciful outer garment, and showing to such advantage the form of the waist. *Le kazawaika* of the present season, is mostly made in plain, or *Pékinée* silks, the bodies being mostly formed high, with a falling collar and facings; the sleeves are made rather short, and large all the way down, particularly at the lower part, with or without facings, *à la Louis XIV.;* the skirt being sufficiently spacious, and descending about the width of the hand above the knee, the form is general, like those of the *twines*, inasmuch as the fronts and the back of the corsage is made of a single, and the same piece as the corresponding part of the skirt.

Fashionable Colours for the present month are principally pink, blue *tourterelle*, white, every shade of green, *poussierre*, lilacs and grey. Mixed colours are still much in vogue, they are generally of the most opposite hues, such as a Nankin colour and red, pink and green.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

The gay world in Paris are trying to emulate the splendour and bustle reigning in our own Court, by the elegance and novelty of their attire, every fanciful device and article being brought into requisition in order to attain this object; the lightness and variety of summer costumes never having been so remarkable as at the present moment. As an instance of this, we quote the following as the newest style of

Coiffures worn in full dress. They are of the most fanciful description, and of the richest *tissus*; for instance, we have the *bonnet smyrniote*, embroidered all over with gold and pearls; the whole of the head dress encircled with a twist at the back. Then again, the *Coiffure Algerienné*, composed of a gold net work, embroidered with *ponceau* or green silk, and round which is a narrow scarf of gold and silk, the ends of which are terminated with broad fringe drooping as low as the waist. A more simple description of head-dress, are those called *les Fontanges*; formed of a single *nœud* of satin fringed with gold, fastened upon the side of a kind of net-work, which confines the back hair. The *coiffure Sévillienne* is also much in favour, composed of black jet, and ornamented at the side with a large rose, and with long jet tassels at the opposite side of the head-dress

Chapeaux a la Glaneuse.—This style of hat has been expressly invented, in order to shade the face from the scorching effects of the sun; the brim being spacious and circular, the crown very low, the *brides* or strings being *possés* underneath; two roses are *possés à titre d'agrafe* as a heading to the *brides*, having a very pretty effect; or else they are simply decorated with a *guirlande champêtre* formed of red and green cherries, currants, raspberries *d'epis*, daisies. liserons, &c.

Pailles de Riz, and open-worked straws, are still in great request; the latter, in particular, are much in favour, the prettiest being those of the form *Paméla*, and decorated with a branch of the acacia lilac. We must also cite a very elegant *chapeau de pailie de riz*, edged, or rather bordered, with a plaid ribbon of a kind of flame-colour *posé à cheval*; the form of the hat is small, the interior of the brim being lined with a soft white *crêpe*, and without *mancinis*; the exterior is ornamented on the right side with a *triple nœud* of a pretty style of ribbon; and on the left side with a branch of the bine-weed, dandelions, flowers, and *fleurettes des prés*. Bonnets of the *paille guipure* are also in great request, lined with pink *crêpe*, and decorated with a bouquet of roses *posé* upon the side. Then, again, those *à jour*, ornamented with dark blue silk ribbons, put on *en travers* upon the *calotte*, and attached round the crown with a torsade of the same kind of ribbons, terminated with a *nœud* of fringed ribbon, *paille de riz* being mostly preferred for afternoon costume. They are generally decorated with feathers gracefully curled with sometimes pretty white lace introduced; the brim being very small at the ears.

Dresses.—Some very pretty fanciful ones are those

covered a great deal with embroidery *point de chaînette*, particularly those of the amazonian form. We have seen several of this description of dress in nankin, embroidered with white; also in *bleu-duchesse brodé*, in a kind of *petite passementerie* of the same colour; the *chemisette* being made in *batiste*, plaited very small, fastened round the waist with an inlet of embroidery, the sleeves being also plaited and shewing under the amazonian sleeve, which is cut crossways over the arm. Those *corsages à busques* are most in favour for costumes *à la ville*, morning, &c. We may also quote the following as being extremely becoming, a dress of *foulard écru à deux jupes*, the under one being long, trimmed with a broad *passementerie posée* on the top of the hem; the second skirt also edged with a similar ornament ascending *èn tablier* on each side of the front; plain corsage, low, and the point of the waist rounded; plain long sleeves.

PEIGNOIRS are much worn for elegant morning costumes; they are generally composed of *mousseline de soie*, the favourite colour being lilac, made open up the front, and showing the under-dress of *poult de soie*, trimmed with a broad cut flounce; the *peignoir* being encircled with a double *rûche* of fringed ribbons, put on in two rows; the sleeves *demi-longues*; a high chemisette, with long sleeves attached, (is worn underneath, finishing this elegant *neglige*) and entirely made of alternate rows of lace inlet and embroidery. We have also remarked, that the favourite style of corsage, are those having a plain shoulder piece encircling the throat, the back and fronts of the body being gathered in equal folds, and rather close to each other; it is slightly guaged to where it is put into the shoulder piece, so as to give it a full *busqué* appearance; *ceinture* to match; having half-long ends; sleeves very ample, and fulled all round the cuff, the gathers on the top of the arm being retained by three straps, about three fingers width from above the elbow, where it regains its fullness; being, however, again confined with another band or strap about half way down the front of the arm. We may also cite the following as a charming model, made either of white or coloured jaconets, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace; this style of *peignoir* is formed *à double jupe*; each skirt decorated with a broad flounce or frill; the upper skirt being at least the width of the flounce shorter than the lower one; the upper volant, therefore, forming a heading to the one on the under-skirt; the sleeves are made *demi-larges*, and are fulled in at the top to the shoulder-piece; a rich silk ribbon encircles the waist, which is perfectly round. Two very elegant models have just been submitted to our inspection, as forming part of the *trousseau* intended for *à jeune Mariée*, made in Italian silks *glacés*, the one being of a pale pink colour, trimmed with English point lace; the other of a verdant green, and decorated with *paint d'Alencon*.

REDINGOTES.—Several very elegant ones have lately appeared, composed of white *tarlatane* muslin, and lined with pink or blue taffetas or a *transparent*, and trimmed with *garniture* of shaded ribbon; the corsage is made perfectly *degagé*, and short sleeves, making, altogether, a most charming evening dress; some are beautifully embroi or have a Valenciennes inlet encircling it; the *chem* to match; these costumes are not considered com unless a splendid shawl of black lace is thrown ov whole, there being at the present moment a perfect for these elegant and light shawls. We have also rem others made of an entire new material, being a descri of *coutil* wove with cotton and worsted; the body in the front, and the lower part of the back fulled; sleeves, with narrow facings; the sole ornaments bei *marquise* buttons made of silk; over these dress worn a *pardessus* of silk of a *poussere* colour, having sleeves, and a *capuchon* lined with pink silk.

BALL DRESSES.—The light textures of which fairy-like costumes are of every colour: white, how predominates. We may cite, as one of the most el toilettes, a dress formed of three skirts of *tulle semé pois d'or*, and edged or bordered with a broad frin white and gold; these three skirts are raised in a ki drapery *superposées* on each side with three *nœuds* and gold *torsades*, terminated with Algerine tassels; the upper skirt the cord reaches up to the waist, wh also encircles, but without being tied in any way, so give proper effect to the side *cordelières*; the corss formed *à la grecque*, with very small sleeves, per plain, and also edged with a fringe. Another sty evening dress, are those made of pink or blue Italian *glacées* white, which are made *à double jupe*, the u ones being formed open, and trimmed *en tablier* on side of the *jupon*; the *tour* of the openings and the part of the skirt being trimmed with *rûches* of ribbo net. We may also remark that the trimmings most for ornamenting the *robes Pompadour*, are the fringe bons put on *en petit falbalas*, and having a most char effect. For *petites soirées*, some of our young no *portent* dresses of white *barège à lignes transver* that is, striped across, with Grecian corsage, an sleeves rather large; also dresses of light coloured It silks, and trimmed with three or four flounces of a light style of black lace, has a very charming effect; half style of evening dresses are sometimes made with bodies, and may be seen composed of plaided Pekin either pink and white, or green and white, and trim with four rows of handsome fringe, made in the colours.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"*K.*"—We have received your communication thanks, and shall be glad to hear from you again soo

"*Lines on a Linnet,*" declined.

"*The Zephyr;*" not yet perused; we shall gi our earliest attention.

"*W. C.*"—Received, and shall appear.

"*The Affianced,*" under revision.

"*B. B.*"—Certainly in our next.

LONDON:
J. B. BELL, PRINTER, 299, STRAND.

(2)

The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1845 Morning Dresses

THE WORLD OF FASHION,

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1845.

LOVE AND VANITY.

" You from my gentle nature had no fears,
All my revenge is only in my tears."

DRYDEN.

" My dear Julio, you possess a good fortune, and a distinguished name; you have nobly benefited your country by your services, and now you are about accepting the consulship of Valencia. I feel persuaded that you will there accomplish all the good that can be effected, because I know you have the heart to feel, the judgment to discriminate, and the will to perform what is just and equitable ; and that duty has always been a powerful and sacred obligation with you. But you are going to a country remarkable for its feats of gallantry, and in that particular I feel rather uneasy on your account."

" My beloved father, I thank you most gratefully for all you have done for me ; you have given me a title, and preserved for me the ample fortune of my ancestors ; and now, by the influence of your irreproachable loyalty, you have obtained for me an honourable and lucrative appointment in the most lovely province of Spain. But I can read your thoughts and wishes, and I plainly see that you are desirous that I should marry ere I leave you. But that is impossible."

" But, my brave boy, " why this hatred of marriage ?"

" It is not a hatred nor a contempt of marriage which I feel," said the Marquis of Dumont, " for I remember well my mother, and how essentially she contributed to your happiness. If I could assure myself that I should meet with one as devoted as she was, then would I at once enrol myself in her service ; but I fear my standard of perfection is of too exalted a character to be realized, and I can fancy no medium in the married life ; therefore, I should fear to trust to chance, as I know I should love with more than ordinary intensity."

" Then is it because you would make too good a husband, that you will not marry ?"

" Just so. It now depends upon me to justify the proverb which my ancestors and you have sustained. My idea of a wedded life is of a very exaggerated nature, and I fear the reality would never satisfy my notions of happiness, and I should then be miserable,"

" And do you think that a well selected marriage would not confer more than you imagine of happiness ?"

" Yes, father. I have great faith in wedded bliss, but I have not so much faith in my own powers of discrimination, and I fear the woman I might select would not possess all the attributes necessary for prompt, fervent, and lasting affection."

" Then, my dear boy, in order to create a prompt impression, the lady must possess"—

" Grace and beauty," interrupted the young Marquis.

At this the Marquis, without being seen by his son, gave a sort of despairing shake of the head, saying—

" And what are your requisites for the lasting portion of the attachment ?"

" High birth, nobility of soul, and ardent love."

The features of the old man relaxed with a smile, and he joyously said :—

" Well, my dear boy, I warn you that the ball at which I mean to present you to-morrow evening, ere you depart to your new residence, will be rather trying to your susceptibility, as you will there meet all the beauty that others find so irresistible ; and many amongst them that I should be glad to see you fix your affections upon."

" Be more frank with me, my dearest father, and tell me is there not *one* amongst the many that in the bottom of your heart you would wish to see my choice fall upon ?"

" And how have you guessed my secret, you naughty boy ?"

" Because you never preach sermons but upon a regular got up occasion. I have now but one month more to spend with you, and in order not to lose a single day, you have this morning commenced your matrimonial homilies, and from to-morrow evening I am to be caught in the snare. Well, then, let us see. But, in the meantime, do not be churlish, and let me know the name of my future bride ?"

Oh, no ! certainly not. If I am deceived, I shall keep secret the name of the fair one ; and if I succeed in my

wishes, I shall reveal all to you in the gladness of my heart."

The Marquis and his son grasped each other's hand affectionately, and with a smile of mutual defiance they parted, the young man to go partridge shooting, and the Marquis to betake himself to a country seat at a little distance, where he had habituated himself to sojourn during the absence of his son. Those who pretended to know more than their neighbours, affirmed that he was drawn thither by the grace and beauty of Madame Campas, a most charming woman of thirty-eight, who had remained a widow for five or six years, notwithstanding the numerous sieges that had been made on her heart during that period. They attributed to his love for the mother the little attentions he paid the daughter, a young girl of twenty, who appeared to have a decided predilection for retirement, or rather that an unfortunate accident had prevented being before introduced into the fashionable world.

The next evening the young and captivating Julio awaited at the foot of the stairs for his father's appearance, in order to enter the carriage that was to convey them to the much talked of ball.

When the Marquis saw his son attired with all the care and cost that good taste and wealth could alone ensure, he started with delight and admiration at the astounding beauty of his son's open and intellectual countenance, and smilingly thought where he would deign to sue there would be no chance of a denial.

In an hour they arrived at the Castle of Longueil, where the ball had already commenced in all its fascinations. The large suite of rooms were thrown open and brilliantly illuminated. One end of the principal saloon opened upon fragrant hot-houses, and abundant graperies, and the other extremity led into the extensive gardens, and thickly wooded shrubberies, permitting the dancers to renovate and cool themselves in the mild yet balmy air of an autumnal evening.

The Marquis and his son found themselves in the saloon appropriated to the numerous dancers.

"Well, father," exclaimed Julio, looking around, "I hope you will point out to me your elected daughter-in-law?"

"Oh, no!" replied the Marquis. "Nor shall I even tell you if she is here."

"Is that the young lady who stands just before us, with the corn flowers in her hair?"

"That is a young lady of large fortune"—

"Well, then, it is not her, or you would not commence your praises with a calculation concerning pounds, shillings, and pence. The young lady next her dances gracefully, perhaps too much for effect if you watch closely her movements; but she is very pretty."

"She is the daughter of a French peer, who has obtained permission to transmit his title to his son-in-law."

"Well, father, you shall see your son arrive at dignities and honours, but it shall be owing solely to his own merits, and not to an act of grace from a father-in-law. But tell me what is the matter with the cheek and neck of that young lady with the beautiful hair?"

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of that young lady seated at our right, and of w face we can see but the profile."

"Oh! I know. But do not look at her; it is painful."

"But what is the matter with her?"

"It is but too easy to perceive a double scar. I should think you must have seen this young lady befo

"You forget, my dear sir, that this is my first vi your new paradise—but who is the lady standing b that young girl, and with whom she is conversing?" Julio.

"What pleasure can you feel in looking at that y person?" asked the Marquis. "Of all the persons i room, she is the least calculated to please by ap ance."

"It is true that those scars disfigure her," re Julio.

"Well," said his father, "let us turn our attenti other objects."

"I suppose," continued Julio, "these scars came a fall?"

"No, from a burn."

"A burn," exclaimed Julio. "Has her face and been burned?"

"Let us adjourn to the adjoining room," sai Marquis; we shall there be able to observe without perceived."

"Come along then," replied Julio. "How this burn must have altered features that previously migh been beautiful."

"It is very probable," replied the Marquis, movi wards the door.

The Marquis and his son passed through the open dow leading to the garden, and entered the adjoining in the same way, and commenced their observatio pointed out by the Marquis.

He allowed Julio to keep a little behind him leaning against the posts of the door, they hid them from the observation of those seated at the side Madame Campas was placed.

"Well," said the Marquis, "now look round yo try if you can discover much beauty amongst the ladies seated within your view."

"At this moment Julio bent forward, and after h looked for a moment or two, exclaimed,

"Look there. Madame Campas is still standing before her is now seated a young lady of most si beauty. It is very strange, but her dress is exact same as her daughter's?"

"She has but one daughter," said the Marquis reverie.

"And where is she?" demanded Julio.

"Who?"

"The daughter of Madame Campas."

"Julio, I think you want to teaze me," said the quis, impatiently.

"Indeed, father, I do not; but I think this lady has some resemblance to the one you pointed

her daughter. In all your letters and conversations you have always spoken of Madame Campas with the greatest friendship, and now you get impatient when I speak to you of her."

"She is, indeed, a true friend, my dear boy, and a most fascinating woman. I do not merely speak of her beauty, that you can witness yourself, but I have scarcely ever met a more fascinating person, she possesses an elevation of mind, equal to the charm of her manners."

"And yet I fancy I can detect in her smile, an expression of extreme sadness."

"Oh! yes; that is in consequence of her daughter —"

"How, has she not brought her up well, then?" demanded Julio, mistaking the cause of uneasiness to the mother.

"Never was there a more attentive or devoted mother," said the Marquis.

"And notwithstanding all," said Julio, "her daughter has faults."

"Who says so?" demanded the Marquis; "her daughter is an angel."

"I cannot comprehend you," exclaimed Julio.

"Wait awhile, my dear Julio, and I shall recount all, when you will see that amongst the many noble and generous qualities of Madame Campas, she possessed one weakness, which she had not courage to combat with, but which she has most cruelly expiated."

"And her daughter?" asked Julio.

"Oh," replied the Marquis, "it is but one story, and you shall hear it; but here is the Count Garbois, do you wish to be presented to him?"

"No, my dear father, I should much rather hear the tale you were about telling me."

"So you shall; but first, I must devote a few moments to the Count."

So saying, the Marquis took the arm of his friend, and Julio strolled from one room to the other. In one he found the attention of all devoted to cards, in another the company were amusing themselves with billiards. He was a stranger amongst the vast throng, and he felt it; he became fatigued and low-spirited. He moved along from room to room, until at length he reached a library, where, throwing himself upon a couch, he gave himself up to the melancholy reflections with which he felt inspired, and which the distant sounds of mirth and music served rather to increase than diminish.

He became totally absorbed by his own thoughts. The country dance had just been finished, and the music ceased, when his ear was attracted to the adjoining gallery by the rustling of silks, and the gentle tread of female feet. A voice of celestial sweetness said with considerable emotion,

"My God! what is the matter with you—speak to me?"

Sighs, apparently accompanied by tears, were the only answer to this prayer.

"Have I done anything to displease you?" again asked the young and musical voice.

At this inquiry a kiss appeared to close the mouth of the young girl. Julio wished not to hear their conversation, but yet was reluctant to make his appearance in the midst of such a scene.

"Speak—speak!" continued the voice; "speak to me I pray you."

"What do you wish that I should say?" replied a female voice with considerable emotion; "always the same idea—the same punishment."

"Oh, my beloved mother!" interrupted the young girl, and there was no difficulty in distinguishing that these words were accompanied by the most tender caresses.

"Just now when you were dancing," replied the mother, "I turned my eyes towards you, and I saw your beauteous profile—you smiled fondly upon me. So great was my joy, that I placed my hand upon my heart to still its throbbings; when all of a sudden you turned round and I saw—I saw ——"

The voice here became indistinct from excessive emotion. There was a moment of silence, then Julio heard the young girl descend upon her knees, and in a supplicating voice exclaim,

"Mother, do you love me?"

"I adore you, my angelic child."

These last words were expressed with all the warmth of the most exalted maternal affection.

"Then I am happy," said the young girl, rising with vivacity, "and I shall dance."

They moved away; Julio could not resist a feeling of curiosity, and he arose and saw a young girl of the most exquisite elegance of figure, who was endeavouring to lead forward, notwithstanding some feeble resistance, a lady towards the room where the dancing was going on. At the moment when they were about disappearing, the young girl turned her head, and he immediately recognized the burn.

He remained for some moments immoveable, then rapidly entering into the rooms, he sought around for his father, who was at the time just parting from his friend. Taking hold of his arm, he drew him towards the garden, saying,

"I pray you, father, relate to me the history of the accident to Mademoiselle Campas, as I feel singularly interested in the detail."

The Marquis perceived his son's emotion, but without apparently noticing it, or questioning him as to its cause, commenced his narration:—

"Madame Campas, as you have seen this evening, is a woman of extraordinary beauty. Wherever she appears, she is, beyond all comparison, the most attractive in the room. Her husband not only loved her for her beauty, but also for the rare qualities of mind she possessed, she was his idol, and the greatest enjoyment he had, was witnessing how much admiration she attracted from others.

"From the constant devotion paid to Madame Campas's beauty, vanity became a part of her nature; the idea of a rival near her throne, would have been unendurable, but that she now ceased to fear, she had so long

remained uneclipsed, and the acknowledged mistress of the field of beauty.

" Madame Campas had but one daughter, Jane, whom I have just pointed out to you. Jane was a most charming child ; scarcely had she grown up into girlhood, 'ere her figure and face became faultless ; and when Madame Campas arrived at that age when even the most presumptuous begin to calculate on the probable duration of their beauty, the poets of the province began to say that the Venus of Touraine would bloom again in the person of her own daughter with increased brilliancy, and more than once was the mother told that she alone could have given birth to one who would rival her own charms, and but for her daughter, she would ever continue the acknowledged queen of beauty.

" Although I should be sorry to accuse Madame Campas of envy, for I have the strongest regard for her, yet it must be nevertheless acknowledged, that the mother became jealous of the attractions of the daughter. She avoided as much as possible bringing so formidable a rival into society with her. Jane, whose mind was as perfect as her face, showed a ready compliance to her mother's wishes, and cheerfully remained at home. But Madame Campas was often obliged to receive her friends at her own house, and then Jane, in her simple dress of white muslin, captivated all the beholders, who went to the mother to express their unqualified admiration of her daughter's surpassing beauty.

" My God ! if you had heard this poor woman relate the torments she then endured, and her shame in discovering that her affection for her child diminished with each new display of her attractions, you would feel indulgent to her weakness. I cannot tell you if the father partook in any degree of this deplorable weakness of his wife, or if he perceived her growing coldness to her unoffending child, but he proposed to send Jane for one year to Paris, to finish her education. To this proposition Madame Campas gladly consented.

" Be patient and listen, I have still more to tell. What I am now going to relate, I have from the lips of Madame herself. The night before the day on which Jane was to have left for Paris, there was a grand ball in the town. Poor Jane was of course prohibited from going. Madame Campas was there, and whether from her well chosen dress, or the excitement attending so lively a scene, looked even more than usually beautiful. She was the star of all around her—the idol of the night ; all hung upon her accents with interest, and gazed upon her wondrous beauty with admiration ; when suddenly the lady of the house advanced, and with precaution announced to her that an accident had occurred, which required her presence home.

" The thought of her daughter instantly occurred to her. She lost not a moment, and upon arriving at her house found Jane surrounded by physicians, dressing two horrible wounds on the cheek and neck, caused by the upsetting of a phial of vitriol.

" I cannot describe to you the despair of that miserable mother. Inquiries were made as to how such an accident could have occurred, but the servants could not throw least light on the subject.

" The fact was, this angelic girl felt her mother's estrangement of manner, and guessing her weakness termined to disfigure her appearance, in order tha might regain the love of her mother.

" For several days Jane's life was in imminent da she became delirious, and they feared brain fever. length the physicians pronounced her out of danger. distracted mother remained fixed to the pillow o suffering child, weeping bitterly. Jane, whose eyes partially covered by the dressings, sought her mo hand, and pressing it fondly to her heart, exclaim ' My beloved mother, weep not, I am not suf now.'

" Madame Campas still continued weeping. ' M —mother, you will break my heart if you thus giv to grief.'

" ' You will be so disfigured,' whispered the af mother, throwing herself upon the bed, and strainin daughter to her heart.

" ' Disfigured,' repeated Jane, returning with in her mother's caresses ; then putting her mouth to h she whispered, ' Now you will love me.' "

Julio, to whom this last sentence fully revealed th votion of the matchless child to her mother, cou longer restrain an exclamation of profound admirati such virtue ; he grasped his father's hand, and rem for some moments silent.

" Father," at length said Julio, " I must ask le absence from the Minister of Foreign Affairs."

" Leave for what ?" interrogated the Marquis.

" This evening you must present me to Ma Campas, and then I must have time to win love."

" My noble boy," cried the Marquis, clasping h to his heart, " I knew that I should succeed in this fondest wish."

BELIN

LINES ON MEMORY.

Sweet memory throw thy gentle rays
O'er cherished scenes, and early days,
Subdued, but not less bright;
Voices long silent let me hear—
Friends departed, but still dear,
Illumine with thy light.

Weave for me thy enchanting spell,
That I may wander through each dell,
As happy as of yore ;
To breathe the air of childhood's home,
In childhood's haunts again to roam,
And be a child once more.

E.

THE VICTIM OF A DREAM;

A GERMAN STORY.

" ——— Nunc gloria matris
Mox dolor———."
CLAUDIAN. *De Raptu Proserpinæ. Lib. II.*

CHAPTER I.

It was the early dawn of the morning, and yet, all was animation in the town of Zurich, for its numerous soldiery were about to march forth to encounter the enemy, who were fast approaching the confines of Switzerland. Tears filled the eyes of thousands, and hands were wrung in agony, whilst voices were uplifted in prayers to heaven. The signal at length was given—the troops were in movement—and then did grief break through all those bounds within which it had hitherto been restrained ; for now arose the cries of despairing mothers, of agonized wives, and of afflicted brides ; and the shrieks could be heard even still more distinctly than the rattling of the drums, or the manly huzzas of the gallant heroes, who panted to find themselves in the deadly rencontre with the foes to their freedom, and the enemies to the independence of their country.

The soldiers had departed, and the stillness of death now pervaded the town. Despair had gained that supreme command over every heart, which grief with its violent efforts had stricken down.

White and pale—cold and frigid as a marble statue of Niobe, sat Amelia Sender, closely shrouded behind the hanging curtains in her father's magnificent apartments. She would not, if she could, gaze upon that daylight which had witnessed her grief. " Thine even in death !" were the last words that had been addressed to her by her affianced lover, Louis Sronenstein, as he tore himself from her sight ; and that word *death* had produced a deep and painful impression upon her sensitive heart. With the last rattling beat of the drum, she sunk back fainting on her seat ; and as she did so, she fancied that she saw the bleeding body of her intended husband stretched at her feet. And thus thinking, the fairest maiden in Zurich sank senseless and motionless to the earth.

Her father—her mother hurried to her aid, but it was vainly bestowed for several hours. At the end of that time, the poor heart broken Amelia was able but with her looks to thank them for their cares ; and rest alone was restored to her when, before night had closed, three different messengers arrived from the enamoured Louis, to assure her that he was still in health, and thus to soothe in some degree the agony caused by his separation.

During his march towards the frontiers, Louis never lost a single opportunity of writing to his beloved Amelia. His leisure moments were devoted to his pen, and every post brought with it the result of his labours ; and often the acknowledgment of letters from Amelia, which awaited him at the great towns through which his regiment was to pass.

He had, in his letters, endeavoured to impress upon Amelia a knowledge of the fact, that the time must soon come when the continuation of his correspondence would be subjected to a thousand accidents, and must probably be interrupted altogether for a considerable period. That fact alone, connected, as it was, with the dangers to which he must be exposed, and the perils he had to encounter, was identified in Amelia's mind with the fatal word—" *death*," which he had so solemnly spoken as he parted from her.

" Oh ! how she did long but for a single moment again to see him living !" It was a vain and useless wish, and nought was left to console her but his miniature, which always rested on her heart. But that miniature—how cold it was—how like in feature—but how unlike in expression to him that it represented : for instead of the sweet smile of the original, there was on its brow the frown of weariness, caused by the tediousness which Louis had to endure, whilst the painter was engaged in pourtraying it.

CHAPTER II.

The mother of Amelia was exceedingly rejoiced, as well as astonished, to see her daughter one morning enter the room, her face beaming with smiles, and looking the very emblem of happiness.

" Oh ! mother—dearest mother," she said, " my wish has been gratified, and I have again seen him as I would have wished to behold him."

" Seen *him !* Whom have you seen, my dear Amelia ?" inquired her mother.

" Him—my Louis. He has appeared to me in a dream. And now, as I know you are so very clever in explaining dreams, I come to ask you what is the signification of that which I had last night ?"

" How is this, Amelia—do you then believe in dreams ? You, who have, as well as your father, laughed at me when I have told you of my dreams, and attempted to impress upon you my interpretation of them."

" It is quite true, mother. And even now, I must own to you, that I do not think a dream to be anything more than the images conjured by a lively imagination. I only ask you to gratify my curiosity."

" No—no, my child," replied Madame Sender. " Curiosity without faith does not deserve any indulgence. But come, let us hear what fine dream this is you have had ?"

Amelia thus replied :—

" I dreamed that I was walking over a great, large, wide, boundless plain, and that I saw at a distance an officer, whose back was turned to me, playing ball, by tossing it from him. This sport or play did not surprise me, for I had seen Louis thus amusing himself before now. That, however, which astonished me was, that the ball was always tossed back to him, although I could not see any one before him to catch hold of it. In order that I might ascertain how this happened, I advanced nearer to the officer, and then discovered that the fellow player with him was some little animal."

" What was its shape and form ?" asked Madame Sender, who seemed to be a good deal agitated from the very first word that Amelia uttered.

"Why, I cannot exactly say, for it ran away so quickly as soon as I became visible to it; but it appeared to me to be very like a weazel."

Madame Sender, upon hearing this, sighed deeply.

"I never thought about the animal," continued Amelia, "for something much more interesting presented itself to my eyes. The officer turned round to discover who had interrupted him in his sport, and then I found that it was Louis himself, in all the glancing brilliancy of youth and manly beauty. There was a charm in his face that gave him something more than an earthly appearance—but, my dearest mother, what in Heaven's name is the matter?"

"Oh!—nothing—nothing my child. I feel a little faintish—give me my scent bottle.

CHAPTER III.

Amelia gave the smelling salts to her mother, who recovered her equanimity with some difficulty, and then asked with some eagerness if that was all Amelia had dreamed.

"Oh! not at all, my dear mother."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Madame Sender, and then it was, that Amelia first perceived, that it was the narration of her dream, that had so affected her.

"Really, mother," she observed, "I am astonished to find that such trifles as these should be deemed worthy of a moment's thought by you."

"Go on with your dream, my darling child. I am anxious to hear how it terminated."

"With pleasure," continued Amelia; "because it is probable you will like the way it ended much better than the beginning. At first Louis appeared a little annoyed by my appearance, but soon his good humour was restored. He took me lovingly by the arm, and led me into a church—a beauteous church—for its walls were all covered with flowers, and from its roof hung thick, large, luscious-looking pomegranates."

"A church!—pomegranates!" said Madame Sender, pondering deeply upon these incidents. "But proceed."

"Yes, my dear mother. But then there is just here, as it so often happens in dreams, a complete blank. My memory is at fault, and I cannot tell whether we were married or not in the Church; but I remember that we soon after returned here, where there was to be the marriage feast, for which great preparations had been made. We were all seated at table, when we heard the noise of a carriage stopping before the door. The shouts and the clamour in the street, with the loud clapping of the doors, made us suppose that some most distinguished guest must have arrived. We all run then to the window, and the universal question was put by each, 'Who can this possibly be.' All looked down into the street, and were astonished with the magnificent equipage they beheld. The carriage was plated with gold, and all its borders were covered with pearls; while it appeared to be drawn by twelve winged grey steeds of miraculous beauty. A multitude of servants in a livery that was overlaid with gold ornaments waited at the doors, and, to the astonishment of all, there darted out of it, and hurried up into the r where we remained, that very same little animal that I seen playing ball with Louis."

"What! the weazel again!" groaned out Ma Sender.

"Yes, my dear mother; but to tell you the tru cannot say whether it was a weazel or not, for the creature was so quick, so nimble, so incessantly ac it was impossible to say what it was, as it ran about and there in the chamber."

"Alas! that is precisely like a weazel, and so ther be no doubt but that it unfortunately was a weazel. I ever, proceed with your dream."

"Every one was amazed at the extraordinary thing the magnificent carriage brought to us; and then we equally surprised to see the nimbleness and dexterity which the hateful little animal presented itself in all of the room; now running up the columns, then s pering over the table, now flying about the room, then, despite of all the efforts made to strike it wit hand, or stamp on it with the foot, avoiding every i that was attempted to be done to it, and not even i slightest degree disconcerted or rendered timid b assaults made upon it. I must avow, that my atte was soon diverted from it, for I thought that I was the bride of my beloved Louis—that we were for bound together by the most solemn ties, and tha only cause for apprehension, was the dreadful war still continued. I said this to Louis, and then he, l ing out aloud at my vain fears, drew forth his sword his scabbard, and I was amazed to perceive that i broken—and it was at this very point of my dre awoke; and now, my dearest mother, tell me, wha all this mean, for I know you are so very—very clev the interpretation of dreams."

"I must own to you, child, that I cannot do al in a moment, but I shall think over the matter. I while, I must own to you, that I do not at all like you say to me of the ball-playing, and the wide plai the weasel."

"To say the truth, mother, you lay a stress things that seem to me not to be of the least import mere adornments of the fancy; whilst that which I really interesting, is the marriage feast and the l sword. What else can they possibly signify, but th approach of peace?"

My dear Amelia, you know nothing at all on th ject; but now let us say no more on the matter, hear your father's step outside the door."

CHAPTER IV.

If the father of Amelia was delighted to see th appeared in much better spirits this morning than he was not the less astonished to observe that the of his wife was downcast, cold, and distracted, and asking her the reasons, she said she felt herself no well, and upon this quitted the apartment.

"Has your mother been complaining of ill-h asked Herr Sender.

"Oh, no!—not at all, my dear father," replied Amelia.

"Then Heaven alone can tell what ails her. Perhaps she has had some frightful dream, and is on that account breaking her heart. What a gross folly it is, when life is so full of real sorrows, thus to seek for others in our sick fancies and wild imaginations. Has she been telling you of any horrible dream she has had?"

"No!" replied Amelia, in a heart broken tone; and Herr Sender, now perceiving that the bad spirits of the mother had seized upon his daughter, quitted the room, greatly afflicted in perceiving that the change which had taken place in his daughter, was but of momentary duration.

Madame Sender had meanwhile betaken herself to her boudoir, and there, fast locked from the approach of every one, she devoted the entire day to the study of "a dreamer's book."

This lady had been educated in the country, where she had imbibed this amongst other superstitions; and unattended by a mother's care, and abandoned in a great degree to the conversation of servants, she had entered upon life, her mind stored with the most fantastical notions, which it was as vain to argue against, as it was useless to demonstrate, their groundless absurdity. Her mind had been so warped by superstition, that it could no longer be corrected by reason.

CHAPTER V.

It was in vain, that Amelia waited during the entire morning, in the hope of seeing her mother return to her; and when she did appear in the evening, it was terrible to perceive the change which a few hours had produced in her. She looked the very picture of despair, and it was evident that the sickness which she had at first assumed, was no longer imaginary.

A physician was sent for, and he declared that her mind must have received some dreadful shock, such as was calculated to be produced by hearing unexpectedly of some awful calamity. When she was alone with her daughter, she flung her arms around her neck and exclaimed,

"Oh, my child—my poor, good child; why should it be that you, so young and so lovely, should be doomed to endure such dreadful misfortunes?"

"What mean you, my dear mother?" anxiously inquired Amelia. "Oh! but I perceive, you think that my dream portends misfortune to me."

"Leave me, Amelia;" replied her mother. "Perhaps you are right in thinking as your father does, that all these things are mere vain follies."

"My dear mother," answered Amelia, who could not but be affected in seeing how much her mother had been shaken, and how deeply her health had been injured by the dream that had been told to her; "my dear mother, I promise not to believe one word of it; but then you must tell me what it is. Indeed—indeed you must, it will relieve your heart to do so, and I promise you, it shall not give me a moment's uneasiness."

"Well, then, do you faithfully promise me," said Madame Sender, "not to believe in that which you are going to hear?"

"Most certainly I do," answered Amelia. "What folly would it be in me to abandon my conviction in the nothingness of dreams, when an opposite conviction could only make me suppose that they predicted evil to me?"

CHAPTER VI.

Madame Sender hesitated for a considerable time before she complied with her daughter's request; but at length she told her that the plain, on which she had found herself, signified boundless misfortune, and that the weasel was some female who would possess herself of the affections of Louis. That the ball-playing signified that woman's power to engage all his attention—that the going to church signified some dire calamity, and the pomegranates were all indicative of some new afflictions; whilst the worst of all was the broken sword, because it was typical of the violent death of her intended bridegroom.

It required a considerable time before Madame Sender could be induced to bring out each of these particulars; and she would not mention that which was the last of all—the signification of the broken sword—until Amelia assured her that she did not pay the slightest regard to her interpretation of the dream.

That promise was one, however, that it was no longer in Amelia's power to keep. Her mind had been previously shaken by her own dark surmises, and the dreadful impressions produced by the last words that Louis had addressed to her on parting. Circumstances confirmed her sad suspicions; for Louis, for some time, had been no longer heard of, and her father's vain attempt at explaining the cause, by ascribing the loss of his letters to the countries that lay between the two lovers being traversed by hostile armies, was not attended to; as Amelia believed, that Louis neglected writing to her, because his affections were engaged by that female who had, as a weasel, appeared to her, in her dream.

It could not be a matter of surprise, that the thoughts which distracted her mind by day, should not also afflict her fancy, when her wearied body was sunk in repose—that she should again behold that hated weasel, which soon changed its form into that of a woman, and then of a fury, that plunged its talons into her bleeding heart.

CHAPTER VII.

Amelia's health declined perceptibly. Her spirits were broken—her nerves shattered—and she who formerly laughed at all the ridiculous notions of her mother with respect to dreams, became now a firm believer in the ominous significations that were given to them. Many and many were her secret conversations with her mother, and all had the one object—to spell out something from

her visions as to what might be the actual condition of Louis.

One superstition was the handmaid to another, and from her mother's conversation about dreams, she began to listen and to believe in the statements made by her female attendant, as to witches.

This attendant, Dorcas, told her of a witch who dwelt in the suburbs of the town, who was able by means of her charms and necromancy, to bring the absent and even the dead before those who desired to see, or to converse with them.

Poor Amelia! a mania had seized upon her—it was that of again looking upon her beloved Louis; and Dorcas, having frequently gone with messages to the witch, returned at last with the answer, that if she visited the abode of the old woman on a certain day, her desires should be gratified; but the condition was imposed upon her, that she should go alone to the dwelling of the witch.

The condition was acceded to, and the spiritless, heart-broken Amelia stole from her father's mansion one day, and being shown by Dorcas where the woman dwelt, she entered into an old and delapidated mansion, upon the steps of which she was encountered by one of the most frightful hags she had ever looked upon. Terrified by the appearance of this withered wretch, Amelia was about to withdraw, when the latter, grasping her hand, exclaimed in a harsh tone of voice,

"I know thy thoughts, Amelia; but leave me at thy peril. Leave me, and thou shalt never behold me more. Remain, and whether good or ill betide thee, thou shalt know all."

Terrified by her manner, Amelia allowed herself to be conducted into a dark room. There the witch placed in her hand a strongly scented weed, and desired her never to let it quit her grasp, as it was her only protection against the evil spirits with which she would soon be surrounded. Then uttering some charmed words, the woman pushed the maiden into a room that was enveloped in the shades of night.

CHAPTER VIII.

The terrors of Amelia momentarily increased in the dreadful situation in which she had been placed. All around her was for some minutes so black, and so dismal, that it seemed as if every ray of light had been carefully excluded. This darkness, and complete solitude, were soon interrupted, however, by dull murmurs, which seemed to increase into gradual but distinct sounds, and as these sounds became more clear, there arose here and there from the floor, thin, misty, blueish, flames, which but served to make the gloom into which they penetrated, the more perceptible.

Then there came the notes of distant music, and as it died into a scarcely audible echo, a cauldron filled with live coals rose in the centre of the room, and at the same moment the witch, with her hair dishevelled, and howling like an infuriated animal, burst into the apartment. The visage of the hag had on it the pallid, blueish colour corpse, as she glared over the bubbling flames that s tered up from the cauldron. Then the place rang with a howl that seemed to be the cry of a damned s its agony; and as this awful shriek reached the ea the witch, she smiled for the first time, but it was a such as the murderer might bestow upon his executi at the rack. It was in the midst of this awful noise, something was seen to move, like a shadow, acros lower end of the apartment.

"Louis! my own Louis!" shrieked Amelia, maddened by the excitement of the scene, and the she now looked upon, she sank fainting and utterly conscious to the earth.

CHAPTER IX.

When Amelia again recovered her senses, she herself in the miserably furnished room into which had first been shown, when she saw the witch. The hung over her, and groaning, demanded the reward had been promised to her. Amelia bestowed the g contents of her purse upon the wretch, and then—h be carried to her home.

Upon arriving at her father's mansion, she wa stantly placed in bed, and there but one thought occ her mind. It was the appearance of Louis, as she seen him in the witch's room. He looked as w health as when she had formerly seen him, but the face was changed—Oh! how dreadfully changed! the smile that it always wore when he gazed upon was changed to a frown, and there seemed to be cont for her in his glance.

"What," she asked herself, "may it not be tha hellish acts which I have had recourse to, to bring before me, could not be accomplished without infl bodily pain upon him? May it not be that he kn have caused him that grief which was painted so l on his features, and that all his former affection fo may be thus changed into loathing? Alas! al must be so, or he never could have so looked up Amelia."

Grief and vain repentance soon accomplished thei upon the hapless Amelia. She fell into a raging fe she lost her senses for several weeks, and when sh restored to them, it was to hear that Louis had on been found by his fellow-officers, dead in his bed camp.

Amid all the horror and the grief of this news, A had recollection enough particularly to inquire the when the dire occurrence took place. She heard t happened, by an extraordinary coincidence, to occ the very day that he had been made to appear befo in the accursed abode of the witch. She learned but she learned no more; for when her worst fears realised, she fell into strong convulsions, and a few afterwards, the corpse of the lunatic was conveyed last resting place of the dead.

* * * * * * * *

But how came the appearance of Louis in the witch's chamber? Dorcas had given to the hag a picture of Louis, taken from the miniature which Amelia always wore. This was used as a transparency, in a chamber fitted up for pretended enchantment to be practised; and thus mistaken by Amelia in her excitement, for the original.

As to the interpretations given to Amelia's dream by her mother, there was not one single circumstance that had occurred from the time of Louis parting from his beloved and promised spouse, to justify them. It was all vanity—all nonsense—and yet it brought to an untimely grave, one whose life had been virtuous, and who, if she had been advised by a prudent mother, might have worthily and happily fulfilled her destiny.

Amelia was the victim of a dream!

W. B. M.

STANZAS.

Oh would I were the little glove
To warm and cherish her soft hand:
Like a tender kid I'd press my love,
Oh would I were the waves, the rocks, the sand,
Then, perchance, we oft should meet,
And I might sometimes kiss her feet.

Oh! would I were the thornless rose,
That in her tresses seeks repose;
Or the hopeful violet,
Basking in her eyes of jet.
The lily, that I own might sip
The breath that hovers round her lip;
And oh! how blessed would be my lot,
If called by her—Forget-me-not.

Would I were a little bird,
That she might clip my wing;
How often should my voice be heard,
And merrily I'd sing.
The dog that crouches at her feet
Is happier than I;
If we were never more to meet,
I'd lay me down and die.

K.

CHARADE.

At even time I'm always seen,
And oft at morning on the green;
In shady groves I sometimes hide,
And oft you coaxed me to your side.
Now, Cavalier, pray what am I?
Beware—don't answer with a sigh.

B.

AN ODE;

BY WARBURTON BURCH.

Near where yon streamlet meets the vale,
Whose tranquil waters flow,
Illumin'd by the moonbeams pale,
So gracefully and slow.

I frequent bend my footsteps where,
That streamlet rolls along,
Whose music soft my sorrows share,
Or cheers my lonely song.

Some peaceful herds are browsing still,
Amid the tranquil scene;
Hush'd is the hamlet, and the mill
Is silent on the green.

Near where yon streamlet meets the vale,
Whose tranquil waters flow,
Illumin'd by the moonbeams pale,
So gracefully and slow.

A shepherd's pipe whose lively strain,
Breathes notes of gladness there;
Where many a gallant rustic swain,
Leads forth his partner fair.

And there is youth and love I ween,
Among yon joyous crew,
That sporting gaily on the green,
Dispel the summer dew.

Near where yon streamlet meets the vale,
Whose tranquil waters flow,
Illumin'd by the moonbeams pale,
So gracefully and slow.

Reclining on some mossy bank,
With grateful pleasure press'd,
Ere yet the golden orb hath sank,
Adown the ruddy west.

I mark the shadows of the sweet even,
As slow declines the day,
The stars burn in the blue heaven,
And melts the light away.

Near where yon streamlet meets the vale,
Whose tranquil waters flow,
Illumin'd by the moonbeams pale,
So gracefully and slow.

CHARADE.

My first an azure tint displays,
My second's hid from human gaze;
My third is captious, yet, though odd,
My *tout* you grieve whene'er you nod.

THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

From an American Correspondent.

PART FIRST.

The last rays of the setting sun stole faintly through the rich crimson curtains which fell in heavy folds from the gilded cornices that decorated the windows of one of the most splendidly furnished apartments in Richmond, Virginia.

Near the centre of the room a seat was occupied by a young and beautiful girl. Her exquisitely shaped arm rested negligently on a table that stood near, strewed with the finest engravings and most costly annuals of the day. But she seemed regardless of the luxury by which she was surrounded, apparently absorbed in gloomy reflections, for the expression of care depicted on her brow, spoke evidently of a mind ill at ease. She had remained in this position for nearly half an hour, when her meditations were broken by hearing her name pronounced, and in another instant George Livingston, her affianced lover, was at her side.

"What, Rosa, sad again?" said the youth. "I have come to bid you a short farewell, and would gladly see one of your bright smiles before my departure. The time was when my presence seemed to afford you pleasure, but there has been a strange alteration lately. Have I done anything to offend you, dearest?"

"No, George, my affection for you is unchanged, and your society does, indeed, afford me pleasure. My spirits have, I know, been sadly depressed for some time past;" her voice faltered, and a tear trembled in her eye.

"Why, then," said Livingston, "do you hide from me the source of your inquietude? Who," he continued, taking her small white hand within his own, "who has a better right to sympathize with you than I?"

"No one, George, and sooner or later you must know; it were as well, perhaps, you should hear it now. Do you remember a contract my father made some six months since with Mr. Marshall?"

"Yes, but how does that concern you?"

"Why," said Rosa, "to be as brief as possible, the thing did not succeed as was anticipated, and the consequences is, that all my father's property must be sacrificed to meet demands."

At any other time Rosa would have observed the change in her lover's countenance, but she was too much engrossed with the thought of her parent's difficulties, to notice his emotion. Livingston recovered instantly.

"And what," he asked, "does Mr. Ruffin purpose doing?"

"My uncle," replied Rosa, "who resides in western Virginia, has often solicited him to remove there, and now my father seriously thinks of complying with the request, and has written to him on the subject."

"But perhaps," said Livingston, thoughtfully, "when he hears of Mr. Ruffin's misfortune, he will not desire the removal as he did in your prosperity, for you know ——"

"My uncle," said Rosa, her dark eyes flashing indignation, "is too noble-minded to abandon his fri and particularly a brother, in the trying hour of a sity. But for myself I care not," she added, in a softened tone; "my only anxiety is for my father an younger children. The latter will be deprived of th vantages of education with which I have been blessed

"You will," said Livingston, "find a vast diffe between a retired home in the 'backwoods' of our and the variety and bustle of a city life."

"Yes," said Rosa, "but I would not feel lon permitted to keep my books and musical instrument this is, however, out of the question, I shall have to i some other mode of amusement. But, George, you of leaving the city?"

"Urgent business," replied Livingston, "require immediate presence in Baltimore. I shall be gone few days but will write to you; and say, Rosa, may pect an answer?"

"Certainly; why should I refuse? When do leave?"

"To-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Yes—and even now I am neglecting affairs must be attended to this evening. But when in sweet society I always linger; but now I must tear self away. Farewell!" And drawing her towards he imprinted a kiss on her blushing cheek.

To give the reader a better knowledge of the inci contained in our story, we must go back a little.

Among the many beauties who graced the gay circ which she moved, none was more admired than Ruffin. Her sweetness and amiability of manner temper, together with one of the finest forms and love faces which ever adorned her sex, won the esteem and miration of all who knew her.

She had many offers of marriage, and some the would call splendid; but she was unwilling to give hand unless her heart could accompany it. She had most come to the conclusion that her heart was incap of being touched by the "softer passion;" for, strang say, Rosa had arrived at the age of eighteen without having loved even in imagination.

Before she had entirely come to the above conclu she met George Livingston. He was a young ma talent, and one whose society was courted by all. B both gay and handsome, he was of course a general vourite with the ladies. It is no marvel, then, that the 'admired of all admirers' knelt at the shrine of R beauty, and there confessed his adoration, that there a strange sensation about her young heart. And whe few months after their first introduction, he made an of his hand, she consented to become his bride.

Mr. Ruffin opposed an immediate union; he loved daughter much, and would not, for the world, have ca her any unhappiness. He communicated to no one thoughts, but determined to watch the youth narro treating him in the meanwhile with friendship and diality. Mr. Ruffin was a man of strong penetration,

as George Livingston became a frequent visitor at his house, he had ample time and opportunity to study his character, and in the study became more and more convinced that Livingston was not a man with whom he would willingly trust his daughter's welfare. His intention was, at some convenient time, to point out to Rosa the objectionable traits in her lover's character, knowing that when once convinced, she had too much good sense not to fall in with his opinion, and thereby prevent an unhappy union.

"Sister," said little Mary Ruffin, as she entered Rosa's chamber a few day's after Livingston's departure, "Mr. Harry Danforth's servant is down stairs and says he must see you directly. He has a letter in his hand. I 'spect it's from you know who," she said, looking her sister archly in the face.

Rosa descended the stairs, and found "old Jack" (as he was familiarly termed) in the hall. He handed her a letter, the seal of which was broken. She looked at the superscription. It was directed in Livingston's handwriting to Mr. Henry Danforth—the post-mark Baltimore.

"There must be some mistake here," she said.

"No, missus, Massa Harry make berry few mistakes. Jack nebber do."

Knowing the close intimacy existing between the young men, and fearing some accident had befallen her lover, Rosa dismissed the servant, and repairing to her own room, with a trembling hand opened the epistle and read as follows:

"Dear Harry,

"I arrived here last Tuesday, and find the business in which I am concerned harder to manage than I had expected.

"My principal object in writing to you now is this. Ruffin's sale will take place before I can possibly return. You will please purchase for me Rosa's harp and piano. I don't see how the deuce I can get off honourably without buying them, for in our last conversation she as good as asked me to do so. There is, however, one condition—do not get them if they go too high.

"This is a poor business. The girl it is true is beautiful, but a man can't live on beauty.

"Rosa and wealth would suit admirably; but Rosa and poverty!—away with the thought!

"By the way, there is a Miss Rivers here, a reputed heiress; she has taken a great fancy to me; and so soon as I can rid myself of the 'old love,' I shall on with 'the new.' You understand me.

"Enclosed is a letter for Rosa, which you must hand directly. Adieu!

"George Livingston."

Rosa could scarcely believe her senses. The idea of Livingston's inconstancy had never entered her mind. She did not think, when in the fullness of her heart, she had told him of her father's perplexities with regard to pecuniary matters, that her words could be so misconstrued. And now she saw her lover's intentions in their true light. How thankful she felt to her father for his interference, when Livingston had urged an immediate consummation of his suit. She held the letter in her hand, while scalding tears coursed each other down her cheek.

"I will not be so weak," she murmured. "He does not merit my love, and I must forget him."

It seems Danforth had gone out in the morning in question on a pleasure excursion, leaving orders for his servant to deliver into Rosa's hand Livingston's letter to her. But Jack, who was not at all times a very observant personage, failed to notice particularly, and after his master left, thinking one letter as good as another, took the wrong one, as has been seen.

Danforth was as much, if not more, to blame than his servant; but being of a wild, thoughtless disposition, he generally left the management of his domestic concerns to Jack. And it is to be wondered at that the frequent "scrapes" he was thrown into by his servant's carelessness, had not caused a change of habit.

Pleasure was Danforth's forte; and being in possession of a handsome annuity, his whole time was spent in devising some new scheme whereby to enjoy himself. Sometimes (but it was very seldom) he became irritated, as was the case when he returned home and found Rosa's letter still lying on the table. He hastily rung the bell, and Jack as hastily answered the summons.

"I thought I told you to take this letter to Miss Ruffin?"

"Wall, sar."

"Don't 'wall sar' me," said Danforth, imitating him. "Carry this letter to the young lady instantly, and if you ever fail in obeying my commands again I will reprimand you severely."

"Why, Massa Harry——"

"Silence, sir, and go directly."

Saying this, and throwing on his hat, Danforth left the room, to meet some young men by appointment.

"Wall, wall," said Jack, as he picked up a neatly folded epistle and started on his errand. "Wall, wall, I never did see his match. If he'd a jist a waited and listened to me a minit, I could a told him de whole saacumstans. But no! He too strong headed. Great Scots! If my old missus could see de way he is a carryin' on, 'twould grieve her old sould. But 'taint no use a grievin' on it no how. She done dead and gone, and where's de use a grievin' over spilt milk. De 'youf' (as his aunt call him t'other day,) will do as he please. My mammy use tell me, when I was little fellow playin' de debbil and turnin' up Jack, 'Nebber mind,' she say, 'playin' kittens make solemn old cats,' and maybe arter Massa Harry gits old as me, he'll come right. Dear! dear! he can't hope always to be bad."

