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Per 2705 d. $\frac{410}{8}$

THE
406
NEW MONTHLY
BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION,

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1838.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED AT 24, NORFOLK-STREET, STRAND.

Per . 705 . 415
2

LONDON:
PRINTED BY JOSEPH ROGERSON,
24, NORFOLK-STREET, TRAND.

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Victoria R

THE NEW
MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:
JANUARY, 1838.

**MEMOIR OF HER MOST GRACIOUS
MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA THE
FIRST.**

The great charm of biography is adventure. Sudden changes of scene, unexpected reverses of fortune, and "moving accidents by flood and field," form the staple material of those private histories, for which the Public ever evinces the greatest relish. Yet there is a charm thrown over the most trifling actions of the Illustrious, of a far purer kind than that possessed by the records of persons of humble station, be they ever so crowded with stirring events,—an interest which, when excited towards the highest person in the realm, amounts to loyalty. The eagerness with which the most trifling trait or lightest word, emanating from the throne, that may in any degree serve to betoken the character of the sovereign, fully proves the potency of this charm. Never perhaps was anxiety so intense, or admiration so sincere, as that which is now called forth from the hearts and voices of a loyal people, by the illustrious subject of this memoir.

The writer of such a biography as this, has indeed good reason to exclaim, "the name of the *Queen* is a tower of strength," for without it his work would possess little interest. Reared as the heir-apparent to a throne must necessarily be, with the tenderest care, and jealously guarded from the possibility of adventure or accident, the events in such a life, but for the reasons already stated, possess few characteristics either tempting to the writer, or entertaining to the reader.

But however applicable this may be to the past, it cannot be prophesied of the future. The youthful, lovely, and amiable Princess, is now called upon to fulfil her high destiny of wielding the sceptre over a people who occupy nearly the highest rank in the scale of moral and intellectual civilization, and we may form the brightest anticipations of national glory to be imparted to this empire, in the time to come, by the wisdom, judgment, and justice of our now youthful Queen, if we carefully contemplate her already short career as developed in infancy, during her excellent education—during youth and up to her arrival at womanhood—from the germ to the bud, until fully ripened into "The rose and expectancy of the fair state." To afford such contemplation, is now our business.

Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria the First, is the only daughter of his late Royal Highness, Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of King George the Third, and Victoria Maria Louisa, youngest daughter of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg, who was first married to Enrich Charles, Prince of Leinengen, after whose death, she became, in the year 1818, Duchess of Kent. On the 24th of May, 1819, her present Majesty was

born at Kensington Palace, and since the death of her Royal Father, in 1820, she has ever been an object of the utmost solicitude and tenderness that it is possible for maternal affection to show; she has never been separated from her natural guide and instructor, from her infancy to the present time. One anecdote of an escape from early death is worth recording here. At the close of the Autumn of 1819, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, with the infant Princess, were residing at Sidmouth, in Devonshire, when an apprentice-boy, aping his superiors, had equipped himself with a gun, and considering himself a true Devon sportsman, was playing with the tube of death near to their residence; when unfortunately a chance shot broke the windows of the Royal nursery, and passed very near the infant Princess, then in the arms of her nurse. The alarm having subsided, the rash and foolish youth was apprehended for his culpable conduct; but the Duke of Kent, with his accustomed good nature, ordered him to be discharged on condition of his promising to abandon that species of field sports. By an Act of Parliament passed in the year 1831, in which his late Majesty took the greatest interest, and by which the people of England evinced their respect for, and confidence in, the character and conduct of the Duchess of Kent, it was enacted that in case the then Princess Alexandrina Victoria should come to the throne during her minority, her royal mother should be the Princess Regent: it was also provided that the young Princess should be considered of age on attaining her eighteenth year; consequently, on the 24th of May last she reached her majority. This event was made the occasion of public festivity and rejoicing all over the country. London was brilliantly illuminated in every part. The Princess herself, then resident in Kensington Palace, was awoken from her slumbers in the morning by a serenade, performed by the principal vocalists of the metropolis, the poetry of which was written by the Editress of this Magazine, and published in a former number. The music was composed by Mr. G. H. Rodwell. Various congratulatory addresses were sent up from the principal cities and towns in England; in short, every method was taken to show the attachment universally felt towards the Royal Maiden.

Almost immediately after this happy birth-day, the ebullition of public joy it occasioned was considerably checked by the illness of his Majesty William the Fourth, and on the 20th day of June, 1837, our late amiable Monarch breathed his last. The new Queen was proclaimed amidst that general enthusiasm which it was proper to manifest so immediately after the demise of our late beloved Sovereign. Her Majesty lost no time in sending consolatory messages to every member of the late

King's family, and the interview which took place between Queen Victoria and the Royal Widow, Queen Adelaide, at Windsor Castle, on Monday June 26th, was reported to have been affecting and affectionate in the extreme.

After the interment of William the Fourth, on Saturday July 8th, the tone of public feeling gradually changed from the mournful effects produced by the late Sovereign's demise, into those joyful anticipations that were naturally awakened by the accession of our youthful and interesting Queen. Nothing was heard of, or talked about, but the new Sovereign, during her carriage-airings; her equipage was numerously beset with hundreds of the curious, for the chance of beholding her Royal person. Newspapers teemed with anecdotes, and the slightest incidents were sought for and recorded with the greatest avidity. From the many *jeu d'esprit* launched at the time, we select the following from the "Court Journal." It is in imitation of the old-fashioned "News" which Mr. Leigh Hunt has so often cleverly imitated, and strongly savours of his peculiar humour.

THE NEW REIGN.

A long reign and a merry one may it be! Now is the season of summer, and of hope that a fine day will no longer be a scarcity. Now is the time for loyalists to be thrice as devoted as before, and for those who were never loyal at all to become so with their best grace. Now the Court must be more courtly than ever, and the nation more like a nation of gallant men, "of men of honour and of cavaliers." Now the Sir Walter Raleighs, where-soever they be, must get ready their cloaks, and fling them down that they may take up honour. Now the poets must become Spencers and Shakspeares if they can, and

"The fair vestal throned in the West," be the universal inspirer. Now the Queen's name shall be a tower of strength for all great and patriotic purposes; and men of high and low condition join in one conviction, that if the object of their praise and affection be only eighteen years of age, there will be no ground for such a complaint this time twelvemonth.

Now Almacks is to be in due season more brilliant than it has ever been, and the Opera is to be the Queen's Theatre, and rendered worthy of the name. Now the Zoological Gardens are not to be shut up on Sunday afternoon, and not a creature they contain is to waste its sweetness on the desert air. Now the eyes of all are to be directed once again to the Abbey of Westminster to witness, perhaps "in the spring-time of the year," the most brilliant and magnificent scene that ever Coronation presented. And now, if an increase of national glory, an advancement of national welfare, and a speedier realization of that which all parties seek, however various and opposite the paths they take to secure it, be not the lot of Britain, the failure will certainly not arise from a lack of generous enthusiasm and chivalrous devotion to the Sovereign Lady of the Land.

As soon as the pressure of public business would permit, her Majesty took her departure from Kensington Palace for Windsor, where great preparations were made for her reception. But unfortunately the weather proving unfavourable, the outdoor arrangements, which were somewhat elaborate, entirely failed; though in spite of bad weather, the

people of Windsor did not fail to evince their accustomed loyalty. Towards the close of September the court removed to Brighton, the inhabitants of which were more fortunate than the lieges of Windsor. The splendour of the weather, the extent, taste, and appropriateness of the devices, triumphal arches, &c, combined with the elegance of the numerous spectators, must have rendered her Majesty's progress from the entrance to the town, to the Pavilion, gratifying in the highest degree. After remaining for a short period at Brighton, the Queen returned to London to become the first inhabitant of the new Buckingham Palace. At this period it became known that, according to a custom which for many centuries has been adhered to, the new Sovereign would on the 9th of November honour the Lord Mayor and the citizens of London with a visit to Guildhall. The instant this announcement was made, nothing could exceed the eagerness of the public in making such arrangements as would insure a good view of their beloved Sovereign during her progress into the city. A new kind of window-tax was imposed by the inhabitants of those houses that lined the way, which put Mr. Pitt's much-abused measure entirely into the shade. Sums, varying from ten to fifty guineas, were demanded and received for windows that commanded a view of the procession. When the day arrived, the throng, even at an early hour, occupied the long line from St. James' to the Guildhall. Every window of practicable loophole that could command the slightest view of the procession, presented groups of anxious faces beaming with loyal gratification. Flags bearing appropriate devices and inscriptions, were hung across the streets. Precisely at two o'clock the signal was given by a gun fired in St. James' Park, that Her Majesty had commenced her short journey. On arriving at Temple Bar she was met by an escort of City Aldermen on horseback. The Queen, on alighting at her destination, was received by the Sheriffs and their Ladies. In an ante-room, splendidly fitted up for her use, she held a Court, and conferred the honour of a Baronetcy on the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs. The dinner which followed was one of the most sumptuous in point of provision, and elegant as regards the appointments and decorations, that even the munificent citizens of London could display; while the arrangements to comfort and welcome her Majesty, were complete in every particular. In the evening not only the streets in the line of procession, but the whole metropolis, was brilliantly illuminated. On Monday, Nov. 20th, her Majesty proceeded to the House of Lords to open the new Parliament, and on the throne of that House, by the Queen-like dignity, joined with the feminine grace of her demeanour, confirmed that love and admiration which was first conceived at her *debut* in political life, when soon after her accession, she prorogued the old Parliament.

We can with safety predict that with so young and elegant a Princess at its head, the Court will obtain a great accession of life, fashion, and spirit; and it only remains for us to echo the hope that must be felt by every British heart, that the reign of Queen Victoria the First may be long, glorious, and happy!

W. H. W.

TWO SCENES IN A LIFE.

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

SKETCH NO. I.

It was night, and the interior of a pretty provincial Theatre was brilliantly lighted: the pleased countenances in its crowded circle wore the happy look of anticipation, for the scarce amusements of their retired lives made each instance an event, which they viewed with all the zest of novelty.

A London "Star," a youthful actress of great beauty, had been detained in the town by a slight accident to her travelling companion: and while the pompous man of medicine prescribed a night's repose for one lady, the manager of the theatre in a delirium of hope ventured to supplicate an evening's acting from the other. It was for the benefit of a distressed actress, and the fair Star, (who was 'eccentric' as a Comet in her movements) consented instantly, for the novelty and frolic.

Many a bright eye turned impatiently towards the mystic green curtain, which was frequently agitated by authorized peepers, who had on this occasion more reason to calculate on the numbers outside who could obtain no place, than the usual "account of empty boxes." Little bells rang importantly, and made young hearts beat with the notion that the Star was about to appear, but it was evident by the delay, and the overture being repeated, that she was not as impatient to be seen as the audience were anxious to view her.

One group, however, in the Pit, seemed less bent on the instant commencement of the piece, their interest and amusement being marked by frequent laughter, and a clustering of persons from the surrounding seats to one object of attention.

Their attraction was an elegant child about seven years of age, drest with great care, and accompanied by a female of middle life, whose remarkable personal beauty was of the same style as her young charge, and indicated their close relationship. There were the same dark liquid Spanish eyes, seeming to imbibe the light of the lustres to reflect it with increased splendour; the raven-black hair, which on the child was suffered to flow in its natural luxuriant length; the marked brows, dimpled mouth, with teeth like pearls, and brilliant complexion, in mother and daughter,—rendering them the subject of much interest and admiration as strangers in the town.

The little girl, whose flow of spirits seemed inexhaustible, gracefully answered the remarks made to her by the kind freedom of rustic manners. Sometimes she sat in momentary mock-gravity, perfectly still, at the whispered request of her gratified parent; the next minute, a gay idea, or humorous sight among the arrivals, made her forget the injunction, in order to participate with her new friends the fresh amusement. Heartily did they enter into the naive gaiety of the child, whose spirits rose with their applause, as, with half-shut eyes, her saucy mouth curled with a pretty wonder at the strange figures she saw, she made her observations in a sweet-toned voice, whose elegance would have commanded attention for even less sprightly and pointed remarks. The

parties from the nearest boxes leaned over when her voice rose from a merry whisper to the silver sound of childhood's laughter; but she was startled on perceiving the unexpected notice induced by her mirth, and sinking into bashfulness, she retired beside her mother, the heavy ringlets shaken forward being insufficient to hide the glowing evidence on her rich brunette complexion.

But the curtain was raised, and the Star appeared, a lovely Blonde, perfect in form and feature. The fabled woes of the gentle Juliet, personated by her, were so like reality, that even the stern countenances of the husbandman and sportsman betrayed their interest in the representation.

None remembered the fair child,—and she had forgotten all, save the action before her. Hushed, in mute attention, every wrong excited her indignation, every sorrow oppressed her warm heart, until the dark eyes dilating to their full size, poured forth those heavy tears, unfailing evidence of Woman's strong feelings,—which may hereafter make the Paradise of another, or the tomb of her own happiness.

The Tragedy was over;—the lately-suffering heroine of the tomb appeared next in comedy; and, as Letitia Hardy, won all hearts, charmed all eyes,—her figure displayed in a fanciful masquerade costume, her graceful movements exhibited in the dance. The child was enraptured; her fascinated eyes followed every action of the accomplished being before her, and with her own fairy foot she unconsciously essayed the steps which engrossed her attention.

The curtain fell; the triumphant Star was led forward to receive tumultuous applause; white handkerchiefs waved, garlands of flowers fell at her feet,—she was gone.

No effort now could bring back the sportive mood of the thoughtful child; her imagination was absorbed in one idea, and her lips trembled as if communing with herself.

At night when the still darkness gave her courage to express the fulness of her mind, she stole her arm round her parent's neck, and pressing her lips, murmured, "*Mother—dearest Mother—I too will be AN ACTRESS!*"

SKETCH NO. II.

It was a bright July morning in 1836, and the principal street of Southampton, that least provincial of all country-towns, was crowded with moving groups. The summer wanderers who congregate there in passing to the Isle of Wight, or the Continent,—the busy porters transporting baggage despite of any obstacle,—the loitering sailor wending his lazy course as if still limited to the deck,—and the numerous herd of non-descript idlers, always found where packets and coaches arrive.

An assemblage of these uncoated, fur-capped worthies stood near the principal hotel, keeping up that sad mirth against the passers, which in a higher class would be called 'quizzing,' and from which no age, sex, or rank escaped.

More especially was this melancholy wit directed against the passing equipages, on which they seemed to have an endless stock of ready-

made jests. But a general pause occurred as they turned to scrutinize a dark open barouche, which drove up to the hotel.

The beauty of the four bay horses, the tasteful liveries of the silver-badged postillions, and numerous servants, the plain but rich carriage, with its minute Ducal coronet, all was unfortunately beyond criticism from even the fastidious loungers. The quiet splendour of the whole spoke of ample wealth, too long possessed for display, beyond that perfection of neatness and consistency which marks a genuine English equipage throughout Europe.

As the carriage drew up it was evident that three of its occupants had been engrossed by a narration of the fourth, a lady advanced in years, but bearing the animated and healthful appearance of earlier days. Her remarks had been accompanied by a somewhat foreign degree of action of her jewelled hands; and at the conclusion a gay peal of laughter from her auditors indicated that its subject had been comic: while a smile crossed the dark Italian face of the gentleman who aided her to descend, though evidently not his habitual expression.

The dress of the lady was grave beyond her years, rich in the extreme, but of subdued delicate hues; and from the dark green velvet mantle carried by her page, to the pure white plumed hat, no tint could be discovered that was not selected with the skill of a painter.

Her dark eyes had an arch sweetness of expression, and her winning smile displayed teeth of extraordinary beauty. Profuse dark hair fell round her well-formed countenance, whose colourless brunette complexion was clear, and unaided by art. Her height, which naturally remarkable, was increased by a commanding carriage: and in the whole figure, from the well placed head to the light and elastic foot, there was a graceful stateliness, the sure indication of symmetrical proportion, beyond the skill of instruction to impart.

The spectators, excited by curiosity round the hotel entrance, now amounted to a crowd, so as effectually to close up the pavement from the recently-arrived party; above all exclamations was heard the voice of the assiduous landlord, commanding them to make way; while the lady leaning on the arm of her husband (and exchanging an arch salutation from some passing carriage, or contemplating the scene with an amused look) awaited in perfect good humour until the selfish curiosity of the crowd chose to let her pass; and as each felt an impulse to offer her a salutation, she returned with a joyous smile the deep obeisances of her humble admirers.

The scene at length becoming oppressive after their long drive through the New Forest, the Page had succeeded in clearing a passage, when the feeble tones of an aged female voice were heard supplicating the landlord, "For mercy's sake, Sir, do not force me away until the lady passes, for I have not tasted food this day, and stranger as I am now in the land I have no hope but from the aid of the munificent!"

The plaintive tones instantly attracted the attention of the lady, who pressing forward encountered the timid gaze of a wan suffering countenance,

while a thin arm scarcely ventured to advance the petition on which the writer's hope rested.

The lady, accepting the proffered paper, said, "My poor woman, have you any particular knowledge or claim on *me*, which induces you to address a petition to one so newly arrived?"

"None, Madam; my sole knowledge is the universal fame you bear for charity,—my sole claim that my indigence, though extreme, is virtuous. If you would graciously peruse my statement, Madam, your compassionate generosity might be excited by the vicissitudes of a life which I trust is nearly drawing to its weary close."

Struck by this singular language, inconsistent with her wretched scanty garb, the lady desired that the suppliant's comfort should be attended to, while awaiting the result of her petition: and amidst the blessings of the crowd the noble guests were ushered by the landlord to their apartments.

There, at once attending to the claim on her compassion, the lady read the simple tale of the youth, beauty, and success of an Actress,—of an unfortunate marriage, subsequent failure, and gradually increasing distress for a long series of years,—until in poverty, age, and sickness, and quite alone in the world, she had come from America to die of want in the land of her early triumphs: the petition closing with a supplication for a trifling sum to purchase fruit, whose retail might procure her an honest, though precarious, subsistence, for her short remaining career.

"Poor suffering creature! Of course I will give it most gladly!" said the lady, handing the paper to her secretary, and desiring that, in addition to the humble demand, a sufficient sum should be placed out for the aged female's use, for weekly allowance, dress, lodging, &c.

"And stay," added the lady, taking back the paper, what is the name,—Felton?—surely that is familiar to me in some way. Felton? yes, there was a beautiful young actress who married a person of that name,—and I remember seeing her when I was quite a child. Can the brilliant creature whom I merely can recall as a vision, and who first attracted my fancy towards the stage, be indeed changed to the feeble creature this day asking for my pecuniary aid? Our fates then have been most strongly contrasted!"

The lady's remembrance was accurate: the miserable petitioner was the once lovely *Mrs. Felton*, the beautiful actress of the first sketch. The admiring child of those days, who afterwards adopted the same profession,—and by chance became her charitable supporter, was the munificent and lamented *Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans*.

[This last striking scene, we understand, occurred within the knowledge of the author. It forms a fit link in the romantic life of the most extraordinary woman of her time; who, from being a poor though respectable young actress, was raised to be wife of the richest commoner in England, and the hostess of Royalty; and who in her advanced years became a Peeress of the highest rank! We observe that a *Memoir* of this interesting career is being published by Miss Sheridan, which is said to be replete with anecdote.—Ed.]

LUFRA'S LAMENT!

(Suggested by the Death of a Newfoundland Dog.)

BY MISS F. M. WILSON.

I've none to love me, none to mourn—
 Helpless from age—infirm—forsorn,
 Unnoticed by the passer by
 Here have I laid me down to die.
 My Master! I have followed thee
 Through all thy fortunes faithfully;
 In Summer's warmth or Winter's day,
 I was companion of thy way;
 And once thy life did LUFRA save
 When sinking in the eddying wave;
 And when no human aid was near
 Proved more than human friend sincere,
 Lick'd from thy brow the damps of death,
 And warm'd thy chill limbs with his breath!
 Was it not LUFRA bounding ran
 To greet thee, when the voice of man
 Spoke but to scorn thy blighted fame,
 And shower down insults on thy name?—
 When SHE towards whom thy sick'ning soul
 Yearn'd as its haven and its goal,
 When she in beauty's high-blown pride
 Spurn'd thee disdainful from her side;
 And thou didst drag thyself away
 Loathing the sunny light of day;—
 LUFRA thy fainting steps did trace
 And track'd thee to thy hiding-place,
 Where fever's blood cours'd through thy veins
 Like Lava-fire; and frenzy's flames
 Burnt up thy mind; when none were there
 With LUFRA his sad task to share,
 Or wake thee from thy death-like swoon,
 When fever's raging pulse was gone;
 I laid me down to mourn and wail
 Over thy form so cold and pale;—
 Caress'd thy cheek that rivall'd clay
 And drove the buzzing flies away;
 For they like me had deem'd thee dead,
 And on thy stiffen'd form had fed,
 Had not a brute (that instinct given,
 In man called REASON; light from Heaven!)
 Guarded thy form with ceaseless care
 Till warmth and feeling waken'd there;
 And each cold pulse and marble limb
 Stirr'd into life; what joy for him!
 Oh Master! now when thou art blest
 With smiling friends, a home of rest—
 Why is thy faithful dog forgot,
 And why forbid to share thy lot?
 I hasten'd to thy well-known call,
 My tottering limbs from weakness fall;
 Though the delay I heard thee chide,
 Returning strength was still denied!
 I could not move;—ah! why didst thou
 Deal on my shaggy coat—a blow?
 Trembling I crawl'd to lick thy feet,
 When thou didst spurn me in the street!
 Helpless from age and torturing pain
 These dim eyes seek thy face in vain;—
 My long career is nearly o'er,
 Master! I ne'er shall greet thee more;
 Death's icy chills are o'er me cast,
 Farewell—I loved thee to the last!

STANZAS;

To my Daughter, on reading the foregoing Lines.

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

Thou hast chosen the POET's thorny path,
 And his chaplet to grace thy brow;
 And the vial of Envy, and Scorn and Wrath,
 The Worldling's sneer, and the Cynic's laugh,
 Are preparing their stings for thee now!

Thou hast chosen the Lyre thy companion to be,
 The friend of thy lonely hours;
 Ah! little, young Vot'ress of Song! canst thou see
 How seldom the lyre and the world agree
 As thou bask'st in fair FANCY's bowers!
 Thou hast chosen the path thy MOTHER TROD,
 To follow a phantom flame;
 Ah! steep is the mountain, and rugged the road,
 And thy spirit will sink 'neath its wearisome load
 Ere thou grasp'st the meteor—FAME!
 And when thou hast gain'd it; 'twill prove a light
 That lured thee but to betray;
 It shines with the splendour of Heaven so bright,
 But fades to the darkness of rayless night
 O'er the Pilgrim's trackless way!
 Then choose not the POET's thorny path,
 Nor his wreath for thy fair young brow;
 But still from the fountain of Gladness quaff,
 And let Girlhood's frolics and gleesome laugh
 Be thy garland of laurels now!

ON AN ATTACHED FOX-HOUND,

WHO ON BEHOLDING HIS COMPANION FALLING
 DOWN A SLATE-PIT, EVINCED THE GREATEST
 TENDERNESS, ACTUALLY WISHING TO SHARE HIS
 FATE, BUT WAS KEPT IN CHECK BY ONE OF
 THE SPECTATORS OF THE SCENE.

What is that sound, now wafted through the air?
 Lugubrious moans—precursors of despair—
 In which no human sorrow we can trace,
 But the sad wailings of another race!
 Behold that faithful dog!—true to the end
 It howls a requiem o'er its lifeless friend;
 Undaunted still had wished to share its fate—
 Yes, canine friendship is not out of date,
 But quickly snatch'd from dire destruction's brink,
 His heart's fond chain betrays a broken link!
 The same pursuits they followed with delight,
 And the same prospects loved to keep in sight;
 In emulative zeal their life was past,
 Until Death's mantle o'er the scene was cast.
 And shall we then disparage Nature's plan,
 Which would not limit sympathy to man?
 Oh no! for put our feelings to the test,
 We show a sad deficiency at best;
 Our soft emotions soon are turned to steel,
 We feign a passion which we cannot feel;
 But there are bosoms which can be sincere,
 Or else how dreadful would our state be here,
 If in this world no friendly form was nigh
 To dry the tear, or soothe the mourner's sigh;
 And when our days with happiness are rife,
 To share the sunny moments of our life!
 Then let not man this trait of fondness spurn,
 Or with a sneer from this recital turn,
 For were we all with equal warmth to glow,
 We should create a Paradise below!
 Swithland Hall.

G. J. D. BUTLER DANVERS.

EPIGRAM.

As Mr. Errington's hounds in Leicestershire were
 running a fox, in the ardour of the chase one of his
 dogs was precipitated into a slate-pit, on which the
 following epigram was composed:—

Unlucky dog! how soon thy race was run—
 Pit-eous thy fate—poor victim of volition!!!
 But thou shalt live—though not to see the sun—
 In Fox's Book of Martyrs—next edition.

IBID.

JULIA.

Julia Maddox was a beauty, undeniably a beauty of first rate pretensions, a girl from whose person a novelist might pourtray a heroine. But Julia was not born in the sphere of heroines; and though education subsequently polished off the roughness of coarse extraction, yet her elegance was chiefly external—it had no root in the mind. Her father was a man who had risen from nothing. When old enough to work, he got employment in a large soap manufactory, and there he remained, advancing through every grade of the concern, till by diligence and probity he arrived at a partnership. He married early, and chose a pretty girl for his wife, yet not so much for her comeliness as for her industrious habits and unblemished character; and he proved in the earlier years of his wedded life that “it is better to get a fortune in a wife, than with a wife.” For some years Mrs. Maddox was a slave to a rapidly increasing family; but by the time Julia, who was the eldest girl, had entered her teens, her father’s circumstances admitted of her being taken from the day school, where she was learning nothing but what was plain and useful, to be placed in an establishment better suited to the improved prospects of the family, and where she might acquire those accomplishments which her improving appearance seemed to demand. Of all her children Mrs. Maddox loved Julia the best, and could only be reconciled to the separation by the advantages which her dear beautiful girl was to derive from it. Julia returned home at sixteen to reflect great credit on her instructors. She had been a persevering pupil, and her application had rendered her a great favorite, to which the unfolding charms of her person likewise contributed; for though many persons may affect to undervalue beauty, yet few can be indifferent to the loveliness of a girl in her teens. Julia unfortunately received too much homage on this account; the female teachers were proud of her as an ornament to their school, and the males were flatteringly assiduous in their lessons to the beauty. Julia could not look in the glass without perceiving that she was superior to her companions; that she should be vain was therefore not surprising, and her vanity was not likely to expire on her return home. Her brothers were warm in their admiration of her person and accomplishments, and her sisters saw her superiority without envy, nor were they jealous of their mother’s evident preference. Mr. Maddox observing that his daughter, though vain, was neither idle nor ill-tempered, accorded his admiration with the rest, and Julia became the princess of the family. She fortunately possessed qualities which enabled her to preserve her empire. She had a kindness of disposition which gained the love of her relations; she would work for her brothers while she taught her sisters what she had learned at school. She was ever ready to amuse her father in any way he chose, when he could spare time from business to be amused, and she returned the love of her mother with the most attentive and confiding affection. The entire union between this mother and daughter was somewhat singular, they were like any thing in manner towards each other but mother and daughter,

and if Julia had not called Mrs. Maddox mamma, no stranger could have supposed them so related. Mrs. Maddox became so impressed with a conviction of her daughter’s superior judgment and cleverness, that she soon ceased to do any thing without asking her advice and opinion, and the young lady seemed to give her advice and opinion as though she thought her mother no older than herself, and with a degree of confidence which experience only could have been supposed to inspire.

Julia lived rather quietly at home till she was about eighteen, and then another favorable turn of Fortune’s wheel gave her father the means to place his family in a house more genteelly situated than the one which had sheltered them from their birth. This was a matter of great exultation to Mrs. Maddox; there might now be some chance of realizing the views she had secretly cherished for her darling girl. She aspired to great things for Julia; she had built castles and carriages for her daughter, if her daughter had not dreamed of them herself; but there was no prospect of resolving these airy fabrics into substance while they lived in a narrow street in St. Giles’s. Now they had a pretty place not far from Sloane-street, called Hope Cottage, with a nice garden, and a stable and chaise house, and as Mr. Maddox kept a horse and chaise for his business, his aspiring wife determined that Julia should learn to drive, as they were near Hyde Park; the horse often stood whole days doing nothing, and she thought Julia might be seen to advantage driving her round the ring, and in the neighbourhood of their new dwelling. This scheme, and many others were carried into effect by the now enterprising Mrs. Maddox, who was like a wild flower transferred to a garden; transplanted from a confined situation to an atmosphere more free and pure, she was a single dahlia improved into a double one—truly so in appearance, for from a personable woman, who might have been passed by without notice, she exhibited a presence which a duchess might have envied. Her naturally good figure and pleasing face were now set off by handsome and becoming dress, the choice and taste of Julia, for mother and daughter were always dressed alike.

Mr. Maddox troubled himself but little with the proceedings of his wife and daughter; the lads were kept to business, but the females were not expected to do any thing toward providing for themselves. If Mrs. Maddox and Julia were too much from home, he knew nothing about it, for he was seldom at the cottage, except on Sundays, having reserved an apartment for himself in the house attached to the manufactory. The two ladies, as may be supposed, drew some attention. When they could have the chaise, they rode to be looked at, and when they could not, they walked for the same purpose, or something beyond it; for Mrs. Maddox, with a marriage to a carriage for Julia always uppermost in her thoughts, took no offence at being accosted by gentlemen, provided it was done respectfully. In this way they made many temporary acquaintances. Julia’s person was attractive, her dress fashionable, and in good taste; any person might have mistaken

the ladies for women of rank, from their appearance; for though it might be seen that they were not averse to being noticed, yet there was not the slightest approach to levity or indecorum in their manner. But Julia, though she excited admiration, failed to fix that admiration so as to produce the result so much desired by her mother. She had not tact or talent sufficient to assist in the promotion of her beauty. As we have said, there was no real elegance of mind, and she had not art enough to act up to the character she wished to assume, she could not entirely conceal her humble origin. In the midst of some high flown borrowed sentimentality, which was certainly not inconsistent with her personal appearance, some homely expression would escape to startle her hearers into a suspicion that her breeding had not been purely aristocratic; and Mrs. Maddox contributed to undeceive people by her over anxiety to shew off the young lady, though as regarded her own conversation she was exceedingly discreet. She never betrayed the "lees of the soap" when she was talking to great people—it was all "purified white Windsor," and "rose scented." She was usually a great talker, but on some occasions she gave way to Julia in this respect, for she thought she might herself make some mistake, but her daughter she considered infallible, so she merely threw in a word now and then as a theme for Miss to work out.

Mrs. and Miss Maddox spent above two years in a mistaken manner on the search for a husband, by which time they were known to and laughed at by all the frequenters of public promenades. They were occasionally greeted by a bow or a smile from some man of consequence, but Julia had ceased to attract further notice. Beauty alone was not sufficient to secure honorable attentions from her superiors, and it might be perceived that no other attentions would succeed. The young men of her own class were afraid of her, or among them she might have married happily and well. More than one or two friends of her brothers had admired her, but she was always the fine lady when there were visitors at the cottage; her best qualities were kept out of sight. None but her own family, and her very intimate friends knew that she could make a shirt or a pudding, but she could do both, for she had not forgotten the serviceable knowledge she had acquired at the day school, or the domestic economy she had learned of her mother before and after school hours. The earliest lessons make the deepest impression, and under the affected manners of the vain and accomplished beauty there remained much of the character for which she was originally intended; and well it was for her that the education of her later years had not destroyed the usefulness of the former. Julia at one-and-twenty was still single, with only two dangles in her train, one whom she seemed inclined to choose for herself, the other the selection of her mother. On the merits of the two the mother and daughter were at issue, though Mrs. Maddox could not assume any authority over Julia to enforce her wishes; she could only regret that her dear girl would not voluntarily accede to them. There was not only a carriage but a title, for the gentleman

was Sir Ralph Ferguson; he had been a money getting citizen, and was knighted for—no one knew what. He was a widower with two daughters, who were however married. Sir Ralph had portioned them off, and he was living quietly on the remainder of his fortune in a small villa not far from Hope Cottage. He kept a plain chariot drawn by a pair of old horses with just speed enough left in them to draw the vehicle at a pace well suited to the rather inactive owner.

People said that Sir Ralph was more than fifty, but Mrs. Maddox would not believe that he was so old, for his daughters were younger than her Julia, though they were married; and the good lady, in her anxiety to see her daughter a lady, would willingly have added a few years to Julia's age, if Julia would have consented. Sir Ralph had somehow heard that Miss Maddox was very notable as well as accomplished, and being struck with the beauty of her person, thought it would be a desirable thing to have her for a companion and housekeeper. He got acquainted with Mrs. Maddox, as it was very easy to do, and gave her to understand that he would willingly become a suitor to the young lady if she would receive his addresses. Julia neither refused nor consented, but flirted with the Knight, in order to keep him in reserve if other resources should fail. She thought him too old and too plain, but these objections would perhaps have succumbed to the carriage and the villa, had not her eye been fascinated by the handsome person of a young man called Captain Buckland, from his having borne a commission for a short time in a militia regiment. She had been taught to value beauty so much in herself, that she thought it almost indispensable in the man who should be her husband, and she could not resist the charms of his fine person after he had one day sported his regimentals, in order to procure her a good place to see a review. His family she knew were respectable, and apparently in easy circumstances, but what his own resources were she knew not, nor did she take the pains to enquire. One of her brothers said he was a good fellow, and had the means to live like a gentleman; but her other brother did not like Captain Buckland, and privately advised his mother to dissuade Julia from thinking of him; and now Mrs. Maddox began to see how injudiciously she had acted with her daughter. Julia had been so long treated rather as a sister than a daughter, that she was not disposed to listen to her mother's reasoning, or rather her entreaties. She was never rude or unkind to her imprudent parent, but would only desire her dear mamma not to be uneasy on her account. The acquaintance, however, between Captain Buckland and Julia kept progressing, the gentleman winning his way with very little trouble. He was rather a tame wooer, for he saw the advantage he possessed reflected in his dressing glass, and he thought that too great earnestness in his endeavour to secure the lady might lead to a suspicion of interestedness, which he rather desired to avoid. He took a pride too in being sought, rather in seeking, and to this he really brought the foolish girl, who would sometimes find opportunities to go out alone. If Buckland had possessed half the good qualities of the beautiful girl he was enslaving,

his union with her might have been looked forward to without apprehension for its happiness; but he was known by some persons to be destitute of any good quality, either of heart or mind. He was as vain of his person as Julia could possibly be of her's; but there was no good principle beneath the polished exterior; his intellectual capacity was of a very deficient order, and he was without those homely and useful qualities which are so often found in persons who cannot boast of mental superiority. He might possess as great a claim to be called an Apollo, as Julia to be entitled a Venus, but in no other respect could he compete with the heroine of our tale.

After an acquaintance of nearly two years, during which time Julia had rather a difficult and trying part to play, she was privately united to Buckland, and was his wife for several months before her marriage became known. It had been his policy to suggest a private union, knowing well that any enquiry into his character and circumstances would at once defeat his hopes of gaining Julia; for he feared that her love for him would not survive a knowledge of all that might transpire, if Mr. Maddox should think proper to have a meeting with the elders of the Buckland family. Julia, not suspecting the real motives of the Captain, and knowing her mother's predilection in favour of Sir Ralph, suffered herself to be persuaded, and learned, on her wedding day, that her husband had no home to which he could introduce her, for he acknowledged that he was not on very good terms with his family; but it was a trifling disagreement, he said, which would soon blow over, and then his father would no doubt do something handsome for him, and as her father would possibly settle something on her, they might live very comfortably. Julia felt disappointed, still she believed and trusted, but she found it difficult to conceal what she had so imprudently done from her mother, who loved her so devotedly. Mrs. Maddox first became acquainted with the marriage through her son, who at the same time condemned his sister for her folly, and spoke of Buckland as an artful and unprincipled scoundrel. The surprised and irritated mother flew to her daughter's apartment, intending to upbraid her, but she could not utter an angry word. Faintly exclaiming "Oh, Julia, you will break my heart," she fell into strong hysterics, from which it was long ere she recovered. A younger daughter, alarmed at her mother's indisposition, dispatched a messenger to her father, who arrived at the cottage just as his wife was recovering from the effects of the intelligence she had received. All was soon made known to him, and a scene ensued which it would be difficult to describe. Mr. Maddox was a peaceable man, but his feelings roused to an unusual pitch by what he heard, his anger was loud and unappeasable. The tears of his daughter, and the entreaties of his wife were alike disregarded; nor could aught urged in extenuation by any other member of his family avail to moderate the violence of his passion; he blamed his wife even more than Julia, and though he admitted that he had done wrong in giving them too much opportunity to make fools of themselves, and by so doing bring misery into his

family, yet he would not accord his forgiveness to the offending Julia, and desiring a coach to be procured, and her clothes hastily collected, he put a twenty pound note in her hand, and insisted that she should leave his house immediately, and find a home with the dissolute fellow she had chosen for a husband. Mrs. Maddox again fell into hysterics when she found this harsh mandate was not to be recalled, and during her insensibility her beautiful girl was expelled from her paternal home. Poor Julia! she began to suspect that beauty might be an unfortunate gift. nor was this idea removed when, after some hours, she found her husband at a tavern. Her brother, who was now heartily sorry for having volunteered this unhappy information to his mother, accompanied her in search of Buckland, and when the Captain was found related what had transpired, for Julia was unable to utter a sentence distinctly. Instead however of being received with open arms, and soothing caresses by the man to whom she had so confidently given herself, she was allowed to seat herself almost unheeded, while her husband rebuked her brother for having made a disclosure which he wished for some time longer to be postponed, and he desired to know where and from whom he had learned that he had married his sister, adding that he hoped she had not been such a simpleton as to tell of it herself. Young Maddox thought the fellow a brute, and would have liked to knock him down, but he checked his anger for his sister's sake, and merely said that she was not in fault. He then desired to know where she was to find a home, as he wished to conduct her thither, not thinking it very pleasant for her to remain in a house of public entertainment. "Oh she may stay here well enough," said Buckland, "the mistress of the house is a respectable, good sort of woman, and I dare say can accommodate her with a room till something can be arranged. I have no place to take her to; I have only a very small bed-chamber in a common lodging house. I am sure I do not know what is to be done, he added after a pause, as he paced the room in no very pleasant mood, "Somebody must go to my father about it, for I can not; I have not seen him for some months, and if I should ask him for any thing he would fly into a passion, and tell me to get out of the house." Maddox kept his temper with difficulty, "Sir," said he in a tone of mingled displeasure and contempt, "you may feel assured that some one of our family *will* see your father to-morrow, even though you might not wish it. And I shall feel obliged, Captain Buckland, if you will make some enquiry relative to the immediate comfort of my poor sister. Poor girl, I cannot leave her till I see in what place she is to pass the night." Julia, affected by the contrast afforded in the conduct of her husband and brother, threw her arms round the neck of the latter, and murmured, "Oh my dear William, how kind you are." Buckland perhaps might have felt this as a reproach to himself, and he ought to have given his wife credit for great forbearance in not having noticed his want of kindness. He left the room, however, without any reply or remark, and shortly returned with the mistress of the house, who conducted Julia to a neat apartment remote from the

public rooms. Here her brother left her, after seeing her take some refreshment, and provided with every thing that could administer to her comfort in her distressing situation.