By the time Jack finished his cogitations, he had arrived at Mr. Ruffin's door, and in a very little while had explained to Rosa (in his own way) the cause of the mistake. After giving her the letter intended for her, and receiving Danforth's in return, he elicited from our heroine a promise not to mention the circumstance to his

master, and he then returned to his home perfectly satisfied.

Rosa read Livingston's letter, and found it contained protestations of never failing love, together with all other etceteras usually found in such epistles.

With a heavy heart the next morning, she sought an interview with her father, and told him without reserve the events of the preceding day. As she concluded, she looked in his face, expecting to see at least a sympathising look, but was surprised to see the face of her parent, which had for so many weeks worn an expression of sadness, now wreathed in smiles.

"Well, my dear," he said, brushing the ringlets aside, and tenderly kissing her forehead, "I am glad for your sake this thing has occurred."

"Glad!" said Rosa "that my first fond affection should be thus trampled upon."

"Yes, love, you may, perhaps, think my words strange, but I have long forseen that George Livingston is not calculated to render your life one of peace. It has been my intention to speak to you of this, but the precarious state my affairs have so suddenly assumed, has drawn my mind, for some time, from the subject so dear to your happiness. I know, my child, it will be a painful task to forget and cease to love one in whom you have confided so long. I remember well the pang it cost me when I followed your mother to the grave. How difficult it was to realise her death. The trial you have to undergo is of a different cast. I trust you have pride enough to overcome all the tender interest or affection you ever cherished for one who has proved that he is unworthy your love. I advise you to write an immediate and decisive refusal of his hand. That will be for the present sufficient; I know he loved you as well as he is capable of loving any one, and sooner or later repentance will come. What he will then feel will punish him more than all the reproaches I could heap upon him."

Rosa followed implicitly her father's directions, but when she despatched the letter which was to separate her for ever from the being who had won her first love, her feelings overcome her, and she wept long and bitterly.

Rosa Ruffin had loved with all the fervency of a young and trusting heart. Let it not be deemed strange that she mourned over blighted hopes. The thrice happy hours she had spent in Livingston's society—the well remembered accents of affection so oft-repeated by him, occurred to her memory; and reflections like these, together with the knowledge that the happiness she once enjoyed had "departed never to return," for a while marred her peace of mind.

She struggled hard, but successfully, with her feelings, and gradually, but surely, she regained the natural hilarity of her spirits. And when, several years after their removal from Richmond, Livingston's marriage appeared in one of the eastern papers, she read it without emotion, and heaved not a sigh of regret.

PART SECOND.

"Really, you have an array of beauty here to-night," said Charles Harrington to his friend Frank Selwyn, they stood at one end of the ball room, in the little to of —— (situated somewhere in western Virginia) surv ing the gay group before them.

"Yes," replied his friend, "but you have not yet s the brightest star to our little firmament. But see, comes! And now if you do not fall in love with *her* shall give you up for ever to hardness of heart."

As Selwyn ceased speaking, Harrington turned his e towards the door. An elderly gentleman entered, whose arm leaned a female of more than ordinary beau Her rich hair fell in tasteful ringlets around her fair open brow. A faint blush stole over her face, deepeni in its course, the hue of health that glowed on her che and adding 'new lustre' to her dark hazel eyes. A sw smile played around her beautiful mouth, as she return the salutations of those around her.

"Who can she be?" muttered Harrington, h audibly.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Frank Selwyn, "caught last. A pretty story indeed!—that the Honourable Si ney Harrington should fall in love at first sight."

"Not in love exactly," said Harrington, almost blus ing at being detected in his admiration. "But I consid the lady very beautiful."

"Well, well," said Selwyn, gaily, "I think I must t Miss Ruffin of her conquest."

"Ruffin!" exclaimed Harrington. "That name is familiar one. I wonder if she is related to Edward Ruffi who formerly lived in Ri hmond?"

"She is his daughter."

"Indeed! I have often heard of him, and, if I rememb rightly, he has failed."

"He was," said Selwyn, "as the saying is, smashe but by the aid of a brother who lives here, he was e abled to remove to this place, and his affairs are at t present time in a flourishing condition. If you cou witness the content and happiness which pervade their f mily circle, you would not imagine that they had ever e perienced a reverse of fortune."

"I remember, since you mentioned the name," sa Harrington, "hearing a few years ago something about love affair between this lady and some young lawye whose name I have forgotten. It was talked of by t public, but as I did not feel interested at the time, all t circumstances have escaped my recollection."

"As to that matter," replied Selwyn, "I know nothin But if one is to judge from her sparkling eye and glowi cheek, I would never think Rosa Ruffin had been crosse in love. Come, though, we are wasting time; you mu be introduced."

"Have you," said a black eyed beauty to Rosa, "see Mr. Harrington?"

"No; pray who is he?"

"La! hav'nt you heard? He is a member of Co gress. They say he intends spending the summer her But, mum, he and Frank Selwyn are coming this way.

If Charles Harrington was pleased with Rosa's person beauty, he was no less charmed to find her mind high

cultivated. As he gazed on her fine features, animated with intelligent fervour, and listened to the sweet tones of her voice, he felt that for the first time he was actually in love.

Sidney Harrington had been left, at an early age, heir to an immense estate. His high bearing and talents soon won for him a place among the great men of our nation. His residence for the last ten years of his life had been in eastern Virginia. He frequently visited the most noted of our cities, and was pretty generally known, as his acquaintance was very extensive. Many a fair lady tried to win his admiration, nay more, his love, but their "wiles and darts" fell harmless at his feet, for never, until the night his eyes first rested on Rosa Ruffin, had he felt the power of woman's charms.

His visit to ——— became more and more protracted, and it was not until the yellow leaf of autumn made its appearance, that he was aware of the length of his stay; for in the society of her he loved, all other pursuits were laid aside or forgotten. He knew that home duties demanded his attention, and ere many weeks elapsed, he must leave the spot where the sunniest hours of his life had been spent.

He determined to seek Rosa, declare his love, and make an offer of his hand and fortune, but at the same time he dreaded a refusal, for it was only at times he had dared to hope that his love was returned. Remembering the old adage that "a faint heart never won a fair lady," he repaired to Mr. Ruffin's, where he found Rosa alone.

We will pass over their conversation, as courtships are, for the most part, tiresome and disagreeable to any one beside the parties interested. It is sufficient to know that, sanctioned by her father, Rosa became the wife of Harrington. He knew the history of her early passion, but was contented with the second best love of such a being. We say best, because Rosa's affection for Harrington was based on a rational estimation of a noble, generous mind, with personal attractions, and a highly cultivated understanding.

George Livingston did marry "Miss Rivers, the reputed heiress," but, to his great chagrin, found the immense fortune amounted to only a few thousand dollars, which was a mere trifle when put in competition with her wants, for she was a complete devotee to fashion, and withal very extravagantly disposed.

She, too, had been deceived with regard to her husband's circumstances, and had thought him much wealthier than he was in reality.

They were married the first of March, and in about a month began to discover the mutual deception, and felt fully sensible, on the first day of April, that they were two as great "fools" as could be found in the United States. They tried, however, to keep up appearances, and make the best of it; but the internal dissatisfaction at length broke out, and they seemed bent on making each other as miserable as possible.

To give our readers some idea of their domestic comfort, we will introduce a scene some three years subsequent to their marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston had breakfasted without speaking, or even looking at each other. When they arose from the table, Livingston, in a very sulky manner, placed himself just before the fire, sticking both feet on the fender. His countenance was so vacant, one might have supposed, that he was thinking about—nothing.

"I declare, Mr. Livingston, you exclude me entirely from the fire," said his wife, as she tried to fix her chair in a position to catch as much of the heat as possible from a small grate, in which there was only a moderate supply of coal. "And it is so cold."

"I'm sorry to hear that awful sound again," said her husband. "I was in hopes you had lost your tongue altogether. This is the first time you have spoken to me for a fortnight."

"I've spoken as often as you have," replied his wife, seating herself, "but I'd like to see the person who could hold their tongue, living in the same house with such a thing as you are. I did'nt think marrying could have altered one so."

"Neither did I, for I'll be shot if the false curls and pearl powder did'nt do wonders for you. Look here, my deary, why did'nt you use some this morning? I think your complexion is taken with a sallowness." And he chucked her under the chin.

"Let me alone," she said, throwing his arm off in a passion. "I'm pretty enough and good enough for you."

"Oh, as to your goodness, we'll not dispute about that, for it is reduced to a nonentity."

"Livingston, you are the meanest man I ever saw. An angel from the third heaven could'nt live with you. One minute you complain of my looks, and the next quarrel with me for asking you for money to look well with. I want that fifty dollars I asked you for two weeks ago, and you did'nt deign to give me an answer. I told you then I owed Mrs. Pine twenty dollars, and now I want a dress made, and won't send it to her because she has dunned me several times."

"Make your frock yourself."

"You know I do not know how to make a dress, and you ought not to have married a lady unless you could give her one. And besides, I brought you three thousand dollars, and have never seen a cent of it."

"Three devils!" said Livingston, "I wish I had been three thousand miles off before I ever thought of you. But here, my little duck," he continued, taking from his pocket a newspaper he had never read, "take this and cut a pattern. I know, after all you used to tell me about your talents before we were married, that you can make a dress. Anyhow you are sufficiently ugly, and large in proportion, to do it."

Mrs. Livingston's eyes filled with tears as they fell upon the paper, but she had hardly glanced over it before she had uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What's the matter now?" said Livingston.

"Who would have thought it?" said his wife, "Mr. Harrington is married. I thought he was invulnerable, and never would make a choice."

"Let me see," said Livingston.

"Indeed you sha'nt. If you can't take my word for it, you may do without looking."

"It is a mistake," said Livingston.

"It's no such a thing. A mistake —"

"I tell you," said her husband, "there isn't a woman in the world that Sydney Harrington would marry."

"I reckon," said Mrs. L., her face glowing with anger, "I have sense enough to know anybody's name when I see it."

"It is some other Harrington, as sure as you are born."

"Mercy upon me! Man, I tell you it is the Hon. *Sidney* Harrington," said Mrs. Livingston, screaming almost at the top of her voice, "and if you don't believe it, there read," at the same time driving her finger nail through the notice with the pressure of passion.

Livingston's face, though red with too frequent use of "strong drink," became still redder as he perused the announcement, then pale—then red again.

"Well, upon my word," said his wife, "one, to judge from your changing colour, might guess the lady was some former flame of yours. And now I remember when we first came to Richmond, the servant girl we hired told me you used to love Miss Ruffin, and I'll bet a sixpence this is the same one. Now I know you did love her."

"You know no such thing."

"You can't fool me," said the lady. "When a man blushes you may be sure all is not right, and I say you did love her."

"Woman, hold your tongue, or I'll ——"

Livingston was interrupted by a servant, entering with an invitation to a party to be given the ensuing week at Mrs. ——'s, in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, who had arrived in the city.

The quarrel was not taken up any more, as Mrs Livingston was too much engrossed with making preparations for the entertainment to think of any thing else.

The evening of the party arrived, and at the appointed hour Mr. and Mrs. Livingston set out for Mrs. ———'s. The principal thing which prompted Livingston's attendance, was a heartfelt desire to see Rosa. She was the only woman he had ever loved, and his vanity led him to suppose that she thought of him perchance tenderly. After entering the house, he left his wife to "talk scandal" with some of her female friends, and wandering through the brilliantly lighted apartments, his eager eye sought out Rosa.

She was seated on a sofa, surrounded by old and loved associates, looking more beautiful, if possible, than when she had occupied the same place a few years before.

As Livingston pressed through the crowd to offer his congratulations on Rosa's return to Richmond, many an eye was turned upon them, for their engagement had been generally known.

Rosa did not start or betray the slightest emotion, but returned his salutation calmly, and with a grace "peculiarly her own."

A moment after, Harrington approached. When Livingston saw the smile which illuminated her fac witnessed the look of confidence and love with whic regarded her husband, he felt that no latent sp affection lurked in her bosom for him.

Cursing the hour when he forsook Rosa Ruf turned and left the room to drown the remembra the past in the deep inebriating draught.

From that hour he indulged his fondness for " spirits," and became one among the many vict Intemperance.

LITERATURE.

Legends of the Isles, and Other Poems, by Mackay. And National Ballads, by Charles Duffy.

Those who have looked with anything like atten the literary world for the last few years, must ha that of all classes of intellectual produce, the fine richest, and the rarest, have been, beyond all othe most sadly neglected. The delicate flowers of poe been unthought of, when the garden stuff and of those *proletaires* in literature, the pamphletee politico-economists, have been obtaining high pri patronage for their wares. From the days of Byro present, there has been a blight upon poetry- sellers would not venture upon it, because the would not read it. Amid the dearth and blight, the a few—"a chosen few"—to hope against hope—v that the spirit of poetry had reached them, and wer mined to prove to an unfeeling world, that love stil troubadours—friendship its sweetest annalists—and fitting bards. And thus it was that there came, a again upon the general ear, the wail of an Eliza Co gentle lute of Mackay, and the bold, defying tones Irish minstrels of the *Nation*. The result has be vival of the public sympathy—that the mass h moved—and that modern poets are sought after works read, the humble cheered and the great de with them.

There are two persons beyond all others to wh change can be distinctly traced. These are, country, Charles Mackay, the author of "The H the World," "The Salamandrine," and the volu before us; the other Charles Gavan Duffy, who tablishing the *Nation*, gave to Ireland the first pu terary organ it ever possessed; who, by his own proved how poetry should be composed; and, by criticism, prohibited the profane from sullying the lyre, by uncouth hands. We here unite both tog the worthy countrymen of Burns, and of Moore. the volumes of both, we give in the present number tion, which cannot but be most gratifying to our

In Mackay's lines will be recognised the though pure poet, and what is still better, of a pure-mind —honest, calm, sedate, thoughtful, religious. W often thought that if Mr. Mackay were a Catholi

of all we have ever known, the best suited to fill up a gap in the English literature of the Catholics, with poetry suitable to its service in this country. Catholicism is rich in all the languages of Europe, but one. All poets, but the English, have enriched it with their compositions; but in English it is greatly defective. Why the modern poets of Ireland, who are Catholics, have not thought of remedying this defect, Mr. Duffy, it is probable, can answer, and ought to answer, and, we trust, will yet answer, instead of Mr. Mackay, who is, we believe, a follower of Knox.—Mr. Duffy is a master of the subject on which he treats—his preface to his volume has more of the pure spirit of poetry in it than may be discovered in a thousand volumes of a thousand rhymers; whilst his selections are the best specimens of ballad poetry we have ever perused. The volumes of Mackay and Duffy ought to be in the hands of all, for all must be delighted with them: and no purer pleasure can be enjoyed than in their perusal.

THE FEAST OF DESPOTS.

There were three monarchs fierce and strong,
Three despots old and hoar;
They made a league to seize the earth,
And rule it evermore.

From East to West, from North to South,
From utmost sea to sea,
They cast their yoke upon the world,
And measured it in three.

The first was king of brutal hearts,
And from his gloomy den
Gave laws of cruelty and lust
To hordes of savage men.

A sleepy fierceness clothed his face,
And from his dull cold eye
There came a blight upon the earth—
A gloom upon the sky.

The second was a haughty king,
His look appall'd the lands;—
Gore-glotted was his iron heel,
Blood-sprinkled were his hands.

He made his throne of human skulls,
And all around his seat
Towns blazed, and hecatombs of men
Were slaughter'd at his feet.

The third was of a graver mien,
His looks were meek and staid,
But black and bitter was his heart,
And bitterest when he pray'd.

He sent his emissaries forth
O'er all the earth abroad;
And men were taught to curse mankind,
And hate, for love of God.

They spread the rack, they fired the stake,
They raised the gibbet high,
And with their sacrificial smoke
Obscured the summer sky.

And these three met in pomp and pride
In Pandemonium deep,
To join their hands, renew their league,
And high rejoicing keep.

Hell's gorgeous palace glowed with light,
And myriads came to see,
And rent the air with joyous shouts
To hail the mighty Three.

Amid the sound of shalms and drums,
And fierce artillery's roar,
First of the guests in power and state
Down rushed impetuous War.

He sprung upon his glittering throne,
And clasped his battle sword,
While nations quivered at his glance,
And owned him mightiest Lord.

Intolerance, in his scarlet robes,
And dangling sleeves of lawn,
Drove his triumphal chariot down
By priests and flamens drawn.

And bending knees and solemn chant,
And fear-impeded breath,
Proclaim'd the king, whose look was law,
Whose jealousy was death.

And next came bloated Ignorance,
Who in his rumbling car,
With panting steeds and grating wheels
Came toiling from afar.

Unwieldly, on his throne, he stepped,
While all the "rabble rout"
Received him with a joyous yell,
And mad incessant shout

Hell made them welcome, one and all,
And its abysses rung,
Till cave to rock, and rock to cave
The startling echoes flung.

The myriad lamps that gem for aye
Its adamantine dome,
Poured forth a flood of sparkling light
To hail the monarchs home.

And people's voice and clapping hands
And pealing organ swell,
And symbal-sound and trumpet-blast
Made jubilee in hell.

War rose exultant from his seat,
While round the applauses ran,
And pour'd a brimming cup, to drink
"The misery of man."

They fill'd their goblets to the edge
With wine, as thick as gore,
And drank the toast with shouts of mirth
Repeated o'er and o'er.

And "Misery to man," they cried,
"And woe, and hate, and fear,
And empire evermore to us,
Who sit enthroned here!

"The earth was ours in times of yore,
It shall be ours to-day;—
We'll share it out between us three,
And govern it for aye.

"Ours be the blood of human kind,
Ours be the tears and groans—
The wail of millions steep'd in woe,
The homage to our thrones:

"*Rejoice! Rejoice! the world is ours!*"
And hell, in all its lairs,
Repeated with a myriad tongues—
"*Rejoice! the world is theirs!*"

But high above the festal din,
A sudden sound was heard—
A noise as of a mighty storm,
When earth and heaven are stirr'd.

Then all was still—In dread suspense
The myriads held their breath—
And a loud voice, pervading space,
Pronounced their doom of death.

"Tyrants!" it is said, "of human kind,
For ages drunk with gore,
Another era dawns for man—
The world is yours no more.

"The film that hid, for ages long,
Your hideousness from sight,
Has fallen from human eyes, that now
Behold a dawning light.

"In the refulgence of its beam
Your tott'ring limbs shall fall,
And men shall wonder that their hearts
Ere bowed beneath your thrall.

"Peace shall descend to bless the world,
And Charity shall smile,
And bounteous Knowledge pour her fruits
To ocean's furthest isle.

"Though you have reigned o'er human hearts
Since Time's primeval day,
Your hour is come, your doom pronounced,
Your empire passed away!"

The voice was hush'd—the burning lights
Were hid in sudden cloud;
The adamantine dome was rent—
The rocks and mountains bowed.

And thunders roar'd, and lightnings flew,
And crags, uprooted, fell;
War, struck with terror, hid his face,
And fear o'ershadowed hell.

Intolerance shudder'd in his robes;—
And at the awful sound,
Stark as he sat, dull Ignorance
Fell reeling to the ground.

And grief and wailing, shrill and loud,
Through Pandemonium rang;
While all the friends of man rejoiced,
And all the angels sang.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT IN NORTH AMER

My heart is heavy in my breast—my eyes are f
tears,
My memory is wandering back, to my departed yea
To those bright days, long, long ago,
When nought I dream'd of sordid care—of worldly
But roved a gay, light-hearted boy, the woods of Ky

There, in the spring-time of my life, and spring-ti
the year,
I've watch'd the snowdrop start from earth, th
young buds appear;
The sparkling stream o'er pebbles flow,
The modest violet, and the golden primrose blow,
Within thy deep and merry dells, beloved Kylinoe.

'Twas there I wooed my Mary Dhuo, and won her f
bride,
Who bore me three fair daughters, and four son
age's pride;
Though cruel fortune was our foe,
And steeped us to the lips in bitter want and woe,
Yet cling our hearts to those sad days, we passed
Kylinoe.

At length by misery bow'd to earth, we left our
strand,
And crossed the wide Atlantic, to this free and
land;
Though toils we had to undergo,
Yet soon content and happy peace 'twas ours to kn
And plenty, such as never blessed our hearth
Kylinoe.

And heaven a blessing has bestowed more precious far than wealth;
Has spared us to each other, full of years, yet strong in health;
Across the threshold when we go,
We see our children's children round us grow,
Like sapling oaks within thy woods, far distant Kylinoe.

Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think, then when we are no more,
Our bones must find a resting place, far, far from Erin's shore.
For us—no funeral sad and slow—
Within the ancient abbey's burial ground shall go;
No, we must slumber far from home—far, far from Kylinoe!

Yet, oh! if spirits e'er can leave the appointed place of rest,
Once more will I revisit the dear Isle that I love best;
O'er thy greeen vales will hover slow,
And many a tearful, parting blessing will bestow
On all—but most of all on *thee*—my native Kylinoe.

J. N. F.

A SKETCH.

'Twas Marion's bridal eve. There she sat, her head leaning on her fair hand; her bosom throbbed convulsively, and now and then a stifled sob would burst from her agonized spirit, tears coursed each other down her pale cheek, falling on a picture which lay on her lap. Was this like a bride? Trembling she was dragged to the altar, threatened by a father's curse if she resisted; her young warm heart bestowed upon a man whose hair sixty winters had served to whiten, with nought a girl could love in his cold, forbidding aspect, and whose only recommendation was—gold, filthy gold, too often the bait with which the young and beautiful are lured to destruction. Such was the bridegroom of the beautiful Marion; such was the man with whom a hard-hearted father doomed her to pass her existence—an existence of misery. Riches and a coronet, were, then, the exchange for happiness. And this was the termination of all her youthful dreams of love and joy. This, then, was the end of the delightful visions, tinged with the warm colouring of romance, which she had pictured to herself ere disappointed love blanched her cheek—that cheek on which the rose once loved to dwell, ere misery had stole its wonted brightness from her hazel eye.

* * * * * * * *

Now let me turn a glance on the after-fate of youth, innocence, and beauty. Guarded by the watchful eye of a jealous husband whilst abroad, her every smile when not bestowed on him was a crime, and when the natural joyousness of her disposition would o'erstep the bounds of matronly dignity, his angry voice soon restored her to a perfect consciousness of her situation. At home subjected to his ill humour, and the mark at which his ill-tempered sarcasm was aimed. But her sad and joyless career was not doomed to be of long continuance. A girl, at the bright, sunny age of seventeen, made the nurse and chief support of a decrepid old man, was too much for the tender and delicate frame of Marion, and consumption soon marked her for his victim. The flush on her downy cheek, and the returning brightness of her eye, were hailed as the harbingers of reviving health. But Marion knew otherwise, and in this knowledge she rejoiced. She welcomed the deceitful omens of her fate.

Suffice it to say, an early grave soon closed over all that once was bright and beautiful, and the cold sod pressed a bosom that once beat high with hope, but which, a little later, sought the cold grave as a last and only refuge from misery.

P. M.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The close of the opera season is the termination of even the last of the fashionable resources, and we have but to look back to the past season in contemplation of the enjoyment we have had, and in prospective pleasure to the future. The season has been unquestionably an excellent one; we have had more concentration of talent than during any previous one, and everything has been done to make it, perhaps, the most brilliant the subscribers have yet had. The season commenced on Saturday, the 8th of March, with RITA BORIO, MORIANI, and FORNASARI, in VERDI'S opera of "Ernani," and a new and charming ballet, "Eoline," with LUCILLE GRAHN. VERDI is new to this country as a composer, and is by far the most rising and talented writer of the day. He has all the graceful melody of DONIZETTI, and the force and expression of MERCADANTE; and "Ernani" made altogether a highly favourable impression, as it teems with agreeable *motivi*; and often as it was played, it was always listened to with pleasure. RITA BORIO was a good engagement; she gained considerable applause, and has the merit of always singing correctly, and with much feeling and expression; whilst MORIANI and FORNASARI were great cards for the commencement of the season. LUCILLE GRAHN surprised even those who had previously seen her; she had so much improved, that she is now unquestionably one of our best dancers, and will take the place vacated by TAGLIONI, for which she has more requisites than any other *danseuse*—being, in addition, a young and handsome woman; we can remember no dancer who has become so general a favourite as LUCILLE GRAHN. The "Symphony" of FELICIEN DAVID was the next production, and created a great sensation in the musical world, from the novelty of phrasing, and the wonderful descriptive powers shown by him in the composition; but the manner in which it was produced was the general theme of praise, as the most talented orchestra and chorus, that has ever yet been assembled together in this country, were employed to give it with due effect; and it was certainly a most splendid musical treat. "Lucia di La-

mermoor" was next produced for the *debût* of CASTELLAN, whose *Lucia* won very great applause, CASTELLAN is a most able successor to PERSIANI; she has more of the requisites of a *prima donna*. Her voice is remarkably correct in intonation, and her style is an excellent one, less florid than PERSIANI, but still with all the *nuances* of the Italian school. GRISI made her *debût* for the season in "Norma," and proved herself as excellent as ever, her voice having all its richness combined with her highly finished artistic excellence. The Viennoises children was one of the great features of the season, and proved exceedingly attractive; there was a novelty and freshness in their dancing that quite took the public by surprise; the perfection and precision with which the children gave their dances being no less striking than pleasing; and they certainly were one of the best engagements Mr. LUMLEY made. Their best dances were the "Pas des Fleurs," the "Pas des Miroirs," the "Pas Hungraise," and the "Pas Orientale." "Don Pasquale" was the next opera revived, and though admirably played, presented no new features in the cast, and the Spanish dancers appeared for a few nights, without, however, causing so much sensation as was anticipated. "Semiramide" had the novelty of BRAMBILLA instead of FAVANTI, and was, altogether, excellently played! whilst a new and exceedingly pretty little *divertissement* called "Kaya," composed by LUCILLE GRAHN, was produced, and in which her Norwegian dance was remarkable for its spirit, freshness, and charming piquancy, and, altogether, the *divertissement* was very well received. The "Barbière" was the next opera produced, and proved as welcome as ever; whilst the "Puritani," which followed, attracted an overflowing house; all the well known points of this beautiful opera are so well brought out with the present cast, that it will be even one of the greatest favourites of the season, and is sure always to attract immensely. The "Bacchante," a pretty, light *divertissement*, was also produced on the occasion, and proved a very pretty and agreeable trifle; CERITO making her first appearance for the season, also, in the "Vivendière. The next opera was the "Gazza Ladra," followed by "Don Giovanni," and then succeeded the "Linda di Chamouni," in which CASTELLAN increased considerably the good opinion of the subscribers, by her excellent acting and singing; the charming rondo movement in the first act, being one of the best things she has ever sung. The "Esmeralda," as revived for CARLOTTA GRISI, and "Rosida," a new ballet composed by CERITO, was brought out with great splendour; it contained some very pleasing dances, but there was a want of compactness about it, that failed to render it so attractive as the great expense incurred in the getting up ought to have met with. "Otello" embraced the same cast as the previous season, and the *debûts* of ROSSI CACCIA, and BARROILHET, in "Roberto Devereux," were the next novelties; ROSSI CACCIA was very well received, her style was novel and pleasing, and she proved a great acquisition to the company. BARROILHET, also, was well received, but without making any remarkable sensation. The return of TAGLIONI on the same evening, in the "Sylphide," was m
welcome to the subscribers, and nothing could surpass
warmth of her reception. The "Giuramento" of M
CADANTE, was next revived, and proved an agreea
change in the entertainments; it contains some charm
melodies, and the story of the *libretto* is highly effecti
"Anna Bolena" and the "Pirata" succeeded, and
great feature of the season, the *pas de quatre*, by T
LIONI, CARLOTTA GRISI, CERITO, and LUCILLE GRA
drew immense houses every night it was given; inde
we never saw so much excitement in the theatre as t
dance created, and its production was one of the m
skilful acts of Mr. LUMLEY's management. The "C
fan Tutti" was revived at the wish of some of the su
scribers, and though admirably played, it has never b
an attractive opera; the melodies are beautiful, it is tr
it is not in MOZART's happiest vein. The *ballet div*
tissement of "Diane" was the next production, and
hibited TAGLIONI to great advantage in the chief charact
and the beautiful ballet "Alma," was also revived, w
all its gorgeous scenic effects, the charming dancing
CERITO, and the excellent acting and dancing of PERR
who seems during the season to have regained all
elastic vigour and spirit, rendered the ballet more th
usually attractive. We have thus run through the
rangements of the season—a season that reflects
highest credit on Mr. LUMLEY's management; he
catered for the subscribers in the most liberal spirit;
nights' entertainments have been crowded with attract
features, the difficulty having been to concentrate
immense talent at his command, so as to employ each
the *artistes* on the same evening. And if we only
the eye over one of the performances given during
season, it cannot fail to excite the surprise, even of th
accustomed to the opera, that so much talent could
brought together, every theatre in Europe seems to h
contributed its brightest star, and everything that co
be done to render the season a brilliant one, has been d
by Mr. LUMLEY, who has, unquestionably, proved hi
self a most able and liberal director; and by his ext
ordinary tact and ability, has placed the theatre in
commanding position it now enjoys, of being the f
theatre in Europe.

CHARADE.

The world's wide, and so am I,
Yet within a narrow space I lie;
In red, and brown, and sometimes green,
And always at your board I'm seen.

K

ENIGMA.

In Ireland I first got birth;
I scarce am known on Britain's shore;
The Scotch they call me their best friend:
Now, need I of myself speak more?

I

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

PROMENADE DRESS.

Fig. 1.—A dress of a pretty light blue Pekin silk, figured crossways, in very narrow stripes, giving a becoming degree of fullness to the lower part of the figure; plain high corsage, the throat encircled with a narrow quilling of rich lace; straight loose sleeves, reaching to a little above the wrists, and showing a slightly fulled muslin one underneath, having a frilling of the same, or lace, round the wrists. Pardessus of white cachmeire, lined with a rich pink silk, and splendidly decorated with a raised kind of pink embroidery, the pattern a kind of scroll, and forming a broad border, the lower edge of which is decorated with a broad pink and white silk fringe, having a very rich effect; a narrow kind of embroidery is used in the front, forming a kind of high corsage, a plain row reaching straight down the centre of the front, and two rows on each side from the shoulders, from which also depends down each side, three pretty fancy pink ornaments, and small long tassels, which also serve to attach a small fold of the pardessus, giving room for the play of the shoulder. This elegant wrap is of a rounded form at the back, and very deep, reaching in two rounded ends in the front, which is much shallower than the back, and attached to the waist in deep folds, giving it the appearance of a shawl over the arms. Bonnet of pale sea-green *crêpe*, trimmed round the edge with a *rûche* of the same material, moderately wide, and pinked on each side of the edge, the crown decorated on the right side with a very broad short lappet of a light kind of white lace or blonde, figured only round the edge, the centre part being ornamented and attached to the bonnet with a branch of pale green thistle leaves, drooping low at the side, Small parasol of purple shot silk.

HOME COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Under dress of rich white embroidered muslin, the corsage of which is fulled and divided by bands of rich lace, also of a moderate height, encircled with a fulling of lace round the throat; the sleeves fulled into the narrow wristband, and finished round the hand with a row of lace. Open pelisse of shot-green and lilac silk, the corsage made high at the back, and open half way down the front, headed with a *petit revers* of the same material, waved at the edge, and forming a small collar and lappels, continuing down the fronts of the pelisse, gradually widening towards the lower part of the *jupe*, which is made very full and long; long straight sleeves, turned back at the bottom part with a waved cuff of the same, crossing upon the front, the top of the sleeves ornamented with *jockeys* to match the cuffs. Cap of white tulle, of a rounded form, surrounded with a deep row of vandyked lace, put on very full round the back and ears, as far as the temples, and plain upon the top of the head, the foundation of the cap being hidden by a wreath of narrow green leaves, passing over the front, and finished on each side with half wreaths of pink and white roses, which are attached to the back by small puffings of pale pink satin or taffetas ribbon, finished with two rather long ends at the back, the back hair being worn very backward, so as to set out the cap.

HOME COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—This elegant but simple style of dress, is composed of a rich shot Italian lavender silk, the skirt being perfectly plain, but of an immense fullness and very long, setting in deep folds over the hips; the body made high up to the throat, where it is surrounded with a fulling of narrow white lace or tulle; there is no side seams in the body, only one down the centre, which is concealed by a double row of narrow folds, put into a moderate size cord, and placed sufficiently apart to form a kind of narrow band down the centre of the dress, which is also decorated at regular distances with loops of the same coloured satin ribbon, of the same width as the small oval gold buckle which it attaches to the dress; the waist is made excessively long, and slightly pointed; plain long tight sleeves, finished with lace ruffles round the wrists. Cap of white tulle, small and rounded at the ears, and trimmed with a rich broad Mechlin lace, put on in a double row at the back of the cap, the *nœud* of amber ribbon being placed under the lower row, a single row of lace passes over the front, rounded at the ears, and intermixed with small wreaths of double shaded amber daisies.

PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 1.—This truly simple and elegant costume is composed of white Tarlatan muslin, worn over a slip of white satin; the *jupe* is made immensely full, and with two immense broad tucks, the top of the upper one reaching to a little below the waist, on each side of the front and upon the tucks, at equal distances, are placed two splendid pink and white roses, surrounded by its foliage, made in dark green velvet. The corsage is made low, round, and full, divided over the bust with three rows of embroidery inlet, the sleeves very short, and formed to match the upper part of the corsage. A splendid rich lace scarf, of an immense width and length, is thrown carelessly over the shoulders, and lined with a very pale pink *gaze*. The back hair is fastened low at the back, surrounding the head in a thick plat, and forming a very large round; a magnificent pale pink and white rose and its foliage, *pareil* to those on the dress, are placed very low at the back on each side the head, the front hair arranged in three narrow plats, looped up with a narrow gold comb.

YOUNG LADY'S AFTERNOON DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of a narrow striped pink and white *barége*, the skirt is made very full, and rather long, trimmed with five narrow tucks, each tuck being headed with a narrow vandyked gymp, which is headed again at an equal distance, with a narrow cord; full body, made half high and round, confined round the top of the corsage with three rows of narrow gympe, similar to that on the skirt, serving also to edge the very short sleeves, which are otherwise quite plain; rounded waist; mittens of black lace; cap *à la Chinoise*, of a light fancy straw, lined with pale blue silk, decorated on each side of the exterior with a small bunch of daisies or rose-buds, placed rather backward, and of the same description as those which serve to ornament the interior of the brim; the back hair is arranged in long plats, *à la Swiss*, and the front hair in full bands.

CHILD'S DRESS.

A dress of a rich blue narrow-striped Pekin silk, the body is made half high, edged with a narrow white lace round the throat, and the lower part of the short sleeve, a small cape of the same material as the frock, forms a rounded kind of epaulet over the sleeves, descending to the waist, back and front, where it joins in a kind of point; the skirt quite plain and very full; *chapeau à la glaneuse* of coarse straw, the crown encircled with a wreath of small blue field flowers, and three rows of narrow white satin ribbon, drooping in long streamers at the back.

AFTERNOON DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of a beautiful embroidered India muslin, worn over a pale primrose-coloured silk skirt; full body, confined round the bosom with a double row of narrow inlet, forming a kind of tucker; plain chemisette sleeve, embroidered to match the lower part of the skirt; rounded long waist. Bonnet of coarse straw, the crown surrounded with a deep frilling of striped ribbon, forming the *bavolet* at the back, plain on the front, and rather narrower, headed with a broad full twist of the same; the hair arranged *à l'Anglaise* in the front, and in a thick plait at the back of the head.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of pale French grey *moire;* the skirt made perfectly plain, and very full; high corsage; the back and front forming a point in the centre of the waist; plain long sleeves, finished at the wrist with a pointed plain cuff, simply corded all round, and with a row of white lace falling over the hands. Small plain cambric collar. Scarf of a rich crimson cachmeire, bound on both sides with a broad *biais* of black velvet. Capuchon hood of the same material, edged with black velvet to match the scarf. We must not omit mentioning that the scarf is of an immense width and length. Straw bonnet of a very coarse description, and of the capote form; the edge of the brim decorated with three small pipings of velvet; the low crown also decorated with a moderately wide black ribbon velvet, simply crossed over the crown, and fi with a *nœud* and ends of the same at the back.

MORNING COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A costume of a light salmon-coloured mo figured silk; the skirt made *à double jupe*, and very the corsage is high on the back and shoulders, open all the way down the front, shewing the under misette, consisting of rows of narrow lace inlet h with a frilling of white lace round the throat; the bo the dress made full front and back; plain straight s trimmed round the top with three narrow folds sta upwards, and placed close to each other; the botton of the sleeves cut in the form of a vandyke, and b sufficiently short to shew the under-sleeve of fulled m and *manchette* of lace. Capote of fancy straw o honeycomb pattern, prettily trimmed with a crimso white ribbon velvet, forming a *nœud* on one side, an long ends drooping from the left with loops of the sa the interior.

SEA-SIDE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of *vert de mer* silk, made *en r gote*, and beautifully embroidered with braid on each of the fronts in a kind of zig-zag pattern; the sk made very full and long; high corsage, closed up a on one side up the front, and very long waisted; the c being a slight point; small square collar of plain cam long plain tight sleeve, the cuff slightly covering the and similarly embroidered to the fronts. Sca white cachmeire; the ends striped crossways, and fi in green, violet, and cerise, edged on each end with a fringe of the same colours. Close bonnet of coarse s of a small and round form, lined with pale pink silk, decorated with large *nœuds* and ends of black ribbon vet; the edge of the brim trimmed with three pipings of black velvet, and the crown crossed with a ribbon velvet, forming a *nœud* at the back.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a rich shot taffetas pink and colour; the skirt made with two deep vandyked flou edged round with a narrow pink silk fringe, and si headed with a *petit-rouleau* of the same material a dress; these flounces are put on only a short dis from each other; low corsage *à trois pieces*, the cent the waist forming a perfect point; the top of the bus corated with a round double cape, made quite open i front, and each edged with a narrow fringe; chemisette, made slightly full, and edged round a narrow lace; half-long plain sleeves; the u fulled one of white muslin forms a kind of continu to the upper sleeve, a row of lace falling over the h Bonnet of fancy straw, prettily but simply trimmed a roll of twisted red and gold coloured ribbon fallin a deep drapery on the right side, fringed at the ends interior decorated with loops of the same descriptio ribbon, and tied in the centre under the chin.

CHILD'S DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A skirt and pantaloons of white cambric

latter trimmed round the lower part with a narrow lace, and the former with three rows of dark blue narrow fancy ribbon put on at equal distances; pointed low body; made perfectly plain, with the exception of a narrow kind of frilling put on round the back part of the waist, somewhat resembling a habit body, being finished just under each arm; plain sleeves; the lower part surrounded with a deep row of white lace, and narrow tucker of the same. Swiss straw hat; the low crown surrounded with a wreath of blue Forget-me-not's.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress composed of a light green Pekin striped silk; the skirt made very full, and trimmed round the lower part with seven narrow rows of green ribbon velvet put on at equal distances; half-high corsage; pointed waist; the stripes verging towards the point of the ceinture; plain long tight sleeves made on the cross, and decorated with a double frilling of the same put on in a rounded form, so as to form a kind of epaulet on the top of the sleeve. *Manchettes* of lace; under chemisette of a narrow striped cambric, headed with a *tout petit* lace. Scarf of white *barège*; the ends finished with a broad fringe. Bonnet of pink *gros de Naples*, lined with a drawn *crêpe* of the same colour, which is drawn over the edge of the brim, forming a bordering to the exterior of the bonnet; the low crown trimmed with a double twisted fulling to match, attached on the low side with a pretty *nœud* and ends of pink ribbon, and three small pink and white shaded roses.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 4.—A dress of a rich light violet-coloured satin; the skirt made immensely full and long; the front decorated on each side with a broad facing of the same, double corded at the edge, and ornamented with a fancy gymp trimming, has a very rich effect, somewhat resembling embroidery, and is of a darker shade than the dress; high plain body, fastening close up to the throat, and adorned with a double narrow pelerine or cape, rounded over the back and shoulders, put on about half high upon the corsage, and descending on each side of the front, gradually narrowing into a point on each side of the centre of the waist; long plain tight sleeves, surrounded at the top with a round *jockey*, edged, as well as the capes, all round with a narrow silk fringe of the same hue as the dress, the cuffs having a small fancy embroidery. Drawn capote of white taffetas, the low rounded full crown is ornamented with a branch of beautiful pink-shaded hedge roses, with narrow green foliage.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress of rich silk, shaded pink and green, the body fitting perfectly tight, and is high quite to the throat; the waist is long and rounded in the front; the sleeves are tight and plain at the wrist; two pieces, *en biais*, each finished by a shaded fringe, are placed on the top of the arm in a slanting direction. forming a double epaulette. The skirt is long and exceedingly full; the trimming is composed of pieces, *en biais*, of the same material, edged with fringe, and put on in waves, increasing in width towards the bottom of the skirt, three of these waves are placed on each of the fronts of the body, those towards the waist being the smallest. Bonnet of pink *crêpe*, a deep fold is laid round the outer edge of the bonnet, corresponding with that in the inside of the brim; a wreath of roses and foliage is placed along the bottom of the crown, and falls low at the sides; strings of broad satin ribbon.

CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—High dress of shaded silk; the body plain, the waist long and pointed, a row of large and rich silk fancy buttons are placed down the front, increasing in size towards the waist; a square cape falls from the neck of the dress, not quite meeting in the front, it is trimmed with a fringe *d'effilé*, or of floss silk, with a rich lace like heading, the latter, only, being carried up the fronts of the cape; the sleeves are straight and wide; a deep cuff is turned up open at the back of the arm, and trimmed round with fringe; full under sleeve of *batiste*, terminating in a broad ruffle of lace; the skirt is immensely full and very long, two rows of the fringe, having a double heading, is placed *en tablière* from each side the point at the waist, and a row of buttons, corresponding with those on the body, down the centre of the skirt, the buttons increasing in size towards the bottom; this is an exceedingly novel and elegant style of trimming, suiting well with the plain full skirt. Bonnet of fancy straw, small shape, short at the ears; it is trimmed with broad striped ribbon; the ends which droop on the left side have a deep fringe; a *biais* fold of pink satin is placed round the interior of the brim; small bows of ribbon are the only decoration of the interior.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of lace, worn over a rich white satin slip; the form being square at the shoulders; the waist is long, and without the point; the sleeves are plain; the body is beautifully ornamented with sprigs of Honiton lace; a pink and white satin ribbon is placed under the lace, coming over the arm from the shoulder in the form of a stomacher, terminating at the waist; it is so placed that the flowers in the dress come on the coloured part of the ribbon, which is very effective; the same also with the bottom of the sleeves; the skirt is long and full; at the top of the hem is a beautiful small wreath; Honiton sprigs are placed *en tablière* over the front breadth, and at equal distances round the bottom, a little way above the wreath; the satin ribbon is carried from the waist under the outer row of sprigs, and under those which are round the bottom, being fastened in the front. The head-dress is composed of loops of ribbon falling low at the ears, and a ribbon twisted over the hair at the back of the head.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1845.

The close of Parliament, and departure of our young Queen, has thrown a gloom over our gay Court, and caused a temporary cessation of those festivities which have so enlivened and given brilliancy to the past season.

This little repose is, however, necessary, in order to allow our *modistes* time to arrange and invent some of those elegant novelties which each succeeding season brings forth, and which adds so much to the elegance and *distinguée* appearance of our fair countrywomen; in the meantime, we will have a glance at the last changes which have taken place in

Caps.—Amongst the numberless varieties which are every day being created, we may cite, as those most in favour, those composed of embroidered muslin; the front part being entirely concealed by four rows of lace put on quite plain, turning at the lower part of the ears, and forming a kind of *colimaçon* or round shell, and attached with a *nœud* of green and pink ribbon with long ends; others have the fronts trimmed with three rows of lace, each divided by a sky-blue velvet ribbon, which are terminated on each side of the ears with two white roses, or what is considered quite as pretty, although not so dressy, and that is the rows of lace divided with fullings of French blue ribbon, forming two large bunches on each side instead of the white roses; for a more full dress, those having no front foundation are much in vogue: for instance, one composed of tulle, the crown of which is very small, merely serves to cover the back hair, trimmed all round with a single row of English lace, which is allowed to fall rather deeper over the ears than on the top of the head, trimmed with a cerise ribbon twisted upon the upper edge of the lace as far as the top of the temples, where it is terminated with two small *coques* of the same, from which droop long *brides* of silk ribbon, or the small crown may be surrounded with three rows of English lace, widening over the ears, and headed with a twist of pink and white ribbon striped crossways, and terminated over each temple with two *nœuds* of the same, having three fringed ends depending on each side.

Flowers are now much more adopted for the decorating of *pailles de riz*, *crêpe* bonnets, &c., than feathers: such as branches of verdure, and mixed bouquets, which are principally composed of field flowers.

Walking Dresses.—Those of the *peignoir* form are very pretty, made of taffetas, lilac shot with white, or striped; the corsage made open, so as to shew the underchemisette; the fronts of the body being edged and cut out in a narrow square vandyke, the one having the button-hole worked in the centre, and the opposite side decorated with the button; these corsages are buttoned only at the lower part, the chemisette shewing between each point in the shape of a lozenge; this style of trimming is continued upon the tight sleeve, which is partly opened from the top down to the wrist, fastening in the same manner, being sufficiently separated to allow of the under white sleeve being visible; the rest of the dress trimmed with fulled ribbons striped crossways in colours to match the dress, and fringed on each side. Some very pretty ones we have remarked, made also in blue *foulards*; the skirt ornamented with two broad flounces striped crossways; plain body, formed half high upon the shoulders, and open all the way down the front, and finished with a *demi-pelerine* trimmed with fringe, and resembling reverse pieces or facings upon the front of the corsage: plain sle others are made in *barège*, and shaded in stripes gre white; the skirts trimmed with three flounces of di widths; plain half-high corsage, with short sleeves with a very broad handsome fringe *perlée*. *Cannez* embroidered muslin, forming a point at the back, kind of jacket below and round the waist. *Barè* large Scotch plaids are also in great request; the c of these dresses being made high and open, formed the epaulet, and closed together just upon a level wi waist, which is rounded and confined with a bu plain sleeves, rather short, and *demi-larges*, surmo with a double *jockey*, and having a trimming at the upon the skirt is placed three rows of graduated n flounces, each row composed of a number of thes ferent volants; for instance, the top row co three, the second row four, and the third five, in th terior of the corsage is worn a gymp embroidered small half-high collar.

Bonnets are still to be seen of light materials, s *crêpe*, &c., of an open form, rounded at the ears, an corated with *petites* Easter daisies *posées* upon the s the crown, and with *nœuds* or puffs of pink taffetas r in the interior. Those of the *Paméla* form are dec in the majority, and are very becoming when ma *tulle bouillonné*, and lined with pink *crêpe*, dec upon the side of the exterior with a branch of leaves, have seen them also lined with pink fulled tulle, dec with a branch of the bind-weed, or what is consi more simpte, a *Bayadère* ribbon, the ends of whic united on one side, forming a most elegant kind of This kind of hat is also very becoming, when ma English point lace, lined with a *crêpe rouge*, and rated upon the side with a large red rose encircled leaves. Some very pretty simple bonnets of a *peti* rounded form, we have remarked, made in blue c the edge surrounded with a fulling of the same, as w a double row upon the *calfle*, three roses being upon the side.

Mantelets.—For a sea-side walking dress, we of nothing more comfortable or elegant than those are made with sleeves, and the *petit-capuchon* f afternoon; they are made of *mousseline brochée*, with pink, and encircled with a waved trimming, giv a most graceful appearance. We have also seen made in white cachmeire trimmed with broad fringes likewise in blue and *ponceau*, this material being pre for its softness, warmth, and solidity. Those made of lace are generally made extremely deep at the back rounded, trimmed with rows of rich black lace put equal distances; the mantelet being headed with a cape pelerine, edged round also with a deep fall of the form of the pelerine being slightly rounded ov back of the shoulders, and meeting in a point at the descending from thence in two long square ends, an at the neck with a broad black satin ribbon.

Trimmings.—*Les passementeries* are now so ge that in order to render them more *distinguée*, some alteration has been lately made, giving them quite a

appearance. We may cite the fringe *point d'esprit*, as having great success amongst our chief *modistes*, particularly when placed upon a number of narrow flounces in a light material, such as white *tarlatane*, &c, and encircling the *berthe* upon the corsage. Those used for the ornamenting of silk pelisses, are the *brandebourgs à jours*, the *dentelle de Venise*, and the *boutons Marquise*.

Aprons.—Small fancy aprons are now universally worn with the present light kind of costume. Our most fashionable ladies may now be seen walking in our parks and public promenades attired in pelisses of *coutil*, or striped Pekin silks; a *mantilla grand'mere* of embroidered muslin *au crochet*, and a *petit* apron of green, blue, or pink silk, entirely trimmed with fringe, *points de Venise*, or black or white lace, have a most *distinguée* effect.

Redingotes.—The most distinguished looking, are those denominated *des redingotes Marquises*, made of rich violet silks in broad stripes *brochées*; high buttoned up corsage, with plain sleeves, and the waist *à basques*; a broad piece of violet-coloured velvet rather darker than the dress is placed upon the front of the pelisse, reaching from the throat to the lower edge of the skirt, upon the velvet is placed a row of immense Marcassite buttons, having a very rich effect. Those made in shot silks are extremely pretty, made open up the front of the skirt, and trimmed on each side, similar to the sides of the skirt, to which it forms a kind of continuation; straight sleeves *demi-larges*, having the facings and *jockeys festonnées*; underdress of embroidered cambric *brodée* up the whole height of the skirt; high fulled corsage, divided with embroidered inlet; under fulled sleeves and *manchettes* of lace attached into the waistband; the front of the skirt ornamented with two rows of malachyte buttons the same colour as the dress; the sleeves being made quite plain, are fastened at the wrist, and trimmed round with a rich broad Valenciennes, falling over, and shading the hand; this dress is rendered still more complete by the addition of elegant *sous-manches* forming *jockeys* at the top part of the sleeves. We have also remarked a very elegant simple costume, made of unbleached Italian *coutil* of a pearl-grey colour; the corsage giving the figure a somewhat masculine appearance, buttoning close up to the collar, which is small, straight, and low, the sleeves partaking of the Amadis form, modified by a double seam. This kind of costume is also very *distinguée*, when made in the *cotpalés* material.

Fashionable Colours for the present month are still of a very mixed character, and mostly of light hues, such as light green and lilac, nankin and cerise, grey and pink, and blue and white; the latter being generally adopted for evening costumes.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Notwithstanding the flight of our *élégantés* to the country and several watering-places, we do not find them the less *recherché* in their toilettes, being quite as remarkable for the elegance of their costume in the vicinity of the ocean, as on the banks of the Seine; and on all sides we see our first *modistes* busy in forwarding the most favourite style of dresses to the country-seats of our nobility, which is rendered still more complete by the addition of

Robes de Campagne.—*Le coutil* is decidedly the most favourite material employed for these kind of dresses, particularly those striped green or blue, upon an unbleached ground, the whole diversified with embroideries of narrow green or blue braid. This kind of embroidery is particularly adapted for dresses *à corsage à basques*, the pockets being designed upon each side of the fronts of the jacket. *Barège* dresses, notwithstanding their cheapness, are also much worn in the country, being rendered so elegant by the flounces with which they are decorated. Those of plain *barège*, having five flounces on the skirts, edged with a *points-d'esprit* fringe, *berthe* of the same, and *demi-manches* similarly decorated, made in white or some pale light colour, a *guimpe à la vierge* being worn in the interior of the corsage. Those dresses worn at the sea-side, are of a much more simple and close make; for instance, the corsage is fulled upon the shoulders, the folds uniting in a very open form, and encircled with a fringe *point de Venise*, of a pretty pink and white mixture, the same kind of fringe being also put on in two rows upon the front of the skirt, the centre of which is decorated with a row of olives, ornamented with two small tassels suspended at each end; short sleeves, and mittens of white lace, a stomacher of white lace being worn in the interior of the corsage. We may also cite as remarkably elegant, a dress of Italian silk, the colour of which is a *poussière glacée*, with white, the skirt trimmed with a perfect pyramid of fringe of the same colours; square body, plaited *à la vierge* into a band; sleeves *à la russe*, having lace sleeves underneath. Then, again, a dress of *gros de Naples*, of the shade of a Provence rose, the skirt trimmed with three flounces, each flounce edged round the bottom with six rows of narrow velvet of the same colour; upon the plain low corsages, rather below the bosom of the dress, is worn a *canezout* of the same material, to which are attached the short sleeves, trimmed to match the dress, with under sleeves of white *crêpe*.