In this place Julia remained for several days with few consolatory visits, either from her husband or any of her family. Had she been more sensitive, she would have sunk under the anxiety attending her future prospects, and the unnatural conduct of her husband; but though kind and affectionate in her disposition, her feelings were not acute; and though she often shed tears in her solitary chamber, yet she endeavoured to amuse herself, and to find excuses for Buckland. She hoped and flattered herself, that when the elders of the two families had met, that an amicable arrangement would be effected, and Buckland's good humour would return when he was relieved from his present state of uncertainty. But no great good fortune awaited Julia. Mr. Maddox refused to trouble himself about his imprudent daughter. For some days after the disclosure, Mrs. Maddox was too ill to attempt seeing Mr. Buckland, or any of his family. William Maddox, the brother who had always disapproved of the Captain, waited on the old gentleman, to inform him of the union which had taken place between the families; but when he intimated the necessity of something being done for the young couple, he launched out into furious invectives against his son, for whom he said he had already done more than he ought to have done with justice to his other children. Mrs. Maddox, however, found him more placable when she was enabled to make her visit, and through the intercession of his family, he was prevailed upon to promise that he would engage a furnished lodging for the young people, and be responsible for the payment of it; he would do no more, his son had his half-pay, and the young lady must do something to support herself if her father did not choose to assist her. Mr. Maddox did, with some difficulty, consent to allow his daughter a trifle weekly; and about ten days after our heroine had left her father's house, she found herself settled in a convenient but plainly furnished first floor, with respectable and civil people for landlord and landlady. All Julia's good qualities and capabilities were now brought into play, and she might have been a happy woman, if her husband had known how to appreciate her merits. But he evinced no surprise at her industry, and very quietly availed himself of the benefits arising from it, without appearing to value the prize he had got, or to feel any sorrow that his pretty Julia was compelled by circumstances to perform nearly all her domestic offices. If he took a fancy to wear one particular waistcoat, his wife might wash it if dirty. If he wanted clean boots, his wife might brush them if the person was not at hand, who usually performed those services. It was fortunate for Julia that she did not possess more refinement or sensibility. She might not have shrunk from the actual performance of such menial duties, but her heart would have withered under the unkindness which could allow her to perform them without one kind objecting word, or a shade of dissatisfaction on the countenance which saw her thus employed. Occasionally a sigh would

escape, or a tear would rise to her eye, yet she never upbraided the man she had chosen, but strove to appear the same cheerful, and beautiful Julia, and to make him pleased with himself by sparing no pains to set off his fine person, of which she was so proud, and he was so vain. And thus personal beauty alone sufficed for some months, to make them tolerably contented with each other. While the lustre of Julia's wardrobe remained untarnished, Buckland was pleased enough to walk out with her, his vanity being gratified by the attention she drew to himself, and his ears greeted by, "What a lovely woman, and so well dressed?" "What a handsome couple?" or, "That is Captain Buckland and his beautiful wife." But beautiful externals will decay. Julia's silks and ribbons faded, and she could not replace them; for her laces and cambric she had other service in anticipation. Her own charms too, suffered some diminution; her eyes were less bright, and her cheeks less blooming. In the expectation of becoming a mother, she felt as though a world of care was in store for her. She could make no reserve from her limited allowance; her husband's pay scarcely sufficed for his own expenditure; his father had vowed he would not do any more for them; and her father continued inexorable. Her mother and sisters came frequently to see her, and seldom without some trifle to add to her scanty comforts, but Mr. Maddox had grown suspicious, and particular. He insisted on having an account of his housekeeping kept, and paid most of his bills himself. He had removed his family back to their old domicile in St. Giles's, and thus prevented Julia from visiting her mother privately, or deriving any advantage from the family table. Our heroine however, promised herself some benefit from her situation, she thought she might, through her child, obtain her father's forgiveness, and this hope she cherished with great anxiety, for on this point her feelings were more affected than on any other. As the period approached, a dread that she might not survive to present her infant to her father took possession of her, and she resolved to write an entreaty that he would allow her once more to visit her paternal home, but her letter arrived at an inauspicious moment. Some speculation in business had failed, and Mr. Maddox had been made acquainted a few days before with some piece of misconduct in Captain Buckland, which if not really dishonest, was certainly very dishonourable. He refused his daughter's supplication, and Julia could only hope that her father would be more lenient to her when he had recovered the effects of this loss; for of the transaction which had been made known to her father she was entirely ignorant. Julia pressed a lovely baby to her bosom with mingled sensations of hope, joy, and sorrow. Her mother and her sisters hailed the little stranger with pleasure, but when Buckland was introduced to her bed side he gave a chilling welcome to his child. He almost acknowledged his real sentiments, which were, that even had his circumstances been affluent he should not wish for children. He was so entirely selfish that nothing was tolerated by him which at all interfered with his comfort or convenience, Julia was grieved and disappointed. She had observed that

her husband for some weeks been more irritable, and morose in temper than usual, but she was not aware that he had any fresh cause for being so; and she had flattered herself that the infant would awaken new feelings, and restore him to good humour. For the first time she thought her husband was really unkind, and she would have been very unhappy, but for the kind attentions of her landlady, who acted as nurse, and the daily visits of either her mother or sisters. Julia had been confined a fortnight, she was recovering charmingly, and was looking forward to the day when she might go out. She was expecting her mother, but hour after hour passed away, and she did not come; Julia grew uneasy, her mother might not be well enough to pay the accustomed visit, but one of her sisters might have come to her. Nor had she seen her husband during the day; but this did not much surprise, as he had been offered a bed by a relation for the time of her confinement, and he might have formed some engagement which prevented his coming home,—a thing of too frequent occurrence to cause any anxiety. Night came, and Julia strove to sleep; but a presentiment of some impending evil disturbed her rest, and the morning found her unrefreshed and feverish. Nor was her anxiety relieved by the appearance of her eldest sister, who approached her bedside with a melancholy countenance. They had been prevented from coming the day before, she said, by her father being taken ill; and she added that she must return home immediately, for she should perhaps be wanted. A message soon after was received from Buckland, stating that he was gone out of town for a few days, and Julia passed the remainder of the day in mournful apprehension that she should see her father no more. Early in the evening her worst anticipations were realized by her brother William, who came to her with the sad intelligence that their father had expired a few hours before. Julia's sorrow may be imagined, and it would have been severe indeed, had not her brother assured her that her father had expressed his regret at having treated her so harshly, and had desired that a ring, which he sometimes wore, should be given her as a token of his forgiveness.

The captain's visit to the country was an arrest for a debt, of which Julia knew nothing; and a prisoner he might have remained, had not the commiseration of Mr. Buckland been excited for his daughter-in-law when he heard that she had lost her father. He felt no sorrow for the incarceration of his son, but he could not be insensible to the sufferings of a young creature in a situation peculiarly distressing, and perhaps dangerous. He paid the sum requisite to procure the liberty of his son, and Julia derived some comfort from the unexpected appearance of her husband a short time after her brother had left her. He was more affectionate than usual in his manner. He attempted to console her for her loss, caressed and admired the infant. Far from stating the truth, as regarded his absence, he filled her ears with a plausible tale, which, in the existing circumstances, it might be charity in him to invent. People may sometimes be excused for "assuming a virtue if they have it not;" and Buckland, in pretending

what he did not really feel, conferred a blessing on wife; for his show of fondness had so soothing an effect on her wounded spirits, that, when he had wished her good night, she sank into a quiet slumber, from which her kind attendant took care she should not be disturbed.

Buckland's kindness, however, emanated from mere selfishness. His complacent mood arose from his mind having been relieved from an inconvenient burthen, by the discharge of the debt for which he had been arrested; and he promised himself that some benefit would accrue to him, through his wife, by the decease of Mr. Maddox, who was reputed a rich man. The captain thought that, however Julia might have displeased her father, in the division of his property she would not be forgotten; and he calculated, too, on the advantages which might arise from the love of Mrs. Maddox for her daughter. That he was actuated by self-love was speedily proved, as likewise that he had no love for his wife or child.

Buckland did not attend the funeral of Mr. Maddox; but on the following morning, before he went to his lodgings, he sought an interview with his acquaintance Maddox, that he might learn in what way the property was devised. He was disappointed. Mr. Maddox had not died rich: his income was chiefly derived from the soap manufactory, and this part he had bequeathed to his sons. His other property would not realize an interest more than sufficient for Mrs. Maddox to support herself and her two unmarried daughters. Over the principal she had no control; it was to be divided between the two girls. Julia was not mentioned; there was not even a provision made for the continuance of her weekly allowance. The disappointment of Buckland turned to rage; but he was not manly enough to vent his anger on the person who had been instrumental to his marriage with Julia. He thanked Maddox for his information with a sneer, and muttering an oath, left him, to stride hastily to his home, where he abruptly entered the chamber of his wife, and, regardless of her weak state, or the presence of his landlady, broke forth at once into a torrent of abuse towards her family, and upbraidings to herself. The expression of a demon overspread his handsome countenance, and Julia shuddered as she met the fury of his eye. She strove to speak, but her tongue refused its office; and she burst into tears. But neither her tears, nor the remonstrances of the nurse, could check his brutal rage. He cursed his folly for having married into such a family; and told the poor girl, whose sole offence was her preference for him, that he never should have married her had she not pestered him with her importunities. After many more remarks, both cruel and unjust, he gathered together the few things belonging to himself, and concluded his unfeeling visit, by saying it would be the last. "You may go back, madam, to your family," said he, as he was about to leave the room, "and let them keep you and your child. I have no means of doing it, and as I have no wish to be encumbered with a family that I cannot support, it is much better for me to leave you at once." And without a look, or word of kind farewell, he left the room, and was in the street before the surprised and terrified

Julia could prefer an entreaty, or utter a deprecating word.

The nurse stood for awhile petrified at the brutality of the man, and felt scarce able to perform those services for the unhappy Julia which were soon required at her hands. A fainting fit was the consequence of this unnatural violence, from which our deserted heroine had not recovered when Mrs. Maddox entered the chamber. The cruelty of Buckland was detailed without reserve by the good woman, whose indignation against the captain was roused to the highest pitch; for she knew how valuable a wife he possessed in the beautiful young woman he had so barbarously quitted. Mrs. Maddox seemed but little surprised at the conduct of Buckland, but she dreaded its effects on her dear girl. Her resolution, however, was soon taken. As the worthless Buckland had voluntarily left his wife, the fond mother decided that her beloved girl should not give him the opportunity of changing his mind. She determined to take Julia under her own roof, and however circumscribed her means of subsistence might be, to let her share them with her other daughters. She thought Mr. Buckland would contribute something towards the maintenance of his grandchild; and full of the captain's cruelty, and her daughter's wrongs, she proceeded from Julia's apartment to the house of the old gentleman. Mr. Buckland was highly incensed at the conduct of his son, particularly as he had but a few days before paid a large sum to restore him to liberty. However, he thought that the separation of the young people was rather to be desired than otherwise, and he made no objection to assist in providing for the infant.

A few weeks after this Julia was again under the roof of a parent. Though she had felt the desertion of her husband severely, yet his cruelty had raised her indignation, and thereby lessened her regret. He had wounded her vanity, and depreciated her better qualities; and her love for him had not been founded on a basis to ensure its continuance through unkindness and injustice. Julia could never have esteemed her husband, though she did the duties of a wife cheerfully and willingly. Her incentive was principally the pride she took in his handsome person; but she found that this was an unstable foundation for the happiness of a matrimonial engagement; and here again her want of acute sensibility came to her aid, and she recovered the change in her situation and prospects in less time than her friends had expected.

Nothing was heard of the captain for some time — no one knew to what place he had betaken himself. Some of his acquaintance thought he had joined the Quixote expedition to Spain; but those who knew him better, felt quite certain that he was quite devoid of any martial spirit. Buckland was, in fact, a decided coward. He did not think his fine person a proper mark for a piece of ordnance. If he slept in a tent, it must have a bedstead attached to it; and the rattle of a dice-box was far more congenial to his taste than the rattle of a cannon. Some few persons, to whom he was known, might have thought him precisely the person to have gone on such a service; but the captain

was only a soldier in name—it might have been questioned whether he had ever fired off even a fowling piece. At length he was heard of in Dublin, where it appeared that he had obtained an introduction to several respectable families. By what means he kept up the character of a gentleman, or ensured himself a favourable reception, could not be satisfactorily made out. And here we must leave him; nor have we much more to say of Julia, who continued to live quietly, attending to the rearing of her child, with her mother and sisters. She had grown wiser; her vanity had received a check; and she began to value herself more for her useful qualities than for those personal graces which had failed in securing the love and protection of her husband. Mrs. Maddox often sighed over the effects of her injudicious conduct with respect to her daughter; and she could sometimes scarce refrain from tears as she saw her beautiful Julia performing every service for her child, living secluded in a humble home, and shut out entirely from the circle of society in which it had been her ambition to see her move. With less beauty Julia might have been a happier woman. She might have married into a family where her good qualities would have ensured her favour and respect, and the sweetness of her temper would have rendered the chains of matrimony light to any man of domestic habits and kindly feelings.

In an affair so important as matrimony, the eye should not be allowed to usurp the place of the judgment. "Beauty soon grows familiar." A man who chooses a pretty woman, chiefly because she is pretty, from the influence a husband naturally possesses over a wife, and the power he possesses (if he know how to use it) of moulding her to his will,—may not rue his choice. But the woman who marries a man merely for his personal comeliness, will, in nineteen cases out of twenty, find that, to use a very homely phrase, "she has pleased her eye to plague her heart."

ISABEL.

ADRIAN DALMONT.

From the French of Paul de Kock.

BY W. T. HALEY.

Adrian and Georges Dalmont were the sons of a worthy tradesman of a village near Besançon, who gave to both his children the best education his means would admit of. Georges, the elder son, was gay, frank, and careless, with a great dislike to sedentary occupations, and little inclined to study. His chief happiness, in fact, was to traverse the woods and fields, and to scale the bold mountains of the romantic neighbourhood in which he lived. Adrian, calmer and more reasonable, showed at an early period an affectionate and sensitive spirit, prompt to form attachments but incapable of change in feelings once formed.

The two brothers were orphans at an early age, and as their father had not accumulated any fortune, it behoved them to seek a means by which to maintain themselves. Georges, giving himself no unquiet about the future at once decided upon a maritime life as being that best suited to his love of novelty and adventure; and Adrian determined to enter the army. A new prospect, however,

suddenly opened upon the brothers. Their aunt dying without children, left a fortune of nearly eighty thousand francs to be equally divided between Georges and Adrian, and they were thus in an instant raised from positive penury to comparative wealth.

To Georges this change of fortune brought no desire to remain in his native place. Though he was twenty years of age he was ignorant of the soft pains and pleasures of love, and he was now just as much as before, anxious to traverse seas and to look upon the manners of the dwellers in distant lands. Oh yes, he would still travel, but not as a poor wretch in search of employment and protectors. He now aspired to travelling in a more exalted style, and to build and arm a ship of his own, and go forth in search of a new world; he being quite persuaded that several exist unknown to us of Europe—which may, in fact, be quite true, though it is a notion I am far enough from participating in. Adrian had no fancy for sharing or even imitating the erratic project of his brother. He was bound to his native place by the silken bands of love—love for Juliette, who, though but little more than fifteen years of age, was already *the beauty par excellence* and the toast of the little neighbourhood! Adrian and Juliette seemed personally and mentally to have been made expressly for each other; and the new fortune which had fallen to Adrian removed the obstacle which their mutual poverty had threatened to oppose to their union. Lovers are never ambitious, and with forty thousand francs Adrian was satisfied that he and his adored Juliette would enjoy in their native seclusion as much happiness as could possibly be experienced by the greatest and wealthiest dwellers in the gayest and most populous cities.

Like her lover, Juliette was an orphan. Her parents had been prosperous, and happy in the cultivation of a small farm, until a fire deprived them of all their little wealth, and grief sent them prematurely to the grave. The sole relative now remaining to Juliette was a brother. He was the eldest, and being her sole protector, she tenderly loved, and as implicitly obeyed him; though he was far indeed from being well entitled to either her love or obedience. Robert, so this brother was named, was of a sad aspect and of a morose temper, dull in intellect, and cold in heart. He loved his sister, indeed, as well as he was capable of loving, but he had neither the energy to obtain her subsistence, nor the courage to protect her were she endangered. From the time of the ruin of his parents, which deprived him of all hope of unpurchased enjoyments and ease, he existed rather than lived, dragging on his days in sad reveries, taking no interest in anything that he heard or saw, and apparently weary and disgusted with himself and all the world. In this careless and indolent mood, he left to the young Juliette all the anxiety and labour of maintaining their humble home; pitying her incessant toil as far as his word went, but without making the slightest attempt to take any portion of the burden of their maintenance upon himself.

There was but one person who had the power to rouse Robert from his sullen and regretful

dreams. The person in question, named Roger, was about the same age as Robert; but his repulsive countenance, his hoarse voice, and his sinister glances deprived him of all appearance of being even nearly so young. He had come from Paris, where, according to his own account, he had relatives in easy circumstances. Be that as it might, he had neither property nor profession, and though he loudly and continually boasted of knowing every thing, and being able to perform every kind of useful labour, he had already been dismissed from several situations in consequence of dissatisfying his employers both as to conduct and capacity.

Roger's intimacy with Robert necessarily gave him frequent opportunity of seeing Juliette, and he had not looked upon her charms with indifference, his naturally envious disposition was roused into the fiercest hatred of Adrian the instant that he was known to be the favoured lover of Juliette. Though it was obvious even to Roger himself, that the fair and timid girl shrunk in mingled loathing and terror from his addresses, he continued to annoy her with them in despite of her avowed preference for his rival,—and his close intimacy with her brother, rendered it impossible for her to avoid his importunities.

Things were in this position when the time arrived for Georges and Adrian Dalmont to receive their bequest. "Now my brother cannot refuse me to Adrian," thought Juliette.—"Alas!" thought her brother, soured to actual malignity by the hopelessness of his lot, "no one dies and leaves me money; fortune, *la chienne*, knows me only to heap misery upon my head, while such clods as these Dalmonts she delights in enriching.

Roger seemed more reasonable. He felicitated the brothers upon their good fortune; and as if sensible, that it would now be presumptuous folly to vie with Adrian, he ceased to torment Juliette with his unwelcome protestations of love, though he and her brother were now, more than ever, inseparable companions. Absenting themselves daily from the village, they plunged into the depths of the forest-glades till driven homeward by night fall; but while Robert constantly returned from these excursions more sad and care-worn than ever, Roger, on the contrary, seemed always more cheerful and self-satisfied.

The instant that the Dalmonts heard of their good fortune, they had settled their future plan of life, as has already been shown, and when each had received his share of cash, Georges only gave himself a single day to bid farewell to his friends, so eager was he to depart and discover a new world—if possible. To the farewell feast, many friends of our two brothers were invited, and to heighten their enjoyment, it was made a veritable *fête champêtre*. Juliette, as the intended wife of Adrian was there of course, but her brother flatly refused to accompany her, at which no one who knew his sullen and envious temper felt the slightest surprise.

The day passed onward pretty much as all such days do. The friends laughed, danced, and sang, the friendly jest, and the cheerful glass went round, and when the festivity at length drew to a close, Georges assured his brother and friends,

he would not fail to hasten home the instant that he should succeed in discovering a new world.

It was late at night when the brothers having escorted Juliette home and taken leave of their companions returned to their own home, a small house at a short distance from the village, and delightfully situated in the centre of gardens, and orchards. It was there that they had left their little fortunes, and in that, hitherto unviolated home, they would not have feared to have left the wealth of the world. Alas! their confidence in the honesty of the neighbourhood had been carried too far. The robber had been within their gate; and when our brothers entered their little sitting-room it was to see their escrutoire lying in shattered fragments, and to find themselves reduced again at one fell swoop to their original poverty. The news of their loss was speedily made known throughout the neighbourhood, but all inquiries failed to bring the robbers to light, and it became at length agreed on all hands, that the crime had been committed by some of those prowling vagabonds who under pretence of selling trifling articles wander from place to place, and are constantly on the *qui vive* for plunder. All pity the brothers, though some blame their imprudence in keeping such a sum of money in a lone and unguarded house; and the brothers, all pity and all blame out of the question, are ruined.

Georges took the affair very coolly. Selling such small matters as remained to him, he gave half the produce to his brother, and took his departure with the other, vowing that he would one day or other return a millionaire. Poor Adrian could not so easily console himself. It is not the mere money that he regrets—it is his Juliette. How can he now demand a fulfilment of her vows? Can he hope that she will share his utter poverty? Had the question been left to the decision of Juliette, Adrian would have had little cause to complain, but Robert showed a very different temper, and positively refused to allow of his sister's marriage to a man who was confessedly without the means of supporting her. The lovers, then, were obliged to separate, Juliette promising constancy and Adrian vowing to seek promotion in the army at all hazards until he should achieve such a station as would warrant their union.

Some months after the departure of the brothers Dalmont, Roger also had to quit the village, but on an infinitely more pleasant errand than theirs; for he announced that he was sent for to a rich relative, who designed to give him a share in some advantageous speculations. He invited his friend Robert to accompany him to Paris on this profitable mission, and they both set out, leaving Juliette to console herself in their absence with hopes of the prosperous and speedy return of Adrian. Of this, indeed, she had what seemed to her the best possible warranty, for Adrian had already been promoted, and as he limited his ambition to a lieutenancy, she doubted not that he would soon attain it. Of the particular merit by which such promotion might be obtained she was no judge; but she believed—what maiden does not?—that her lover had every possible merit, and every requisite talent.

At the end of six months Juliette's brother and

his friend Roger returned to the village, the latter having not only succeeded to the utmost of his own expectations, but also assisted his friend so effectually as to enable him to realize a considerable sum. Each of the friends purchased a small property; but though Robert had now no longer any reason to complain of the unkindness of fortune, he was as moody and unsocial as ever, and at times his irritability and ill-humour arose to an actually pitiable height.

Roger, who enjoyed his improved fortune after a very different fashion, was emboldened by it, and by the absence of Adrian, to renew his suit to Juliette, whom he perpetually followed, and as perpetually annoyed; and when she assured him that it was impossible that she could ever love him, he invariably replied, with a savage scowl, "You will be my wife nevertheless."

For two years Adrian remained absent, and during all that time Roger persevered in his unwelcome suit, and Juliette becoming seriously alarmed by his threatening and resolved demeanour at length appealed to her brother to put an end to her persecution. What was the poor girl's dismay and astonishment when her brother, trembling as he spoke, replied—

"You must marry him, or I am utterly a lost man."

On the very night following this strange and boding communication, Juliette, rendered wakeful by her sad and perplexed thoughts, left her bed and sat at her little casement looking down upon the garden now glistening with the silvery sheen of the bright August moon. Scarcely had she seated herself when her attention was called to the noise of high words beneath her window, and listening attentively she discovered at once that her brother and Roger were the persons speaking, and that she was the subject of their discourse.

"This lasts too long," said Roger, "you are her brother, and you can command her if you will. If you will not—you know my determination. I can ruin you, and I will."

"You will ruin yourself at the same time," replied Robert.

"Not so," was the rejoinder, "I will first remove beyond pursuit, and then furnish the magistrates with evidence which you well know you cannot disprove."

"Cruel tyrant! in what a wretched situation have you placed me!"

"Truly! I should advise you to complain! You had not a sous upon the face of the earth, and I have enriched you; you hate work, and I have enabled you to live in idleness. It seems to my plain judgment that you owe me thanks rather than reproaches. You are ungrateful!"

"And my remorse, and my perpetual dread of a discovery, are they to go for nothing?"

"For absolute nothing—your remorse is useless, and your fear quite groundless, unless you persist in provoking me."

"And how shall I face Adrian if I comply with your demands? Having already robbed him of every shilling he possessed, how can I now rob him of the object of his affection?"

As Robert ended these words, a long and piercing shriek announced to the guilty pair that

Juliette had overheard their dispute and discovered their atrocity.

"Tis my unhappy sister!" exclaimed Robert.

"It is indeed," replied Roger, coolly, "she knows all now—and now, more than ever, it is necessary that she be mine."

On the following morning Roger, unabashed by all that she knew of his wickedness took an opportunity to address Juliette.

"You know our secret," said he, "let us see if you will now refuse me your hand. I can ruin your brother, and disgrace you, and if you refuse to be mine I will do so, even though I should ruin myself at the same time." Juliette by this time knew Roger to be capable of doing so. She trembled at the thought of becoming his wife, but even that was not so horrible as the idea of seeing her unhappy brother branded as a felon, and having the name of their virtuous parents disgraced throughout the length and breadth of the land. Robert, though he shuddered at the danger that hung over him was not so destitute of good principle and good feeling as to urge this un-auspicious match now that his sister had such additional reason to revolt from it; and probably his very forbearance was one reason why the poor girl at length consented to purchase the safety of his life with the utter sacrifice of her own happiness.

The intended marriage was announced: in eight days the virtuous and beautiful Juliette was to become the wife of the criminal and repulsive Roger, when, as if to add to her cruel and un-merited sufferings, her Adrian arrived at the village, having obtained leave of absence, to inform her that no obstacle now opposed itself to their union, he being a lieutenant, and possessed, by dint of severe economy, sufficient money to support that respectable rank.

On arriving at the entrance of the village, the first inquiry of the young soldier was after his fair mistress; and his horror on hearing of her intended marriage with Roger was scarcely greater than his astonishment.

"Unfaithful to me! and for Roger!" he exclaimed, as he hastened towards her abode: "Pshaw, they mock me, or are themselves deceived. Never can I credit so monstrous a treason until I hear it announced from her own lips."

When he suddenly made his appearance before her, Juliette uttered a cry of joy; but instantly recollecting her real situation, she sank in her chair powerless and in tears.

"My Juliette," said Adrian, casting himself at her feet, "behold me with you again, more attached and more devoted than ever. Why these tears,—why this sadness? Why this change in you? Good Heaven! is it true, then, what I have heard?"

"Alas!" said Juliette, in a feeble voice, "it is but too true that I am to espouse Roger."

"You espouse Roger! You are unfaithful to me."

"I have never ceased for a moment to adore you; but, Adrian, it must be,—I cannot, I dare not tell you why,—but it is absolutely necessary that I should espouse Roger."

"Perfidious! this, then, is the reward of all

my love, and of all my constancy! Faithless! Espouse your new lover,—I surrender your vows. Espouse him! he is worthy of you,—and you of him!" And so saying, Adrian rushed from her presence.

This stroke was too much for poor Juliette. She had hitherto borne all with comparative fortitude, supported by the consciousness of being beloved by Adrian; but now, abandoned and accused by him, she felt herself completely overwhelmed.

Just as her grief was at its strongest, her brother returned. Having heard of the return of Adrian, he easily divined the cause of her excessive emotion, and he could not but feel himself guilty towards her, and at once abashed and tender in her presence.

"Console thyself, my Juliette," said he; "you will recover Adrian; you will still be happy. It is for me to make every sacrifice." But these consolations came too late—no sacrifice could seem painful, no peril to be feared, now that she was thus abandoned and disavowed by Adrian.

Roger, as well as Robert, had heard of the return of Adrian, and foreseeing the evils which might result from it, and fearing equally the vengeance of Adrian and the change of Juliette's determination, he resolved to stop at no violence to rid himself of the presence of his now more than ever hated rival.

On quitting Juliette, Adrian left the village, and took his way, unconsciously, towards an extensive wood not far distant; and there, throwing himself upon the ground, he gave himself up to the full indulgence of his grief.

The hours passed on without his taking note of them; and when he at length awakened to something of consciousness, he was surrounded by the dense shadows of the early night, and by the mysterious and weird sounds of the forest leaves trembling beneath the rushing and moaning winds.

Just at this hour, Robert, tortured by remorse, left his home to wander forth in search of him whom he had so greatly wronged, and to whom he now so anxiously desired to make amends; and having heard that Adrian had been seen in the direction of the Forester's hut, he took his way thither. Nor was he the only person by whom Adrian was sought at this dark and silent hour. The villain Roger was on his way to the hut, in the hope of finding his rival buried in sleep, and of converting that sleep into the dreamless repose from which there is no awakening in this world.

As Roger pressed through the bosky paths of the ancient forest with the stealthy and cautious step inseparable from guilt, he heard a footstep fall close to him, and at the same instant heard the name of Juliette pronounced by the wayfarer. Who but Adrian would be there at such a time, and thus sadly pronouncing that name? Thus thought Roger, and rushing forward, exclaimed, "Die!" and his dagger crunched deep and deadly into the side of the victim, who fell at his feet bathed in blood, and whose shrill cry of agony announced that, in smiting Robert, he had destroyed his best hope of possessing Juliette. Perplexed, and more than ever hating Adrian, the wretch took to flight, just as that very Adrian,

aroused by the loud shriek of the wounded man, came to his aid.

Kneeling before the wounded and now wholly insensible victim, Adrian successfully exerted himself to restore him to consciousness; and all the suffering of Robert was redoubled when he found himself supported and tended by the man whom he had so cruelly injured.

"It is *you* who strives to save me!" he murmured, "it is you who prays for me, dear Adrian. I am unworthy of your pity; I am the author of all your evils! I have merited my fate, but I shall die happy if I but have your forgiveness."

"I forgive you whatever you may have done, but in this sad moment I can think only of aiding you."

"But I must think of other things," said the dying man; "I must confess my horrible crime—the crime which Roger instigated, and to which I, as well as you, owe so much of sorrow and of suffering." And despite the intreaties of Adrian, the fast dying Robert related how his own discontent and poverty were worked upon by the artful persuasions of Roger, until he consented to plunder the brothers of their newly inherited fortune while they were unsuspectingly feasting with their friends; how even amid the almost certain security resulting from the tale told by Robert, and believed by all, of their mercantile success in Paris, his days and nights had been tortured by remorse and apprehension.

As he spoke and wept, he grew more and more feeble, and with some indistinct sounds still hovering upon his lips, his whole frame was frightfully convulsed, his head "drooped gradually low," and his faults, sufferings, and penitence were at an end.

Horried by the sad spectacle of such a death, Adrian hastened towards the village to procure aid in removing the body, and had scarcely cleared the covering of the wood when a horrid column of flame shot rapidly and suddenly upward. Chimney and roof, byre and homestead, the whole village became in an instant visible as at noonday, and shrieks of women and shouts of men were borne upon the night winds in terrible and thrilling distinctness.

This sight deprived Adrian of all thoughts save one, the danger of Juliette. He flew rather than ran; beheld that it was her home that threw the fierce glare upon all around; rushed madly through the dense smoke and the flames that curled and hissed around like fiery serpents, siezed the fair girl as she lay without sense or motion, and bore her almost uninjured from the terrible scene of destruction.

Years have passed over their heads. In the affection of her husband, Juliette has forgotten the fearful end of her guilty brother; Adrian, happy in the possession of his fair wife, thinks not of the fugitive Roger, or thinks of him without animosity. Walking through Paris, he is detained by a crowd collected at the entrance of the *Place de Grève*. Struck as if rooted to the spot, he knew not why, Adrian was not able to avoid seeing the features of the unhappy criminal as he ascended the scaffold to expiate a sinful life by a violent and

shameful death; and in that criminal he recognised the wretch who had caused him in by-gone years, so many sorrows,—Roger. Sickened at the sight of his old enemy's sad state, Adrian forced his way through the crowd more than ever convinced that even in *this* world, vice is not always triumphant.

W. T. H.

REMINISCENCES;

(On leaving the Country of the Moslem to enter that of Christianity.)

'Twas eve, when landing on a strand,
Christian, yet wild, a stranger Band;
Crowded, the beach, and turned to view
Once more day's dying orb, which threw
It's trembling beams o'er Danube's tide,
O'er mountain height, and valley wide.
Lower, still lower, as it fell,
A sound came stealing down the dell;
Faint toll! yet all who linger'd there
Knew 'twas the call to vesper prayer.
At such an hour the soul must be
Savage, nay worse, that cold could see
The emblem of his spirit spent;
And hear at once a warning sent,
Pointing to Heaven, to God above,
To prayer, to pardon, in His love!
All owned its power, but chiefly one,
One who had travell'd with the sun
From Eastern climes; far, far removed
From country, friends, and all he loved;
Now wending to his long left home,
The wand'rer destined still to roam,
Hears on these shores a well known sound,
Which welcomes to the port first found.
Ah, who shall say the thoughts that rushed,
That swelled his bosom? All was hushed,
Nature and man, and mem'ry's power,
More true, more vivid at such hour,
Displays the stores she oft conceals,
And out in stillness soft reveals.
I know not what may there have been
His meditations, this I ween,
He vow'd that e'er that simple bell
Hallow'd within his heart should dwell,
That joyous, sweeter sounds in vain
Should seek an echo there; and fain
His thoughts would instant turn, when'er
Such tones came thrilling o'er his ear,
To calm remembrance of that call
To prayer, at depth of shadows fall.

H. I. K.

EPIGRAM.

"With like ignorance are even Physicians condemned, as opposing Providence, for it is not written, they say, on the forehead of every living being by the invisible hand of destiny, how, when, where, and of what disorder he must die; and *nothing can alter his fate*."—*Arabic and Persian Literature*, (19th century.)—By Meerza Ibrahim.

"Throw physic to the dogs!" was Shakspeare's plan—

The Arabs with the drugs would give the Man:
Strange doctrine—Æsculapius' sons agreed,
And thought their own more feasible indeed!

Switland Hall.

G. J. D. BUTLER DANVERS.

WIVES;

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

Of the different relationships Woman is called upon by Nature to bear, both towards her own and the opposite sex, perhaps there is none in which she stands so prominent as that of a Wife. As a daughter she sustains an interesting character, and beautiful is it to behold her fulfilling the filial duties with reverence and love. As a *sister* many of the most pleasing and gentle traits may be developed. As a *mother* she is placed in a situation of the utmost importance, and where new and delightful feelings are awakened into existence. But it is as a *Wife* she is most regarded by the world, and for that character all the energies of her nature appear to be brought into action.

At her creation the duties of a wife were the first she was called upon to fulfil, and eloquent is the description our Master-Poet has given of her in that relationship—where Scripture is silent, he, as with a sunbeam, has portrayed her in all the holiness of her pristine purity, and even after her fall touchingly beautiful is the representation of her penitence, and willingness to bear the whole weight of her offended Maker's ire.

In the situation of Wife all the great and ennobling virtues, as well as all the gentle and tender affections which pertain to the female character, may be exhibited. The first and most prominent is her faithfulness; many are the instances history and biography record, but there are many whom none but a circumscribed few are acquainted with, where unostentatious but unconquerable devotion to its object meet alone the reward it seeks. Woman is generally esteemed timid and retiring, and as such she lays the greatest claim upon Man; as such in the ordinary affairs of life she is in her most attractive character, but there are situations where she puts on the noble courage of the lion instead of the gentleness of the lamb, and it is usually brought into exercise by the strength of her affection as a *Wife*. Frequently is she seen to bear with surprising magnanimity the distresses and difficulties which may overwhelm her partner in them. Frequently is she known to stem the rough torrent of adversity for his sake when all the world beside may have forsaken him. Yea, in the midst of his deepest despair, she is to be seen whispering peace and consolation, and shedding a halo around the dark chaos of his soul.

But the milder and passive virtues are more commonly exhibited, and for these every hour in the day must give scope. The variety of little disappointments and vexations, which of necessity occur, (to man more especially, from his greater intercourse with the world,) not unusually renders the temper somewhat irritable, but it is the duty and pleasure of the amiable and affectionate wife to endeavour to soften this irritability by sweetness and forbearance, by shewing her willingness to promote his happiness however the world may frown—her tenderness and affection unchanged however other friends may desert—she will, by self-denial seek to advance his pleasure by candour, dispel all doubts that might darken his confidence, and by generosity of thought and

word, and deed, prove her every interest is swallowed up in his.

By many my picture of Woman's devotedness may be deemed too highly coloured, but *I have seen her* in the character of Wife all that I have described; I have seen her trying to smile away the distresses of him to whom her heart and life was devoted, and when that has failed I have seen her answer only by a tear, a silent, eloquent tear, not *intended* as a reproof, but which has effected what all her smiles may have failed to accomplish; I have seen her by the exercise of moral courage bearing all the sterner duties, and shaking off the retiring timidity of her nature to supply his want of power; I have seen her denying herself all the luxuries, comforts, nay, almost necessities of life, to promote his pleasure and well-being; I have seen her beside his couch in the hour of sickness, enduring fatigue with uncomplaining patience. Yea, all this and far more I have seen wrought from the pure essence of Woman's love.

In the breast of that woman where vanity is the leading characteristic (and unhappily the modern system of female education too often fosters this disgusting evil) the virtues, such as we have described, cannot be expected to dwell. She who, either as a maiden or wife, pants for admiration, and to gain it will wound the feelings or ruin the peace of another, is altogether incapable of the generous sentiment which alone deserves the name of Love. Avarice is a still more odious inhabitant: the bosom of her who cherishes it must be totally devoid of those soft affections we usually look for in our sex; and she reaps the reward she merits when she sacrifices her principles and feelings by a union of interest; the gold she has so dearly purchased fails to procure the happiness she seeks, and her heart becomes a chaos of evil passions and disappointed hopes.

How delightful is it to witness an aged couple who have weathered life's storms hand in hand, and smiled on each other amid them, even as in its sunshine—whose pleasure in each other's society does not decrease because time has furrowed their brows and divested them of the strength and beauty of youth; to such a pair the past affords a fund of exquisite joy, as it presents through memory's glass their early loves, and if religion opens to their view the prospect of re-union after death in a world where separation is not known, sweet and easy must be their departure, and no cause have they to regret that life's day is on its decline.

BOOKS.—About the commencement of the 14th century there were only four classics in the Royal Library at Paris; these were, one copy of Cicero, Ovid, Lucan and Boethius. When the English became masters of Paris, in 1425, the whole Library consisted of only 853 volumes, which were sent to England by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France. A remarkable instance of the inconveniences and impediments to study which must have been produced by the scarcity of books, occurs in the Statutes of St. Mary's College, Oxford, founded as a seminary to Osney Abbey, in 1446—"Let no scholar occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most, so that others shall be hindered from the use of the same."

A PIC-NIC TO THE BEULAH SPA.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

There are some few bright days in one's existence that recompence one for years of toil and tumult; the very recollection of them is as refreshing as the fountain in the Desert; and almost as pure and unsullied as the crystal stream that flowed from the stony rock, are the thoughts that are awakened by reflecting on them;—but such are like “angel visits, few and far between.” There are others which summon up a host of melancholy thoughts which cause the blood to rush all unbidden to the cheek, and the moist tear unconsciously to bedew the burning lid, and such lead us to say with the Poet, “There’s nothing pure but Heaven.” But I must not linger to moralize on the dawn of what was called “a day of pleasure;” it is my intention to give an account of a Pic-Nic at the Beulah Spa. It consisted of just thirty persons, nearly all well acquainted with each other; the pleasure of settling all the minor arrangements, I beg the gourmands’ pardon (for if there were any such of the party) they doubtless considered them the most important; well, these were all left to the management of the Ladies, who, as it proved, understood the matter most particularly well. Five carriages conveyed the most important personages of the party, from whence came forth five well filled hampers containing chickens, hams, tongues, pigeon-pies, &c. &c., lobsters and salads in abundance, champagne, and ices. A neighbouring friend supplied from his hot-house the choicest pines and most luxuriant grapes; in short, it was a feast fit for Lucullus, though not set out in his splendid saloon, the Apollo, but under a very humble tent, so arranged that from a large opening on one side several of the party had the pleasure of enjoying the splendid view for which these gardens are so celebrated. The parties arrived *ad libitum*, some driving thither direct, others lingering on their way at the Dulwich Gallery to revel awhile on the beauties of Rubens and Paul Potter. “We met,” ’twas in the grounds; the usual salutations exchanged, we formed little groups for wandering about, which is, (I think) a great luxury, after the constraint of London society; some went to the archery-ground, some strolled up to the terrace, some sat in the shady alcoves, others formed a group round some gypsies, and now and then burst forth into the wildest fits of laughter and merriment which these cunning gypsies know well it is their interest to keep up: at the moment we approached this group, there came sauntering up the hill at the outskirts of the garden, near the road, two of our party, who had driven down in their cabs from their respective clubs; one was an officer of most winning address and fascinating manners, exceedingly handsome, and about thirty years of age, and though so young he had seen much foreign service, and had greatly distinguished himself on several occasions; as he approached I thought I had never seen him look so well, or appear in such high spirits. The other was a young man with a harsh outline of feature, he came forward with the stiff and rather awkward air of a pedant—and indeed such he was—and although as he met us, he conjured up a smile, it seemed not to come from the inmost recesses of his heart, it just

played over his countenance for a moment, and then he became again the severe, the cynical looking being he was before; nevertheless, we all knew him to be clever, and though he seldom laughed himself, he often made others merry with his jokes, therefore we thought him a good person to invite to our Pic-Nic; for unless there are some oddities amongst the party collected on such occasions, some who leave the beaten track of ordinary “Sayings and Doings,” one had always better stay at home than attempt to rouse to any thing like mirth a set of dull and humdrum people, who will not exert themselves to amuse others, and not only that, but who always seem to expect to be amused. These two heroes, for such I shall call them of my story, immediately they had made the usual number of bows and enquiries, turned round to walk with us, and I plainly saw they wished to be exclusively of our coterie. Hanging on my arm at the time, was my young and interesting cousin Agnes; she was not what is generally called a beauty, but in my mind she was always lovely; there was a fascination in her dark liquid eyes, a delicacy of feature, a purity of complexion, combined with a gentleness of manner, which always charmed me, and when she was addressed the colour came and went on her usually pale cheeks. Of the beaux each endeavoured to outvie the other in complaisance and attention to her, but on crossing a rough part in the road, our military friend immediately stepped forward, and extended his arm to Agnes, and entreated to be allowed the honour of conducting her in safety over the stones. They had often met before, often talked and danced together, and I have no doubt she was well pleased to take his arm, but rumour had been busy, and many tongues had decided what perhaps had never entered into the contemplation of either, that it was “une affaire finie.” My fair cousin hesitated for a moment, a crimson blush suffused her cheek, but she took the proffered arm, and they walked on together. The pedant then felt it necessary to offer to conduct me, and though I am generally speaking a very independent person, and can go alone, I took his arm, but could not fail to remark the excess of chagrin in his countenance, on seeing the lovely Agnes tripping away with his rival.