Pardessus.—A very elegant one has just been submitted to our inspection, composed of black lace, formed deep, and rounded at the back; made open over the top part of the arms, and trimmed all round the opening with broad lace, which also forms manchettes, the pardessus being similarly trimmed all round. Another new style of pardessus has also lately appeared, partaking a little of the *dolman frac* and *kazaweick*, and according with the freshness of a summer toilette; it is principally composed of *glacé* silk, and trimmed with black lace, or black silk, and lined with a pink *glacé* silk, and ornamented with an open-worked fancy trimming.

Travelling Dresses.—These are mostly made in the pelisse form, and composed of grey levantine, lined with flannel or plaided merinos, dark blue, green, or red; the style of the sleeves are formed out of the pelisse,

and have no seam upon the shoulders. These style of pelisses are called the *pelisses russes*, and will be very much in favour during the winter, made in velvet and cachmeire, lined with furs.

Hats.—*Les chapeaux à la chevrière* are more and more in favour amongst our *élégantés*, for a country costume they are quite charming, with their broad brims trimmed with black velvet, and another broad velvet traversing the top of the crown, the ends floating on each side, the interior of the brim being decorated with two pink or blue rosettes, which intermixes with the ringlets of the front hair, or are placed rather at the back of the front braids. For a pretty person, this style of hat has a most coquettish and poetic appearance; at the same time it must be remembered, that they are only becoming for very young people. *Les chapeaux suisses*, or *glaneuse*, are also much in vogue, ornamented sometimes with field flowers, a bunch of *bluets*, or corn flowers, a string of daisies, or a branch of the hawthorn. For the country, we may here remark that bonnets of the capote form are much in vogue, made of unbleached silk, lined with pink, and having a veil of rose-coloured tulle, with a broad hem.

Toilettes de Ville.—We may cite the following as those most in favour with our *élégantés*:—A dress of taffetas, in narrow pink and white stripes, the skirt trimmed with five *volants dentellés*, and edged with a pink fringe; these flounces are put on at the distance of about half the width of the *volant*; low corsage, perfectly plain as well as the sleeves, which are *demi longues*; *canezou* of embroidered muslin, fastened tight down the front by means of a row of buttons, and trimmed all round with two rows of Valenciennes lace, put on quite plain, a row of the same encircling the *petit* collar; *sous manches* of fulled muslin, with manchettes of lace. Those in *barège* are mostly trimmed either with a number of flounces, or one broad one, if the latter, they are generally cut on the cross, the bodies made plain, half-high, and *à pointe*; plain sleeves, on the cross, the top part ornamented with *jockeys*, trimmed with two narrow frillings; *guimpe* of plaited muslin.

Evening Dresses.—Muslins are now in great favour for this style of costume, the bodies of which are made low, and encircled with a *petit* half-handkerchief of the same material, *brodée à petit pois*, and edged with a narrow lace, put on quite plain; this *châle*, or *revers*, descends upon the front of the corsage, and parts on each side of the *ceinture*, serving to decorate the two fronts of the skirt; these pieces being rounded towards the lower part, which it also encircles, forms a kind of tunic, have a very light effect, the small short sleeves being similarly decorated; the *ceinture*, or sash, is composed of a pink and white *Bayadère* ribbon, tied in a pretty kind of *nœud* in the front, and falling in two long floating ends; the same style of ribbon serves to decorate the hair, forming two *nœuds* on each side of the head. Another very elegant style of evening costume, are those made in the *redingote* form, of *gros de Naples*, figured in crossways pink stripes; the body plain, *à petit châles*, made very low.

NATURE'S CHILD.

While Nature's charms, with heedless gaze,
The world's poor captive wanders by,
What soul-felt bliss they bring to him,
Who views them with a poet's eye.

Perchance when morn on eastern heights,
Unfolds her gay effulgent store,
And calls her willing graces forth,
Each scene with love to scatter o'er.

He seeks betimes the dewy lawn—
The purple heath—the blooming field,
And raptured drinks the boundless joy,
The balmy breathing hour can yield.

When on his high meridian throne,
Bright Sol in triumph rules the air;
And beauty on the blighted earth
Is withered by his scorching glare.

Within the dark umbrageous shade
Of forest gloom, he loves to rest;
By murmuring streamlets verdant marge,
In spangled robe of flowerets drest.

'Tis then, when all the landscape round
In dubious shade is hid afar,
And, like a herald to his path,
Shines forth the pretty trembling star.

A voice steals sweetly on his ear,
With gently murmuring accents mild:
And whispering peace in every tone,
Proclaims him Nature's darling child.

J.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"*A Love Sonnet*" declined. Louisa must select free language.

"*P. K.*"—Received, and under consideration.

"*The Freebooter.*"—Inadmissible from its style.

"*B. M.*"—Accepted, and with thanks, too.

"*L. D.*"—Received.

"*Sophia.*"—In our next, if possible.

"*Harriet.*"—Certainly. We can have no objectio such an arrangement.

"*B. D.*"—If possible, in our forthcoming number

Books and Music cannot be reviewed, unless c are forwarded to the Editress of the "World Fashion" for that purpose.

Communications to be inserted, should be forwarde the 10th of the month.

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Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. James's

(2)

The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1845 Morning Dresses

The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1845 Morning & Evening Dresses

(4)

The Fair & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1845 Sea Side Dresses

THE WORLD OF FASHION,

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES

LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1845.

THE ARTIST'S RETREAT;
OR,
WOMAN'S LOVE.

" Oh! cruel heaven, that made no cure for love!
Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain."

DRYDEN.

Cornille Schut was a poet as well as a painter. That he was a poet, might perchance be forgotten, but who that had ever seen one of his charming pictures, could ever lose the recollection of it; such exquisite fidelity to nature—such harmonious blending of colours—such rare and mighty conception.

Cornille Schut had counted seven-and-twenty summers. The exercise of his poetical taste, and the practice and improvement of his art, had been the charm and delight of his youth. He was a pupil of Rubens, and like his distinguished master, had placed his whole soul upon the creative fancy of his magic pencil.

He lived by his labour, sometimes poet, sometimes painter, as happy in a sonnet, as he was successful in the exquisite lines of his pencil.

One evening that he was seated as usual with a pipe in his mouth, and surrounded by two or three friends, he thought that he had been uselessly frittering away his life and his talents, and taking a sudden resolution, he arose from the table, proudly put on his hat, and extending his hand to his friends, bade them farewell.

They asked him where he was going?

He replied, " I know not—but farewell."

" And when will you return?" asked one of them, laughingly.

" In two years," replied Cornille.

" Two years," exclaimed the other, " why that will be the end of the world."

Cornille had long loved a young and beauteous girl, but he had been so devoted to the study and perfection of his art, that love was but a secondary dream with him. He had not time to devote to the maturing of his attachment, but he now determined to woo in right earnest, and win, and wed, too, the beautiful Elizabeth. He directly repaired to his mistress, and in words of earnest affection, asked her if she would give up all the world for him.

The blushing girl whispered " Yes."

" Then will you become mine to-morrow, for the after we part."

" And where shall we go?" demanded the timid g

" If you loved me truly, you would not care," repl the ardent Cornille.

" Cornille, my love for you has been the cherish dream of my joyless life; for you would I willingly f sake home and country—with you a desert would be me a paradise, and without you life is but a dreary was If you feel that your love is as ardent, as pure, and lasting as mine, then I hesitate not to bestow my ha where my heart has been long given. But deceive not, dearest, for my life depends upon your c stancy."

Cornille threw himself at her feet, and vowed eter constancy; and could it be otherwise, for Elizabeth one of those fair and fragile daughters of Eve, who born to love and be loved again.

Cornille's next determination was to seek his unc who was wealthy and well-disposed towards him.

" Dearest uncle," he said, " you have often told that you will not forget me when you are disposing your property. But I seek not for your wealth, tha regard not, but there is a gift in your disposal tha fain would have. 'Tis my old friend and compan Werner, your trusty dog. I am about exiling myself, forward the better completion of a serious task. T Bishop has given me orders to execute two pictures up the subject of the Assumption—one for an altar piece the Church, and the other for the Convent Chapel. order to send forth a work that shall live for ever, a hand my name down gloriously to posterity, I must tire from the world—arm myself by a pious solitude my exalted subject, and I therefore beg of you to give my old favourite as a travelling companion.

In a few days the painter with his beauteous bride a the joyous Werner, arrived about the setting of the su before a little rustic cottage, built upon the borders o

wood. Already the painter had become a dreamer there, and the very sight of the solitude had inspired his artistic mind with the most lofty conceptions.

"Elizabeth," he said, "do you love me sufficiently to remain two years in this solitude, without seeing any other human being but myself, and with Werner for our only friend?"

"Yes, dearest," she replied, with affectionate confidence.

In a very few days their lives were poetically organized. Their long walks in the woods and in the meadows, with the bounding Werner by their side—the sweet words of love which none else heard save God alone, the successful labour which cheers the heart, the songs, the readings, the happy reveries, and the draughts taken on the banks of the chrystal stream; then the breakfast at the open window, inhaling the balmy fragrance of Nature's choicest perfumes, these were a few of the pleasures enjoyed in this rural and romantic retreat.

The young painter was happy—intensely happy both in heart and mind; his love for his young bride had made him a great artist, and the love of the art only increased his passion for Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was exquisitely beautiful, and even more charming than she was beautiful, from the expression of ardent tenderness that irradiated her lustrous eyes, and the smile of happy joyousness that sat upon her rosy lips.

At the end of two years Cornille finished his pictures of the Assumption. When he saw them packed for Antwerp, he appeared to lose that which made a part of his existence; his spirits drooped, and he became silent and abstracted.

"Gracious God! avert the evil," thought Elizabeth; "surely he cannot love me less, now that his pictures are not here?"

Cornille now began to dream of his former mode of life, and of his joyous comrades, and he unconsciously felt himself wishing to vary his present monotonous existence, and taking Elizabeth's hand, he said,

"Are you aware, dearest, that we have lived two years in this solitude, away from the world, and unmindful of its events?"

"So uninterrupted has been my happiness," said Elizabeth, "that months have passed but as days."

"And have you never remembered," asked Cornille tenderly, "that this day we return to Antwerp, as the time I allotted for solitude has transpired?"

"To-day!" exclaimed the fond wife, turning deadly pale. "Then you will love me no longer."

The painter, moved almost to tears, said with transport,

"Then, Elizabeth, will you consent to remain two more years with me in this wilderness?"

"Consent!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "that is my heart's fondest prayer."

They fondly continued this enchanting species of existence, knowing nothing of the world but what they heard from the shepherd of the meadows, or from the servant of the neighbouring farm, who came daily to attend u them.

Another year passed on in this enchantment; but f the first months of the fourth year, Cornille bega count the days.

Their friends at Antwerp believed them to be in It No one could imagine that the joyous and lively a could separate himself from the world with so much stinacy. His dog betrayed his solitude.

An intimate friend of his studying one day from nat wandered into the open country, when he perceived beautiful Werner, whom he had admired and loved of He rushed towards him and renewed his acquainta He knew well that his old friend Cornille had induce uncle to give him the dog, and as he now found the he likewise determined to find his friend. In fact, a minutes afterwards, he surprised the painter and youthful wife seated in the shade on the borders of wood.

The moment Elizabeth perceived the approach Emile Cappui, she arose, and hastily whispered to nille,

"Let us fly;" for, thought she, if he stops with he will quite spoil our solitude.

But alas! for all her dreams of romantic retire and devoted attachment. Cornille extended his han his old friend. They spoke of Antwerp, and Cor sighed.

"Why do you sigh?" demanded Emile Cap "you must enjoy an excess of happiness here, when will not deign to enjoy the glory which your unequ works have drawn around your name, for know you that your two Assumptions have excited the admira of the world at large, and your fame is immortalized. public think you are at Rome, if they knew you here, they would seek you, and bring you forth in umph."

When the painter and Elizabeth were alone, looked at each other.

"And is it possible, dearest, that we shall have to main here eight months longer, before we return to place where my talents are appreciated and ackn ledged, and my name pronounced as that of a supe genius?"

"Go," said Elizabeth, struggling to conceal her te "Go; and may fame yield you the happiness which solitude is no longer able to bestow upon you. Go; ask me not to tear myself away from that place which been to me a heaven of delight. I have a sad and presentiment that Antwerp is to be the grave of my h piness, therefore let me die here, that I may repose in bosom of that earth I have loved so much."

Touched by so much love, Cornille for a moment fo Antwerp, his old friends, and even the triumphant n his genius had created for him.

"Go," he exclaimed. "Go without you? Neve

Time passed on, but more slowly than it had been to do. They no longer sang together; they no lo chased each other o'er the spangled meadow, and

the dog himself became sad. From time to time he would endeavour to renew his lively gambols, and his affectionate mirth, but the effort would overpower him, and he would relapse again into his moody taciturnity.

At length the given time for their solitude was about expiring. In his joy at the prospect of again seeing his old friends and companions, the painter noticed not that the cheek of Elizabeth became paler, and her eyes less bright, notwithstanding the charming and affectionate smile that always greeted him on his approach.

The evening before their departure, he asked her to walk with him once more through those sweet spots where they so long loved to wander, and through the wooded mazes of which they had so often lost themselves. She leant upon his arm, and walked silently by his side. It was a glorious day in August, the luxuriance of the harvest glittered upon the earth, and the whistling of the blackbird from the adjoining woods replied to the mellow sound of the sickle in the meadows.

"What a beautiful day," exclaimed the enthusiastic Cornille. "I have a presentiment that we shall yet pass here many blissful hours. Nature never spoke more poetically to my heart than she does at this moment. Look, Elizabeth, amid such scenes as these, can our love ever grow cold?"

"Alas!" articulated Elizabeth, with a convulsive sigh.

"We shall come again," replied the painter; "we shall return again, and often; for I feel, like you, that here we shall always renew our youth and love."

"Then why leave this earthly paradise?" asked Elizabeth. "I have been so long habituated to live here alone with you, that the very idea of returning to the world brings desolation and gloom to my mind, for in the world I feel assured my happiness will be lost."

"My dear girl," said Cornille, "you have yet to learn that life is not made alone for love; the world prescribes certain laws, which we must follow. We must not alone live for each other, we must learn to respect the prejudices of others, and live for the world in general."

"I can alone live for you," said Elizabeth.

At this moment she became deadly pale, and fell fainting upon the grass.

When she recovered, she raised her melting eyes towards her beloved, and murmured,

"Cornille, will you go?"

He raised her fondly, and straining her to his heart, whispered,

"I must."

"Well," she replied, in a trembling voice, "tis well. We shall go; but remember, I shall never see this place again."

"You shall return here, my beloved," he said. "Allow me to remain six months at Antwerp with you, always at your side, and we shall return here, never perhaps again to quit this enchanting solitude."

They had now reached the middle of the wood, and Cornille asked Elizabeth, "if she would not walk a little farther on, and rest herself in the oak wood that she loved so much?"

"No," said she. "I should wish it much, but I have not the strength; let us return to the cottage. I feel an unusual sensation of excessive weakness over me to-day; but be not uneasy, it will pass away, and I shall be ready to start to-morrow."

The next day came; the painter passed the morning in his studio, arranging in order his pictures, his sketches, his drawings, and his books. He felt a portion of that joy which an exile experiences on approaching his own dear country. Elizabeth remained in her room, seated near the open window, with her eyes fixed upen the glowing landscape, from which position she could hear her husband's joyous voice singing a gay song, which he was wont to hear amongst his wild companions in years by-gone.

It were vain to endeavour to describe the profound grief that seized Elizabeth; her heart bounded and burst. And raising her tearful eyes to heaven, she prayed with fervour to the Almighty soother of the afflicted to forgive her despair, and impart to her the virtue of resignation.

Cornille sung gayer and merrier still, as the remembrance of past joys came full and glowing upon his mind. The poor girl collected together all her sinking strength, and rushing wildly from the room, proceeded towards her husband's studio. The door was half open; she stopped upon the threshold, her hair in disorder, her breast panting, and her eyes with an expression of unearthly wildness in them. Cornille rushed towards her affrighted and bewildered.

"Elizabeth, my love, what is the matter with you?"

She smiled bitterly.

"I shall tell you," she said. "Listen to me."

And she began singing the song that Cornille had written descriptive of their happiness in the first blissful days of their solitude,

As the last words of the song escaped her, Elizabeth fell into the arms of her husband; her strength was wasted with her recent exertion.

He carried her to the window, that the soft air might restore her. In a few minutes she opened her eyes, and said,

"Adieu, Cornille; your song has broken my heart."

"My beloved wife," cried Cornille, frozen with horror, "what mean you?"

"You told me, dearest," she replied, in a dying voice, "that you must go; but I shall go before you. My prayer is heard, and I am permitted to die here."

She had scarcely spoken these words, when her eyes closed for ever.

Cornille clasped her in his arms, and called upon her in the most piteous tones to speak one word of comfort to him.

It were vain to endeavour to depict the despair of the bereaved husband. He passed the entire day in hopeless agony: now tearing his hair, now clasping wildly the stiffened form of her he loved, till tears, the first he had shed for many years, came to his relief, and shielded his reason.

Hs now remembered that for the last month this de-

voted girl became paler and paler each day, and he now saw and felt that her death was caused by loving him too intensely. He swore he would never again return to Antwerp, but live in the midst of the woods, with the sacred remembrance of the sad but devoted Elizabeth.

It was not until after her interment, that he remembered that he had not her picture.

A man seldom succeeds in taking the picture of the woman he loves, for how could he transfer to canvass, the charms of that adored face?

When she had disappeared for ever from his eyes, he thought with despair of not having a representation of all those charms with which his beloved was so richly endowed. He saw her pass before him in his dreams, flying like a shadow along the meadows, or through the thickly planted woods. But she no longer appeared to him as the joyous and laughing girl of former years, he could only recall her as the pale and weeping victim of unbounded love. He endeavoured to take her picture from memory, but each time his pencil essayed to represent her, instead of portraying the radiant and beauteous being of former years, it was the pure personification of the drooping and dying Elizabeth that always appeared upon his canvass.

Another month passed and still found Cornille living in his solitude, which had now become a perfect Arcadia to him. His uncle hearing from his friend Emile Cappuis of his retreat, and becoming alarmed at his obstinate exile, sought and found him one evening weeping upon the tomb of Elizabeth. The good man was affrighted at the despair and pallidness of his nephew. The painter accounted for it by relating the history of his heart's blighted affection.

"You must accompany me at once to Antwerp," said the old man resolutely.

"No," said the painter, "until the daisies flourish on this mound of clay, so long shall I remain here and weep."

Morning after morning would he betake himself to kneel for hours over the resting-place of his beloved, there to pray for her, and talk to her as he used in happier times.

"Elizabeth, my beloved," would he cry in broken accents, "we shall again, I trust, find ourselves together in an eternal solitude, where we can live and love for ever. Oh, when shall I again see those beauteous eyes, which used to turn with such loving fondness upon me when you spoke? My poor Elizabeth lies there alone and cold in the tomb, but there you are not sad and desolate as you have left me."

One morning, the first feeling of joy that had lightened his heart for some time, was caused by perceiving two daisies springing from the earth that contained the remains of his cherished wife.

He gathered them—kissed them—and placed them near his heart. Then he departed for Antwerp with poor Werner, who for some time past had forgotten all his gambols.

He met his old friends; they attempted to rally him on his romantic attachment, but when they saw him so and so sad, and heard him speak to them in a voice b by sighs, they learned to respect his griefs, wil heartless as they were.

Cornille shortly afterwards wrote a poem, in whi made use of the following sentence, which each day perience proves the truth of:—

"Men, even of the most impassioned natures, c pass away their whole lives in love alone, but love is tial to women, and not only exhilirates their lif often causes their death.

BELIN

TO MY NEPHEW.

The clouds are tinted with the morning sun,
Adorning heaven with lustrous rays of light;
The wood-lark's ariel song is yet begun,
Rising and falling as she checks her flight.

Laugh on, my child, in innocence and mirth,
The sun but mocks thy sprightliness and glee;
To-morrow, reptiles from the clammy earth
May sport, where now thy sunny smile we see

Those rays will shine as bright on thy despair,
These birds sing on their carols in the air;
The tomb alone brings permanent relief
For broken hearts, and all-enduring grief.

And when, as from a sombre dream ye wake,
The promised heavenly blessings to partake,
Like yonder sun that dissipates the gloom,
So will your spirit, rising from the tomb,
A shroud of everlasting light assume.

K

STANZAS.

Oh! would that my return,
Might seem to thee an age;
That night and day—alone
I might thy thoughts engage.

Night and day—alas!
At present—even now—
I would no other eye,
Might gaze upon thy brow.

Think of me when sleeping,
That I to thee appear;
See me without ceasing,
Dream that I am near.

K.

THE IDIOT.

From an American Correspondent.

A good ship had taken her departure from the island of St. Croix, for New York. She had on board a large sum of money in gold, and two passengers; one a young man of eighteen or nineteen, returning from a winter residence upon the island, for the sake of health—the other, a lovely child of seven, the child of the captain. Its mother died at West End, of consumption, having sought refuge from that fell destroyer of youth and beauty, at too late a stage of its attack; and the captain was taking home this his only child, intending to place it in the care of its dead mother's parents.

This captain was a son of New England; still a young man, but eminently skilful in his profession, and even more remarkable for his moral than his professional excellence. Modest in speech and deportment, he was yet a man of consummate bravery, of indomitable firmness, and of a conscientiousness not often exhibited either on sea or land. He had not heard of recent piracies, although as yet they had not become so frequent as in the progress of the next year or two, and when he left port it was with considerable anxiety on account of his child, and still more on account of the treasure shipped on board his vessel—because it was not his own. His uneasiness had been augmented by the fact that his ship was neither armed nor manned, as, when he left the United States, no cause for alarm of the kind had been known or apprehended. Nevertheless, trusting in Providence and the speed of his good ship, and taking the precaution to conceal the gold where it would scarcely be found by any uninstructed seeker, he set sail, not with a light heart certainly, but with a steady and unflinching spirit.

I have no skillin nautical description, and therefore shall not attempt an account of what was said and done on board the Resolution during the first two or three days of her voyage; only it is to be remarked that the wind she had was light, frequently dying away into a perfect calm, and that her progress from the locality of apprehended danger was so slow as to increase in no slight measure the anxieties of the captain; nor were these at all alleviated by the rumours that reached him from the forecastle, of a buccaneer who had given his name a terrible notoriety by acts of excessive daring and cruelty, recently committed in the immediate vicinity of the very latitude and longitude to which he found himself chained, as it were, day after day.

The name borne by this scourge of the seas—real or assumed—was Morgan; and brief as had been his career, it had always been signalised, according to the stories current among the crew of the Resolution, by exhibitions of cold blooded ferocity never exceeded and not often equalled even by pirates.

His vessel, a large but swift sailing schooner, was said to be strongly armed and manned; but there was one among the crew, so said report, whose character and conduct were specially dwelt upon as combining the elements of wonder and of horror. He was said to be of gigantic stature and hideous appearance, and the possessor of enormous strength, which, however, he never exerted in working the vessel, but only in conflict where resistance was attempted. But the most extraordinary and revolting tale concerning him was, that his was the hand always employed in putting to death the unhappy captives whom Morgan's policy or cruelty refused to spare; and that in his horrible office of executioner he displayed a savage enjoyment not less inconceivable than frightful. He was known, the sailors said, by the title of Jack Ketch, bestowed on him as descriptive of his peculiar employment, and originating in the deep abhorrence with which sailors universally regard the professional hangman, who in England has been known as Jack Ketch from time immemorial.

The third day of the voyage was well advanced, a good breeze had sprung up, and Captain Fowler was congratulating himself on his escape thus far, and the increasing probability of ultimate safety, when a sail was descried, just rising above the horizon. Soon it was made out to be a schooner, and rapidly approaching. Captain Fowler could not conceal his uneasiness, and ordered every rag of canvass to be crowded on his vessel; the stranger might be an honest wayfarer of the ocean, but he might also be the fearful Morgan.

It was soon apparent, however, that the schooner had most speed, and the wind favouring her as much as it did the ship, the latter was sure to be overtaken. The only hope that remained, therefore, was in the peaceful and honest character of the pursuer; and this hope disappeared when, as the schooner hove fully in sight, she was seen to be large though extremely sharp, with tall and raking masts, and an extraordinary spread of sail, black as night in the hull, her decks crowded with men, and that she had no flag flying. Captain Fowler looked round upon his scanty crew, and with a groan abandoned the idea of resistance; and when the pirate, for that such she was could not be doubted, fired a shotted gun over him, with the calmness of despair he ordered the ship to be hove to, and prepared to meet his fate.

There were degrees of horror to he expected in the encounter of pirates; and Captain Fowler, with his passenger and the crew, now endeavoured to find some consolation in the hope that their captor was not the dreaded Morgan.

But this hope, however, soon vanished, when a large boat belonging to the schooner, which was filled with armed men, drew near the ship, and it was seen that the forward oar was pulled by a man whose height and huge proportions left little room to doubt that he was the "Jack Ketch" of whom report had spoken so much; and suspicion was converted into certainty when the boat came alongside the vessel, and this same giant stepped on board, followed by a middle sized, compactly built man of about forty years of age, with light hair, and a smooth but sunburnt face, whom, with what seemed to Captain Fowler a mocking courtesy, he introduced as "Captain Morgan."

"There was nothing terrific or even formidable in the aspect of the dreaded freebooter. His features were rather commonplace than otherwise, both in form and expression; he was plainly dressed, and had about his person no weapons, not even a cutlass or a dirk. It was noticed, however, that his orders to his men as they took possession of the ship's deck were brief, and uttered in that quiet tone of authority which bespeaks the habit to command; and nothing could exceed the promptness with which they were obeyed.

Not a man of the fifteen or twenty whom he had brought with him spoke or moved, except as he commanded; each man took in silence the station assigned to him; and Captain Fowler began to cherish a hope that after searching the ship and taking such portions of the cargo as might suit his fancy, Morgan would let him go unharmed, and but little worse for the encounter. The gold he was sure could not be found, and he felt quite confident that the fact of its being unknown to all except himself and the merchant from whom he had received it.

There was one exception to the orderly and disciplined conduct of the pirate's crew; and this was in the demeanour of the huge fellow recognised by the captives as the Jack Ketch of the pirate schooner. It seemed that he was not included in the brief but efficient orders of Morgan; for he wandered about the ship's deck, paying no attention to the proceedings of his captain or comrades, and finally seated himself upon the windlass, where he amused himself with balancing one of the capstan bars upon the tip of his forefinger, as if utterly unconscious of the purpose for which he had come on board, or of the business then in progress.

Notwithstanding their anxiety and alarm, Captain Fowler and his passenger could not help watching this fellow with curious interest; and they found it very difficult to reconcile his appearance and deportment with the horrid office ascribed to him by rumour. His size and apparent strength were indeed enormous. In height he was about six feet and a half, of immense breadth in the shoulders, long armed, and slender in the waist; but the expression of his face was that of vacant good nature, and there was an indecision in his movements, and a something in his physiognomy, which awakened the suspicion that his intellect was feeble.

And this suspicion was correct. Silly Sam—for that was the name he bore among the pirates—was indeed an idiot; and instead of filling the sanguinary office ascribed to him, he was, in truth, one of the most harmless and kind-hearted of human beings. His real name, his origin, and history were unknown; it was believed, however, that he was of English birth, and there was some vague tale of cruelty exercised upon him in his childhood, which had unsettled his reason. His enormous strength, and his willingness to labour, made him extremely useful on board Morgan's vessel, although he would take part in no engagement; and as he never required wages, or a share of plunder, seeming perfectly content with the food and clothing that were provided for him; and as he was ready, moreover, at any time to do the work of anybody that asked, he was a universal favourite among his fellows. none of them, however, nor to Morgan himself, di seem to have any personal attachment.

The schooner was his home—the only one he kne and on board the schooner he remained, indifferent to the companions he found there, and the busine which he was employed. The stern discipline mainta by Morgan forbade the attempt of any to play off Silly Sam those annoyances and petty torments to w his feebleness of mind would have exposed him in su crew; and even if it had been otherwise, his great pers strength, equal to a successful competition with h dozen of his fellows, would have made them cautious they provoked him to anger.

Such was Silly Sam—the terrible Jack Ketch of M gan's rover, by report, but in reality one of the most nocent and inoffensive creatures that ever breathed vital air.

But to return from this digression. As soon as Mo had so stationed his men as to take complete posse of the ship, and satisfied himself that there was neithe means nor the purpose of resistance, he turned to Ca Fowler, and touching his hat with a cool courtesy contrasted strangely enough with his proceedings, be permission to examine his manifest. It was produced running his eye over it, he marked with a pencil such ticles of the cargo as he thought proper to appropr The crew of the ship, and some half dozen of the pir among whom was Silly Sam, were set at work gettin the selected cases from the hold, and into the boat the schooner; and in the meantime Morgan invited self, where he drew upon the captain's hospitality glass of wine and some other slight refreshments. manner was polite but distant, very much like what might suppose that of a post captain in the navy woul while making a visit of inspection to a merchantman pected of having on board goods contraband of war. was well fitted, however, to dissipate the alarm and an of Captain Fowler, who became every moment more fident that the pirate would be satisfied with the plu he had designated, and that when all this bad been rem into the boat, his unwelcome visitor would take hi parture without any display of cruelty, satisfied th had got all there was on board the ship worth taking even began to accuse himself of injustice for believin stories he had heard of Morgan's cold-blooded fer and to look upon him as quite a generous and gentlem personage—for a pirate—although he could not repr feeling of uneasiness, a vague emotion of terror, whe guest began to fondle the boy—the blooming Edw and, taking him upon his knee, twined his fingers a the curling ringlets of that dear head, which the an father had so often pillowed upon his own bosom, which his departed Mary had hallowed with a blessi the last moment of her existence.

Still not a word was uttered, not an intimation o kind was given, that seemed to justify apprehension when word was passed below that the transfer of the c articles was completed, and Morgan returned to the

leading Edward by the hand, the captain followed with a heart greatly lightened, and in almost undoubting confidence that in a few minutes he should be left at liberty to pursue his course.

The boat was still lying alongside, full laden with the plunder of the Resolution; and Morgan directed all but six of his men to row back in her to the schooner, which, having taken in her sail, had fallen a mile or two astern, the ship slowly drifting to the leeward. Those who remained were heavily armed, except Silly Sam; and Morgan himself took from one of those ordered to the boat a cutlass and a pair of pistols, remarking that they would be in the man's way while rowing, and ordering the boat to be brought back immediately to receive him and the others.

Captain Fowler was disappointed. He had expected that the pirates would leave his ship at once, but he easily satisfied himself by reflecting that the boat had really as much on board as she could carry, and that if Morgan's intentions were dangerous, he would not have left himself with so small a number of followers. He did not know the man with whom he had to deal.

As soon as the boat had put off, Morgan ordered the ship's crew to station themselves on the forecastle, and directed four of his own men, a pistol in each hand, to stand guard over them. Then turning to Fowler, in whom this arrangement had excited a renewal of his fears, he said, in a cool, business-like way, yet with something like a sneer upon his countenance,

"Now, Captain Fowler, if you please, I'll trouble you for those fifty thousand dollars in gold that were put on board your ship by Steinmark and Co."

Had a thunderbolt fallen upon his head, Fowler could not have been more astonished. The demand was fearful—the knowledge it exhibited still more so. He could not deny that the gold was in his keeping; it was clear, indeed, that denial would be useless. Give it up he would not, be the consequences what they might, for it was the property of another; yet there was every reason to believe that should Morgan's search for it prove unsuccessful, torture, if not death, would be inflicted upon himself to wring from him the disclosure.

These thoughts darted like lightning through his mind, and with an inward groan he murmured, "Father in heaven, protect my child!"

Morgan waited a few moments for his answer, but none was given. Then his brow grew stern, but still he preserved his calmness of voice and manner as he said,

"Will it please you, Captain Fowler, to give up the gold, or must I wring it from you?"

Fowler cast his eyes despairingly around him, but there was no help, no manner of deliverance. He remained silent; and in truth he knew not what to say. The true character of the man into whose power he had fallen, was revealed to him, even in the threat just uttered, and he felt that if there was no hope in resistance, there was none in supplication.

"Once more, and for the last time," said Morgan, "I demand the gold. If you do not give it up, and quickly, I will find a way to reach it, more terrible than even your imagination has ever pictured."

Still no word from Fowler. He was nerving himself to die—to undergo tortures worse than death. The trust confided in him he would not violate. But the torture was indeed to be applied in a mode and form, as the pirate had truly said, which had never been present to his imagination.

At a signal from Morgan, the captain was seized by Silly Sam and the other of Morgan's followers, his hands tied behind his back, and the rope which bound them fastened at the other end to one of the belaying pins of the quarter railing, with a "slack" of about three feet, so that he could move in a semi-circle, having about that length of radius; the passenger, being evidently in delicate health, and not likely to make any very powerful attempt at a rescue, was left at liberty.

The crew, as has already been said, were prisoners in some sort, upon the forecastle, guarded by four of the buccaniers, each of whom could make sure of two with his pistols, in case of their making any hostile movement. Thus the parties on board the ship were in two divisions; the sailors and their guard occupying the narrow space forward—while Morgan and his two followers, Captain Fowler, the passenger, and the child, were on the quarter deck.

Poor Edward looked on with amazement at the binding of his father; his little bosom heaved, his cheeks were flushed with anger, and tears were gathering in his trembling eyelids. He gazed at Morgan for a moment, as if to divine his purpose, and then rushing to his father, leaped to his neck, around which he clasped his little arms, hiding his face in that bosom which was his nightly pillow.

Fowler kissed him fondly, and, anxious to spare his boy the sight of those cruel sufferings of which he expected to be the victim, earnestly begged Mr. Anderson, the passenger, to take him below into the cabin and keep him there. Anderson moved a step forward to comply with this request, but Morgan bade him halt, and there was no alternative but obedience.

Such was the situation of the parties—Fowler bound, and the child clinging to his neck; Anderson standing near the cabin door, and Morgan between, with his two subordinates—Sam leaning against the mizen mast, his vacant countenance expressing no emotion, or even cognizance of what was passing, while he still amused himself with the handspike which he had taken up when he first came on board the Resolution.

"There is yet a moment for mercy," said Morgan to Captain Fowler; "will you give me the gold?"

A shudder passed through the captain's frame, but he gave no answer.

"Take the boy from him, Harris!" said the pirate; and it was done, though not without some difficulty. "Strip him!"

Fowler started as if shot, and a pang of keenest agony thrilled his frame, as the terrible purpose of his tormentor flashed upon his mind; for it was Edward to

whom Morgan pointed when his last brief command was uttered.

"Monster!" he exclaimed, "you will not, you cannot be so cruel! Wreak your fury upon me, but spare the unoffending child! If you have the heart of a man within you, let your savage dealing be with men, and leave helpless infancy in safety."

His frantic entreaties, and his desperate struggles to break loose, were equally in vain. Morgan looked on with a cold, relentless eye, while the fair back and shoulders of the boy were exposed. The tender frame, whose clustering curls, on which his hand had but now been laid in seeming kindness, the surpassing loveliness of that childish face, even now when it was blanched with terror; the mute appeal of that imploring look; and the fearful agony of the distracted father, might have stirred up pity, one would think, in the breast even of an inquisitor; but pity there was none in the heart of Morgan. He paused for a moment in his savage purpose, and to the prayers and imprecations of Fowler, he vouchsafed no other reply than a simple declaration of the horrible alternative—"The money or the boy!"

And now poor Edward is ready for the sacrifice. At the command of his tiger-hearted chief, Harris prepares a scourge of small hard twisted cord, with five or six distinct lashes at the striking end, and knotted at intervals to give its blows the more effect. With cool, unsparing deliberation, Morgan laid aside his hat, and turned up his sleeves; and then, grasping the arm of the helpless child, he gave one sharp, hard stroke, every thong of that accursed whip cutting clear through the white and tender skin, which in a moment was laced with stripes of sanguine hue.

A shriek of torture burst from the lips of the unhappy boy—one louder, and of more terrific agony, from those of the miserable father—but both were drowned in a horrid yell, so fearful, so appalling, that Morgan started in amazement and affright, and dropping his instrument of torture, turned quickly around to see from whence it came. He turned and saw, and that look was his last. Quick as lightning descended upon his head a mighty blow, and in another instant he lay upon the deck, a quivering, mangled corse—his skull crushed into a shapeless mass, as if by the fall of a thunderbolt, freighted with vengeance from the Heaven he had outraged.

The fearful yell was uttered—that more fearful stroke bestowed—by Silly Sam. The shriek of the suffering child, the sight of his scored and bleeding body, had called up in the feeble mind of the poor idiot, a terrible memory of that cruel infliction of his own childhood, by which his brain was crazed; and yielding to the desperate impulse of the moment, that impulse which prompted rescue for the victim, and vengeance on the oppressor—identifying himself in years long passed with the one and Morgan with the other, he had swung aloft the ponderous bar, so providentially remaining in his hands, and putting his whole giant strength into the blow, had struck the villain dead, even before himself was conscious of the act.

For a moment all the spectators of this dreadf were paralyzed with horror and astonishment. T to recover possession of their senses were the four stationed forward; they rushed to the quarter- avenge their leader. Two of them fired at his tioner, but their shots took no effect; and the s the Resolution, arming themselves with weapons with which the slaughter had been done, were so upon them that before they could reach the sla protection of their own lives demanded all the Anderson, with great presence of mind, addressed first to the liberation of Fowler. A desperate ensued; but it was soon over. One of the pira knocked down, and the other four, seeing the greatly against them, threw away their pistols, and for mercy.

They were quickly seized and bound; and afte little deliberation as to the course most expedien taken with them, hurried into one of the ship's with a single pair of oars, and the body of thei commander, and left to make the best of their way schooner; Captain Fowler apprehending, and with that suspicion would be awakened, and instant be made, if the ship were seen getting under wa some of the pirates were known by their comrade on board.

Sail was then made upon the ship, and as nig now setting in, and the wind still favourable, the r inmates of the Resolution entertained a strong h gaining so much headway before the truth should b known on board the schooner, as would insur against pursuit, especially as they would be favou the darkness of the coming night; a hope which w tunately realized.

Silly Sam, who had been apparently stupified contemplation of his own deed, as soon as the exc which caused it had passed away, remained on bo ship, unconscious as it seemed of the departure comrades; and it need scarcely be added that he r every kindness, then and all his life after, fr grateful father whose child he had saved from cru tures, if not from death, in a manner so strange a expected.

CAN I FORGET.

By Warburton Burch.

Can I forget!
For still my Lucy leaves me not;
Her spirit lingers near the spot
Where first we met.

O'er yonder grove
The sun has shed his farewell ray;
Each leaf was still'd and hush'd the songsters
Fit hour for love.

She heard my tale,
And so we revell'd in sweet dreams,
Till from on high the moon's soft beams
Spread o'er the vale.

So loved we on,
Till ruthless fate deprived the breast
Of all on earth it prized the best:
And Lucy's gone.

Can I forget?
For still my Lucy leaves me not;
Her spirit lingers near the spot
Where first we met.

FLOWERS.

Flowers! flowers! beautiful flowers!
Ornaments bright of this world of ours;
Emblems of happiness doomed to decay;
Visions of beauty fast fleeting away.

Oh! well do I love ye. Ye weave me a spell
Like the moonlight wreath of fair Nourmahal;
Breathing around me your fragrant sighs,
And spreading your petals of thousand dyes.

Yet are ye found to bloom and decay,
Beautiful flowerets passing away;
But in the brightness of yonder skies,
Where the harpings of seraphim hourly rise,

There shall ye blossom in endless day,
When the flowers of existence have faded away.
There nought shall o'ershadow that blissful repose,
There flowers are all lasting, and thornless the rose.

JANE.

TRANSLATION.

How, said he, can we forget
The misery and perils that beset
Our stormy way?
By sleep, said they.

How, said he, can we make fly
Our little boats when writs are nigh,
And keep the officer at bay?
By oars, said they.

How, said he, can we enchant
The belles, and make them smiling grant,
A beaming glance, or gentle say?
By love, said they.

K.

JEALOUSY.

"Eoli or giace
Nel seno accolto dell' amata ninfa,
Quonto spietata gia, tanto or pietosa;
E la rascinga da' begli ouhi il pianto
Con la sua bocca." TASSO.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening, when a certain respectable aged gentleman, named Dujardin passed through the village of Antoni, and turning out of the high road to the left, stopped before a handsome country seat, the white walls of which were distinctly visible amid the approaching and fast increasing shades of night. The great gate was closed, and M. Dujardin, giving the reins of his horse to a groom, descended from his cabriolet, and turned to a small wicket for the purpose of passing through it on the way to his mansion, when he observed that the door was only partially closed. He pushed it, and entered the long avenue of trees leading to the house. He had proceeded about half way, when he heard a rustling, as if of dry leaves, and anxious to know what could have caused it, he stepped from the path into the low shrubs on the side of the welk; and the instant he did so, he found himself face to face with a man, who immediately seized him by the collar.

"Oh!" is it you father?" said the man, who on the instant recognized M. Dujardin.

"How Charles came you here? or how is it that I find you hiding in this spot like a poacher, and ready to ensnare his game?"

"Alas! father," exclaimed the young man, casting his eyes to the ground.

"But I thought you were at this moment at Bordeaux?"

"My dear father"—

"As to me," continued M. Dujardin, "grieved at not hearing from you—afflicted by your silence, and impatient to hear some news from you, I was just coming to see your wife, and to ask her if she had had any letters from you. But what means all this?—and why do I now find you thus lying in ambush?"

"Ah! my dear father, I am a most miserable man."

"What! you have lost money—well, you cannot find it at the foot of a tree—besides, you rogue, don't you know you have a rich and good-natured father."

"Lost money, indeed! Psha! that would be a nothing. I should not break my heart from a mere money loss."

"Then what in the world can be the matter with you?"

"My dear, dear father, I am, I say, a most miserable creature. I have been deceived, betrayed, destroyed. My wife"—

"Eh!" you are jealous—so—so—and while we were all thinking you were at Bordeaux, you have come back here to play the husband—the jealous husband—the worst, the meanest, and the most miserable part in the world."

"I tell you father, that I have been betrayed—that my wife has deceived me—that she has a lover. Yes, I repeat it, a lover; and he comes here every evening. I know it,

I am certain of it, and, as you have truly guessed, I am lying in ambush for him."

"And so it was in seeing me walk up this avenue, you fancied you had your rival before you. Your anger, your indignation made you stir, and I heard the rustling of the leaves. My dear Charles you would, I see, make a very bad sportsman."

"No, indeed, father, I knew very well it was not *he* who was coming; for the hour is too early for him."

"What! do you know even the very time that he will arrive?"

"Yes; it is always at eleven o'clock."

"And do you know his name?"

"No—but from the description I have received of him, I fancy that I can recognise him, and that it must be Forgeau!"

"Forgeau—what is it our agent?"

"His son."

"Upon my word, a very nice little gentleman; always wears gloves without a wrinkle, and looks as if he were only permitted to show himself upon sunny days."

"Ah! do not, my dear father, banter upon such a subject as this; for whoever the villain is, he shall die by my hand. I will demand satisfaction from him—I am determined upon it—and he shall either fall by my hand, or he shall become the murderer of the man whom he has most injured."

"Oh! come, come, no more of this, Charles. Let us just walk in and see your wife: I am quite sure her first word of explanation will make you blush for your unworthy, your ridiculous suspicions."

"I mean to do no such thing. My intention is to face the villain here."

"He will not come."

"I say, and I know that he will."

"Then if he does, it is the very reason why you ought not to wait for him. But tell me, Charles, who is the fool that has brought you out of Bordeaux upon such a business as this, and has induced you thus to place yourself in ambuscade."

"It is my gardener."

"What! is it that great jolter-headed Claude; who, because he can sing a psalm on Sundays in tolerable tune, fancies that he is fit to be Prefect of Paris? And can it be that you have stooped to make a confidant of your servant, and to employ your menials as spies upon your wife? For shame!"

"But hear me, father. I admit that I am jealous. Claude has a wife who is a great coquette, and he, therefore knows what it is to be jealous: and I charged him to"—

"To act as a spy upon your wife—upon his mistress—and to write to you to Bordeaux the result of his observations."

"Yes—and he has discovered since my departure that a young man visits our house every evening, and that he comes through the small gate."

"Then why does not Claude lock it every night?"

"My rival has a key."

"Then why not change the lock?"

"Oh! I did not expect that you, sir, would con into a joke that which affects my peace of mind, honour, and my life itself."

"M. Dujardin reflected for a few moments, and he said to his son:—

"According to your own statement, Charles, this sumed rival is not in the habit of coming here until a eleven at night. It is now nine. We have, therefor good deal of spare time on our hands. Seat you then on these dry leaves, since you have not the good to leave this place, and listen to me. I would have wi never to have told you that which I am about to na to you; but the sad experience of the father ma turned to a profitable account by the son."

The younger Dujardin, whose heart was swollen jealousy, and who had travelled a hundred and leagues in order that he might surprise the supposed mirer of his wife, was nearly driven to distraction he saw himself thus discovered by his father. He k however, he had an obstinate old man to deal with, therefore, despite his inclination to be contrary, he compelled patiently to listen to his parent.

"Charles," said his father, "I lost your m when you was very young. You were scarcely six of age when I married a second time. Do you reme that event?',

"Perfectly well, sir."

"Yes; but you do not know the grief and the re that have embittered my days for the last nin years."

"Remorse! father—no!"

"Yes, remorse and sorrow. I, who during the p of my first marriage never had been jealous, becam when I was wedded a second time. It was a foolish sane jealousy, and it was the more deplorable, beca did my utmost to conceal it. You say your garde your informant—a valet-de-chambre was mine. was who obtained my entire confidence, and seem be more anxious for my honour than even I wa self. He saw that I was of an hasty disposition—t was suspicious, and he sought to find me cause f Like you, Charles, the nature of my affairs compell frequently to be from home, and to make long jou My valet-de-chambre designated one of my most int friends, M. de St. Vincent, as my rival. He was a y man, rich, accomplished, and a most exquisite musi while my wife was a first rate performer on the pian is sufficient to say, that instead of acting like a w sensible, or a good man, I was maddened by my villa tervant into an unfounded jealousy of poor St. Vin I insulted him—we fought—he was wounded. It supposed he was dying, and at that moment—as he ceived, the last fatal moment of his life, he declared my suspicions were unfounded. My wife learne *cause* of the quarrel. She never respected me, and loved me afterwards; and, Charles—she was right. the man who had acted as I had done, deserved ne love nor respect."

"But, father, you had not the same good grounds for suspicion that have been offered to me. You did not find a person during your absence coming to your house at eleven at night. If you had such reasons for suspicion, you do not mean to say"—

"I only mean to say this, Charles, that before you hurry into any measures of violence, you ought to reflect, and to inquire—that you ought not to desire vengeance before you are sure that you have a cause for it—that you ought not on the mere report of a stupid gardener, go and conceal yourself in your own demesne like a base assassin. A lover conceals himself—it is a portion of his part; but for a husband, he ought always to act openly, and speak above board. Between the husband and wife there ought to be neither *ruse* nor artifice. Come then, Charles, act like a man, a husband, and a gentleman. Come with me to your house, and when this lover comes, if he ever will come, why—let us receive him in the drawing-room."

Charles did not like this proposal, and yet he was forced to submit to it. If he had not done so, he knew that his father would have called out and discovered him. The father and the husband quietly slipped into the house, they ascended the stairs together, and both entered the boudoir of the young wife. She was seated at a work-table, her head was resting on her hands, as if she were lost in grief. The instant she saw Charles she shrieked, started up, and ran to fling herself into his arms.

"I know all," said he, in a fierce and tragedy-like tone of voice.

"You know all, my love," she exclaimed, "and you have come to me; how very good you are."

"You will not find me so, perhaps; and as to this M. Ernest Forgeau ———"

"Yes, my dear; who has told you?"

"But no matter—are you not now expecting him?"

"Oh, yes; I think he will come."

"Think, indeed! are you not sure of it?—was he not here yesterday—and the day before yesterday—and the day before that again—and every day since I have left home?"

"Alas! yes, my love; but it was only this morning that I heard it."

"There is some blunder in all this," said the wise old M. Dugardin. "Will you be so good as to say, my dear child, what it is that brings M. Ernest Forgeau here every evening since my son left home?"

"What else could it be, dear sir, but to see my sister Camilla. These two foolish young persons have entered into a private marriage. I never knew a word of it until this morning, when the wife of the gardener told me all about it. And what think you, my love," she said, turning to her husband, "that odious fellow Claude, knew all about it these eight days, and never mentioned a word of it to me. I insist, therefore, upon his being discharged."

"You are perfectly right in doing so," remarked the father.

Charles kissed his wife with the most pure and intense affection. He and the father exchanged glances with each other.

"Now that we are better informed upon this matter," observed the elder Dujardin, "let us return to our ambuscade."

"You are better in such a position than I am," answered Charles; "will you, therefore, leave me sir, for a few minutes, with my beloved wife?"

"Willingly, my dear boy," was the answer of the old gentleman as he quitted the room.

"My darling Charles," said the lady, "you have come at the very moment when I was most wishing to see you. I had determined that this foolish couple should not see one another again, until the marriage was publicly acknowledged by the family of both. I think this was a proper course for me to pursue in your absence; but then, there was only Claude in the house, and I think that old villain is in the interest of young Fourgeau, and I was afraid I should have had quite a scene with him, when he came and found that I had forbidden him the presence of his bride. I was wishing, my dear, so much, that you were here, and I really did not know what to do, when you arrived in the very nick of time, like an angel as you are."

The father had kept his word. He placed himself in ambuscade, and as lovers are always true to their appointment, he had not to wait to hear the clock sound eleven, when he beheld young Ernest Forgeau stealing along the avenue. The instant he approached the spot where M. Dujardin, senior, was concealed, he felt a hand stretched towards him, and at the same moment he was thus saluted:—

"You are my prisoner, my fine fellow. The garrison has been reinforced, and you cannot now succeed by an escalade.

"Sir," said the young gentleman, "I am exceedingly sorry to be thus impeded, for I was the bearer of a treaty of peace, and about to announce that hostilities from henceforth cease on both sides."

"Come, come, Ernest, explain yourself," said the old gentleman; "but if it is a long story, you had better seat yourself on these dry leaves; it will not be the first confidential conversation that has taken place on this very spot within the short space of two hours."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Perhaps, I may explain myself to you also in the coure of a few years; but in plain language—what brings you here at this hour of the night?"

"Love, my dear sir—love for the amiable, the beloved, the adorable Camille—now my wife, sir. I was coming here to say that I had explained all to my father, and all he has blamed me for is this—that I did not ask his consent before I was married—as he has said nothing could or can make him so proud as an alliance with your family. Do you, too, forgive me, sir."

"From the very bottom of my heart. I not only forgive you, but I am highly obliged to you, and so will Charles, for—*your explanation*. I restore you to your liberty, and beg to introduce you to the governor of the garrison.

The young man was presented to Charles, who heartily shook hands with him. A most happy evening was passed by the bride and bridegroom—one still more happy by the husband of some years, to whom the father whispered, on wishing him good night,

"You are more happy, Charles, than I have been—be also more wise; and mind, above all things, never again place yourself in ambush."

M.

FLOWERS UPON A DEATH-BED.

Flowers, sweet flowers, if thou could'st give
Health for one hour, or bid me live,
Thou wer't indeed a priceless gem;
And not to gain a diadem,
Would I remove thee from the brow,
Which, corse-like, thou bedeckest now.

Flowers, fair flowers, like thine, my life
Was bright as brief, till wrong, and strife,
And sorrow, with its venom fell,
Cast o'er my heart a withering spell;
And I am hastening to the grave,
From which no human hand can save.

Flowers, dear flowers, together we
Shall sink into eternity;
Together they have left us here,
The worldly ones—no prayer—no tear,
And *He* the loved—oh! heaven that sigh!
Sweet flowers were left *alone to die.*

LARA DARCUS.

CHARADE.

Both young and old alike admire,
Whene'er I'm seen in silk attire;
I look them boldly in the face,
And chide them for their tardy pace;
They praise my dress and noble form,
Which can defy man's fiercest storm.
They cheer me, too, whene'er I rise,
Superior to all earthly ties,
And yet, believe me, I've no heart,
Nor care to act a noble part;
But go unthinking where I will,
A thoughtless, headless creature, still
Superior far to king or priest,
And yet I'm fetter'd like a beast.
I live on water and on fire,
Without these I should soon expire.
Then, ladies clever, guess my name,
'Tis not unknown to human fame.

B.

THE YOUNG PRINCE;
OR, LOVE AT COURT.

A Tale of English History.

"'Tis now the hour for legend of romance;
And, dearest, now I have one penned for thee.
It is of love, most perfect love; and of a heart
That was a sacrifice upon the shrine
Itself had reared." L. E

It is not always bodily ill that pales the cheek of y
destroys life, ease, and elasticity, and brings on pren
infirmity, decay, and death; when the grave covers
and the sufferer is at rest. Grief will destroy as w
sickness; and grief is a malady for which no physici
prescribe: the sorrow that is rooted in the heart c
be eradicated—and how many young virtuous, and
hearts are there beating at this moment, over the
whose existence dark clouds are rolling, and who ent
no hope of being raised by any circumstances from
present desolate condition. We hear of broken he
and the mention of them calls forth a sigh—a ch
struck in the human soul, which vibrates for the mo
and for the moment only. The saddest tale of h
woe is soon told, and the most benevolent and symp
—deeply though they may commiserate the sufferin
have their attention speedily called away, and one
sorrow is driven from the recollection by others; an
and joys, afflictions and felicities, which together mi
the cup of life, all engage attention for the time, a
dividual griefs and pleasures can engage but a tra
smile, or a passing tear.

But to the object of the tale of sorrow. How h
affliction! Unrequited love, blighted hopes, false
ships, desertion, are words which indicate the
severest sufferings; many are they who sink unde
and perish. The grass grows over them and their w
their sufferings, their hopes, their expectations, the
aspirings, their reverses, which have served to
Edens round them, and worlds of bitterest angui
forgotten. Such is life.

Our story shall describe the sorrows of as kin
virtuous a Prince as ever lived in the tide of time
who seemed destined to fill the English throne, an
whom was associated a nation's expectations, bu
loved, and died, ere the time when by the decease
father, he would have worn the Crown.

Prince Henry Frederick, the son of James the F
England, had attained his seventeenth year, when
considered requisite that he should become possesse
separate establishment, and the demesne of Oatland
few miles distant from the Court of Westminster, a
markable for its picturesque beauty of scenery, w
propriated to the young and gallant Prince for tha
pose. Here the virtues of Prince Henry, whic
begun to manifest themselves while he remained
father's court, were fully developed, and the hou
was governed with all the gravity and wisdom wh

usually attributed to age and experience only. The little court of Oatlands possessed so many attractions, that the wise, the gallant, and the witty, made it their constant resort, and the English people looked forward without apprehension, to the time when their sovereign should be called to another world, having the utmost confidence in the wisdom and integrity of his son.

Negotiations were entered into for the marriage of the young Prince with an Infante of Spain, and on the failure of these, it was proposed that he should marry a daughter of the illustrious house of Bourbon, and so cement an alliance with the French Court. Prince Henry could not tutor his heart in the wisdom of state policy; he could not bestow his affections upon a person whom he had never beheld, and whom he probably might not like; whose manners, tastes, and dispositions, might be diametrically opposite to his own; but as political expediency rendered his marriage necessary, he contented himself with bewailing the hard lot of princes, who dare not give their hands with their hearts, and agreed to marry whomsoever the state councillors might please to select.

The talk of the metropolis was all engrossed by the extensive preparations being made at Oatlands for a magnificent entertainment to the ladies of the Court, and when the appointed day arrived, the flower of England's beauty, and the chief of her nobility, crowded the prince's halls. The scene almost realized the wildest fiction of the imagination.

Nature and art for mastery strove, and there
Each strove triumphant; trees of ampler shade
Or softer green, o'erhung not Euna's vale;
The scene did shine with happy faces. Here a girl
On the green grass under a branching elm,
Strung her guitar to harmony, and sung
Of beauty, and love, blue summer, and the flowers;
And here the finch with imitative note,
Pours from the forest twilight its sweet lay.
Between perfuming rows of wild bloom hung,
From tree to tree the curtains of the tent,
Silken and striped, under whose canopy,
A shield and shelter from the noonday heat,
Were spread the viands and the wines.
All lovely was the festal, as a dream
Such as the poet sees with half-shut eye,
When through the elms embowering branches stream
The flickering splendours of the noonday sky.

Among the constellation of female loveliness that graced this festal scene, no eyes shone brighter than did those of the Lady Essex, whose beauty was the theme of eulogy throughout the English Court. The young prince was observed to look with enamoured eyes upon this fair enchantress, and many were the prying eyes that saw him smile, and beheld his smile returned; and many observant ears heard the Prince sigh, while the Countess returned sigh for sigh, and smiled again and blushed, and gave the prince all the encouragement a young lover could desire.

The Countess of Essex was as celebrated for her coquetry as for her beauty; she delighted in exciting love in the breasts of her admirers, and would fan it to its extreme height. Eventually it transpired that she was not so virtuous as she should be, but that is not relevant to the subject of our tale.

In the course of the day the prince obtained permission of the Countess to wait upon her at Essex House on the following morning; and at an early hour, earlier, indeed, than he was expected, Prince Henry was again at the side of the Countess.

He became a constant visitor at Essex House, and the gentlemen of the household gave wings to the rumour, that he was the successful lover of the Countess. This, however, was not the case. The Countess of Essex was not the magnet that attracted the heir to England's throne—a fairer and more virtuous, but less high-born, was the object of the prince's adoration—the half cousin of the Countess—the lively Anna Willoughby, and her he loved with passionate devotion.

Oh! who may tell what thronging dreams
And thoughts unknown till then,
Crowded, like freshly-opened streams,
Upon his breast and brain!
How did his very spirit yearn
Beneath their sudden life!
How did his inmost bosom burn
Amidst their stirring strife!

We have already stated that the prince arrived at Essex House the morning after the festival at Oatlands, earlier than was expected by the Countess; indeed, she had not made her toilette when the Prince was announced, and therefore did she depute her pretty cousin to receive her illustrious visitor.

The young, modest, and ingenuous Anna, fired the heart of the susceptible Prince; he had been struck with the beauty of the Countess, and offered her the homage of his heart, but his whole soul was spell-bound by the loveliness and unaffected simplicity of sweet Anne Willoughby.

While he remained in conversation with her, the winged moments seemed to fly with more rapidity than ever, and he inwardly wished that the Countess might remain all day at her toilette, so that his *tête-à-tête* with her cousin might be prolonged.

"The Countess should bring thee to Court, sweet Anne," said the Prince, gazing enrapturedly upon her brightly beaming countenance; "so fair a flower should not be concealed within the walls of Essex House."

"Indeed, my lord," responded the lovely maiden, "I can imagine no greater happiness than what I can enjoy in retirement. Let others shine in courts: give me my happy home."

"Is solitude then preferable to the companionship of the gay, the wise, the beautiful?" asked the prince.

"I know not what solitude is," replied Anne Willoughby, with a smile that rivetted the chains her first glance had thrown around the heart of him

"Whose first and latest pulse throbbed but for beauty."

"Is not this solitude?—here alone in this vast mansion, while your gayer cousin flaunts in the halls of mirth and revelry. Can you be happy alone?"

"I can, my lord, for though alone, I am not solitary. No! while surrounded by the wise and good of ages past and present—for in their works they seem to live and breathe around me—can I have more cheering company. My stay in London is seldom long—the country is my home—and there, in the contemplation of the glorious works of nature, I enjoy the purest and the best of human gratifications."

The prince sighed audibly, and cast his eyes upon the ground. The maiden observed his emotion, and its cause flashing upon her imagination, she arose to retire, but the prince detained her. He clasped her arm, and besought her to resume her seat. She looked into his face, and his large expressive eyes were filled with tears. She resumed her seat, and in the pause that ensued a thousand ideas came over the mind of each, wild, confused, and all romantic enough.

Love's silence, oft is more eloquent than any words, and the gentle pressure by the Prince of the white arm of Anne Willoughby, assured her more fully that she was beloved, than any words the lover could have uttered.

Thus were the prince and Anna seated, the eyes of the latter cast down upon the ground, and her face crimsoned with blushes, whilst Henry sat gazing enrapturedly upon her beautiful countenance, now more beautiful than ever, when their reverie was broken by the heavily-drawn breath of some one close behind them; and they suddenly became aware of the presence of the Countess of Essex.

The eyes of the disappointed beauty flashed with indignation, and Anne Willoughby, humbled before their unmistakable expression, would have retired, but the prince held her more firmly, and bowing with the utmost politeness to the Countess, directed her to a seat, and then poured out the whole thoughts of his heart, and sought for the Countess's advice and assistance in the promotion of his suit of love with her most charming cousin.

The Countess of Essex had worldly wisdom enough to perceive that the expression of her mortified pride would be useless, if not actually injurious; and, subduing her emotions, gave the prince her hand, and expressed her resolution to assist him in any honourable design upon the heart of her cousin. Princes seldom woo in vain; and in a short time Prince Henry was convinced his love was ardently returned. Then he experienced true felicity. But alas! the cup of happiness was but for one moment pressed to his lips!

"O, love! what is it in this world of ours,
That makes it fatal to be loved!"

The Prince could not acknowledge his love for humble Anne Willoughby—and his principles were too strict to permit him to harbour the least dishonourable thought towards her.

"I will never," he exclaimed, "bring ruin upon o truly beautiful—so truly good—in spirit and form sc heaven's angels!"

To part from her he could not—death would have preferable; to secure her, he proposed a secret marr The proposal was eventually agreed to, and in the chapel of Essex House, the Prince's chaplain united of the most faithful hearts that ever dwelt in hu breast.

The prince paid daily visits to Essex House, where his angel wife; and after several months had passed, prince resolved upon declaring his marriage, and waited the breaking off the negotiations with the C of France.

Suddenly, however, the beautiful Anne was taken all medical assistance was unavailing—and, in the n of her happiness—she died.

Her husband was inconsolable. He was observed to sigh and mourn—no smile was ever observed upon countenance—melancholy had marked him for her The most horrible rumours prevailed, and among t it was said that slow poison had been administered to by order of the king, his father, who was jealous of popularity.

He survived his angel wife but a few months, and ere he had completed his nineteenth year. It was su quently proved that there was not the slightest groun the belief that poison had been administered;—he die consumption, brought on by excessive grief. He died love. When she, with whom all his hopes of ha ness were associated, died, his ardent and affectio heart became

"A sacrifice upon the shrine itself had reared."

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRA

BY THE HON. MRS. PRICE BLACKWOOD.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words,
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary.
And my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort on your lip, Mary,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you Mary for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break;
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget *you*, darling!
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods,
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side:
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you was my bride.

CHARADE.

My head's like a basket, yet strange tho' it seem,
My eyes are more brilliant than the brightest sun-beam.

THE FROWNS OF FORTUNE.

I was obliged to turn out of my snug little sitting-room, one bleak morning in January, to go into the city on some unpleasant business, which I was much annoyed at not being able to settle to my satisfaction. The day was dark, dismal, and piercingly cold, the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled fearfully, as it swept round the corners of the almost deserted streets; everything looked dreary in the extreme.

Disgusted with the City and the day, and dissatisfied with myself and every one else, I was about to enter one of those abominations denominated "a buss," when my attention was arrested, or rather riveted, by a being whose squalid appearance, sunken visage, and despairing look, told how deeply he had quaffed the bitter cup of misery. He was stretched upon the cold, wet pavement, exposed nearly naked, to the "pitiless pelting" of the storm. I stopped to watch the unfortunate object, regardless of the raging elements.

I do not love to look on wretchedness, but an indescribable feeling came over me, as I gazed on the hapless being before me, and I could not move. His features were blue, and pinched with the intensity of his sufferings; his hair saturated with rain, hung matted upon his face, and supporting his attenuated frame on one hand as he lay, he was endeavouring to write with a piece of chalk on the pavement, the heart-rending appeal—"I am starving."

Vain, vain, alas! was his task; for still as he wrote, the rain, regardless of his misery, blotted out the words, and cold humanity passed him by without a thought. He perceived me observing him, and looked up with an expression of hopeless agony in his countenance, that words cannot convey. It went to my heart. I stepped up to him, put a trifle into his hand—would it had been more. I hurried away, overcome by my feelings. Was it weakness, but I felt a tear upon my cheek. I returned home, musing sadly upon the lot of man; the wretched being I had seen in the morning, still uppermost in my thoughts. I would give anything, I exclaimed, to know that man's story, for if ever misfortune set her stamp upon mortal, he was the man.

A fortnight had elapsed, and I had frequently passed the place in the hope of seeing him, but without success, when, as I was walking one evening hurriedly down the Strand, I perceived the object of my search.

Telling him to follow me, I turned up a retired street, and told him to call at my lodgings on the following day. He accordingly did so, and having first given him a suit of clothes to put on, I made him sit down, and asked him to tell me his story.

"I will, sir," he replied; "but I could tell it better after I have had something to eat, for I am hungry."

It makes my flesh creep to hear a fellow-creature complain of hunger, so I ordered him some cold meat, which he devoured ravenously. When he had satisfied the keen cravings of appetite, he thus commenced his melancholy narrative:—

"I am an Irishman!"

Oh! what magic dwells in that little sentence. The poor naked, perishing, creature, whose wretchedness had attracted my notice, was a countryman. He, too, had once trod the soil of the green Island—he, too, had dwelt beneath her sunny skies, perhaps in the bosom of a happy family, amidst kind and devoted friends. Thirty years' absence from the land of his birth, had worn the sweet accent of old Ireland from his tongue; and five-and-twenty years of misery and despair, had effaced every characteristic trace of country by which I might have known him, but, nevertheless, he was a countryman, and as such, I could have wept for his misfortunes.

"I was born," he continued, "in Kilkenny; my father was a solicitor; I had been intended for that profession, but through the advice of a well-meaning but mistaken friend, was sent to London at the age of fifteen, and put into a merchant's warehouse in the City. Nothing particular occurred to me for the first five years, at the end of which time I left my situation to return to Ireland, in consequence of the death of my father, who had left me five hundred pounds. I was young, thoughtless, and extravagant, and it soon disappeared. I then returned to London, and succeeded in getting a situation similar to that which I had before occupied, but having contracted expensive habits, I could never keep within my means, and was continually involved in difficulties. It was about this time," said he, a tear trembling in his hollow eye, and his lip quivering with emotion, "that I first met my wife."

"What," I exclaimed, "is it possible that you have a wife?"

"I had once, sir," he replied, mournfully, "but thank Heaven, I am now alone in my misery."

Clearing his voice, which had grown husky at mention of his wife, he went on:—

"I met her at a friend's house in the country," and as the much cherished picture of the past, to all but himself long, long buried in oblivion, burst vividly upon his memory, his eye dilated, his chest heaved, and a slight flush tinged his wan and worn countenance, as he said with fervour:—

"It is five-and-twenty years since then, sir, yet I remember it but as yesterday. Not all the poverty and pain, and ignominy and madness I have borne, could blot the blessed remembrance of that hour from my heart. It was a heavenly summer's evening, and as together we admired the beauty of the garden, and dwelt delighted upon the loveliness of the scene, I sought and won her love. She had no dowry save her innocence and beauty, and in both she was rich indeed. My income was about £150 a year, yet such was my blindness—such the extent of my folly—and such the wildness of my love—that regardless of all consequences, and though entailing certain wretchedness on the lovely and confiding girl who had trusted me, I dared to marry her. This was the crisis of my fate. But although misery, shame, disgrace, and infamy crowded upon me in quick succession, I had one comfort in all my wretchedness—she loved me to the last—and I—oh! how I idolized her. Never for a moment did I allow a t of self to come between me and the object of my affection; and when it pleased heaven to take her fr although I mourned her loss as man seldom yet m for woman, yet I blessed God that in the migh bounty he had taken her from a life of misery to a nity of happiness, that the innocent might not suff the guilty. But to return. We were married, a few months got on pretty well. Trade falling off, tablishment in which I was engaged found it neces reduce their expenses by discharging some of those employment. I was amongst the unfortunates. to awaken the better feelings of my hard master by simply how I was circumstanced, and entreating let me remain, but his icy nature was unmoved by tress—his heart, cold and obdurate as marble—w touched by my story; I was forced to leave, an myself upon the world penniless, with a beautiful creature about to become a mother, looking up to support. I shall not attempt to describe what my were; suffice it that after struggling to get empl without success, and all means having failed me, tion staring my wife in the face (for myself I car driven to desperation at seeing day by day her lovel grow pale, and her bright eye less lustrous, I sou cour in disbonesty. I obtained goods from severa merchants' warehouses, and disposed of them f their value, thus for a short time alleviating our dis But detection soon followed. Three days after had given birth to a boy, I was taken up on a ch having feloniously obtained the goods, committe sent to prison. Oh! heaven, the agony I endu knew my wife was unable to assist herself; there friend near her; even the means of subsistence destitute of. What could I do? I was a p without money, without a friend. As these t crowded on me, I felt a stifling sensation round m —my senses fled—and for a long time I was in a unconsciousness. At length I came to myself, an to be let go to my wife, but I perceived the helples my situation, and became more calm when I that some neighbour might go in, and, perhaps, from starvation. It was on the evening of the th of my imprisonment, and I, fool that I was, had dulging in the wildest hopes of her safety and my liverance, when the stunning intelligence of he together with her child, was conveyed to me; by never knew, for my reason was laid prostrate at ment, and for five years I was a maniac. At recovered to the fearful remembrance that my w young, my beautiful, my innocent wife—she whom idolized beyond all that words can convey—she, wh fault was that of having fixed her affections on me fate had doomed to destruction, died of starvation

Here the poor fellow's feelings so far overca that he wept unrestrainedly. However, he soon better of his weakness, and said,

"I have nothing more to add, sir. For many have existed upon the cold charity of the world; a

death comes to me, I shall look on it as a friend come to release me from my wretched prison, that I may again join my lost one. Guilt," said he, standing up to go, "guilt blasted my earthly happiness, but it was the hard-heartedness of man that made me guilty."

He moved towards the door. I put some money into his hand. He departed, and I have never seen him more.

W. Corbet.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ——.

Whilst many a friend with ardent favour prays,
And sorrowing sends thee to the clay cold bier;
One friendly muse the last sad tribute pays,
The meed, at least, of one melodious tear.

When virtuous faith from which thy heart ne'er strayed,
Had ripened thy just soul for blisses pure;
She stole thee off beneath her double shade
Of perfect hope and charity secure!

Thy worth and goodness bright'ning ev'ry day,
The blessings of the orphan and the poor,
Led all thy steps the short and narrow way,
And gain'd thee entrance, rich, and wise, and pure.

Thy presence longer to our anxious eyes,
Oh! did propitious Heaven but bestow,
It might have spared us these oppressive sighs,
And all this tide of sympathetic woe!

Whilst little souls ran after little fame,
No such small object could thy heart pursue;
Thy deeds led to a fair immortal name,
A name distinctive of the chosen few.

'Till gracious Heaven, anxious of our joy,
Or only anxious that thou should'st be blest,
Called thee away to bliss, without alloy,
And bid thee sleep henceforth in endless rest.

SINCERITY.

Sincerity's my chief delight,
The darling pleasure of my mind;
Oh! that I could to her invite,
All the whole race of human kind.
Take her, mortals, she's worth more
Than all your glory, all your fame;
Than all your glittering boasted store,
Than all the things that you can name,
She'll with her bring a joy divine,
All that's good, and all that's fine.

M.

THE DYING POET'S LAMENT.

By Doctor John Mac Cabe.

Oh! take me to your window now,
My sight is growing dim;
And faintly on my ear now falls
The sweet and far-off hymn,
Of vintagers returning home—
Their daily labour done.
Oh! move me now, that I may gaze
Upon the setting sun.

I see him—tho' my vision fails—
Put off his gorgeous vest;
Like a monarch sinking to his couch,
He fades into the west;
And soon his beams will gild the morn
Of some far distant shore.
He sinks! and I that glorious sun
Shall see no more—no more!

Oh! God, 'tis hard—'tis very hard,
For one so young to die;
When earth, in all its beauty dress'd,
Is bright upon the eye;
When every billow of the sea
Bears music on its swell;
And eloquently on the ear
Peals the rich vesper bell.

When up the vale the mingled bleat
Of home returning herd
Breaks—and the lonely melody
Of some unmated bird,
Steals sweetly to the listening ear
On evening's trembling breath;
Like faith's subdued vigil hymn
O'er loved one's low in death.

No more these scenes shall strike my eye,
These sounds salute mine ear:
But some kind spirit's hand will strew
Wild flowers o'er my bier;
And that bird over the green sod
That shrouds my mouldering clay,
Will pause—and by pale starlight pipe
A soft, sad roundelay.

Farewell green earth, wild flowers, bright streams,
Sweet fairy haunted dell;
Familiar memories ye come
On fancy's ocean swell—
Ye come—ye come, all beautiful
Across my dimming eye;
I grasp ye—*Death*! Oh! God 'tis hard
For one so young to die.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOMS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE EARL OF MAR.

The bearer of the ancient title of the Earldom of Mar —so ancient that its origin can not be any longer traced —is one who takes but little part in the affairs of the world. There was a time when it was otherwise, and when the present Earl of Mar was amongst the faithful band of warriors who stood upon the last battle-field of Europe.

Of the title of Mar, Lord Hailes says, "This is one of the earldoms whose origin is lost in its antiquity. It existed before our records, and before the era of genuine history."

MARTUCUS, Earl of Mar, is witness to a charter of donation by Malcolm Canmore, to the Culdees of Loch-leven, of the manor of Kilgad-Earnoch, in 1065. From this nobleman we pass over nearly three centuries to his descendant,

THOMAS, thirteenth Earl of Mar, a person of much political importance in the reign of King David the Second. His lordship was great chamberlain of Scotland in 1358, ambassador to England in 1362, and one of the guarantees of a truce with the English in 1369. The earl obtained from King David a charter of confirmation of the lordship of Garioch. He died in 1377, and with him terminated the direct male line of the old Earls of Mar. His lordship was succeeded by his sister,

MARGARET, Countess of Mar, who married first, William, Earl of Douglas (who in her right became fourteenth Earl of Mar, and was designed Earl of Douglas and Mar), and had issue,

JOHN, Earl of Douglas and Mar, killed at Otterburn, in 1388, and died without issue.

ISABEL, her ladyship, being divorced from Lord Douglas, married secondly, Sir John Swinton, of Swinton, who fell at Homildon, in 1402. Her ladyship died in 1385, and was succeeded by her son, mentioned above, who was succeeded by his only sister,

ISABEL, Countess of Mar. Her ladyship married first, Sir Malcolm Drummond, of Drummond, who died without issue; and, secondly, Alexander Stewart, natural son of Alexander, Earl of Buchan, fourth son of King Robert the Second. The first appearance of this person in life was at the head of a formidable band of robbers, in the highlands of Scotland, with which, storming the Countess of Mar's castle of Kildrumme, he obtained her ladyship in marriage, either by violence or persuasion. The countess subsequently made a free grant of all her honours and inheritance to her said husband, and dying without issue in 1419, he,

ALEXANDER STEWART, designated, in right of the deceased countess, Earl of Mar and Lord of Garioch, resigned those honours to the crown, when they we granted to him 28th May, 1426, in remainder t natural son, Sir Thomas Stewart, to revert, in d failure of male issue of the latter, to the crown. lordship was ambassador to England in 1406, and in 1407, when he engaged in a tournament with the of Kent. He commanded the royal army at the of Harlaw, against the Lords of the Isles in 1411, an appointed ambassador-extraordinary to England in and soon afterwards warden of the marches. He d 1435, and his natural son, mentioned above, having deceased him, the earldom of Mar, according t charter, reverted to the crown; when it was claim 1435, by Robert, Lord Erskine, as lineal descend Lady Elyne Mar, daughter of Gartney, the eleventh of Mar, and wife of Sir John Menteith; but thou descent was indisputably established, the earldom w conferred upon the Erskines until it had been enjoy four earls of different families, the last of whom w celebrated Regent Moray, a period of one hundre thirty years having elapsed, when at last it was resto 1565, by Queen Mary, to

JOHN, fifth Lord Erskine, who should of right be Earl of Marr, of the Erskine race. This noblema appointed by charter, in 1566, heritable sheriff county of Stirling, and keeper of Stirling Castle, an sen regent of Scotland, by parliament in 1571, durin minority of King James the Sixth. His lordship m Annabella, daughter of Sir William Murray, of Tu dine, ancestors of the Dukes of Atholl, and dying in was succeeded by his only son,

JOHN, seventh earl, from whom the title descend interruptedly to

CHARLES, tenth earl, who succeeded his father in and was obliged, in order to satisfy the pecuniary e ments of that nobleman, to dispose of a great part landed property, particularly the barony of Erskine, county of Renfrew. His lordship married the da of George, second Earl of Panmure, and had, (with issue),

JOHN, his successor.

James, of Grange, a lord of session, and justice in the reign of Queen Anne, subsequently M.P. f county of Stirling; died in 1754, and was succeeded eldest surviving son,

James, knight marischal of Scotland, married Fr only daughter of the eleventh Earl of Mar, and d 1784, left two sons,

JOHN FRANCIS, restored Earl of Mar.

James Francis, who died in 1806, leaving issue.

His lordship died in 1689, and was succeeded by h

JOHN, eleventh Earl, K. T., and secretary of St Scotland in 1706. His lordship, however, havi tached himself to the cause of the Pretender, was at by act of Parliament, in 1715. He died in 1732; s only son, Thomas, Lord Erskine, in 1766. The e remained under the influence of the attainder fr passing of the bill until its reversal by the Parlian June, 1824.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR OCTOBER, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

HOME EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a light tarlatane muslin; the skirt made very full, and rather shorter than for promenade dress; trimmed round with five graduated flounces of embroidered muslin, and scolloped at the lower edge, the top volant being considerably narrower than the lower one; these flounces are put but very slightly apart, and with very little fullness; the waist guaged into the waist, which is round; low plain corsage, embroidered round the top of the neck in a small wreath, over which is worn a *canezout* of embroidered muslin, the epaulets forming sleeves to the dress, which are composed of two deep frillings of embroidery; *ceinture* of a rich striped ribbon, the stripe going crossways, and prettily shaded in scarlet and white. Pale sea-green watered silk mittens, trimmed round the tops with a narrow fulling of the same, finished at the side with a small cord and tassels. Coiffure *sans fond* composed of a lappet of broad white lace, passing plain over the top of the head, but caught on each side with a splendid crimson shaded rose and green leaves; the ends of the lappet depending from the rose in a kind of half-handkerchief end.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of pale straw-coloured *poult de soie*, made in the *redingote* form, attached together down the centre with a rather large cord, and on each side with a double waved facing of the same, the straight part being put towards the back, the wavy side decorated with a very *petit* corkscrew trimming; this trimming also serves to ornament the double lapels which face the open high corsage, and also surround the *jockeys* and openings of the sleeve, which are also laced across with a very small silk cord of the same colour as the dress; under plain chemisette of rich embroidered muslin, and under sleeves of fulled plain muslin, surrounded with a *manchette* of lace. Light blue kid gloves. Cap of muslin; the edge of the front surrounded with a single row of lace, fulled at the ears, and headed with pink satin ribbon, with puffings of the same on each side.

AFTERNOON DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of pale lavender *mousseline de laine*; the skirt made *à double jupe*, the upper one reaching only to the top of the knees, the lower part of each encircled with two rows of narrow silk fringe—the lower one with four rows; the upper one with three; each placed at equal distances; the skirt put on to the waist in large gathers; half high corsage, coming down in a low pointed form in the front, so as to show an under stomacher of lace inlet; pointed narrow cape, surrounded with a narrow double frilling of lace, the upper edge being ornamented with a band of lace inlet, bordered on each side with a narrow edging of lace; plain close fitting sleeves, crossing over the back of the arm, and surrounded with a narrow double fold of the same material as the dress; *jockeys* also edged with a row of narrow lace; under sleeves of fulled muslin, and a fall of lace over the hand; round cap of white tulle, having a lappet of lace passing plain over the top of the head, which is also decorated with a wreath of deep shaded blue flowers; a deep fall of lace surrounding the lower part of the cap, completely shading the back part of the throat.

PLATE THE THIRD.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A *redingote* of a rich shot lilac and pink *moire*; the skirt made open and very full, so as to shew an under-dress of white muslin, richly trimmed with volants of rich white lace, the fourth, seventh, and tenth row having a lining of pink satin ribbon shewing through, which has a very light effect; the front of the corsage high; small round collar and cuffs, being entirely of the same description of lace; the sides of the silk pelisse and corsage are faced with a rich white lace put on quite flat, and attached at equal distances with pink satin straps, attached with a large round satin button at the outer edge; the body is made perfectly open up the front, and high upon the back and shoulders; plain close fitting sleeves. Bonnet of *paille de riz*; the interior decorated with half wreaths of pale pink and white roses, the foliage of a very light green; the exterior has a splendid drooping white feather tipped on either side with pale lilac; *brides* of lilac and white gauze ribbon.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of a verdant green satin; the *jupe* made immensely full, and splendidly trimmed with four rather narrow flounces, each formed with a narrow heading, the lower edge is bordered with a narrow fringe of the same colour as the dress; these volants are placed at regular distances from each other; half-high corsage, made quite open in the front, and encircled with a double trimming to match that on the skirt; the lower frill forms a kind of drapery to the back of the shoulders; plain close sleeves; the lower part ornamented with a cuff somewhat resembling those on a man's sleeve, and trimmed round with a frilling to match, only narrower; under fulled sleeves and *chemisette* of muslin; the former trimmed round the wrist with a fall of lace, the latter with a narrow fulling of muslin, which continues down the centre of the body. Capote of a rich pink ribbed silk; the crown decorated with a cluster of pink and white small roses intermixed with white tulle, and placed very low on the left side of the crown.

WALKING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—This *distinguée* looking costume is composed of a pale lilac striped Pekin silk; the skirt made extremely full and long, and perfectly plain; corsage *à basque*; the back resembling exactly a lady's riding habit, being decorated also with two buttons, shewing the size of the waist; the front part of the corsage likewise fastened down the centre with buttons, and surrounded at the top of the neck with a small round collar, edged with a narrow fold of the same material; loose plain sleeve; the lower part cut up towards the back part of the elbow, shewing the under full sleeve of plain muslin, and decorated at the top with a round epaulet crossing over each other on the centre of the top of the sleeve, a fulling of lace or muslin encircling the throat. Bonnet of the Pamela form; very small in the brim, and composed of a fancy straw; the crown decorated with loops and ends of dark claret ribbon velvet drooping low on the left side; *brides* of the same, and rich black lace veil.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

Fig. 1.—The Queen of the Belgians is here represented attired in a dress of a rich shot pink and lavender *poult de soie*, the *jupe* is made immensely full, and very long, a flounce reaching half way up the skirt, is put on straight and rather full, edged round the lower part with a broad *bouillon* fringe, headed with a French piping; plain half-high corsage, and long tight sleeves, round the top of the body and sleeves, is placed a row of white lace; plain long scarf of rich black lace, lined with a pink *transparent*, and edged round with a narrow black lace, put on slightly fulled. Capote of straw-coloured silk, the front part of the capote is nearly concealed by a short veil of white lace, confined on each side in folds, a narrow plaiting or fulling of straw-coloured *areophane* encircles the crown, meeting at the back, and attached with a *nœud* of the same coloured ribbon.

CONCERT DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Our gracious Queen is here represented as wearing an elegant morning concert costume, composed of an elegant under-dress of splendidly embroidered muslin, the pattern tapering in the form of a point up the centre of the dress; over this is worn a round open tunic, richly embroidered, and encircled with an open broad inlet, edged with a frilling of rich lace, of a most tasteful design; the high corsage and short sleeves, are also richly embroidered, the former is headed with the same kind of inlet as that on the tunic, forming a kind of facing, and descending in a pointed form in the centre of the front, the lower part of the short sleeve similarly decorated, and finished round the edge with a row of lace. Under fulled chemisette of white tulle, headed with a small fulling of the same, the entire dress is lined with pale pink *gaze*, giving it the appearance of a blush rose. Bonnet of white chip, rounded and rather low at the ears, the is entirely concealed by a splendid long white feather, twisted and slightly curled at the tip, the are composed of rich white ribbon, tied under the of the chin.

PROMENADE DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of the amiable mother of our young sovereign is attire elegant morning walking dress of a deep lilac fin meire; the skirt made extremely long and ful trimmed round, with a very deep *biais* put on slight and about half way up the *jupe*, edged round with a silk fringe the same colour as the dress; high bod plain tight sleeve; the top of the corsage is cu the front a little way, shewing an under full chemi fine cambric, headed with a narrow double fulling Scarf-mantelet of white muslin, formed sufficiently to allow of the *tournour* being seen to the greatest tage, and encircled with a double frilling of ric lace as far as the bend of the arms, from whence cends in a single row round the long ends, and front, turning back over the corsage, and forming narrow cape, the whole of the lace trimming is with a pretty lace inlet, through which is passed at distances a verdant green satin ribbon. Drawn ca white silk, lined with a deep pink *areophane*; the decorated with lace and pink roses.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of striped silk, the corsage hi cut straight; the waist long and rounded in the the sleeves are half-long and perfectly plain; unde of fulled *batiste*, finished at the waist by a broad the skirt is extremely long and full, but entirely trimming. Black satin *Pardessus*, of the reign o the XIV.; the body is high, and fits tight to the the sleeves are large and very wide at the botto are lined with pink satin, and edged with a broad velvet; the skirt is short, and plain in the front n the side seam, from thence it is very full; the tri is of black velvet, which is carried round the botto up the fronts, narrowing a very little towards the it is continued on the body, and surrounds the th the form of a small rolling collar; the body d quite close in the centre, but is fastened by larg buttons and loops. Bonnet of pink *Tarlatane*, sh rounded at the ears, the crown very low; a fu tulle is carried round the crown, as well as on the the bonnet; the trimming is a puffing of tulle, fr curtain on the right side, to a little way past the it is there terminated by a drooping knotted feathe

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress of striped *barège*; the corsage and tight, the waist long and drooping in the fro

sleeves of India muslin, finished at the wrist by two puffings, confined by narrow bands of work; pointed pelerine, of spotted India muslin, trimmed with a rich lace, which falls deep on the shoulder, forming a small epaulette. The skirt is very long and extremely full; it is trimmed with three pieces, *en biais*, of the same material, set on at equal distances, perfectly plain, the lower edge of each piece is indented or scolloped, and finished by three rows of narrow fringe. Bonnet of *tulle à la Seguin*, trimmed with rosettes and puffings of the same, the interior of the brim ornamented to correspond.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of sea-green silk; the body is made high, and fulled from the shoulders to the centre of the waist, the fullness being confined by rows of guaging; the waist is very long, and droops towards the front; *ceinture* of ribbon to correspond, the ends left long; the sleeves are tight, and have two deep frills set on the top of the arm, forming a double epaulette. The skirt is very long and full, and has two deep flounces, which are simply hemmed. White chip bonnet, falling low at the ears; a small fulling of tulle surrounds the crown, and a full-blown rose, surrounded by foliage and buds, is placed low at the left side; the interior of the brim is without ornament.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—This elegant costume is composed of a skirt of striped *barége*, made very long and full; it has three flounces of an equal depth, simply hemmed, and set on full; the body, to which is attached an exceeding short skirt, is of shaded silk—the colours blue and salmon; it is half high, opening to a point at the waist; a small cape is placed round towards the neck, meeting in a point at the waist; it is trimmed with a very broad and rich lace; the sleeves are half long, and very wide at the bottom; they are also trimmed to correspond; they are looped in the front of the arm by a rich silk cord and buttons; the corners of the skirt are rounded, and trimmed like the cape with a rich lace, narrowing as it approaches the waist. Bonnet of white chip, rather small, falling low at the ears; a small *nœud* of blue and white ribbon is placed on the right side, from whence is carried an ostrich feather, the end of which is slightly tipped with blue.

DINNER DRESS.

Fig. 2.—High dress of rich white silk, the body fitting tight, the waist long and drooping in the front; the sleeves are plain, reaching about half way below the elbow, they have a deep and open cuff turned back, trimmed with two rows of narrow silk trimming; under sleeve of *batiste*, made very full, a deep lace ruffle falling over the hand. The skirt is very long and immensely full, it is trimmed with rich fancy silk trimmings, placed across the front breadth, being of the same width as the silk at the bottom, and gradually decreasing towards the waist; four rows of the same trimming are on the body of the dress, the top row reaching nearly to each shoulder; the ends of the trimming are finished by rich silk tassels. Small cap of rich *blonde*, the border is plain on the top of the head, full, and falling low and round at the ears; it is ornamented on the left side by two full blown roses, surrounded by foliage, which is of rich satin; a *nœud* and long ends of pale pink satin ribbon are on the right; a broad and rich *blonde* falls over the back of the crown.

MORNING COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—*Peignoir* of drab cachmeire, made high to the throat: the body is plaited in full at the waist, which is very long; the fullness is confined by three narrow bands of blue velvet, having a large silver button at each end; the sleeves are long and tight, and have a plain short sleeve over, trimmed with blue velvet, turned up at the edge and scolloped, each scollop being fastened to the sleeve by a silver button; a deep cuff to correspond is turned back at the wrist, and a ruffle falls over the hand; a small square collar of velvet surrounds the neck. The skirt is long, full, and open in the front; it is faced with blue velvet quite to the throat, gradually narrowing from the bottom to the waist, and then again increasing to the throat, each corner fastened by a button. Small cambric cap, very short at the ears, the borders carried round to the back, and fastened by a bow and long ends of pink ribbon.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1845.

The present autumnal season already promises us some striking novelties in morning and evening costumes, which will be found in giving a glance at our plates, our attention being alone directed to those inventions which are most likely to please, and add to the appearance of our subscribers and friends; coming, as they do, from the most authentic sources, we have not the least hesitation in laying them before our fair readers. We will, therefore, commence by giving the latest intelligence as respects

Morning Caps.—Amidst the most fashionable novelties of the season, we have had occasion to remark some very pretty morning caps of embroidered muslin, the front part is concealed by a kind of small half-handkerchief, also of embroidered muslin, trimmed round the back part with two rows of lace, descending on each side in the form of lappets, and ornamented with a blue ribbon, put on plain upon the centre of the head, and terminated on each side by a *nœud* of ribbon, with long ends drooping carelessly at the sides. Another very pretty style are those having very small crowns, shallow in the centre of the head-piece, and very deep at the ears, which

are trimmed round with two rows of lace, divided by a lilac fringe ribbon, and headed with two rows of ribbon, which encircle the crown. Those intended for afternoon home dress, are principally made of tulle, very short and rounded at the ears, and simply ornamented with a pink silk ribbon, put on plain over the front of the head, and terminating on each side with a very large *nœud* of ribbon. Or, we have seen them decorated with two long lappets of English lace, attached to the cap by means of a half-wreath of pink roses.

Dresses for the present month, have still all the freshness of a summer toilette; for instance, we cannot fail to admire that pretty plaid dress *à carreaux*, pink and white, and trimmed with two broad flounces, each more than three quarters in width, and ornamented with a pink fringe, the heading of which is rather broad, and formed of three rows of open work; plain body, having a deep point, with no plait on either side, the centre of the corsage is composed of two pieces, forming the cross way on each side of the shoulders; the back is also formed in a point, and plain and narrow at the sides; the sleeves of this pretty spring-like costume, is trimmed with two narrow frillings, trimmed likewise with fringe. *Les taffetas d'Italie* are now replacing those elegant light-looking muslins, and autumn tints are taking the place of those delicate light hues, which the summer season produces. We have remarked a very elegant one of a citron colour, trimmed richly with three broad flounces of *point d'Alençon* lace. The principal novelty about the costumes for autumn, is in the fancy gymp trimmings with which they are being decorated; in truth, however simple the material of the dress may be, it is enriched and rendered elegant by the ready-formed trimmings now in so much request. We may cite, for instance, those ornaments *en tablier* (for the fronts of the skirts), in *point de Venise*, put on similar to two laces on each side, and reunited by means of a cord, crossed and fastened *à chaque retour*, by means of a *button Marquise*, a similar trimming serves to decorate the bodies and sleeves; upon a pelisse of satin or moire, the effect is most magnificent. We must not omit mentioning, also, one named *croix de Malte*, formed by an interlacing of cord of divers colours, laying the foundation for forming the pattern of an exact Maltese cross; at the lower part of each is suspended two very pretty tassels, which completes this elegant ornament; they are extremely pretty in pink or blue silk, upon a striped pekin or damask silk.

Evening Dresses.—We have remarked several very charming toilettes intended for *soirées dansantes*; these dresses are made *à petit révers* plain, and placed front and back instead of any other drapery, the back of the waist forming a kind of jacket; the sleeves are short, and form a kind of facing by means of a sort of wristband, which binds the sleeve, the skirt trimmed with four broad folds, reaching from the hips to the lower part of the dress. *Les robes Djalma:* these dresses, which are composed of tarlatane, have all the luxurious appearance of an Indian toilette, the material of which they are made, being equally as fine as the clearest gauze, and seamed with the most elegant patterns, shaded in coloured some being made *à triple jupe*, with deep *berthes*, which are repeated the same designs. Others are tr with four or five flounces, or what is still pretti patterns are rounded, so as to form a kind of tuni bodies formed *à la Grecque*. The colours most in for this description of dress, are pink, cerise, and *po* intermixed with white, giving the embroidery the of silver. Then we have those which are rather in appearance, we mean *les robes Elmina, les Venit les Rose, et Marie*, which are much in favour w young *élégantés*, being mostly of open worked intermixed with embroidery, and lined with pink c giving the whole costume a most transparent appe *Organdis* are also much in vogue, particularly thos are plain, the skirts decorated with four waved fl *à dents tres pointues*, the *berthes* and small sleeves of four rows of the *dents*, or what is perhaps p three *garnitures* of double folds, through which is a *transparent* of pink silk, which also encircles the descending on each side, and rounding so as to tunic round the lower part of the skirt, three folds ing also the *berthe*, which conceals the plain c We must not fail mentioning a most elegant dress in the pelisse form, and composed of white *crêp* decorated with the trimming named *croix de Malt* posed of white silk cord, intermixed with smal pearls.

New Materials.—Already we have been numbers of new textures, in silks of the most be description, *des laines* of the most perfect taste, and in the most appropriate patterns for the prese son. It is almost impossible to give the names these hundred and one things; suffice it to remark *Pekins, lévantines, gros de Tours*, velvets, and da will be most in request; *les velours*, wove *en relie* groundworks of *Pèkin* or *moire*, produce the effect, and are particularly adapted for dresses pelisse form; shaded and brocaded satins, *moires* s checked, and *brochées*, in all sorts of colours; *le onnes aux triples reflets*, so changing and rich eye, and those magnificent plain satins, always i good taste, offer the most charming variety for th posing of those *negligés*, over which is thrown s excessive elegance, *en attendant*, the full-dress *t de soirée*, which are not required until after Januar

Bonnets.—Already we have been favoured with of some *distingué* looking ones made in velvet, of a open form, and ornamented with a bunch of two mo sized feathers, or a bouquet of three small ones, with the same colour as the velvet; satin ribbons, wise of the same colour, completes the ornament the bonnet. Several very elegant bonnets of the *P* form have been submitted to our inspection, bein *pliqueès* upon velvets and satins, they have a ve gant effect. *Les capotes à la Clarisse* is conside very pretty style for a *negligé* costume, so graceful shape, and yet so simple, being sufficiently round circle the face in the most becoming manner. I

meanwhile we observe that bonnets of Italian straw are much in favour, of the Pamela form, and decorated all round the *calotte* (or curtain) behind, with a broad ribbon of white and cherry-coloured silk, attached to the side of the bonnet with a large *nœud* of the same.

Feathers this year have obtained great success amongst our most fashionable *modistes*, particularly those pretty *plumes zéphyriennes*, the Argus feather, and others too numerous to mention. We may also remark, that small bunches of feathers, composed of three feathers, *frisées* or curled, will be very much in vogue this autumn, as well as those which are plain or *melangé*, according to the colour of the head-dress, the white ostrich feather being confined to full dress. We may, however, remark that it is likely this latter description of feather will be in greater request this autumn for the decorating of bonnets, as several of our first *modistes* have already given orders for the preparing and arranging of these elegant feathers.

Flowers.—Wreaths in the hair will be much worn this autumn; we may cite as those most in favour for their fresh and natural appearance, the *Pamèla* wreath, and a crown *à la Ninon*, which encircles the back part of the head, and has a most youthful and becoming effect.

Mantelets.—Some very elegant ones have lately appeared of embroidered tarlatane, in the form of a shawl, opening over the top of the arms, and trimmed all round with three rows of lace. Then, again, there is the *écharpe à capuchon*, made of white cachmeire, and lined with blue or lilac silk. Another pretty style of mantelet, are those made of muslin, descending only a little below the waist at the back, but fulled into the waist in the front, from which descends two long square ends, the back part of the mantle is trimmed with two rows of lace, and a single one encircling the front ends, which is also headed with a green silk ribbon, forming a kind of *coulisse*, or running.

Fashionable Colours for the present autumnal season, are principally shades of green, particularly sea-green, violet, grey, and a variety of mixed colours; such as grey and red, grey and white, two shades of blue, lilac and white, &c., Nankin is the favourite hue for morning wear.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

On all sides preparations for the autumnal season are going on, and the work rooms of our first *modistes* resemble the busy hives of the industrious bees, where each one is seen inventing some new form, or graceful ornament. Yes! Autumn is already come, not accompanied by its usual *triste* and sombre handmaids, but blooming, bright, and sunny; the cool nights alone reminding us of the present season, and which alone causes the slight change at present perceptible in the costumes of our fair *élégantés*.

Hats, for afternoon dress, are still mostly composed of *crêpe*; those in pink are extremely delicate-looking, trimmed round the brim with two rows of tulle, and a bouquet elegantly placed upon the side of the *calotte*; those of the Pamela form are still in favour; they are very elegant when made in *crêpe soufre*, the exterior of the brim being decorated with a fulling of tulle of a paler hue; the top of the strings headed with small tufts of China astors, blue; the *calotte* surrounded with a plain straight wreath composed of three rows of the same description of flower, forms a charming contrast to the colour of the hat. Several very elegant dress hats have lately made their appearance, the brims of which are very small, and rounded shallow at the ears, the brim being sufficiently small to show the perfect contour of the throat, and open enough to allow of almost any description of ornament being placed in the interior. Those made in pink or blue *crêpe*, and covered with a beautiful light-looking white lace, have a most charming effect.

Toilettes de Ville.—We cannot do better than give the following models as those most in favour:—A dress of *mousseline de soie*, striped green and white; the skirt ornamented with two broad festooned flounces; the body is made high and plain, with sleeves also plain. Then there are those made in Nankin shot silks, trimmed *en tablier*, with double facings *dentelé*, and bordered with a fancy gymp trimming; plain body; made high upon the shoulders, open in the front, and the point of the waist rounded, and decorated to match the skirt with a double facing *dentelé*; plain *guimpe* in embroidered muslin; half-long open sleeves, edged with a fancy gymp, and laced across; open *jockeys*, likewise bordered and laced; under-sleeves of muslin. Others are very elegant, composed of lilac *poult de soie à demi jupes*, the under one ornamented with four rows of fringe put on at equal distances, about the width of five inches apart; the upper skirt reaches only as low as the knees, similarly ornamented with fringe put on in the same manner; plain corsage, formed half high upon the shoulders, and open in the front, a small cape or pelerine being attached, forms a kind of *berthe*, which is also trimmed all round with two rows of narrow lace; and over the shoulders with a muslin band embroidered and trimmed with a double row of lace; plain sleeves, rounded at the lower part, crossing as far as the elbow, and trimmed with a double row of lace; under ones of muslin. Damasks are also commencing to be worn; they are extremely rich looking, and are mostly trimmed with black lace; for instance, a dress of *damas bleu de France*, ornamented with *spirales* of black lace put on *en échelle* upon the front of the dress, and attached on each side by *Marcassite* buttons of the same colour as the dress; *dentelles guipures* in silks of various colours, and very broad, is much used for trimmings of satin or velvet dresses, as well as those *points d'esprits* fringes, which render a costume so elegant.

Negliges.—Those of the *peignoir* form are the most adopted, cachmeire being the favourite material; they are made somewhat after the Turkish fashion, and trimmed with coloured velvets; the sleeves of a moderate size;

underneath is worn a dress of embroidered muslin; the sleeves formed of three fullings, divided by bands of inlet, or we have seen them of small plaited muslin; half open collar, having three rows of Valenciennes, and fastened by two pins. We have also noticed several very elegant ones made of plain *barège*, and worn over coloured silks, their sole ornament being bows of *chiné* silk ribbons; the corsage low, and trimmed with English lace; then, again, those made in India muslin are very light looking, decorated upon the front of the skirt with a broad embroidery reaching from the bottom to the top of the *jupe*, rounding upon the top of the hem, which is encircled, the centre part of the skirt being fastened down the entire front by a wreath composed of *nœuds* of pink ribbon; high corsage, embroidered upon the front, and fulled into the waist, and upon the shoulder, trimmed round the neck with a fall of lace, and headed with a *bouillonné* lined with a pink silk ribbon; plain sleeves, surmounted with round *jockeys* decorated with two rows of lace; underneath dress of pink Italian silk, which serves to line the entire upper dress. We have also remarked that the embroideries of these dresses are sometimes placed at the sides of the skirt, and upon the front of the corsage, representing *brandebourgs*, the whole encircled with fulled narrow lace; that is, each of the *brandebourgs*, which are worked in open point, and *points d'armes*, forming altogether a most elegant style of dress, which has also received the name of the *peignoirs Adrienne*.

Robes de Chambre are now commencing to be of a warmer texture, such as fine cachmeire or flannel. We have seen several very elegant ones composed of the former material in white, and lined with pink Italian silk; the facings on the skirt and body are of the same delicate hue, the *Cordeliere* being composed of a plaited cord, with shaded tassels.

Redingotes.—Some very simple toilettes have lately appeared, made of black *spouliné* royal Pompadour, striped with orange coloured ribbon *coquillé*, and black lace; the back of this pelisse is made plain *à trois coutures*, forming a complete point; the front is made to correspond *à deux revers* as far as the fall of the shoulders, where they are finished in a square form; others are made in shot silk, trimmed with a *rûche*, edged with a narrow fringe of the same colours. We may here remark, that the high Amazonian *fichû* is constantly worn with this style of dress, edged with an embroidered wreath, which is continued upon the Valenciennes lace, and fastened down the front with buttons of turquoise, mother-of-pearl, or small beads encased, such as small pearls or steel beads. Pelisses made in *coutil de soie* are extremely *distinguée* looking, decorated with a most elegant description of *passementerie*. Velvet is now also being brought into use for the decorating of out-door costumes.

Kazaveicks are, at this moment, of the most charming description, and quite adapted for the *demi-hiver* season; they are principally made in *petit taffetas* pink or blue, and wadded and quilted with great taste, resembling a beautiful embroidery. Some are elegantly trimmed with black lace, whilst others are decorated with a fringe in *point d'Venise perlé*, and of the same colour material of which the *Kazaveicks* are made.

Pardessus of black silk are also in great request with a rich pink silk, and trimmed with rich heavy are now all the fashion amongst our *élégantés*, an more especially to be seen at all our fashionable wa places; they are formed in the front so as not to sho of the waist, and very often are not closed, but allow hang loose like the front of a man's frock coat; ther doubt they will also be very general made in velvet decorated with narrow trimmings of rich dark furs.

Coiffures.—Jet will be much in vogue this w and particularly employed for embroideries and full trimmings. We have remarked several pretty little dresses, the crown encircling and enclosing the back and retained by *bandalettes*, which reach across the the head, whilst others have floating ends attached on side, somewhat resembling those lace lappets which upon the neck. The most piquant looking of coiffures is named *Cantalanes*, and is composed of t of a variety of colours, which produce almost as gr effect as if composed of precious stones; others are en made all black or white, and are sometimes ornam with velvet, or what is still prettier, a rose placed o side.

Lace.—Black lace will be in greater request than both for trimmings and also veils, which are now ma the richest patterns. Several very elegant dress ha have remarked, composed entirely of a new style of lace, made on purpose.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Lines to "*Lilla*" in our next.

"*The Envoy*," inadmissible, from its great lengt want of incident.

"*R. T.*," received, and under revision.

"*The Bridal*," at a suitable opportunity.

"*B. Y.*," certainly, in our forthcoming number.

We can almost promise with certainty as far as h promises are available, that the wishes of "*B. D.*" be complied with in our next.

"*A. E.*," declined.