“How fortunate we are to-day,” said I.

“Oh! very, very,” he replied, but his manner was hurried and restless, and not at all in accordance with his words. The weather was indeed delightful, the air balmy and delicious, perfumed with many a flower, and as we stopped awhile near a bed of heliotrope, the Minstrel from one of the side-walks made his appearance in his picturesque costume, and immediately a number of persons assembled in a circle round him, and he sung to his guitar a pretty little Italian air, then a Tyrolese, then an English. We were now joined by more of our party, a widow-lady and her pretty little daughter, a child of nine years old, as playful and happy as children are wont to be on such occasion; I offered her mamma a seat near me, and thus released myself from my companion the pedant, who *entre-nous* I found a great bore; he amused himself with the gambols of the child for awhile, and then wandered down a side-walk; there he met the mother of Agnes, and to her he

endeavoured to play the agreeable in his very best manner. She always thought him clever, she knew he had read much, and could, if he chose it, be a delightful companion, and so she had often told Agnes, who nevertheless had read some of his most pathetic verses in her Album quite unmoved. There was a want of polish, a want of refinement about him which she could not endure, nay though he used to swear he adored her, and it is well known that he kept an old fan of her's for months, and treasured it as a miser would his gold, she never would be commonly civil to him; but I suppose he thought the French motto a good one, "*La persévérance accomplit tout*," and accordingly he persevered in persecuting my fair cousin on all occasions when they met. This day he had looked forward to with the greatest pleasure, for he knew she was to be of the party, but he had not the slightest notion that our military hero was to be there,—in fact the whole party were not a little astonished at seeing the young couple walking up and down in one part of the gardens for nearly two hours, apparently engaged in most earnest conversation. This created some anxiety on the part of the young lady's mamma; the pedant was seen watching them at a distance, twisting and tearing his gloves into a hundred pieces, and he was heard to murmur to himself, "What a shame it is that he should monopolize her," "I have no patience with such conduct," &c. &c. as he wandered on, looking as miserable as disappointment could make him. There were two sisters of our party, Miss De Ville and Miss Clara; they were regular London-bred girls, well-mannered and well-conducted, but neither of them very young or very pretty, the eldest a great talker and great moralizer, and though a little prosy, was still a good-hearted agreeable person. Clara was rather interesting in her appearance, very romantic and highly sentimental in her conversation; we had also of our party a young Polish exile of noble blood, and high breeding, though excessively poor, and actually subsisting on the small sums he could earn from a very few pupils, to whom he taught the German language; Clara was one of them; but her mother could never persuade the exile to take his well-merited fees. "No, Madame, the pleasure I have to teach your daughter pays me quite enough," on which the lady replied that unless he would receive some remuneration he must desist. The exile, however, went on as usual with the lessons, and by his powers of *language* I presume, so cleverly *insinuated* his sentiments of love and devotion, during the time supposed to be occupied in study, and he made such an impression on the sentimental heart of Clara, that this day, as they wandered in the shrubberies, he screwed up his courage and boldly popped the question. This couple were of course all to each other, and had neither eyes nor ears for any but themselves, consequently did not add much to the hilarity of the party generally. Clara's mamma was an invalid, and walked about very little, consequently saw little of the young lovers, or of their entire devotion to each other; but I have heard since that with some difficulty her consent was gained for their union, and that in a week after their marriage he received an invitation from his own country of

so flattering a nature, that he took thither his happy bride, and on presenting her to his family, he received the joyful intelligence that an immense estate had just been restored to him, after having been deprived of all power over it for more than ten years. Judge therefore how happy in the bosom of his family is the once miserable exile! Strange to say, but no more strange than true is it, that three several proposals were made on this very day,—in fact there is nothing like a Pic-Nic for urging on a wavering lover; I do not mean one who wavers in his purpose, but one whose courage wavers, and who therefore constantly defers to a better opportunity (which may never arrive) the important question, "Madam, will you marry me?" Beware, ye young maidens, of such triflers with your peace of mind, and remember, ye young gallants, "that delays are always dangerous." But I have made a long digression; we left my cousin Agnes walking up and down among the trees with her hero, and there they wandered and talked till the sound of a bugle announced that dinner was ready. We were all, after a few minutes delay, seated, Agnes opposite the pedant, and not near her more favored lover. Here was a position! certainly not the most agreeable to her, but her mamma thought it quite time that the tête-à-tête should end when dinner began, and therefore motioned to Agnes to go lower down. It was done; we were seated; the pedant was in high spirits at the opportunity afforded of gazing continually at Agnes across an unusually narrow table; our military hero was as gallant and gay as ever, men have the peculiar art of rousing themselves, and not allowing the world to judge from their countenances what is passing within; no one saw his disappointment; in a word, men shake off painful thoughts easier than we do, and give themselves up to the pleasures of the moment. Not so, alas! was it with Agnes, the steel had entered into her soul, she endeavoured to be cheerful, it was evidently an effort, and therefore failed in its effect on those around her.

He had told her they must try to forget each other, that from the first moment he had seen her he became strongly attached to her, but that he never knew how deep-rooted was his affection for her till now, that he was compelled to tear himself away from her, for alas! he had nothing to offer her, his father's will was contested, his estates were in Chancery—would it were otherwise—but such was the sad truth. He then told her his regiment was ordered to the East Indies, and that he must sail in a few days, that she must think of him only as a friend, that he would leave her free as air, and so forth. All this was easily said, and apparently as easily forgotten by our hero, when said; nevertheless, the soul of Agnes was chilled; he had been devoted to her during a whole season, he had brought her the choicest flowers continually, he had danced with her whenever they met, nay when she was in the ball-room, he had neither eyes nor ears for any one but Agnes, and to her in his most fascinating manner he had insinuated the most elegant compliments—and could he, would he leave her thus? He lingered and lingered near us as the hour of return to town arrived, and after one quadrille in which he and Agnes were partners, (and

for the last time) the dew on the grass warned us that it would be dangerous for any but fairies to dance on it by moonlight; therefore we all with one accord enquired for our carriages, and as we stood about in groups talking over the natural and artificial beauties of the scene, our military friend still kept near us, and said so many agreeable things to us all, and seemed so reluctant to say good night, that we actually asked him home to take tea with us, little knowing what poison he had been pouring into the ears of my fair cousin, much less could we guess how entirely his own strong feeling of attachment to her would unman him, but so it was; the parting scene I can never forget—the blood runs cold in my veins while I write the sequel. Night came on; the lovely Agnes slept not—wept not—but she sighed deeply, fearfully;—by degrees we drew from her the subject of her long conversation in the Gardens at Beulah. We proposed taking her to Harrogate by way of turning her thoughts from a subject which seemed suddenly to have grown so painful to her, for we knew not that his attentions had been more than ordinary civilities, though the busy world had given many hints to us on the subject. He had dazzled us all by the brilliancy of his career; at the Court, in the Camp, he had no equal, (of his age) for he was bravest among the brave; we therefore thought nothing of her joining with us in commending so charming a character, which she did occasionally in her peculiarly quiet manner. He embarked, time went on heavily enough with our hero, the sea there is nothing like the sea for causing *reflections*, and generally painful and distorted ones; he thought he had acted honorably; he sometimes quieted his conscience by saying to himself, “I have left her free, I have asked no pledge, not even a lock of her hair!” But alas! every scene in which they had been engaged haunted his troubled mind by turns; certainly he had danced with her, he had felt annoyed, and been very jealous if he saw her engaged in conversation with any one but himself, nay he had even been very cross with her—but then, at that time he thought he should make her his wife ere long—though he had never expressed those hopes to her; no, he had carefully, guardedly avoided the subject, and he tried to fancy that he had done right, but there was ever an upbraiding spirit within, which told him he ought not to have endeavoured to engage the affections of one so young, so innocent of the ways of the world, as my fair cousin Agnes. No; when he found that his affairs were in an embarrassed state, that his paternal estate was withheld, he should not thus have pursued the path of pleasure, he should not thus have indulged in the society of one to whom he felt he was growing daily, hourly, more attached; when he knew so well that he intended to make no sacrifice for her; that is to say that he never offered to share with her his present slender fortune. Why then, as a man, did he not draw back in time, before he had woven such a web of misery around her soul, from which death alone could set her free? ’Tis true he lived on, hoping that some fortunate change in his affairs might enable him to follow the bent of his inclinations with more prudence; yet he did wrong, he went too far to retract honorably. The

voyage over, he had no sooner arrived than he was seized with the jungle-fever, and his life was quite despaired of; this sad account was sent off to his friends in England; it reached the ears of Agnes, who had gradually, since the parting scene, become more and more like a marble statue. Her eyes increased in brilliancy, and at times when she was induced by some extraordinary excitement to enter into an animated conversation, a most exquisite bloom o’erspread her cheeks, and those around her believed she was always better for being roused. Not so; there was a consuming fire within, which being thus as it were revived, went on still quicker with its consuming power; the exhaustion felt by the lovely Agnes after such exertions was fearful in the extreme, and continual faintings gave proof that her strength was indeed diminishing; her mother, the most indulgent of parents, watched by her couch month after month, and frequently tried to induce her to converse of her absent lover confidentially, but no word of praise or blame ever escaped her lips; she invariably changed the subject as soon as possible. Each day she grew feebler and feebler. One morning as her fond parent was endeavouring to revive her after a long-continued fit of fainting, the postman’s startling, loud knock, was heard at the door, and this sudden sound seemed in an instant to restore suspended animation. A letter was brought into the chamber of the almost lifeless Agnes, which was opened and read by her mother; it was as follows:—

My dear Madam,—My long and severe illness has prevented my writing to you sooner to enquire after the health of you and yours. I am now entirely recovered, but the fever took such hold of me, that my life was despaired of for many weeks. A year has now elapsed since we parted; what doubts and fears, what hopes and anxieties, have filled my brain since then, I will not annoy you by enumerating. I am happy to say that I have obtained leave of absence, (though not without difficulty) that I may take possession of my lamented father’s estate in Northamptonshire, which the lawyers have at length agreed I have an undoubted right to possess, the codicil having been proved to be a forgery; and if you will receive me as—I was going to say as your son!—but what says the lovely Agnes to this? A week after you receive this letter, I hope to be at your feet; till then and ever,

Yours and her devoted,

HARRY SIDNEY.

The surprise of the mother was only equalled by the delight depicted on the languid countenance of the young sufferer; from that moment the cloud which seemed to hang over her fate, by degrees cleared away. She grew daily stronger and better, still she was very delicate. Her lover arrived, and in due form made his proposal and was accepted; the preparations usual on such occasions were carried into effect with as little delay as possible, and a change of climate was recommended as the best means of restoring strength and vigour to the youthful bride. The bridegroom was as devoted, nay, more so, than many I have seen; the mother was in high spirits at the amended appearance of her darling Agnes, and knowing well the character

of the man to whom she had resigned her precious treasure, she felt convinced that happiness, unalloyed happiness, would be her lot; if she could but regain her strength;—but alas! too true is the axiom that "Man proposes and God disposes."

A week after their marriage Harry Sidney and his Bride embarked for Lisbon; the voyage was an unusually rough one, the passengers all suffered dreadfully from sea-sickness, and the delicate frame of Agnes was so severely shaken, that the old symptoms of her complaint returned again with redoubled force, and in less than a month from the day of her landing, that grim tyrant Death, who had long been hovering over her head, struck to the earth the lovely Agnes, in spite of the watchful care of her physicians, and the more devoted attentions of her adoring husband. Her body lies quietly inurned amidst the rows of stately cypress trees that adorn the little burial-ground adjoining the Protestant Chapel at Buenos Ayres, near Lisbon. The disconsolate Harry Sidney returned to his regiment in the East Indies, and devotes to study those hours usually passed by men in the Army in social intercourse among friends. He is now no longer the gay, the charming Harry Sidney; he is looked upon as a cynic by all his acquaintance, but I who know his story so well, I cannot but lament that his want of resolution in the first place, and want of candour in the next, should thus have brought to an untimely grave, one who might have been for years the dear partner of his existence; his happiness in this world seems blighted for ever, therefore I will withhold condemning any more him who I feel convinced must daily, hourly repent his ill-judged conduct.

BELIADA.

THE FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

Here's violet sweet which I gather'd at morn,
When the mists of the night fled away from the dawn;

The pink and the pansy—the light heather-bell,
To those who will purchase I'll willingly sell.

Buy my flowers—buy my flowers—
They're besprent with the dew,
And these violets rival the eye's sunny blue.

I'm an orphan, fair ladies, and cull the sweet flower
From the Love-God's own couch in his myrtle-twin'd bower;

Here's a rose the boy slept on adown in yon dell,
Will you purchase the treasure? I'll willingly sell.

Buy my flowers—buy my flowers—
They're besprent with the dew,
Like a tear in an eye of soft, beautiful blue.

Here's cowslips, which Fairies their dwellings have made;

Here's lilies to garland the brows of the maid;
Here's flowers, by which lovers their passion may tell—

Will you purchase of me? I will willingly sell.

Buy my flowers—buy my flowers—
You may kiss off the dew,
As you would from a lov'd eye of beautiful blue.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE ROOF OF THE MADRAS CLUB-HOUSE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL, ESQ.

There is a freshness in the Twilight hour,
That speaks to me of Home! The early Stars
Begin to circle round the rising Moon,
And Day is dying into Night. Around,
The scene is foreign, and the common eye
Must borrow vision from Imagination,
To fan the fond illusion that would shape
A semblance of that distant land, whose dream
Is hovering o'er my spirit; for the trees
The glittering houses, and the white-garbed groups
(That, in the dusk, shine like a troop of ghosts
Bound for some spectral festival of Death)
Are not of home! Upon the air is borne
The angry thunder of the choleric surf,
By distance lessened to a sullen sound,
Half musical, most melancholy! Alas!
'Tis but those ocean-sounds that speak of Home,
And the refreshing breeze—that just hath left
Its race across the waves to visit us!
The eye of Fancy must have space to rest,
Lest Truth's harsh, glowing blaze dazzle it!
The mountains of my home are crown'd with wreaths
Of snowy chrystal,—and their sides are rough
With heath and furze, that clothe their rugged peaks,
And shelter yield to ptarmigan and hare,
Whilst the red waters of the rills that rush
And fret in fury round their base, contain
The Kelpy, Spirit of the Floods! whose yell
Is heard at midnight by bewildered hinds!
There are no hills, no glens, before me now—
There are no firs, no heaths, no russet rills—
Nor spirits of the lake! The palm-tree towers
In lordly, formal state; the cocoa waves
Its fanlike leaves to cool the sultry sands,
And graceful bamboos—speck'd with fire-flies
bright—

Look like a train of dark-haired dancers, nymphs
Whose trailing locks are lit with brilliants! Here
The Tiger claims the forest,—and the fen
Is venomous with reptiles,—and the rock
Hath its own frightful Giant-king of Snakes,
The hideous Boa! Even the very breeze
(Which makes such sounds as come among the cliffs
Which bastion the sea-shore of my home)
Carries a freight of fragrance alien,
And perfumes all the scene with unknown scents.
'Tis not the bee-kissed Thyme, whose cheerful smell
Floats on the air,—'tis not the essence rich
Of heath, or furze, voluptuous; or sweet—
Sweeter than any other's kiss but thine,
The breath of Primrose on the green-hill's side,
Or Hawthorn from the hedge! It is the gums
Of aromatic trees, consumed by hands
The blinded mob deem holy. Yonder, see
The thick grey smoke ascends in spiral wreaths
From the dark Temple of Brahminic faith!
—It is not Home,—oh, no! it is not Home!
Yet it would be so, were those dear ones here
With whom a very wilderness were sweet
To one, whose heart hath but one craving cry—
"Love!—Love!—Love!"

TO PREVENT MILK BEING SOUR.—Put a spoonful of wild horse-radish into a dish of milk; the milk may then be preserved sweet, either in the open air, or in a cellar for several days, whilst such as has not been so guarded will become sour.

CHRISTIANA.

A TALE OF THE PERSECUTIONS.

It is an easy matter in this our day to be professors of religion; the fires of Smithfield are extinguished, the badge of infamy is removed, has changed places, and now is attached to the scorner and the infidel. It is respectable, decent, praiseworthy—nay, even fashionable to be of some religion, to have some favourite temple of worship, some favourite preacher, whose extraordinary eloquence finds its way to the heart. But profession is not principle. It is a question whether there is more heart religion in the present day than there was then, that charity “which passeth all things” would teach us to hope for the best, at any rate “in following the multitude” in this peculiar instance we cannot be doing wrong. Even the semblance of religion is better than none, as it evidences the respect felt for that which is intrinsically valuable; and while walking in its paths some of its pleasantness and peace may find its way to the bosom, and make us long for deeper draughts from that stream, whose very ripples are sweet to the ear, whose drops are such cordials to the heart. My reader will recall a time in the pages of our country’s history, when it cost much to be truly pious—when life was the forfeiture.

The father of Christiana Allen, the excellent Vicar of —, was one of those who dared to stand forth boldly for the truth. Edward the 6th. had bestowed on him his living as a mark of his favour for numerous useful works published in the reign of King Henry 8th. And greatly deserving was he of this and every other kindness bestowed on him; purely apostolical in his doctrine, of unbending integrity and unflinching courage, the good Matthew Allen realized all that we can imagine (in this world) of piety and benevolence. No heart went uncheered from his home. A table of patriarchal simplicity was at all times open to the wayfarer, the widow and the fatherless; it was a beautiful and touching sight to see him in the chamber of sickness, at the bed of death; the emanations of his holy faith gave to his countenance almost superhuman beauty; his broad forehead, his blue intelligent eyes turned to Heaven, and the curls which study more than age had blanched, falling about his face, formed altogether a picture of sublimity seldom equalled and never excelled. Who could despair when he spoke of the unbounded compassion of a Redeemer? who but must cling to the support his fine and apt quotations from Scripture held out? He would take his fair child with him in these visits of Christian love, and taught her early how to administer best to the temporal wants of those they visited; she grew up the very counterpart of her father in mind, and dearer to his heart by being the exact likeness of her mother in person; calm, self-possessed and firm, she seemed perfectly indifferent to the usual fears and hopes of her age and sex; her business, her amusement, her pursuit was to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with her God—justice, mercy and humility never had a lovelier and gentler advocate. Whatever mission of mercy she undertook was sure to prosper; who could resist her earnest and faithful appeals, who but must feel a portion of that faith and trust

which lighted up her eyes with the most beautiful enthusiasm! That was indeed a happy village, a family united as it were in the bonds of love. Private woes and private miseries were not understood, all was public, all felt, all wept, all rejoiced together.

It has been well remarked, great characters are formed for great exigencies—the time of trial was approaching. Mary was crowned, the wild bigot Mary, and now all those who would barter conscience and faith for life and liberty changed their style of preaching and acting. Matthew Allen had foreseen the storm, and he was not the man to shrink from it when it descended. He had preached a series of sermons relative to the prophecies respecting “the Man of Sin,” he had pointed out all the fallacies, all the errors, all the enormities of the false religion, and he had boldly declared that those who fell into the prevailing heresies would be partakers of the plagues with which that Man of Sin was threatened. His style of preaching was soon noticed, and the emissaries of the Queen for a time contented themselves with warning him that if he continued thus to preach he would place his own life and that of his child in imminent peril.

“And tell those who sent you,” said Allen, drawing his form up to its extent, as if at that moment endowed with the supernatural courage he would require, “Tell those who sent you that if they continue to preach and act as they have lately done they will place their souls in peril. I will pray for them,” continued he, “that their purposes and natures may be changed, my own as far as they are consistent with the word and will of my Master, I will also pray may never change.”

“If that is the answer I am to bear, it will be a warm day for you when you go to Smithfield,” said the officer who bore the warning.

“There are warmer places than Smithfield, young man,” answered Allen, “but harkye! before you go, let me pray for you,” and closing the door and lifting his hands and eyes to Heaven, the good man prayed for him, and for all persecutors that their hearts might be changed—he prayed for the Queen also in the tenderest and most fatherly manner, as a weak and erring creature raised on a pinnacle which made her dizzy; nothing could be more saint-like than his whole bearing. The young officer stood with his head uncovered, and tears gathering in his eyes—tears, strangers to those eyes from infancy, came like soothing to his heart, for he was deeply and powerfully interested.

When Allen had risen from his knees, Sir Henry Moreland, for that was his name, looked upon him as a being altogether above this world. At this moment Christiana came into the room, fearing for her father’s life, she sought instantly to understand the danger which evidently threatened, she rushed to his arms—

“Alas! my father,” said she, “and do they seek your life? Our Queen does not know how excellent you are, how worthy to be raised to the highest honours.”

“Be calm, my Christiana,” said her father, “you know in whose hands we are, you know no weapon formed against us can prosper, unless by our Heavenly Father’s permission.”

All this time the young soldier had stood regarding the parent and child with looks of the sincerest respect and veneration.

"Farewell," said he, "I bear with me to your accusers the most complete answer to their accusations—the man of such a spirit as your's, so forgiving and yet so firm, is not to be met with amongst the professors of error—you are not a heretic."

"Young man," said Allen solemnly, "in their sense of the word I am a heretic, do not suppose I would purchase life at the expense of truth—I utterly abhor the *doctrines* of the Romanists, while I can pray for those who believe in them. I know too well the proneness of unassisted human nature to fall into the most unmitigated error to feel any animosity towards our persecutors, but I do also most entirely disclaim the slightest leaning to their errors."

"Lady," said the young officer, approaching Christiana with the utmost respect, "I entreat, I implore you to counsel your father to a less public avowal of his sentiments, or I fear the report I shall give will avail him but little."

"If by counselling him you mean, Sir, to entreat him to conceal or varnish over the truth, or if by counselling him you mean that I should entreat him to hold forth doctrines, which from my infancy I have been taught to look upon as inventions of the devil, then I cannot use my tongue in so vile a business."

Moreland stood for some time as if awed by the expression which beamed from one of the loveliest countenances he had ever seen; above the usual character of beauty was Christiana's; she had the usual charms of complexion, contour, profuse and beautiful hair, which hung in natural ringlets, eyes of the gentlest hazel, and a form of exquisite symmetry; but added to all this she had that "mind, and music breathing from her face," which poets consider is the essence of beauty—and moreover, that gentleness which her angelic creed had spread around her; she was the very personification of that exquisite description of charity which we read of in Corinthians, with a touch of firmness which her education, conducted at home entirely by her father, and in perilous times, had thrown round her. Moreland thought he never had beheld anything so nearly resembling his visions of the angels and saints to whom he had been taught to pray, and a feeling very nearly approaching to idolatry came over him; he could have almost bent the knee to her, and have entreated her to have renounced her errors as he termed them, to have been received into his communion, and not to perish in her faith, a heretic! an outcast from Heaven; *could* it be, so much truth, so much courage, so much goodness? Alas! alas! he knew not what to think, but full of admiration of both father and daughter, whether heretics or not, he departed.

And for a time Matthew Allen was left in peace in his career of usefulness and unflinching integrity. The report Sir Henry Moreland had given, however far from the truth, had silenced his accusers; but persecution stalked abroad unsated; still some vile emissary of Bishop Bonner again visited the church where Matthew Allen officiated, and taking

notes of his sermon delivered them to Bonner and his unsparing Junto. One evening, as father and daughter were returning from their daily visits of mercy, a horseman suddenly emerging from a wood by the road-side, dismounted and approached them; it was Moreland.

"Fly," said he, "most excellent of men, fly with your lovely daughter to a place of safety, I have prepared for you where you may in a short time find means to leave the country, your house is even now surrounded by soldiers, who have orders to bring you both to London."

Allen drew his daughter's arm closer in his as he answered—"The will of my father be done, my friend! I will not fly!"

"Not fly! What subject yourself and child to insult, confinement, imprisonment, perhaps death! I offer you a refuge from all. Ah! let me entreat of you, think not of yourself, to think of her."

"Christiana," said her father, standing still, and letting her hand fall from his arm, "you shall answer this question. How shall we act, my child?"

"Father, we are Christians," said she, "our faith is attacked, we must not leave it to others to defend, we will not fly!"

"Spoken like my own noble child," said Allen, again folding her arm within his. Moreland stood as if irresolute.

"I must leave you then," at length he said, "I came at the risk of life to rescue you, and with blind presumption you will rush on your fate, I cannot succour you—you will not let me, I am unworthy of your confidence. Adieu, I may be remembered when you would be glad of a friend; I shall hover about you, though unseen. and trust me, though all the rest of mankind should denounce you, I will not." He wrung their hands as if his heart was suffering deeply, and mounting his horse was soon out of sight.

His account was true, Allen's house had been surrounded, and the weeping villagers, with every disposition to resist the soldiers, had assembled in a body with large sticks, declaring neither men nor devils should take their good vicar from them, they would drain every vein in their hearts first. But Allen, calm and serene amidst the tumult, bid them retire and submit to the authority of those whom unerring Wisdom had placed as our governors, "All will be right, my friends," said he, "all must be right while we keep the path of duty; go to your homes and pray for me, and leave me and my child in his hands 'who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.'"

"We have an order here, Sir," said one of the men, approaching respectfully, "we have an order to take one Matthew Allen and his daughter into our custody."

"We are the persons you seek," said the good man firmly.

"You must prepare to depart directly, Sir."

"This night?"

"Yes, Sir, this night, our orders are pressing."

"Go in, my child," said Allen, "prepare what may be necessary for our journey."

Christiana departed in silence, no paler hue on her cheek, no nervous tremor to her frame; a supernatural strength seemed to have been imparted to her, she had dangers of extraordinary

magnitude to encounter, and supernatural strength was given to her to cope with them; even the lamentations of their old and faithful housekeeper brought no tear to her eye, or that of her father, who remained with the soldiers, not being suffered to enter his house lest he should destroy papers which might criminate him. A long and weary journey on horseback, such a journey as most women would have shrunk from with terror, was performed without a murmur. Matthew Allen gloried in his daughter's faith and firmness, and felt himself strengthened when he looked upon her, as her colour faded and her eyes became heavy, and yet no complaint could even be read in the expression of her countenance. At length their journey ended, and they were ordered to attend the tribunal of their enemies. It was a touching sight to see that holy and venerable man with his white head uncovered, and his fair and excellent child by his side, awaiting the proceedings on his mock examination. I need not enter into the account of this scene; history furnishes records but too accurate, details but too minute of the sad subterfuges resorted to on these occasions. Allen's case was only singular in his uncommon calmness and benevolence, and the ability and temper with which he answered his accusers, the charity with which he regarded the offenders, and the judgment with which he viewed their offence.

At the close of the examination, if such a name ought to be given to enquiries purposely made difficult to answer, the infamous Bonner impatiently interrupted the good man with an exclamation of disgust—

"You are remanded, old man; leisure and opportunity will be afforded you to clear your benighted understanding, and if you will return to the flock from whence you strayed, the True Church will receive you with joy to her maternal bosom; and if you remain an obstinate heretic we may find some other means of enlightening you," he continued, with a ferocious smile, "and from my heart I wish that all heretics were as one man, and my eyes could have the delight of seeing them writhing in the flames."

"And I," said Allen, lifting his hands and eyes to Heaven, an expression of heavenly charity lighting up his apostolic countenance, "and I wish all whom my Bible tell me have wandered from the faith and doctrine of the Gospel were but as one, and that the blessing of Heaven would so wait on my preaching as to enable me to be the means of their conversion."

A feeling of reverence evidently spread itself round the court at this temperate and Christian-like reply. Bonner turned to the daughter, who had been allowed to sit, and whose chair was so placed as to keep her father in her view—

"And you, young woman, that heretic might have done better than have brought you up in his vile heresy; use your influence to induce your father to look into the arguments we use, and may the Holy Virgin pray for you both, and change you."

Christiana had risen when addressed, and slowly put back the veil which she had worn, and her face, radiant with beauty and benevolence, no doubt created a feeling of interest in her behalf.

"I trust, Sirs," said she, in a firm and audible voice, and the instant and breathless stillness of the court allowed every word to be heard, "I trust, Sirs, that change has passed on us both, I mean the change of regeneration, which will render any other change worse than needless. I can only pray the same change may pass on you all, and that we all may meet 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.'"

She sat down, and drawing her veil round her, turned to her father. In all his sorrow, in all his fears, in all his privations, how his heart must have bounded at the possession of such a child. The court was now broke up, for night had stolen on, and the prisoners, under a strong guard, were to be taken back to prison. They were both on horseback, and the soldiers kept closely round Allen, while his daughter, whom they felt sure would follow, was left comparatively unguarded; they had travelled some distance when they discovered Christiana's horse was without its rider; an alarm was instantly raised, and search commenced. The father was in an agony, and plainly denounced this as another instance of the treachery and wickedness of his persecutors.

"They would not afford me the comfort and delight of my child's company," said he, "inhuman persecutors, are there no fathers amongst you?"

This view of the case appeared to satisfy his conductors, who, to do them justice, seemed as much surprised and alarmed at her disappearance as he was, having had the strictest orders given to them respecting the safe conduct of both prisoners. At length they reached the place where Allen was to be confined, and with a sadder heart than he had yet experienced, he prepared to take up his abode: the room was convenient and comfortable, furnished with all requisites, to which were added a well filled book-case and a good fire, two sleeping closets were attached, and the neatness and cleanliness of both, and the fact of two being prepared almost made him waver in his opinion as to the cause of his daughter's disappearance; she had evidently been meant originally to come here; perhaps her answer at the trial had caused a change in their determination, and that perceiving the firmness and courage of her character they had considered separation would be more likely to work on the minds of both. Matthew Allen sat himself down in his lonely chamber, and tears chased each other down his face,—his darling child, where was she? What dangers might be surrounding her! For a moment the father's feelings were too strong for the Christian's; but again, his manifold resources in prayer presented themselves to him, an all-powerful Being was his friend, and the friend of his child; his heart became lightened, and he prepared for his evening meditations and prayers with a cheered and trusting heart—he never, since she was of age to join him, had knelt at this service previously without his Christiana! But still the good man struggled with his fears and with his sorrows, and after commending her and himself to His care, "who neither slumbers nor sleeps," he laid himself calmly down to rest, and though his busy imagination pictured her in dreams of sad and sweet import, his rest was refreshing. And where was his child?

She had been lifted from her horse by a powerful arm, and placed in a carriage, alone, which was immediately driven rapidly off in an opposite direction. The darkness of the night and some intricate windings in the streets having favoured the removal, conjecture on conjecture hurried rapidly through her mind; the man had only answered her pressing entreaties to be told in whose hands she now was, by saying, "In the hands of friends." And still the carriage travelled on, and but once took fresh horses, which were waiting on the road for them. At length they reached their destination; morning was just breaking and showed a respectable-looking dwelling in a park; here she was respectfully requested to alight, and a female servant opened the door, and conducted her in silence up two flights of stairs to a convenient room, with a good fire, which the chilliness of the morning made highly agreeable: refreshments were laid in the nicest order, and everything which kindness could suggest was prepared for her reception; the servant was both respectable and respectful, but appeared to resist enquiry.

Christiana was shown to an inner room, where her bed was prepared, and the wardrobe furnished with all needful articles of female attire, both for fashion and comfort; she surveyed all in silence, and the servant requesting to know if she would not choose to rest after her journey, Christiana, whose weariness of body and mind exceeded anything she had ever previously endured, after taking refreshment requested to be left to her rest.

Alone in her chamber her beloved parent's situation rushed with redoubled force to her mind; how would he miss his child, how would he grieve for her, how would he shudder for her probable fate! But Christiana's faith was one always strongest in difficulties, and as she lifted her heart to her Heavenly Parent, she resigned herself, and he who was dearer to her than herself, her earthly parent, into His hands, and as she closed her eyes the prayer of her Lord trembled from her lips, "Thy will be done." Angels surely watched over the slumber of one of the purest, the gentlest, the most loving of earth's creatures. Surely supernatural aid is awarded to such as she. Look at her, Reader, alone, apparently unprotected, for the first time in her life at a great distance from her parent, and his life sought by the most un pitying and ruthless of men, her own in the most imminent peril, a prisoner, penniless, homeless; and yet she slept sweetly, calm as the bosom of the gentle lake, and serene as the blue of a summer sky was her countenance. She awoke from her long sleep many hours after mid-day; she arose, and the calm was still on her spirit, an assurance of the guardianship of Heaven both for herself and father, had fallen like sunshine on her soul, and taking out her pocket bible she sat down to read; the servant entered.

"My master, Lady!" said she, "will do himself the honour of taking dinner with you, if you are well enough to receive him."

"Who is your master, to whom it appears I am indebted for unusual indulgences for a prisoner?"

"My master is your friend, Lady."

But to any more questions she was deaf and

dumb, and having spread and covered the table she departed. Christiana's heart beat heavily against her side as the door opened, and Sir Henry Moreland entered. He approached, bowed, and took her hand, which, in the fashion of the day, he pressed to his lips.

"Miss Allen," said he, "will pardon me for this intrusion. I have tried hard and long to remove the beautiful and noble-minded heretic from my heart, but only the faster did her image cling round it. Have I your pardon?"

"Certainly, Sir," replied Christiana, "the delicacy of your conduct in making such a declaration at such a time is not to be equalled."

This was said somewhat proudly.

"Indeed, indeed, Madam, I would sooner die than wound your feelings, have I your permission to stay? I am gone instantly if you command me."

But Christiana relented; his gentlemanly conduct disarmed her, and she remained silent.

"I may stay then," said he, and seating her with ceremonious politeness, he prepared to do the honours of the table, the servant waiting at the door. When the meal and the servant were dismissed, Moreland again ventured to address his prisoner in language of the tenderest respect.

"Where is my father?" said she, "do not suppose at this moment I am of free heart to listen to you."

"Marry me," said Moreland, suddenly throwing himself on his knees before her. "Marry me, and I think I have interest enough even now to save both your lives."

"Do you address this to a heretic, Sir Henry," said she, agitated beyond her strength at the alternative presented to her imagination.

"Yes," said he, "I love you beyond wealth, rank, nay more than life itself."

"Then hear me," said she, struggling hard to assume a calmness which at that moment she was a stranger to, for Sir Henry was one who would seldom have been heard unmoved on such a subject. "Hear me," said she, separating her hands from his, "you would ally yourself with one whom your Church denounces as accursed both here and hereafter, who can have no feelings of religion in common with you, who believes not in what you believe, who from her soul abhors the errors in which you have been brought up; you would marry her, and for why? because, perhaps, the Maker, whom you ignorantly worship, has made the casket of her immortal spirit in a mould which pleases you."

"No," interrupted Moreland, "it is the jewel, the precious gem that casket contains, your noble and courageous spirit, which has subdued mine, I never knelt to mortal woman before, I never sued, for I never sought their love."

"No!" said Christiana, "then mark the difference of our faith; were you the husband of our Queen, and she no longer an inhabitant of this world, I would not marry you—one I could only hope to associate with in the earthly pleasures of life, but who in all the Heavenly pursuits of our holy faith I should be separated from wide as the poles asunder. Sir Henry Moreland, I perceive I

have a fearful trial to meet, but I doubt not strength will be given me to bear it."

"But your father?" suggested he, watching the varying expression of her countenance with intense anxiety, "your father?"

"God will succour us," said she, clasping her hands, and mentally praying for the strength she at this moment so much needed.

"Then your religion," said Moreland, reproachfully, "your religion permits you calmly to resign your parent to the flames when you could save him."

"I resign him and myself too, into more powerful hands than those of our enemies or our friends, Sir Henry," said she.

"Most extraordinary woman!" said Moreland, musing, "I fear nothing will move you to save your own life and your father's, and I positively swear I will not survive your destruction."

"Oh, tempt not Heaven thus," said she, laying her hand in the energy of the moment on his arm, "I am deeply grateful to you for your kindness, the interest you take in our welfare, but do not tempt Heaven by such sayings as these."

Moreland looked on her as she stood by his side, her hand on his arm, her eyes upwards, and her lips parted as if again seeking direction and comfort, if not praying for him. He appeared struck more than ever with the holiness, the purity, the single-mindedness of her conduct, and he turned away in the deepest abstraction; he had already begun to contrast the motives, the views which actuated this gentle woman, and those which warred in his own bosom; a feeling that he had none of the resources in trouble which she possessed, no child-like dependence on the mercy and protection of his Maker, no instant refuge in prayer, came forcibly over him, and Moreland was at that moment more than half a convert to her religion. At length he said—

"And will you not let me serve you and your esteemed parent?"

She caught at these words.

"Yes, I will," she answered, "to my dying hour I will bless you, if you will bring me accurate intelligence as to his condition, and will comfort his mind with the assurance that I am with those, may I say, who will not see me injured."

"Yes, and Christiana, with one whose heart's blood will drain to the last drop before a hair of your head shall be injured—yes, I will go, and even at the risk of my life will bring you the required intelligence," and pressing her hand again to his lips he departed.

Some days elapsed before his return, but still all Christiana's comforts were attended to with watchful exactness. He at length returned, and bore a letter from her father. It breathed nothing but thankfulness and resignation, trust in the protection of his Master, love for his child, prayers for her safety and for the conversion of Moreland, whom from conversation held with him, he told his child was "not far from the kingdom of Heaven." It also added that her retreat was a profound secret to her enemies, that all were at work to discover her, and that none but Sir Henry Moreland dare have ventured on such a proceeding, and that he placed his life in the greatest possible

danger: the letter concluded with a father's blessing, and said nothing of his hourly expectation of being removed from the prison to the stake.

Christiana received the letter with unbounded thankfulness, and her mind thus eased she was able to enter on the subjects in dispute between the Roman Catholic and the Reformed Church; she pointed out the absurdity of their indulgences, their praying to images, their invoking saints, their notions of transubstantiation, their purgatory and their masses for the dead. Moreland sat silently drinking in her honied sentences.

"And think you," she continued, "that religion can be the religion of Him who actually gave his life to save us, who spent his days in going about doing good while here; can that be the religion he came to establish, which will allow of the doctrine of purgatory? What! your priests having the power, have they not the will to deliver souls from that place of torment unless they are paid for it? Horrid supposition! Why, would not my father, had he the power to save one of his direst enemies from the place of torment, would he not spend his last breath in supplications for them? He would, he would; and can that faith be pure which allows persons to pay beforehand for the permission to commit sin? Oh! Sir Henry, come out from among them, cast in your lot with us, however despised we may now be; a time will come when our Church will lift her head again and triumph over her enemies; compare Time with Eternity, suppose we are called to suffer for our faith, who shall say how bright will be the martyr's crown?"

Tears chased each other down her cheek as she spoke, her whole frame became instinct with enthusiasm, and Moreland listened in silence; but this was not the last by many conversations which they held on this most vital subject; to no other would she listen, on no other would she talk, and her prayers often ascended to the throne of Heaven in his behalf, for he had become dear to her as life and light, and to be the means of his conversion was only second in importance to the safety and welfare of her parent. Sir Henry read the books she recommended, searched the Scriptures with her, and as light gradually broke on his mind they became hourly the nearest and dearest of friends. Moreland occasionally left her to enquire into her father's condition; one more examination he had undergone, and he now waited in hourly expectation of being ordered to the flames. Moreland now feeling as they felt, no longer kept the child from her parent, but boldly joined them in their prison. Public thanks were given to Sir Henry Moreland for finding and bringing back to safe custody the runaway Christiana. This was the way they chose to interpret his conduct, for to have supposed that they had been the means of estranging him from Roman Catholicism would have been an offence too dreadful to dream of. He of the most ancient family, as nobly allied as the noblest, *he a heretic!* the idea was appalling; whispers had gone abroad that his visits to the prison were more frequent than necessary even for the most ardent and zealous attempts at proselytism; but still Bonner, to whom he was distantly related, would not allow a suspicion to be breathed in his presence, but doubtless the mystery

in which his conduct was enveloped, put off for many months Allen's intended execution. At length complaints were made that Moreland had dismissed his confessor, never came to the communion, in short never was seen but with Protestants. Trembling with long suppressed rage, Bonner gave orders no visitors should be allowed to enter the prison; as soon as the order was made known, and Moreland, with others, had been refused admittance, he immediately applied to Bonner for an exception as far as he was concerned.