Daguerreotype Process Available to Infa —We have been recently favoured with a view of or two family groups executed by M. Claudet, at the laide Gallery, and anything more exquisitely finishe clearly developed, we have never witnessed. This is tainly a new feature in likeness-taking, when the cro infant is represented in all its enchanting innocence the side of its admiring mother, and by a process s stantaneous, that the child is unconscious of being u the least restraint. We strongly recommend paren avail themselves of this extraordinary perfection of th and visit M. Claudet with their children without del

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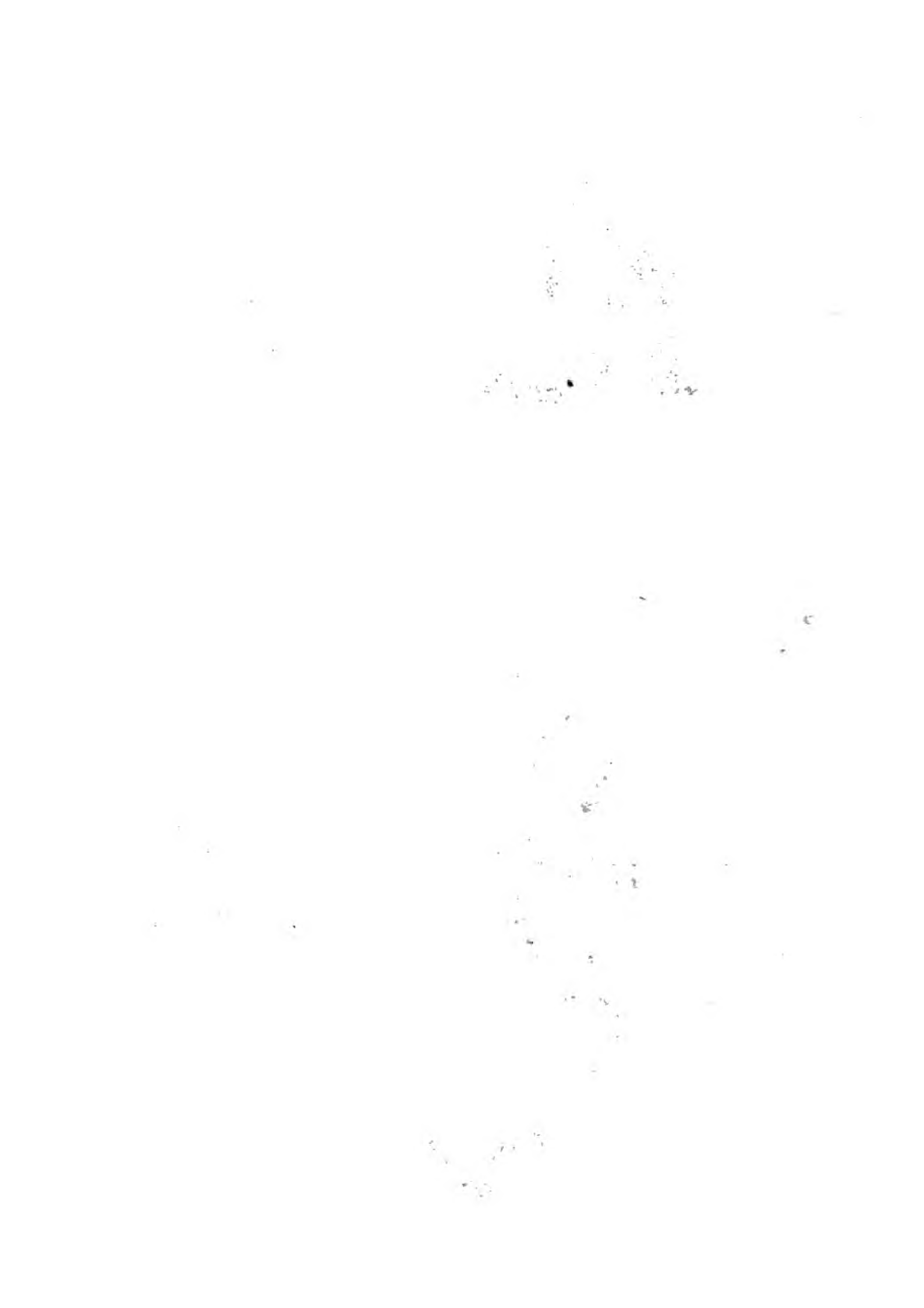
Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. James.

Fashionable Head Dresses 1845.

(4)

The Queen of the Belgians — The Queen — Duchess of Kent



The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1845 Morning & Evening Dresses.

(6)

The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1845 Morning & Dinner Dresses

THE WORLD OF FASHION,

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1845.

THE DEBT OF HONOUR.

" Think'st thou it honourable for a nobleman
Still to remember wrongs ?"

SHAKSPEARE.

In the month of July, 1833, several young gentlemen were joyously breakfasting in the coffee room of the English Hotel, in Paris. To judge by the already advanced hour, the time-piece of the establishment announcing it to be half-past two, and by the quantity of bottles arranged at the other extremity of the table, their long necks deprived of their leaden head-dress, the business had been warm, and had lasted for some time.

The repast was nearly over—the ardour for an increased consumption was subsiding, but the imaginations of the convivials glittered more than ever, and bounded in unison with the champagne.

The hero of this feast shewed the example, and paid due honour to the good things on the table, without any unworthy pre-occupation of any other sort of payment. He was a young man of about five-and-twenty years of age. A fine black moustache, slightly curling at the end, impressed upon his pale but animated physiognomy the stamp of a resolution, which inclined him to be the agressor, but which was not unsuited to an officer of that age, whose button-hole was ornamented by the distinguished badge of the Legion of Honour.

The party consisted of five, all military men of the same rank, and of the same regiment, but of different ages. The re-union was for the purpose of baptizing the new epaulettes of one of the party, who had been promoted to the rank of Captain, after the recent expedition in Algiers.

Charles Montilly was one of those fortunate men, to whom the conquest of Algiers presented an opportunity of revealing to the world, the courage and bravery which might otherwise have remained undiscovered. Obliging, devoted, and loyal, he was beloved by his companions, and respected by his superiors. Some affairs of honour, in which he had shown as much intrepidity as generosity, had given him a position in his regiment, envied by all the young soldiers. Lively, hard-working, and intelligent, he was ambitious of promotion.

A single defect, but a very great one, in the career of arms, clouded his amiable qualities. Charles was a boaster, a mitigated sort of bully, a fault rather incompatible with his true bravery, but which is often an accompaniment to extreme youth. This defect occasionally displayed itself in a sneering sarcasm, and a provoking play upon words. In an instant after the sense of his fault struck him, and from his heart he detested his deadly propensity, and he would willingly have offered the humblest apology to those whom he had offended, if his extreme susceptibility as to military honour did not prevent him making so just a reparation. It was only necessary to know his numerous good qualities to excuse his yet untamed spirits.

For some time this joyous group amused all around them by their lively sallies, their witty replies, and their ludicrous remarks. Charles Montilly became calm on a sudden, and ceased to take a part in the gaiety of his companions. With his elbow on the table, and his hand passed through his hair, he occupied himself with the most serious air in the world in arranging in piles, disposed symmetrically, like cannon balls, a large quantity of beautiful English cherries which remained on his plate.

" What are you making there ?" asked one of his companions, astonished at not hearing the merry voice of Montilly.

Charles, without replying, continued the geometrical arrangement of his red balls.

" For whom are you making that formidable phalanx ?" said another voice. " Are you going to give us a representation of the taking of Constantine ?"

In reply, Charles coolly turned his eyes towards the angles of the room. In following the direction of his eyes, his companions perceived seated at a table with a bottle of wine before him, a man with a large and bloated face, the expression of which was cold and severe; he appeared to be at least sixty years of age, was extremely stout, and of a considerable height. Coolly leaning with

both elbows on the table, he held within his two hands his enormous head, which was surmounted by a greasy wig of a reddish colour. His immoveable position, and stern features, formed a striking contrast to the animation of the jovial youths, whom he appeared to observe in silence. He looked like a pacific bull dog, following with his eyes the irregular movements of a troop of noisy school boys.

At sight of this singular form, a burst of laughter escaped at the same moment from the mouths of the convivial party.

Charles Montilly and the unknown remained immoveable, fixing one upon the other a cold inquisitive look, as if they would divine the secret thoughts that interiorly agitated them.

The officer first lost patience.

"Well," he said, "I see plainly that if I do not make that toad lower his eyes, he will fascinate me."

In speaking thus, Captain Montilly seized a cherry-stone between his forefinger and thumb, raised his hand on a level with his eye, whilst the other arm rested perpendicularly on the table. After rising to take aim with the greatest care, he said,

"To the right eye of the monster."

The missile flew.

The brow of the unknown contracted slightly. He coolly passed his hand across his face, to efface the little red mark that the cherry-stone had left there; then taking the stone from a marble shelf, where it had fallen, he deposited it in the pocket of his waistcoat. He then resumed his former attitude, as if he attached not the least importance to what had occurred.

The spectators looked at each other with astonishment.

"Well aimed," cried all the officers in a breath.

"No, I pointed too high," replied Montilly, with an affected calmness. "I must only try again."

A murmur of disapprobation arose from various parts of the room.

The Captain, without appearing to perceive the significant manifestation, coolly renewed the attempt.

This time the missile struck the cheek a little below the eye, but the stranger winked not. Placing the stone, as he had done its predecessor, he hastened to place himself in the same position.

"Evidently you have to do with a sea-horse, my dear Montilly," said one of his companions, "you'll make him change his species, I suspect."

"Can it be possible," said another, "that the old miser is speculating upon cherry-stones."

"Then I shall indulge him," said Montilly, "and shall give him a lesson on cherry-stones."

A third and a fourth time this occurred, with the same persevering insolence on one hand, and the same apparent insensibility on the other. The indignation of the spectators increased, but the menacing attitude of the officers, and above all, the imperious and firm look of the unknown, had prevented their taking a more prominent part in his defence.

He had been struck several times in the face, and his waistcoat, which was white, was marked with little red spots, like the stains of blood. At the sixth attem stone rebounded into the middle of the room. Th known arose to possess himself of it. They though a fool.

The spectators, whom interest or curiosity had near him, separated to give him a free passage. having picked up the last missile, instead of reg his seat as one would have expected, he walked st up to the Captain.

"Sir," said he, with a sarcastic air, "you app me to want aim in your efforts. I have been habit of firing. Permit me to offer you the lesso my experience. Six attempts will be sufficient I We shall begin to-morrow morning, if you please."

"That is but just, sir," replied Montilly, witho pearing in the least disconcerted. "I shall be at disposition."

"You have your witnesses," continued the unk "here are mine."

And he pointed to two of the spectators, who ha peared interested for him; then calling the attenda paid his bill, and saluting the company with exq politeness, left the coffee-room.

The next morning Captain Montilly, with his seconds, waited for nearly half an hour at the entra one of the principal approaches to the Bois de Vince when a carriage stopped at some distance, from four persons descended.

"Sir," said the adversary of Montilly, advancin wards him, "will you excuse my being so late. trary to modern custom, I always precede the duel b breakfast, for fear of mishaps, and I assure you I the time in the interesting company of these gentl As to my friend here," he continued, pointing to o them, "I wish most truly that I could handle the as well as he does the lancet."

The conditions being arranged, and the ground sured, the lot fell upon the Captain to fire first. coolness and utter indifference of his adversary sur him. The ball passed harmlessly under the shoul the unknown.

"You were in too great a hurry to draw your trig said he, smilingly, to the Captain. "Let us see have a surer aim. And, beforehand, permit me t commend you to remain perfectly immoveable, you depends upon it. And now," said he, raising his to the gentleman's right ear ——.

Whether from terror or indifference, Montilly rem moveless as a statue.

The ball sped—the Captain was thrown forward right ear was mutilated, and hanging upon his sh by a part of the skin of the head.

The surgeon declared that the wound was not gerous.

"I am sorry, sir," said the unknown, approachi wounded man, "to deprive you of one of your ears. shall see each other again, I hope. Here is *one* cherry-stones that you sent me. Do not forget that still five to restore unto you."

* * * * * * * *

Two years had elapsed since the event we have just related. The adventure of Captain Montilly had created a great sensation. The painful yet salutary lesson he had received, often occurred to his memory, and it was not without some apprehension that he recalled to his mind the farewell words of the terrible unknown. If he kept his promise, it was pretty evident that 'ere he reached the sixth meeting, his earthly career would be terminated. Brave and full of courage as he was, Montilly would rather have been condemned to carry away twenty redoubts himself alone, or mount twenty times the first upon the breach, than stand again five times the fire of this enraged specimen of moderation that he had so imprudently brought upon himself.

This gave him serious reflections on duelling. He read attentively the famous letter of Rousseau upon this subject, and he found that the eloquent spouse of Theresa had reason on his side. From this time his conversion went on gradually; he became more reserved in his manners, and more modest in his behaviour, without loosing aught of the natural vigour of his character. He even asked himself if it could be thought necessary to suffer six times for the same offence, against an adversary incomparably stronger than he was.

Good sense and justice replied in the negative, but he had sufficient strength and command over himself to reject, courageously shielding himself by this mode of arguing, and contented himself by admiring in secret the stoic heroism of Turenne.

Soon, however, he forgot by degrees the remembrance of his misadventure, and the expectation of those that were to follow.

The regiment had changed its garrison. Montilly had now been an inhabitant of Nimes for several months. The Captain, without being an antiquarian, yet found sufficient to interest and instruct him, in the historical research of this Roman town. He loved to read and read again the commentaries of Cæsar, in the midst of the ruins of the amphitheatre, or in the temple of Diana. And then, the fertile plains of Languedoc are so beautiful in spring.

Nimes is so like a Roman town, with its beautiful inhabitants, that it might be taken by one of the connoisseurs of the time of Tiberius or Augustus for one of the outlets of the eternal city. You may talk of the beauty of the Parisians, but they are not comparable to the women of Nimes for grace or suppleness. It is there that Cato ought to have pronounced his last word. Joseph himself might have thrown his mantle around one of those blooming and beauteous asylums that surround Nimes during eight months of the year, encircled by odoriferous perfume and blushing flowers.

Captain Montilly lost nothing but his time, but in return he gained a fracture of the arm, that exempted him for life from military service, which occurred thus:—

One evening, returning from one of his favourite excursions, the Captain perceived a number of young girls seated upon the ruins of Diana's temple, who fled at his approach like a band of wandering birds. In their disorder and hurry one of them forgot her handkerchief, which the Captain hastened to present to her. He was repaid for his courtesy, by the opportunity of making an acquaintance with one of the most beautiful of her sex. Imagine the head of Rebecca, enveloped in an Eastern head-dress coquettishly disposed, one of those profiles which exist not except in ancient statuary, a velvety skin gilded with the most beautiful carnation tint on the cheeks.

Charles attached himself to the steps of this beautiful girl, and soon forgot in the magic of her sweet abode, the imposing relics of Roman grandeur. One day, however, he had promised to visit her earlier than usual, for which purpose he arose with Aurora's earliest dawn—took more than ordinary pains with his toilette—put on his most brilliant epaulettes—found the air lighter, and the glorious sky more beautiful than on the preceding day, and fully equipped was about starting, when he heard a knock at his door. A man entered, it was his antagonist of the cherry-stones.

"I am merely passing through this town," said he to the Captain, who was stupified at his appearance. "I only arrived yesterday evening, and shall leave to morrow morning. On learning at the hotel where I stopped that you held garrison here, I could not let the occasion escape without coming to offer my compliments, and to recall to your mind that I am still your debtor."

"Then you must defer your departure, sir, for to-day it is impossible ——"

The stranger regarded the Captain with a steady and fixed glance.

"The business which obliges me to leave to morrow," he said, "is of an important nature, and will not permit of delay. But can you not, sir, give me one half hour of your company? Pardon my indiscretion, but at what time will your business be over for to-day?"

"Never mind that," said the Captain, reddening with rage and impatience. "Name your hour, sir, and I shall attend."

"Why not at this moment?" said the stranger. "My servant awaits there, under your window, with my case of pistols. You know them, and as I am a total stranger at Nimes, your witnesses shall be mine."

In half an hour later, Charles Montilly received, in the same place where he had first seen his beautiful charmer his adversary's ball in his arm.

"Sir," said the stranger, drawing from his elegantly embroidered purse a cherry stone, and presenting it to the Captain, "four still remain. Would you wish to receive them as liquidation of your debt, and in remembrance of me?"

Charles stretched forth his hand to receive these emblems of future peace, and having been confined for two months with his wound, during which time his regiment changed its quarters, where he was removed for the benefit of the air. When his convalescence was completely secured, he returned to Nimes to renew his acquaintance with the beautiful Adela, but alas! and alack-a-day, that

inconstant fair one had given away her hand, as well as her heart, and Charles Montilly was forced to look back with bitterness upon his youthful and audacious frolic, the consequences of which left him disabled in body, and deprived him of the only woman he had ever loved. Never was wisdom taught by a harsher master.

BELINDA.

A SONG AFTER A TOAST.

If he to whom this toast we drink,
Has brought the needy to his door,
Or raised the wretch from ruin's brink
From the abundance of his store:
If he has sooth'd the mourner's woe,
Or help'd young merit into fame,
This night our cups shall overflow,
In honour of his name.

If he be poor. and yet has striven
To ease the load of human care;
If to the famish'd he has given
One loaf that it was hard to spare:
If in his poverty erect,
He never did one deed of shame,
Fill high! we'll drain in deep respect
A bumper to his name.

But rich or poor, if still his plan
Has been to play an honest part,
If he ne'er fail'd his word to man,
Or broke a trusting woman's heart;
If emulation fire his soul,
To snatch the meed of virtuous fame—
Fill high! we'll drain a flowing bowl
In honour of his name.

C. M.

TO MARY.

Oh! when those lips we loved are cold,
And fixed in silent death,
The tender tale that once they told,
Parts not with parting breath.

A word—a tone—survives its hour—
An angel's passing strain:
Once heard, when dreams from heaven had power,
And never heard again.

From eyes that death hath closed, a gleam
Thrills softly in the heart;
That joins with life its blessed beam,
Till life itself depart.

Then from its last exhaling fires
It purely parts above;
And with the mounting soul aspires
To light it up to love.

THE OPIUM LAW;
OR, INGRATITUDE PUNISHED.

(From the German.)

CHAPTER I.

The Emperor or Boa of the Birman Kingdom, called "The Lord with the golden foot, and of the Elephant," had a son, whose greatest pleasure, when hours of studies had been completed, was to betake self, accompanied by his tutor, to the grand menage the palace, in which were to be found the wildest an in the creation. One evening, as the boy was thus sing himself, and seeking by every means in his pow provoke the elephants to bellow, the tigers to roar apes to screech, and the wolves to howl, the noise th was creating was suddenly interrupted with a disms of "fire." It was a scream in which at once were mi the loud halloo for help, with the agonizing tones of and soon did it come thundering around the stalls cages where the Prince was diverting himself. It followed instantly by thick whirling clouds of sm which warned all to betake themselves as speedily as could to flight. The trembling tutor laid hold of pupil, and then ran from the imperial edifice through nearest porch. But he had not advanced far, when he f that he was going in a direct line to the point wher conflagration was raging with the greatest fury. Te agony, and the heat of the fast approaching flames, depr both on the instant of their senses, and they sunk at to the earth a helpless prey to that pitiless element seemed destined to consume them. Clamour, tum and anguish pervaded the air, whilst the furious crie the animals, and the awful roaring of the flames adde the confusion, and increased to such a degree the terro the scene, that both were forgotten by all near to a pl from which every individual anxious to save his life with the utmost speed.

A poor weaver, who, laden with a bucket, was haste to the banks of the Irawaddi, in the hope that he migh able to save his humble bamboo cottage, passed by t persons, lying apparently senseless on the ground. did not pass them without looking at them, and at his heart was moved with compassion, when he saw young Prince lying thus abandoned by all. He imm ately cast from him his water bucket, and lifted the Pr on his shoulders, in the hope that he might be able to him from the dreadful death that threatened him. neighbour, who saw him thus engaged, censured him his untimely philanthropy, and then hurried forward draw water from the river, to which both at the same were approaching. The honest, kindly hearted wea was not, however, content with taking the prince upon shoulders, but he kicked with his foot the prostrate tu in order that he might excite his attention, aud then u him to hold on by his garments, whilst he led him thro the multitude that were now confusedly hurrying from sides.

The tutor did as he was desired. He caught hol

the honest Haga-Zembo, for such was the name of the generous being, and then tottered after his gallant preserver. The task which Haga-Zembo had taken upon himself to perform was difficult to accomplish, for the passage he was obliged to take was crowded with a crushed, impatient, violent, unmanageable mob of persons, whom panic was driving about in the most opposite directions to each other. Despite, however, of all these difficulties, the stout weaver, by means of the most extraordinary strength and exertion, was able at last to accomplish his generous undertaking. He brought safely to the imperial palace the young prince, still lying senseless in a faint, and then having confided him to the care of his tutor, he hurried back as quickly as he could, in the hope that he might be still in time to save his humble hut. The hope was a vain one, for the awful fire had nearly destroyed the three closely adjoining cities of Ara, Umerapara, and Saigaing. There were not less than twenty thousand houses burned to the ground, and, amongst the rest, the poor abode of Haga-Zembo had been burnt up, as if it were a mere splinter, and it was even difficult to recognise the place in which it had once stood.

The poor man was dreadfully terrified when he beheld this sad spectacle, for without a home, and destitute of the implements of his trade, he was reduced to the condition of a beggar, a state which was so much the more pitiable under present circumstances, because the accident that had made him poor, had also reduced to the same position thousands of others. He soon, however, regained his wonted composure, because he was confident that the Boa, upon hearing that he was the preserver of the Prince, would certainly bestow upon him such a reward, as would enable him to build another bamboo hut, and to purchase the materials for carrying on his trade. He waited patiently until the confusion caused by the accident should in some degree have passed away, and then, at the end of the fourth day, he proceeded to the Imperial Palace. There, he by accident applied for an audience of the Emperor to the identical courtier whose life he had saved at the same time with that of the Prince, and who, because he had arrogated to himself the entire merit of having preserved the Prince had been elevated to the important and lucrative office of one of the Masters of the Imperial Exchequer.

CHAPTER II.

"I know you not," said the new Master of the Exchequer to Haga Zembo, "but must, I suppose, take it for granted that you did render me some service in that important affair; such, for instance, as making, or helping to make, way for me through the crowd, whilst I was carrying the Prince. Therefore here, take these hundred kowries (muscle-shells, in value about ten pennies), and repair at some future time to my new mansion, where I have already satisfied the claims of others, who have, like you, made similar demands upon me. There I can investigate the justice of your demand."

With this the officer, proud of his new dignity, turned away from the weaver, and refused to hear a word further from him.

The honest weaver sighed, and shook his head, and thus dissatisfied with himself and the ungrateful being he had served, he proceeded to lay out the scanty gift that had been bestowed upon him, in the purchase of some food.

Urged by the cravings of hunger, Haga-Zembo, at the end of a week, repaired to the new and gorgeous mansion of the Master of the Exchequer.

He could not gain admission to the presence of that person, but he chanced to see his wife—she who had been present when the weaver brought her husband and the Prince in safety to the palace. She honoured, whilst she pitied the brave man, but explained that it was not in her power to assist him, for these were her words:—

"Good, honest man, cease further to molest my thankless husband. I know him well, and I can tell you that in place of rewarding you, he will exert his utmost to injure, and if he can, to destroy you. Having assumed to himself the entire merit which belongs to you, he has been rewarded beyond his deserts, and so much beyond his hopes, that now inflated with vanity, and puffed up with pride, he has become a faithless, worthless monster; and I—even I—his faithful and his tender wife, am regarded by him as too old and ugly for him, so that at this moment his head is filled with schemes as to how he may rid himself of me, and bring home a younger and a grander wife."

The heart of the honest weaver seemed to be turned to stone as he listened to this dreadful confession, and he at once said,

"Poor woman, then you are far more deserving of pity than myself; but then the proud, haughty, thankless villain, shall not be allowed to enjoy his undeserved good fortune. I will not leave him in peaceable possession of his plunder. As he has shown himself in every respect to be so unjust and so unworthy, I will incessantly follow—incessantly thunder in his ears my cries for him to perform his duty. I will make bitter every morsel he swallows, and poison every happiness he enjoys at the expense of another. All I ask of you, is to bear testimony with my neighbours, that it was I who saved the Prince from the fire; as to the rest, let Buddha in his wisdom direct it as he may."

With these words he quitted her, and ever afterwards, true to his resolution, he came daily again, intercepted the Master of the Exchequer wherever he went, shouted after him whenever he saw him, that he should think of bestowing on him the reward due to him for saving his life, and at last, learning that the man was at home, he rushed into the garden, where he found the Master of the Exchequer amusing himself in the company of his newly chosen bride; for he had upon one pretence or another, broken the bond of marriage between himself and her who was the mother of seven of his children. Haga-Zembo took advantage of this circumstance to reproach him anew with his baseness and ingratitude, and then declared he would not quit the place until he had re-

ceived the full value for his house, his furniture, his weaving apparatus, his clothes, and all the other articles which he had lost, but that he might have saved, if like his neighbour, he had looked to their preservation rather than rescuing others from a dreadful death.

The Master of the Exchequer, who had already contrived a scheme for the destruction of the fearless weaver, listened patiently to his complaints, smiled at his passion, and then in a friendly manner, invited him to take a seat in one of the bowers of the garden, whilst he went to his treasure, for the purpose of taking from it such a sum in gold as he promised would more than indemnify him for the losses he had sustained.

The honest, unsuspecting Haga-Zembo accepted the invitation. He entered a bower, but he was not long seated there, when a most beautiful young female slave approached. She brought with her tobacco, tea, coffee, and honey-bread, and blushing deeply, she said she was desired by her master to invite him to partake of these refreshments, as he found that orders from the palace would delay him for some time before he could return to the garden.

Haga Zembo was utterly confounded by the amazing beauty of the slave, and begging her to seat herself by his side, he assured her he had much rather be permitted to kiss her hand, than to taste the food she had brought. The slave seemed to be greatly affected by the honest manners and the kindly countenance of the generous weaver; and perceiving that as they spoke together he stretched out his hand towards one of the salvers on which the food was placed, she caught fast hold of him, and exclaimed with terror,

"For your life, do not taste any one thing I have brought. Spill the cup of coffee into that flower-bed, for all that there is here is impregnated with opium; and I, oh! noble, generous man, have been sent that I might entice you into the snares of destruction. Are you not aware of that strict decree of the Boa, by which it is declared, that in consequence of the many frightful occurrences that have ensued from the use of opium, that any one found to be intoxicated by it, shall be brought outside the barriers of the town, and there thrown to the alligators, in order that they may be devoured."

The weaver, when he heard these words, started up with horror, as if he were awaking from a fearful dream, and then, deeply affected, nay, influenced with love for the beauteous, kindly slave, he seized her hand; pressed it to his lips, and then to his heart.

CHAPTER III.

The female slave continued:—"My former mistress, the innocent and the good creature to whom I am both heart and soul devoted, informed me of your righteous claims, and of the miserable condition to which you were reduced. She, moreover, besought me for her sake, as well as your own, to warn you, and to assist you, wherever it might be possible for me to do so. And yet my master, that shameless villain, selected me as the instrument suited to destroy you, in order, as he expressed it, that he might at once get rid of for ev unfortunate creditor."

"In that base attempt he shall never be able to ceed," replied the now greatly excited, and deepl moured Haga-Zembo; "for with Budda's help, I be able to entrap the villain, even in the same snare he had set for my ruin. Fear nought then for me, and lovely maiden, but support me in the part wh am now about to play, and you will see me, with th of Heaven, successfully carry it on to a happy issue

Instantly did he begin to assume the airs of a who had been intoxicated, and acted the part in s manner, that he seemed to be born for a mimic. maiden called two slaves, who but waited for her mand, and then sticking two flasks of opium int pocket of the seemingly drunken man, they drov into the streets, and there instantly laid hold of him brought him before the criminal judges as one wh been found in the very act of infringing the law.

As soon as those magistrates, who had the power and death in their hands, had gathered around the w that appeared to be drunk, and had from inspectio certained his condition, they delivered their judgm that he should be at once hurried off to the place o cution.

The moment the sentence was pronounced, Zembo, perfectly sober as he really was, stood befo judges, and thus addressed them:—

"Most worshipful masters, I trust that you will p my boldness, in thus playing the drunken man you; but necessity compelled me to assume the disg disguise, in order that I might unmask one who m compared to the serpent, for he is outside fair an liant, but within filled with deadly poison. Now good masters, you are aware that as the law punishes with death those who will make themselves with the accursed opium, so does it with equal justic demn to a like punishment those who mix the poiso who maliciously seek to intoxicate another. This i the Master of the Exchequer has done with me—t the dire purpose that he had in view for my destru His female slave, Lallopin, my brave-hearted prot from his villainy will freely testify this to you; and other male slaves of his—these very men who, as wit against me, have dragged me here before you—t little doubt will confirm my statement, if once expo the torture. But then look to the villain, himsel through my deserts, has been elevated to the ran Master of the Treasury, because he falsely has tal himself the merit of saving the imperial prince fr conflagration, when the fact is, that not only he hi but the prince also, were torn by me from the dev flames, and now he would reward that act of humar ingratitude, by disgrace, and even a dreadful Yes, mighty sirs, and just judges, doubt not for ment the truths I tell you: let my witnesses be fe First, my neighbour, the potter, who will prove that I even abandoned the care of my house, w might have preserved from fire, for the purpose of

ing the fainting prince and his helpless tutor from the advancing flames; and next, call his repudiated, but innocent wife, who will prove to you, by the most solemn oaths, that she saw me bring the Prince and his attendant safe to the Palace."

The circumstance naturally excited the greatest attention, and was, on account of its importance, immediately brought before the Boa himself. A rigid examination into all the facts was instituted by him. The witnesses mentioned by Haga-Zembo were summoned instantly, and heard by the Emperor himself. Several others voluntarily came forward—some to give testimony in favour of the brave weaver, and others to prove additional crimes against the detested Master of the Exchequer. The result was, that the Emperor, with his Court, felt compelled to pass sentence of death upon the wretched minister. He was the self-same day flung from the battlements of Ara into the frightful morass, that swarmed with alligators, and he was instantly torn into a thousand pieces—such is the usual punishment inflicted upon those convicted of what are considered the most atrocious crimes.

Haga-Zembo obtained from the Imperial family presents of enormous value, along with ten lacs of rupees in money, and the office of supreme director of the imperial menagerie was conferred upon him. Influenced by affection not less than gratitude, he married the charming Lallopin, and thus did he raise from the dust, in which it lay obscured, a pearl of great value, and set it in gold; whilst he took to his home the honest spouse of the condemned criminal, and ever after treated her as his sister.

M.

THE LOVERS.

'Twas the waning eve of a summer's day,
The western sky glow'd with a golden hue,
Lit by the sun's expiring ray,
Which o'er the scene a soft refulgence threw.

I love that still, that gentle hour,
After the sunset, at the glow,
As twilight falls o'er hill and tow'r,
Shading the vale below.

My fav'rite haunt a river's side,
Under a willow tree,
Whose branches kiss'd the silv'ry tide,
As it roll'd to meet the sea.

Lingering long I musingly stood,
And calm the scene survey'd,
Like some lone watcher in mournful mood,
Waiting for one lov'd maid.

And there was one, a lovely maid,
Who hither chanced to stray;
She to the spot her homage paid,
Ever at the close of day.

One summer's eve, I do remember well
As though 'twere but yesternight,
The moon arose o'er yonder hill,
Shedding a soft and pensive light.

She with the stars a vigil kept,
In her robe of light arrayed,
For half the world, as it tranquilly slept,
While we two lovers strayed.

We watched each wave, as it gamboll'd by,
Bounding the pebbles o'er;
And the stars that studded the ether sky,
Its glassy bosom bore.

So from that dark o'ershadowed seat,
We marked the waters glide;
And listened as they passed our feet,
To the ripple of the tide.

We met full oft, till in each breast
A gentle passion grew;
Each deem'd their lot supremely blest,
For a trouble neither knew.

She heard my tale with a gentle grace,
So meekly bending low;
As a modest blush suffused her face,
I marked the tear drop flow.

I marked the tear—I saw it start,
Flooding her lovely eye;
I clasped her sobbing to my heart,
And caught her gentle sigh.

She read in each glance, I could not speak,
A soul reflected there;
For a host of words had proved more weak
Than one impassioned tear.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

Upon the solitary bridge the light
Shone dim;—the wind swept howling on its way,
And tower and spire stood hidden in the grey
Half-darkness of the raw and rainy night;
When one, still young and fair, with eyes mad-bright,
Paced up and down, and with a look of woe,
Gazed on the waters gliding black below,
Or the dull houses looming on her sight;
And said within herself—"Can I endure
Longer this weight of misery and scorn?
Ah, no! love-blighted—sick at heart—and poor—
Deceived—undone—and utterly forlorn!—
Why should I live? Forgive me, Lord!" she cried,
Sprang sudden to the brink—dash'd headlong down—and died!

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE BLANKENBERG FISHERMAN.

By Octave Delepierre.

The Fisherman Karl, and his wife Margaret, dwelt, in the beginning of the twelfth century, on the Flemish coast, about nine miles from the City of Bruges. Their trust and their tackle were all they possessed; but he was bold and skilful, and his wife honest and industrious. Therefore they were happy, and two children added to their little peaceful family.

One evening in the month of March (so noted for storms and tempests on that coast), Karl returned to his hut earlier than usual, foreseeing a bad night from the cries of the sea birds, fatal messengers of shipwreck and disaster, and before he had reached his home black clouds were gathered heavily over the horizon; and as soon as he was safely seated by his hearth, his honest young wife and himself recommended to the care of St. Nicholas all who might be exposed at sea to the threatened tempest. Through the rudely joined planks, and ill contrived door, the wind whistled shrilly. And as they were listening to it with anxious thoughts, they heard hasty footsteps, and immediately there was a knock at the door.

The fisherman demanded "Who was there?"

"Open the door to a poor traveller," answered the stranger. "I have walked many a mile along this bleak coast, without finding any shelter."

Instantly the door was opened by Karl, for fishermen, and, indeed, seamen of all classes, are seldom mistrustful, and generally kind.

"Heaven bless you and your family," said the traveller, "you have saved my life."

The fisherman, seeing that he was wet through, gave him a place near the fire, and invited him to eat and drink.

"Stranger," said Karl, "what misfortune brings you upon this coast in such weather, and at this hour? Never do many pass this way but fishermen, or those who are driven on shore by distress. Our little village is not far from here, where you might find a more comfortable lodging."

"Honest man," replied the stranger, "how I envy you the peaceful ignorance of the troubles of the times in which you live. The most wild and unfrequented places are the most safe for me now. Your honest face assures me that I may safely trust you with my situation; and you may render me the greatest service possible. Can you be ignorant of what has happened some few miles off?"

"What? what?" said the astonished Karl.

"The civil war," said the stranger. "Proscription is everywhere, and I am threatened by it; and thus stands the case. Our excellent Count Charles (God avenge his murder!) has been assassinated only a few days ago in St. Douat's Church, at Bruges; and the traitors are yet glorying in the deed, but that will soon end."

"Mercy on us, what a misfortune," said Margaret. "That Prince, so gentle, so benevolent, whom I have so often seen bestowing charity! Have they mur him?"

"Yes, my good woman, and in the most ho manner. As he went to church, the wretches fol him with swords concealed under their cloaks, and moment he was saying the Lord's Prayer, which he s said aloud, they fell upon him, and covered him wounds. With his last breath he implored pardon murderers, who after this crime dispersed them through the town, carrying with them terror and de tion. That traitor, Bertulph, encourages them, an them on to pillage the houses of all who did not join party, seeking like famished tigers all the faithful se and friends of the good Charles. I am called Wilfr had the honour to be one of his counsellors; and this murder (committed during prayers), I remaine days concealed behind the altar piece, from whence came witness of the sacrilege committed in that place. Repeatedly they came quite near to the where I was, uttering the most dreadful imprecation threats of what tortures they would inflict upon me they should find me. I endured, indeed, torture fro sight of their deeds, and afterwards from thirs hunger. I saw the murder of the Chatelain of Bra whom they dragged by the feet, and hewed in pieces I also beheld the cruel death of Walter de Locres. of the organists had concealed him behind the orga thrown a cloak over him. But when he heard the t and imprecations of the traitors in search of him, he resolved to attempt an escape through the midst of and he sprung down from the gallery into the body church. The wretch, Borsiand, one of the chief c rators, and Isaac, one of the Count's chambe seized him, each armed with a bloody sword, and Bo holding him by the hair, was going to strike off his but the canons entreated that he might not be imm in the church. They, therefore, dragged him by h to the square of the Bourg, where he was given up rebellious mob, and battened to death. For finding that I must die of hunger if I remained hiding place, or be murdered if I should go forth b I went out at midnight, and got clear of the town, having any idea which would be the safest place to but I soon found that I was pursued, and crouche amidst the flags and reeds of a muddy ditch, and th mained for above two hours. Then taking an o direction from that of my enemies, I bent my northward, hoping to reach the coast, which brought me here. Now, my kind host, I conjure all that is dearest to you, complete your generous tality, by taking me over to the English coast. To-m it will probably be too late."

"The weather threatens a storm," replied Karl to save your life I will brave it. Do not be al wife, if my return should be delayed, for in case weather I shall remain on the other side of the wa it changes."

As he spoke he opened the door, and looked ou sure that there was no one about the hut. But the

ening sky had driven every one from the coast, and the sea groaning like some furious volcano, was the only voice to be heard.

"Let us be gone," said Karl; "God will protect us, and the storm may subside, by day-break you may be almost over the water."

The good and bold Karl got out his little boat, and helped his guest to enter it; then embracing his wife and children, bountifully rewarded by the traveller, who knew not how sufficiently to show his gratitude, he put out to sea.

"They are gone," said Margaret, sitting down in sad dismay at the terrible appearance of the sky, for as far as she could see, black clouds drove wildly about like huge masses of rocks shaken from their foundation.

The poor woman had listened with foreboding to the project of embarking at such a time, but felt it would be useless to oppose her husband's generous intention, for she knew he would not break his word once given, nor abandon a fellow creature whom he could assist. She thus waited with anxiety and alarm the coming day. The tempest raged and roared throughout the night, and it was noon before the sky became clear; but Karl came not back either on that or the four succeeding days; however, his wife remembered his words that he might stay for fair weather, and she would not yield to apprehension.

The sea was now calm, and yet no Karl returned. Margaret quits her hut, and with her little son Arnold climbs the sand hills.

"Go, my child," she said, "climb yonder steep bank, and see if you can discover a sail."

The child obeys in sorrow, yet not fully aware of his mother's fears, but still alarmed at the unusual absence of his father. But from the highest hill he could discover *nothing*. He then knelt down.

"Oh, Holy Virgin," he said, "guardian of the wandering sailor, protect the vessel of my father. I have read in the book where are written the miracles of thy Son our Lord, the agonies thou endured when he yielded up his life on the cross, have pity, then, for my mother's despair and our grief. Two nights have I prayed under the cross, watching the lights we would have kept up to guide my poor father, but all in vain—the wind and rain destroyed our beacon. But, notwithstanding this unlucky sign, if thou watched over our dear father, he is safe."

Thus this sensible child continued to pray, and his grief rendered him eloquent.

"Come down, Arnold," said his mother; "make haste, your father's boat was seen yesterday off Wendeme Point."

"Coming—coming mother," said the nimble boy; and down he sprang from the sand-hill, trembling with cold.

His mother kissed him, and rubbed his little hands in hers, then leading his younger sister and himself, she hastened along the beach to the spot.

After two hours walk they reached the point described, which still is the name of the village; there was every sign that the storm had wreaked its utmost fury on that spot. Sea-weeds, shells, and fish, were lying in heaps. A broken rudder and shivered mast was here; there a cask, further on an oar—too fatal indications that the tempest had done more than force from the beacon its weeds and shells, but as *yet* there was nothing to tell her whose were the broken fragments, but turning round a sharp point, Arnold first saw a mast struck deep in a bank of sand, on which still fluttered a torn sail.

"Look, mother, look, can that be our boat?"

"No!—no!" she wildly said; "why should it be ours?—was there no other boat than ours?"

Half frantic with apprehension, and denying the conviction of her heart, she hastened towards the fatal spot. A boat appeared half buried in the sands, and a sail was fluttering over it. The unhappy wife stood as one rooted to the ground, for her husband's name was on the plank by her feet.

"Mother," said Arnold, "I see a shoe beneath the sail;" and he sprang forward and tore up the sail, which was fixed down by a bed of sand. "I see a leg!" said Arnold.

Pale and trembling she yet cherished a wild and absurd hope, which gave her courage to kneel and lift away the sail. The body of a man lay beneath it (but the dress of a fisherman is always alike). She drew the veil from the face. There was no further hope.

"My Karl!—my husband!" and down she fell with her face upon his.

"Mother! mother! get up!" No answer. "Oh, mother, father is not dead! his foot moves. Get up, mother, and help our father!" they scream—they weep—they kneel! They call again—"Oh, mother, the tide is coming up! you will be drowned!"

The poor children wasted their little strength, and the last moments of their innocent life, in calling to those who heard them no more.

Arnold now begins to fear the truth; he puts his hand upon his mother's; it is stiff—it moves not—he turns to guide his little sister from the dangerous spot. But a swift rolling wave throws him down. Another, and another follows; he clings to the body of his mother; and the next day search being made for them, they were found covered with the still fluttering sail—but immoveably fixed in death.

CHARADE.

What gives us water sweet and pure,
The poor man's joy, the sick man's cure;
What makes a part of traffic's links,
What saves us when a shipment sinks;
Will give when joined, what's seldom found,
When fortune's bark has been aground,
And sorrow comes to tell a tale,
Which good and kind alone bewail.

M.

THE CHEMIST'S DREAM.

Methought I was exploring the hidden recesses of an extensive cave, whose winding passages had never before echoed to the tread of human foot. With ever fresh admiration and delight, I was gazing at the thousand wonders which the flashing torch-light revealed on every side, at each step of my progress, when a strange sound, as of the hum of many voices, fell upon my ear. What such a sound could mean in such a place was more than I could divine.

Curiosity led me on in the direction whence it came. The buzz of conversation, cheerful as it would seem from the occasional bursts of merriment that were heard, grew more and more distinct, until the dark and narrow passage I had been following, suddenly opened upon one of those magnificent rock-parlours, of whose grandeur and beauty description can convey but a faint idea. A flood of light illuminated the arching roof with the vast columns of stalactite sparkling with crystals that supported it, and was reflected with imposing effect from the huge sheets of the same material, of the purest white, that hung from the ceiling in graceful but substantial drapery. I stood in one of nature's noblest halls—but not alone.

A strange company had gathered there. "Black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," were before me. A festive occasion had assembled in joyous mood and in holiday attire the first-born of creation, the Elements of things.

In dreams nothing ever surprises us. It seemed perfectly natural to see these fairy forms in that strange grotto; so, accosting without hesitation the one nearest to me, I apologized for my intrusion, and was about to withdraw. From my new acquaintance, however, I received so cordial a welcome, and so earnest an invitation to become a partaker in their festivities, that I could not deny myself the pleasure of accepting the hospitality so kindly proffered.

I was soon informed that some of the leading characters among the Elements had resolved some weeks before upon having a general pic-nic dinner party. Fifty-six family invitations had accordingly been sent out, one to each of the brotherhood; and preparations for the feast made upon a most extensive scale. Sea and land had been ransacked for delicacies, and every thing was put in requisition that could minister to the splendour of the entertainment, or to the enjoyment of the occasion.

At the hour I so unexpectedly came upon them, nearly all the guests with their families had assembled in the strange drawing room I have described, awaiting the summons to the banquet. Spacious as that drawing-room was, it was nearly filled with these interesting children of Nature.

And here they were; seen, not as in the chemist's laboratory, writhing in the heated crucible, or pent up in glassy prisons; or peering out of gas holders and Florence flasks, but arrayed in their native beauty; each free as air, and acting as impulse prompted.

There were those present of every hue, every dress, every variety of appearance. The Met Gases, the Salts, the Acids, the Oxides, the Al all were there. From the mine, from the shop artizan, from the mint, from the depths of the oce they had come; and a gayer assemblage, a more ting scene, my eyes had never beheld.

Many of the ladies of the party were most t attired. Chlorine wore a beautiful greenish-yello that displayed her queen-like form to good adv The fair daughters of Chromium particularly attra attention, with their gay dresses of the liveliest yellow and orange-red. Iodine was but just arriv was not yet disencumbered of an unpretending ou ment of steel grey that enveloped her person; warmth of the apartment soon compelled her t this aside, when she appeared arrayed in a vesture gauze, of the most splendid violet colour ima Carbonic Acid was there, but not clad in the air in which I expected to see her. The pressure of hand of adversity had been upon her, and now he was plain; simply a dress of snowy white; the bes the straightened circumstances to which she had b duced allowed her to assume.

Quite a contrast to her was her mother Carbon you would have supposed to be a widow in deep ing, or a nun who had taken the black veil, so sab her garments, so gloomy her countenance, had ear-rings of polished jet, and a circlet of diamon glittered on her brow, evinced that she had not y gether renounced the vanities of the world.

The *belle* of the room appeared to be Nitrous A graceful daughter of Nitrogen; airy in all her ments, and with dress of deepest crimson, that sponded well with a lip and cheek rivalling the their redness.

Among the lady Metals, too, there were m bright faces and resplendent charms; but I must to a description of the gentlemen of the party.

Sulphur wore a suit of modest yellow-plush Phosphorus quite disconcerted some of the more d of the matrons present, by making his appearan pair of flesh-coloured tights.

Phosphuretted Hydrogen, or as he is nick "Will of the Wisp," startled me by flitting b robe of living flame, the dress in which the g youngster is said to haunt church-yards and places, playing his pranks upon poor benighted lers.

The King of the Metals, Gold, was arrayed i gorgeous apparel; though it must be confessed th a glitter, and an air of haughtiness about him which you would turn with pleasure to the mil face of his most royal sister, Silver, who leaned u arm; a bright-eyed, unassuming creature, of worth.

Mercury was there, as lively and as versatile a a most restless being; now by the thermometer, the subterranean temperature; now by the barome

dicting a storm in the regions overhead; now arm-in-arm with this metal, then with that; and they all, by the way, save stern old Iron, had hard work to shake him off. A strange character surely was he; a philosopher of uncommon powers of reflection; the veriest busy-body in the world; well versed in the art of healing; a practical amalgamationist; in short, a complete factotum. Potassium, though a decidedly brilliant looking fellow, manifested too much levity in his deportment to win respect, and was pronounced by those who knew him best, to be rather soft. In gravity Platinum surpassed all the company; in natural brightness Tin was outshone by few.

When Oxygen arrived, and his light, elastic tread was heard, and his clear transparent countenance was seen among them, a murmur of congratulation ran round the drawing-room, and involuntarily all assembled arose to do him homage. He was a patriarch indeed among them; literally a father to many of the younger guests. His arrival was the signal for adjournment to the banqueting-room, where of right he took his seat at the head of the table.

Touching the apartment we had now entered, I can only say that it was grand beyond description! It was lighted up with the radiance of noon-day, by an arch of flame intensely dazzling, produced by a curious apparatus which Galvanism, who excels in these matters, had contrived for the occasion, out of some materials with which his friends Zinc and Copper had furnished him. Festoons of evergreens and wreaths of roses encircled the alabaster columns, and made the whole look like a hall in Fairy Land.

But I must describe the table and its paraphernalia. The preparation of the viands—I mean the baking, boiling, roasting, stewing, and the like—had been committed to Caloric, who has had long experience in that department. The nobler of the Metals had generously lent their costly services of plate, while Carbon united with Iron to furnish the elegant steel cutlery used on the occasion. Alumina provided the fine set of china that graced the table; and Silex and Potash, without solicitation, sent as their joint contribution, cut glass pitchers and tumblers, of superior pattern and transparency.

As among these sons of Nature there is no craving for artificial excitement, Oxygen and Hydrogen, (who by the way have done more for the Cold Water Societies than Delavan or Father Matthew,) were commissioned to provide the drinkables: and what beverage they furnished may easily be conjectured. Carbon, with Oxygen and Hydrogen, found most of the vegetables; and Nitrogen, whose assistance as commissary here was indispensible, joined them in procuring the meats, under which the table groaned. No taste but would be satisfied with the variety; no appetite but would be cloyed with the profusion of good things.

Though the liberality of the four who have been named left but little for their associates to contribute, still some individual offerings to the feast deserve to be noticed. Thus the oysters, Carbonate of Lime had sent in the shell; the pyramids of ice cream for the dessert were provided by the daughter of Chlorine and Hydrogen, the bride of Sodium, who was out several hours in the snow, engaged in freezing them; and the almonds and peaches came from the conservatory of Hydrocyanic Acid, the druggist.

After grgce had been said by Affinity, who is a sort of chaplain to the Elements, having officiated at the weddings of all married ones of the company, a vigorous onset was made upon the good things before them. At first all were too much engaged for conversation, but the dessert appearing at last, as they cracked the nuts the jest too was cracked; toast and song were called for, and wit and innocent hilarity became the order of the day. Even Oxygen, who had presided with such an air of dignity, relaxed from his sternness, and entertained the younger ones at the table with many a tale of his mischievous pranks in the days of Old Father Chaos, when Time and himself were young. Strange tales they were, too, of earthquakes with which Hydrogen and he would now and then frighten the Icthyosauri and Megatheria of the ancient world; and of conflagrations comical, as of Old Vulcan's tongs and anvil, kindling them before his eyes with the very bolt he was forging. 'This, however,' he added, with a sly glance at his staid partner Nitrogen, who sat near, 'was before Marriage had sobered down his spirits, and tamed his impetuosity.'

I have no space to chronicle more of these freaks of Oxygen's early youth, nor any of the saying and doings of others of the party on this memorable night. Else would I give the marvellous story Nickel had to relate, of a *falling out* he once had with the Man in the Moon, and of a journey he was consequently under the necessity of making in haste to the earth for refuge.

I would tell too of the drolleries of Nitrous Oxyde, that funniest, queerest, craziest of youngsters; and how Phosphorus made a flaming speech, and Potash a caustic one; and how Mercury proposed as a toast, 'The Medical Profession: to whom we say, "Use us, but do not abuse us."

I must speak, however, of a curious little by-scene I chanced to witness: it was a flirtation that Platinum was carrying on with Hydrogen, whom, much to my surprise, I found seated among the Metals, and quite at home among them too.

There was quite a contrast between Platinum, grey, heavy, and dull as he was, and the light and buoyant creature by his side; but there soon seemed to be evidence of some mutual attraction. Platinum grew warm in his attentions, and ere long quite a flame was kindled between them.

So passed the evening; 'all went merry as a marriage-bell,' with nothing to mar the good humour that prevailed; till, in an evil hour, Sulphuretted Hydrogen, a disagreeable fellow, against whose appearance at the banquet most of the company had protested, entered the apartment with a very offensive air. In an instant, the whole family of Metals, to whom he is particularly obnoxious, changed colour; Lead fairly grew black in the face with indignation; Arsenic and Antimony seemed

to be jaundiced with rage; Ammonia, to whom his presence recalled very unpleasant associations, in trying to avoid him, precipitated several Metallic Oxides to the floor; while Chlorine, with more self-command than the rest, advanced with a firm step to expel the intruder, looking as if she were about to annihilate him on the spot.

How the scene might have terminated I know not; for just at that moment a strange sound of awful import, like the trampling of a mighty host, came to my ears. I felt sure it was 'an earthquake's voice,' and that now my fate was sealed! My knees tottered under me; the arching grotto and the festive board gradually vanished from before my eyes, which——*opened* upon the class, as they were leaving the laboratory of our worthy professor of Chemistry, where, it seemed, much to my confusion, I had fallen asleep during lecture, and

'Dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers.'

S. R. H.

A LOVER'S LOGIC.

I am skilled in magic lore,
And can tell the dearest maiden
What the winds at evening say,
As amid the boughs they play;
What the river to its store
Softly whispers evermore,
From its heart o'erladen.

I can tell thee how the moon
Breathes persuasion to the billows;
What discourse the mountain makes
To its overshadowing lakes;
And concealed in lonely nooks,
What the little devious brooks
Murmur to the willows.

"Love thou me—for I love thee?"
Is the song they sing for ever;
At this moment I can hear,
The responses ringing clear,
And the very stars repeat,
To the moon an answer sweet—
"Love shall perish never."

And if thus earth, sea, and sky,
Find a voice to sing their passion;
Should we fail my dearest maid,
Wandering in this greenwood shade,
To repeat the same sweet song,
We should do their music wrong,
And be out of fashion.

C. M.

STANZAS TO ——.

When the snowy arms of Death,
Like a shroud encircle thee,
And his cold benumbing breath,
Stills thy pulse's melody;
Then beside thee, lowly bending,
Fondest friends shall seek to trace,
In this blow our bosoms rending,
Tokens of Almighty grace.

Daily as we see thee fade,
Like a blossom on the bough,
Chilling in the wintry shade,
Frosted dews upon its brow;
How we turn aside in anguish,
Chiding tears that flow too free,
Lest thy loving heart should languish,
Witnessing our grief for thee.

Thus to see the vital spark,
Trembling on its wasted frame,
Waiting, longing to embark,
For the haven whence it came;
Who could blame our sad concealings,
From thy meek and watchful eyes,
Of the dark and troubled feelings,
Which within our bosoms rise?

Daily strive our lips to say—
"Father! let thy will be done,"
Nightly kneeling do we pray—
"Father! spare our gentle one!"
Thus from death we seek to shield thee
Hoping, where no hope avails,
Knowing that his hand hath sealed thee
That his arrow never fails.

When we fold thee on earth's breast,
Greenest turf we'll gather there;
Sweetest dews shall lightly rest
On that bosom once so fair.
Yes! for thee the tears of Heaven
From the concave's deepest blue,
Noiselessly shall flow each even
In the droppings of the dew.

There the tender buds of Spring
First shall open to the day;
Light their little bells shall ring,
To the Robin's roundelay;
And a breezy voice, while straying
Through the narrow vaulted aisles,
Sad shall sigh, like mourner's praying
God's forgiveness and his smiles.

Lo! across thy path of life,
Death's white shadow's stealing now;
Let me not behold the strife—
Let me still in meekness bow.
God be with thee, gentle spirit!
When his angel fondly calls;
Yielding life, thou wilt inherit
Life within our Father's halls.

R.

THE SUCCESSFUL PLEADER.

" It is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full
Of ambition, an envious emulator of every
Man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver
Against me, his natural brother."

SHAKSPEARE.—*As You Like It.*

A short time after the death of Louis XV, the Princess of Guemenée held one of her ordinary *sorées*, at which the young Queen, Marie Antoinette, was present. It was upon a cold December night, when all was harsh and gloomy outside, that the Queen gave herself up to her favourite amusement of gaming; she played high, and generally lost, but endeavoured to hide from the King her love for, and her consequent losses at, this dangerous recreation of hers.

Louis XVI. abhorred play of all description, and most particularly discountenanced this vice in the young Queen. Upon this evening, Marie Antoinette congratulated herself on the King's absence, in order that she might unreservedly indulge in play. She played and lost, and played again, her bad luck still continuing, when, at the conclusion of the evening, the King, whose presence was neither expected nor desired, suddenly made his appearance. The conversation, which, before his entrance, had been upon the subject of the night's game, the sums lost, and those gained, immediately took another turn upon his entrance, and the Queen whispered in the ear of the Princess de Guemenée.

" Engage the attention of the King in conversation, in order that he may not think of asking me how I have fared in the night's game, as I should not dare tell him the considerable sum I have lost."

" There is a petition," said the Princess, without the least embarrassment, " that I am most anxious to present to the King; but I almost fear to do so."

Thus saying, she drew from her pocket a veritable petition.

" Fear not," said the Queen, aloud. " I do not understand your hesitation; but if you are alarmed, give it to me, and I shall take charge of it."

" Your Majesty will permit me for once to disobey you, as it is not the presentation of the petition alone that alarms me, but it is the history with which I shall be obliged to accompany that document, that I am fearful his Majesty will not have patience to listen to; and yet I shall be obliged to trespass thus far on his attention, in order to seek favour for a brave man, in whose welfare I am deeply interested."

The King advanced with courteous gallantry towards the Princess, received the petition, and placed it in his pocket; then turning his back to the card tables, he seated himself in an arm chair opposite the fire, motioning to the Princess to seat herself beside him, infinitely to the satisfaction of the Queen, who repaid her friend by a look that spoke deep thankfulness.

" How will she manage," thought Marie Antoinette, " to spin out a story that will divert the King's attention until the hour for retiring."

" My dear lady," said the King, graciously, " you did me injustice in doubting my readiness to listen to you. It will give me but too much pleasure to hear your recital."

By these words the Queen, as well as the guests assembled, saw that his Majesty was in one of his most amiable moods, and the cloud which had since his entrance wrapped the company in gloom, the sunlight of his smile soon dissipated. The Princess, re-assured and happy, immediately commenced.

" Your Majesty must know that the gentleman, whose pardon I am about suing for, is a near relative of my own."

" Pardon," said the King. " Then he has committed a crime."

" No, Sire; but he has fought a duel."

" And do you not call that a crime," said the King. " Upon our ascending the throne, we solemnly swore before God to punish those who engaged themselves in so unholy a warfare; and we have further promised to restore all the ordonnances of our respected ancestor, Louis XIV. And we assure you we shall keep our oath."

" I know, Sire, the noble resolves of your Majesty; and I also know that when you are in possession of all the circumstances of the unhappy affair, you will look with more clemency upon my unfortunate relative, peculiarly unfortunate in having deprived his adversary of that which he is unable to restore to him—his life. It was for this reason that I declined forwarding to your Majesty the petition, because I wished to accompany that document with a detail of the circumstances that led to this melancholy affair. One fact will, however, enable your Majesty to grant his pardon, without compromising your royal vow, and that is, that the event which I have alluded to, and which obliged my relative to quit France, occurred during the reign of the late King."

" Speak, madame," said Louis XVI. " I shall listen to you."

" It is now two years," said the Princess, " since my relation, the Count D'Esparville, an officer in the body guard of his late Majesty, Louis XV., left Paris for Grenoble, in order to see one of his friends, who commanded the garrison in that city. When he was half way on his road, his horse lost the shoe of one of its fore feet. The Count alighted, and picking up the shoe, put it into his pocket. Then inspecting the feet of the animal, saw that he would not be able to go very far without the assistance of a farrier.

" He was alone, and without attendants, in a mountainous country, and deserted road. He evidently saw there was a thunder storm approaching, and no means of accomplishing the seven or eight leagues which he still had to journey before he could reach Grenoble. Already the large drops of rain pattered upon his cloak; he looked around for a wanderer like himself, and seeing a peasant, questioned him with regard to finding an asylum from the coming storm. The peasant offered to be his guide, and taking a narrow road to the left, he said that in about half an hour they would arrive at a Castle, where the Count would be sure to meet with hospitality.

" The Count inquired who was the owner of the Castle, and on being informed that it belonged to the Count de Beaubourg, my relative felt an impatience to reach it, as both the Count and his brother were brought up at the same college with D'Esparville."

" The Count de Beaubourg," interrupted the Queen, " that name is certainly familiar to me."

" It is the name," replied the Princess, " of one of his Majesty's body guards. The Count D'Esparville took the road that he was informed would lead to the Castle, and after a weary march of two hours, completely soaked with rain, deafened by the roaring thunder, and half blinded by the vivid lightning, the Count at length arrived at the Castle de Beaubourg, leading his disabled horse by the bridle, if possible in a worse condition than he was himself. He was received by an old porter, who informed him that the Count de Beaubourg had been for the last month in Paris, and that the Chevalier, the youngest of the two brothers, had been dead for nearly two months.

" ' Dead ! my dear friend, the Chevalier, dead,' exclaimed D'Esparville, joining his hands in grieved surprise.

" He shed a tear to the memory of his early friend, taken away in the blossom of his life, and recalling to mind all his good and amiable qualities, his sweet and docile temper, particularly when contrasted with the haughty and overbearing character of his elder brother, the present Count, he felt that the Chevalier merited his deepest regret. The servants of the Castle offered the stranger hospitality in the name of their absent master, which D'Esparville gladly accepted. One went in search of a farrier, in order that the poor lame horse might be shod. Another lighted a fire ; whilst a third served, in the shortest possible time for such a process, a most excellent supper, and after partaking plenteously of the meal, and was thinking of retiring for the night, the Count heard the servants disputing most warmly with each other, what apartment the stranger should occupy.

" ' We shall put the gentleman,' said one, ' in the green chamber.'

" ' No, no,' said another, ' let us show him to the yellow chamber, or the one beside the chapel.'

" ' Come, come, my friends,' said the Count, ' allow me to finish this debate for you ; put me exactly where your hospitality will least inconvenience you ; the least comfortable will be perfectly good enough for one night.'

" ' John wishes to put you, sir,' said a lively maid servant, ' into the green chamber, because he knows you would be sure to dream there of ghosts.'

" The Count knowing perfectly well what was meant by ghost dreaming, and being extremely fatigued, wet, and weary, was anxious for a good night's rest, and therefore did not much like the notion of being made the dupe of some amorous lackey, or systematic rogue. He therefore said,

" ' Pray do not put me to sleep in the green chamber.'

" He directly perceived that this entreaty excited the ridicule of the servants, and as he did not choose that the courage of an officer in his Majesty's service, should be doubted by the veritable inhabitants of this world, denly changed his mind, and taking a light, said,

" ' My friends, I wish particularly to sleep in th chamber, will you have the goodness to conduct m as I am desirous of rest after my wearisome journe

" He was immediately conducted there, and seeking any further explanation, he closed the door, purpose of avoiding being accused of weakness Castle de Beaubourg.

" ' Well, never mind,' thought the Count, ' bad night is soon passed.'

" He opened the trunks and cabinet that the roo tained, in order to assure himself that he was alon apartment, and was about preparing to lie down, w was startled by a heavy noise, apparently proceedi behind the head of his bed. The troubled spirit waited for the hour of midnight to disturb the slum the new guest of the green chamber. The Count for some time with breathless attention ; then he his footsteps towards the wall, from whence the n peared to come, and raising the green hangings namented this portion of the room, he clearly saw barred with iron, and bolted on the inside of th ment. The noise was at the other side of the do appeared to be caused by some one not being able cover the door, endeavouring to demolish the wall, to gain admittance to the green chamber. The hesitated not for a moment, but withdrawing th opened the door. A spectre, with dishevelled hair nuated, and half naked, rushed into the chamb was the Chevalier.

" The Chevalier de Beaubourg," said the Quee in the King's body guard ?"

" The same," replied the Princess, " and the has the honour of guarding his Majesty this eveni

" The Chevalier at once recognised the Count parville, and throwing himself into his arms, cried

" ' Oh ! my friend, save me, save me.'

" The Count, motionless with astonishment, g awhile, not knowing what to think, but obser dreadful state of agitation of his friend, he endeav re-assure him ; and then making him put on son clothes, which the Count took out of his portm besought him to be calm, and feel assured of hi and to inform him how, or by what mystery he ha him in the deplorable state in which he now was.

" For, my dear Chevalier, he continued, " y been mourned for as dead, and your people still you.'

" ' My brother,' cried the Chevalier, ' My b a fratricide.'

" The Chevalier became more calm, and rela three months before he was in Paris, full of healt ness, and wealth. He had formed an acquaintan young lady of exquisite beauty, had become enam her, and was fortunate enough in return to po lady's affections. But unhappily he had a rival, rival was his own brother, the Count de Be Fortunately for the aspirings of the Chevalier, he h

or, perhaps, greater wealth than his elder brother; for a rich uncle had made him his heir. Otherwise, Monsieur de Lussan might have preferred the Count as a husband for his beautiful daughter, but knowing the wealth, and seeing the devotion of the Chevalier, he willingly received him as his future son-in-law.

"The Count warmly pleaded his suit, representing the advantages of his title and high birth, but Monsieur Lussan pleaded in return the unchanging love of his daughter for the Chevalier, and his brother's priority, as an acquaintance of longer standing.

"'Take care,' said the Count, 'how you refuse me the hand of your daughter, for this I promise you, that the Chevalier shall never have her. A fearful malady will soon draw him away from her society, for painful as it is to me to acknowledge the fact, yet in justice to the young lady, I am bound to avow that he labours under severe and periodical attacks of insanity.'

"A few days after this strange communication, the Chevalier was seized by four men as he was coming out of the Opera, bound, gagged, and placed in a chaise, which conveyed him rapidly to his brother's chateau. They placed him in a turret, where they kept him closely confined, and spread around the neighbourhood the report of his fearful malady.

"After enduring for forty days a treatment that was likely to render insane the most philosophically-minded man, the Chevalier found himself in a dungeon, where he was destined to languish, and perhaps to die, if some lucky chance, or his own courage, could not extricate him. There was a supply of provisions left beside him, enough for some months to come. It became very evident to him, that his brother did not wish positively to shed his blood, but he had deliberately buried him alive, in order that he might unmolested woo, and perhaps win, the object of his heart's adoration.

"This was, in point of fact, exactly the case. The Count delayed not to return to Paris, where he announced to the family of De Lussan, the death of the Chevalier, and he besought the heart-stricken girl to transfer to himself a portion of the love with which his unhappy brother had inspired her.

"What would have been his conduct after espousing Mademoiselle De Lussan, we know not, but it is to be hoped, for the honour of humanity, that his first act would have been to liberate the unfortunate prisoner, and have endeavoured to extenuate his conduct, by pleading as its cause the excess of his affection, and the fury of his passion.

"But the Chevalier lost not, for a moment, the hope of escaping from this living tomb; he searched and rummaged from one end of his dungeon to the other, and at length found a rusty old nail, with which he contrived to loosen the hinges of the door, which enabled him to leave his dungeon, which was known alone to the masters of the Chateau, and which place had doubtlessly served them in the feudal times, to exercise with impunity, their private and demoniacal vengeance.

"After some time he found himself on a staircase, which led to the Green Chamber, and for fifteen days had he laboured with his liberating nail to detach portions of the wall, in order to gain an entrance; this was the noise which had so much alarmed the inmates of the Castle.

"'Well, my dear friend,' said D'Esparville, 'your brother has endeavoured to murder you, but I have luckily come to the rescue, and now, being alive and frisky, what shall we do?'

"'The first thing you must do is to remove me from this place,' said the Chevalier.

"'I shall do more, my friend, I shall conduct you to Paris, and if Mademoiselle Lussan is still free, I shall not leave you until I see you wedded to her.'

"The Chevalier grasped D'Esparville's hand, and looked his thanks. They waited until the inmates of the Castle were buried in profound repose, and before daybreak they left the Green Chamber, and directed their steps towards the stable, where luckily D'Esparville's horse was fresh shod, and ready for the road. The Chevalier and his liberator opened a side entrance of the Castle, and both mounting on the same horse, arrived in a few hours at Grenoble, from which place they hired a post-chaise, and started for Paris.

"'What if my beloved be already married,' said the Chevalier, with a groan.

"'And what will you do," replied D'Esparville, 'if she is?'

"'I know her heart too well to fear,' said the Chevalier smiling; 'she is still mine.'

"'Yes, but hearing that you are dead, she might espouse your brother, and not betray her trust to you. You would never think of revenging yourself on a rival by assassination, besides, your rival is your own brother. You would not be able to find either seconds or witnesses who could possibly countenance a duel between you and him. What plan will you pursue?'

"'I shall run away with her,' said the Chevalier. 'I am rich, and can live where I please. She loves me, and her hatred for my brother will increase when she learns the guilty means by which he has obtained her. I know she will fly with me.'

"'Run away with your sister-in-law,' said D'Esparville, 'that would be a serious case, yet I fear if I were in your place, I should just do the same thing.'

"They paid the postilions like Princes, and travelled night and day until they reached Paris. The Chevalier had apartments in that city, to which they both drove, where they descended, entered, and dressed.

"The Count D'Esparville, without delay, rushed to the hotel of Monsieur de Lussan, where he learnt that on the following day the Count de Beaubourg was to be married to the beautiful Mademoiselle de Lussan, and that in a few hours the contract was to be signed in presence of the two assembled families.

"Upon this intelligence he speeded back to his friend, and both dressed in gala attire, ornamented with gold and a superfluity of lace, betook themselves in a splendid equipage to the residence of Monsieur de Lussan.

"The Marquis D'Esparville left the Chevalier in the

carriage, as he wished to make his appearance for a short time before him. The doors flew open, and to the two attendants he gave his card, and they immediately announced,

" ' The Marquis D'Esparville.'

" My relative," continued the Princess, " was still young at the time at which I have the honour to speak of him to your Majesty, his bearing was majestic, his countenance noble, yet proud; in fact, he was considered under the reign of the late king, one of the handsomest men in the service. His unexpected appearance was a matter of astonishment, inasmuch as, except to the Count de Beaubourg, he was completely unknown to the assembled company.

" He hesitated not, nevertheless, to advance towards Mademoiselle de Lussan, whom he at once recognized by her bridal robes, and her sad and grief-stricken countenance.

" ' Mademoiselle,' said he, bowing respectfully, ' I come to dry your tears—I come to restore him whom you love. My friend the Chevalier is full of life and health, which has never for a moment deserted him. And still more joyous words remain for me to repeat, that he loves you, his first, his only love, with, if possible, increased intensity of affection.'

" These words caused a lively sensation in the company; the ladies arose, and the Count advanced towards D'Esparville.

" ' Yes, my dear Count,' said the Marquis, ' your brother lives, lay aside this mourning, which does you honour, and prepare to embrace the Chevalier.'

" At the same moment the doors again opened, and the Chevalier entered, his eyes sparkling with brilliancy, and bearing upon his countenance the evidence of perfect health, and dressed with that distinguished elegance in which he has doubtless been in the habit of appearing before your Majesty.

" At his appearance the astonishment was redoubled; it would be difficult to paint the curiosity of the men, and the terror of the women, to whom the Chevalier seemed like an apparition—a man who had been dead for two whole months, that some unknown magician had perhaps enabled to leave his shroud and winding-sheet, in order to conduct him to, and confront him with, his unfaithful betrothed bride.

" Mademoiselle de Lussan, alone appeared not to lose her presence of mind. She displayed neither fear nor weakness, but rushing towards the Chevalier, threw herself in his arms.

" When they saw that she had not embraced an evaporating spirit, but the Chevalier himself in flesh and blood, they approached him—they gathered round him; he was caressed, welcomed, and interrogated.

" M. de Lussan advanced to the Marquis D'Esparville, and demanded an explanation of what had occurred.

" All eyes now sought the Count. He had profited by the first moment of tumult, and hastily disappeared. Then the Marquis commenced the recital which I have had the honour of relating to your Majesty, an congratulated him on the miraculous service he h dered to his friend.

" The contract was soon signed afresh, arrang made, and the marriage concluded upon.

" They sat down a happy and a joyous throng a and many were the jokes passed on the life-like a of the deceased, and the warm and impassioned the spectre bridegroom.

" The next day they started for the seat of the father, which was not more than six leagues from and the two lovers were united in wedlock's holy b

" One would imagine that the adventure would nate here, but it was not thus with the Marquis D' ville. In a few days after he received a challenge the Count de Beaubourg.

" ' Why this is strange,' said the Marquis, ' wh the Count to reproach me with. I have spared hi commission of a fearful crime, and I have relieve from marrying a woman who loves him not. Wha can he require?'

" He might have added that a man who had con himself as the Count had done, had tarnished cutcheon, and rendered himself unworthy to becor adversary of a brave and honourable man. In they will not condescend to meet a man of des character, or who has rendered himself liable to t bunal. The Count de Beaubourg failed not to at D'Esparville's refusal to fight, to a want of courag he threatened him with indignities that no honourab could submit to even in thought.

" However embarrassing as was the position of tleman under such circumstances, yet I hesitate blame the Marquis for the part he took, for he ac the challenge. You already know the issue, sire, crave your mercy for the survivor. Heaven d itself for the honest man, for him whose happy int tion had saved the life of the Chevalier, and preven Count from consummating his intended crime.

" The Count de Beaubourg fell by the fire of his sary, and the Marquis was obliged to quit Franc cause his victim (if that name is in the present ca plicable to the slain man) had a powerful frien Count de Barry, who had sufficient interest to p the clemency of the late king. But now, sire Majesty will not permit that the Marquis be any longer exiled, but you will mercifully tak consideration that for two years a brave and disting officer has been far from his own loved country, rated from his family, and deprived of the compani of his friends, by an affair which he could not against, and in which he had not been the aggresso the consequences of which he had drawn upon him his endeavour to do a good action. Dare I sire ——"

The Princess would have continued to plead w the cause of her injured relative, had she not per that the King slept, or perhaps he only feigned r she therefore ceased speaking, and like a child who

its eyes when the lullaby of its nurse no longer sounds in its ears, so it was with the king the moment the Princess ceased speaking, his Majesty ceased sleeping.

"Madame," said he, extending his hand towards the easy chair of the Queen; "there is my purse, pay your debts, but you will ruin me, Madame, as my private purse is now completely empty."

The Queen, embarrassed and agitated, took the purse, paid her debts, and their Majesties retired.

That night Marie Antoinette solemnly promised her royal spouse never again to play out of her own palace, and she kept her word.

The Marquis D'Esparville was soon recalled to France by royal command.

The Princess, who on this occasion had the cleverness to please the Queen, and at the same time obtain a favour that she had long feared and hesitated to ask, did not display the same skill in the government of her house, for in a short time the bankruptcy of the Prince, her husband, scandalized France, and proved how wise Louis was in interdicting the Queen from so dangerous an intimacy.

BELINDA.

THE XANTHIAN MARBLES.—Our readers are doubtless aware that an enterprising English traveller has rescued from impending destruction those beautiful productions of classic art, which were discovered by him in Asia Minor, at a place which occupies the site of the ancient Halicarnassus—the whole being now deposited in the British Museum. They have been found on inspection to rival the most splendid efforts of the best periods of ancient sculpture, and to vie with the celebrated Elgin marbles in beauty and perfection. They present, amid a variety of objects, statues of sea-nymphs and deities, of the most perfect design and execution, and we understand they have already furnished our English artists with many models for the exercise of their skill. Among other instances, we have been much struck with an exquisite group of the Graces, executed as an engraving on steel by Messrs. Perkins and Bacon, as a label for an article of deserved fame and reputation, which has but too often been imitated and counterfeited by unprincipled empirics. We allude to ROWLAND'S celebrated KALYDOR for *beautifying and preserving the Complexion!* Further particulars of which appear in the Advertisement on our Wrapper.

CHARADE.

The top of a mountain, the side of a well,
The toils of a lover whilst weaving his spell;
With the half of a mermaid if parted in two,
Will explain the true reason of my loving you.

B.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The new opera of the *Fairy Oak* has not met with very decided success. The music is by Mr. FORBES, the conductor of the Societa Armonica Concerts, and displays some occasional prettinesses, but it wants the master mind to grapple with the ideas; the *motivi* being devoid of character, and the instrumentation by no means of a high order. As a spectacle, it is very well brought out: and Miss RAINFORTH and ALLEN, in the chief parts, are deserving of high praise.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The most amusing and fashionable performances are announced to commence in a few days, and Mr. MITCHELL has used every exertion to make the present season one of the most attractive in point of excellence that we have yet had. The theatre has been entirely new decorated, nearly two thousand pounds having been expended in the decorations: the house being restored to all its pristine splendour, than which nothing can be more beautiful or elegant. The roof, one of the most exquisite that has ever been modelled, being a *fac simile* of the celebrated Sorbonne, is faultless in point of taste, and stands out now in all its original beauty and splendour. The whole of the house corresponds, and a new and far more elegant glass chandelier has been placed in lieu of the heavy looking wooden one formerly there. The company will be unusually strong. The following are already engaged:—Mdlle. Marteleur, M. M. Lemaitre, Dumery, Cartigny, Lafont, Laferriere, and Ravel. Mesdames Rose Cheri, Dejazet, Rachel, and Saint Marc. Mdlle. Rachel is engaged for two months. Mr. MITCHELL is also in treaty with several others of the *celebrités* of Paris, whose names will appear as soon as the period of their respective *congés* can be obtained. The subscription list is the best, both numerically, and in point of fashion, that Mr. MITCHELL has yet had; and from the *distinguée* subscribers, the beauty of the new decorations of the theatre, and the excellence of the company engaged, we can imagine nothing more attractive than this theatre will be during the season. The subscription nights will be the same as last season, Mondays and Fridays, with the option of changing to the Wednesdays, and will consist of the same number of subscription nights.

HAYMARKET.—The good old stock comedies, interspersed with DOUGLAS JERROLD'S *Time Works Wonders*, and cast with a strength and excellence that no Theatre can at all compete with, have been so attractive as to render novelty unnecessary: though a new comedy, by a son of SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S, has been accepted, and will be speedily produced. The new farce of the *Cabinet Question* is a most laughable affair, and BUCKSTONE is irresistibly droll in it. We have seldom seen an audience enter with so much spirit into the humour of a farce, as they do with this excellent little piece.

ADELPHI.—The revival of *Green Bushes* has been attended with as much success as marked its original production. It is a really excellent drama, and the acting of CELESTE as the Indian *Miami*, is one of the most beautiful pieces of acting on the stage; it is a finely con-

ceived character, worked out by her with consummate ability, every attitude is a perfect study, and in her hands *Miami* is one of those admirably pourtrayed picturesque bits of acting, that dwells in the memory for years after the piece itself has perhaps been forgotten. We are sorry *Clarisse* is not continued, as the acting of WEBSTER in it is so excellent, as to ensure the drama a much longer run; his ease and *nonchalance* as the Parisian *Voleur*, is quite a perfect specimen of this class of acting. The new ballet burlesque of *Taming a Tartar*, has proved highly successful. It is founded on the celebrated French ballet, *Le Diable à quatre*, and has been produced most brilliantly. CELESTE is admirable in it; her *Mazourka* is as *piquante* and charming as anything can possibly be, whilst Miss WOOLGAR has a part quite in her line. WRIGHT is full of humour, and PAUL BEDFORD, as usual, a mountain of mirth. It is certain to be one of the most popular pieces that has yet been done at this theatre, being gay, brilliant, and altogether highly effective.

LYCEUM.—Two new farces, *Peter Jenkins*, and *The Last of the Bravoes*, both written by Mr. OXENFORD, have been produced with much success, KEELEY enacting the chief parts in each, with much humour. *Aladdin*, with all its former splendour and humourous dialogue, has been revived here, and done good service to the theatre.

PRINCESS'S.—MACREADY has proved immensely attractive here, his *Hamlet* having drawn overflowing houses every night. The other parts are fairly, but not particularly well cast, but as the public go only to see MACREADY, and he is as excellent as ever, they care but little for the others.

LOVE AWEARY OF THE WORLD.

Oh! my love is very lovely,
In her mind all beauties dwell;
She is robed in living splendour,
Grace and modesty attend her,
And I love her passing well.
But I'm weary, weary, weary,
In despair my soul is hurl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary:
I am weary of the world!

She is kind to all about her,
For her heart is pity's theme;
She has smiles for all men's gladness,
She has tears for every sadness;
She is hard to me alone.
And I'm weary, weary, weary,
From a love-lit summit hurl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world!

When my words are words of wisdom,
All her spirit I can move;
At my wit her eyes will glisten,
But she flies, and will not listen,
If I dare to speak of love.
Oh! I'm weary, weary, weary,
By a storm of passion whirl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world!

I rue that there are others fairer—
Fairer? no, that cannot be;
Yet some maids of equal beauty,
High in soul and firm in duty,
May have kinder hearts than she.
Why, my heart, so weary, weary,
To and fro by passions whirl'd?
Why so weary, weary, weary,
Why so weary of the world?

Were my love but passing fancy,
To another I might turn;
But I'm doom'd to love unduly,
One who will not answer truly,
And who freezes when I burn.
And I'm weary, weary, weary,
To despair my soul is hurl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world!

C. M

LOVE.

To hear thy gentle voice, and dream of thee is bl
To see thee fondly smile—what joy can equal thi
When thou art in my sight,
In every vein I feel,
A burning vapour steal,
Of rapture and delight.
A mist spreads round my brain,
With languid breath I sigh,
Trembling with hope—I feign
Would look on thee—and die.

CHARADE.

I exist in the summer, but bloom in the spring;
And yet I am deemed but a worthless bad thing.
I never am tired, and move like a snake;
Now of my dimensions pray something do make.

The summer's sun shows off my first,
My second through the snow-storms burst,
And my *tout* is close beside you.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress made perfectly plain and full on the skirt, composed of a pale dove-coloured *poult de soie*; high close fitting corsage and plain sleeves, long, and having broad lace ruffles attached round the wrists. Mantelet of *oiseau* and pale sea-green Italian silk, formed round over the back, which is rather deep; a narrow piece of the same is put on just over the arms, giving it the appearance of an under-sleeve; long ends descending nearly to the edge of the dress, and rounded; small cape pelerine as far as the waist, where it is attached; the whole encircled with a handsome broad fringe having a twisted heading, and made in the same two colours as the material of which the mantelet is composed. Bonnet of pale blue *velours épinglé*; the crown decorated with a pretty amber-coloured ribbon, and a small tuft of marabouts drooping from the left side; loops of the same coloured ribbon decorating the interior; a flat fulling of blue *crêpe* surrounds the edge of the brim, both in the interior and exterior.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress made in the pelisse form, and of a rich shot violet and green silk; the skirt is made extremely wide, and rather long, sitting in full dress folds over the hips; *corsage à basque*, fitting close to the figure, and high up to the throat; the entire centre of the pelisse is closed with a narrow *biais* of black velvet, upon which are placed at regular distances large round gold frosted burtons; a *biais* of velvet encircling also the lower part of the body, and *jockeys* which are round; the wrists of the long plain sleeves are decorated with a trimming similar to that up the centre of the dress, finished by a row of lace of a moderate width; lace collar *à la puritan*. Bonnet of a rich pink satin; the exterior of the front is nearly concealed by a double row of rich white *applique* lace, divided by a twist of pink satin ribbon, which is finished on each side by two reversed ends of the same, separated by a small knot; the interior being without any trimming.

AFTERNOON COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A costume of a magnificent pale sea-green satin; the skirt made very full and long, and decorated with a splendid trimming of embroidery, which ascends up each side of the front, continuing upon the corsage, and gradually widening towards the shoulders, where it finishes; the lower ends upon the skirt are slightly rounded; high plain corsage, headed with a narrow fulling of fine white muslin; rounded waist; plain long sleeves, edged at the wrist with a cross piece of fine muslin put on nearly plain, forming a kind of double fold. Drawn capote of white silk; the crown decorated on the left side with a splendid blue and white drooping feather, having a perfect *neige* like effect, being extremely light in its appearance: the interior of the brim decorated with loops of pale blue velvet ribbon formed rather longer on the left side of the face; the right side is made more in the form of a *nœud*.

PLATE THE THIRD.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress consisting of a rich satin, of a very dark colour, the skirt made perfectly plain, with high body and tight sleeves, which are finished round the wrists with manchettes of white lace; *pardessus* of a beautiful shot Italian silk in two colours, plum colour and light blue; the *jupe* made immensely full, and reaching to a little above the ancle, open up the front, and decorated with a deep cape, of a round form at the back, and trimmed with three rows of fringe rather deep, of a blue shade, each row being headed with a double stripe of narrow black ribbon velvet, put on at equal distances, and having a very rich and pretty effect. Bonnet of a light purple *velours épinglé*, the brim rather close, and bound at the edge as well as round the top of the crown, which is rather deep, and decorated on the right side with loops of ribbon, confined in the centre with a piece of the same, and on the left side with a long ostrich feather.

HOME DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant costume is made of a shot Italian silk, pale lavender and a light fawn *glacé*, the skirt made *en train*, and very full, high corsage, fastened round the throat with a small square collar of the same material as the dress, bound with a French piping all round, the centre part of the corsage opening a little apart, and confined across with narrow bands of the same material, attached at each end with round silver frosted buttons, the same kind of trimming being repeated upon the *jockeys* and cuffs of the plain loose sleeve, which is sufficiently short to show the under sleeve of fulled white muslin, edged with a row of lace, the waist of the corsage is extremely long, and edged all round with rather a broad binding. Coiffure composed of a narrow strip of light green velvet, forming rather a broad end on either side, and edged with a splendid deep fringe of green and gold silk.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of a light fawn-coloured satin, made perfectly plain, with high body and tight sleeves; manchettes of white lace; pardessus of black satin, elegantly trimmed with black fringe and ribbon velvet, and being the front view of the one in Fig. 1 of this plate, the upper row of fringe forming a kind of small round cape, the larger one finished just over the arms, and a double row of velvet descending down each side of the opening in the front, a little above the edge of the skirt. Capote of white *velours épinglé*, edged all round the front with a row of white lace, put on flat, and rounded at the ears, where it is allowed to be a little full, the crown tastefully trimmed on the right side with flat *nœuds* of white satin

ribbon, having a narrow velvet edge, and on the left with an elegant long drooping white ostrich feather, formed very taper at the end.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a pretty lilac coloured shot Italian silk *glacé*; the skirt made very full, and trimmed down the front on each side with double facings of the same, slightly waved at the edge, which are bordered with a very *petit* edging; these facings are continued up each side of the high open corsage, finishing upon the shoulders; under chemisette high up to the throat, and composed of bands of worked muslin inlet, divided with fullings of narrow muslin; plain elbow sleeves; the top decorated with round *jockeys*, and the lower part with a small piping forming two lozenges, and a double plain row round the wrists, edged with a narrow row of white lace round the hand. Capote of a deep *velours épinglé*; the form of the brim is very much rounded at the ears, and small in the front, which is edged with a very small *tire bouchon* trimming of the same material as the bonnet; the crown decorated with an immense flat ostrich feather, cut square at the end.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of rich embroidered India muslin, forming a double skirt; the under having about the depth of a broad hem, formed by a row of dots, then a row of eyelet holes, through which is passed a narrow blue satin ribbon, and then a wreath of light embroidery encircling the dress; this is continued upon the second skirt, with the addition of the middle breadth being likewise embroidered, so as to form a kind of short robing, with the addition of ribbon passing through holes like that on the lower part of the *jupe*; the facing upon the half-high corsage is similarly ornamented and edged with a double row of broad English point lace, which also ornaments the short plain sleeve; gympe of rich point lace. Coiffure composed of lappets of white lace, forming a kind of rounded half-handkerchief on the top of the head, and attached on each side with a large pink shaded rose, with green velvet leaves.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3—A dress of a pale green *poult de soie*; the skirt made of an immense length and fullness, sitting over the hips in deep folds or plaits: *corsage à l'amazon*; the waist is extremely long, reaching to a little above the hips, and high up to the throat, the entire front of the dress being ornamented on each side with a fold of the same material as the dress, upon which are placed small round silk buttons at regular distances; these folds meet at the waist, and gradually widen as they ascend upon each side of the corsage, finishing in the seam upon the shoulder; elbow sleeves perfectly plain, and merely decorated with broad lace *manchettes*. Capote of drawn amber silk; form *à la Clarisse*; the point of the brim edged with a small corkscrew trimming of *areophane*; the crown ornamented with a red rose shaded white, and confining a wreath of narrow green leaves, which pass over the top of the crown.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A silk morning dress; the body plain high; the sleeves are plain, and rather tight; they h broad open cuff, turned back and laced in the front c arm; the sleeve is sufficiently short to shew the under-sleeve of cambric; the skirt is very long, and ceedingly full; two rows of black lace gymp are plac the front of the skirt, meeting at the waist, from t they are carried to the neck of the dress; the spac tween the gymp being laced across with a rich fancy ming, fastened by gold buttons. Mantelet of velvet. lined and quilted with satin *colour de rose*; bordered by two bands of black satin *en biais*; i three fastenings composed of loops of satin and large satin buttons. Bonnet of satin *couleur de rose*; the being covered by folds of the same; the form is small short at the ears; the flowers with which it is trim are without foliage.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A dress of richly shaded silk; the nearly high, and fitting tight; the waist is long pointed both in the front and at the back; the sleeve plain, and open at the back of the arm, being trim with black lace; the skirt is long, and immensely three deep flounces of black lace set on very full, a equal distances, surround the bottom of the dress. Bo of white satin; the shape open, but falling back a ears; it is trimmed across the crown with white lace the left side are three small bows of the same, in the of which is placed a full blown rose, and long en lace, richly worked, droop below the curtain of the bon the interior of the brim has two fullings of tulle, but are no flowers in the cap; the strings are placed very ward, and are of plain satin ribbon.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of green plaided silk; the co plain and nearly high; the waist long and pointe small cape is attached to this dress, falling round shoulders in the form of a *berthe*, and trimmed with rows of fringe; the sleeves are plain, and rather larg deep cuff is turned back from the wrist edged with fri the skirt has two flounces, the most prominent stripe g round the dress; each flounce is trimmed with a b fringe. Bonnet of rich lavender satin; the brim o and falling low at the ears; two rather broad fulling satin surround the outer edge of the bonnet, and a do row of small puffings of satin are placed at the botto the crown; the interior is ornamented with small velvet flowers.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—The Duchess of Kent is here represented tired in a high dress of cachmeire cloth, the corsage p and fitting tight, the waist *à pointe*, the sleeves are pl and have a plain broad cuff, below which falls a ruffle, the skirt is made exceedingly full and very l Mantelet of black velvet, cut deep and round at

bonnet, the favourite material being satin, and in colours of rather a lighter hue than those made of velvet. For instance, one composed of pink satin, having a broad fall of blonde falling back upon the front, and attached on each side with roses, forming upon the top of the *bavolet* a small wreath, or those *à la Clarisse* made of myrtle green satin lined with a violet velvet; and upon the front of the brim are placed four ribbons, two of which are composed of violet velvet, and two of green satin intermixed in a rectangular form, and having a very novel effect. The flowers which will be worn this season will be very nearly the same colour as the bonnets, dark shaded feathers being adopted for afternoon dress, and velvet and satin ribbons for *negligés* trimmed in the following way: on one side is a simple *nœud* of very broad satin ribbon, and on the other one in velvet. Capotes of satin are decorated with velvet; the *garniture* and material being of the same colour.

Toilettes de Ville.—Those most in vogue are made in the pelisse form, and of a charming French blue material, having broad facings of the *dentelle velours* in the same colour forming points, each extremity being fastened and finished by a *bouton Marquisé* in *passementerie*, and encircled with a steel rim; the corsage being made high, and in the amazonian form, with elbow sleeves *à deux coutures*, ornamented with facings *à la Louis XV.*, similar to those on the skirt. Several very elegant ones have also appeared of a form perfectly simple and plain, and made of violet coloured poplin (which is now in great favour) divided by squares marked out with a small silver thread. Pelisses of Pekin silk, which are now so much worn, are almost universally decorated with steel buttons, of which there are a great variety; some being formed square, others oval, whilst the greater number are made perfectly round, and as finely worked as the *Marcassites*. We have also remarked that small steel buckles are being introdueed, and placed so as to divide two coques of ribbon velvet.

Furs.—Ermine and sable are still considered as by far the richest and most *recherché* looking furs; but there is also another which classes with these, and which last year was in great favour with our *elegantés*. We are now speaking of the *grêbe* fur, which is a kind of greyish steel colour *doré*, something like the effect produced by the rays of the sun. No toilette will be considered perfect this season which is not decorated with fur. Broad volants of *martre* serves to ornament those comfortable and elegant looking *douillettes*. We may also mention that *les caprices* are entirely encircled with *grêbe* or ermine.

Manteaux will not certainly be the only envelope adopted still for a carriage costume. Nothing can be more convenient or comfortable. We may cite as an elegant model those made of satin or levantine, having broad *revers* or facings of velvet rounded upon the shoulders so as to form a pretty pelerine. *Les pelerines russes* is another kind of outer garment which will be very generally adopted, the lower corners of the skirt being rounded; full back; floating or loose fronts, and small square turn-over collars. We have also been shewn some very splendid ones composed of a rich French blue velvet encircled with a splendid *zibeline* fur, and lined white satin most beautifully quilted.

Les Echarpes Albanaises are still much worn striped crossways, and composed of a kind of ribbed worsted material, having somewhat the appearance of needle work. Some very elegant scarfs of velvet are also about to appear; they are embroidered, and have sleeves and small hoods, being intended for evening wear, theatres, &c. Also the *petit dolman*, which is made in pink or white satin embroidered with braid fastened at the throat with a beautiful cord and tassels, and lined throughout with splendid ermine.

Pardessus *à la Catherine II.*, are now in great favour, and are particularly pretty when made of myrtle green satin, reaching as low as the top of the leg, and opening in the front on the *veste à la Louis XVI.* The present style of *petit* pelisse is also very pretty, composed of Italian silk simply fulled all round, a plain piece surrounding the shoulders, and covered with a small turnover collar; this collar, as well as the opening of the sleeves, and the *tour* of the pelisse being encircled with a trimming about a hand's width, cut on the *biais* and fulled, whilst others are ornamented with a fringe having a plain heading, or what is still prettier, three narrow *garnitures* ascending one upon another, and edged with a very narrow fringe. The most predominant colours for this style of dress are dark blue or green, or a darkish shade of blue lilac. *Le gris feutre*, (or felt) is a colour that will also be much in vogue this winter. We must also cite those made in the *Louis Quartozè* style in satin *à la reine*; the skirt made of moderate width, and descending only as low as the knee, allowing of the front of the under-dress to be seen, and bordered all round with a broad black velvet; close fitting body, open up the front, edged with velvet, and attached by three bands of velvet, put on crossways; long sleeves, tight at the top, and rather wide at the lower part, similarly trimmed with velvet; the whole having a very elegant effect.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Burch's lines on the Retirement of the late Duke of Sussex from the Freemasons, are not applicable, as the subject of them is no longer of this world. We therefore decline them.

"B. D." received.

"Herman, the Tyler," certainly in our next.

"Sophia," under revision.

"Cato," shall be attended to.

"G. P." shall be gratified in our next.

"Fanny," declined with thanks.

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put on about the width of the hem from the latter, and divided by a wreath of embroidery and a blue silk ribbon, forming a *coulisse*; the same style of embroidery is repeated upon the fold, ascending upon the seam on each side of the front, as well as the ribbon; the corsage is made half-high upon the shoulders, and very open in the front, turned back with a narrow piece, which is trimmed with a *coulisse*, or drawing, of narrow ribbon, the same colour as is on the skirt, and two rows of white lace; chemisette of embroidered *batiste*, with short sleeves, similarly decorated with lace; there are, also, an innumerable number made in pink, sky blue, and *gris glacé taffetas*, some trimmed with a delicate *passementerie*, whilst others are decorated with rich *volants* of lace, disposed *en spirale* all round the *jupe*. We must mention, in particular, one made of a *jaune d'Asie* colour, the garniture of which is not only simple, but has a very elegant effect, having seven rows of *chicorée*, cut of the same material as the dress, and which as it ascends, diminishes in thickness, and is divided with a *torsade* of satin. Those dresses composed of Indian muslin, have the corsages mostly formed *à la Grecque*, and lined with a light *transparent*; broad facings *doublées*, with a ribbon, terminated upon each side with a *nœud* of silk, and long floating ends. Another elegant style are those made of *crêpe cachmeire*, of a light green, ornamented with an *échelle* of velvet, confined at regular distances with amythist buttons, which also serves to attach the draperies on the corsage, that is upon the chest and sleeves.

Fashionable Colours are now mostly of a sombre hue, as well as those shot silks which produce all the colours of the rainbow! *glacé* silks are gradually disappearing, and giving place to plain colours; they are greatly prefered by our most distinguished *élégantes*. The only material which allows of a mixture of colours being the *Pèkin damas*, which has a broad black stripe, upon a ground of maroon, blue and green; sometimes, indeed, the ground is of a lighter colour, such as pink or sky blue, the stripe being then of white *Pekinée*.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

This may be said with truth to be the commencement of the winter campaign, and a very brilliant one it promises to be. Our plates will testify that, early as it is in the season, the winter fashions have made some progress. Certainly the variety and richness of new materials increase with each successive year, as well as the style of the dresses, which are rendered every year more becoming to the figure, and elegant to the eye. We shall commence by citing those which appear most worthy of our fair readers' notice.

Coiffures.—An elegant small kind of scarf, in shaded open-worked silk, ornamented with long tassels, has lately appeared destined for the forming of a pretty style of winter head-dress; they are twisted round the head, and have a very light and graceful effect; they are also rendered more magnificent by being intermixed wi and trimmed with broad fringe, which floats gr over each side by the ears, having somewhat the app of a small turban. A very new style of *coiffure* a made in light coloured silks, intermixed with s gold. and formed into *toques chefs*; the crowns caps finished with a roll of velvet, and other fan dresses. For full dress, turbans will be much wor posed of Persian stuffs *lamée*, as well as the *grecques*, and the Egyptian head-dress, the style a of which are so truly royal, and recalls the splen the middle ages; lastly, the *coiffure Isabelle* is favour, made in velvet or satin, and ornamen beautiful embroideries and rich broad fringes.

Lingerie has acquired within the last few year portance *toute particuliere*. The latest novelty we have occasion to speak, is a *canezout* of mus broidered all round and upon the two sides of th with small bunches of flowers placed a little ap ornamented with a blue silk ribbon, passing benea bouquet by means of small loops or holes, and fo pretty *transparent* to the embroidery, trimmed a with a lace slightly fulled; a small collar similarly dered is also decorated with a ribbon, and trimm lace. Another pretty style of *canezout* are those plain muslin, and decorated all round with a fu muslin *festonnée* upon each side, and *poseé* upon a ribbon of lilac silk.

Toilettes de Visite.—We may venture to being by far the most *recherché* and distinguished those made in *scabieuse* velvet, *à corsage Isabeau* the lower part of the body is rounded upon the hi trimmed with a rouleau of *martre* fur, which is peated upon the facings of the sleeves, two row same rich fur decorating the lower part of the skir *L'Alancon* lace is also used for the trimming o dresses.

Robes de Chambre are at this season of the greater request than at any other, and are without being made for all hours, to suit all tastes, both as health or imagination; from the white flannel, e with a plaiting of pink or blue ribbon all round, those in white cachmeire lined with blue satin, or levantine of a pearl grey *doublée* with pink *floren* encircled with a broad plain *galon*. Several ex pretty ones are now made of myrtle green cachme trimmed with *revers* or facings of emerald green lined with white *moire*; the sleeves of these *r chambre* are very various, some being made to o the side, and fastened with a double row of leaving sufficient space to allow of the under-sleev ing, whilst others are made quite straight *à reve* others *à la religieuse*.

Les Coiffures en Cheveux will still be w at the back of the head, and the fashion of orna combs being about to be revived, they will doub very general this winter. The most elegant are de with diamonds, cameos, Marcassite, &c.

Capotes.—Nothing is more elegant than this

Morning Caps are principally decorated with a pretty English lace, put on in the form of a *colimaçon*, each row being separated by means of small *coques* of pink ribbon. Another pretty style of cap, is one composed of tulle, trimmed upon the front with two rows of broad lace, which entirely conceals the foundation, and is ornamented upon the centre of the head with a *demi* wreath of *petits choux* of red velvet, and terminated upon each side over the ears with a bunch or *chou* rather larger than the rest, having long ends depending from it. Then, again, there are those formed without any trimming, being simply composed of a foundation of *guipure*, bordered with a broad ribbon of pink silk, and decorated over the ears with a bouquet of pink daisies. One particularly elegant is made of *guipure royale*, lined with a double gauze of two colours, namely, orange and citron, and trimmed with *choux* formed of velvet leaves, intermixed in these two colours. The bonnet *catalan* is another very elegant style of cap, formed of two English lace lappets, having a small square piece in the same light texture; it is supported by the back plat of hair, and which is surrounded with the narrow plate of gold sustaining the veil worn with the *catalan* cap.

New Materials are of such infinite variety, that it is quite impossible to make a catalogue of them, and as we only wish to give those of the most elegant description, we must content ourselves with selecting the following, namely:—*Les Pékins brochés, les gros de tours Pompadour, les satins d'Orient*, with their rich patterns *en reliefs* of all colours, *les damas aux dessins veloutés, les tissus d'Alhambra, les satins de Chine, les Memphis*, and those enchanting *alcyones* in shot colours, the ground work being in a thousand charming patterns. We must not forget to mention, also, those worsted stuffs which are in request for *negligé* costume, particularly those in pearl grey upon a silver grey, diversified with satin stripes, being by far the prettiest thing now worn. Then, again, those in plain colours, *à rayures*, formed by *câblés brochés*, or those having the stripes running crossways. Some very pretty stuffs intended for *petites toilettes*, are also much in request, called the *grenadine cachmeire*; also satins, levantines, *Pékins*, upon which are disposed shaded patterns; they are considered in very good taste for *négligés* and visiting costumes.

Dresses.—Those composed of *poult de soie* are most in vogue for the moment; they are principally decorated round the lower part of the skirt with six rows of narrow lilac fringe, the bodies formed half-high, and frilled into the waist, having a *demi-pelerine* fastening at the back, and edged top and bottom with a similar fringe; plain sleeves, decorated with six rows of fringe, put on at equal distances up the whole length of the sleeve; *guimpe* of plaited muslin, edged with an embroidered inlet all round the neck; mantelet of black lace. Another very elegant style of dress is made in blue Italian silk, trimmed with a broad flounce *dentelé*, and surmounted by a second one very narrow, similarly *dentelé*, and forming a heading to the broad one; plain body, made high upon the shoulders, and forming two deep points upon the front, which are also decorated with facings *dentelés*; plain sleeves and round *jockeys*, likewise *dentelés*. Those composed of *foulard*, are mostly in plain colours, the front of the skirt ornamented with a double row of *Marquises* buttons put on upon a double *revers*, bordered with a very narrow lilac fringe; half-high corsage, fastened half way up the front with buttons, and ornamented with facings, joining those on the skirt plain.

Redingotes for a *negligé* toilette, we know of no form so suitable as those made in the pelisse fashion. We cannot do better than select the following model, it being intended to be worn by our young Sovereign, made in *Pékin* silk, of a dark blue, and trimmed in triple rows of narrow black lace, put on plain on the two sides of the front, and which also serves to decorate the body, facings, and sleeves. Another very elegant one is composed of broad stripes, the one being a shaded dark lilac, the other stripe black satin, worked over with a pearl-lace pattern. The corsage is fulled into the waist in folds, which forms a kind of fan upon the chest, and ascends a little less high than the throat, so as to allow of a little of the under *guimpe* showing, which is decorated with a magnificent light-looking lace fulling, so as to touch the top of the dress, the lower part of the skirt being ornamented with four rows of double folds of velvet, alternate black and lilac, the lowest fold being considerably wider than the rest; folds of the same description, but quite straight, are placed upon the sleeves as far as the bend of the arm, where it terminates in a rounded form on each side, allowing the sleeve to be a little open towards the lower part; sleeves with broad facings, edged with fringe; *guimpe* of muslin. Another very elegant costume is composed of *moire*, in satin stripes, the colour *gris d'acier*, trimmed with broad fringes, composed of a mixture of silk and steel; the corsage is made high and open upon the front of the chest, accompanied by a small *rabat*, forming a kind of half-handkerchief, descending as low as the waist, and edged with a similar fringe; short sleeves, similarly decorated with two rows of fringe; long sleeves may be attached, the lower part being made rather wide and open, so as to allow of the under white lace sleeve showing. Lastly, a dress of plain dark blue *grenadine*, lined with silk of the same colour, and trimmed with five broad flounces, entirely covered with narrow ribbon velvet, a little wider than a flat boot lace, and of the same colour as the dress; this velvet is also placed upon the top of the body, and likewise serves to ornament the sleeves, reaching from the epaulet to the wristband; these sleeves are formed *demi-larges*, and are loose at the lower part, the underneath ones being composed of English point lace, like the chemisette.

Materials for Evening Dress.—The most elegant are those made in a beautiful black lace, and which may be worn with either a high or low body, if the former, they are lined with black satin, and if the latter, with pink satin. For trimmings or head-dress, pink and black velvet ribbons are considered the most elegant. Another and a lighter style of evening dress are those made of *Tarlatane*, the skirt trimmed with a broad fold,

back, the ends in the front falling nearly to the bottom of the dress, are left square at the corners, and trimmed with folds of satin *en biais*, the opening at the front of the arm has a facing of velvet, edged with a fold of satin, the corners finished by two satin buttons; a small velvet collar is turned back, open a little on the shoulders, the fronts taking the form of small lappels, the corners having a button to correspond with those at the arm, and is also edged with a fold or band of satin. Bonnet of blue satin, the shape open and short at the ears; loops of satin ribbon, of the same colour, are placed on the right side of the crown, and a splendid feather droops over the front of the bonnet, falling low at the left side.

AUTUMN COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—The Princess Royal is here represented attired in a dress of blue twilled cachmeire, the skirt having a deep hem and two tucks, each headed by a narrow silk embroidery; the body and sleeves are plain, the latter having a narrow cuff edged as the tucks, and two rows of embroidery round the top of the arm; a deep *berthe* cape is round the neck of the frock, also embroidered; a large cape of the same material, lined with blue satin and worked to correspond, completes the costume for promenade. Bonnet of pink velvet, approaching to the gypsey form, is simply trimmed with ribbon of black velvet.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Her Majesty Queen Victoria is here represented attired in a dress of green satin, the body nearly high, and fitting tight to the figure; the waist long and pointed; the sleeves are plain, deep cuffs of rich Honiton lace being worn with them; the skirt is perfectly plain, but immensely full and very long. Black satin cloak, the fullness set into a gusset or plain piece; a deep fall of satin, the edge indented or scolloped, and trimmed with a narrow but rich fancy silk trimming, is placed at the bottom of the gusset at the back, and terminates at the front of the shoulder; a collar trimmed to correspond, falls over and covers the gusset; the cloak is lined throughout with pink satin quilted; it is simply hemmed at the bottom; the fronts are finished by a piece *en biais*, turned back, the edge indented and trimmed to correspond with the frills; large open sleeves, lined and frilled, add to the ease and elegance of this splendid carriage costume. Bonnet of pink satin, the shape open, and falling low at the ears; the trimming is composed of pale roses, without foliage, those of the interior to correspond. A magnificent Honiton veil is thrown over the front of the bonnet.

YOUNG LADY'S MORNING COSTUME.

FIG. 4.—A dress of white *poult de soie*; the skirt perfectly plain, but very long and full; the body fitting tight, is half-high, and finished round the top of the corsage by a fulling or reverse plaiting of the same material, edged with narrow corded bands; beautifully worked chemisette, finished at the throat by a *rûche* of net. *Tablier* of pale pink *taffetas*, made exceedingly full, the corners of each breadth is turned back a little; the body fastens behind, the backs being of the same form as the fronts, with the exception of the four narrow bands, which form a stomacher; the epaulettes are very large.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1845.