"And wherefore," said Bonner.

"Because," said Moreland, "I worship the same God they do, and they are dearer to me than my life."

"And do you worship in the same way?" asked he, no doubt expecting falsehood or prevarication.

"I do," said the young man, folding his arms and looking at him in the most determined manner. Bonner's rage knew no bounds; striking the table with his clenched hand, stamping the ground with his feet, and grinding his teeth together, he murmured curses long and deep on the devoted heads of Allen and his daughter.

"We shall see," said he, "which you will do, burn or turn. I would not spare you by the Holy Virgin if you were my own son! Guards," shouted he, "Sir Henry Moreland is your prisoner."

Allen received intelligence of this event together with an order for his being burnt in ten days from the date thereof, still offering pardon to all if they would recant. Christiana indeed needed all her extraordinary fortitude and courage to sustain her; she was told that she would be allowed to attend at Smithfield on the day of her father's suffering, and that if she did not then recant the fire would be lighted the next day for Moreland and herself. The interval was spent in prayer for strength to bear the trial. Christiana thought of her father's, of Moreland's sufferings, and her heart almost died within her; could she have suffered for them she felt she would not have shrunk from it, but would have rejoiced at being thought worthy. Time moved on, and the day before the execution had arrived; I have no words in which to paint the ensuing hours. The deep trust and heart-felt piety of Matthew Allen; the fond, the anxious, the saint-like love of his angelic child. Sir Henry Moreland had sued for and obtained leave to visit their prison this last evening of Allen's earthly pilgrimage. The meeting was one of unspeakable love, faith and constancy. Christiana, like a ministering spirit, passed from one to the other.

"In three days more," said her father, "we shall be all re-united in Heaven, my beloved Moreland! Do you now rue that you listened to us, and the whisperings of your own heart?"

"No!" said Moreland, "sooner would I suffer with you and my precious Christiana than fill a throne without you, a wretched wanderer in the labyrinths of error."

"Let us pray for the last time on earth together," said Allen, and his child and her lover knelt down beside him. His prayer ascended from his reverend lips, calmness stole into their bosoms; he prayed for his enemies, he prayed for the bigoted

and sanguinary Queen; suddenly a tumult in the streets disturbed him, loud and continued shouting rent the air. At length as the voices approached, "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" was distinctly heard. Yes, the sanguinary Mary had gone to her account! and a Protestant Queen reigned in the land. Christiana turned on her father a look of supreme happiness, and fainted at his feet; the tide of joy was too much for her excited feelings. Matthew Allen and Moreland bore her in their arms to the window, and the air came fresh and restoring to her temples; as she opened her eyes they rested on Moreland, and the shouts still thickened around them "Long live Queen Elizabeth, and down with the Papists." Moreland supported her in his arms while her father again lifted up his voice in praise and prayer!

The prison doors were opened, and those who had suffered for righteousness' sake, "happy indeed were they." Matthew Allen had the offer of a bishopric, but with true apostolic simplicity he preferred returning to his own people, and the entry of her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, into her city was not more joyously hailed than was the return of their good vicar to his affectionate people. Christiana and Moreland shared in the joyous greetings, and when the people learned how he had befriended their beloved pastor, and how nearly he had suffered with them, his name was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm.

Allen appointed a day of solemn thanksgiving for the accession of the Queen to the throne, and in a day or two after Christiana became the happy wife of Moreland, whose estates were restored to him, and one in his father's neighbourhood added as some recompense for their sufferings.

Northfleet.

MARY.

THE GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

Say! why do the old men love

The happy old Christmas week,
With it's frigid brow and it's robe of snow,
And it's winds so loud and bleak?

Say! why do the old wives laugh,
And revel and smile with glee,
While their wee cots rock with the tempest's shock
Like barks on the foaming sea?

Oh! 'tis a happy old time!
And the old church bells do ring!
And the maidens gay on their tabors play,
And with cheerful voices sing.

Now sire and children meet!
And their children's children come
With their smiles so bright and their steps so light,
To feast at the old man's home.

Now the sparkling cup goes round,
And the cheerful catch and song;
And they dance and shout till their jovial rout
Continues both loud and long.

'Tis for this the old men look,
And the wand'ring minstrels rhyme;—
And the old wives laugh, and the young men quaff
To the good old Christmas Time.

Grove House, Hunslet,

THE PLEDGE-RING.

(AN EPISODE OF THE POLISH WARS.)

(From the German of Felix Pyatt.)

The night which followed the battle of Praga was a stormy one in Warsaw. Groups which seemed formed half of torches and half of gleaming poignards, noisily assembled facing the palace of the Ex-Imperial Police. A thousand confused voices, from old age to childhood's, clamorously arose in fearful chorus to demand the death of a fellow-man.

In the midst of the principal group, loosely dangled to and fro the cord to which had been suspended a broken lamp, and ragged children with squalid countenances, laughed loudly as they swung it in the wind, and imitated a running knot. The moon shed her pale light upon the worn countenance of a wretched Spy, bound down and stifled with his chains, though less so perhaps than by the throng pressing around him, who hungered for his death. Their looks of hatred rested upon his body with such voracity, that it scarce seemed large enough to satisfy their vengeance. Overcome and motionless, he had fallen into that state of transition which is no longer life, and yet is not death, into that state of annihilation which extreme and inevitable danger betimes conveys, when sure to be fatal. The Spy gazed upon all, but seemed to comprehend them not; senseless and besotted, he resembled the lamb gazing upon his slaughterer.

The cord is tightened, the noose is ready, the children clapped their hands, and the man stood upon tiptoes. The rope awaits him. Here the vigorous arms of a self-offered executioner seized upon the Spy, and the Spy, still powerless, let him do his office, saving that his contact seemed to imprint a slight nervous contraction to his frame, which might have been the trembling of his death-ague, a galvanic commotion, or what not.

Die, die, vile Spy! Praga is consumed, the Lancers fall, Poland bleeds at the heart's core; and thine, those whom thou lovest, those whom thou servest, thine own, come forth to inflict upon us pestilence and slavery! Not one voice asks pardon for thee, not one voice cries mercy, thou causest nor regrets nor wailings; the very women do not pity thee; therefore must thou die; executed without sentence, in the dead of night. A Spy should die in the deepest shade; on this very spot, Russian Spy, facing the palace of the Russian Police; for here hast thou sung, and drunk, whilst we were cold and hungered in Warsaw; thou hadst eternal Spring within thy dwelling, and looked upon us as we froze in the streets, from thy windows; thou hadst soft carpets, fair women, and sweet flowers; there we warmed thee; we yielded thee thy precious wines, and fed thee plentifully. Fool! didst not thou feel that we were fattening thee for sacrifice?—aye! thy death is an expiation, a well-merited and infallible re-act-ion!

The rope creaked loudly upon its pulley. The body was slowly ascending, and the impatient crowd applauded loudly, when of a sudden was heard the hollow sound of a jolting and overloaded

cart; and the more the vehicle advanced, the more attentively did the throng give ear to its sound. The wheels found great difficulty in tracking their way through the unpaved streets, but at length the caravan stopped in a neighbouring barricade. Then all the spectators of the execution ran towards the barricade. The Spy was left, the rope was let go, and the body was once more upon its feet.

What power can that be which causes the rope to be put aside? what cart can that be which suspends the execution? The Spy hoped—I know not what! some supernatural aid, Providence would perchance perform a miracle in his favour, or had the Russians entered Warsaw! But his ears soon drank in a sublime and patriotic refrain—"Death to the Lancers! Long life to Poland!" then clapping of hands, tender embracings, cries of anguish, and cries of joy. The cart brought the wounded of Praga. Those young and brave Lancers, who had set forth so robust, so comely and noble-looking, were returning disfigured by grape-shot, incomplete, lacking arms and legs! Your mistresses will not fail to recognize ye! The song was, "Death to the Lancers! Long life to Poland! Who cares for the Lancers, the young, and brave? they were formed to die; and yet life is sweet to beardless boys; yet they die with smile and song, they resign their beings as if they lost less than the octogenarian, without regret; for they have not as yet been habituated to life."

The soldiers of the escort had accompanied the waggon with bare feet; their shoes were slung upon their backs whilst they traversed the outskirts, for they were fearful of using the coin of the state in the mud of the unpaved roads.

Whilst the soldiers were employed in putting on their shoes, the crowds were demolishing the barricades which obstructed the convoy. Scarce ever had so much activity appeared amongst them, so arduous, so prompt, and unanimous was their toil. Paving-stones, casks, barrels, huge beams of wood, and iron chains, were moved off. The street was made clear, and the waggon passed on easily through the files of respectful citizens.

The crowd followed the waggon, which directed its course towards the man about to be executed. The rope had been left about his neck; he had not dared to cry for help for fear of recalling attention towards him; but upon seeing himself once more surrounded, he sued for mercy!

"Have mercy! exclaimed a young wounded officer, in the waggon, standing erect, with an ill-dressed and bloody wound upon his forehead; his voice was brief and imposing;—"Friends! when a condemned criminal meets the King's coach he has his pardon; now the sufferer has met the cart of the wounded, and its majesty is full worthy the other one; endow it with a like power, and let him live?"

The clemency of a wounded man begging mercy for a foe, had I know not what about it, which disarmed the people's rage. The people hath unstable passions; they wrestled with each other to be foremost in unloosing the captive's chains; it seemed as though they could not find sufficient speed, all hands pulled and worked at the cord, and by their very zeal to save, they were executing the Spy.

"Thou art free! come, arise and go forth!"

The Spy answered them not.

"Thou art then dead of fright?"

The Spy had died of strangulation, and the people who some time before blasphemed to behold him alive, now wept to see him dead; fear and sorrow reigned on every face; the crowd and waggon hastened rapidly away.

However, the young wounded officer who had gained mercy for the dead man, had fallen into strange reflections; by the light of the moon he had recognized him to be Michel Linski, an old comrade of his in the Guards of Constantin: they had been love-rivals for the fair Maria, when each wore the imperial uniform, when they used, linked arm in arm, to drag noisily upon the pavement of Warsaw, that sword of which Constantin held the key; the revolution had followed; one had remained with the Russians, and the other had deserted for his country's cause.

Now that the wounded man knew his victim, he listened far less to his pity; and even a savage joy was making its way within him: his rival was no longer to be feared. After all, he was a traitor!

Between two files of dingy houses, closed from top to bottom, on went the waggon, even as a hearse betwixt the tombs. One of these dark houses still had a lighted window. Who could wake at that hour? a thief? an author? No, 'tis a maiden; enter, look upon her, she is beauteous thus with one elbow resting upon a table, her head leaning forward, like that of a young swan in its gracefulness. Doubtless she dreamt of her absent lover? But she reads too! the smoky lamp lights up a number of the "*State Gazetteer*:" but Polish women dream of others too beside their lovers.

The vox populi had vaguely named to her the battle of Praga, and her lover was at Praga; she had yielded him an offering to her country; he had, no doubt, been worthy of her; he had bravely fought, was wounded perhaps—nay even killed! This last thought passed through her heart like lightning in a cloud, leaving a long echo behind; she dared not read the account of the battle, nor count the list of the dead, least she should see therein that of the Ensign Stanislas.

At length she scanned over the scene of the battle-field. At the head of the report, Stanislas appears as wounded, in a most glorious charge against the enemy, and is sent home until his cure be completed. She then will behold him! disfigured! how handsome he will still seem to her! she will hold him to her heart, she will go forth with him to-morrow, he shall lean upon her arm, be seen by all the town. She read no more; her mind had gone forth to meet her wounded lover, and now she dreams deliciously;—there was patriotism in her love. Poland was divorcing from Nicholas at the same time that the maiden espoused Stanislas. Little by little her long lashes close o'er her beauteous eyes, and her hand lets go the journal. She sleeps. The lamp still burnt. Then did a young Polish soldier enter into the maiden's presence—a wounded soldier. It was Stanislas: he gazed upon her as she slept. She was one of those women who are ever fair, when sleeping or when waking, at dawn or at nightfall; her head

deeply reclined, had thrown forward upon her rosy cheeks her long and lovely locks of almost flaxen hair. Stanislas in profound contemplation, stood beside her, motionless as a statue affixed to its marble pedestal. The maiden's snowy hand had fallen upon her knee, the very hand which had held the journal—the left one—to which is generally affixed the ring of one betrothed.

A strong and sudden pang knit the brow of Stanislas; upon that hand he saw not the pledging ring which he had given to Maria when parting from her. He brusquely seized her other hand, and gazed intently upon it, but no ring was there, nor rings, nor necklace, nor golden chain about her neck, nor jewels of gold or silver in her hair, nor in her ears;—but where was the pledging ring? what can have become of it? Stanislas foamed with rage, a painful thought struck upon his heart, a thought of jealous fear; he regretted that he had not gazed upon the fingers of the executed man. The maiden still slept; he shook her with an impious oath.

"Awake, answer me—what hast done with it? Here I am. Ah! thou didst not yet expect me."

The affrighted girl opened two beauteous eyes, but understood not the meaning of his words.

"'Tis I, 'tis Stanislas."

He held her arm with nervous frenzy; his wound had opened, his blood gushed down his face, and his eyes glared wildly upon her; the maiden could not speak nor move, 'twas a fearful nightmare.

"Michel Linski is at Warsaw: thou knowest Michel, he whom thou preferrest to me, Michel the Spy; they have brought him to thee hither, I have seen him, I begged mercy for him—hold, thou mayest behold him from thy window; they have strangled him—so much the better."

He laughed with a demoniac, and astounding laugh.

"Wear not mourning, maiden, for thy lover died for his country, and," he added sorrowfully, "I have given up all for my country, and whilst I fought for it I was betrayed. Oh! woman, woman, with thy changeful heart! woman, made up of perfidy, I curse thee from my heart's core. Come, come! false fair one, it shall not suffice thee, to close thine eyes and feign to swoon; come, wake thee, I say, for thou shalt hear me!"

He shook her brutally, but she had swooned away.

Such an apparition in the dead night, in sleep, thus mixed up with blood and blasphemy—this fearful and horrific reality had caused her senses to forsake her. When she revived the wounded man had left her. "I have been dreaming!" she exclaimed, but what a fearful dream! A vague terror pervaded her whole frame.

Scarce did morning dawn ere she heard the public criers announce the arrival of the wounded of Praga.

She had already seen, said she to herself, Stanislas; she knew not when or where; it was in the night, in a dream, and he was bleeding and fearfully wounded: then she endeavoured to compose herself, and oppose her feeble reason to the sickly fancies of her troubled heart, but a troubled heart is not easily appeased, and the impressions

of the night were too vivid for those of a mere dream.

Stanislas, who had been carried to the hospital, was in a most fearful delirium, and cursed both love and his country's cause.

What avails it then to be faithful, the other was betraying his country, and he was beloved. Oh! women, can love none but traitors; nay, she did not even seek to undeceive me, he exclaimed, tearing his bed clothes to shreds, she must have given her ring to that vile Michel. If she had merely lost it, she might have told me so. I then might have believed her or not, but she did not take the pains of excusing herself; she asked no pardon of me; she woke at my voice, and at my voice she fell to sleep again. Wretched creature! she will not come nigh me, she will not write me a single line. The suffering man still loved her with ardour, and against that love had but one remedy, and that was death; and, unless that death should prove forgetfulness she still would stand before him in other spheres, with her pure and matchless beauty.

The Sister of Mercy who had charge of the room he dwelt in, approached Stanislas and tendered him a small box which was carefully sealed; a sudden colouring overspread his countenance, he seized upon the box, withdrawing it rudely from the good nun's hands, for he had recognized it, it was Maria's; he opened it, and in its centre, within a downy bed of snow-white cotton, he descried the pledge-ring which he had given to Maria; and 'neath it a paper—these lines had not been traced by the maiden; the paper bore the Polish arms.

"To Ensign Stanislas, the National Government, for one month's pay awards this ring, bestowed upon the public treasure by the citizen Maria.

Signed, THE MINISTER OF FINANCE."

The Government had not had time to convert to coin the various patriotic offerings.

Stanislas is cured, he arises hastily and hurries towards his love, trembling and abashed, unable to fix his glance upon her he softly seized her left hand and said—

"What hast thou done with my pledge-ring? Dost know me? I am Stanislas."

"Oh! 'tis like the other night!" she exclaimed, "'tis my very dream!"

But now Stanislas spoke softly, his look was tender, but his hands had not the iron pressure, his wound still bled; this was the dream, deprived of its terrors and its heart-rendings.

"Maria, pardon me my fury! I was mad to curse thee!"

She did not understand him.

"Canst imagine that I believed my ring given to Michel Linski?"

Still she was at a loss to comprehend; she tried to talk of the wars, the dangers of Praga, of his wounds, of the general who had commanded, as if she saw him for the first time; but he talked of nought but of his pledge-ring, and his nocturnal frenzy.

"Oh! we have already beheld each other," said he to her, "that night in thy chamber—hold,

here are proofs, dost see those blood-stains upon thy carpet?"

The truth had fallen upon her mind.

"It was not then a dream! I see it all now," she ejaculated, "thou sought for thy pledge-ring?"

"I cursed thee in mine anguish."

"Oh! no—I heard thee not."

"Thou slept then? it is well. I bring thee back that fatal ring, I restore it to thee—see, here it is."

Maria replaced the pledge upon her finger, and some days from thence, the kneeling lovers bowed their heads in prayer beneath a Russian flag, in front of the chief altar of the cathedral at Warsaw, and formed vows which subsisted until their life's close.

H. K.

TO THE EDITRESS OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

MADAM,

It matters not to you, nor to the young Ladies of Sion-house, whether I stay at home, or travel; one need not go far in order to find them out. I send you a solution of your Sphinxes; fine things have been made of decomposed marble.

I remain no transatlantic, though I guess,
but yours,

EDIPUS.

In "Love's young Dream," with Irish taste,
Moore names "green spots on Memory's waste;"
Now if a Toad a waist hath got,
Upon it's many a green spot.

Your tar cuts red cabbage, in France; then how
Can he help singing "Chip chov, cherry chov?"

The horse in black Newcastle's mine forc'd to fag, he
Recals a print-publisher, being Coal-naggy.

Place but an A before you, when going to be pathetic
And nought can move your apathy, except a—
(Here the M.S. is defaced.)

A brief alternative is Or—

A falconer lures the Ger from slaughter;
And these two syllables stand for
Thalia's fat, fair, natural daughter!

Astronomers, who name their science, cry,
Or baby-echo mocks 'em with "O my!"

He who doth not ponder dully,
But considers all things duly—
Knows that nought did ever sully
Thy bright name, immortal Sully!

One likes one's wife to make a pie,
But not to make a tart reply.

With a cold in the head you can scarce sound a G;
Thus, from coughing, you're driven to your coffin
may be.

John Kemble had a noble head,
And sometimes aches, as aitches read.

With milk of human kindness glows
The maid's pure breast, at sorrow's tale;
The milk-maid's cheek is like the rose,
The head or arm supports the pail.

THE GAMBLER.

Augustus Cleveland, at the age of fourteen possessed all the exterior graces of his sex, a fine expressive countenance, illumined by a pair of piercing black eyes, installed him in the good graces of his fair friends, while the independent state of his family, insured him a welcome, even among his superiors: nor was his mind inferior to his form, ever alive to the pleadings of necessity, it was his invariable practice to reserve a prescribed amount of pocket allowance for the poorer class of tenants on his father's domain.

Mr. Cleveland, surrounded by opulence, unincumbered by the cares and intricacies with which a man of business is surrounded, spent the greater portion of his existence in that ruinous vice, gambling; it had gained such an ascendancy over him at the time our narrative commences, that his very existence, nay, his whole soul appeared to depend upon its continuance.

Three years rolled away, Augustus had exchanged the comeliness of youth for the more set features of a man; he had also exchanged his heart with his youthful playmate Alice—he loved her, ardently loved her, and his affection was returned in an equal degree. Alice was a beautiful girl; the dazzling beauty of her face outshone every competitor, nor were her virtues inferior to her lover's; one thought, and one alone, would oftentimes cloud her fair brow with sadness—her fortune amounted not to one-fiftieth part of Augustus's, and she too well knew the avaricious disposition of his father, to allow the remotest idea of their wishes being realized by any application to him; Augustus too, was fearful, he had observed the contracted brow, vacant stare, and thoughtful mood of his parent of late, and therefore feared speaking, not doubting his father had foreseen his attachment. Weeks passed in this state, until the impatient Augustus, although dreading, determined to communicate with his parent on the subject.

It was a lovely morning in the middle of June, as father and son were partaking their morning beverage, the birds warbled merrily as they sportively hopped among the fantastic trees; the enchanting view from the window enlivening the sight with the beauteous fields clad in their gayest hue—the rippling streams and distant hills, all served to magnify the beauty of the surrounding prospect; Augustus gazed on it with a boyish ecstasy, never had he before observed such grandeur in the scene before him.

He turned towards his father, who appeared to be in deep meditation; the idea of arousing him now occurred, gently pressing his hand, he fearfully hinted his wish to know the cause of his parent's abstraction.

"Look around you, said Augustus, "at the vast extent of beautiful grounds—the delightful prospect—have these not charms sufficient to drive away that clouded brow? say, my father, what demon can cause that high-tinged cheek and troubled mien? glance but around you, cannot the sight of your extensive domain—"

"My domain," groaned forth his infatuated parent, "my domain, alas, alas, what horror do those little words convey to my deluded brain; my son," continued he, "hear me; 'tis useless to

delay—hear me, and curse your parent, curse him that brought you up in opulence to become a beggar. Oh, my son, vent not your anger yet, but listen. I have ruined you—myself—all, all, is gone; that cursed vice that was my rage has ruined me. Oh, my son, if you still value a father's advice—his blessing, avoid cards, avoid them as you would a noxious reptile, for not only have they ruined me in fortune, but my honour: I am amenable to my country's laws; for what? oh heavens! forgery! forgery is my crime; yes, now you know all—now curse me—but remember my advice."

Here the unhappy father sank back in his chair exhausted. Augustus stood as petrified; he glanced his eyes towards the landscape, that a few moments before had yielded him such delight, all now appeared tasteless—to his eyes all seemed dark and dismal; his hopes were blasted, all the visionary clouds of happiness had vanished.

He had not remained in this thoughtful mood long, ere a loud noise on the stairs proclaimed an unusual interference, he turned toward his parent, who had arisen from his seat.

"It is the officers," cried his father, "say, my son, do you forgive—"

"Oh yes, Sir; make your escape, for heaven's sake be quick, that door," said his son, locking the other.

"I cannot, cannot go," cried the deluded parent, "until I have some token of your forgiveness, some remembrance—"

"Take this" replied Augustus, hanging his own miniature (intended for Alice) around his father's neck—in another moment he had disappeared; a minute scarcely elapsed ere the officers entered—the bird had flown—escaped.

After a lapse of six months, (during which Augustus had not received any communication from his father) he was united to his beloved Alice; they had removed to London, the estates and effects having been realized to satisfy the numerous creditors; here on the fortune of Alice they lived happily for some time; one smiling cherub alone blessed their union; two years glided away, the love of the bridal couple wended into the more sobered quietness of husband and wife. Augustus had contracted new acquaintance, his hours of returning home became irregular, the flushed countenance and flurried step, too plainly spoke the disturbed state of his mind; for hours would his distressed and heart-broken wife sit watching the starry firmament, as the myriads of luminous lights receded to the more majestic beams of the morning sun, ere her unhappy husband returned to his now disconsolate dwelling; no angry sentence escaped her pale lips, the eyes of the lovely and still loving Alice, alone spoke her imprisoned thoughts, but they were unseen or unheeded by the care-worn Augustus; her imagination ever on the rack to invent some new scheme of pleasure to again draw her husband earlier to his home, gave way, and she drooped slowly but sure; her before pale, livid countenance again resumed a colour but not the beauteous hue of the "maiden blush," with which her lovely cheeks were wont to be endowed, it was a *lovelier deadlier* tint which now usurped them—death had marked her as its own, still she com-

plained not. The house in Albany Street was exchanged for a more confined three-story lodging in the vicinity of Regent-street; whether this was chosen as nearer any house of entertainment, we will leave our readers to guess.

Time waned, the neglected wife was no longer able to support her tottering frame; it was not until life appeared almost extinct, that Augustus was awakened to a sense of her danger; but now, now that it was past the aid of human power to save, he hung over her, maddened at his own deliberate folly he almost cursed the being that gave him birth.

The fortune of his dying wife, the interest of which had for some time kept them with respectability, was gone, and how? Oh he could not, dare not ruminate; his Alice who still loved him with such devoted fervency, was dying, and he had not the means of relieving even the smallest of her wants! his boy too—he could bear it no longer, but rushing from the house wandered, he scarce knew whither; the night was extremely dark; he found himself in a lonely street in the suburbs of the town, driven to a degree of frenzy, he scarce knew how to act, or what he was doing—self destruction was uppermost in his mind—he drew a pistol from his pocket, and slowly raised the deadly weapon to his head—

At that moment the shadow of a man scarcely visible, passed; a sudden thought flitted o'er the mind of the ill-fated Augustus.

"Stop," he cried, with a wildness scarcely to be surpassed, at the same time revolving the position of the pistol, "your money!"

"'Tis all I have," said the other, giving him some loose silver.

"Enough," cried the distracted robber, as seizing the money he rushed towards his home; he had already traversed the greater part of Regent-street, a sudden idea appeared to attract his attention, he drew forth the money and examined it; "this small sum," he seemed to say, "is useless; I may be fortunate," retracing a few steps he entered a well known house of entertainment; in a few moments the dice rattled, a man who appeared worn down with grief rather than age, was his opponent. Augustus threw, and was fortunate; again and again they played, but Fortune, as if tired of its severity now declared in his favour—his antagonist had no more; the gold tinkled as Augustus, exulting in his prosperity, prepared to relieve his dying wife.

"Stop," cried the old man, "think not thus easily to dupe me, the dice were loaded."

High words ensued, blows followed, swords were immediately procured, and the gamblers rushed to the back of the house,—their weapons clashed, another moment, and the victorious sword of Augustus entered the other's breast; the blood flowed profusely; all the virtues of his early age rushed to the mind of the ill-fated victor; he loosed the waistcoat of the dying man, and perceived a miniature suspended from the neck; almost paralyzed with fear, he cast a single glance towards it—oh horror! who could describe or imagine the poignancy of his feelings—it was his own miniature—he looked around—officers were approaching—a deep, deep groan, followed by a

contemptuous, horrid laugh escaped the Parricide—he drew his pistol—the officers rushed forward—a flash—a report followed, the smoke dispersed, and the lifeless body of the unfortunate Augustus laid, with his head shattered, by the side of his murdered father.

THE ROVER.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. WILLIAM QUARLES.

How can I greet thee coming Year?
O'erfraught perchance with care and pain;
On Beauty's cheek, how many a tear
Will roll 'ere thou depart'st again!

Thou hast not power to re-unite
Ties, ruthless fate has doomed to sever;
Nor give back age, in its dull night,
The warm fresh feelings gone for ever!

Yet thou art able, in thy flight,
To tinge with snow this raven hair;
To quench in beauteous eyes their light,
And on each feature paint despair.

Are there not those who weary live?
A bright and sinless world to crave;
To them one boon thou still can'st give,
The best, the last—a silent grave!

But oh! such thoughts should ne'er be rife;
Better to seek a fairer sky;
Meekly to bear the ills of life,
And as Heav'n wills—to live or die!

Then come, New Year! tho' hope be fled,
One cup to pledge thee still I'll fill;
Tho' every charm of life be dead,
My spirit is unbroken still.

Brighton.

"WHEN STARS ARE OUT!"

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

When stars are out, and night is up,
And leaves are damp with pearly dew,
And insects sleep in flow'et's cup,
And lovers vow them fond and true;
And silly maids by purling streams,
Indulge the false delusive dreams,
Our guerdon for the ills of life
Is woman's love—the balm for strife.

When Winter winds blow chill and cold,
And crickets chirp beside the fire,
And shivering sit the weak and old,
And tinkling sounds the lady's lyre,
While maidens to the gentle sound,
Trip, gaily trip, the mazy round,
Our guerdon for the ills of life
Is woman's smile—the balm for strife.

When hoary age, with gradual creep,
Steals o'er the brow once young and gay,
And thoughts are lost, and senses sleep,
Or but in circling eddies play;
And time gone by is but a dream,
And life is faint as taper's beam,
Our guerdon for the ills of life
Is woman's care—best balm for strife.

SANTA ROSALIA.

Where is the poetical mind that melts not at that ever-blooming name, balmy with the odour of sanctity? What susceptible heart but would fain make a pilgrimage to the love-breathing Palermo, of which this fair beatitude is the envied Patroness? Nor noble descent, nor immense wealth, nor even the homage paid to her own budding beauty, could attach this peerless creature to the world. Piety was her only passion; in her eighteenth spring, abruptly and secretly, she fled, none knew whither. How long her alarmed and impatient family sought her in vain I know not. At last they discovered a natural grotto, hung with brilliant stalactites, where, beside a chrysal fount, reclined the heavenly maid, fresh and lovely as ever; in an attitude of holy and innocent slumber. Her overjoyed friends sought to awake her, but her soul had ascended to its home; divine contemplation and pure water could not suffice to feed the lamp of life below. Rosalia was a saint! A virgin martyr to self-sacrifice!

1624 the Plague ravaged Palermo; the precious remains of its youthful hermitess were borne, with great pomp, to the Cathedral; and scarcely had these miraculous relics crossed the threshold, when not only Plague, but war and famine fled: their departure was commemorated, even in our own cold sceptical century, by the hands of Antonio Canova. But let us return to earlier ages.

The grateful Sicilians constructed a road across the mountains to the grotto, which they converted into a chapel, with portico, golden-trellissed screen, and an altar on the spot where Rosalia was found; there, in her very posture, lies a graceful statue, crowned with roses; and so far may we go with the amiable superstitions of the South; but—returning from this pilgrimage, were we asked—“What went ye out for to see?” could we, without laughter, add, that Charles the 3rd de Bourbon, attired the marble lady in a robe of gold tissue, valued at twenty-five thousand francs; nay, thinking that her courageous continence deserved the honours of chivalry, obtained for her a Grand Cross of Malta, which hangs round her neck by a gold chain; while near it shines the Star of Maria Theresa, surrounded by laurel, with the motto, “*Fortitudine*.” The idea of knighting any woman is sufficiently absurd; that of dubbing any saint—a trifle more so; but to commit the two blunders in one is superlatively comical; to hide sculpturesque beauty by regal finery. Unparalleled almost.

Nor is this the only disenchanting fact connected with the reality of a shrine so poetical in our dreams and expectations. Rosalia's door is embellished by a huge genealogical tree, springing from the person of her race's founder, branching off, and re-uniting, in all the formal intricacies of the Herald's Office.

Though the sublime be not now in fashion, the ridiculous is; we like to trace the one awkward step, the *faux pas*, that shade the more, or ray de *trop*, by which false taste and exaggerated sentiment, turns what was once romantic to burlesque. If enthusiastic flatterers would but let well alone they might not bid us shame in our imaginations, and prefer the voice of reason, which, very natu-

rally, concludes—“The girl who cared so little for her moral duties as to decamp without the knowledge or consent of her parents, leaving all who loved her a prey to grief and fear, deserved to die of a cold, not to be let rest in her grave, and to have her effigy made a scarecrow by fools.”

I. H.

THE JACKET OF BLUE.

(BALLAD.)

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

AIR—*Wapping Old Stairs*.

They tell us sad tales, Love's bright visions to mar,
When we anchor our hopes on the heart of a Tar;
That soon as his bark leaves the harbour of Home,
His love, like the breezes, will vary and roam;
But, I'll never believe what the Land-lubbers say;
When far o'er the Ocean my Sailor's away
Still constant he'll prove, to Love's polar-star true,
For I've faith in the Heart 'neath the JACKET OF
BLUE!

Tho' my heart sadly sinks when the sails are unfurl'd,
And the gallant ship glides o'er the watery world,
Bearing him I most love, from these fond arms away;
Yet Hope in this bosom shall never decay.
I'll gaze on the moon, as he bade me each night,
And think the same orb gives his trackless path light!
That though parted—in thought he my image can
view,

And I hail in fond Fancy, the JACKET OF BLUE!

THE DEATH OF DAVID RIZZIO.

'Twas eve at Holyrood!—a softened light,
As of imprisoned sunbeams, faintly bright,
Stream'd o'er a gorgeous couch, whose radiant dye
Of glowing crimson, caught the roving eye,
Where leant a queenly and a lovely form,
With snowy hand of beauty, and bare arm
Escaping from the Tyrian robe, whose fold,
By ruby clasps confined, inlaid in gold,
Circled her regal figure—proud and high—
Commanding homage from its majesty!
It was the Rose of Stuart! She
Whose beauty sealed her ruthless destiny.
Two gentle girls of France, attendant stood,
In listening silence, as the dulcet flood
Of rich Italian harmony then flowed
In gushing streams—now high and now subdued;
Sweet was each silvery note, and even fraught
With all we love to dwell on, as it caught
Its lofty and yet gentle tide of song,
From numbers warbled by the Heavenly throng.
Soothed by its power, the Royal Mary hung,
Reckless of Time or Fate while Rizzio sung!
Ah! little dreamed she then of all that soon
Should 'whelm the Minstrel! Suddenly the room
With an armed host was thronged; the poniards
gleam

With frightful glare! and that soft peaceful scene
Is changed to one of blood! In Rizzio's heart
The Assassins sheathe their daggers! nor depart
Till death had sealed those eyes, that dimly cast
Their latest glance on her—remembered last!
She met that look with one that to his soul
Revealed, not unavenged his blood should roll!
Though at the onset all the Woman rushed
Into her heart, and with deep terror flushed
Her regal neck and brow; yet when she knew
Her husband leader of the ruffian crew,
Wronged Innocence flung grandeur o'er her mien,
And merged the injured Woman in the Queen!

Glyn Heath, Glamorganshire.

M. C. L.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HESTER IRVING.

Aye! Heaven and earth do cry impossible,
The shuddering angels round the eternal throne,
Veiling themselves in glory, shriek impossible!
But Hell doth know it true!

MATURIN'S *Bertram*.

Among some of my very earliest recollections is the pale, sad face of Hester Irving, with her thin wasted form and gliding, ghostlike step. She was the proprietor of one of the largest farms in the neighbourhood, which was let to strangers; and though known to be possessed of sufficient independent property, she resided alone in a rude and deserted hovel. I always passed it in my way to and from school, and it made my heart sad to see how hard she toiled with her small white hands, which seemed only fit for the most delicate work, and to mark her fragile, yet graceful form bending over her wheel, and to listen to the low and mournful wailing of her voice, as she chaunted in a tone of tremulous sweetness, the national hymns of her country. At first I used to pause beneath the window, and listen with undisguised wonder and pleasure; until gradually she seemed to look forward to, and expect my coming, and always stood ready to welcome me with her melancholy smile, and sing to me all my favourite old ballads. One day I happened to mention these visits at school; the children turned pale and huddled together while I spoke, avoiding me all the day afterwards, as if to have been known to speak to her was contamination.

In the evening little Bella Harrison came up to me with her gentle smile, and said—"You must never go near, nor speak to Hester Irving again, for mother says that she is a very bad woman, and a spiller of human blood. She may appear kind to you now, but who knows that she may not some day murder you as she did old Ingleworth;" and the little girl hid her face in my bosom and sobbed with terror at the idea her fears had conjured up.

That night I stole by the lowly dwelling of Hester Irving like a guilty thing; her mild voice uttering my name, only served to add wings to my feet. After a few times she ceased to attempt to speak to me, and retired to weep in solitude, the loss of the only heart that for years had met her's in kindness and trust. From that time we never exchanged a word together, but I heard of her everywhere as the secret friend of the afflicted, the benefactress of the poor and needy; and many mothers while holding her up as a warning to their children, reproached her with their lips, and inwardly blessed her in their hearts.

The more depraved and degraded class of the poor made this lone and desolate woman their prey. They were in the habit of going at nightfall soliciting charity, and Hester always meekly and silently complied with their stern demands, although it day by day gradually diminished her little store of wealth; while these people emboldened by the success of their schemes, became the pest and the terror of the place. And what could she do? Was it for her, the outcast, the guilty one, to bid them "Go and sin no more?" Hester knew that it was not; she felt that, stained as

these men were with fraud and crime, her guilt and shame were of a yet deeper dye, and she complained not, because her punishment was just. Gradually, however, these people ceased to importune her, for they knew that she had no more to bestow on them, and poor Hester, or Bonny Hetty Irving as she was called, in her early days of youth and innocence, perished alone and neglected in the depths of utter destitution. This wild and rough sketch of her latter days made a strange and fearful impression on my young mind, but it was not until many a year after she had gone down into the silent grave, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," that I learned the whole of this sad tale.

Mr. Ingleworth was one of the richest men in D—, and although stern and harsh towards his tenantry and dependants, was strictly just and honourable in all his dealings, and even merciful in cases of real necessity. Hester resided with him and kept his house; she was at that time a beautiful and laughter-loving girl of eighteen, and although the firmness and determination of her uncle was so well known that the neighbours were wont to say "as stubborn as Old Ingleworth," yet he had never been able to carry his point against the wilful but fascinating Hester. Accustomed to bend to no authority, her proud spirit revolted from even the appearance of subjection, and Mr. Ingleworth, while he felt that she was entirely dependent upon him, yet forbore to exercise his power. Perhaps he was secretly pleased at the display of a spirit as haughty and determined as his own.

It will scarcely be wondered at that Hester, young, beautiful, and in all probability her uncle's heiress, should become an object of some little speculation and interest. But here, as in most other cases, she had long since decided for herself; and many a bright moonlight night did she steal from her chamber, long after all the other inmates of the farm had retired to rest, and met the only being who had ever possessed any influence over her heart. Whatever might have been Hester's faults, coldness was not one of them, and the gift of a young and ardent love like hers, was a precious boon indeed. Pity it should have been ill or lightly bestowed! Giles Armand bore a bad character in the neighbourhood, both on account of his daring, lawless habits, and the idle, reckless life he led. He tenanted a small farm belonging to Mr. Ingleworth, the rent of which remained unpaid while the ground was suffered to run to waste. Why Hester loved him, why she singled him out from amongst her numerous suitors, is one of those secret mysteries of the affections which must ever remain unsolved. Even Mr. Ingleworth remained for a long time a stranger to their stolen meetings and passionate attachment; and when he did discover it, and ventured to remonstrate with Hester on the subject, he found both reasoning and reproaches were thrown away. It has been beautifully said "that constant dropping wears away a stone, and he trusted that time would weaken, and at length eradicate this misplaced attachment. If such were his thoughts, they were founded in error; for the love of woman is not a record traced on the sands of the sea-shore, and liable to

be obliterated by the first wave that washes over it, but rather is graven on a rock, and endureth for ever.

I have said that Giles Armand inhabited a small farm belonging to Mr. Ingleworth, for the rent of which he was greatly in arrear. It was on this ground that the latter went to work, and by his orders Armand's cattle were driven forth, and his stock sold to pay the debt. Rendered desperate by his loss, Armand wrote a fierce and threatening letter to his stern landlord, and on the following evening, when Mr. Ingleworth and Hester were sitting together, he showed it to her.

"My dear uncle," she said, as her eyes glanced hastily over the contents, "you have given him provocation,—you have driven him almost mad; and yet if I know Armand, he will not do this."

"If he does, by Heaven he shall swing for it!" said the farmer, striking his hand fiercely on the table, and Hester shuddered as he spoke, for she knew that he never went back from his word.

It was midnight, and yet neither of them arose to retire. The old man was resting his head on the table, and either asleep or in deep thought, while Hester sat silently communing with her own sad and foreboding spirit, until an exclamation from her uncle aroused her. He had started suddenly up and stood pointing to the windows with a dark, stern, and exulting smile. Hester read in the bright columns of flame, which rose steadily up towards the crimson sky, her lover's crime, and his doom. A few moments afterwards the alarm was given, and by the united exertions of the neighbours the fire was got under, but not until much valuable property had been completely destroyed.