The moment is at hand when all our *modistes* ar the alert after the winter fashions, and as we are in bound both to assist and instruct them, our resea have been more than ever deep and universal. The ness and good taste which they display, amply inden us for any trouble or anxiety we may have had in selection of them, and we trust upon looking over plates for the present month, they will be such as meet the tastes of those kind friends whom we so r wish to please. We will commence by giving the l fashions in

BONNETS.—Some of our leading fashionables been most anxious to know if bonnets of the Pamela will continue to be worn this winter. We can now an them decidedly, that it will be, and moreover, that i been unanimously proclaimed as being by far the pre and most graceful style that can be adopted. Still is another form talked of as being more suitable for m ing wear, and which is called the *Clarisse Harlowe*, b perfectly English in its cut, and so prettily decorate our first-rate milliners, as to give it a most char and distinguished effect, differing from the *Paméla* this, that although it is equally shallow at the ears, raised in the front, it is not closed so much at the che They are generally made of black velvet, and in cap of dark-coloured satin. Those of the *Paméla* form, both as to material and trimmings. We may, howe cite as being the most general, those made in green ve and decorated with a green ribbon, bordered with b velvet, a plain feather shaded green and black, a magnificent fall of black Chantilly lace, put on round edge of the front, and also the curtain, the top of *brides* in the interior being ornamented with roses, sh *cerise* and white encircling the face. We may here r tion also, that *demi-veils*, or rather falls, some in l lish *alençon*, *maline*, or Chantilly laces and blondes, be much worn, being perfectly adapted for the pre style of bonnets. It is the same also with flowers, w are replacing those ribbons decorating each side of temples under the *Paméla* form of bonnet. We may remark that the small roses are most worn, as being freshest and most natural looking flowers. A very gant kind of bonnet are those made of velvet, in colour *feutre* (or felt), lined with blue velvet, and d rated with a plain feather, in the same two colours, under part ornamented with roses similar to thos have mentioned above. Also a *chapeau* of dark velvet, the left side being trimmed with leaves of ve put on and attached, and intermixed with black lac pretty *nœud* of velvet ornamenting the opposite sid the crown. It is worthy of remark that the present of decorating the bonnets is richer than in any prece season; *les plumes quadrillées*, shaded in Indian p *les panaches brilliantés colibre* being the newest most charming novelties in feathers used for ornamen *les chapeaux*.

Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. Simeon

Fashionable Hiver Dresses 1845

(6)

The Duchess of Kent. The Princess Royal. The Queen.

The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1845 Morning Dresses

THE WORLD OF FASHION,

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1845.

THERESE;
OR, THE ORATOR'S PROGRESS.

" As when of old, some orator renowned
In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourished, since mute! to some great cause addressed,
Stood in himself collected; while each part
Motion, each act won audience." MILTON.

CHAPTER I.

In a city to the south of France, which we shall not name, fearful that our readers might seek and find in substantial flesh and bone, the hero of our present tale. This hero was named Demosthenes—fatal name—which in infancy consigned him to the artificial eloquence of a distinguished barrister. But how had he received the grand name of Demosthenes? Very simply, because he chanced to come into the world in the glorious years of the French republic, when every male infant was destined to be called Brutus, Themistocles, Aristides, Numa, or Demosthenes.

Demosthenes was the son of a provincial advocate, who by dint of talking, incessant arguing, and blustering affectation, had usurped a species of reputation in his department, for which neither his education nor genius fitted him to hold.

Ambitious of seeing his own eloquence perpetuated in his race, he prepared his son for it, first by naming him Demosthenes; and afterwards, when he had gone through the country school, or college, as he pompously called it, by sending him to Paris to study the law.

" Go, my son," said he, with a studied self-sufficient air and attitude, which he conceived to be irresistible, " Go, and return to me at a future day worthy of the great name that I have given to you."

The worthy father allowed this distinguished scion two thousand francs a year, which, in plain English, amounted to eighty pounds per annum; and his mother added to this sum the fruit of her economical scrapings for the years that had gone by.

This mother was a simple, well-meaning, and excellent woman, who as firmly believed in the future glory of her son, as she did in the actual superiority of her husband over all the rest of mankind. She was full of weakness towards her son, as the generality of mothers are who inhabit that part of the country; they become the flatterers of their children, and in return receive insolence and disrespect.

Furnished with a good round sum, and provided with a yearly allowance, more than sufficient for his wants, Demosthenes was scarcely installed in Paris till he gave himself, unreservedly to the delights of the capital. He frequented the theatres and other places of pastime; but even in these amusements he constantly recollected, that as he was destined to eclipse all the advocates that had ever reigned before him on the throne of popularity, so he must prepare himself for the brilliant position he was to hold, by preparing his intelligent mind for so glorious a future.

Now the dramatic art appeared to him a powerful auxiliary to the art of oratory. Two unhappy passions simultaneously developed themselves in him—eloquence and poetry—not that he made verses, even of the most contemptible character, for his mind was even beneath that power; but he loved the sing-song rhyming of poetry, without feeling one of its charms. And this reminds me that I have forgotten to give even a glance at the portrait of Demosthenes. Behold him then, at the interesting age of twenty, extremely low in stature, with a figure lank, mean-looking, and awkward; hands white and bony; his head thickly covered with brown hair, closely cut; his forehead slightly elevated; his black eyes bright and lively, as are in general the eyes of the Southerns, even the least intelligent; but his aquiline nose gave to his countenance an air of distinction. In mind, he was low, envious, and ambitious, wishing to make the world believe that he possessed all the capabilities of a great orator. Notwithstanding his mediocrity, he had, by a species of self-sufficiency, (a quality, which with vulgar minds takes the place of genius and intelligence,) acquired a sort of scientific and literary gloss, which, in a provincial town would draw down upon him the admiration of the ignorant and uninitiated.

He followed the courses of the most skilful professors of the day: and without either comprehending their

philosophical or political import, he retained like an echo their high sounding sentences, the judicious application of which would, at a later period, be the foundation of his popularity.

But there was one great defect in the organization of Demosthenes, which he lamented exceedingly himself, and that was, that his voice, like his illustrious patron of antiquity, was feeble, and that he stammered considerably; but he hoped that as exercise developed and strengthened the bodily functions, so would habitual declamation produce the same result upon his voice and utterance. From thence his passion for declamation knew no bounds, and he was wonderfully aided in his dramatic studies by one of those chances which so often occur in Paris.

In the hotel where he lodged, and on the same floor on which he was located, dwelt a figurante of one of the Parisian theatres, a tall, large woman of five feet several inches in height, brown and fresh, although she had passed her thirtieth year, shewing somewhat unsparingly fine broad shoulders and brawny arms. Demosthenes naturally made the acquaintance, and more than the acquaintance of Leocardie. The beautiful widow (for ladies in her position are always widows) was married to a rich merchant in Havre, who. in the summing up of his affairs, died in debt, leaving to Leocadie nought but a cultivated mind, and literary taste, which led her instinctively to the stage for support.

Demosthenes believed the woman's tale, as if it were a veritable history. He had a theatrical mind himself, which habituated him to make a parade of fictitious sentiments, and rendered him incapable of detecting in others the absence of truth.

Leocadie took lessons in elocution, and practised the dramatic art as a figurante at one of the minor theatres, a position which she never would have condescended to hold, she assured Demosthenes, but for the purpose of surmounting by degrees the terror the boards inspired in one of her timid and retiring nature.

The intimacy between Demosthenes and Leocadie soon assumed a most intimate and inseparable appearance. The love of art had united them, as they had pompously described their intimacy at a later period. Gifted with a clear voice, and correct pronunciation, the figurante took upon herself the dramatic education of the future advocate, and commenced by endeavouring to teach him the art of modulating and strengthening his voice. Demosthenes adored her through mere gratitude. What an advantage to find in the lady of his love a clever and intelligent instructress. And then, again, these love lessons cost him nothing, which gave them a great charm in his mind, for already had the germs of instinctive avarice been imbedded in his nature.

Demosthenes forgot himself for a long time in the double intoxication which he found in his new attachment. In vain his father recalled him to sustain his drooping eloquence, but Demosthenes urged in his refusal that there were some years of study yet wanting to render him perfect in his profession. But all temporal matters must have a termination. Demosthenes felt that he was now perfect in declamation; and the figurante told him he beyond her instruction. And the world assured h the same, for he had made his theatrical *debût* befo admiring audience; but how was he to leave his love structress—how burst the attachment that had existe umphantly for ten years—how abandon to despair, haps suicide, this attached woman? But the death father, and his consequent recall to his home, left hi option. Fortune and fame recalled him from his d of bliss, and he felt it as a duty he owed his count allow that overflow of eloquence with which he was g to plead for their use and benefit.

He left Paris the same day that Leocadie was to her *debût* in a melodramatic piece, and ere he started warded to her the following note:—

"I leave you with less regret, in consequence of s you about to emerge from a position in which your ta were completely obscured. Your *debût* will be a bri one, and the Theatre Français will soon invite you t tinction. Oh! my Semiramide, will you remembe in your glory?"

Unfortunately for Leocadie, she was most unmerc hissed at her *debût* on that night; and to console he she could think of no better expedient than to go in suit of her runaway lover. The very next day she mou the diligence, and followed the route that her love passed but twelve hours be'ore.

CHAPTER II.

After an absence of ten years, Demosthenes arriv his native town. Now he now longer stuttered, but superb in his imperturbable calmness, and irresi eloquence. True he had become both thinner and than when he left, and his hair began to have a gr tinge, although he was but thirty: but an observer w have thought at least that he was ten years older.

The mother of Demosthenes passed the first month her widowhood in a beautiful bathing lodge which her band had purchased, on the banks of the sea, in order he might repose quietly from the fatigues of his pr sion. It was here, surrounded by her family, that awaited the arrival of her son.

Demosthenes had but one sister, who had mar during his absence, a rich merchant named Armand, had been left an orphan in early life, with the care an sponsibility of two sisters younger than himself. Ms Delvil, his eldest sister, who had already passed her tieth year, was solicitous of concealing her age. Ma to an old man, who left her at perfect liberty to act well bred coquette, she saw with envy and dislike beautiful sister growing into womanhood. This char girl had just attained her eighteenth year, with an and noble expression of countenance, and endowed mind and intellect of a superior order, which had been half aroused by its contact with the vulgar jealous world. Therese Armand was to her sister an ject of fearful rivalry; whilst the graces of the young were daily developing themselves, the mature charm her sister were becoming hourly less attractive, and at

threatened to be obscured for ever. This is a period in the life of a woman devoted to the world and its vanities, full of bitterness and regret. With this feeling Madame Delvil resolutely combatted, but still it dwelt within her, and caused her to exhibit not very amiable feelings towards the calm and joyous Therese, who was becoming every day more lovely. With the mother of Demosthenes this lively girl was a great favourite.

As to Therese, herself, she felt truly delighted to pass some months with the good widow, in her beautiful retreat upon the borders of the sea, far from the worldly and vulgar *ménage* of her sister. She had gained more in mind and imagination during these weeks of solitude, than she had acquired in the preceding years of her dreamy existence. The father of Demosthenes, wishing to impose himself upon the world as an erudite and highly gifted man, furnished himself with two libraries—one in the country, and the other in town; and his widow, who was sinless of ever having perused a complete work in her life, never suspected that the least danger could accrue to a young girl, by reading all the literary works so indiscriminately mingled together, from Ovid's art of love to the newest code of laws.

Therese, by this means, read the poets, the historians, and the romancists. Clarissa Harlowe filled her with tearful sympathy—Coruma exalted her imagination. The new Heloise was read by her without danger; Julia seemed to her spiritless and pedantic; and St. Preux but a sorrowful personification. Shut up in the library of the deceased advocate, this young girl devoured volume after volume, whilst the good widow was looking after her poultry and rabbits, and her kitchen garden.

Thus she employed the burning hours of the day, when exercise was impossible from the heat, and when the evening breeze came fresh and invigorating from the sea, she would seat herself under a foliage of pine trees, which looked upon the river, and dream of future days, her heart dilating as she viewed the matchless scene nature had placed before her.

Sometimes the good widow would accompany her, then the young girl was distracted from her accustomed reveries by the conversation of her companion, whose constant theme was the praises of her son, the greatness of his mind, and superiority of his genius, which would shed a lustre upon his house, and a glory upon his name.

Insensibly the thoughts of the young girl were drawn towards the image of the young Parisian, whose mind was represented to her as being so refined, intellectual, and amiable; and at times, in her reveries, when the setting sun presented so entrancing a picture in the calm clear water, an ideal, but dear portrait, would present itself in her solitude, and that was the exalted likeness which she had drawn of Demosthenes, from his mother's colouring. She was in this disposition of mind, when a letter from the hero of her dreams, announced to the happy widow the day on which she might expect her beloved son, and that it was his intention, before he showed himself in the town, to go at once and embrace his mother in the country, where he would remain a week or ten days, in order to repose himself from the fatigues caused by his journey.

The day so ardently desired by the mother, and so anxiously expected by Therese, at length arrived. From the morning Mr. and Mrs. Armand, together with Mrs. Delvil, were dressed in their most becoming attire, and seated anxiously at the open casement.

As the precise hour of his arrival was not known, the good mother kept constantly running to and fro, giving orders about the dinner, and assisting the cook, in order that the first repast she should offer her son, might be exquisite in all its minutest points. Mr. Armand walked with his wife in the little garden, conversing like a skilful advocate on matters of business.

"I hope your brother will behave towards us with justice and generosity; and that although the unjust will of your father has given him power, that he will use it with liberality."

Madame Delvil passed the hours of expectation in her chamber, walking from her mirror to the window, and from the window to her mirror again, watching the most indistinct sound, and arranging with better effect the little knots of ribbon by which her dress was adorned, and thinking that the amiable Parisian advocate would form a most happy accession to their monotonous circle.

As to Therese, seated under a waving acacia tree, she was entranced in the perusal of a work, the burning and poetic language of which was fast initiating her soul. The image of Demosthenes floated in her ardent vision, when suddenly she heard a noise—she remained immovable, her heart palpitated audibly, a tear escaped her eyelids, and fell upon the open leaf of the book she had been reading; but by a sudden effort she arrested her emotion, gave an infantine and merry laugh, her mind revolted against her heart, and she willingly yielded to the opposition. Notwithstanding the seductions with which she adorned the adored phantom of her mind, yet the name of Demosthenes always appeared to her supremely ridiculous; and she thought that, as a man of mind and sense, he would rid himself as quickly as possible of such an appellative.

With this idea she arose, and with alow steps proceeded to the saloon. Demosthenes had not yet arrived. All the family had been drawn thither, as well as Therese, by a false alarm. Mr. and Mrs. Armand were calmly awaiting the arrival; the mother was anxious and troubled, fearing that her beloved son might have met with some accident on the road. Madame Delvil, seated beside a little glass window, which opened upon the balcony, played with a beautiful fan, or coquettishly arranged the strings of a charming cap, that set off her very pretty face to the greatest advantage; sometimes her attention was fixed upon the folds of her black satin dress, which made her still graceful figure appear to the greatest perfection.

To see Madame Delvil *alone*, she would certainly attract admiration and attention; but by the side of her youthful and blooming sister, she was a mere wreck. She felt this, and involuntarily from time to time she cast looks of envy upon the beautiful and serene girl who was seated beside her, with her elbow leaning upon the table,

upon which reposed the book, which she still continued to read. Her fair hair in clustering ringlets concealed her sweet face, as well as her snowy neck and marble shoulders. A simple robe of white muslin, trimmed with lace, displayed to perfection her fine and elastic figure; the sleeves were short, and left to view an arm which was a fit model for a Grecian statuary.

This was she, incomparable in her exquisite beauty, and her envious sister, in endeavouring to discover a defect in her charms, was obliged to admit that it was not without ample reason she was called "the Pearl of the Province."

Whilst they were thus given up to their various occupations, the shades of evening approached.

All at once the crack of a postilion's whip was heard.

"Well, this must be him," cried the anxious mother; and finding her legs suddenly grow young, she flew down the passage where she knew her son would arrive.

Mr. and Mrs. Armand followed her, though with a more moderate step. Madame Delvil prepared her sweetest smile, and most seducing look, and descended from the balcony.

Therese remained alone, standing upon the threshold of the door, to all appearance perfectly indifferent to what was passing around, but in reality internally excited; for at the moment she saw the young man, whose features she could not distinguish, pressed in the arms of his mother, she gave to the shadow before her all the irresistible seductions with which she had clothed the hero of her dreams, and abandoning herself anew to the feelings of her heart, she cried mentally,

"Oh! my God, can I have deceived myself. Will it be as I have hoped? Shall I obtain his fondest love?"

CHAPTER III.

After having embraced his mother, his sister, and his brother-in-law, and gallantly kissed the white hand extended to him by Madame Delvil, Demosthenes entered the saloon which was but faintly lighted, and perceiving Therese, he with the most unembarrassed air kissed her forehead, looking upon her as an amiable child, whom his mother had so often spoken of in her letters. The young girl trembled at this first kiss so coldly given, but which was received by her with an emotion ardent and profound She remained for some moments standing with her eyes cast down, as if she was afraid that a single look would destroy the ineffable happiness she felt; at last she determined to look at Demosthenes.

This first look perfectly disenchanted her; she saw that he was old and ugly; but he spoke, and the sound of his voice charmed her. His Parisian accent, so sweet, so correct, was a striking contrast to the inharmonious jargon she was daily in the habit of hearing, and sounded in her ear like harmonious music. He spoke of Paris, of the magnificence of its monuments, of the eloquence of its orators, of the perfection of its artists, and of the power and celebrity of its writers. He recited verses from the most distinguished poets, with all of whose works he said he was conversant. He boasted, he exaggerated, and he produced a grand effect. Therese listened to hi lighted, although he expressed himself in an ord manner. Yet the subjects were novel, and attracte curiosity of the artless girl. Madame Delvil smirke smiled, and questioned, and complimented Demostl devoting herself altogether to him, and forcing fro all his attention. For the first time, Therese su from the irritating coquetry of her sister. Her c mind revolted against it; she asked herself what co Madame Delvil's object in exciting his attention, o voking his gallantry, and she felt a sort of contem her sister during the remainder of the evening. D thenes had scarcely looked at Therese; but few a his glances, he saw that she was extremely beautifu he imagined that she was not one burdened with because she occupied herself more in listening, t showing off her own powers, and therefore had strict silence. When Therese retired to her chambe wept. "He is noble, well informed, and distinguis thought she; I love him, but he loves me not—he my sister." And, for the first time in her life, she sensation of jealousy.

CHAPTER IV.

Having passed a restless and unhappy night, T arose early the next morning, and entering the li took from it a volume, and seated herself in her fav spot on the banks of the sea. Engrossed in the s which spoke of love—love, deep and impassione read aloud. The noise of a footstep interrupted he turning her head, she perceived Demosthenes, and visibly agitated.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I have been ind in thus intruding upon you, when you are most engaged in your morning devotions. But no," h tinued, with astonishment, "you are reading a w Lamartine's—and my favourite one, too. Oh many times have I declaimed that very passage." taking the book from the hand of Therese. he comm reciting in his most insinuating voice and attitude, at this very early hour in the morning appeared stil captivating to the entranced soul of the beautiful g was the language of the poet that captivated her, involuntarily attributed this charm to the voice an ners of Demosthenes. Soon she imagined that beautiful verses were a translation of his own fe At this thought, tears started into the eyes of T and trickled down her cheeks. Demosthenes de with the effect he had produced, exclaimed,

"Is it not beautiful? And now I shall read for you, and you shall listen to the declaration of to Junia. You have often heard of Talma." An once commenced declaiming with a skilfulness of in which quite entranced her.

They walked for some time on the banks of th and in the pine wood. At the breakfast hour t roarious voice of Mr. Armand warned them that t outstaid their time, and that the family awaited br for their return. Therese, annoyed at this interr

passed her brother without speaking, and rejoined the ladies, who were already assembled in the breakfast parlour.

"What a charming girl your sister is," said Demosthenes, with the patronizing air of a connoisseur.

"Yes, indeed she is," simply replied the honest merchant; "she is esteemed the most beautiful girl in the province, without speaking of her mind, which astonishes us all, as we know not where she got such exalted intellect."

"Yes, in truth, her mind is surprising," replied Demosthenes.

"Several rich suitors have already presented themselves," said the brother, "but she will only marry a man well brought up, and with a mind of more than ordinary cultivation."

At this moment they entered the breakfast parlour.

"What, monsieur," said Madame Delvil, assuming a coy air, "is it the fashion in Paris, for gentlemen to keep the ladies waiting?"

"It is entirely the fault of your captivating sister," said Demosthenes, with a bow of gallantry to Therese.

"Indeed!" drily replied Madame Delvil.

"Yes, madame, I forgot the time in reading some beautiful verses, and your sister understood them so well, that she encouraged my feeble talent."

"I have all along predicted," said the good mother, with perfect *naivéte*, "that you would be very good friends, as you have both the same tastes."

"And do you, sir," demanded Madame Delvil, with a supercilious sneer, "approve of a young girl devoting her time to the reading of romances and love poems."

"Oh!" said her brother, "the love we contract by books, does not carry us to such extremes as other species of attachments."

Madame Delvil cast a glance of sovereign contempt at her brother, and continued addressing Demosthenes.

"At Paris, are fools of my sister's description tolerated in society?"

"In Paris, madam," said Demosthenes, "women are highly appreciated for having sufficient intelligence to devote themselves to the beauties of literature."

"Thank you for that reply," thought Therese.

Madame Delvil was disconcerted, and, in order to relieve her embarrassment, she assumed an engaging and amiable smile, and addressed the young girl.

Demosthenes, after hearing of the numerous sieges that had been made on Therese's heart without success, began to think that the conquest was reserved for himself. The evening before, on his arrival, the coquetry of Madame Delvil had attracted him; but when he saw in the clear light of day the graces of thirty beside the fresh bloom of eighteen, he accused himself of want of taste in not at once bowing to the incomparable beauty of the modest Therese.

The remembrance of the superanuated charms of Leocardie, only rendered him more amenable to the seductions of the youthful Therese. In this disposition of mind, he thought of nought but the charms of the young girl. Madame Delvil, after dinner, retired to her apartment in order to try the charms of a fresh toilet, concluding that the dress she had worn in the morning had failed in its effect. Therese withdrew to the little library and Demosthenes directly followed. They conversed together of Paris, the conversation of Demosthenes borrowing a lively interest from the remembrance of all he had seen. That of the young girl was naturally joyous, dignified, and intellectual, but they were suddenly interrupted by the noise of a carriage driving up the approach to the house. Demosthenes ran towards the window, an exclamation of surprise and terror escaped him. In the carriage that was now stopping at the door, he recognized Leocadie.

CHAPTER V.

Demosthenes, with the rapidity of lightning, closed the window, and rushing towards the door, locked it; then approaching Therese, he threw himself on his knees before her.

"Therese," said he, with peculiar emphasis, "in the name of Heaven I conjure you to give me a proof of your affection!"

Terrified by his strange position and solemn tone Therese instantly arose and approached the door, which she was about opening, when Demosthenes cried in a entreating tone of voice,

"Oh! Therese, fear me not I beseech of you, but listen to me!"

"And what is it I am to listen to," said Therese trembling perceptibly, and her face covered with blushes.

"You have inspired me with an attachment, respectful as it is sincere; and in exchange for my heart's best feelings, will you not deign to give me your confidence—your friendship?"

"In what way?" demanded Therese.

"In believing what I shall tell you, rather than what you yourself may hear, and in not seeking to penetrate beyond the limits of my confidence."

"And what shall I hear," asked Therese, with a presentiment of coming evil?"

"You shall soon know," said Demosthenes, "but consent not to witness the scene, but remain here one quarter of an hour, and I shall return to you."

"These conditions are easily complied with," said Therese, smiling; "for I have often remained hours together shut up here of my own free will."

"Oh, thanks," cried Demosthenes, taking this reply for a perfect consent to his wishes, and opening the door he took out the key and locked it on the outside.

"What, a prisoner!" exclaimed Therese; "this I shall certainly not consent to; open the door, I desire sir."

Demosthenes heard her not, the uproarious voice of Leocadie alone fell upon his ear at this moment, and he rushed forward to encounter the storm.

Therese approached the window, and saw the carriage draw up to the entrance. A female descended from it Therese could alone distinguish a black mantilla and

green veil. Was this lady, she thought, young and beautiful, or old and ugly. The young girl gave herself up to conjecture. But it mattered not now, as she was sure from his declaration that morning, that she herself was the sole object of his love. It therefore was a subject of little consequence who this female was, as she was certain Demosthenes loved her not. This thought was sweet to her, and she resigned herself to its indulgence. Thus calm and contented, she seated herself on the shelf of the window.

CHAPTER VI.

"Demosthenes! Demosthenes!" cried Leocadie, frantically, as she cleared the door of the saloon, where the widowed mother, her daughter, and her son-in-law were seated.

"What is your pleasure, madame?" said Mr. Armand, rising in amazement.

"What is my pleasure?" replied the figurante, "is not the ingrate here then?" and she commenced acting from real life a scene of the abandoned Ariadne.

At this moment Demosthenes entered. Indignation yielded to love in the heart of Leocadie, and rushing towards the unfaithful swain, she caught him in her muscular arms, and nearly suffocated him with her embraces. After several unsuccessful efforts, our hero at length disengaged himself.

"Madam!" said he, in a cold grave tone, "the strongest proof you can now give me of your tenderness, is to remount your vehicle, and I solemnly promise that I will rejoin you in a few minutes, when I will conduct you to the town. You understand well," added he, "that there is some explanation necessary to give to my mother and sister," and in speaking thus he led the figurante towards the door.

"I consent," she murmured; "but if you do not join me in ten minutes, I shall return."

Scarcely had she disappeared, ere the mother, the sister, and the brother-in-law, cried out with one voice,

"Who is this woman, and what does she want here?"

"The fact is," said Demosthenes, "this woman is passionately attached to me, and cannot live without me."

"Why this is o'erstepping the bounds of all prudence," cried the astonished mother.

"But what an extremely ugly woman she is," exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Armand.

"She has been very beautiful," said Demosthenes, and is now one of our first tragedians."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed the scandalized mother, "I always feared Paris would be your ruin."

"Make your mind easy, mother, for I shall never marry that woman; but I owe her some gratitude for her devotion, her misfortunes, and her talent. I shall return with her to the town, make her understand her position, and I shall see you directly."

At these words he disappeared, and directing his steps towards the window of the library, he perceived Therese, and approaching her, said:—

"I have come to deliver you," and putting the key in the door, he unlocked it; "and many thanks," he continued, "for your condescension; and now give me another proof of your kindness, by not accusing me during my short absence, and at my return I will tell you That woman who has followed me here has been very beautiful, very seductive, and has loved me very much. As to me, Therese, I knew not what love was until I you."

And without waiting for a reply, he disappeared; rejoining Leocadie, he felicitated himself upon her having escaped the scrutiny of Madame Delvil, and above all Therese. If, unfortunately, Therese had seen her, an heroine would have rendered him very ridiculous; whilst she remained unseen, her image would agitate heart of the girl, and turn it with greater intensity wards himself; and in thinking thus, he congratulated himself on his skilfulness.

CHAPTER VII.

"Madam," said Demosthenes, in a rude voice manner, "I do not understand this prank of yours. left you in Paris in a most advantageous position and ——"

"Very advantageous, indeed," interrupted Leocadie in a tone of voice soured by the rude words of Demosthenes; "for the very first evening I was received with hisses, and in order to pay my place in the diligence follow you, I was forced to sell the little furniture had."

"What folly," exclaimed Demosthenes. "And what do you want, or what do you hope to do here?"

"To quit you no more; and if you repulse me shall expose and post you, in order that the people know your ingratitude throughout the country, and if still refuse me your support, I shall make my *debût*, order to gain a livelihood, upon the stage of this town."

This last menace terrified Demosthenes; he had longer an illusive notion of the talent of the figurante, he knew that if she appeared upon the local boards, would be unquestionably hissed. Then how could henceforth aspire to the character of an honourable which his ambition led him to acquire in his province. Seen and judged by all the town, Leocadie would come not a heroine, but a grotesque Dulcinea. In order to rid himself of this fearful alternative, Demosthenes decided upon assuming a softer tone and manner.

"Leocadie," said he, feigning to be suddenly softened, "I should be the most ungrateful of men, were not profoundly moved by the proof of love which you have given me, but this love would make me an object of envy if it were to be known. In mercy, Leocadie consent to lead here a life of strict seclusion. I shall you often. My heart and mind shall be alone occupied by you, but I wish the world to be ignorant of our tachment. In the provinces, the manners and habits the people are not the same as in Paris, and your arrival which has already compromised me with my family, would destroy me if it were publicly known. Be happy, but

secret;" and in speaking thus he assumed a supplicatory air, that quite vanquished Leocadie, and having arrived in the town, he installed her in a quiet lodging, when he hastened to take leave of her.

CHAPTER VIII.

His prompt return to the house interrupted the various conjectures that were made by the ladies and Mr. Armand. The fear which took possession of the good mother was, that her son, infatuated by the stranger, would fly with her and return no more.

"And is this Parisian beautiful?" demanded Madame Delvil with bitterness, who was listening, as well as Therese, to the recital of the adventure.

"Quite the contrary," replied Mr. and Mrs. Armand.

"But the lady might have the seductions of the mind," timidly murmured Therese; and in venturing to say thus much, she blushed scarlet.

"Yes, without doubt," said the terrified mother, "she has the devil's seductions; she is one of those women that exhibit themselves in theatres."

At these words Therese cast down her eyes, and felt sadder than before.

"Then Demosthenes," thought she, "could not be the studious and distinguished man she at first thought him. He could not have a natural love for literature and poetry, or his mind would be more elevated, and his tastes more refined, than to form an attachment with a woman brought up on a stage." This reflection was the first step to disenchant her.

On arriving home, Demosthenes had studied well his part. He warmly embraced his mother, shook with affection the hand of his sister, bowed graciously to Madame Delvil, and gave a melancholy smile at Therese.

"Let us forget what has passed," said he, in a serious tone. "This woman has committed a most extravagant action in coming hither, but an irresistible feeling impelled her, and the same feeling has induced her to consent to quit France for ever in a few days."

"Poor victim," sneered Madame Delvil.

"Poor unhappy creature," thought Therese, with deep sympathy; "she loves him, but he loves her no longer."

Demosthenes did not yet appear ridiculous in her eyes, but she began to suspect that he was selfish.

Demosthenes, anxious to retain the place which he felt he had in her esteem, whispered to her in a low voice,

"Forgive me for having imagined that I loved before I saw you. It was but an illusion, for never have I known what love was until yesterday."

At these words, which Therese heard as a formal avowal of love, she became confused and abashed, and as soon as possible retired to her own room. She loved Demosthenes, yes! in purity and truth she loved him. She had long since enshrined in her mind an ideal hero of superior mind and cultivated understanding, and imagined that he was the personification of her youthful dream, instead of being, as he really was, a ridiculous parody.

As we had foreseen, the sudden arrival of Leocadie had fanned into a flame the dormant spark of love which lay in Therese's breast. Curiosity, jealousy, love, and disdain, struggled in her heart, and represented Demosthenes to her as a veritable hero of romance.

Demosthenes remained with his mother transacting some family matters; he wrote constantly the most tender letters to Leocadie, by which he gained some days of liberty, which he employed in increasing with Therese the feelings with which he had already inspired her, solitude and poetry being his most powerful auxiliaries. He occupied himself in arranging with his mother and sister, the portions of the property allotted to them, and sometimes he displayed to the penetrating intelligence of Therese a heart selfish, interested, and vulgar. Often and often the power he had over her mind was about vanishing, but then, again, he would read for her verses of impassioned poetry, and again enchain her heart.

The time had now arrived when Demosthenes was to astound the world with his eloquence, at that bar where his deceased parent had so often pleaded. He was expected in the town, where he removed with his mother, whilst his sister and Therese remained at the cottage to finish the autumnal season. This removal delighted the young girl, for she wished for solitude to analyse her mind and heart. In bidding adieu, Demosthenes formally avowed his love, promising a speedy return, and then an eternal re-union. Therese quickly interrupted him by saying,

"Before we engage ourselves, it is necessary that we should mutually know each other well."

One month was sufficient for Demosthenes to eclipse all the pleaders of the province. He soon became the fashionable man in his department. His self-love was gratified, but amidst all his triumphs, the sweetest and the most complete, was the fact of his having inspired the love of the beautiful, the most admired, and the most intelligent girl in the province. Besides, in a pecuniary point of view, it was a matter of congratulation, as Therese had a large fortune.

In order to crown his destiny by this marriage, it would be necessary for him to disembarrass himself forever of the figurante.

An occasion presented itself; he seized it with avidity. The manager of an American theatre was recruiting for tragedians, and to oblige Demosthenes he consented to incorporate Leocadie into the company. At first she resisted, then wept, then became indignant, but at last signed her engagement, and willing or not willing, was placed on board a vessel, which unfurled its canvass to the wind.

Upon the same element that wafted her afar, glided another vessel, the bearer of another fortune. To explain this metaphor, Mr. Armand, the brother of Therese, had entered into a commercial speculation with the fortune of his sister, to whom he was left guardian. The vessel was shipwrecked, and the entire fortune of Therese was lost.

Whilst this catastrophe occurred on the wide ocean,

Therese, ignorant of facts, and heedless of fortune, passed her days in the country, occasionally a prey to hopes and fears. She often saw Demosthenes; he appeared to her affectionate, generous, and eloquent on the subject of love, and being now more often absent than present, the ideal being of her imagination's conjuring, took the place of the unprepossessing reality. If by chance Demosthenes failed in his promised visit, Therese felt overpowered by disappointment and sadness. She ascribed his absence to the attraction of the female who had followed him from Paris. Thus the exiled figurante had become an object of jealousy and anxiety to this young and pure-minded creature.

One day Demosthenes was expected, but he came not. Her brother, who returned every evening to the cottage to sleep, absented himself also. The anxiety of Therese was extreme, and she dared not acknowledge her uneasiness to her sister-in-law, for fear of alarming her. The next day the brother arrived according to custom, but he was alone, and considerably agitated. On seeing this, Therese, who thought only of Demosthenes, exclaimed with eagerness,

"Has any misfortune happened to *him?*"

"It is to me—it is to us, my dear sister, that an irreparable misfortune has occurred," and overcome by his feelings, Mr. Armand burst into tears.

"What has occurred?" said Therese, with increased alarm.

"Your fortune and mine is lost. I speculated with your money and I have lost it. I have ruined you my beloved sister."

The features of Mr. Armand expressed profound despair. Therese fondly took the hand of her brother, and said to him, whilst a heavenly smile irradiated her countenance,

"I feared a much greater misfortune. I dreaded the death of a near relative, or of a beloved friend. Our fortune is lost, you say, at least this tranquil home remains to your wife, and I shall pass my life happily with you."

"And with another, I hope," said Madame Armand, completely overcome by the resignation of the young girl.

"But if that other comes not!" murmured Mr. Armand, with an air of melancholy.

"He will come," cried Therese, joyously throwing her arms around her brother's neck; "he will come—he is too proud, too generous, besides, he loves me too much not to come," and in repeating these words, which betrayed the extent of her own love, she became radiant with beauty.

Eight days passed on, and Demosthenes appeared not; he wrote a hurried note to his sister, excusing his absence on the plea of important business keeping him in town, and concluded by requesting a cold remembrance to be presented to Therese.

At first she thought she was under the influence of a disagreeable dream, but fifteen days passed, and he came not, nor did he write.

One day a letter was brought in and handed to Madame Armand. Therese at once recognized the writing of Demosthenes.

"Will you give me that letter?" said she, with q ness.

Madame Armand handed her the letter without sing it. Therese became pale as death as her eye over the contents, and without uttering a word sh the room.

In this letter Demosthenes announced his int marriage to his sister. He was about being marrie said, to a rich heiress of Belgian origin, not hand but sufficiently agreeable, with an ordinary mind with great good sense, that quality which told b matrimony. Then he added, in allusion to There hope more brilliant and more dear had for an instan duced him, but he thought wisely on duty, and mad sacrifice, which cost him many pangs.

"Miserable wretch!" exclaimed Mr. Armand perusing the letter.

As to Therese, she had disappeared—where was He sought her in the garden, and found her not; he directed his steps towards the bank of the river, and ceived her standing upright upon the very brink, immoveable, her face covered with tears. A ho thought struck him, and he rushed forward and Therese by her dress.

"If I wish to die," said she, with proud dignity a wild glare in her eyes, "have you the right to pr me?"

Although profoundly afflicted, the brother though an appearance of mirth would do more towards aro her than any show of grief would be able to accom and assuming a gaiety that he did not feel, he burst loud laugh.

"Oh! brother, you insult me," said the young with an explosion of heartfelt sobs.

"No, my beloved sister, it is the conduct of pitiful wretch that excites my merriment. Yesterda adored you, and to-day he marries another, because fortune is lost. Does such conduct merit any other ing but derision and contempt?"

At these words the film appeared to fall from the of the hapless girl. She felt ashamed of her love, an cure was rapid and complete.

"To prove to you my strength of mind," said she wish particularly to be present at this marriage, to s him with my presence, and to insult him with gaiety."

Eight days after, the joyous and happy Therese as at the marriage of Demosthenes. The bride was, in ugly enough for any heiress, whilst the portionless rese attracted the admiration of all, but particularly gentleman of high station and distinguished mind, was, in reality, the *beau ideal* of her imaginary hero

He saw Therese and loved her, and after a shor indefatigable courtship, obtained her hand as well a heart, and started for Paris the day of her marriage.

Before leaving her native village, Therese had, singular species of *clairvoyance*, been able perfect

discover the poverty of heart, and wretchedness of mind, of her quondam lover, and therefore considered it a matter of peculiar thankfulness, having escaped so pitiful a partner.

BELINDA.

THE LOVER'S SECOND THOUGHTS ON WORLD WEARINESS.

HEART ! take courage ! 'tis not worthy
For a woman's scorn to pine ;
If her cold indifference wound thee,
There are remedies around thee,
For such malady as thine.
Be no longer weary, weary,
From thy love-lit summits hurl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world.

If thou must be loved by woman,
Seek again—the world is wide ;
It is full of loving creatures,
Fair in form, and mind, and feature,
Choose among them for thy bride.
Be no longer weary, weary,
To and fro by passion whirl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world !

Or, if love should lose thy favour,
Try the paths of honest fame ;
Climb Parnassus' summit hoary,
Carve thy way by deeds of glory ;
Write on history's page thy name.
Be no longer weary, weary,
To the depths of sorrow hurl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world !

Or, if these shall fail to move thee,
Be the phantoms unpursued ;
Try a charm that will not fail thee,
When old age and grief assail thee :
Try the charm of doing good.
Be no longer weak and weary,
By the storms of passion whirl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world !

Love is fleeting and uncertain,
And can hate where it adored ;
Chase of glory wears the spirit :
Fame not always follows merit,
Goodness is its own reward.
Be no longer weary, weary,
From thine happy summit hurl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world !

C. M.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE WATER-LILY.

From the clear water springeth,
A white and lovely flower,
Beholds the sun and bringeth,
Its homage to its power.

At once its eye it turneth,
Aloft in truth and love ;
An offering pure it burneth,
To its high God above.

Over the deep it hovers,
Like angels prayers so sweet ;
No restless wish discovers,
Love is its bliss complete.

When howl the tempest's chilly,
And heavy drench the rains,
Still calmly waves the lily,
Upon the billowy plains.

Nor from the station flieth,
Where God its head did raise ;
Heaven patiently it eyeth,
And hopes for better days.

Away the storms are winging,
The purple evening round
Sheds pearls, and softly singing,
The harps of Oceans sound.

In the sea's silver dwelling,
The Neck his song doth raise
Unto the lily, telling
Of love which ne'er decays.

" Come and behold all wonder,
Which fill the deep, deep sea ;
In meads of rose far under,
I'll sing alone to thee.

Come down to the woodland's dreamy,
To the house with its pearly dome,
Come with the sun rays beamy,
Love calls thee to thy home."

But the snow-pure lily, throwing
Its glance to Heaven high ;
In the world of light yet glowing,
Gives the sinner this reply.

" He who for my love pineth,
Must haste aloft to me ;
Alone where God's sun shineth,
Can I belong to thee.

Come poet, prince of ocean,
Here all is warm and bright ;
View Heaven with deep devotion,
And sing of love and light."

F. B.

HERMAN THE TILER.

By Octave Delepierre.

CHAPTER I.

Under the tower of the church of Notre Dame at Antwerp, on the eastern side facing the tomb of Quinten Metsy, the celebrated smith, turned artist by the power of love, is a blue stone, about two feet square; it is humbly placed between the brown stones of the paving of the cathedral, and would certainly never be noticed, if it were not for its most strange and extraordinary appearance. A thousand little pieces of copper, placed without any regard to order or symmetry, are incrusted on it, and as soon as the morning sun shines, they glitter and attract the notice of every stranger who may chance to pass that way.

Antiquarians and travellers who have been attracted by the singularity of this stone, have endeavoured to make out some inscription in every known language and character, without ever being able to discover a single letter amongst all the labyrinths of copper points. But yet, this stone is not silent to the aged citizen, who passes by with tottering steps, and bending towards the tomb which he must soon fill; nor to the young girl gaily tripping along with her thoughts full of love and lovers! To these the little blue stone speaks more eloquently than all the fine marble slabs and carved monuments, with their gilded letters of vain and gaudy praise.

This is the event that is commemorated on that square blue stone.

The twentieth of October, 1520, was a day of rejoicing to a large portion of Europe, but more especially to Flanders, for one of her nobles was that day crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle—Charles Quint, of high and memorable renown.

The city of Antwerp celebrated that event with great splendour, and at that period was perhaps as rich and prosperous as Venice and London. The streets were richly decorated with flowers and draperies of silk, and coloured cloth, which passed from house to house, and from window to window, in elegant festoons, whilst the road and the pavement were strewn with white sand, on which were scattered rare and sweet smelling flowers, disposed in various parterres, and appearing like a wilderness of sweets.

Through these streets passed a sumptuous procession of clergy, drest in their richest robes, their sacred banners and most costly ornaments carried before them, and followed in regular order by the magistrates and corporations of the town, all arrayed in new and rich liveries, and bearing the banners of their several trades and companies, and perfumed candles. This solemn procession was followed by joyful acclamations throughout the town.

Before the Town-Hall and each public building, were placed large barrels of hychromel and of cervoise, which were continually surrounded by the workmen of the city, who at each copious libation, made the walls ring with the loud cries of "Long live the Emperor Charles Quint!"

and with chorusses and martial songs in praise valour.

Yet every family of this city did not enjoy th and merriment. In a small apartment, the wind which looked into a street called Zurich, were tw whose dress and appearance, though not belongin upper class of citizens, denoted that they were able a decent livelihood. The youngest of these m about twenty, he was of a fine and robust figure, handsome and regular features expressed generally gence and resolution, but they were at the prese clouded by grief and despair. The elder was a m vanced in years, but still vigorous, and it was p discover in his countenance, that he was affecting and confidence upon some subject of discussion, were far from his real sentiments.

"In truth, my child, I know not what has bec thy courage and energy. We have often been i difficult circumstances than the present, and I nev in you any symptoms of weakness; on the contrar always seemed to keep a good heart, and was re face misfortune boldly."

"And I am still, father; my misfortune is but seeing Ciska become the wife of a man that I but——" said the young man, striking the table w fist.

"But," interrupted the old man, "all is not cided, and your fears are perhaps unfounded."

"No—no, father, I can indulge hope no long Master Rudolf has positively declared to me that u am established as master, and able to get into busi one month, that he will give his daughter in marri Bruggeman, the locksmith, and you know, my whether he is a man to go from his word and purpo

"But who knows if some lucky event may no cure for us the money that our relations and friends us?"

"Oh, I know very well that the sum required w not earn under three months, and one only is th given."

"But Ciska will persuade her father, and he w lent, Herman."

"Ah! she will try, but she will never succeed, convinced; besides, she was to try this very day, she had any good news, she would have been here b time."

As he spoke there was a loud knock at the doo father quickly opened it, and joy lit up the countens the young man, for he thought that his dear Ciska thus hastily to announce good news.

A young girl came in, she was one of those rare ties which are seldom seen but in imagination; he soft cheek, her perfect features, and the angelic e sion of her countenance, were assisted in their po charming by the brightest blue eyes, now, alas! b evident signs of weeping. This was the young girl Herman expected, but she brought ill news. Sh scarcely passed the threshold of the house, 'ere H sprung to meet her.

"Ah! my sweet one," he said, "you have been weeping; have your tears and my entreaties softened the heart of your father?"

"He leaves us nothing to hope;" replied Ciska.

The young lovers looked at each other without speaking. The young man shed tears of anger—the gentle Ciska wept in sorrow. The old man's heart ached to witness the despair of his beloved son, and he could not find a word of consolation. Herman was the first to speak.

"Are you quite sure, Ciska, that your father is inexorable?"

"I am but too sure, for my father has told me I must either marry Bruggeman, or become a nun in the convent of the Ursulines."

Herman's whole soul was in the enquiring look that he fixed upon Ciska. She answered that look.

"I shall *become a nun*!"

"Then all hope is not lost," said the father. "You must be two years' a novice, and in two years we may be worth the required sum."

Frail as this hope was, the two lovers yielded to its influence, and their hearts throbbed with the mere idea held out to them of future happiness. Like shipwrecked mariners, they hailed with rapture the first foot of dry land that snatched them from death, although on a wild and inhospitable shore. Both with one voice thanked the old man for his encouragement.

"Oh! my father," said Herman, "you have restored hope to my breaking heart, and I will preserve it."

"May Heaven reward you for the hope you have given us, father," said Ciska.

They embraced the kind old man, who felt relieved, though he could not so far flatter himself as to think there was much reality in the prospect he held out, rather than see the young couple abandoned to sorrow.

All now began to converse of their future prospects—to relate one to the other their plans for realising their schemes of happiness. From speech to speech the imagination of these hopeful lovers overlooked every obstacle that a few hours before had driven them to despair. Their spirits rose like that of some wild antelope, kept for a long time encaged, and suddenly escaping to its native woods, which scorns every obstacle, leaps fences, swims rivers, bounds over precipices, and revels in the feeling of freedom; but now the great clock of St. Walburghe struck three, and summoned each to duty. Ciska turned towards her home, which she had hastily quitted during her father's absence, and Herman, in *her* absence, began again to ponder upon the many probabilities against his success.

What was the vain illusion that the charm of Ciska's presence had created? How was he to earn sufficient to become his own master, in the short period of two years, and was it certain that Master Rudolf would allow his daughter to leave the convent, a thing considered almost sacrilegious?

Then to pass two years without seeing Ciska, without knowing if he were labouring for her or not—was she rich, or well—living or dead. Was not that an insupportable torment, which her sweet discourse had lured him for a time into considering as some degree of happiness.

These thoughts ill accorded with the joyful shouts of the populace, which reverberated from street to street. But the rejoicings and the shouting continued, for upon such occasions whoever thinks of the wretched inmates of every street, who are incapable of sharing in the public pleasures! who ever remembers the sick, or the prisoner! though to many such days recall past happiness, and present a frightful contrast to the present hour.

Such was the effect these acclamations had upon Herman; and night came, and found him still solitary and unhappy. The lamps had just been lighted, when Herman went forth to join the crowd: to seek, by witnessing their mirth, to dissipate the sad ideas that he could not of himself overcome. But he had only proceeded a few steps, when he met crowds of people screaming and hastening homeward. It was not the people rushing thus headlong from their sports, nor yet some fantastic spectacle. No! an invisible but terrible foe, whose voice made every heart tremble—an autumnal tempest roared over the city, and bounded upon the waters. At first it came gently, in the precious semblance of a cool breeze, to refresh the crowded streets, and to play amid the silken banners, the wreathed flowers, the graceful ribbons of the ladies, and the still more graceful ringlets of the young beauties of the assembled inhabitants.

Hardly did a dense cloud, or flash upon the horizon, warn the experienced seamen, whose vessels were anchored in the harbour; but quickly the clouds darkened, and became tinged with a blood-red hue, and hoarse sighs rushed from the bottom of the deep. The gaily trimmed boats which crowded the Scheldt, rowed with all speed to shelter, but ere they reached the quay, the broad winged tempest had spread over the waters, and with sharp cries, and hoarse groans, threatened devastation. It was a chorus of demons! beautiful from its terrors! Whoever has witnessed one of these storms of the north—whoever has been exposed to those sudden tempests, that in a moment sweep across the mighty rivers at their union with the ocean, by those, and those only, can a just idea be formed of the storm which terrified the whole city of Antwerp, on the 22d of October, in the year 1520. The foam of the waters rose like snow, and the sharp waves struggled together, driven in contrary directions. A torrent of rain poured from the frowning clouds, split by the forked lightning, which was followed by tremendous claps of thunder. Soon the river rose, and nearly the whole town was flooded.

Many masts were split, and fell with terrible crashing; boats were sunk, and houses were unroofed, and the beams and tiles fell about in every direction. Not a vestige of the festive ornaments was to be seen, for the wind had driven everything before it.

The citizens stood trembling, shivering, and praying, and many considered this event as a bad omen of the reign of Charles Quint. Herman returned to his house at the beginning of the storm, and leaning his elbows on his oaken

table, and bowing down his head, remained wrapt in thought, without paying attention to the affrighted exclamations which his father from time to time uttered.

CHAPTER II.

A few days after the *fête* and the storm, the streets of Antwerp became dry and passable, and the indefatigable labour of the city workmen had freed it from the waters of the deluge; the mud left by the flood was hardened by a bright and unclouded sun, but the populous city had not regained its accustomed air of busy, happy animation, except in the harbour, and on the quay, where a few workmen were repairing the damage done by the storm. Every one seemed going the same way, all towards Notre Dame, to give a sorrowful look at the cross on the tower, which was bent by the storm. In those days of superstition, and strong attachment to things and places of familiar habits, each town had some superior buildings, to which the pride of the populace was directed as the crown of the bride. Brussels had her court and palace of Princes, Ghent its ancient belfrey, with its Green Dragon, brought from the Crusades of Louvain, its university, and its gothic Town Hall, well carved in delicate forms, and with its Moorish minarets; Bruges its Town Hall, built in 1377, by Count Louis de Mache, and her covered harbour, wherein vessels cannot unlade their rich cargoes. The pride of Antwerp was her gigantic Cathedral, only completed two years before, by Adam Appetman's, who did not arrogate to himself the modern title of *architect*, but merely of master mason, which our very *plasterers* of the present day would scorn to be called. It was certainly the largest and most beautiful Gothic edifice in Europe, and was proudly shown to all strangers, and regarded with zealous affection.

When, after this storm, it was observed that the spire was bent, they regretted it as a disfigurement that was without remedy; to straighten it, it must be heated, and the person who would dare to attempt such a thing, would at every exertion risk his life.

Hardy sailors, accustomed to go up the masts in the worst weather, and there to remain working at the ropes, and singing like birds, felt their blood run cold at the mention of so dangerous a labour.

However great the love of the people of Antwerp for the work of Adam Appetmans—however large the reward held out to the courageous workman who would hazard his life in the attempt, nobody had yet come forward to accept the offers.

The citizens who were looking up at this defect with sorrowful countenances, exchanged from time to time a few words upon the difficulty, nay, almost impossibility of a remedy, when the heralds of the town appeared in the churchyard. They had proclaimed the offered reward to any person who should venture upon the enterprise, in all the courts and squares of the town, and now were giving out their last proclamation under the tower of the church. The four heralds sounded their trumpets, to which were suspended the colours of the city, and the king, or chief herald, taking off his velvet cap, thus cried out,

"To all fellow citizens and nobles, and to every vidual of this powerful city of Antwerp, be it known the magistrates and authorities of the town declar make known by this edict, that they, the said magis will give a reward of 500 pieces of gold—that i Carlos—to him who shall repair the spire of the cr the Cathedral of Notre Dame, bent and twisted storm which occurred on the day when we celebrat crowning of our gracious sovereign, Charles, Co Flanders, Duke of Brabant, King of Spain, and Bol and Emperor of Austria, and the new world."

But none came forward to answer this appeal. the herald again cried out,

"Citizens, and all inhabitants of this noble city, amongst you desire to obtain the reward of the 500 of gold, let him now come forward, and be presen the chief magistrate holding court at the Ho Ville."

Then a young man, who had not been remarked the assembled group, having been concealed in the of the door, presented himself to the heralds. Eve was quickly turned to him, but none thought he was to speak for himself, since his dress was not either a blacksmith, or of a sailor: he wore a long coat of cloth, and a small beaver hat, which thrown back in discovered a youthful handsome face, brightened courage, intelligence, and resolution. He appeare more than twenty years old, as with a firm step, a cided manner, he walked up to the king of the h and requested to be led to the magistrates.

"Are you not aware that in what you propose a ing, you are probably rushing on your death?"

"I thank you, my friends," replied the young "but I have well considered the difficulty of the att and when I am determined on any matter, it is no to make me change my mind; but I take your w kindly, and I thank you for it."

"If that be the case," said the king of the herald must comply with your demand."

They then went together into the street called dery, and stopped at the Hotel de Ville, which w then the heavy square building it now is, but an e edifice of the Gothic order, each angle flanked by a turret with winding stairs, leading to the upper ha the building. By one of these the youth and the ascended to the hall where the magistrates were s Many followed them, and waited at the foot of the in anxious curiosity for the result of the young man's

Half an hour afterwards the heralds came out having three times summoned the public attenti sounding the trumpet, the chief herald made this p mation:—

"To all citizens and inhabitants of every degr this noble town of Antwerp, the Burgomaster and n trates make it publicly known, that Herman the Til engaged himself with us to straighten the spire Cathedral of Notre Dame; and that he has promis begin the work to-morrow, at noon. We charg warn everybody not to disturb or interrupt the said

man, by shouting, calling, advice, or discouragement of any kind ; but, on the contrary, to be ready to yield him any service or assistance that he may require.

CHAPTER III.

The news that Herman the Tiler had offered the magistrates to repair the cross of Notre Dame, like all news, quickly spread through the town, and the sadness of the aspect of the inhabitants, was changed to the most eager curiosity. Long before noon an immense crowd surrounded every avenue to the Cathedral. One might have thought that the tide which had just retreated, was suddenly rushing back, for the voice of the multitude was like the ocean when it flows rapidly along—now loud, now still. But it was not in the neighbourhood of the church that the crowd was most agitated. The most anxious were in the street and before the door of Herman the Tiler, and it was curious to hear the different opinions upon the rash attempt, and upon the supposed motives which could induce the young man to undertake the adventure, for the true motives were entirely unknown—Herman's love for Ciska, the daughter of Master Rudolf.

But whilst these scenes of tumult and folly were going on in the street, a more serious tragedy was acting in the house of Herman; three actors here only were deeply affected—Herman, his father, and the young girl Ciska. The youth was glowing with hope and resolution, every feature swelled by the violence of his emotion, though one deep wrinkle on his brow, showed an internal struggle. The maiden and the father were so wholly wrapped up in sorrow, as to be almost deaf and blind to what passed around them. Their eyes were fixed—their lips firmly closed—their hands clasped as in death agonies, for to them all seemed an awful and a hopeless wonder. The father first moved, and clasping his hands together, approached his son.

" Oh, Herman, is your rash scheme so irrevocably fixed in your mind, that neither the prayers of your fond old father, nor the affecting tears of that loving creature, can move you? Only think upon our wretched and forlorn state, should you perish in your attempt ?"

" You will not go, Herman ? you will not, my dearest ? Oh, no ; you will not thus afflict us ! I prayed even now to my patron saint, and I rose up more unhappy, more desponding than ever. That fatal tower will be the destruction of us both. But you will not, I am sure you will not go ?"

Herman made no reply either to his father or his beloved ; determined to preserve his firmness, he would not speak, to be in danger of giving way to his tenderness. The young girl once more spoke :—

" If you have no pity for yourself, have pity on me, who love you beyond all things in life. And think, oh think, Herman, what will be my fate, if you find your death where you seek our happiness."

" To-morrow, Ciska, I shall be thy affianced husband, and what you suffer this day, will be amply repaid tomorrow by our mutual congratulations. To-morrow you shall be proud and happy, my Ciska," said Herman, as he clasped to his breast the weeping girl, who was unable to sustain the weight of her distress.

Thus leaning on her lover's breast, she was more touchingly graceful than ever, and Herman thus beholding her, felt his fearful purpose almost shaken ; but when his father spoke to him and said,

" Go, Herman, to the Town-hall, and tell them to choose another to fulfil thy imprudent engagement."

The courageous youth dashed off the tears that swam in his bright black eyes, and collecting himself more firmly determined than ever, ere this incautious sentence had met his ear.

" When I accepted the enterprize, my dear father, it was prompted by my love to Ciska, and through love and duty to you, whom I saw labouring daily, at an age when you required repose. These reasons would still urge me even though I did not hear a thousand voices proclaiming my cowardice should I retract my promise—even though the whole populace were not waiting for me; listen to their voices calling for me !"

The father bowed down his face, but the daughter of Master Rudolf made one last effort to shake her lover from his desperate purpose.

" What are the people to us, my Herman ? What is it to us that they praise or condemn you ? Our happiness is in ourselves, not in their power. If thou art spared, the praise of the people can add nothing to my happiness. And if you die, shall I be less wretched because the people say you died bravely ? No—no, my Herman, my beloved !"

Here the maiden ceased speaking, collecting every energy for a last effort that might, as she thought, save her lover. Then throwing herself on her knees, she gave full vent to her tears. Thus she seemed a Magdalen at the foot of the cross, and with broken sobs she thus implored him :—

" Oh ! my best beloved, you will not go ! Oh ! say you will not expose your life for the applause of the public —nor for a miserable young girl, not worth one hair of your head ! No, no ! you will not go ! Think you, my Herman, that I would survive you ! Oh ! I will so entreat my father, that he will give me to you in marriage. Oh ! he will not, he cannot be dead to my prayers. He will not be as inexorable as you ! But no—no ! for heaven's sake hear me ! Oh ! hear me, Herman—you will not go ! for should you be killed, my heart would break. I should think I caused your death ; my best affections would be crushed !—dead ! You will not go, Herman !"

Herman felt that if he would not listen to Ciska, he must tear himself away. He felt weak before that trembling creature. He wept, and hardly could his fixed resolve carry him on against his love and his pity. He wished to give some consolation, but was only able to pronounce,

" It is noon, Ciska. My duty calls me !"

Then placing his lips on the young girl's forehead, he imprinted a parting kiss, and tore himself away. Ciska sunk fainting in the arms of the old man, whose tender care soon revived her.

More happy for her had she never recovered her sense of misery. Soon both followed the venturous youth, a vague and indistinct feeling of hope and triumph, of terror and despair, urging them on to be witnesses of the act of their ruin or happiness!

CHAPTER IV.

When Herman appeared in the little street of Zierieb, loud acclamations greeted him, for few had believed he would actually dare attempt what he had engaged to do. All these shouts and praises were far from encouraging him—he was quite stunned by them; and, as the crowd opened to give him passage, and closed behind him, still shouting and clapping, they seemed like an army of demons driving him forward to destruction.

When he had a little got rid of them, and found himself more quiet and unmolested, he began to consider what he had so hastily engaged to perform. The weeping scene he had quitted within his own house came before him, but not with any doubt or despair—on the contrary, with a confidence of success. Then, on a sudden, a burst of shouts from behind him, seemed like a welcome herald of success.

His courage and his strength of nerve returned: he walked quickly on, passed over the grand square, and arrived at the churchyard of the Cathedral. There he found the Burgomaster, and the magistrates, and all the members of the council awaiting his arrival, which was hailed by one unanimous hurrah from an immense crowd. But the town herald, who was on horseback in the middle of the court, sounded his trumpet, and in the name of the magistrates commanded silence, and the gate of the tower was opened for Herman, who soon appeared at the first gallery.

He looked around, but did not see his father, and his beloved Ciska, who, pale and trembling, were in the crowd. He passed rapidly as a vision from gallery to gallery, nor stopped till panting and breathless he reached the top of the last stairs, where his arduous task was to begin. Here he rested to take breath, to rid himself of his coat, and to fasten one end of a strong hempen cord, to which was attached two large iron plates, hollow in the middle, a light pair of bellows, a forge hammer, and some charcoal; the other end of the rope was tied firmly round his waist. The people, who had every eye fixed upon him, then beheld him seize hold of one of the many projections of the carved work of the tower, cling firmly to it, and raising himself as gently as he could, fix one foot after the other on some head of sphinx, or outstanding cornice; or, if he found that he could place it firmly, in the centre of a hollow rosette of the ornamental work.

Every eye was fixed, every tongue mute, every heart beat with terror and anxiety at watching the perilous climbing of the intrepid Tiler. But he reached the pinnacle of the tower, he stood on that platform of six feet square, two of which the cross filled.

"Then he is safe!" cried out, with one voice, the almost breathless spectators.

But the father and the maiden, unseen by Herman, spoke not; they scarcely breathed—their blood f in their veins. Their eyes were still fixed, watchin movement, their tongues cleaved to their mouths, f did not think the danger was over. Herman ha drawn up his tools, and was perched upon one of t of the cross, looking like one of those large eagl the wintry storms drive for refuge to our high bui His eye measured without giddiness or fear the im distance between himself and the abode of men. H so far succeeded, all doubt, all fear was at an end.

He looked for his father and his mistress. He di however, distinguish them, since they had mingle the crowd at the first appearance of Herman on the of the tower. Soon red hot coals were seen at the the cross, whilst a figure like a spirit of the upper re kept close to the fire, which he continually brighten the stem of the cross became red hot. Then s steady, loud strokes of the forge hammer were dis heard, and fearfully repeated by the echoing vaults.

It might have formed a picture, to represent son spirit warring against the emblem of christianity every blow the cross moved a little, and the crow plauded.

These plaudits came like the dashing of a tide ears of the adventurer, but did he know how every throbbed on the hearts of his beloved friends?

Full of joyous hope, he laboured still cautiously ciously, and vigorously. Surely the soul of Q Metsys, the artizan who framed the cross, was at th pendous task assisting to restore to his native c grand work.

One more, only one more stroke, and the cross erect! the proud summit was in its due place, and portionate shouts of admiration filled the place reached the ears of the half stunned workman.

Then did the father, for the first time, turn his ey wards those of Ciska—both were full of tears, but te joy, which relieved their agitated hearts, whilst the nued plaudits of the gathered multitude were welcom they were now consolation for the past horrible susp

Before he began to descend, Herman stretched fo to look if his father and his beloved were witnesses success. Oh, horror! his foot slipped upon the plate, and over the hot burning charcoal he fell fro platform, bounding violently against the angles o building.

The cord which was fixed round his waist, and the end of which he had fastened firmly to a ledge o tower, held him up for a moment over the dr height.

What a moment! Numbers of active spectators rush the stairs, and thence to the first gallery, with a blind of being of some use, but ere the swiftest, the most a the most zealous foot attained even the first galler red hot cinders had caught the cord, and quickly it b and crackled, and gave way!

Herman bounded off from angle to angle. No head struck one sharp point, now another. Now bal an instant on some broad ledge, then plunged down

till broken, twisted, and crushed, over and over he fell head foremost on the stone pavement, and was dashed to a thousand pieces.

When men, all trembling, gave way to those who dared pick up the body, and examine the fractured head, two other dead bodies were stretched near it! Herman's father, and Herman's beloved expired on the spot.

They were all three buried there, and over their tomb was placed a blue slab, on which was beaten as many pieces of copper as there had been found fragments of the skull of Herman.

Thus is the awful event commemorated by that blue slab, understood as well by the aged inhabitants of Antwerp, as the young hopeful girl, who has heard the tale, but nevertheless passes lightly by it, full of hope for her own fate, and her own love.

JULIAD OF ALBA.

I saw her first in Alba's towers,
Amid the fresh and fragrant flowers;
Sporting like some young fairy thing,
Chasing the bee on honied wing,
Gath'ring each plant of varied hue,
All spangled with the morning dew;
Twining a wreath of roses fair,
And placing it in her raven hair;
Then speeding on from plain to plain,
Across that rich and wide domain,
She bounded o'er with infant grace,
The heiress of that noble place.
* * * * * * * *

I saw her next in Alba's halls,
And years had lingered on those walls,
And time with giant steps had pass'd,
Since I beheld that Castle last;
Yet not a stone had fallen away,
No sign appear'd of grim decay;
There grew the ivy as before,
Mantling around the ancient door;
There stood the trees in lofty pride,
As if their leaves had never died;
There rushed the stream in grandeur wild,
Yet murmuring like some gentle child;
'Twas there again I saw that maid,
In costliest robes of silk arrayed;
She wore no wreath of simple flowers,
As graced her form in Alba's towers,
But diamonds glittered on her brow,
And sparkled in her tresses now;
Princes and barons sought to share,
The smile of one so rich and fair;
They knelt to seek her youthful hand,
The sweetest lady in their land;
For she of all that ancient race,
Lived the sole heiress of that place.
* * * * * * * *

I saw her next at Cuthbert's shrine,
Bending before the cross divine;
The vestal garments of the nun,
Now clothed this young and lovely one;
And as she raised the sable veil,
I gazed upon her features pale;
Her eye once sparkling with delight,
Had lost its pure and brilliant light,
And bitter tears of sorrow flow'd,
Upon the cheek where roses glow'd,
And shivering sighs of anguish tore,
The breast which one short year before,
Had beat with rapture, joy, and love,
Holy as angels from above;
The dewy flower and jewell'd band,
Which graced her brow in Alba's land,
Was laid aside, and in their place
Her hair was braided o'er her face.
Thou beauteous one, alas! for thee,
No belted knight now bends the knee;
No warrior from the battle plain
Seek thy affections to obtain;
For in thy home in Alba's towers,
"Amid the fresh and fragrant flowers,"
As thou wer't wont in days gone by,
Beneath the calm and azure sky,
Sported a boy scarce three years old,
And formed in beauty's choicest mould;
Whose noble form, and raven hair,
Alone bespoke him Alba's heir.
Unnumbered serfs around him bend,
And slaves and vassals on him tend;
The hope, the pride, the joy of all,
He reigned the chief of Alba's Hall.
* * * * * * * *

Yet once again I saw her, ere the tomb
Had hid her beauty in it's mystic gloom;
She sat within St. Cuthbert's cloistered gate,
A willing victim to her lonely fate.
Yet on her knee, and nestling in her arms,
Clung a sweet boy, in all his youthful charms.
"Why wear this veil?" he cried; "my sister come,
Bright joys await thee 'neath dear Alba's home."
"I dare not, love; that home is no more mine,
Its halls, its towers, all—all alike are thine.
Go, then, and claim the power they give to thee,
And happy Conrad—happy may'st thou be."
* * * * * * * *

In Alba's spacious vaults there rest
The cold remains of one now blest;
A costly tablet marks the place,
Which covers beauty, worth, and grace,
A daughter of that noble race.
Beside the tomb, and wrapped in grief,
Stood Alba's mighty lord and chief;
While from his flashing eye the tear
Dropped slowly on that splendid bier.
He wept the fair and gentle maid
Who dwelt beneath St. Cuthbert's shade;

That calm and tender much loved one,
That pure and holy sainted nun;
The sister, whose melodious voice,
Had bid the infant heir rejoice,
As lord of all the wide domain
To which her hand had once laid claim;
As master of the numerous band,
The serfs and vassals of the land,
Who once to her in fear had bowed—
A humble and submissive crowd.

M. A. COLYER.

THE FLIRT.

Miss Asheton was the eldest daughter of a gentleman of small income, living in a country town in the north of England. Captain Asheton had in early youth served in the Army, in which he had distinguished himself for bravery and honour; but on his marriage with a beautiful woman, without fortune, but the object of his devoted affection, he had retired to more peaceable pursuits. His family being large, Captain Asheton could not afford to place his daughter in so high a situation as her birth and beauty deserved. She was universally acknowledged to be the *belle* in her native town, a title certainly deserved by Fanny Asheton, for without being in figure or feature strictly beautiful, there was that in her air and manners, which could not be overlooked. Though under the middle height, she could not be called little; her figure was full and well formed; her auburn hair hung in rich abundance round a face full of expression; her eyes were grey, almost blue, large and brilliant; her whole appearance, in fact, fully entitled her to the term of lovely.

And yet it is of this beautiful creature, that I must tell a tale of heartless cruelty; and yet I firmly believe that at the time at which my story commences, Fanny Asheton never meant to trifle with the feelings of Clarence Stavely. I sincerely think that she must, at first, have meant to be true to him, and that vanity, the besetting sin of thousands, led her, when from under the influence of the pure feelings of Clarence Stavely, to acts which embittered her life, and was the means of shortening his.

Clarence Stavely was like Fanny, of good birth, but had his way to work in the world; he was intended for one of the learned professions, and his great abilities gave reason to his friends to hope for great things, if his health, at all times delicate, would bear him through years of study, previous to his being launched upon the uncertain waves of the world.

He had long been a secret admirer of Fanny Asheton, and an intimate friend of Gerald, her brother. When the time for his departure for the city where he was to pursue his studies drew near, he ventured to unfold to Fanny the secret of his heart.

She smiled upon his suit, and he was happy; no formal consent was asked of her parents, nor was it needful, as they were aware of the feeling which subsisted between the young couple, and having a high opinion of the ch racter of Clarence, they did not object to his intima with their daughter.

It was with heavy hearts they parted; one bright ho alone seemed to comfort them—that after two years separation, they should be re-united, and never again be parted. And what were two years in young lives li theirs?

Clarence had been gone about three months, and Fan was beginning to be a little more reconciled to their sep ration, when some disturbance in the country caused regiment to be stationed in the quiet little town whe Fanny resided.

Among the officers of this regiment there was one w soon became Fanny's declared admirer; he was a you man of large fortune, but dissipated habits, one who former days Fanny would have shrunk from with loat ing; but, alas! a few short months had sadly altered h disposition. Clarence Stavely was almost forgotte Fanny had grown ambitious; she no longer wished for competence with Stavely, but she foolishly imagined th riches would bring happiness, even with one so dissipat as Herbert Mollin.

When her parents were consulted on the subject, th made no hesitation in saying, that if Fanny wished they were quite willing to receive Captain Mollin as th son in-law, overlooking the many faults in Mollin's ch racter, in their anxiety for so brilliant an establishme for their daughter.

When Gerald Asheton found his sister seriously dete mined in her intentions, he remonstrated with her up her cruel treatment of his friend.

"Why should I not do the best I can for myself," w her answer; "Clarence will soon forget his boyi fancy."

But did he forget his boyish fancy? no! Ill news tr vels fast, and soon he heard the name of him who h usurped the place in the affections of his mistress. M with fury and disappointment, he immediately started f his native town.

When about twenty miles from the place, the coach which he travelled broke down, and Stavely, furious the delay, walked to the nearest posting-house, a hiring a horse, proceeded on his journey as rapidly as could.

When within a short distance of his destination, overtook a gentleman riding slowly along, who called him, asking him the nearest way to ———. Stavely a swered that he himself was going there, and should happy to have his company. On their way, the strang told Clarence the object of his present visit to ——— was to act as groomsman to a brother-officer of his, w was to be married the next morning.

Clarence, in as calm a voice as he could comman asked the name of his friend The stranger answered,

"Captain Mollin. Do you know him?" on perceivi the face of his companion assume a deadly hue.

Stavely recovered himself, and answered as composed as he could.

"No; but the object of my present visit to ———, is to seek him; can you tell me where I shall be able to find him?"

The stranger gave Clarence the address of Captain Mollin.

That very night Stavely sought Herbert Mollin, and compelled him by grossly insulting him, to meet him the next morning early.

They met. I will pass over the detail of a duel, as all such meetings are arranged in a similar way. It is sufficient to say, that Herbert Mollin fell mortally wounded, and died in a few minutes. Clarence Stavely fled to the Continent where in a short time he ended his miserable days.

Who can paint the agony of Fanny Asheton on this day, which was to have made her the wife of Herbert Mollin? For weeks her life was despaired of, and for months reason left its seat. Years have now rolled by, and though young in years, Fanny Asheton is looked upon as an *old maid*.

She is pointed out to young ladies beginning their career in life, as a warning to them to shun the nearest approach to the character of a Flirt.

F. F.

STANZAS.

I seek not glory, praise, or power,
That blooms and dies within an hour;
Where envy with her poison'd light and loom,
Would decorate the statue on my tomb.

Rather let me brave the mountain breeze,
Or hide beneath the stately forest trees;
The turf below, the smiling Heaven above,
And gentle commune with a soul I love.

Yea, rather would I dream my life away,
With one sweet spirit on a desert plain,
Than bow submissive to the sons of clay,
Or mingle with the heartless world again.

CHARADES.

Take from the Alphabet seven straight letters,
Which place right behind the high chair of your betters;
You will then surely see, what no man yet hath seen,
Yet what will stand still while the world has been.

A maiden's laugh—an old man's tear,
The heart of a youth, if contracted with fear;
The image of goodness, if placed in your view,
Will represent fairly the picture of you.

M.

THE DRAMA.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The success of these performances in the early commencement of the season, seem to have answered exceedinglp well, as the performances afford at the present dull period of the year, an agreeable amusement for those of the aristocracy who may be in town, and there are always sufficient of the *corps diplomatique*, and persons of rank in London, to fill this charming littie theatre. The decorations of the house have been the theme of general admiration with the subscribers; its exceeding elegance, combined with the chasteness of the decorations, render it by far the most elegant theatre in town, whilst the new chandelier that has been added, is unquestionably the richest and most beautiful that we have ever seen, the softened effect of the light enhancing much the good looks of the fair occupiers of the boxes. The subscription list is very strong, and embraces the greater part of the leading aristocracy, more persons of rank being subscribers this year than during any previous season. With regard to the company, Mr. MITCHELL seems to have selected it with excellent judgment for the style of pieces he has to play. We have LAFONT as light, gay, and full of spirits as ever, his *Captain Roquefinette* being one of those excellent artistic representations, that appear occasionally, and delight us by its truthful and *piquante* delineation of a soldier of fortune of the period of Louis XIV.; whilst the new *debutante*, Madlle. EUGENIE ST. MARC, is a lively and versatile actress, understanding well the art of stage effect, and playing very agreeably in all her range of characters. Madlle. MARTELLEUR is somewhat in the PLESSY school, having much of the formality of the Theatre Français, but easy and natural, and making her points quietly yet effectively. Then we have CARTIGNY, richly humourous in all he does, and NARCISSE an excellent and clever comedian, who will become much of a favourite with the subscribers. We have so much novelty in the continued round of new pieces, that it would be a difficult task to follow them so fast as they are produced, Mr. MITCHELL seeming determined that the subscribers shall have no cause to complain of want of novelty in the pieces brought forward. LAFONT and Madlle. ST. MARC, we are glad to find, remain until nearly Christmas, so that the light *riant* pieces of their *repertoire*, will afford to the subscribers a most welcome fund of amusement at this otherwise very dull period of the year.

DRURY LANE.—MR. WALLACE'S new opera of *Maritana* has met with much success, and for a new composer, a success that augurs extremely well, as the opera abounds in charmingly phrased melodies, and with scoring that displays considerable ability; the *motivi* may not be strikingly original, but they are always pleasing, and have much character about them. There is, perhaps, too much of a martial character throughout the whole opera, as if the composer fancied the subject always required a chivalric feeling to pervade it, and the consequence is, that the solos, duets, trios, concerted pieces, and chorusses, are all tinged with this feeling. It is, however,

a composition of great merit, being more than usually prolific in melodies, and some really admirable harmonics, and the effect of the whole opera is very agreeable, if we abate something for its inconceivable length, but which the pruning knife may soon remedy. The plot is exactly that of *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, and is well adapted for the purpose of an opera. HARRISON was the *Don Cæsar*, and sang very agreeably, and would do more so, if he could infuse less monotony into his style. H. PHILLIPS was the *Don Jose*, and sang very charmingly, except an aria in the third act, in which he got altogether wrong, and made sad work of it. Miss ROMER, as *Maritana*, was better than she usually is, and if she could indulge more in the *portamento* in her singing, and less in the *staccato*, she would be infinitely better. Miss POOLE acquitted herself very well, and obtained much deserved applause. The airs that are most likely to become popular in the opera, are, a Romance, "I hear it again," sung by Miss ROMER, in E flat; an aria by Miss POOLE, in A, "Alas! those Chimes;" a ballad by H. PHILLIPS, "In happy moments day by day;" a ballad by HARRISON, in B flat, "There is a flower that bloometh;" and a trio, "Oh, shame and despair." These are all very effective compositions, being full of melody and character, and well adapted for popularity.

HAYMARKET.—The new comedy of *The Maiden Aunt* is the production of Mr. R. B. KNOWLES, a son of SHERIDAN KNOWEES, and, like its title, is a maiden effort; and, as such, is deserving of much commendation. It is not a comedy destined to remain permanently on the stage, but there is so much merit in it, the dialogue is so neat and well finished, and some of the characters so ably drawn, that it may still be listened to with much gratification, and afford great pleasure, from the many marks of genius that are to be found in it. Its greatest drawback is, that in working out the plot, he has run too much into dialogue, and too little into incident; consequently, the frequent talking of two persons on the stage becomes monotonous after a time. The plot is simple in its construction. An elderly beau, gallant and gay, *Sir Percy Sage* (FARREN), wishes his nephew *Percy* (HUDSON) to marry a daughter of his old friend *Wilmot* (TILBURY), and also to commit matrimony himself with *Wilmot's* sister, *Mistress Sarah* (Mrs. GLOVER); *Percy*, however, like most dramatic heroes, is in love with *Catherine Wilmot* (Mrs. SEYMOUR), without knowing she is the bride destined for him by his uncle, and ignorant of his uncle's object, he refuses the proposed match, being in consequence turned out of doors by his uncle for his disobedience. *Sir Simon* then breaks off the match with the maiden aunt, and determines to marry the younger lady himself. The, latter, however, returns the love of *Percy*, and draws out the old gallant, changing him from a timid, retired person, into a dashing, antiquated specimen of truculent beauism; in the end, however, she contents herself by appearing in a suit of sable hue at the nuptial feast, and frightening him to death by her menaces, until he is glad to give her up to his nephew *Percy*. The characters were, throughout, very well supported. FARREN was excellent as the old beau, though he dressed part much too old; whilst the maiden aunt of M GLOVER was as clever as all this actress's impersonati are; and Mrs. SEYMOUR and HUDSON are both deser of high praise. WEBSTER has brought the comedy ou excellent style; he never spares any expense to m his performances as brilliant as possible.

TO ———.

I used to ask the boon of Heaven,
That with thy lot mine should be joined;
That if by sorrow's tempest driven,
I might have power to soothe thy mind.

That every care I might allay,
And all thy wants and pleasures tend;
In health to be thy greatest joy,
In sickness thy untiring friend.

When they my fond affection saw,
Their bitter taunts were nought to me;
No smile could please—no frown could awe;
I heeded none—my world was thee.

Thou wer't my all; nor with thee shared
A thought of Heaven, ah! no, nor God:
Yet he in tender mercy spared,
And turned my idol to a rod.

Thy frowns, oh, how they pierced my heart,
Until I heard that still small voice,
Which made me from my idol part,
Then bade me in my God rejoice.

I gave thee up and am resigned,
Awaiting my heav'nly father's will,
Who'll sweetly soothe my troubled mind,
And bid my weary soul be still.

Yet still thou hast my fervent prayer,
May every blessing to thee be given;
Whoe'er thy earthly lot may share,
I care not so we meet in Heaven.

MIRIAM.

CHARADE.

The lover's web, the soldier's sword,
The maid who sacred keeps her word;
These join'd together will soon prove,
How very much, dear girl, I love.

M.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR DECEMBER, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

PROMENADE DRESS.

Fig. 1.—A dress of a deep violet *poult de soie*, the skirt made immensely full and rather long, trimmed down each side of the front with three flat folds or *biais*, gradually widening towards the lower part of the *jupe*, and caught or fastened down at regular distances with a double row of very *petit* gymp, placed cross-ways; this style of trimming is continued all round the high open close fitting corsage, which also shows the under plain chemisette of embroidered cambric; tight sleeves *à conde*, the top part ornamented with a deep *jockey*, trimmed round to match the corsage, and with turn-over plain cuffs round the lower part, finished with a deep fulling of white lace, falling over the hands. Bonnet of straw-coloured *velours épinglé*, tastefully decorated with two white ostrich feathers, the lower one being placed very low, and twisted at the tip.

CARRIAGE AFTERNOON DRESS.

Fig. 2.—A dress of shot fawn-coloured satin and pink, richly trimmed with facings of black lace up the front of the skirt, the centre being ornamented with a rather large sized silver button, perfectly round, each button being connected by a twist of black silk, small round cord, or piping, forming a kind of loop to the button, the lower buttons being much larger than those on the top; high open corsage, surmounted with a small collar, and faced down the front with lappels, which turn back so as to leave the front partly open, showing the under high chemisette of white cambric, let in round the top with rows of narrow inlet, the lappels and collar surrounded with a row of black lace, and the former decorated with small round silver buttons; plain long sleeves, rather loose towards the wrist, and encircled with three rows of black lace of the same description as that on the corsage; capote of white *velours épinglé*, lined and trimmed with dark blue velvet, the feathers which decorate the exterior being shaded with the same colour.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Plain under-dress of French grey satin; *paletot* of sea-green cachmeire, drawn in at the waist with green silk cord and tassels; the pelerine loose, hanging sleeve, and skirt entirely encircled with a very light kind of *guipure* lace trimmings, having a very rich effect, the back of the *paletot* fitting perfectly close to the figure, as well as the fronts. Capote of pink *velours épinglé*, prettily trimmed on each side with loops of pink ribbon, confined and divided by a twist of the same, which passes over the front of the crown, and have a very youthful effect.

PLATE THE THIRD.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Under-dress made perfectly plain, of a rich lavender *moire*, high up to the throat, and with flat sleeves. Pardessus of a light brown cachmeire, encircled with a very large silk twisted cord, closed the whole way up the front, and confined across the chest with fastenings composed of silk cord and velvet buttons, the top surmounted with a small square collar, an immense round cape forming a drapery to the back and over the arms, finishing just upon the top, and in front of the arm-hole; loose long straight sleeves, decorated round the lower part to match the front of the cloak. Bonnet of pale lavender *velours épinglé*, the edge of the brim encircled with a fulling of the same material, showing both inside and on the exterior, which is also decorated on the right side with two small roseates also of the same *tissu*; *brides* of white satin ribbon.

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—A short dress of striped shot blue Pekin silk; the skirt made *en biais* (upon the cross), the lower part being finished with a simple broad hem, the upper part being set into the rounded waist in large full gathers; low corsage, made perfectly plain, and on the straight way of the stuff, headed with a small round cape *en biais*, joining in the centre of the front, and forming a *berthe*; short sleeves, formed of a deep fold of the same material; under chemisette and full sleeves of plain muslin, let into narrow bands of the same, and finished with a single row of lace. Pantaloons of white cambric, embroidered round the lower part. Boots of green Morocco leather and cachmeire. Young lady's walking dress of jonquil silk; made high up to the throat; plain long sleeves. *Paletot* of peach-coloured cachmeire; made rather shorter than the dress, and encircled with a French binding of the same, which also borders the small square collar and sleeves; the latter being wide, and gathered up slightly upon the front of the arm by a rather broad strap of the same material, ornamented with three small round fancy silk buttons, like those which close the paletot upon the front of the chest; this strap forms a continuation to the one on the top of the shoulders. Muff of ermine, lined with pink satin, and decorated upon the centre of the front part of the muff with a *nœud* of satin ribbon of the same hue as the lining. Capote of pink *velours* of the *Pamela* form; trimmed with a *velours épinglé* ribbon put straight over the front of the crown, and attached upon each side with large roseates of the same. Cambric embroidered pantaloons; and violet velvet boots.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—A dress of a bright emerald green satin; half-high corsage, and straight sleeve, sufficiently short to allow

of the under full sleeve of white cambric showing, which is also finished round the wrist with a plain row of rich lace falling over the hand, the lower part of the satin sleeve being trimmed with a plaiting of the same material, confined in the centre with a small silk cord. Manteau of pale lavender *poult de soie*, the fronts slightly rounded, and decorated upon each side with narrow folds of the same, put on slantways, and close to each other, meeting in points down the front; round deep cape, encircled with a double frilling of the same, put on in large flutes, and sufficiently close to touch each other, the arm-holes decorated with a trimming similar to that on the fronts of the manteau. Bonnet of white *velours épinglé*, the exterior of the edge encircled with a narrow flat fulling of the same, placed the width of the binding from the edge, the crown tastefully decorated with a wreath of narrow green velvet leaves, confined upon each side with pale pink roses, half wreaths of the same decorating the interior upon each side.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

WALKING DRESS.

Fig. 1.—An under plain dress of a rich Esterhazy watered silk, made half high, with plain straight sleeves reaching to a little below the elbow, and shewing the under fulled muslin sleeve, confined at equal distances with bands of inlet, and edged with lace round the wrists. *Pardessus* of rich black velvet, with *demi-longue* Persian sleeves bordered, as well as down each side of the fronts, and round the small square collars with a rich gymp lace trimming; this *pardessus* is confined at the back, but not in the front of the waist, and is considerably shorter than the under-dress. We must not forget mentioning the small slanting pocket holes on each side of the front also decorated with a row of gymp. Bonnet of a deep Albert blue velvet; extremely shallow and round at the ears; and the crown decorated with a small plume composed of tips of the ostrich feather, and on the right side with *nœuds* of velvet, which are placed tastefully upon the side of the crown.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. 2.—A dress of a splendid shaded peach-coloured satin, trimmed with two immense flounces slightly waved at the lower edge, and finished with a narrow *bouillon* fringe of the same hue. *Visite* of shot purple velvet; richly decorated with a fancy trimming or *passementerie*, completely encircling the cape, the lower part of the long plain sleeves, and the small round collar; the front ends of the cape being rounded, and confined round the throat with a splendid cord and tassels. Bonnet of dark green velvet; the form open, and rounded at the ears; decorated in the interior with half-wreaths of small white daisies; the exterior ornamented with an elegant shaded white and green ostrich feather, tipped with a spotted marabout; *brides* of green velvet.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. 3.—A dress of a rich blue *poult de soie* skirt trimmed with rows of ribbon velvet the same as the dress, placed at regular distances; half high and sleeves, with under fulled muslin ones. *Pardes* dark green velvet; half-long sleeves; round colla backs formed with a rich fancy gymp trimming, a much to the magnificence of the *pardessus*; the confined with a small green silk cord; double van *rûche* round the neck. Bonnet of violet velvet crown round, and covered with velvet drawn upo side, where it forms a kind of fulling confined by a *nœud* of ribbon, and decorated with three ostrich fe *etagés* of spotted light violet colour; the tip of the one finished by the tip of another description of fe falling low.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—A *Pardessus* of black satin; the body is fectly plain and high, fastening to the throat; a large is attached, which reaches to the waist; the corne rounded in the front; a small collar falls over the and each are trimmed with black velvet *en biais* sleeves are cut straight and wide, not quite reaching wrist; they are also finished by a black velvet cuff skirt is short, very full, and faced with velvet *en b* the pockets are placed crosswise in the front of the finished by a velvet band. Plain high dress of *po soie*; the sleeve plain and tight; the skirt is very extremely full, and without trimming. Bonnet of l der satin; open shape, falling low at the ears; the ming is composed of satin, and a magnificent fe which adds greatly to its appearance, droops low a left ear.

EVENING COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—A dress of a rich white satin; the skirt very long, and immensely full; it has three very volants of splendid lace set on full; the corsage is the waist long and *à pointe*; a deep fall of lace surro the corsage; the sleeves are very short, and perf plain; they are finished by a lace ruffle. *Petit sor Bal* of dark green velvet, lined throughout with satin; it has large loose sleeves, and a hood which at once a warm and elegant covering for the head; trimmed with beautiful ermine.

CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—A dress of striped figured cachmeire, the sage high and plain; the sleeves are half-long, not wide, and are trimmed with fringe at the bottom skirt is long and full, has two deep scolloped flounc *biais*, set on full; they are trimmed with a rich *bo*

fringe. Mantelet of rich velvet, falling round and low at the back, the ends in front being left square, and reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress; it has large loose sleeves, and small collar; the trimming is a deep fringe, headed by two rows of rich silk fancy trimming; the fringe on the collar is narrow, and there is but one row of gymp on it; the sleeves have two rows of gymp, and no fringe. Bonnet of white chip; short at the ears, and ornamented with two full ostrich feathers drooping on the left side.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—The Duchess of Kent is here represented attired in a dress of black velvet, the corsage half-high, and opening in the front, the waist long and pointed, the sleeves are tight and plain, finished at the wrist by a double ruffle of lace; the skirt is long and full, and has three rows of deep fringe, that at the bottom being the deepest. Cloak of magnificent cachmeire, it is short and full, and has a deep cape, falling low at the back, but which in the front of the arm takes the form of a sleeve. Bonnet of dark blue velvet, of a small form, and short at the ears; it is ornamented by three splendid feathers on the right side, and on the left is a simple *nœud* of velvet.

MORNING COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Dress of deep rose-coloured satin, the corsage half-high; the sleeves, which are *demi-longue*, are large and wide, and have a deep cuff of rich *guipure* lace, a large cape of the same is attached to the neck of the corsage, forming a point at the waist; the skirt is long, exceedingly full, and *à la robe*, the corners being rounded; this also is surrounded by a deep *guipure*, narrowing towards the waist. Under dress of India muslin, having at the bottom three rows of fulling, divided by insertion, the body and under sleeves to correspond. Headdress of lace, the lappet falling low at the right side, on the left it is caught back by a *nœud* of rose-coloured velvet.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of pale primrose-coloured satin, the corsage low and fitting tight; the waist and point long; the sleeves are tight, and finished by a deep double ruffle of lace, looped up in the front of the arm; a deep *berthe* is worn over the corsage, concealing the sleeve, leaving only the ruffle visible. The skirt is very long and full; it has four deep flounces of lace, which are set on *à la robe*, meeting at the point of the waist; they are gradually narrowed from the part where they turn to join the robe. This is a very elegant evening costume, and the style is likely to be adopted for both dinner and evening dresses.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall sudden on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him thus engaged, the Sabbath bells salute.
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1845.

From the splendid preparations now making to usher in the winter season, we predict it will prove a most brilliant one; the number of foreigners of high rank now on a visit to our Court, rendering it one of the most brilliant re-unions in the world; besides adding much to the gaiety and splendour of the fashionable world—the splendour of evening costume vieing with the richness of those splendid envelopes, that will be so much worn both for carriage and promenade dress, and of which there is so great a variety. We will, therefore, commence by taking a glance at

CLOAKS.—Pelisses, &c., are now a question of so much importance with every lady, that we cannot reply with too scrupulous an exactitude. The task of doing this is much lightened this winter, as the forms are of a style combining at once elegance and comfort, and of which we may judge by the following models:—The forms are of an infinite variety, and present in general a width which is considered necessary to render them becoming and graceful; the way in which the folds are arranged and attached, being the principal thing which evinces the taste and ingenuity of the *modiste*. We may cite the *Manteau Athénien* as being of this description; the sleeves of which are caught up with cords and tassels, or attached with velvet; the collar being cut sloping, so as to throw back the folds upon the side, and leave the chest free. These cloaks are made in velvet, and trimmed with very beautiful fancy ornaments, or in cachmeire, decorated with Grecian designs *brodés* all round in twisted silk, or figures composed of *points de chainette appliqués*; then there is the *manteau Ioway*, the cut and form of which is so remarkable for its ample and graceful appearance, being richly ornamented with furs, and beautiful fancy trimmings. In another style, we have the *manteau Agnés*, which droops in a kind of cloak at the back, yet forms in front a perfect corsage,

having half-long wide sleeves, attached on each side. We have also seen a cloak, called most aptly *grande dame*; the entire form of it being at once noble looking and graceful; it falls as low nearly as the edge of the skirt, the fronts having a kind of *revers* or facing, which is cut deep over the shoulders and arms, allowing of the latter passing through a kind of slit or arm-hole in the cape, the back forming a vast pelerine; this cloak is composed of Indian cachmeire lined with a satin of the same shade and colour.

Ball Dresses.—Most of our *modistes* are at the present moment busy preparing evening toilettes for the forthcoming season; that style of dress allowing of greater novelty and variety than any other at this *triste saison*. We will select the following, as those of the latest fashion:—A robe of Indian muslin, having a broad hem, through which is passed, *à transparent*, a pink ribbon; over this is worn a pink tunic of Italian silk, open the whole way up each side, edged with a narrow fancy gymp, and attached together with *nœuds à longsbouts* (long streamers) of pink silk ribbon; plain corsage *à point*, opening up the entire front, and attached, similar to the skirt, with *nœuds* of pink silk; short open sleeves, also decorated with *nœuds*; secondly, a dress of Tarlatane *à deux jupes*; the under one bordered with an embroidery as deep as to reach to the top of the knee, where it is met by the upper skirt, similarly embroidered; plain low body and *berthe* of embroidered muslin; thirdly, a dress of *moire bleu Marie*, trimmed with two broad flat flounces *en guipure*, headed with two narrow rows of satin ribbon; low corsage, and *berthe en guipure*; fourthly a tunic of pink silk gauze, opening the whole way up the front, with four satin rouleaus of the same hue; corsage *à la grecque*, also bordered with a satin rouleaux; short sleeves, trimmed to match; lastly, a robe of pink Italian silk, ornamented all round the lower part of the skirt with a broad silver *passementerie*; over this is worn a second skirt of pink *crêpe lisse*, descending as low as the edge of the silver trimming, and raised upon each side just upon the top of the knee, with a silver *passementerie* reaching to the waist; plain corsage *à pointe*, ornamented with a narrow *passementerie posée* upon the seam of the front, and round the *demi-pelerine*.

Bonnets.—Velvet ones have already appeared; they are mostly, however, lined with satin of a different colour, and always of the *Pamela* form; some are ornamented with flowers; whilst others are more simply trimmed with *torsades* of fancy gymps, and a great number with elegant feathers, But the most decidedly fashionable are those hats made in the *velours épinglé*, so pretty, fresh looking, and elegant; some ladies prefer them to velvet until the winter is more advanced; they are principally decorated with feathers, and also ribbons put on and arranged with great taste; they may be trimmed with black velvet. We have been much charmed, also, with the sight of a most elegant bonnet of *velours gris castor*; the interior is lined with pink or blue, and the exterior decorated with three ostrich tips *étagées*, and shaded *en gris*, mixed with the colour of the lining of the bonnet.

Dresses.—There is no question but that the sle*à la musquetaire* will be brought into fashion, reca those famous gauntlets that used to be worn by an chevaliers; they consist of a kind of *manchette* comp of velvet, made tight round the wrist, and wide ove sleeve, which it nearly conceals; the bodies of t dresses are of dark blue satin, myrtle, green, or mar with facings of black velvet put on so as to form a kir breast piece or *plastron* upon the chest, rounding u the hips, *en basque*, to the width of eighteen inches at l This is the newest style, and will, we have no doubt very generally adopted by our noble dames. We may the three following, as of a more simple style of costu —A robe of satin *écru*; the skirt decorated with five r of velvet, put on at the distance of double the widt each *biais*; plain corsage; the point of the waist roun opening half way up the front, and finished with b *revers* of velvet; plain sleeves, rounded towards wrists, and similarly decorated with *parements* in ve A dress of dark blue velvet, trimmed upon the front o skirt with a row of large engraved steel buttons; p high corsage, fastened up the front with a row of the s kind of buttons; plain sleeves, with facings decor with three buttons; lastly, a robe of green satin, trim with four flounces of a rich black lace put on quite p and headed with a black ribbon velvet; plain cors made quite high to the throat, *à point arrondie*, and o mented with five rows of lace put on across the front; upper row forming a kind of full round the neck; p sleeves, having *jockeys* trimmed with lace. We may by this latter costume, that lace trimmings are still eminent for a certain style of costume.

Dress Hats.—The favourite style are those of *demi-Pamela* form, pink and white; the brim small open, and quite adapted for a theatre toilette; w others are made in *crêpe*—light, and young-lookin decorated solely with a large feather, shaded and c posed of the marabout. Several have lately appe in black and white lace; the form *petit*, and perfe round, supporting beneath the brim all kinds of o ments, such as ribbons, flowers, *bouillonnées*, lapp &c., the outer part being decorated with a feather *esprit*, a drooping marabout, or three small tip feathers *étagées*. We have remarked several very ele spotted feathers used for the decorating of this styl coiffure, as well as various splendid *rubans d'or à zig* and marabouts *mouchetés d'or*, white ostrich feathe *quadrilles, &c.* Velvet hats are sometimes decorated Eastern birds, or black lace interspersed with pink ne of ribbon.

Visiting Manteaux.—A new style has just beer troduced, made in velvet, and trimmed with broad lac tached at equal distances with *agraffes* of satin composed of satin *rattachée*, with fastenings of vel others are decorated with fancy velvet trimmings, or *pure* fringes, *d'effilés à la reine*, &c.; these trimmi however, will soon give place to rich furs, as the cold creases.

Capuchons.—For *sorties de spectacle*, these very

venient hoods are now becoming in great request, being so extremely convenient; they combine the advantage of not interfering with the head-dress, and forming a sort of cap, having a garniture of lace, which is most elegant and becoming to the countenance.

Velvets will this season be more adopted for trimmings, both for morning and evening dress, than for entire dresses; *corsages à basquines*, indeed, are principally made of velvet, but otherwise, it will serve only to ornament in the shape of bands, embroideries, lozenges, and a hundred different forms.

Paletots will be very much in vogue this winter; they are extremely elegant, made in cachmeire of a chocolate colour, fastened the whole way up the front without being drawn in at the waist; a small pelerine, or cape, surrounds the top of the shoulders, but does not reach lower than the waist, being rounded over the arms, and finishing upon each side just in front of the sleeves, edged with a narrow *passementerie*, which also surrounds the lower part of the *paletot*, and ascends up the front as far as the neck, which is also encircled with a small half-high collar; the fancy trimmings being repeated across the front, upon the chest, and fastened with elegant buttons, which close the corsage just to the waist.

Fashionable Colours are now principally of a dark hue; indeed, nothing is more fashionable than black; still we see many such colours as maroon, violet, green, different shades of grey, *l'ecru*, and flame colour.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Late as it is in the season, the mildness of the atmosphere induces our fair *élégantés* to delay their winter toilettes as long as possible; still we see that furs are beginning to be considered an indispensable appendage to an out-door toilette.

Toilettes de Ville.—We may cite as the most elegant those made in *Pekin-velours*, striped cross-ways in black and a kind of steel grey, and arranged in such a manner upon the skirt and corsage, as to form a kind of triangle, which has each point supported by a rich steel button. For *grande visite*, dresses made of rich damasks are most in request, of a beautiful sea-green, diversified with large bunches or clusters of roses and jonquils; they are trimmed *en tablier* upon the front of the skirts, with *quilles* of *point d'Alençon* lace, and two *rûches* of satin ribbon, green, pink, and jonquil. We may cite the following materials as those most in request for these style of dresses:—the *Pekins damasses*, and the *damas Pekinés*, the shades and colours of which are so softly intermixed; the real Louis the XV. damask, the ground of which is plain and soft, or may be varied with bunches of Indian roses; violet heart's-ease, and the blue convolvolus strewn over a ground of jonquil or grey; satins of a greyish black, those *à la reine Joinville*, velvets, and *moires*, all of which are now in vogue, but which are too various for us to name.

Furs are now becoming indispensable, particularly for out-door costume, both as regards *toilettes de ville*, and those comfortable *douillettes*, which are so entirely ornamented with sable as to be much in favour with our great ladies. When that attractive novelty called *le caprice* is worn, small muffs are absolutely requisite, the linings of which are either of *vert de cour*, *gris acier*, or *Joinville* blue. Ermine is still considered the richest and most aristocratic of all kinds of furs, although it is a little counterbalanced by the soft looking grey furs, and the *doré du grèbe*.

Coiffures offer greater variety than we ever remember. We will begin by mentioning those which have created the greatest sensation, composed of velvet and *torsades* of gold, which entirely encircle the head, and the elegant appearance of which is added to by a white feather, spangled with gold, falling over the ear, and touching the tip of the shoulder. This head-dress is denominated *la couquéte*, and richly it deserves that name, as it is most becoming to ladies of a majestic appearance. *La sévigné* is another most elegant head-dress, being a mixture of blonde, and clusters of roses, which encircle the face and is extremely pretty. *La Sultane* is an extremely light and rich looking coiffure, being made of tulle, spangled in gold, and a mixture of white and black. *La Victoria* is an head-dress which has been named after our young Queen, it is truly royal, being formed entirely of feathers, which wave gracefully amidst the hair, to which they are attached by clusters of brilliants. Then there is that truly Eastern looking head-dress *la Sarrasine*; imagine a kind of turban, *broché* in a thousand different colours, upon which are absolutely thrown here and there, light looking glittering tassels, having a very pretty and original effect. And then, again, *La Duchesse*, composed of a simple net-work *tournée*, in the most tasteful and surprising manner, and decorated with tassels made entirely of marabouts, tipped and spotted with gold, these tassels being as light as a cloud or a breath, and the elegance of which is scarcely to be surpassed. *La coiffure Abyssinienne* is also very charming, with its long green and gold leaves so beautifully intermixed, and drooping like long streamers of ribbon over each side of the neck. For *costumes de bal* we cannot speak too highly of that ravishing *Peri* wreath, formed of *petit* stars *d'acier*, which glitter amidst its leaves, and has so splendid an effect by candle light.

Robes de Chambre.—What can be simpler or more elegant than the present style of *negligé* costume, the choice of the different kind of materials being so well chosen and adapted to the different fancy trimmings with which they are ornamented, and according to the style of the dress, that is, either Oriental or Parisian? The sleeves *tombent*, somewhat smaller than of late, though of sufficient width to show the arm, which is left uncovered, in order to allow of the plain white sleeve being visible. The *passementeries* with which they are decorated, are remarkably handsome, particularly those de-

nominated *Albanaise*, being extremely tasty and original, particularly when the material of the dress is a plain cachmeire, lined with satin; such as the following, made in plain white cachmeire, beautifully braided and embroidered with a flat silk braid, and decorated with gold buttons, the lining is lightly wadded and quilted in gold coloured satin, and has a truly regal effect.

Les Petites Visites.—This small round kind of mantle, is made either of satin, velvet, or fur, and fastened over the chest with rich buttons, composed partly of velvet; a very elegant one is made of velvet, trimmed round with ermine, being at once graceful and royal looking; some name them *le caprice*, whilst in a short time we shall hear them named *dolman*; they are made in black velvet for out-door costume, and blue or green for theatre toilette, and may be decorated with fancy gymp trimmings of lace or fur. Then we have the *mantel à la Lavallière*, of a most charming and elegant appearance, the model of which may be seen in some of those beautiful portraits of the noble and repentant lady of that name, when seeking for a refuge in the Carmelite convent; they are mostly composed of black velvet, trimmed with a black lace of an immense width.

Capotes.—Several very elegant ones have lately appeared of *satin-feutre*, the interior of the front being lined with pink, having a very *distingué* effect, or, what is quite as pretty, a *Napoléan* blue, the exterior of a different shade of blue in velvet, with trimmings of lemon colour under the brim. Velvet capotes, however, are principally ornamented with flowers, half velvet, of a brown kind of foliage. We have also remarked some very elegant ones made of silk or satin, and richly quilted, of the *Pamelas* form. These bonnets are extremely light-looking, and have a very distinguished effect, with *coques* of ribbon drooping upon each side *en spirales*. Several very pretty looking ones are composed of the *écru* satin, green, or *Napoléon* blue, and decorated with ribbons of cerise, purple, or violet, those of blue satin *à la reine*, are extremely elegant looking when trimmed with velvet and black lace.

Pardessus.—We may cite the following as one of the most graceful that has ushered in the winter season. The body is made plain, high upon the shoulders, and opening *en cœur*, plain sleeves and round *jockeys*, which are mostly ornamented as well as the front of the skirt, with *biais* or folds of the same material, fastened at equal distances with fancy silk ornaments. Another very youthful style of over-all, are those made of grey cachmeire, in the form of a deep *crispin*, edged all round with green velvet, straight sleeves, rather wide, and raised with a *patte* of the same material, attaching also the small collar, and finishing upon the edge of the velvet which encircles the sleeve. Then we have another made of green moire, the skirt long, opening up the front, but without any plaits round the waist; high plain corsage, fastened the whole way up the front, and headed with a *petit* collar of green velvet, forming two points in the front, and terminated with silk tassels; very wide sleeves, open and lined with white satin.

TO THE LONELY HEART.

BY WARBURTON BURCH.

To cheer the lone heart when its energies droop,
A beneficent Saviour has given,
A ray of that light which man has call'd hope,
And sent as a foretaste of Heaven.

The evils of life may fret and perplex,
The day be o'erclouded with sorrow;
The pangs of the moment may rankle and vex,
But a hope yet remains for the morrow.

I'll never despair while my bosom is glowing,
With a feeling near kindred to bliss;
The rarest of gifts of fortune's bestowing,
I deem not so precious as this.

Go, ask the captive lonely pining,
Dawns a hope within his soul;
When on his stony couch reclining,
He marks the darkling hours roll.

Breaks the light of heaven there,
On his dark, benighted way;
Chasing thence the fiend despair
From his empire's tyrant sway.

Unmindful of his coming doom,
Fancy shapes a pleasing theme;
Lighting up his prison's gloom
With a momentary gleam.

Now his breast with rapture glowing,
Feels no more his hapless lot;
All his soul with pleasure flowing,
All his woes forgot.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"*The Learned Sergeant*" shall certainly appear in c
next.

The poetical "*Farewell*," as well as the lines
"*Regret*," are accepted.

"*B. G.*"—Received, and under revision.

"*E. F.*"—Declined.

"*The Dream*."—Received.

Communications to be inserted, should be forwarded
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Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St James

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The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1845 Morning Dresses.