It appeared strange to many people that Mr. Ingleworth should offer no reward, and take no steps to discover the incendiary. It was no mystery to Hester, her heart sank within her as she marked her uncle dwelling constantly on the contents of that fatal letter with all the exultation of gratified revenge. Vainly did she kneel, and supplicate for the first boon she had ever asked—the life of her lover! He was inexorable.

"Uncle!" she said, "I do not ask that we may be happy together. No! I am ready to yield up every fondly-cherished hope. Save him! Not for me, not because I love him, but for his soul's sake, that he may repent. I am content never to listen to the tones of his voice, never to look upon him again! Uncle, dear uncle! hear my prayer, and I will be grateful! I will bless you! I will devote my future life to your happiness; I will bend my haughty spirit, and grovel at your very feet, if you will save him!"

"Never!" exclaimed Ingleworth vehemently, "I have sworn to be revenged. I hold in my possession a deep, damning proof of his guilt, and to-morrow it shall work out his destruction."

"To-night! oh! to-night is the time for mercy!" said Hester, clinging about him; but he pushed her sternly away, saying—

"If I die this night, he may be saved; otherwise his doom is sealed. Leave me, girl, you plead in vain!"

Hester rose suddenly from her supplicating posture, and a shuddering and fearful torpor stole

over her frame; her features became rigid, and she sat down opposite to her uncle, and fixed her eyes upon his countenance with a wild and vacant stare. She started from her reverie as he rose up to retire, and again flung herself at his feet.

"You know not what you have done," she said in a hoarse and almost inarticulate voice; "Oh! for God's sake! do not make me long and pray for your death! you who have ever been so kind to me! my more than father! Oh let me still continue to love you!"

"My poor girl! my poor Hetty!" said the old man as moved by her evident distress, he lifted her from the ground, and pressed his lips on her cold cheek.

"Then you will save him, uncle?"

"Hester, we will talk of this to-morrow, if I have not already answered that question."

"There may be no to-morrow for one of us!" said the girl wildly.

"Go to your chamber and rest, my child, for you know not what you say. I will see you in the morning before I go out."

Hester shrunk shudderingly away from his parting kiss, and all in the house was soon afterwards silent.

The following morning an extraordinary sensation was created in the neighbourhood by the report that Mr. Ingleworth had been found murdered in his bed. Suspicion was unable to fix the crime on any individual, although it was generally believed that the unknown incendiary of the preceding night, and the murderer, were one and the same person. There was nothing found near the body but a sealed packet addressed to Hester Irving, and evidently the last act of the deceased. The bereaved girl, who had never spoken since the fatal circumstance had been communicated to her, took it mechanically, and as she opened it the torn fragments of a letter fell at her feet; there were but a few lines traced in the envelope:—"Hetty, you have triumphed. I could not bear to see you suffer. Giles Armand is safe, and may the Lord bless you both!"

She uttered a wild heart-piercing shriek, and sank senseless on the ground. Many weeks of raving madness, or total insensibility, succeeded, and when she again recovered, the first fearful evidences of what had happened were passed away; her murdered uncle had been consigned to the tomb, and Giles Armand had during her illness superintended the management of the farm. The first meeting between the lovers was a painful one to both. Humbled and spirit-broken, the young man softly approached the couch on which she rested, and pressed her cold hand to his lips.

"Hester," he said, "let us recognize and worship the mysterious and unsearchable decrees of Providence; for surely a mightier hand than ours has wrought for us. And yet if I could once have knelt at the feet of that good old man, if I could have implored and received his forgiveness, my grief would have had less of remorse and bitterness in it than it has now."

She replied not, but turning away her head, wrung her hands, and wept as one without hope.

Months passed away, and the bright summer-time came with its rich gifts of fruits and flowers,

but it wrought no change in Hester Irving. The short time she lay on a sick bed did the work of years. Her form was wasted, her cheeks were thin, and her hollow and dimmed eyes seldom ventured to meet the glance of another, her once dark and glossy hair was quite grey; she moved among the haunts of men like a weary spirit, longing to be at rest.

It was a calm, still evening, when two old women fatigued with the heat and labour of the day, sat down on the grave-stone which covered the remains of Mr. Ingleworth. Their discourse involuntarily turned on him who lay mouldering beneath.

"Poor auld man!" said one; "it must hae been an awsome thing to be cut off sae suddenly, without time allowed ye to reckon up the number o' your sins, and pray the living God to blot them out frae his holy book. They say that he was always ower strict."

"They lie then!" said the second gossip, striking the ground vehemently with her stick; "a better or a kinder man never walked the earth than old Ingleworth. Did he not forgive me a year's rent, besides sending all kinds of nourishing things to my poor little Willie, when he lay sick of the fever last Autumn? Oh! to think that while that good man now rots under my feet, his murderer goes about untouched, drives me nearly mad."

"Patience, patience, good Bridget," returned the other; "is it nae written 'Blood for blood,' and shall the law nae be fulfilled. Let us look forward to seeing it even in our time."

"You shall see it now!" exclaimed a voice which caused them both to start suddenly on their feet, and Hester Irving stood before them, her face deadly pale, her limbs trembling with agitation.

"Take me away!" said the poor girl, holding out her arms towards them. Take me away to justice! It was I that did it! The voice of the avenger of blood has followed me ever since, and I cannot rest."

Although doubting the truth of her assertions, the women complied with the request which she eagerly and frantically urged, and conveyed her to the county-gaol, where in a few days sufficient facts were collected to place the guilt of the self-accused beyond all doubt. As no notice could be assigned or discovered to account for the commission of so horrible a crime, the jury took into consideration her after conduct, and the total overthrow of reason she had since evinced, and came at length to the conclusion that the murder had been perpetrated during an interval of insanity, and was not punishable by death. She was therefore consigned for the present to a Lunatic Asylum, and was liberated three years afterwards as being of perfectly sound mind. She was now suffered to go free and unmolested, but an object of horror and detestation to all.

Of Giles Armand there is little afterwards known; the events of the last few months had rendered him an altered, and a better man. It was generally believed that on quitting the country, which he did shortly after the trial, he went to America. Hester's last letter to him, dated from the prison, will give you some idea of the state of

this unhappy creature's mind; and with it I shall conclude this melancholy story.

Armand! Giles Armand! while I write your name, while I pronounce it to myself, I feel again the innocent and trusting girl on whom you bestowed your love; who would have suffered—died—but never thought to have sinned, even for you. I can scarcely persuade myself that the past has not been a dark, fearful dream, and that I shall yet awake from it, and be once again guiltless and happy.

They have given out that I was mad; but they deceived themselves, Armand! that night, that fatal night, I was as perfectly in the possession of my senses, as I am at this moment.

The idea of murder came upon me all at once.

"If I die this night," said my poor uncle, "he will be saved; else his doom is sealed!" and while he spoke the fiend whispered in my ear, "He seal-eth his own fate; let him die!" I listened to the voice of the tempter, and was lost!

About midnight I stole noiselessly to his chamber; he slept; and I gazed long and unmoved on the placid features of my victim. It seemed to me then, as if it was not a crime I was about to commit, but an act of mercy. He was old and fragile, he had outlived the glorious spring of youth and manhood, the few years of life that in all probability remained to him would be enfeebled by disease and infirmity; while to die was to escape all troubles, all cares, and be at rest.

You will wonder that I could reflect at such a moment, I wonder at it myself now; but it was so.

For the first time a thought of future consequences rushed across my mind, but I said exultingly within myself, "There has been no witness of this deed!" I flung open the casement, and leant out; it seemed to me as if the heavens were on fire, and two terrible eyes like suns were looking down upon me in wrath, while a voice said—"Rejoice not! For though no man seeth thee, God seeth thee, and will surely call thee to account for this unnatural deed, in his own good time!"

I dared not look upon the dead, but stole shudderingly to my room, and flinging myself on the bed, lay longing for day-light, for I feared to be alone in the darkness.

It was not, however, until that letter was delivered to me, the last act of loving kindness towards me performed by him I had slain, that the enormity of the crime I had committed, came home to my heart. Weeks of blessed insensibility succeeded, until I wept to hear the nurse say that I should recover and live. I prayed to die, but death was too great a blessing for a sinner like me.

Who shall attempt to describe what I have since felt and suffered!—sometimes triumphing in a sense of security, at others longing to deliver myself up that justice might be satisfied, and conscience stilled. The blood of the murdered man cried unto Heaven against me day and night; it came between me and the half-formed prayers which I strove to utter, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. The sky never lost that crimson hue which it had assumed on that fatal night, nor those burning eyes ceased to pierce into my very soul. The river, when I sought to lave my hot brow in its waters, turned suddenly to blood; and the dews of evening when they fell in gentle showers on the flowers and grass, seemed to me to be all distinct drops of clotted gore.

I could not bear it; I would have given worlds to have been able to weep; but my eyeballs were unmoistened by one tear, and they burned and ached with a ceaseless and intense pain—my brain swam.

There was but one course for me, but one mode of escape, and I flew to embrace it, although it led to a death of shame and ignominy. The murdered spirit will be appeased, and justice have her victim!

Armand! cast not this letter from you because the hand that writes it is stained with human blood; remember the time when it was pure and unsullied; and by the memory of that brief period of innocence and love, pray for, and forgive your poor Hester!

The trial comes on to-morrow—I have no hope, no wish to live. The only boon, the only blessing which I crave is rest, forgetfulness and rest—oh! that it might be eternal and unbroken, even by the last trumpet-note of judgment. Lord God! be merciful to me on that day.

E. Y.—

NOVELS OF THE PAST, AND PRESENT DAY.

A knight on a prancing coal-black steed,
A maid on a turret high!
An elfin page who through air doth speed
To relieve each Lover's sigh!
A stern old Father, starch and staid,
An Aunt who keeps the key,
A kind, obliging waiting-maid,
And a Squire as bold can be!
Did Authors wish
To form a dish

Our *Grandames'* taste to please,
Sold well in "the Row,"
Or with Newman and Co.,
Though now they wrap butter and cheese!

A Countess who weds against her will,
And has charming sons and daughters;
Whose noon of life is sere and chill,
And who drinks the Cheltenham waters!
A naughty Papa, who long ago
Has been a sad gay fellow;
With a trusted friend his wife to beau
When he goes to his Club and gets mellow!
This, this is the dish
If Authors wish
The *Modern* taste to tickle!
You'll find them all
If on Colburn you call,
For he keeps them for use in pickle!

III.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

ΕΙΣ ΑΨΠΑΝ

ON HIS LYRE.

I wish'd to sing of warlike deeds
And heroes, sons of Jove;
But my lyre with its strings responds
Its wonted strains of love.

'Twas not long since I changed the strings,
The lyre I tried to move,
I sang the deeds of Hercules,
But the lyre sang of love.

Farewell, then, lofty strains, farewell,
Heroes and Gods above,
My Lyre has gained the victory,
And still re-echoes Love.
Northfleet.

J. W. P.

STANZAS,

ON HEARING THE WAITS PLAY AN OLD MELODY
AT MIDNIGHT.

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

Some magic spell around me plays,
When I hear that plaintive tune;
To me it speaks of sunny days,
In life's unclouded noon!
The hearts that lov'd it *then*, are cold,
For them its charms are o'er;
The lips that breath'd that Song of Old,
Can ne'er repeat it more!

How sweetly at this silent hour
It floats upon the wind;
Now melody has ten-fold power
To touch the pensive mind;
And while I hear that well-known strain
By minstrel-fingers play'd,
I live o'er happier hours again,
And present sorrows fade!

Then, oh! repeat that soothing lay,
'Tis like some fairy charm,
That's placed by Fate in Life's bleak way,
To keep Hope's embers warm;
And as the Wanderer of the night
Hail's Morning's welcome beam,
So Memory hails with fond delight
What cheer'd Youth's early dream!

WELCOME TO THIRTY-EIGHT.

Good morning to thee! Thirty-eight!
I wish to offer thee
A wreath of holly-bush and rhymes,
O'er thy nativity.

If all the beauty's in the wreath,
I ask thy favor still,
If not for lines of melody,
For unalloy'd good will.

I have a word or two for thee,
To whisper in thy ear,
That thou to those I love may'st prove
A very happy year.

Strew thou their daily path with flowers,
As bright and pure as those
Which blossom in unfading bowers,
Where Angels' heads repose.

If thorns must mingle with the rose,
As I fear on Earth they must,
Then take away their power to wound,
By Heaven-born Faith and trust.

For myself, I shall be happy
If those I love are blest;—
Thou can'st not give or take away
"The sunshine of the breast!"

Northfleet.

MARY.

FIRE-PROOF AND WATER-PROOF CEMENT.—To half a pint of milk put an equal quantity of vinegar, in order to curdle it; then separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four or five eggs, beating the whole well together. When it is well mixed, add a little quick lime through a sieve, until it has acquired the consistency of a thick paste. With this cement broken vessels and cracks of all kinds may be mended. It dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

LITERATURE.

MODERN FRENCH NOVELS.

INDIANA—LELIA—LEONE LEONI—LETTRES D'UN
VOYAGEUR—LE SECRETAIRE INTIME, &c.

PAR GEORGE SAND.

The modern novel has now become a necessary of life in civilized Europe. Amidst our own prodigious abundance, we scarcely ever think of taking a glance at what is produced on the Continent. The writer whose name heads this brief notice is a female, who has acquired for herself a distinguished reputation, both for the eccentricity of her character and the greatness of her talent. Writing under the assumed name of George Sand, Madame Dudevant has gained a name which has pierced even to our ears, and we propose to devote a short but inadequate space to the consideration of her works.

Public attention has been recently called to the state of imaginative literature in France by various writers in this country, in such strong terms of disapprobation, that candour compels us to examine if it really deserves to be censured in so indiscriminate a manner. It appears to us that those persons who defend the violent productions of bad authors, must have felt that their side of the argument was indefensible, since the only plea they have advanced in extenuation, was the taste of our own ancestors in the days of Shakespeare. The literature of France is asserted to be at the present period in the same state of transition as that of England was at a period when society was rude and barbarous, crime frequent, and the life of man altogether "poor, miserable, brutish and short." In an era like this, it is evident that events which, to a modern audience prove highly tragical, would lose much of their effect from being the daily occurrences of life, and poets and authors become necessitated to have recourse to all those exaggerated horrors which fill the works of our early tragedians. If the exaggerated crimes and unnatural excitement of those novels do indeed spring from the same causes, it gives us a very bad picture of modern French morality; but the defence is so lame that our neighbours, we suspect will not be willing to adopt it, neither does it appear to us to be founded on truth.

Virtue and beauty are of no country in particular. Wherever there is civilization, there will be art, and many of these productions are the creations of men of genius, who have hitherto maintained the reputation of being endowed with the clearest perception of propriety and the keenest sense of ridicule. Nature and propriety, however appear to have been cast aside by the inferior writers of France, as though they were characteristics of their forsaken classical school, and like Montaigne, they seem to think now-a-days, "that a man may be a fool in everything, except in poetry." The herd of imitators who have adopted the German novel as the type of the new order of revolutionary ideas, have succeeded as all imitators do, that is to say they have generally exaggerated the faults, and failed in the beauties of their models. The mediæval manners and institutions, or the Oriental world with its picturesque imagery and

scenery opened up by the genius of Scott, Byron and Moore, form the the inexhaustible subjects of these works, and there is another species of which we take Frankenstein and the German school to be the models—novels in which the principal characters are abstractions, embodying the author's views of man and his destiny—of society and its perfectibility. But these "souls of just men made perfect," after the author's notions would not, it strikes us, appear to be universally amiable; neither does it appear to us that the world would be at all improved by any such change in its condition.

The taste which has produced the "Orientales" of Victor Hugo is certainly better adapted to the genius and feelings of the nation. The grand and romantic Expedition to Egypt, by means of which that antique eastern world was laid open to Europeans originated with the French, and the present interest in whatever relates to the East is the result of a thousand causes, which have gone on progressively increasing. Oriental studies were never more cultivated than they are at present. During the age of Louis the Fourteenth, every thing was Grecian; now-a-days every thing has become Eastern. Never were so many intellects at work before upon the great *terra incognita* of Asia. We have a *savant* quartered upon every literature of the East from the wall of China to Egypt. Hence it follows that the East, whether as an image, or an idea has become a familiar and general subject for almost every one's imagination. An Oriental colouring has almost involuntarily been thus imparted to the imagination of writers, who have by turns become Hebrew, Turkish, Greek, Persian, Arabic and Spanish. It cannot be denied that a new and brilliant beauty has been given to the modern literature by this infusion. The spent and languid life of the West has been renewed and invigorated from the richer and more copious fountains of the East, where everything like the Middle Ages, that other sea of poetry, is grand, gorgeous, full of mystery and wonder. The researches of Heeren and Herder have in truth demonstrated that modern society has hitherto been too much contemplated in the works of Louis the Fourteenth; time and antiquity in those of Greece and Rome, upon the Continent; that things to be viewed correctly must be studied from a higher and more remote point of view, and that the modern era must be viewed in the middle ages and antiquity in the East.

This exaggerated tone of sentiment and feverish excitement of the passions, have always more or less coloured the French school of romance. The prevailing fashion however has pushed things to extremes. A style in which all the seductions of the most luxurious city of the world are described as constituting the quintessence of existence, existence itself described as void of all delight, when the bloom and vigour of youth is past—such are the lessons inculcated in these foolish works. "Whom the Gods love, die young," is their creed, or rather we may embody it in the remark of Louis the Fifteenth "*Après nous Deluge*,"—a life in short which is after all but a dream of glory and pleasure, of blood and gold is their *beau idéal* of happiness. This has been stated by Balzac one

of their eminent Novelists pretty clearly as follows, "To live until we are old enough to survive our affections, or to die in youth the martyr of our passions—*Voilà!*" says he, *la sorte de l'humanité!*" This avowal needs no comment. As Molière says—

Ce n'est que jeu des mots, qu' affectations pûre,
Et ce n'est point ainsi que parle la Nature.

The career of the passions in nations as in individuals leads to destruction. Morality is absolute and not relative. The principles upon which human society is or ought to be founded are eternal and immutable, and an exposition of them in a well written novel serves to fix them better in the mind; when once shown to be the law of nature, they can never be violated without regret by human intelligence. For the rich and idle portion of society, who can afford and prefer to contemplate as it were from their opera-box, the struggles of their fellow creatures on the stage of life, like the Gods of Epicurus "*in securitate animi et in vacatione omnium munerum,*" for these we say the romances of Balzac, and such as he may possess infinite charms, but no sophistry to a man of education, can palliate or hide selfishness, however disguised, or extinguish in his heart compassion, that "last infirmity of noble minds."

Let us commence with the novel called, "Indiana," one of George Sand's best:—

Indiana, a young and beautiful Creole from the Isle of Bourbon, is married at the early age of eighteen to Colonel Delmar, an old officer of the Empire. It is needless to add that her marriage was one of mere *convenance*, and that her heart is insensible to the merits of the *vieux militaire*. Having left the home of her youth, she resides along with her husband upon their estate in one of the provinces of France, having for companions a cousin named Ralph, who is a widower, and a beautiful Creole girl named Noun, the maid and foster sister of Indiana. Raymond de Ramiere, a young and handsome man of fashion, has seen and become deeply enamoured of Indiana. Possessing many accomplishments, and a susceptible heart, he also succeeds in winning the affections of the beautiful companion of Indiana, who after falling a victim to his arts in dread of a discovery, ends the sad story of her blighted affections by suicide. The character of the young and graceful Noun, the description of her person, her little bower breathing the perfumes of her tropical flowers, her dreams of her own gay and brilliant land, and finally her sad catastrophe, are very beautiful and affecting, and prove how much at command the writer named George Sand, has all the purest passions of the breast, would he always employ those great powers in the cause of virtue. Indiana after the tragical loss of her friend removes into the gay world, whither also Raymond follows her. Although he is the sole master of her affections, nothing criminal attaches to her conduct, and after various struggles between duty and passion the former prevails. She resolves to return with Colonel Delmar to her native Isle. Raymond is in despair. Young, handsome and accomplished, loving and beloved, he is described as weak and selfish and for his conduct towards Noun a just

retribution awaits him. Indiana tired and exhausted with the cruelty of her husband, flies from his home and takes her passage alone across the Indian ocean to France, and her beloved Raymond. Arrived at the province and the village near which her lover resides, she contemplates with feelings which amply repay her for her past sufferings, the well-known house, the boudoir, the conservatory and the beloved walks so shady and so quiet towards which she has hastened *per amica silentia Lunæ*. She ascends silently into the very apartment of her lover. Seated in the same chair in the same posture in which she last had seen him, she beholds the handsome Raymond alone, his hand leaning upon his pale and marble forehead, shaded by his black and glossy hair as youthful to all appearance as ever. She rushes forward and throws herself into his arms. Raymond is petrified. A tall and elegant lady at this moment enters the apartment, and Indiana learns that she is the wife of Ramiere, and falls senseless at their feet.

The reader must imagine that many months have now elapsed. Indiana is surprised by the arrival of her cousin Ralph, whose quiet and unassuming character, has not hitherto occupied a prominent figure in the tale. He comes to announce the death of her husband Colonel Delmar. Indiana resolves to abandon France for ever, to return to the Isle of Bourbon, and to end her miseries and life by the very romantic expedient of leaping from the brink of a ravine, situated in the interior of the island into the gulph below. While seated upon a rock in this spot, meditating the fatal leap, her Cousin declares a passion for her, conceived by him long prior to the period of his own or of Indiana's marriage; and the eloquent and moral dignity of his affection, his strict adherence to the path of honour and duty contrasted with her own weakness in similar circumstances, create upon the spot such an impression in her bosom, that after some entreaty she agrees to delay her purposed suicide and finally consents to marry him. This *denouement* is not that which might have been expected; indeed in our eyes it has something of the ludicrous in it; yet the moral of the story would not perhaps have appeared perfect without it in the eyes of the author. Raymond, the seducer of Noun and the destroyer of Indiana's peace, does not feel that compunction which the effect of his conduct upon the happiness of his victim, ought to have produced; and the metaphysics of the passions by which society and its forms are blamed for the ruin and vitiated feelings of two such hearts as those of Indiana and Raymond cannot stand strict examination. Indiana is however one of George Sand's best works, and whether it be the work of a male or a female writer, is certainly composed in an elegant style. There are passages in it descriptive of those tropical scenes and nights before whose glories our western sun would "pale his ineffectual fires," which are evidently written by one familiar with the realities. The florid and poetical style of the composition is well adapted to the eloquence of the passions. It is an ideal world far different from our own, a perfectibility towards which all youthful and ardent natures aspire.

Hence that monotony in the ideas,—that desire in a tender mind of exiling itself from a world deprived of the projective power and its consequent relapse into its own vague and indistinct generalities. “L'anima amante,” says a most beautiful modern poet, “si slancia fuori del creato, e si crea n'el Infinito un Mondo tutto par esso, diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso baratro.”

We next select a novel of great interest. With many peculiarities we should decidedly say that it is superior to the greater part of English tales. Indeed few that we could summon to our recollection can for a moment compare with it in powerful delineation of character, in interest or in plot. The characters are forcibly drawn, and quite original, yet *in rerum natura*, which is a great merit in these days of affectation. We can easily conceive a personage such as Madame Dudevant has described, whose intellectual energy carries him through every vice unshorn of his powerful attractions.

The hero is an Italian adventurer, born of a distinguished Venetian family, whose character is sullied with almost every vice, not merely with great crimes, but with the meanest turpitudes. He succeeds by means of his extraordinary talents in seducing the affections of the heroine Juliet, and of preserving both in her eyes and in those of the reader an interest which nothing can wholly destroy. There is no attempt here at overturning the basis of morality by any sophistry; the crimes and the progress of the unfortunate passion are detailed just as they frequently happen in everyday life. It commences as follows:—for the benefit of our readers we translate the French.

“We were in Venice. The rain and the cold had driven away the masks and promenaders from the streets and quays. The night was dark and silent. We could only hear in the distance the monotonous voice of the Adriatic dashing itself against the Isles, and every now and then the cries of the men from the quarter deck of the frigate that guards the entrance of the Giudecca, mingling with the responses of the Custom House galley. It was a brilliant evening of Carnival within the palaces and theatres; but outside every thing was melancholy, and the echoes lost themselves amid the humid banks or repeated from a distance the hurried steps of some distant mask enveloped in his mantle.

“We were both alone in one of the halls of the ancient palace of the *Nasi* situated on the quay, *Schiavoni*, and converted now-a-days into an inn the best in Venice. A few candles scattered on the tables and the blaze of the fire lighted up feebly the immense saloon, and the flickering of the flame seemed to impart motion to the allegorical divinities painted on the ceiling. Juliet was unwell, and had refused to go out. Stretched on a sofa rolled up in her ermine mantle, she appeared to be sunk in a gentle sleep, and I trod noiselessly across the carpet smoking cigars of the *Seraglio*.

“We know in our country a certain state of mind which is, I believe, peculiar to Spaniards. It is a sort of grave quietude which does not as among the German, nations and coffee-houses of the East, prevent the operation of thought. Our intelligence does not slumber during those reveries into which we appear to be plunged. Whilst we march methodically, smoking our cigars for hours at a time over the same square of mosaic, without going a

line out of the way, it is then that what we may call our mental digestion is operating with the greatest facility. Great resolutions are formed in moments like these, and the roused passions are stilled and give way to energetic actions. A Spaniard is never more calm than when he broods over some project sinister or sublime. As for me I turned over my project in my mind, but it had nothing either heroic or frightful in it. When I had taken about fifty turns in the chamber and smoked a dozen cigars my mind was made up. I stopped before the sofa, and without troubling myself about my companions' sleep, ‘Juliet,’ said I to her, ‘will you be my wife?’”

The heroine whom we have thus introduced to our readers narrates the history of her life up to the present hour. Juliet is the only daughter and heiress of a wealthy jeweller of Brussels. Admired and sought after by all the world, she at length consents to bestow her hand upon a noble Venetian, who appears to possess a very great fortune. The wedding-day is fixed, and a superb ball, in honour of the occasion, is given at the house of a friend the night before the ceremony takes place. Juliet and Leoni, dressed in magnificent habits sparkling with diamonds of immense value lent by her father to the bride and bridegroom, promenaded the saloons full of anticipations of future happiness. All of a sudden a young man approaches Leoni, regards him with a look of astonishment, and lays his hand upon his shoulder. Leoni turns pale as death, makes a mute sign of acquiescence to his follower, and almost instantly falls in a fit at the feet of Juliet. On his recovery he implores her by all her vows of love and devotion to fly with him without a moment's delay, or he is lost for ever. The reader must fancy that his adjuration is powerful, for his eloquence persuades Juliet to consent. They elude the guests, enter a carriage, and depart from the city with the speed of lightning. Wherever they stop to rest a house is always ready to receive them, and domestics to obey the least nod of Leoni. The magnificent jewels, of which he seems to take more care than of his young and anxious bride, are constantly carried with him wherever they go, enclosed in a coffer. At length they arrive in Switzerland, where, buried from all pursuit, they pass six months of romance and happiness in a manner extremely fanciful, but still, perhaps extremely pleasant. In reality, Leoni is a man of extraordinary faculties—he sings, paints, understands every language of Europe, is an accomplished improvisatore in every tongue, dances all the national dances of Europe with exquisite grace—he has seen, retained, judged, comprised everything, and has “read the universe like a pocket volume.” Pleasure and instruction attend his footsteps wherever he comes: and he possesses an admirable talent for arranging life, so as to make it pass smoothly and agreeably.

At the end of six months, Juliet one night detects him in the act of disinterring from the ground the little coffer containing her father's jewels, which she imagined were sent back to Brussels. This act, however, excites in her mind but little suspicion of the real character of her

lover. They depart from Switzerland, and we shall describe their next abode.

"Half an hour afterwards we stopped before the gate of a magnificent palace. The stairs were covered with carpets of dark crimson cloth, the balustrades of white marble were loaded with orange trees in full flower in the middle of winter, and with graceful statues which seemed to bend as if to salute us. The steward and four domestics in livery came to assist us in disembarking. Leoni took a torch from one of them, and raising it aloft made me read upon the corner of the peristyle this inscription in letters of silver, upon a ground of blue, *Palazzo Leoni*. 'O my friend!' cried I, 'you have not then deceived us. Thou art rich and noble, and I am in thy home!'

"I traversed this palace with childish joy. It was one of the most beautiful in Venice. The furniture and the tapestry brilliant and new had been copied from the ancient models, so that the frescoes on the ceilings and the ancient architecture were in perfect harmony with the new accessories. Our northern citizen luxury is so mean, so paltry, and so common-place in comparison, that I had never conceived an idea of such extraordinary elegance. I ran through the immense galleries as if it were an enchanted palace. Every object had unwonted forms and an unknown aspect for me. I questioned myself if I was in a dream, or if I was in reality the Queen and mistress of all these wonders. And then this feudal splendour inspired me with a new feeling and sentiment. I had never before comprehended the pleasure or advantage of being noble. In France we no longer know what it is, in Belgium we have never known it. Here the few nobility who remain are still haughty and fastidious. They do not demolish palaces, they only suffer them to fall into ruins. Amidst those walls charged with shields and trophies, under these armorial ceilings, in the presence of these ancestors of Leoni, painted by Titian and Paul Veronese, the ones grave and severe under their furred mantles, the others elegant and graceful in their garments of black satin, I comprehended that vanity of rank which may be so brilliant and amiable when it does not adorn a fool. All those accessories of illustration suited Leoni so well, that even now it would be impossible for me to figure him to myself as a plebeian. He was the true descendant of those men with black beards and alabaster hands, whose type has been immortalized by Vandyke. He had their eagle profile, their fine and delicate features, their tall stature, their eyes at once sarcastic and benevolent. If those portraits could have walked they would have walked like he, had they spoken they would have had his accent. 'What,' said I to him, folding him in my arms, is it you my Lord Leone Leoni, who but yesterday were in your cottage among the flocks and the folds, with an axe on your shoulders and a frock around your waist? Is it you who have lived six months thus with a poor girl without name or spirit, who has no other merit than that of loving you? And will you keep me always with you, will you always love me, and repeat it as you did each morning in the cottage? Oh! it is a lot too elevated—too beautiful for me. I have not aspired so high, and it is this that frightens and at the same time intoxicates me.—"

The company they keep in this magnificent dwelling are then described. Among others the Marquis Lorenzo. This man is the villain of the piece, whose cool and calculating genius has entangled in his snares the unwilling and resisting

Leoni. Of every crime (and they are very numerous), which sullies the character of the latter, this Marquis is the cold-blooded instigator. Leoni never wholly loses our regard—and this Marquis never lessens an atom of our contempt and hate.

"By degrees the number of our acquaintances increased so much that I began to feel the fatigue and ennui of it, but I never expressed anything of the kind. Leoni always seemed enchanted with this dissipated life. All the men of fashion of every nation who were at Venice visited our home to drink, to gamble, or to play music. The best singers of the Opera often came to mingle their voices with our instruments and the voice of Leoni, which was no less beautiful and able than their own. In spite of the charm of this society I began to feel more and more the need of repose. It is true that we still had now and then some delightful hours of *tête à tête*; the fashionables did not come every day, but our habitual friends made up about a dozen persons, who formed the standards of our company. Leoni liked them so much that I could not but also feel a certain friendship for them. It was these who animated the rest by their supremacy in all matters. These men were truly remarkable, and seemed in some respects the reflex of Leoni. They possessed among themselves that kind of familiar air, that conformity of ideas and language which had struck me from the very first day. It was a certain *je ne sais quoi* subtle and refined, which even the most distinguished among our other guests did not possess. Their look was more penetrating, their replies more prompt, their self-possession more lordly, their prodigality of a better taste. Each of them exercised a moral authority over a party of the new guests; they served as their model and guide in trifling things at first, and afterwards in ones of more importance. Leoni was the soul of all this body, the supreme chief who imposed upon this brilliant masculine coterie, the tone, the fashion, the pleasure, and the expence."

Some conversation which Juliet accidentally overheard between these companions, added to the suspicions formerly created in her mind, at length discovered to her the fatal truth that Leoni and his friends are no better than a knot of gamblers and adventurers. The Marquis of Lorenzo coolly endeavours to seduce her affections from Leoni, with the connivance of the latter, who having spent the proceeds of her diamonds, closes up his palace and departs to Milan, where he falls in love with a certain princess Zagarolo. Before abandoning Juliet he attempts to betray her for money into the power of a certain Lord Edward. Juliet follows him to Milan, is again reconciled, and is introduced by him to the Princess Zagarolo as his sister. This Princess dies of consumption, and Leoni succeeds to her great wealth. He squanders it all in a few months, is accused of having concealed the lawful testament of the Princess, and is condemned to restore to the true heirs the value of her succession. In default of payment, he is thrown into prison, whence Juliet releases him in a state of abject misery at the cost of all the property to which she has succeeded by the death of her broken-hearted parents. On his release from prison, Leoni and his confederate assassinate the young man, whose apparition at the ball had produced such strange effects upon the Italian—for this young man was the honourable lover of Juliet, who having detected them in the act of

playing falsely at cards, threatened to make an exposure of their true characters to the world. Ingratitude and baseness of every description towards his wife Juliet fill up the measure of the hero's iniquity. Yet still he rises superior to all, and Juliet cannot break the chain that attaches her so powerfully to him. This passion is beautifully told. Like the poet Tibullus with his Delia, how often sover she may have sworn to quit his threshold for the last time, scarcely has she sworn ere her feet are again at the door—

*Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina nunquam;
Cum bene jura vi pes tamen ipse redit.*

Nothing can exceed the atrocity of his ingratitude, save the boundlessness of her devotion. At length, sunk in extreme poverty, after an incident of a nature too bad to mention, he abandons her almost dying and insane in an hospital, and is no more heard of.—Here closes the memoir of which we have given so brief an outline.—The conclusion we shall now add in the words of her second husband, to whom Juliet had related the principal events of her life previous to her union with him.

I awoke next morning so happy that I no longer thought of quitting Venice. The weather was magnificent, the sun as warm as in Spring. Elegant females covered the quays, and amused themselves with the groups of masks who half reclined on the ramparts of the bridges, joked with the passengers, and addressed their ridicule or their flattery to the women, ugly and pretty. It was Lent Tuesday, a sad anniversary for Juliet. I wished to distract her thoughts from it, and proposed a walk to her. She consented.

I gazed at her with pride as she walked beside me. It is not the fashion in Venice to offer your arm to females. You merely assist them gently by the elbow in ascending and descending the white marble stairs which present themselves at every step to enable you to cross the canals. Juliet had so much grace and agility in all her motions, that I had a childish joy in feeling her scarcely lean on my hand to cross these bridges. For all eyes were fixed upon her, and the women (who never behold with pleasure the beauty of another woman) regarded at least with interest the elegance of her dress and walk, which they would have given any thing to imitate. I think I yet see the dress and manner of Juliet. She wore a robe of violet-coloured velvet, with a boa and little tippet of ermine. Her white satin bonnet shaded her face, always pale, but so perfectly beautiful, that spite of seven or eight years of fatigue and mortal anxiety, no one fancied her more than eighteen at the most. Her stockings of pale silk were so transparent that you perceived through them the skin white and smooth as alabaster. As soon as she had passed, and her features could no longer be seen, people followed with their eyes those little feet so rare in Italy. I was pleased to see her so much admired. I told her so, and she smiled on me with affectionate sweetness. I was happy!

A vessel adorned with flags, and full of masques and musicians, advanced along the canal of the *Giudecca*. I proposed to Juliet to take a gondola, and draw near to it, in order to see the costumes. She consented. Many parties followed our example, and we soon found ourselves engaged amidst a group of gondolas and barks which accompanied along with us the gay vessel, and seemed to form its convoy

We heard some people tell the gondoliers that this troop of masks was composed of some of the richest and most fashionable young people of Venice. In fact they were extremely elegant: their costumes were of the richest description, and the vessel was ornamented with sails of silk with streamers of silver gauze, and Eastern carpets of the greatest beauty. Their dresses were those of the ancient Venetians, which Paul Veronese by a happy anachronism has introduced into many devotional subjects, among others into the magnificent picture of the "Marriage of Cana," of which the Republic of Venice made a present to Louis the Fourteenth, and which is now in the Louvre at Paris. On board of this vessel I remarked beyond the rest, a man dressed in a long robe of pale green silk embroidered with large arabesques of gold and silver. He was standing upright, and playing on a guitar, in an attitude so noble, that his lofty stature seemed formed expressly to wear those magnificent garments. I pointed him out to Juliet, who turning her eyes towards him mechanically, scarcely viewed him, and replied "Yes, yes, superb!" thinking all the while of something else.

We continued to follow, and impelled by the other barks we touched the gaudy vessel precisely on the side where this man stood. Juliet was also standing upright with me, and leaning against the awning of the gondola to prevent herself from being thrown down by the shocks we were frequently receiving. All of a sudden the man stooped forward towards Juliet, as if to recognize her, passed his guitar on to his neighbour, tore off his black mask, and turned himself again towards us. I saw his figure, which was noble and beautiful, if ever there was one. Juliet saw him not. At that moment he called to her in a whisper, and she started as if she had been struck with an electric shock.

"Juliet!" he repeated in a louder tone.

"Leoni!" cried she with transport.

It is still like a dream to me. I had a fainting came over me, and lost my sight for a moment I believe. Juliet darted forward, strong and impetuous. Suddenly I beheld her transported as if by magic on board the vessel into the arms of Leoni; a burning kiss united their lips. The blood mounted to my brain, boiled in my ears, and covered my eyes with a mist thick as night. I know not more that passed; I came to myself again while mounting the staircase of my dwelling. I was alone;—Juliet had departed with Leoni.

I fell into the most extravagant fits of rage, and during three hours conducted myself like a madman. Towards evening I received a letter from Juliet couched in these terms:—

"Forgive, forgive me, Bustamente—I love, I venerate you, on my knees I bless you, for your love and kindness. Do not hate me; you know that I do not belong to myself, that an invisible hand disposes of me, and throws me spite of my strength into the hands of this man. Oh! my friend, pardon me—do not avenge yourself. I love him, I cannot live without him. I cannot know that he exists without desiring him—I cannot see him pass without following him. I am his servant, he is my master look you,—it is impossible that I can rescue myself from his passion and his authority. You have seen whether I could resist his summons. It has had a magnetic power that like a loadstone has raised and cast me on his breast. And yet I was nigh to you—I had my hand in yours—why did you not detain me? You had not the strength. Your hand opened—your mouth did not even recal me. You see this has not depended upon ourselves.

There is a hidden will, a magical power, which ordains and operates these strange things. I cannot break the chain that is between me and Leoni; it is the bullet that couples together the galley-slaves, but it is the hand of Providence that has riveted it.

"O my dear Aleo! do not curse me! I am at thy feet. I beseech you leave me to be happy. If you knew how he loves me still, with what joy he has received me, what caresses, what words, what tears! I am intoxicated—I dream. I must forget his crime towards me; he was insane. After having abandoned me he arrived at Naples in such a state of alienation that he was locked up in a mad-house. I know not by what miracle he has come forth cured, nor by what protection of fate he has found himself once more mounted to the pinnacle of fortune. But he is more beautiful, more brilliant, more impassioned than ever. Leave me, leave me to love him, though I should be happy but for a day, and on the morrow die. Ought you not to pardon me for loving so foolishly—you who have felt for me a passion so blind and so misplaced?

"Forgive me—I am foolish—I know not either what to say or what to ask. O! it is not to receive me, and to pardon me, when he shall have died or deserted me once more. No! I have too much pride for that—fear nothing. I feel that I deserve you no more after throwing myself into his ship, and separating myself for ever from you, I could no longer bear your look, nor touch your hand. Farewell, then, Aleo! Yes, I write to bid you farewell, for I cannot part from you without telling you that my heart already bleeds for this separation, and that it will one day break with regret and remorse. Go—you will be avenged! Be calm at present, forgive, lament, pray for me; know that I am not an ingrate who knows not your character, and her duty towards you. I am only an unfortunate being whom a fatality drags onward, and who cannot stop herself. I turn once more towards you. I send you a thousand adieus, a thousand kisses, a thousand benedictions. But the tempest envelopes and bears me away. When perishing on the rocks on which it must dash me, I will repeat thy name, and I will invoke you as an angel of pardon between my God and me.

JULIET."

This letter caused in me a new access of rage; immediately afterwards I fell into despair. I sobbed like a child for many hours, then yielding to fatigue fell asleep in my chair, alone, in the middle of that immense chamber in which Juliet had related her history the preceding evening. I awoke calm, lighted the fire, and took a few turns round my chamber with a slow and measured pace.

When daylight appeared, I resealed myself, and fell asleep; my resolution was taken; I was tranquil. At nine o'clock I went out and asked some information in the city, and made myself acquainted with a few necessary particulars. Every one was ignorant by what process Leoni had regained his fortune. All that was known was that he was rich, prodigal, and dissolute. All men of fashion visited his house, copied his dress, and made themselves the companions of his pleasure. The Marquis Lorenzo de ——— escorted him everywhere, and partook of his opulence; both were enamoured of a celebrated *Prima Donna*, and by an unheard-of caprice this woman rejected their addresses. Her resistance had so piqued Leoni, that he had made her exorbitant promises, and there was no folly into which she could not lead him.

I called at her house and had much trouble to see her. At last she admitted me, and receiving me

with a haughty air demanded what I wanted in the tone of a person in haste to get rid of an importunate visitor.

"I come to ask a favour of you," said I to her.

"You hate Leoni."

"Yes," she replied, "I hate him mortally."

"May I ask why?"

"He seduced a young sister I had in Friuli who was chaste and holy. I could eat the heart of Leoni."

"Will you aid me in the meantime in making him undergo a cruel deception?"

"I will!"

"Will you write him and give him an interview?"

"Yes—provided I am not there."

"That of course. Here is a copy of the letter you must write:—

"I know that you have discovered your wife, and that you love her. I wish to know if the great desire you have to visit me be capable of everything as you boast. I know that you give a concert on the water this evening: I shall be there in a gondola, and shall follow you. You know my gondolier, Cristofano. Stand upon the edge of your vessel and jump into mine the moment you perceive it. I wish none of your presents. I only wish this proof of your esteem. To night or never."

La Misana thought this billet singular, and copied it laughing.

"What will you do with him when you have got him into the gondola?" said she to me.

"I shall deposit him on the banks of the Lido," said I, "and leave him to pass a night somewhat long and cold."

"I would embrace you willingly to thank you," said the actress, "but I have an admirer who expects me. Adieu!"

"It is necessary," said I to her, "that you put your gondolier under my orders."

"Indubitably," said she, "he is strong, intelligent and discreet, do with him what you please."

I returned home and passed the remainder of the day in reflecting deliberately upon what I was about to do. Evening came. Cristofano and the gondola awaited me beneath the window. I assumed the dress of a gondolier. The vessel of Leoni appeared all illuminated with coloured lamps, which shone like diamonds from the top of the masts to the bottom of the smallest rope, and showered fireworks from all sides during the intervals of a delicious music. I stood up in the prow of the gondola with an oar in my hand and reached it. Leoni was on board in the same costume as the preceding night. Juliet was seated in the midst of the musicians; she wore a magnificent dress, but she was thoughtful and dejected, and did not appear to occupy herself about him. Cristofano took off his cap and lifted up his lantern to his face. Leoni recognized him and leaped into the gondola.

As soon as he had entered Cristofano informed him that La Misana awaited him in another gondola near a public garden. "Eh! why is she not here?" demanded he. "Non so," replied the gondolier with an air of indifference, and set himself to row. I seconded him vigorously, and in a few moments we had passed the public gardens. There was a thick mist around us. Leoni leaned forward frequently, and asked if we had not yet arrived. We continued to glide rapidly across the tranquil lagune. The moon pale and floating through vapour whitened the atmosphere without lighting it. We passed like smugglers the maritime boundary which cannot ordinarily be crossed without permission of the police, and stopped not until we came to the sandy borders

of the Lido, sufficiently far to be out of risk of meeting with any living being.

"Rascals!" cried our prisoner, "where the devil have you brought me? Where are the stairs of the public garden—where is the gondola of the Misana? By Heaven! we are on the sand: you have lost yourselves in the fog, bunglers that you are—and you are setting me down by chance."

"No, Sir," said I, in Italian, "have the goodness to take ten steps with me, and you will find the person whom you seek."

He followed me and immediately Cristofano, in obedience to my orders, shoved off with the gondola and went to await me in the lagoon on the other shore of the isle.

"Stop, brigand," cried Leoni to me, when we had walked across the strand for some minutes. "Do you want me to freeze here with cold—where is your mistress—whither do you lead me?"

"Signior," replied I, turning round and drawing from under my cloak the objects I carried, permit me to enlighten your way." Immediately I drew out my dark lantern, opened it and hung it to one of the stakes of the bank.

"What the devil are you about there?" said he, "have I to do with fools; what is the meaning of all this?"

"It means," said I, drawing a couple of swords from beneath my cloak, "that you must fight with me."

"With you, reptile! I will horsewhip you as you deserve."

"One moment," said I, taking him by the collar with a vigour by which he was not a little astonished, "I am not what you take me for. I am a nobleman as well as yourself; farther, I am an honest man and you are a villain. I therefore do you much honour in fighting you." I fancied my adversary trembled and sought to escape me. I tightened my grasp.

"What do you want—in the devil's name," cried he, "who are you? I don't know you. Why do you lead me hither? Is it your intention to assassinate me? I have no money about me—are you a robber?"

"No," said I, "there is neither robber nor assassin here but yourself: you know that well."

"Are you then my enemy?"

"Yes, I am your enemy."

"What is your name?"

"That is of no consequence. You will know it if you kill me."

"And if I don't choose to kill you?" cried he, raising his shoulders and endeavouring to take courage.

"Then you will let yourself be killed by me," I replied, "for I swear to you that one of us must rest here to-night."

"You are a ruffian," cried he, making terrible efforts to disengage himself. "Help, help!"

"That is quite useless," said I to him, "the noise of the sea drowns your voice, and you are far from all human help. Be quiet or I strangle you. Don't put me in a rage—profit by the chances of safety which I give you. I wish to kill and not to assassinate you. You understand that kind of reasoning? Fight with me and don't oblige me to profit by the superiority of strength which you see I have over you. Speaking thus, I twisted him by the shoulders and he bent like a willow notwithstanding he was taller than I by a head. He felt that he was in my power and endeavoured to dissuade me.

"But, Sir, if you are not mad," said he, "you have a reason for fighting with me. What have I done to you?"

"It does not please me to tell you," replied I, "and you are a coward to ask the cause of my vengeance, when it is you who ought to demand satisfaction of me."

"Eh—what!" replied he, "I have never seen you before. It is not light enough for me to distinguish your features properly, but I am sure that I hear your voice for the first time."

"Coward! don't you feel the necessity of avenging yourself on a man who mocks you, who has given you a meeting to insult you, and who has drawn you hither in spite of your teeth to provoke you. I was told you were brave: must I strike you to awaken your courage?"

"You are an insolent villain," said he with violence.

"Good! I demand satisfaction for that word by virtue of this blow." I struck his cheek lightly. He uttered a cry of rage and terror.

"Fear nothing," said I, holding him with one hand, and giving him a sword with the other. "Defend yourself; I know that you are the first fencer in Europe; I am far from being of your ability. It is true that I am calm, and that you are afraid, which makes our chances equal. Without giving him time to reply I attacked him vigorously. The miserable wretch threw down his sword and fled. I pursued, reached, and collared him with fury. I threatened to throw him into the sea and drown him if he did not defend himself. When he saw that it was impossible to escape he took the sword and regained that courage of despair with which the love of life and inevitable danger inspire the most faint-hearted. But whether the feeble light of the lantern did not permit him to measure well his thrusts, or fear deprived him of all presence of mind, I found this terrible duellist of the most contemptible prowess. My wish was so great not to massacre him that I held him in play for a considerable time. At last he threw himself upon my sword making a feint, and buried it in his breast up to the hilt.

"Justice, justice!" cried he in falling, "I die assassinated."

"You demand justice and you obtain it," I replied. "You die by my hand as Henriot died by your's."

He uttered a deep groan, bit the sand, and gave up his life.

I lifted the two swords and went to find the gondola, but in crossing the isle I was seized with a thousand unwonted emotions. My strength failed of a sudden. I sat down upon one of those Hebrew tombs which are half covered with grass, and which the harsh and salt wind of the sea incessantly decomposes. The moon began to break through her shroud, and shone upon the white stones of that vast cemetery, scattered here and there upon the sombre verdure of the Lido. I reflected upon what I had done, and my vengeance, from which I had promised myself so much joy, appeared to me under a melancholy aspect. I felt something like remorse, notwithstanding I had thought to do a just and lawful act in purging the earth and delivering Juliet from this incarnate demon. But I had not expected to find him a coward. I had hoped to encounter an audacious ruffian, and in attacking him I had made up my mind to sacrifice my own life. I was troubled and alarmed at having taken his life so easily. I did not find my hatred satisfied by vengeance. I felt it extinguished by contempt. When I beheld him so cowardly I thought that I ought to have spared him. I ought to have forgotten my resentment towards him, and my love for a woman capable of preferring such a man to myself.

Confused and painful thoughts pressed upon my brain. The cold, the night, the sight of those tombs calmed me for the moment; they plunged me into a dreamy stupor, from which I recovered violently and painfully on recalling my situation; the despair of Juliet, which would break forth on the morrow, and the sight of the corpse which stiffened on the bloody sand not far from where I sat. Perhaps he is not yet dead, thought I. I had a vague wish that it might be so. I almost desired to render him back his life. The first hours of day surprised me in this irresolution, and I then remembered that prudence ought to drive me from the spot. I went to rejoin Cristofano, whom I found fast asleep in his gondola, and I awoke him with difficulty. The sight of that tranquil sleep made me envious. Like Macbeth I was about to be divorced from sleep for long.

I returned gently rocked by the billows which the approach of sunrise already tinged with a rosy hue. I passed quite close to the steamer that sails from Venice to Trieste. It was the hour of its departure, the wheels already churned the foaming waters and red sparks escaped from the funnel mixed with spiral wreaths of black smoke. Numerous boats were carrying the passengers to and fro. A gondola swept past and ran alongside the vessel. A man and a woman stood up from this gondola, and quickly climbed the ladder of the packet-boat. Scarcely were they on the quarter-deck when the vessel shot away with the rapidity of lightning. The couple leaned over the taffrail to see the wake of the ship. I recognized Juliet and Leoni. I thought I was in a dream. I passed my hand across my eyelids—I called to Cristofano. Is that really the Baron Leone Leoni who is departing for Trieste with a lady? "Yes! Monsignor," replied he. I uttered a frightful oath, then recalling the gondolier, "Who then," said I to him, "is the man whom we bore away last night to the Lido?"

"Your Excellency knows well," replied he, "it was the Marquis Lorenzo de ———."

We have little room at present to enter into a critical analysis, far less an account of "Le Secrétaire Intime," "Metella," "La Marquise," "Lavinia," "Valentine," and "Les Lettres d'un Voyageur;" we have neither time nor inclination; for many of these, otherwise fine, works of genius are marked with the blemishes of perverted taste and an obliquity of moral vision. From the days of Jean Jacques Rousseau downwards our ingenious neighbours have always been ready to mistake individual characteristics for the discoveries of a new science of morals. With them, "rightly to feel is rightly to think," and every George Sand being firmly convinced that his own feelings are the purest and the best, it consequently follows that his own theory of morals or its application is the *summum bonum*. It has been profoundly remarked by Sir Joshua Reynolds that it is a mark of an inferior genius to think it can improve Nature. True genius consists in having the eye to see her perfection. "Why dost thou shape out the world after thy fashion," says the German poet Goethe to an Idealist, "it was shapen long ago. The Mkaer shaped it and thought it was best even as it is."

In reality, George Sand may develop his social theories in his poetical romances to all eternity without producing any effect. In abusing society and its forms, as well as the ideas upon which they are based, his genius only gives cause

for sorrow to its admirers—at least in England. That a mind so gifted should err so lamentably is singular but not unprecedented.

High, spirit-winged Heart, that dost for ever
Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavour,
Till those bright plumes of Thought in which
array'd,

It oversoared this low and worldly shade
Lie shatter'd, and thy panting wounded breast
Stains with dear blood thy unmaternal nest,
I weep vain tears for thee ———.

SHELLEY.

It is Plato we think who, in talking of the Philosopher Heraclitus, remarks, that "all great geniuses are generally melancholy." Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Scott would not seem to bear out this observation. The highest geniuses, on the contrary, are generally cheerful. Their well balanced minds are in harmony with God, man, and nature—whatever is, is right for them. From that summit neither Oromanes nor Arimanes are beheld as the unqualified lords of the world. In those heights of thought there reigns a marvellous calm; for the clouds where so many hurricanes are formed collect in regions lower down.

M. .

MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE. THE SIEGE OF FLORENCE—A HISTORICAL NOVEL;

BY GUALANDI.

Anime belle, e di virtute amiche
Terranno 'l mondo, e poi vedrem lui farsi
Aureo tutto, e pien dell' opre antiche.

PETRARCA.

Mazzini, a young and celebrated Italian scholar and publicist, well known throughout Europe by his Journal *Giovine Italia*, and by the mortal hatred with which the Continental despots have sought his destruction, has endeavoured to awaken the forgetfulness of his native literature into which this country has fallen for some years past, by a learned and admirable paper in the last number of the London and Westminster Review. The recent correspondence between M. Rudhart, Minister of King Otho of Greece, and Sir Edmund Lyons, the English Ambassador, relative to the arbitrary manner in which Usiglio, an Italian member of the Society of "Young Italy," was driven from Athens in despite of the passport of our Government, solely because he was the friend of the "notorious Mazzini," proves how fatal may be the honour of his acquaintance in lands delivered over to slavery; but thanks to England's protecting ægis, we enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance without fear of either dungeon, scaffold, or the fortress of Spielberg. And we may say to the forlorn exile in the words of Monti—

Oltre il rogo, non vive ira' nemica
E nell'ospite suole ove io ti lasso,
Giuste son gli almi e la pietade e anticha.

No country presents a more sad and singular spectacle than Italy; in no country do we behold a more terrible struggle between the governors and the governed for the emancipation of the

human mind. The native Princes, the foreign Kings, the Popes themselves are bound by one single tie; united for one sole end, that of repressing and stifling every liberal idea and every generous sentiment.

In that unfortunate land, a groan, a sigh or a single word may become a crime. The Censorship, that Argus with its hundred eyes, broods over all, watching, scrutinizing everything: and the system of the Italian Governments may be summed up in two words, and may be personified in two principles—*force* and *ignorance*. The career of letters which in England and France leads the man of genius to fame, honour, and fortune, in Italy opens the door to imprisonment or exile. In England and France the writer often traffics in the shameful sale of his own independence; in Italy he buys liberty of thought at the expence of liberty of his person. Amidst the progress of knowledge and civilization the Court of Rome remains immovable and faithful to the ancient traditions which lighted the funeral pyres of Savonarola and Giordano Bruno: it thus condemns pitilessly all books which dare to speak of liberty, or to unveil any of the disgraceful histories of the successors of Saint Peter. The Princes of Italy, in accord with Gregory XVI., have proclaimed one sole dogma, and have adopted one only motto, which is *war upon thought*; and the one with his Bulls, and the other with their prisons have undertaken the task of rendering this war cruel, efficacious and lasting. After the example of that Emperor of Rome who wished to exterminate the whole human race with one single blow, they would be rejoiced if they could by one single effort stifle thought, annihilate genius, and tear out of the book of history the pages which attest the crimes of their predecessors, whose worthy heirs they are. After all the question comes to be asked, can this impious conspiracy against the intellectual futurity of Italy succeed or not? We do not think it can. Thought, like that steam from which modern mechanics have drawn so much, acquires in power what it loses in volume—the more it is compressed the more irresistible becomes its force of expansion. A host of generous Italians scorn to give way either before the dungeon, exile or misery, provided they can accomplish the sacred task imposed upon their talents and patriotism, the task namely of humanity, liberty and fraternity. In vain the Vatican arms itself with its thunders against books and their authors; in vain Princes arm themselves with their instruments of torture: spiritual thunders are despised, corporal pangs avail nothing against the martyrs of patriotism. As the persecuted Christians of old exclaimed in dying—*One God, one faith, one bishop*, (*Unus Deus, Una fides, unus episcopus*), so do all the efforts of Italian literature and all the public works for the last twenty years tend to one end, and manifest but one desire, that of constituting a free and powerful country.

Manzoni, in his "*Betrothed*," Grossi, in his "*Lombards at the first Crusade*," Azeglio, in his "*Defiance of Barletta*," by depicting the scenes and facts of past ages have taught useful lessons to their contemporaries. The one has shown how far the oppression of a foreign Government may

go, the others have endeavoured to revive the dormant valour of their countrymen; and all have joined in the task of creating an Italian literature, and ending that ancient rivalry which divided the Neapolitan from the Lombard, and the Tuscan from the Roman, even in the sanctuary of letters. It is thus that Italy, in spite of all the toils which encompass, and the chains which weigh upon her, marches forward in her career, and advances with giant steps day by day, and our learned critic, contemplating her progress from his land of exile, may say with joy, like Galileo in his dungeon—*E pur si muove!*

The *Siege of Florence*, a historical novel by Gualandi, is of all these literary works the one which will best bear out our assertion. It is one of the best novels we have yet seen, and has brought down upon the author the double honour of a prosecution from the Tuscan Government and a place in his *Index Expurgatorius* by the Pope.

The Sixteenth Century was an era of change and transformation for Italy: liberty then ceded the empire to Learning and the Sciences. The Lombard League had become a remote tradition. The power of the Republics daily declined; manners had become mild, the love of study had engendered corruption in the Governments, and had created among the classes in easy circumstances, that desire of comfort which made them prefer the peaceful dominion of one to the agitation and tumult of democracies. The Emperor Charles V. then governed in the Peninsula, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies belonged to him, the Duchy of Milan was at his devotion; Genoa subjected to a Doria, blindly followed the imperial party. Venice already slumbering in the midst of her lagunes, had adopted the fatal policy of a cowardly and selfish neutrality; the Republics of Pisa, Sienna and Lucca still lived but in a languishing and obscure life: Florence alone, that last star of Italian liberty, still agitated, still struggled by turns against the factions of her patricians, the encroachments of the people and the tyranny of the Medici. But Florence was doomed to disappear from the ranks of Republics by the treason of the mercenaries to whom she had imprudently entrusted her defence, and by the ambitious designs of a Medici, Clement VII., who was indebted to her for his own existence. The schism of Luther, the league of Schmalkalden, the principles of political independence which showed themselves clearly under the veil of religious independence, had made the Emperor Charles V., feel the necessity of drawing towards his old enemy, the Pope Clement, in order to obtain from him subsidies, assistance, and a moral support; and thus combat by the aid of arms, spiritual and temporal, the desire of emancipation which evinced itself among the people. Clement VII., silencing the hatred which he nourished against the Emperor, and forgetting the outrages which he had received, accepted the alliance of Charles and crowned him Emperor. As the price of so much condescension the Pope obtained leave that the imperial arms should destroy Florentine liberty, and that the Republic transformed into a Duchy, should devolve to Alexander de Medici, the natural son of the said Clement by an African slave. No sooner

was the bargain concluded than the Imperial and Papal armies hoisted their banners under the orders of a Prince of Orange, of the house of Chatillon; Florence, though alone, dared to resist; abandoned to her fate by France, and the Italian Princes and Republics, she disposed everything for her defence, confiding in the justice of her cause and the patriotism of her citizens. At this moment there appeared among the ranks of the hostile army Florentine deserters, among whom was to be remarked the historian, Guicciardini.

Among the Republican ranks appeared on the contrary Michael Angelo who directed the works of the fortifications; Ferruccio, one of the last Italians of a magnanimous and extinct race. Cardenio, Dante da Castiglione, a crowd of young nobles, and the entire people. Nevertheless the whole force of the Florentine armies consisted of those mercenary bands which, summoned to the service of the Republics and Princes, caused Italy to lose her skill in arms and discipline, and thus prepared the way for her future enslavement. The Generalissimo of the Florentine army was one Malatesta Baglioni, Lord of Perugia, a base and venal spirit, covetous of riches, and already sold to the gold and promises of the Pope.

All the phases of this memorable siege, the struggles of the factions which under the title of Arrabbiati and Paleschi, upheld the cause of the Democracy, the Medici and the Pope, the treason of Baglioni, the machinations of Clement, who did not stick at any crime, and caused the Prince of Orange to be killed in order to disembarass himself of an obstacle to the vengeance which he meditated; the generous efforts of Michael Angelo, of Cardenio, and of Dante, the devotion of the people to the cause of the Republic, the violation of the capitulation of Florence, the numerous massacres which followed, the moral tortures of those who had betrayed their country, such is the subject of this novel, a work full of interest and lofty political lessons. The author, in writing it, has proposed to himself an end worthy of a true patriot. The whole book contains useful lessons to a people wishing to defend their liberty; lessons which would not be misplaced in the most elevated historical composition.

Italy owes both gratitude and encouragement to the author. The cause of humanity has found in him a firm supporter; the novel in his hands has assumed a new form; from the frivolous thing which it formerly had been, it has become in his hands a school of noble thoughts, and a source of generous inspirations in which the citizen learns to admire the grandeur of Republican virtue, to detest the perfidy of traitors, the dominion of strangers, and the temporal power of the Pontiffs, the principal cause of all the ills of Italy.

SONGS OF BERANGER.

TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "EXILE
OF INDIA, &c.

London. William Pickering.

Sometimes from the pressure of our editorial business, books are allowed to accumulate upon our table to an extent at which we are ourselves perfectly ashamed. The volume now under our

consideration we found among those we had long since selected for notice, and the author must kindly receive as our apology, the want of leisure, to account for the delay in the notice of his work.

Béranger appears, in common with many other of the children of genius, to have passed his life in a series of adventures and troubles. Poverty, and its herd of attendant evils, pressed hardly upon him for some years, and it was not until, through the interest of M. Arnault, he obtained an appointment in the University, which he held for twelve years, that he could be said to know what competence was, except by name. Even the trifling remuneration of about 2,000 francs, which was the full amount of the emoluments of his office, sufficed for his moderate wants; but of this small income he was eventually deprived, and dismissed from his situation for his political creed, and moreover endured an incarceration of nine months in consequence of a public prosecution by order of the ministry in 1821.

In France they attach much more importance to a few stanzas which, perchance, may treat Royalty with more freedom than is strictly decorous, than we are likely to do on this side of the water; and Béranger, who was a decided and devoted patriot, could not hope to find much favour in the eyes of the strict sticklers for the etiquette of courts. As a man of talent, sometimes misapplied, Béranger stands deservedly high in the estimation of his countrymen, and the translator of his songs has done him not only ample justice, but very frequently improved upon his lucubrations—an act of kindness which we are not often enabled to record. We think there is much spirit in the following little song:—

THE PUPPETS.

Men are but puppets after all,
Of every age the sport,
The king, the peasant, great and small,
In cottage and at court,
Valet and authors, fool and sage,
The pious and the gay,
Ah, though but few profess the stage,
How many puppets play.

Man thinks, poor slave, that he is free,
Because he moves and walks;
He goes not on all fours, not he,
How stately he stalks!
But ah, how oftentimes he stumbles!
How oft he's seen to fall!
Fortune, the haughty biped, humbles
Her puppet after all!

Yon lovely girl, whose swelling breast
With new emotion glows,
For the day's dream, the night's unrest,
No cause nor meaning knows.
What can so young a bosom stir?
What spell her spirit binds?
She's just sixteen; and love in her
A pretty puppet finds!

Yon moody married man behold!
Sometimes with joy he sees you;
Sometimes his welcome is so cold,
His very greetings freeze you.
Now, what's the matter? Does he, jealous,
Of gallants disapprove?
Not so; but all such humorous fellows
Their wives like puppets move.

And what but silly toys are we,
We men in women's hands?
Dance, Sirs, and play the fool, and be
Whate'er their whim commands.
To make the set complete, stand up, it
Some of all sorts requires;
Whatever hand may move the puppet,
Dame Nature gave the wires.

The song of the "Blind Mother" inculcates a very good moral, and is very pleasingly translated.

Listen, daughter, listen Lizzy,
Whilst your wheel pursues its rounds;
At Colin's name your brain is dizzy,
Your fluttering bosom bounds.
Ah, of him take heed, and fear;
Though I'm blind I well can hear,
And the traitor all too near
Your soft low sighs reveal;
Ah, I'm sure it must be so!
Why the casement open throw?
Lizzy, mind your wheel.

"'Tis warm," you cry, you're warm in sooth!
But do not at the window stand,
And to the ever-watchful youth
Cast looks or kiss your hand.
You do not like to hear me scold;
Ah, Liz, I was not always old,
Early I learnt that love is bold,
Lost honour nought can heal,
And virtue gone, returns no more.
Ah! I hear some one at the door,
I do not hear *your* wheel!

"It is the wind," you cry, "that howls,
And makes the hinges shake and creak;"
And that old dog of mine that growls,
You silence with a kick.
Yes, take advantage of threescore;
But, Colin, Liz, will cheat you more;
Take heed you have not to deplore
The charms you now reveal.
Christ! do my ears hear truly? yes,
I hear a deep, soft, tender kiss,
Liz, you have left your wheel.

"'Tis but your little bird," you cry, "it
Loves at your kissing lips to peck;"
Liz, keep that pet of your's more quiet,
Or I must wring his neck.
Of one false step beware, beware,
It cannot be retraced, take care;
Know, he who leads you to the snare
Mocks the delight you feel;
Ay, mocks you in enjoyment's hour,
Ah, you are stealing to the bower,
Liz—Liz—you have left your wheel.

"You go to take a nap," you say;
Ah Lizzy, fie, 'tis no such thing!
Send Colin, (for he's here,) away,
Or let him bring the ring:
And stir not from your mother's side
Until you go to church a bride;
Then, when the gordian knot is tied,
You need not him conceal.
So, spin away; and Lizzy, hist,
Get not your *thread* or *fame* a-twist!
You'd better mind your wheel!

With this extract we conclude our notice of this very interesting volume, which we strongly recommend to our fair readers.

A RESIDENCE IN GREECE AND TURKEY, &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY TINTED LITHOGRAPHIC ENGRAVINGS, FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR, F. HERVE.

Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

Our traveller, we believe, is kinsman to the late founder of the National Benevolent Institution. We trust it might gratify him to know that such relationship *alone* would have led us to treat him with delicacy and respect; but we owe it to our own impartiality to say that, had this writer borne the name we most dislike, we must have admired his work. The unpretending title does not promise a brace of volumes instructive as a history, interesting as a romance, and witty as a jest-book; yet such are these; we can prove them so.

To enlighten his readers a man needs not that enormous development of the organ of Order, which Crabbe considered an accompaniment of sordid frivolity, a short-sightedness in the *moral* eye, which made those who were blind to the grandest objects, if distant from them, very keen as to the nothings within their own limited scope of vision. Let not a Hervé deplore his lack of this fidgetty preciseness; he is edifying enough without it. In its stead he has an uncompromising zeal for truth and honesty; liberal, kindly, pure, and cheerful views. He satirizes ignorance and indolence, because they rob his fellow-creatures of the mental feasts in which he desires that all should participate. Unawed by name or station he unmasks pretence wherever he finds it, whether in kings, ministers, or women. His portrait of young Otho is irresistible! The adulation Royalty receives from soi-disant republicans is well exposed; he lashes political intrigue, and petticoat influence; cowardice, under the cloak of bluster; gaming, swindling, slang, superficiality, and arrogance; in short, all kinds of hypocrisy, acted, spoken, or looked, call forth his just and philosophical reflections. No false gallantry prevents his holding up the mirror to ladies, who *will* be pretty, and *won't* be old, who *must* be accomplished, and *can't* be wise. We repeat that monarchs, statesmen, warriors, artists, and the fair sex, will find his pages full of instruction, varied and valuable. Interest, for the novel reader, his tomes possess to an eminent degree. Two or three stories of hapless love—as many of strangely tried filial duty he gives, which would bring tears to any poet's eye, while suggesting material for future tales or ballads. And all so graphic! One sees his scenes, his people; so dramatic, one hears their dialogues! A matter-of-fact tourist might have undeceived the curious as to the climate of Greece; might have described its extremes of heat and cold; its leafless, verdureless summers; its floods of autumnal rain, bad roads, and its dirty inns, with their vile fare; any one might have depicted these nuisances; but Mr. Hervé deals with no characteristic peculiarity of habits that he does not make a vehicle for brilliant humour, quaint and original remarks, comic anecdotes, and turns of phrase worthy of le Chevalier Hamilton him-

self. How delightful to read jokes gay as those of Charles II.'s Gallic Chronicle yet ever kept within the limits of good taste, and right minded, manly feeling. An author of such high aim must forgive our even thus comparing him with the too free but fascinating de Grammont; yet really Mr. H.'s final accentuated E tells of French origin, and the manner in which he treats ugly, awkward, unclean subjects, reminds one strongly of the above-named Count. We accuse not our President of imitating the Hampton Courtier, we only say that he is quite as clever, and twice as modest. Queer dress, odd names, outre dancing, nothing escapes him. His vermin, from rats down to far smaller things than mice, are perfect wags. The supper off pig's foot *au naturel*, and breakfast off poached *new* laid egg—the misapplied quotations, the idea of Byron's unaffectedly wiping his face in his fostanella, the *dignified* Castelli's nocturnal dance, 'with a flea in his ear.' Nay, we cannot enumerate half the proofs before us of Francis Hervé's brave, all enduring, all enjoying sweet temper. A man must have an approving conscience, an independent yet lowly disposition, a temperament unvitiated by artificial self-indulgence, in order to dash on as he does. Others are hardly from constitutional insensibility, and ignorance of danger; but he is evidently a susceptible being; enamoured of all that is intrinsically great in antiquity; of the picturesque and the poetical; keenly alive to the sublime; and consequently ever awake to the ridiculous. An unprejudiced cosmopolite, whose power to please, and that usefully too, quite equals his will. He offends neither by egotism nor personality. Nothing can be more easy than his style, undeformed by the least pedantry or affectation. It would not be fair to expect, in such a work, a model of composition; its colloquial freedom is, now and then, almost too idiomatic, and careless of strict grammatical rule. A faultless book, or performance of any kind, was never seen yet; but where there is so much to praise even critics are disarmed—and this we will assert, that if some *litterateurs par excellence*, who sit at home, with nothing to do but string sentences together, wrote but as correct English as our wandering artist, the reading public would be in far more blest condition than at present. Mr. Hervé is always clear and intelligible; and what is better still, 'his meaning is good.' How many very pleasant much *be*-lauded works do we read, when we *must*, whose concoctors prove nothing but that they do not know vice from virtue, and would undoubtedly be dangerous if they were not dull. Peace to their insignificance! He who can make *any* impression should take pains that it may be a proper one; and these pains Mr. Hervé has not spared himself, unless, indeed, which we much suspect, philanthropy and reason are mere *impulses* of his, costing no *effort* at all; if so, the less his merit, but the more gracious his nature.

The embellishments of these volumes are all serviceable to the *cause*; the least admirable of them give lively ideas of the streets represented; but in these the *perspective* is rather *defective*; the landscapes, unencumbered by architecture, are much superior; and in the portraits our painter is quite at home. Most of the profiles are in the

Vandyck school; we do not mean such as *Sir Antony* might have preferred, but with foreheads and chins so receding as to send forth the nose, after the latest and most approved fashion of our present day. If we go to the British Museum in search of Grecian beauty, we must look for it, not among the marbles, but the monkeys!

Wishing Mr. Hervé more classic studies nearer home, and profitable employment, both for pen and pencil, we leave him to the fame his perils and privations so well borne and recorded, most richly deserve.

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION;

BY M. A. THIERS.

R. Bentley. New Burlington-street.

Six numbers of this translation are now before us. We begin with the embellishments; that of the cover deserves unqualified praise. Of the engravings all are more excellent than the portraits. Marat's 'ugliness' must have consisted in expression—the features given of him are picturesque and fine, indicative of thought and sensibility. The widely parted eyes, and long upper lip, denote nothing ferocious.

The editor's preface deals unfairly by Rousseau. British ladies *need* not, perhaps *ought* not to read his works, but they may peruse the one we are now reviewing; and, if they do, let them not be misled by the prejudice of another. In no case is it our duty to judge an author's works by his life, of his intentions, while inspired by talent, according to his deeds in hours of relaxation. Rousseau did not inevitably write to undermine virtue, because his own career had swerved from her dictates; no doubt he was sensible to her beauty, and wished his readers to be better, *happier* men than himself. Milton, in Comus, Richardson, in the Letters of Lovelace, painted licentiousness as they had *seen* it; are *their* actions, *themselves*, to be judged by the fidelity of the portraits they drew? If so, Harlowe was as handsome as 'the Kemble family.' Because Moreland tippled, dare we assert that he painted cattle-drinking at a pond in order to inoculate his admirers with a liking for drams? Was Claremont a better actor than Kean because his habits were more pure? If we are to receive and profit by no sermons but such as flow from *sinless* lips, many a gentleman and lady now teaching those who have never erred the way they should go, must be dumb.

This translation throws few, if any, new lights on its very hacknied theme, on the real feelings of its personæ. No sooner is a man named than the margin's small type gives you a sketch of his destiny. Turn over, proceed in large print, and you find him issuing edicts, just *after* you have read of his having died on the scaffold. This distracts attention, confuses memory, and destroys all interest; whereas notes at the *end* might be read when wanted.

The *rendering* is so literal as rarely to preserve the spirit of the original. The English word most *like* the French one in sound and spelling, is given; no matter for meaning or acceptation; we refer to such as popular, particular, proper, &c., &c.

One extract from the *Memoires of Ferrières* is as laughable a piece of Gallic bombast and romantic sentimentality, as ever graced a Parisian novel. All breaks, exclamations, and questions asked of nobody! French style is far more droll in pathos than in wit; once stilted for the sublime, and it strides into the ridiculous. What models of false taste, and no reasoning, have been worshipped, by our 'most thinking people,' merely because they were born on the other side of Dover Channel, and write in a language much more praised here than understood.

Our translator, with old womanish, left-handed niceness, gives (of such phrases as he had better have forgotten) only the initials, and as many dots as there are letters in the words. This is setting riddles for the curious; a blank, my lord, had been better.

The character of Barnave would tell admirably as the hero of an historical fiction in such hands as E. Bulwer's. The handsome young advocate fancying his head cool, and his heart stoical, studies the histories of other lands, neglecting that of his own. His theories, founded on books, invest an ideal populace with all the virtues of old Rome; disinterested patriotism, chaste love of liberty and equality, which justice must ever keep unstained by license. He made sure that a king might be solemnly sacrificed, for a great end, and lovely aristocrats imprisoned, with due decorum! Simple sage! he dreamed not of the scenes his tiger-monkey compatriots would enact. La Fayette's balcony pantomime was not included in his visions; he little anticipated the ridiculous sight of the poor Dauphin, crying, half suffocated 'neath a dirty red nightcap; he calculated not on Petion's hitting the royal nose with a picked bone in a crowded coach! Yet, once entered in the cause, he could do nothing but attempt to moderate the brutality of his party; had he given loose to his disgust his friends would have made him share the fate of Madame Roland or Henry IV.

Without one unfeminine degree of political taste or knowledge, let us look back to the beginning of this century. Then Buonaparte was our bugbear, invasion an evil, to avert which all our tradesmen exposed themselves as volunteers.

'The great nation,' after indiscriminately murdering and jesting, with perfect freedom for some time, was dazzled back to slavery and conscription by a Corsican soldier! He crowns himself—what a superb *coup de theatre*! He abdicates—how tragic! Returns—melo-dramatically; is defeated there's a spectacle! The sentimental comedy of '*Le retour des Bourbons*' interrupted in its first representation, is finished!—thousands 'assist' at this 'august and touching ceremony.' In a little while they again 'want incident.' Le Duc de Berri is stabbed. Ah! that attitude! Then the coronation of Charles Dix—Imposing! Then he is sent away—then Berenger writes songs about le Duc de Bordeaux and the ex-King of Rome. Then, 'the King of the French' is an old story. '*Parlez d'Adam et d'Eve*.' Then Fieschi invents the Infernal Machine, to rob a wife and children of Louis Phillippe. John Scott's 'Paris Visited and Revisited' was written in vain. The Nation we would not let invade us during the War, we

have invaded at Peace. 'Outlawed' fathers there take their families for education. Napoleon was a great man, a victim! The English are bears—their tongue a grating, northern gutteral. Milliners and cooks must dress us and eat us in French. Publishers must feed us in French, scarcely glazed over by bad English, and critics must recommend, as a profitable study for British youth, the History of the least creditable period in the existence of the most inconsistent country on earth! A tissue of weakness, intrigue, vulgarity and vice; a fuss about nothing, to judge by its results. The above 'must' affects not us. We say, if our readers have read 'Clery's Account of the Royal Family's sufferings in the Temple,' they know enough on these heads; and, if they have not seen that affecting old book, let them procure it, in preference to the dry, heavy, ill done hash now before us.

MARY RAYMOND AND OTHER TALES.

3 Vols. Colburn.

Mrs. Gore has added to her previously well-earned reputation by the volumes before us, to which the first, though by no means the best tale, gives the title. If there is a fault in the work, it is that some of the stories are too brief, and not sufficiently wrought out, after working up the reader's interest to the highest pitch. All and each contain a moral lesson, though, as is necessary many of the darker and more evil passions of our nature, are brought into play to produce this effect. Our limits will only allow of one extract, from the tale, entitled WINE. Though no advocate for the Temperance Society, neither waging war with social enjoyment, when not carried to excess—happy will it be if one votary of Bacchus is turned by its perusal from the error of his ways.

"There seem to be hard-going fellows in your mess?" said I to Wargrave, as he sat beside me with his arms folded over his breast. "Thornton, I understand, carries off his two bottles a-day like a Trojan; and the fat major who sat opposite to me made such play with the champagne, as caused me to blush for my squeamishness. For my own part I should be well content never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink, the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit moping and despairing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's."

"You are fortunate," said Wargrave, drily.

"Fortunate?"—cried I. "I wish I could appreciate my own luck!—I am voted the sulkiest dog unchanged, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over-night, am ready to shoot myself with the head-ache and the blue devils the next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton, who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the 36th stanza of Nancy Dawson between his two last bottles; and keeps his head and legs an hour after all the rest of the party have lost theirs under the table."

"Yes! I fancy Thornton is pretty well seasoned; saturated like an old claret hogshead!"

"Enviably dog!—From time immemorial, odes have been indited to petition the gods for an insensible heart. When I turn lyricist, it will be to pray

for an insensible stomach! Is it not a monstrous hard thing, when one hears the troling of a joyous *chanson à boire*, or *trinkled*, under the lime trees of France or Germany, to feel no sympathy in the strain save that of nausea?—There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of ‘the vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!’ It appears to me that Bacchus is the universal divinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship.—Think of Lord Thomas’s gin punch, and pity me!”

Wargrave replied by a vague unmeaning laugh, which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost upon him. Yet I continued.

“After all, in spite of the prevalence of the Bacchanalian idolatry, I think we hardly give honour due to the influence of wine. It is the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow-creatures to all motives but the true;—but if they saw clearly, and spoke honestly, they would admit that more heroes had been made by the bottle than the sword.”

“Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?”—suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

“Personal meaning!” I reiterated.—“Of what nature? And for a moment I could not but fancy that poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margaux of the fat major than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine is sure to take fire on the most distant imputation of drunkenness.”

“I can scarcely imagine, Sir,” he continued, in a voice, however, that savoured of anything rather than inebriety, “that any man acquainted with the misfortunes of my life should address me on such a subject!”

“Be satisfied, then, that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable,” said I,—still doubtful how far I ought to resent the ungraciousness of his demeanour; “for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day I never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of his, added to the hilarity of an unexpected re-union with so many of my countrymen, has perhaps induced too sudden a familiarity in my demeanour; but, in wishing you good night, Captain Wargrave, and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his heart to you at sight, allow me to assure you, that not a shadow of offence was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent.”

“Forgive me!”—exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hands, nay almost his arms, towards me. “It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends.”

While I frankly accepted his apologies and offered hand, I could detect, by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection in the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a *haggardness*—that involuntarily I re-seated myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but, after a few minutes’ silence, I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

“My dear fellow, you attach too much importance to an unguarded word, handsomely and satisfactorily explained,” said I, trying to reconcile him with himself. “Dismiss it from your thoughts.”

“Do not fancy,” replied Wargrave, in a broken voice, “that these humiliating tears originate in anything that has passed between us this night.—

No! The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humour you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient date, and far more ineffaceable nature. I owe you something, in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore,” he continued, looking at his watch. “Devote those minutes to me, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years’ experience;—a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero!”

There was no disputing with him,—no begging him to be calm. Upon his whole frame was imprinted the character of an affliction not to be trifled with. I had only to listen, and impart in the patience of my attention such solace as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

“You were right,” said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, “in saying that we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure of authority it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the instigation of great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to ‘make glad the heart of man.’ Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief,—the dew of beauty—the filter of love:—what that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwine the brow of its divinity; and their juice is held to be a libation worthy of the gods.—Fools! fools! fools!—they need to have poured forth their blood and tears, like me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation!”

“Do not fancy that I allude to DRUNKENNESS;—do not class me in your imagination with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against a vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one’s virtue!—No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow;—the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin;—the voice can neither modulate its tones to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot: a thing which children mock at, and women chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal!”

“Only when unconscious of his infirmity,” said I, bluntly.

“Shakspeare makes Cassio conscious, yet his fault is achieved.”

“Cassio is the victim of a designing tempter;—but an ordinary man, aware of his frailty, must surely find it easy to avoid the mischief?”

“Easy, as we look upon the thing from hence,—with the summer sky over our heads, the unshackled ocean at our feet, and the mockery of the scorner unheard; but in the animation of a convivial meeting, with cooler heads to mislead us by example, under the influence of conversation, music, mirth, who can at all times remember by how short a process it turns to poison in his veins?”

“Do not suppose me the Apostle of a Temperance Society, when I assert, on my life, my soul, my honour, that, after three glasses of wine, I am no longer master of my actions. Without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, and feel, and hear, and reason differently:—the minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom.—Three more, and I become a madman.”

“But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity,”

said I. "You must of course regard yourself as an exception?"

"No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither like wine nor indulge in it; but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burden to themselves."

THE NAVAL KEEPSAKE.

H. Colburn.

"The Old Sailor" has concocted a new life of Nelson, illustrated with many extracts from the noble commander's own correspondence. It is an attractive volume to the eye, and will please not only sailors, but the sweethearts and wives of all true Britons. There is a very graphic description of the hero from a letter by his late Majesty.

Horatio, with the odd person and costume there depicted, was, nevertheless, admirably loved as much as reverently feared. His enthusiastic, hopeful genius, made him the presiding spirit of the war; our men believed that they *must* conquer, while fighting with him, and conquer they did.

Thankful as women, especially, must feel that their fathers, husbands, brothers, are no longer called on to risk limb, liberty, and life for glory, those who are old enough to remember our stirring days, now and then *yawn* over these "piping times of peace," and, with all deference for the lord mayor, are truants from his pageant, excusing themselves by saying—"We saw Nelson's funeral."

The young, who recollect not even Navarino, cannot do better than hear "the Old Sailor's" account of a hero who atoned for the frailty of the man, by the humble gratitude and firm reliance of a sincere christian.

THE TRAVELS OF MARSHAL THE DUKE OF RAGUSA IN HUNGARY, TRANSYLVANIA, AND SOUTHERN RUSSIA, &c.

Paris, 1837.

Marshal Marmont, it appears, has still a portion of the same spirit of intrigue by which he was distinguished in his earlier years, and this old battle-battered, and reputation-maimed officer, has been travelling through countries of which he knew not even an iota of the language, like one of our modern English tourists, whom Dr. Parr was wont to compare to a frightened cur running about with a tin kettle attached to his tail.

A traitor by profession, Marshal Marmont could not be supposed, even by the most simple-minded persons, to have thus taken to travel in his old age without the influence of some powerful motive, and it is evident that political affairs were the object which the aged intriguer had in view when he undertook the journey. A "marvellous proper man" for such an undertaking was the Duke of Ragusa, and his steps have traced every spot where revolutions, yet in embryo, are expected to burst forth.

Standing, as he must do, in the undying page of

history, the *Judas* of Napoleon, to whom he was indebted for wealth, and honours, and the kindness of a brother, this hoary-headed man seems now ready to become the betrayer of kings and kingdoms, whom he will sell to the best bidder with as little reluctance, as little remorse of conscience, as he had previously sold his country,—his monarch, and his friend. Of a verity *literature* need not be proud of adding such a name to the lengthening list of, we were going to write, *noble* authors; but we will not profane the page by thus slandering the Duke of Ragusa.

According to the opinion of the veracious marshal, "the Ottoman empire is in reality reduced to Constantinople, and to the provinces which immediately surround it, where the Turkish population is the most agglomerated. This affirmed, and the truth of the assertion proved, one may be allowed to ask whether such a state possesses independence, and if it can be *considered a power*? The answer will probably be in the negative. Every thing for the Sultan, therefore, depends upon the *choice of the master* whom he will give to himself."

The marshal, we think, distinctly points out that which all the world knew before, that Russia will be, nay is, at the present moment, not the *chosen*, but the *actual* pedagogue of Turkey; and he tells us that, "in order to preserve an *appearance of power, and a species of municipal liberty, the only greatness and power to which the Sultan can at the present day reasonably pretend*, all that remains for him to do is to unite Turkey intimately with Russia, by placing himself *bona fide* and sincerely under her protection, and always serving her policy. *The Emperor of Russia is too prudent not to prefer such a protection to a premature possession of Constantinople.*"

Here Marshal Marmont shows the cloven foot, and he must be purblind indeed who does not recognize in this passage the agent of the Imperial Court. We know well that Russia is not troubled with any qualms of conscience, and we question if the Napoleon-made Duke of Ragusa ever knew what the workings of that inward monitor were like. He evidently has no kindly feeling towards England; but as we can well do without the marshal's love, we can readily pardon him for his aversion. The following passage is evidently aimed at the British influence in Turkey:—

"A circumstance which may precipitate the fall of the Turkish empire, *of that empire of a town*, is the imprudent concert, and ill-timed arrival of pretended friends, who, under the pretext of coming to its assistance, and of securing its independence, (now become *impossible*), will draw it into a war, will infallibly bring on those events that are apprehended, and will hasten the catastrophe that it is desired to prevent, but which will be unavoidable."

We think the marshal is a little out of his reckoning here—he has sailed along without knowing exactly his latitude or his longitude. This, however, is but the opening of the political seal, and it is likely ere long to cause some little sensation in more Cabinets than one. The book is certainly amusing, and treats of matters at once interesting and momentous.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY, FOR 1838.

This elegant Annual, instead of reposing on the fame already acquired, or deteriorating, as some of the others have done, after the first effort of novelty, appears this year more highly finished and carefully arranged than hitherto. The illustrations are too exquisite to particularize, the last even appears the most lovely. The size of the volume is considerably increased; and the binding, which formerly was plain blue leather, is now of royal purple satin, embossed with gold-coloured wreaths—the richest style imaginable.

The list of contributors numbers the following distinguished names, who generally write for this Annual and the "Keepsake":—Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, Lady Charlotte Bury, Mrs. Fairlie, Miss Louisa H. Sheridan, the Countess of Blessington, Lord Albert Conyngham, Lord W. Lennox, Lord Gardner, Hon. R. Talbot, Hon. Col. Caradoc, Hon. Edmund Phipps, Sir William Somerville, Bart., Haynes Bayly, R. Bernal, M.P., B. D'Israeli, M.P., E. L. Bulwer, M.P., &c.

Among the literary contents Mr. Lytton Bulwer has furnished an admirable satirical allegory, called "The Three Sisters." We regret its length prevents the power of transcribing it here. Some elegant lines by Lady Emmeline S. Wortley, on the portrait of her cousin, the Countess of Chesterfield, which forms the beautiful frontispiece; a remarkable tale entitled "My Convent Days," giving the clearest description of conventual habits and pursuits we have seen, written by Miss L. H. Sheridan, whose accomplishments as a linguist we understand were acquired in a foreign seminary of this class; a very graceful "Legend of Halnaker" by Lord William Lennox; and several charming pieces by the Editress: from these we have selected the following, as best suiting our limits:—

"APROPOS OF BORES."

RELATED BY THE LATE JOSEPH JEKYLL, ESQ., TO
THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Apropos of bores, how frequently is the pleasure of society injured, if not destroyed, by the bores who infest it! and how seldom can we recall a single day, the enjoyment of which has not been deteriorated by their intervention!

One of the annoying peculiarities of bores is, to select the moment for relating some stupid anecdote, or for asking some silly question, when a witty, instructive, or interesting conversation is going on, to which one is desirous of listening. A particular instance of this vexatious propensity once annoyed me excessively; it occurred at a dinner given by my late worthy friend, Sir William Garrow.

"Pray tell us," said he, to a man who sat near him, "that adventure of your's in the wine-vaults of Lincoln's Inn, of which I heard a garbled account the other day."

I, who always liked an adventure, pricked up my ears at the sound; and the individual thus questioned, commenced the following story:—

"A friend of mine went to Madeira in an official situation some years ago. He speculated largely in wine, and sent home several pipes, to be kept until his return. He wrote to request me to find them safe cellaring; and I in consequence, applied to a friend, a barrister, to procure me permission to lodge

the wines in the vast cellars of Lincoln's Inn Square. I was furnished with a key, that I might have ingress and egress to this sombre spot when I liked; and having one day a vacant hour in my chambers, it suddenly entered my head that I would go and inspect the wine dépôt of my absent friend.

"Armed with the key, I sallied forth, and engaged the first porter I met to procure a candle, and accompany me to the cellar. You are not, perhaps, aware that these vast vaults are twenty feet beneath the square, and the entrance to them many feet, I believe one hundred and fifty, removed from any dwelling or populous resort.

"We entered the gloomy cavern, and locked the door on the inside, to prevent any idle person who might, by chance, pass that way, from taking recognition of the treasure it concealed. So great was the extent of the vault, that our feeble light scarcely enabled us to grope our way through its murky regions; but, at length, we reached the spot where I knew the wine of my friend was deposited, and had the satisfaction of finding that the pipes were in perfect condition. We were preparing to return, when the porter, who held the candle, made a false step, and was precipitated to the earth, extinguishing the light in his fall. Never shall I forget the sensation I experienced at that moment, for the extent and tortuous windings of the vault impressed me with the rapid conviction of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of discovering the door. The alarmed porter declared in terror, that we were inevitably lost; that he should never see his wife and children more, and cursed the hour he left the light of day to explore the fearful cave, that would now become his tomb—a tomb, on which no fond eye could dwell; and he cried aloud in an agony of despair, at this gloomy contemplation. I urged him to restrain his useless lamentations, and seek to grope our way in the direction of the door; and after having occupied full two hours in fruitlessly wandering through as many various and devious turnings, as if in a labyrinth, we, at length, discovered the object of our search.

"Oh! God be thanked, God be thanked! exclaimed the porter, with frantic joy, 'then I shall again see my wife, my little ones!' and he seized the key, which was in the lock, and turned it with such force, that it snapped, the head remaining inextricably secured in the wards.

"Now, now, we are indeed lost!" cried he, throwing himself on the ground; 'all hope is at an end, for we might knock and scream here for ever, without being heard. Why, why did I come with you? It is plain you are an unlucky man, whoever you are, and your ill fortune falls on me!'

"I tried to comfort him, though seriously alarmed myself; but he became angry, telling me I could be no father or husband, to talk coolly at such a moment, and with a certain prospect of death by famine, staring us in the face.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" cried he, starting up in terror, 'the rats are gathering around; they will devour us before hunger has done its worst.'

"I have, all my life, had a peculiar antipathy to these animals; and confess that, when I found them stumbling over my feet, and heard them running at every side, an increased shudder of horror and fear chilled my blood.

"Let us starve in one of the wine-pipes,' said my companion, 'that we may forget in the excitement of wine, the horrible death that awaits us. Yes, let us get drunk!'

"I refused to adopt this project; and my refusal again drew forth his reproaches on my being an

unlucky man, and his conviction that I had no heart in my body, as he expressed it, or no wife and little ones expecting me at home, or I would not take matters so easy.

"How many thoughts did I give to the dear objects to whom he referred, as I now dwelt with anguish on the fearful probability of my never again beholding them! We searched in vain for a stone, or any other implement with which to wrench the lock, or force the hinges, both of which resisted all our efforts. Hour after hour passed away. How interminably long appeared their flight! the silence only broken by the mingled reproaches and lamentations of my companion, and the increased noise of the rats, who now, becoming more courageous, assailed our feet. Each hour strengthened my conviction of our inevitable death in this horrible subterranean, where, probably, our mortal remains would not be discovered, until every trace of identity was destroyed by the ravenous reptiles around us. My blood ran cold at the reflection, and my heart melted at the thought of them who were, doubtless, at that moment anxiously counting the hours of my unusual absence. I seized the arm of my companion, and—"

Here one of the company, proverbial for his obtuseness, and who had repeatedly attempted to interrupt the narrative, seized my button, and in a loud voice, said, "How do you think, Jekyll, I should have got out?"

"You would have bored your way out, to be sure," answered I, impatient at the interruption; and the more so at this instant, the butler announced that the ladies were waiting tea for us.

I ascended to the drawing-room, fully intending to request the sequel of the story, but a succession of airs, on the piano, accompanied by the voices of the ladies, precluded the possibility of conversation. In a few days after I met some of the party, and questioned them respecting the conclusion. One declared that he had forgotten all about the story; another said that it had set him off to sleep, and so he missed the *dénouement*; and a third avowed that, being deaf in the left ear, he had not heard more than a few words; and a fourth told me, that a tiresome man next him took that opportunity of giving him the particulars of a county meeting, as detailed in the morning papers, not omitting a single line.

Consequently, to this hour, I am ignorant how the gentleman and porter escaped from the vault.

ENGLISH BIJOU ALMANACK FOR 1838.

This elegant little volume, more suited for the fingers and eyes of Queen Mab herself than those of clumsy mortal critics, is again before us. In former notices we have exhausted eulogium on this most unique and curious volume, and we can now only say that the embellishments and getting up of this little gem of art equal, indeed we think surpass, all its predecessors. The poetry, of which the following is a specimen, is chiefly from the pen of L. E. L. :—

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

And has that young and graceful ha
 Empire o'er land and sea;
 Yet though upon the lion's mane,
 Our little tome may be
 A fitting offering, calling back
 Thy childish days to thee.

A toy—a trifle, not the less
 Our fairy volume brings
 The heartfelt wishes for thy sake
 That wait on graver things;
 May every hour its tablets note
 For thee wear angels' wings.

A highly magnifying miniature glass is enclosed in the case with the "Bijou," as a very fit accessory in our researches into this ponderous volume.

ALBUM TABLETS.

These elegant "Tablets," intended for insertion (as the name will imply) in Albums and Scrap Books, consist of the poems reprinted from the "Bijou," with emblematical and classical illustrations. These illustrations are the first undertaking of the kind by an ENGLISH ARTIST (T. H. Jones), and reflect the highest credit on his taste and execution. We believe the idea is originally German. To the publisher, Mr. A. Schloss, the female public are much indebted for both these elegant additions to the table of the boudoir and drawing-room.

FINE ARTS.

A very beautifully executed head of the Queen has been brought out on a seal, by Messrs. Griffin and Hyams, the Silversmiths who produced the medal of which we spoke in terms of high commendation in our last; in point of design and execution it is a worthy companion to that loyal tribute to her Majesty.

COMIC SCRAPS, PART I.

BEING A SERIES OF HUMOROUS DESIGNS BY
 MR. J. PHILLIPS.

Published by W. Brittain, Paternoster Row.

These sketches, though somewhat rough in execution, have a great deal of humour, and the genuine comic about them; and will be found well worth looking over during the winter evenings and afford ample amusement for a quarter of an hour so spent.

HOW TO MAKE COFFEE.—In making coffee much care is requisite to extract the whole strength and flavour of the berry; and, moreover, it is very erroneous and expensive to sweeten it with moist or raw sugar. Many persons imagine that the moist sugar tends more to sweeten; but if experiment be made, it will be found, that half the quantity in weight of refined sugar will add more sweetness, and the flavour of the coffee will be much more pure and delicate. In Holland, where coffee is the universal beverage of the lower classes, the sugar cannot be too refined, and the boatmen on the canals may be seen mixing the most beautiful white refined sugar with their coffee; while, on such their custom and taste they pride themselves highly. It requires but little thought to acquiesce in the departure from our custom, and where economy is blended with such judgment, it is only necessary to call the attention of those whose means naturally excite them to seek for facts combining what is cheap and what is best.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

1. "Oh! Sing to me that Melody!" Cavatina; the words and melody by E. Oliver, Esq.; symphonies and accompaniment by G. Manwell. Cramer and Co.'s, Regent-street.

2. "Here's a Health to Fair Victoria;" composed and dedicated by permission to her Majesty by Master T. Harries Wilson. Lee, Frith-street, Soho.

3. "Oh! Come to Me!" Composed by Charles D. Hackett. Leeds.

4. "The Harewood Quadrilles;" composed by C. D. Hackett. Leeds.

5. "The Lassie we love, and the Friend we can trust;" written by T. Munday, Esq.; composed by W. H. Plumstead. Cramer and Co.'s, Regent-street.

6. "Where shall we meet, Love?" Poetry by John Kains Bond, Esq.; music by W. H. Plumstead. Plumstead and Co., Coleman-street, City.

1. Both the words and music of this production (which we presume to be that of an amateur) do much credit to the taste and judgment of the author. The song is arranged in the key of three flats, one of the sweetest for expressing real melody and plaintive feeling. The words we subjoin—

"Oh! sing to me that melody
That tale of all long past;
The song that prompts the heart to be
Devoted to the last!
For now the silvery waters glide
Back to their mother stream,
Without a murmur on their tide
To chase affection's dream!

Oh! sing to me, &c.

Then touch those strings and sing me where
Our infancy has fled;
And why this heart feels nought but care,
Why all its hopes are dead?
And when thy harp hath ceased its thrill,
Thy voice hath died away,
Some echo sweet may linger still
To imitate their lay!

Then sing to me, &c.

2. This song, the words of which have already been laid before our readers, is the composition of a youth of very tender years; the poetry, which is of the Anacreontic order, has been well and spiritedly set by the young musician, and as a song for public festivals and after-dinner vocalists, stands a fair chance, not only from the subject, but its own merits, of becoming popular.

3. A very sweet melody, tastefully arranged to pleasing words.

4. A spirited set of quadrilles.

5. A good *table* song, as the title-page expresses it. Of the poetry we like all but the last verse, which has one very coarse expression, or we should have copied it into our pages. The melody in two flats is rather pretty; but the song is not a *lady's*.

6. A very sweet and graceful ballad, both as regards words and melody! The arrangement in one flat is well managed, and we can recommend it strongly, as likely to please our female readers.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

OPERA BUFFA.

Rossini's *Italiani in Algieri* has lately been revived here with the most decided success. Two new performers made their debut on the occasion, Madame Eckerlin and Signor Sanquirico. The former at least is likely to become a favourite with our English audiences. Madame Eckerlin's name was won in Germany, where, we believe, she has been several years *Prima Donna* at the Berlin and Dresden theatres. The fastidious taste of our Continental contemporaries has had the happy effect of making this lady one of the most accurate and finished singers we have ever heard. Her voice is rich, sweet, and powerful. It certainly has several defects, but these she manages in a great measure to conceal with exquisite art.

Of Signor Sanquirico we cannot yet venture an opinion. Criticism on his performance in this opera would be unjust, as the part did not seem suited to his powers.

For the lovers of music the Opera Buffa is at present the first resort in the metropolis.

The splendid talent engaged, and the general excellency of the arrangements, reflect great credit on the taste and enterprise of Mr. Mitchell, whose exertions, we are glad to say, has been crowned with the most complete success. The boxes and pit are crowded with rank and fashion every night.

HAYMARKET.

There has been little novelty produced at this theatre lately; nor is it needed while the *Love Chase* draws such houses as we witness every evening.

There have been several benefits too numerous minutely to record. That of Mrs. Glover boasted the attractions of Vestris; and that of the Messrs. Reed, music director, composer, and leader, several novelties in the instrumental line. The overtures from Auber, Weber, Herold, and T. G. Reed were admirably performed by an efficient band considerably augmented for this occasion.

OLYMPIC.

There is no theatre in London where dull care can be more successfully combatted than at the Olympic. No awkward louts are ever introduced to destroy the illusion of the scene, for here even the very underlings are performers of at least mediocre talent,—and where Farren, Keeley, and Mathews play, who can resist the influences of the laughter-loving god?

An eccentric piece, called *Why did you Die?* has lately been produced. Were the burden of the piece entrusted to any man but Farren it would be a failure. As it is, it is nightly received with shouts of applause; but its popularity can only continue while the novelty of the thing lasts.

Keeley's *Euclid Facile*, in the farce *Twice Killed*, is an exquisite piece of acting. His quiet humour tells here with even more than its usual effect.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

There has been a good deal of novelty at this theatre during the past month (which, however, we have not been able to witness), and many revivals of old pieces, amongst which Braham's celebrated opera of the *Cabinet* deserves particular mention. In the brightest and most "palmy days" of the drama, when this opera was first produced, it was scarcely better cast or enacted than it has lately been at the St. James' Theatre. We have often witnessed it during its run of representation when first brought out, and we must say that Braham's voice is now nearly equal in volume, and certainly quite equal in sweetness, to what it was at that time. Miss Rainforth gave her portion of the songs in a manner that did her the highest credit, and the little Mrs. Stirling had to do made us only regret the part was not stronger. The quarrel scene with her supposed rival was admirable. Harley's *Whimsicula* was irresistibly comic. Mrs. C. B. Wilson's lively burletta of *Venus in Arms* is another old favourite transplanted from the Strand to these boards; but though the critics of the daily press have said it lost nothing by the removal, with the exception of Mrs. Stirling, whose acting in such characters as the *Petticoat Colonel* is always of the first order, we must beg to differ widely from this opinion. We are, however, only speaking of the first evening when the piece was played; perhaps another rehearsal, and a little more study, produced on a second occasion, a closer adherence to the text, and fewer blunders, than were too apparent on the first representation to the audience. If the St. James' Theatre played three pieces instead of five in one night, the public would be less wearied, and the authors done more justice to, than under the present painfully lengthy arrangements.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF THE BAY AND ISLANDS OF NEW ZEALAND AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

Leicester Square.

The name of Mr. Burford stands at the head of all the painters of Panoramas, and very justly, for we do not believe any other person could have done justice to the drawings of Mr. Earle but himself. It seemed, when we entered, to be like a place of enchantment, conjured up by some kind fairy to delight the senses: all the natural beauties of the islands of the southern hemisphere were brought at once to our view, and nature, in all her magnificence, burst upon us with her ten thousand combinations of the rich and the romantic, till we almost fancied ourselves actually in New Zealand, closetted with their chiefs, and mingling in their wild and picturesque national dances. We think that these Panoramas are not only *interesting*, but most decidedly useful to young people; for with the book in the hand, and the scenery pictorially displayed before them, the interest in the scene must naturally be excited to a greater degree, and the impression on the mind be stronger than it otherwise would be. In this Panorama we first glance at Paihia, or Marsden Vale, the second settlement of the Church Mission, but the first in

importance, as it forms the centre of communication for the whole, and the medium of intercourse between the missions in general, and the parent and auxiliary societies in England and New South Wales. The settlement stands in a situation which appears to leave nothing, with respect to prospect, to be desired, and reminds us strongly of home scenes endeared to our memory by a thousand delightful recollections. Forty or fifty houses of wood, or lath and plaster, with neatly glazed windows, and smiling gardens, a chapel standing a little back from the road, encircled by an almost impenetrable hedge of sweetbriar, a noble bay in front, with a fine sandy beach, and the waste land in the rear daily assuming a greater appearance of cultivation, all contribute to favour the delusion, and bring us back to the peaceful pleasures we enjoy in our own native island. But this delusion flits like a shadow from the imagination when we cast our eyes over that part of the country where the aborigines are left more to themselves, where the step of the stranger is seldom heard, and where a foreign language blends less frequently with the harsher tones of the natives. There huts built of rushes wattled, lined with palm leaves, and thatched with the strong-bladed native grass, with an opening serving as a door, which is closed by a sliding pannel, meet the eye on every side, while near them the native stores, built on the top of very high trees, formed of poles, interlaced with twigs, forming a strong platform of considerable size are displayed around, where their potatoes, corn, and other eatables, are kept to secure them at once from the depredations of rats and men, as no one could possibly ascend without being detected. Mr. Burford has depicted these exactly as we believe they actually exist. Mr. Earle, from whose drawings the Panorama has been painted, was some time in New Zealand, where we believe he caught a cold so severe that it has embittered his existence, and has also published an account of those islands, which has not repaid him for the time and trouble he has bestowed upon it, and is preparing at the present moment a new edition of the work, which we hope may meet with liberal encouragement. The group of natives to the right as we enter the room, and that of the natives dancing, struck us as being peculiarly well arranged, and strictly true to nature: as did also the smaller group on the opposite side, in which Mr. Marsden, preaching to a few of the aborigines, forms the principal figure. But the shipping and the distant views are the *chef d'œuvre* of the exhibition. Here Mr. Burford seems almost to have surpassed himself, and when we say they are exquisite, we confine ourselves strictly to the truth, and say not one word more than we actually believe.

New Zealand has of late become a place of some importance in the eyes of moderately-speculative commercial men, and more than two hundred ships, mostly Europeans, are calculated to visit the Bay of Islands every year, and that goods to the value of 7,000*l.* pass annually through the hands of the merchants. To the missionaries we think we may attribute the great change that has taken place in this people, who are naturally thoroughly savage, and those who have not yet made

progress in civilization are continually at war with each other. The men are said to be well formed, athletic, and graceful; and the females to bear some slight resemblance to the Spanish, or European gypsy. Dancing is their favourite amusement, and like the belles of our drawing-rooms, they keep up the spirit of the ball until they are totally exhausted by fatigue.

New Zealand has a fine and regular climate; the trees are in leaf and beauty all the year round, and there is little doubt that the islands are rich in minerals, particularly iron and coal. In the very heart of the great whale fishery, it seems to have been formed by nature to become a rich and populous maritime colony, and it certainly presents an eligible field for the exertion of British enterprise.

To the honour of Britain, we may record, that these islanders owe their emancipation from all the horrors of barbarism to the Rev. Samuel Marsden, the principal chaplain of New South Wales, and in ages yet to come, when civilization shall have assumed a more decided aspect, his name will be held in the deepest veneration by the natives of New Zealand. All this adds to the interest we feel when we gaze upon the Panoramic view which Mr. Burford has presented to the public; and we think every person who visits the exhibition (and it is well worth visiting) will agree with us that a feeling of pride and pleasure comes over the mind as we view it, and call to our recollection the fact, that we have been the means of rescuing already many thousands from habits and customs which we shudder to reflect upon. Even civilization, we know, has its vices, and these the islanders have already adopted; but men grow better as they grow wiser, and after some little time has elapsed, we fondly hope, under the careful guidance of good men, that they will do honour to the amiable and kindly feelings that have induced their regenerators to quit the comforts of home, to become wanderers in the desert, that they might accomplish their eternal salvation.

MR. ROBINSON'S CONCERT.

We were happy to see the concert of this excellent vocalist, which took place at Freemason's Hall, during the past month, so well attended. It commenced with Wylbye's charming madrigal, "Dainty fine sweet Nymphs," which was succeeded by the glee, "See the Chariot at hand," and "Rhine thou'rt Queen of Waters," most excellently executed by Mr. Robinson. *Non Pui Mesta*, with variations, was most exquisitely played on the violin by Miss Elvina Collins, accompanied on the flageolet flute by her brother Frederick, only four years of age, and assisted by her father, and Masters Viotti and Lindley Collins. "Oh, say not sweet Lassie," by Miss Woodyatt, was pleasingly sung; and the glee, "Blow gentle Gales," was rapturously encored. Guibilei sung "La Danza" with much effect, and Miss M. B. Hawes was encored in "Thou art lovelier," and "the Mermaid's Cave." Mr. F. Chatterton was as usual warmly applauded—as a harpist he stands deservedly high in his profession. Mr. Robinson gave Mr. Leigh Cliffe's new song, "Victoria our Hope and our Queen," with great

taste and judgment, and from the long and continued plaudits which succeeded, and the rapturous *encore*, it was evident that the audience appreciated it as it deserved.

The concert was well arranged and well executed, and we think Mr. Robinson deserves the patronage of the public, and stands almost unrivalled as an *English* ballad singer. We could not but admire the truly *British* taste displayed in the programme of his concert; and we sincerely wish that others may follow his example, and encourage *native* talent in preference to foreign warbling, which half the audience neither understand nor admire.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

TO THE EDITRESS OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré,
à Paris, Dec. 23.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Our winter fashions may now be said to be in the zenith of their splendour. A variety of elegant novelties have appeared, many of them bearing the name of your lovely young Queen; but before I proceed to speak of them, I must give you a general idea of our out-door dress. Owing to a few days of rather severe weather, we are almost enveloped in furs. Mantles, shawls, and pelisses are all trimmed with them. The fur of the Siberian fox has come a good deal into favour since my last letter. Muffs are indispensable both for promenade and carriage dress, they are worn of a larger size in the latter than the former; there is also another essential difference, those for the promenade are frequently of velvet, with the ends only trimmed with fur, which must always correspond with that that borders the shawl or mantle. Velvet, and plain satin mantles, begin to be very numerous, and there is more variety in their forms than one could well expect. Some are cut in such a manner as to offer the double advantage of a cloak and a pelisse. Many have the collar in the form of a *mantelet*; others have it cut more in the pelerine shape, so that it descends in a point behind in the centre of the back. Several have the pelerine descending in long ends in the lappel form the whole length of the front. Although fur is the trimming most generally employed, there are also some that have the bottoms of the sleeves, the collar, and the fronts embroidered. A good many satin mantles that are faced with velvet, embroidered in silk to correspond, have this trimming as well as that of the cuffs edged with fur. Pelisses both of satin and velvet are also adopted a good deal in out-door dress. I should observe, that both pelisses and mantles, when made of plain materials, are of dark colours; indeed, the majority are black, of that raven hue which was formerly employed only for mourning, and latterly has been quite laid aside. It is now in great request not only for mourning, but for fancy black, which is this year very much in favour. Some of these pelisses are made with a large shawl pelerine, falling low round the *corsage*, and the fronts turning back in the lappel style. If the

pelisse is velvet, it is lined with rose coloured or green quadrilled satin; if it is satin, it is lined with plain velvet, or quadrilled *pou de Soie*. As the lining forms the outside of the pelerine and lappels, the effect is very striking. The sleeves both of promenade pelisses and robes are decidedly of the moderately large kind. Not a single sleeve is to be seen quite tight to the arm; those full in the centre of the arm, and tight from the elbow, are fashionable, but not so much so as those that are tight on the shoulder, full below it to the elbow, then tight a little below it, and the remainder full to the wrist, where the sleeve is confined by a band: but when I speak of the sleeve being full, it is only moderately and becomingly so. However, I am afraid we shall not long remain in this *juste milieu des manches*, for if the tight ones do absolutely go out, which is a thing not yet quite settled, the others will soon increase in size till they become again preposterously large.

A new bonnet, which has been named the *Capote Victoria*, is the principal novelty that has appeared since I wrote last. As yet it has been adopted only by a few ladies distinguished for their elegance, and certainly it would not be becoming to any one whom nature had not gifted with an air *distingué*; it is composed of satin, the crown set in without stiffening, the brim of moderate size, descends sufficiently low to completely envelope the chin, it is cut from distance to distance to form openings for the *brides*, which are of satin ribbon. A long and very full curtain trims the back of the crown, but it is separated from it by a row of small *coques* of ribbon, which have a very pretty and novel effect. A knot of ribbon is placed on the left side upon the brim, from which a narrow gothic blond lace issues in a serpentine direction. These bonnets are made in satins of different hues, but rose is the favourite. A simply elegant style of bonnet is made in *maroon*, or dark green satin, the brim is small, rather close, and lined with pink satin; the crown is ornamented with a sprig of velvet foliage of the colour of the *Capote*, and drooping on one side in a very unpretending style. Wadded bonnets continue their vogue, and those of black satin disposed in bias folds upon the shape of the bonnet, and lined with rose or blue *peluche*, are also in favour. Feathers are most in request for trimming the two latter.

Beaver hats have declined in vogue in morning dress, the few that are now seen are either decorated with a *plume ronde*, placed quite far back close to the ear, or else a cord and tassels, which goes twice round the crown, and ties on one side. Velvet is in great request for hats for the public promenades, particularly black velvet. Several are decorated with ostrich feathers, and have the brims a little, but very little, turned up. *Velours épingle* is also very much in vogue, but it is worn in light colours only.

Velvet is coming very much into favour for evening robes, many of them are trimmed with ermine or swansdown. Plain satin, of an excessively rich kind, is also very fashionable. Some dresses, both of velvet and satin, are trimmed with English point lace, in a very novel style; the lace, which is very deep, encircles the back of the border, turning up a little on each side of the front

breadth, where it terminates either under a rosette of ribbon, or a butterfly bow of ribbon, in the centre of which a superb ornament of jewellery is placed. *Corsages à l'antique*, or else with the plaits forming a *gerbe*, are most in request in evening dress. Short sleeves have not altered since I wrote last. Several elegant balls have been given already, and to my great satisfaction the robes are all of those light materials proper for dancing dress, that is to say, *tulle*, blond, and plain and figured gauzes. Some of the latter, lightly figured in silver, are uncommonly beautiful. These robes are always worn over satin under-dresses of the stoutest texture: both the robe and the under-dress are made most unbecomingly wide, and have, mamma says, almost the appearance of a hoop. Some of these dresses are made open down one side of the skirt, but closed by bouquets of flowers placed at regular distances; others are trimmed in the drapery style, by blond lace looped by flowers. *Ruches of tulle or blonde illusion* are also employed to ornament ball dresses, and both pearls and beads are in great request for the same purpose; they are used to loop the draperies, for *cordelières*, for the centre of knots of ribbon: in short, in more ways than I can enumerate.

Ball *coiffures*, I mean of course those of the *danseuses*, are always *en cheveux*; ringlets are in a majority. I have seen very few of either the *bandeaux* or the *Berthes*, which were so fashionable last year. When the latter, I mean the *Berthes*, are worn, they are now arranged in open plats, which is much more becoming than the thick heavy ones formerly adopted. The hind hair is always dressed very low; it is ornamented either with pearls or flowers, and always in a light style.

The Victoria turban, and the Victoria hat, are the head-dresses most in favour for grand evening parties. The first is composed of velvet and gold net, and is always made in one of the full shades of red, as *groseille*, or beet red. The foundation of gold net displays the hind hair arranged in a low round knot, the front tastefully arranged in folds of moderate height, is also enveloped in gold net. The effect of the net both upon the velvet and the hair is exceedingly striking and elegant. The Victoria hat is more frequently made in black than coloured velvet. Its form is not altogether original, being in fact a modification of the *petit bord*, but assuredly the prettiest that has appeared; the brim is raised on one side by a loop of either gold, pearls, or jewellery. White ostrich feathers decorate the crown, they are of different lengths, and are placed in a manner that though rather fantastic, is exceedingly graceful. One of them, placed very far back upon the left side, droops upon the shoulder.

Blond lace caps are as much in vogue as ever; the prettiest that has appeared since my last letter is a new version of the *Marie Stuart*; it is composed of *tulle*, and trimmed with blond lace of an excessively light pattern; the trimming is arranged in a point in front and *coquilles* at the sides, from whence it descends in short lappets. A wreath of miniature volubilis of velvet, in various and striking colours, ornaments this pretty head-dress.

Gloves continue to be worn very short in full dress, they are trimmed at top with a wreath of *marabouts*. Fashionable colours continue the same as last month, but a new shade of grey, called *gris d'Egypte*, has been added to them. *Adieu, ma très chère amie!* I embrace you with a heart full of good wishes for your happiness during the ensuing year, and many succeeding ones.

Always your most affectionate,

ADRIENNE DE M.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATE.

DINNER DRESS.—Pelisse robe of pea green satin. The *corsage*, made tight to the shape, is partially covered with a printed pelerine, trimmed with a *bouillon* of the same material. The sleeves are arranged in two *bouillons* at top, and confined by a velvet cuff at bottom. The front of the skirt is ornamented in a serpentine direction with velvet, which is interspersed with knots. *Bonnet à la paysanne* of blond lace, ornamented with *gerbes* of flowers.

MORNING DRESS.—Violet satin pelisse. The *corsage* and the front of the skirt is trimmed with black velvet, it is disposed *en pelerine* upon the *corsage*, and in the form of a broken line on the skirt. The sleeves, demi-large, are also ornamented with velvet; Neck-knot of rich ribbon, edged with swansdown. Wadded bonnet of white satin; it is a large size, trimmed with spotted feathers, white satin ribbons, and a sprig of flowers.

PROMENADE DRESS.—The robe is composed of the darkest shade of *poussière gros de Naples*; black velvet mantelet, trimmed with the fur of the Siberian fox. The hat of lemon coloured *gros de Naples*, an oval brim, the interior trimmed with an intermixture of flowers and ribbon. The crown is decorated with ostrich feathers, and ribbons to correspond.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—The mantle is one of the new figured materials: a Cashmere ground figured with satin. Pelerine of the heart shape, and robings to correspond. Hanging sleeves, the shoulders trimmed with cord, and the cloak is confined by a rich silk *cordelière*. The hat, of white rep velvet, has the interior of the brim trimmed with a *bouillonnée* of pale pink *tulle*, the crown is adorned with long white curled ostrich feathers.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1. CARRIAGE BONNET of green velvet, a round brim of moderate size, a low crown trimmed with the same material, edged with black lace.

No. 2. CARRIAGE HAT of pink satin, trimmed with white blond lace, roses, and pink ribbons.

No. 3. HALF-DRESS BONNET of white satin, wadded, and trimmed with flowers.

No. 4. MORNING BONNET of blue satin, wadded, trimmed with a *tulle ruche*, and ribbons to correspond.

No. 5. HALF-DRESS CAP of *tulle*, trimmed with blond, pink ribbons, and flowers.

No. 6. EVENING BONNET *bouillonnée*, trimmed with roses, and white ostrich feathers.

No. 7. EVENING CAP of blond lace, ornamented in a novel style with flowers.

No. 8. HALF-DRESS CAP of black rep velvet, trimmed with black lace; it is of the *capote* shape.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 9. MORNING DRESS.—Pelisse robe of dark grey *gros de Naples*. The *corsage* is made in the habit style, but with a double lappel. The sleeves, demi-large, are ornamented with knots of ribbon to correspond. Straw coloured rep velvet hat, a very open shape; the interior of the brim is ornamented with twisted ribbon, and a small *gerbe* of flowers; the crown is decorated with ribbon only.

No. 10. EVENING DRESS.—Pink *tulle* robe, over satin, to correspond. The *corsage* is draped with *bouillonnée*; there are three rows. Sleeves *en suite*, with blond ruffles. Head-dress of hair ornamented with flowers.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON PLACE BOOK.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE ESQ.

A Clergyman who was troubled with a violent cough, was riding upon a horse that had as bad an oppression of the breath as himself, through the streets of Worcester, when he was met by a friend who inquired how he found himself. "I should be much better," he replied, "if I had not this *hacking cough*." And I am of opinion," rejoined his friend, "that you would be better without that *coughing hack*."

It was facetiously said of the new coinage, that, though the Physicians would be losers, yet, in the end, their patients would be gainers, inasmuch as what was before considered to be a guinea remedy only, would now become a *Sovereign* one.

Louis, ex-king of Holland, was observed looking out of a window at Rome, with a very shabby hat upon his head, which gave occasion for the following *jeu d'esprit*.

Why Louis, you're looking as poor as a rat,
Not vexing for *crowns* man, I hope;
You've the crown of your head, and the crown of
your hat,
You would not have *three* like the Pope!

Mr. Moore never gave a greater proof of sound sense and correct judgment, than in his reply to the question of a friend, who, when conversing with him respecting *Little's Poems*, asked whether he (Mr. Moore) did not regret their publication? "I never," he replied, "felt grieved that I had written them, until I had a child old enough to read them."

There was an irritability approaching to a littleness of mind about the celebrated Edmund Burke, and this defect in his character was strongly exemplified if on his return from the House of Commons any book or paper that he had left on his writing table had been misplaced: on such a slight provocation he would, in the first instance, take off his hat and wig, and throw them against the looking glass, and then pace up and down the room for some minutes in a paroxysm of passion. His Secretary, aware of this



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infirmity, would always remain silent during these ebullitions of rage, and Burke, left to himself, would, like a spoiled child, gradually grow cool, take his seat at the table, and proceed quietly with his studies.

When the Marchioness of L—, was Ambassadress at Vienna, she appeared to be anxious to excite more public attention than any other lady who resided there in a diplomatic capacity, so much so that at the Austrian Court she was frequently considered to compromise her dignity by her love of eccentricity. On a gala-day at Court she took possession of one of the chairs set apart for the accommodation of the Austrian Princesses, and though respectfully solicited by the attendant pages to remove, she languidly declined, and in a half-audible whisper informed them that she was the ambassadress from England. Finding that remonstrances were useless, they were eventually compelled to use gentle coercion, and actually carried the *lofty lady* a few seats lower, at which she took umbrage, and left the court without paying her respects to Majesty. At her own hotel she kept up all that petty state which too frequently approaches the ridiculous. Visitors always entered her drawing-room in silence, and were expected to wait patiently for a word, or a nod of recognition from her ladyship, who half-dozingly *queened* it on a sofa at the upper end of the room. One evening, when she was indulging in those

Wakeful slumbers, which a sigh can break
To self and scandal perfectly awake,

The Prince * * * *, who is universally allowed to be the *plainest* man in Germany, entered the *salon*, and approaching her sofa on tiptoe, took his seat on a low ottoman which stood exactly at the foot of the couch on which she was reclining, waiting, in common with the rest of the visitors, the time when the brazen head should utter its oracular notice of "time is," to pay his compliments. When the fit of languor had passed over, her Ladyship half-raised herself from the sofa, and resting on her elbow, was about to bestow half a dozen nods of recognition on those who sought her smiles, when, on a sudden, her eyes rested on the Prince. Everybody knows that ladies can sometimes be in a passion, and be rude, and say strange things, and say naughty ones:—the Ambassadress in a moment lost the sweet complacency of her temper, and being as "ladies wish to be who love their lords," she turned her eyes full upon the Prince, and not in the gentlest tone of voice exclaimed, "Good God, Prince, what brought you here?" Naturally amiable and good-natured, he replied that "he came to pay his respects to her." "To me," vociferated the representative of Royalty, "To me! For God's sake go out of this house directly, and never come near it again until after my confinement, for if my child should be as ugly as you are, I should never forgive you!" The Prince smiled obedience to her commands, perhaps laughed at her folly, and never again visited the hotel during the time she remained at Vienna.

It is astonishing how very differently the same person acts under the same circumstances. When the Pretender secretly visited England, he gallantly kissed the cheek of the old Countess of Dunmore, who, rising from her seat, acknowledged it with a low curtsy, saying there was a time, Stewart, when I might, perhaps, have boxed your ears for your gallantry, but now an old woman gratefully curtsies her thanks for the honour you have done her.

I was the other day looking over a portfolio of old writings, among which I found the follow prescription for the cure of the gout. It being a pleasant remedy, perhaps it may prove a useful one:—

Oh! Gout, thou plague of rich and great,
Thou cramping padlock of the feet;
Oh, Gout! thou puzzling knotty point,
You nick man's frame in every joint;
You, like inquisitor of Spain,
Rack, burn, and torture limbs to pain.

First, miner-like, you work below,
And sap man's fortress by the toe:
If med'cine can the smart dislodge,
From bone to bone you skip and dodge,
And when compell'd to quit the feet,
You wound, like Parthian's, in retreat.

The restless humour upward flies,
As dregs disturbed fermenting rise;
From ankle forc'd, you climb to knees,
And run the round by sore degrees;
So the sour sap from crab-tree roots,
Begins below, and upwards shoots;
For when malignant juices flow,
Hard knotty knobs in sharpness grow.
Old Edipus, the Theban King,
With swelling feet felt gouty sting,
And tho' the sage could Sphinx explain,
The sage could ne'er unriddle pain.
Tho' Stoics talk of indolence,
Man's flesh retains a feeling sense,
And what is worse, the wounded part,
Finds small relief from doctor's art;
Great Wilmot's skill confounded stands,
When patient roars—my toe! my hands!

But as Apollo, God of Wit,
Besides his physic, keeps a kit,
(No doubt to soothe the patients heart,
When doses can't remove the smart,)
This easy lenitive admit,
Perhaps a verse may lull the fit.

'Tis said that bees when raging found,
Are charm'd to peace by tinkling sound,
Shrill lullabies in nurse's strain,
Assuage the froward bantling's pain,
When cutting teeth, or ill-placed pin,
Molest the tender baby's skin;
So, when Gout humours throb and ache,
The present soft prescription take.

In elbow-chair majestic sit,
In full high twinge, yet scorn to fret;
Divert the pain with generous wine,
Read news from Flanders and the Rhine;
Hold up your toe, like Pope of Rome,
Forbear to scold, to swear and fume;
Let double flannel guard the part,
To mitigate the dreadful smart;
Wrap round the joint this harmless verse,
And let Dame Patience be your nurse.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF PAPER, AND STAINS OUT OF LINEN.—One tea-spoonful of burnt alum; a quarter of an ounce of oxalic acid; a quarter of an ounce of salt of lemons, and half a pint of cold water. Place in a bottle, and apply with calico.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Correspondents who send us articles of consideration, are requested to give some name and address to which private answers may be forwarded by the Editress.

OUR YOUNG FRIEND at Northfleet is received and accepted.

T. W. B. K.—We do not remember ever having received the Tale this Correspondent enquires after. The verses now sent will not suit our pages. Poetical articles must be of a superior order to be admitted to our Poet's Corner.

OUR BRIGHTON Correspondent will see she has not been forgotten.

J. M. is on our accepted list.

W. WEST.—One of this Correspondent's poetical articles will appear.

SARAH G. H.—Several of this Lady's Poems are accepted.

X.—Accepted.

G. W.—The address to Fancy is under consideration—it will probably appear.

HARTZ.—This fragment shall be inserted, but under a different title.

A. W.—By a singular coincidence "The Adventure" is framed from the same material as HARTZ' article. It shall however appear.

H. K. will see the article has been received. Query? Cannot this Correspondent afford an envelope, and have the usual courtesy of addressing communications to the proper channel?

W. H. A.—The person who dates under these initials from the Regent's Park, and informs us with much pertness "his patience is entirely exhausted in waiting for the insertion of an article sent three months ago," is requested to buy a pair of spectacles, and look into page 102 of the Magazine he alludes to, and he will, if he can read, (which by the way we doubt) see the important Tale of "his Adeline." We beg to decline any further communications from W. H. A.

E. A. is informed the articles enquired after have long since been inserted, and if such has not been the case, we never return short rejected pieces unless persons give their name and address when sent. Among our file of papers it is impossible to select or distinguish the E. A.'s, and I. O.'s, and every initial through the alphabet.

G. M.—"Dont forget to come," may suit our pages; we dont think the others will.

E. BLOODWORTH.—The Poem sent by this Correspondent shall appear.

W. T. H.—This Correspondent will perceive we have availed ourselves of the article sent. For its very early insertion the author is indebted to chance. We presume this Correspondent never reads the "Belle Assemblée," or it would be apparent that an EDITRESS must be of the "feminine gender."

J.—The rhapsody of this correspondent is declined. Instead of "being written in a coffee-room," we think it must have been penned in a ginn-palace. Does the writer suppose that the illustrious personage he alludes to can only love one of her children?

S. H.—We trust this writer's contributions are original, as the hand-writing and the style of composition are wonderfully different. The Student shall appear.

ALEXANDER M.—To this Correspondent's question we answer, that the three first volumes of the work may easily be obtained at the publishing office.

His contributions require consideration ere we finally decide on their insertion.

C. D. H., Leeds.—We have not yet received the communication this Correspondent speaks of. We request the name of his agent in town. All Advertisements should be paid for when sent to the Office of publication.

M. C. L.—We have inserted this lady's verses, though such courtesy on our part was undeserved. We trust no one else has hit on the same subject for a theme, or she will perchance suspect them of piracy! We think the epigram her friend favoured us with, ending—"An ass now comes and preaches," must have been composed in the spirit of prophecy!!!

A PLAY-GOER is informed we only notice those theatres whose lesees have the politeness (to say nothing of their own interest in view) to send us FREE ADMISSIONS.

AMELIA W. is very idle in prose. Her Poem will appear next month.

JOSEPH M. will see we have remembered him. His Drama will not suit—what shall we do with the MS.?

Numerous other Correspondents must remain unanswered till the next number.

ARTISTS and MUSIC PUBLISHERS, who have favoured us with works for review, must also grant us their patience for a brief "breathing space."

We again request our Correspondents to address their communications to 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where only articles for review should be forwarded.

PATERNAL SURPRISE.—A person observed to the Rev. Sydney Smith, that Lord ——— must have felt himself much astonished at becoming the father of a clever son. "Yes," replied the Reverend jester, he must have felt like a hen who has hatched a duck, and sees it suddenly take to the water."

BURNS.—"Mr. John Home, the celebrated author of Douglas," says an evening paper of 6th November, 1789, "was lately asked his opinion of the poems of Robert Burns. His answer was, 'The encouragement that fellow has met with is a perfect disgrace to the nation.' This anecdote is genuine, and the majority is satisfied the remark is just. His reputation is vastly faded."

Reviews of New Books, and Music, Notices of Paintings, Public Amusements, and all Works connected with Literature and the Fine Arts, will be given, if the PUBLICATIONS and FREE ADMISSIONS are addressed to the EDITRESS, care of Mr. JENKINSON, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where ALONE communications for this Work will in future be received, POST FREE.

Office, No. 19, Old Boswell-court, Temple Bar; sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

THE NEW

MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

MARCH, 1838.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,

CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

THE WIDOW'S VOW.

A MYTHOLOGICAL DRAMATIC POEM IN THREE ACTS:

ACT THE FIRST.

CHARACTERS:

MEN.

APOLLO, *the Delphic God.*
PHORMIO, *a Slave, waiting on Agapeta.*
MEGADORUS, *a Suitor of Agapeta.*
PERTINAX, *a Stoic or Philosopher.*
TRANIO, *Servant to Megadorus.*
PASIAS, *a Slave of Agapeta's Household.*

WOMEN.

VENUS, *Disguised as a Pythian Damsel.*
AGAPETA, *The Widow of Delphi.*
LUCRETIA, *Hostess of Apollo's Head.*
PHILENES, *Waiting-maid to Agapeta.*
THE PYTHIA, *or Priestess of Apollo, supposed to possess the gift of prophecy.*
SERENADERS, MINSTRELS, SLAVES, ATTENDANTS ON THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO, &c. &c.
Scene. Delphi.

SCENE 1. *A Square in the City of Delphi. The Temple of Apollo in front; on one side the house of the Widow Agapeta, on the other Lucretia's Hotel, the sign of Apollo, slaying the Python or Serpent, over the Door. Time, break of day.*

Enter MEGADORUS, followed by SERENADERS.

MEGADORUS. Now gentlemen of the pipe and string, prepare yourselves for a serenade, such as befits her for whom it is intended—and you who give voice to melody—ye mouth-pieces of harmony, clear your throats, and begin, yonder is your post.

1st SERENADER. What! under yon green lattice? Why, that's the abode of the Widow Agapeta! You jest, Sir!

MEGADORUS. Well! and what if she be a widow! She didn't lose her ears when she lost her husband I suppose? Strike up I say—begin!

GLEE OF SERENADERS.

Up! behold 'tis morning!
And the sun with glowing ray
Illumes the twilight cold and grey,
Up! behold 'tis morning!
Maidens! ope your conquering eyes!
Wake the zephyrs of your sighs!
See the DELPHIC GOD arise!
Up! behold 'tis morning!
Fathers! wake to worldly care
To hoard for each unthrifty heir!
Wives! to household duties rise,
Husbands! look about! be wise,
For now the sun with glowing ray
Kisses the tears of night away,
And the glad earth keeps holiday!
So up! behold 'tis morning!

PHORMIO *appears in the balcony of Agapeta's House.*

PHORMIO. What do ye here ye noisy revellers? Your music is ill-timed. Begone, I say, and leave the mourner to repose in peace.

MEGA. Who is yon fellow, that accosts us thus?

1st SERENADER. Oh! 'tis the surly slave, who tends her person.

MEGA. Enough of music—vanish. (*Exit Serenaders.*) I'll try what words can do. The sun breaks nobly Signor Slave—good morrow. A charming spot this to enjoy a breakfast, or quaff a cup of Lesbian wine in. Will you accept the purchase of a flask? No answer yet? How happy is thy mistress to possess so discreet a slave. You wouldn't slip a letter into her hand now I'll be sworn, nor breathe a soft message into her ear, as you carry her parasol to shade her from the sun, eh, friend?

PHOR. Who art thou to question thus the servant of another?

MEGA. Who *am I*, slave? Megadorus, a magnifico of Thebes, as rich a man as any in Greece; aye, and as liberal too—come down and prove it. (*Shewing a purse.*)

PHOR. Go to your couch, Magnifico! 'tis too early for the rich to walk abroad—Labour only is stirring with the lark, to hear his matin hymn!

(*Exit from the balcony.*)

MEGA. By the lyre of Apollo, a sorry reception this! To be scouted by a base-born slave—a scraper of trenchers—a beast of burden.

I'll make him swallow a piece of my sword. I'll teach him to insult a Magnifico! (*Draws his sword.*)

Enter Lucretia from the Hotel.

LUCRETIA. Hey-day! what a clatter! Put up your sword, Magnifico, and work by a gentler weapon, if you wish to conquer *there*.

MEGA. Hostess, I'm flouted, scouted, insulted; my serenade's not listened to.

LUC. Fiddlesticks for your serenade.

MEGA. Fiddlesticks! I'd have you to know there were both fiddlesticks and fiddles, trombones, bassoons, and voices too to woo her.

LUC. Well! and if there had been drums, trumpets, aye and horns to boot, you would not have moved the lady.

MEGA. Will nothing tickle her ears?

LUC. Never concern yourself about tickling her ears, Magnifico! but *touch her heart*, and this must be done through the medium of the senses. Feast her, regale her—feed her pride, animate her with the dance—warm her with generous wine—'tis the glowing sunbeam, that is sure to thaw the coldest heart—

SONG, LUCRETIA.

Wine, like riches, wins the maiden,

Thaws the ice around her heart!

Soothes the breast with sorrow laden,

Heals the bosom's deepest smart!

Wine! Wine!

That spell divine,

Love's surest friend is Gen'rous Wine!

Do friends forsake, has hope betray'd thee,

Does the false world coldly frown?

Try the charm that's sure to aid thee,

And in Wine thy sorrows drown!

Wine! Wine!

That spell divine,

Man's surest friend is Gen'rous Wine!

MEGA. Bravo! bravo! by the beams of Apollo, you say right; I'll have rivers of wine, if that will win her; and she shall float into my arms chin deep in nectar!

LUC. I have all the wines of Greece in my cellar, from the rich Pramnian sacred to Ceres, down to the humble Chian, without mixture, pure and unalloyed. You must come to me as your best physician.

MEGA. That will I, my dainty hostess; and I'll feast her rarely. I'll set the spits turning, the cellars running—I'll be the making of your house—so we can but move her to smile on my suit. About it, and speedily—I'll go pen an invitation to the widow, and thou shalt carry it.

LUC. Admirable, excellent! I see you're a lover of the right metal—none of your shilly-shally gallants, who while they are considering how to act, let another run away with the prize. (*Aside*) If I humour him he'll run up a rare bill.

MEGA. Come, hostess, let the tables be sponged, the lamps scented with sweet odours, strew the floors with myrtle, and wreath us chaplets of fresh roses—nothing shall be wanting. I'll bring some merry Greeks to keep the flaggons joggling—Anticks to make sport—piping boys and dancing girls: all that can charm her taste or minister to her pleasure shall be sought for, and if it fail to move her, why then she must be some-

thing more, or less than woman. Come, about it, I say—about it.

LUC. Oh! rare Magnifico! I fly to execute your commands! [*Exeunt.*]

(Enter Apollo, habited as a Traveller.)

APOLLO. So, here I am at last, in my own proper City of Delphi, and yonder's my famous Temple, which I have never yet had the curiosity to visit. A pretty fair confession for a tutelary deity—but I have been oftener round the world than into it. Humph! what have we here? (*Looking at the sign over Lucretia's door.*) A libel on myself—to invite travellers within. Well, as they have posted me on the threshold, I'll e'en make bold to enter.

(As Apollo is going into the Hotel, enter Venus, habited as a Pythian Damsel.)

VENUS. Ah! good Sir, sweet Sir; for the love of Apollo, one poor denier—cross my palm with a piece of silver, and may the Oracle repay you tenfold. Give me a ducatoon, and I'll tell you a secret worth a talent!

APOLLO. Go your ways, child. I never encourage beggars—at least of my own country—and if I did, what secret can *you* possess, worth my purchase?

VENUS. If you have any sly sins, Sir, on your conscience, beware of the Oracle—'tis a notable diviner. Look at these lines, Sir—nay, do but look, 'tis an honest palm.

APOLLO. 'Tis a fair one, Hussy, aye and a soft one to boot. By all the Loves and Graces that revel in these lines, 'tis the palm of Venus' self! Sweet as Ambrosia, soft as cygnet's down!

VENUS. What! you've found me out at last? Oh, most sapient Apollo!

APOLLO. Sweet Cytherea, be not too hard upon me. I am just descended from Parnassus, and my head is somewhat confused by the jingling of the numerous lyres of my would-be votaries—for in these days of universal genius, all think themselves entitled to worship at my shrine.

VENUS. But what brings you on earth?

APOLLO. To visit the Oracle; I must refresh it with a little Inspiration—Superstition begins to flag, the world is becoming too much enlightened.

VENUS. Not for Apollo, I should hope. You see I am become one of your retainers—*Curiosity* (for though an immortal, I have that spice of the *woman* in me) prompts me to take a peep at the fair widow in this City, of whom rumour, with its thousand tongues, speaks so loudly. One of your Temple-Virgins was bearing her a message from the Pythia, and by the aid of a little bribery, which not even a Vestal is proof against, I borrowed her garb, and thus you see her personified. Tell me, do I *look* the character pretty well?

APOLLO. (*Laughing.*) Venus a Vestal! Why, what metamorphosis may we expect next in this age of changes?

VENUS. Oh! you are picking up your wicked wits again, I see. But *you* have seen the widow?

APOLLO. Never. This is the first time I ever set my foot in Delphi.

VENUS. But you've heard, doubtless, that she's an obstinate revolter against *my* power, and I'm determined to bring her to allegiance;—she has slave—

APOLLO. One Phormio.

VENUS. What you know then —

APOLLO. That he has a mother, named Venus, a mischief-working fair one, certainly.

VENUS. What! Have you divined the story?

APOLLO. Come, come, though a Goddess, you must own you've some mortal feelings.

VENUS. Well, let them pass—I was speaking to you of Phormio.

APOLLO. I'm all attention.

VENUS. You must know the poor lad is most desperately in Love.

APOLLO. A little of the family failing! Proceed.

VENUS. Yes—in love, and with his mistress! —this fair, but inflexible widow. Now the Pythia is going to her, and you must give Phormio a helping hand with the Oracle.

APOLLO. I comprehend your plan. She shall prophecy as you wish; but, you'll give me a reward for my assistance. (*Smiling and going to kiss her.*)

VENUS. Oh! fie—I thought mortals only required to be paid for helping one another. (*He kisses her.*) For shame, before your own Temple, and under the very gaze of the Sun. I thought Diana only permitted such innovations.

APOLLO. Diana! why she's a Prude!

VENUS. A close one, I grant you; but she often looks unblushingly on what the Sun would weep to behold.

APOLLO. Oh! you're censorious! Though, to own the truth, when my car has sometimes locked wheels with her chariot in the twilight, I have fancied I discovered Endymion asleep in the corner!

SONG, APOLLO.

There's many a scene
Neath the cold moonbeam,
That sets the bosom glowing;
In the moonlit grove
Where lovers rove,
Are secrets heard, worth knowing!
Night comes to aid
The bashful maid
And curtain her blushes over;
When the blue skies gleam
With the soft moonbeam,
And she flies to meet her lover!

EXEUNT. (*Apollo into the Temple.*)

SCENE II A STREET IN THE CITY OF DELPHI.

Enter PHORMIO and PASIAS, meeting.

PASIAS. How now, Phormio? Whither away in such haste?

PHORMIO. I bear a message from the Priestess of the Temple to our mistress, Agapeta!

PAS. Aye! Rumour says she's about to take the vow—can it be so?

PHOR. I trust not! For, if we lose her, who can replace to us so good a mistress?—kind, gentle, and indulgent; bondage with her is no slavery!

PAS. Humph! Why we may change for the worse, certainly!

PHOR. Any change from her service must be for the worse.

PAS. (*Pointing to a silver chain ring round his ankle.*) Would the loss of this badge be so very disastrous, think ye?

PHOR. Aye! Liberty would have no charms for me, bereft as it would be of her presence. But I must not turn loiterer. Farewell, good Pasias, thou shalt be welcome to my share of liberty, whenever I possess it. [*Exit.*]

PAS. (*Alone.*) Kind-hearted creature! Well may his time pass happily, for everybody loves him. But his bosom, unlike mine, bears not the shadow of one sad remembrance, to darken every scene! My wife, my children! Shall we never meet again?

SONG, PASIAS.

I must wander, sad and lonely,
Exiled on a foreign strand!
Doom'd to bear, not fetters only,
But to mourn my native land!
Sadly still I sigh for thee,
Nurse of the brave! Dear Liberty!

Though I gaze on Wealth and Beauty
Here, 'mid Pleasure's syren bowers;
I but act the Slave's sad duty,
Like a Drone, amid the flowers!
Sadly sighing, still for thee,
Nurse of the Brave! Dear Liberty!

Exit.

SCENE III. A MAGNIFICENT SALOON.

AGAPETA is discovered, splendidly habited, listlessly reclining on a couch. Groups of male and female slaves attending on her.

CHORUS OF SLAVES.

Bright God of Day! Bright God of Day!
Thy radiant Coursers mount the sky!
Thy golden Car impels its way,
And leaves a beaming track on high!
Bright God of Day! Bright God of Day!
Thou light'st the Earth, thou warm'st the Air,
Thy glowing influence all things prove,
Except the bosom of the Fair—
Whose icy heart disdains to Love!
Disdains to Love! Disdains to Love!

AGAPETA. No more of this! I banish notes of Love,

When I command your voices, let me have
Soft, pensive airs, breathing in unison
With my sad sighs; fit for the sober widowhood
Of one whose heart lies buried in the tomb!

PHILENIS. Alas! poor heart! and is it wholly dead?

Will nought restore its animation?

AGAP. Nothing! nothing! (*mournfully.*)

PHI. What! not if another Orpheus could be found, to wake it with his lute?

AGAP. Away, away!

PHI. Is it tougher than the oaks? harder than the rocks—for they bent and softened at music's voice?

AGAP. Prithee be silent! Which of my slaves carried my request to the Oracle?

PHI. 'Twas Phormio, Lady!

AGAP. Bid him come hither. (*Phormio advances from the group of slaves.*) Now, fellow! didst thou see the Priestess?

PHORMIO. Yea, Lady—after matins she'll attend thee.

AGAP. 'Tis well. (*He bows and retires.*) Philenis?

PHI. Gracious mistress!

AGAP. How long has that slave, Phormio, been in our service?

PHI. About three moons! He was purchased from the master of a Rhodian Galley.

AGAP. I recollect. A fitting slave methinks.

PHI. Aye, marry is he, and the kindest creature—not like the common slaves, rude and discourteous, but formed to wait, and be the Slave of Beauty—

AGAP. Heyday! your tongue grows eloquent. But have a care—a slave is still a *man*, and may be made Love's subtle instrument. What dost discover in this Phormio to praise him thus?

PHI. That which the diamond was before the light beamed on it—a precious gem, hid in a barbarous soil!

AGAP. Ridiculous! He touches the Lute, I suppose, or sings a little.

PHI. Oh! more, much more; he is a Poet, and rivals Sappho in her strains of love! So melting and so moving—shall I sing one?

AGAP. Thou know'st I have proscribed them. But no matter, I'll yield this once, just to confute such boasting! Now for a specimen of *thine* Apollo, girl!

SONG, PHILENIS.

I turn'd to thee! when other eyes
Look'd cold and frowning o'er my way!
And, then I saw a smile arise
To cheer the Pilgrim with its ray!
When all around look'd lone and drear,
And Hope had set, in Sorrow's sky,—
I turn'd to Thee! and check'd the tear
That trembling, linger'd in mine eye!

I said, though Fate looks sternly down,
Though scorn on many a face I see;
I'll heed alike both smile or frown—
So One lov'd eye looks kind on me!
Then onward—onward—yet awhile
I'll struggle through Life's stormy wave;
Sure, while I live to share thy smile
And know thy tear shall gem my Grave!

AGAP. I like the melody, and the matter is not amiss. But who comes hither?

PHI. The Hostess of Apollo, our neighbour Lucretia.

Enter LUCRETIA, bearing a rich purple robe and a chaplet of roses.

LUCRETIA. Most fair and noble lady! the Magnifico Megadorus, attracted by your beauty (for you are the Rose, round which the honey-bees flutter) is arrived in Delphi, and entreats permission to throw himself at your feet, the humblest of your slaves. He holds a banquet to-morrow at my poor house, to which gallants and gentle dames are bidden. Yourself he has selected to preside, Queen of the festal hour! By me he sends this purple robe and crown.

AGAP. (*interrupting her.*) Tell the Magnifico, I will not come.

LUC. So brief an answer?

AGAP. Such his boldness merits.

LUC. Sweeten this Spartan brevity, I pray you, With some few dew-drops of Athenian honey, So shall those lips that wear the bee's sharp sting Fear his sweet bag withal!

AGA. Go, tell your guest

That his Beotian banquet suits not me,
Nor shall the widow of Epicrates
Ape the loose manners of the Theban dames,
And like th' Ephesian hypocrite, insult
Her husband's ashes ere the urn be dry
Which her false tears had wetted! So report—
You have our answer!

LUC. Must I carry back
No sweeter words? Now Venus turn your heart;
Why half our City's fill'd with suitors to you,
And all rejected! Well, the time *will* come
Cupid *must* have revenge!

[*Exit.*]

AGAP. Am I so lightly thought of that this Theban

Dares thus to bid me to his wanton revels?
Am I so sunk? I who but late was reverenc'd
By my dead husband, like a sainted thing
Worshipp'd with bended knees, beheld at distance
As one too pure for any earthly sense?
Not if the Gods were to descend on earth
Should they e'er shake my constancy! till death
I will remain a widow!

Enter VENUS, habited as a Pythian Damsel.

VENUS. Good morrow, gentle lady; the blessing of the Pythia rest upon you!

AGA. Welcome, damsel; a sister of the Temple as I take it?

VENUS. A poor retainer of Apollo, Lady! (*aside.*) By Cupid's bow but she is fair to look on. The holy Priestess doth commend her to you—she's coming on the instant!

AGA. She honours her poor servant. Happy Pythian, how enviable is thy lot!

VENUS. Can it be true, Lady, that you desire the cloister?

AGA. I am weary of the world!

VENUS. Young, beauteous, formed for Love, why should *that* be? Try it a little longer.

AGA. Love! a Sister of the Temple talk of Love! What knowest thou of his power?

VENUS. Humph!—a smattering only—a lucky guess sometimes. I can read its symptoms.

AGA. What are they? I fain would be instructed in the art!

VENUS. I look sometimes in the eyes and see it—I watch the heart, and feel it—I listen to the sighs and hear it! Look at me, Lady.

AGA. What wouldst thou do? Not try thine art on me?

VENUS. You forswear Love. Ah! Hypocrite! Those eyes betray him.

AGA. What ail my eyes?

VENUS. Your sighs confess him, you languish—

AGA. For Solitude and Peace.

VENUS. (*aside.*) I'll turn those sighs to rapture ere I quit you!

Enter an Attendant of the Temple, bearing an oak branch, &c.

ATTENDANT. Let the prophane be hushed—the Pythia comes.

MUSIC, a procession of Attendants, male and female, of the Temple, bearing incense—four bearing the emblem of Apollo, slaying the Pythian crowned with oak-garlands from Dodona. Last the Pythia or High Priestess of Apollo's Temple, supported and led by Minstrels with golden lyres.

CHORUS OF MINSTRELS.

She comes! she comes! prepare, prepare,
 Let fragrant odours scent the air;
 Nought of evil must be found
 Where she sheds her spells around.
 Spirits! Spirits of the dusky night!
 On wings of Darkness take your flight;
 We serve the radiant God of Day,
 His Temple's service we obey!
 Spirits of Darkness! hence, away!

AGAPETA. (*rising to meet the Priestess.*)

Profound obeisance to the holy Priestess,
 Who honours this poor dwelling with her presence.
 Pythian, instruct me how to serve her.
 Will she be seated?

VENUS. 'Tis as the Spirit pleases! Perhaps
 she'll sit—perhaps she'll fly, or sink into the
 Earth—or vanish into air! She's but the vehicle
 of Inspiration—till the God wills, she's dumb!

AGA. I'm awe-struck? Why does she eye me
 so attentively?

VENUS. 'Tis thus she reads the HEART! Anon
 she'll prophecy. Phormio? (*He advances.*)

AGA. Knowst thou that slave?

VENUS. His mother did not know him better;
 but you change colour, Lady! What can you
 fear? (*aside.*) He too is spell-encircled—the charm
 begins to work! Why how now, Sirrah? where-
 fore stand you thus, and gaze as though each sense
 had centred in your eye? Behold your mistress,
 she blushes for the boldness of her slave!

PHORMIO. (*who is supposed to be under a spell.*)
 I am her Slave! the soul-surrendered Slave
 Of that fair mistress! Life, limbs, faculties,
 Beyond the law's redemption: to her use
 And free disposal chartered. She may kill,
 Torture, or tear me piecemeal—I am her's!

(*He stands gazing on her.*)

AGA. Ha! what means this? Why doth my
 glowing blood
 Rush back upon my heart? what mean these pulses
 That throb within, as tho' 'twould break its prison?
 Tell me my fate! Awful diviner say,
 I am not doom'd to Love?

VENUS. Be still, the Priestess speaks!

THE PYTHIA. Thou need'st not fear! no man
 that's mortal here
 Shall touch thy widow'd heart again with Love!
 May I depart? Art answer'd?

AGAPETA. (*kneeling to the Priestess.*) Thanks
 to the Oracle! Crown me, ye slaves, with laurels!
 I'm victorious. Now, Venus! I defy thee!

VENUS. (*aside.*) Presumptuous mortal! Thy
 boast will soon be o'er; thou shalt be conquered!
 Look, the Priestess faints.

AGA. Mercy defend us! Slaves, attend the
 Pythia.

VENUS. Be not alarmed; the Spirit overcomes
 her. Phæbus keep me from the gift of prophecy,
 'tis an unruly master, and like LOVE, when the
 time is come will have its way! Nothing recovers
 her like music.

CHORUS OF MINSTREL-BOYS.

Gently, ah! gently, wake the trembling string,
 Touch the softly-breathing lyre,
 The melting tones of Music bring
 To animate Life's slumb'ring fire!

FULL CHORUS OF MINSTRELS AND SLAVES.

See! she wakes! the Delphic God
 No longer rends her throbbing breast;
 He quits her bosom's chaste abode
 And gives her fainting Spirit rest!

END OF FIRST ACT.

SONNETS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

Nay, do not tell us "Truth is Poetry!"—
 That Poetry is Truth all Nature tells;
 The Summer breezes in the lily bells,—
 The brooklets' murmurs rippling o'er the lea,
 And pining for its waters in the sea,—
 Each with a separate truth and moral swells,
 All redolent of genuine poesy!
 The Zephyr lessons to the lily brings,
 Refreshing health, and warnings of the bee
 That comes for honey; and the streamlet sings
 Its swanlike song, as to eternity
 It rolleth on, yet reacheth not! To me
 They breathe this Truth poetic,—“All things have
 A death in life,—a life beyond the grave!”

II.

There are who spurn the minstrel's heart-felt lay,
 Counting each legendary tale a lie;
 Yet reckoning the page of history
 More credible than prophets' holy say:
 But Hist'ry's Annals are besprent with blood,
 And falsehoods oft the soaring strain defile,
 Whilst ethic truths—tho' robed in rhyming rude—
 'Midst the wild fancies of the Poet smile!
 They, who the simplest song attentive read,
 May find in lowly verse (as in rough mine
 To careful gaze the precious gem is brought,)
 A thing to touch the heart, and waken thought:—
 For Fiction's most fantastic paths may lead
 To the high hill where Truth erects her shrine!

STANZAS.

How strange, the SUN with all his power
 Owns a majestic hand,
 Created Him and sent him forth
 To rule a mighty land.

How strange, the silent gentle MOON
 'Mid clouds of liquid light,
 Owns 'twas a God who placed her there
 As radiant Queen of Night.

How strange that every FLOWER that grows
 Bows to that Heavenly sway
 Which breath'd such perfume in their cells,
 And painted them so gay.

How strange that every BIRD that sings
 Warbles His praise on high,
 Who with a glorious hand hath cloth'd
 Their wings in gorgeous dye.

How strange; the OCEAN curbs its waves
 Obedient to that will,
 Whose pow'r can hush the raging storms
 And bid the winds "be still."

'Tis MAN alone who disregards
 That wise Almighty source,
 Whose never-failing power directs
 The meanest atom's course!

LYRA, JUN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COPPER KETTLE.

(SECOND SERIES).

No. I.

Comment vous portez vous! fair reader, how has the world used you since last we met, how many new captives have you added to your list, how many hearts have you broken? alas! alas! for by-gone days, "I can a tale unfold," sad changes have passed over me since last we met; but I must not anticipate but deliver my plain unvarnished tale, secure of the sympathies of the best and noblest pieces of animated rationality, viz., the readers of the *Belle Assemblée*.

Reader, when Mrs. Davidson died I was much to be pitied, I lay for some time lamenting her loss and my hard fate together; when the last vestige of her had passed from the house, when the shutters were opened, and the stillness which pervades the mansion where Death reigns, gives place to the bustle of appropriating the goods and chattels, many a scene of heartlessness passed before me, and many an unfeeling remark made me boil with indignation, and had it not been for the redeeming loveliness and genuine sensibility of Amelia Anderson I think I should have wished myself again in the dark mine from which I sprang, herding with beings, who at least did not *pretend* to sensibilities to which they were strangers.

"And is this the very Kettle my dear old friend always used?" asked she as her voice became tremulous with emotion, and two large tears stood in her beautiful eyes.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then I will have it if you please, let it be taken to the carriage."

And now behold me, reader, riding with the charming Amelia—as proud, as the Brazier's son used to say, "as a dog with two tails," though I have often almost questioned the probability of such a supernumerary addition to the haunches of my favourite quadruped, and quite differed in opinion with the said quadruped as to its becomingness; but so it is, reader, you have doubtless discovered this peculiarity in animated nature so prone to value themselves on the very qualities they do not possess, and those that would really not become them were they in their possession,—I was justly proud and could have fancied I excited the envy of the passers by, for who would not esteem it an honour to ride with such a being as Amelia Anderson, the very counterpart of Mary Queen of Scots in graceful beauty and in the possession of that "spell of magic undefined which fascinates so much?"

We reached our destination, which was a mansion of the Grecian order I heard—embowered in the most luxuriant trees, through which the sun beamed with inexpressible loveliness and beauty; but here Amelia was alone. Solitude is sweet doubtless, but I am a social animal, I fancy every beauty in nature is heightened by having some one to whom you can say solitude is sweet, one into whose eyes you can look and trace every thought of your heart reflected. Amelia had loved, had esteemed and lavished the pure feelings of her young and innocent heart on a base lover, and

baser friend. She had known the early blight which makes the heart sink with a seared and weary wrecklessness of the present and hopelessness for the future—how I inwardly execrated the villany of those who had despoiled so fair a paradise as her bosom of all its richest and brightest flowers! I found I was to occupy a place in her boudoir, not a very conspicuous one to be sure, but one that afforded me the opportunity of being very frequently in her company, as she spent much time alone; into a closet with many other relics I was conveyed, and considered myself not a little honoured in occupying the same shelf with Anne Boleyn's pocket handkerchief, one of Henry the Eighth's eye glasses, William the Conqueror's stirrup, Nell Gwynne's orange basket, a piece of Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak, a real Elizabeth ruff, Tippoo Saib's turban, and several profane etcetera's, and some sacred ones, such as a piece of the Ark, and one of the bricks made by the children of Israel during their captivity, &c., &c.; curious ill-looking articles all of them, which to my untutored eyes appeared worth rather less than three farthings. I believe I was the greatest favourite with my fair mistress, who was not the collector of these rarities, they had been in the family many years. I had not yet seen her father, but already I felt a sort of respect for him as being the papa of so fair a creature. Shortly after my arrival he entered *our* sanctum sanctorum, and I was really cheered with the benevolent expression his countenance wore; he sat himself down on the couch by his daughter.

"Amelia," said he, "it is not good for man to be alone, or woman either. I want to see you married and firmly settled before I take my departure from 'the world's wide stage.'"

He looked up into her face for an answer, but Amelia's eyes were averted.

I fear the past came over her like a cloud, and gave that chill to her countenance that looked so much like fainting.

"You are tired of me, my dear father, you wish me to transfer the love which is now all your own to another."

"Come, Amelia, that was not spoken with your usual ingenuousness, you should have said I have thrown my affections away upon worthless objects, I have only a seared heart to offer."

Amelia sighed, she thought this was very near the truth, but she did not like to have it known.

"Well, my child," continued her father, "I will never upbraid you, I will never influence you, William Penfold, the son of my most intimate College friend, from whom I have been separated for many years, saw you when last from home on a visit; you did not see him, but it appears from his father's frank letter to me that he would wish much for an introduction to you, how shall I answer him?"

Amelia wept.

"Indeed, my father, I would not allow any gentleman to suppose my affections are free, you must tell his father I cannot be introduced to him."

"Very well," said her father; "now mind what I say, you will rue it, he is very rich."

"My heart does not crave riches, father."

"He is very handsome."

"So was that deceiver."

"He is highly educated."

"So was he."

"Then you won't see him?" asked Mr. Anderson in conclusion as he put his friend's letter again into his pocket without reading it to Amelia.

"Forgive me, my own dear papa, I will not."

And here the matter ended.

Amelia wept, and her father with the same gentle benevolent expression on his countenance left the room.

Time wore away as he ever will, the feathers on his feet never grow old, and whether we are sad or merry we find ourselves at the end of days, weeks, months, and years, and though the retrospect is so different, though the sunshine of the heart throws its witching beams on every thing with which it comes in contact, and makes even "the wilderness blossom as the rose," yet Time wears on.

Amelia found herself at the end of a month a very different creature to what she was at the beginning. The opposite house had become tenanted, a young gentleman in deep black (a perfect recluse he appeared) was its inmate; one old man servant and his wife were the only persons he spoke to, and they were so uncommunicative that it was quite impossible to learn his name from them. "Master" was all they called him; there certainly was something very interesting in his pale face, his deep expressive eyes, his chiselled features, his tall and finely proportioned figure.

"I wonder," said Amelia to her maid, after she had wondered to herself for at least a month, "I wonder who that tall gentleman in black can be?"

"I'm sure, ma'am, I wonder too."

"What, have you not heard his name even?"

"No, ma'am, his servants call him Master, and all his letters and parcels are directed to them, he boards with them they say."

"Very mysterious," said Amelia, and her mind evidently wandered to the past.

"Well, I do hate mystery, ma'am," said Sarah the maid, I never knew any good come on it in my life: there was that fine would-be gentleman as came in his own chaise to court Miss Minnikin the milliner, I always said as how no good would come on it, there was so much of this confounded mystery."

"You can go, Sarah, I will ring if I want anything."

Sarah had not been long enough in her service to know she was probing a wound.

Day succeeded day, and still the tall gentleman in black walked about the village unknowing and unknown; many presents were sent to the rich and poor in the neighbourhood, but still they came only from "Master."

"Who can that gentleman in black be?" said Amelia one day to her father.

"It appears to be a mystery to most persons in the village, my dear, and I have not the shadow of an excuse for sending to inquire."

This was said somewhat ironically, and he con-

tinued, as if to himself—"some returned convict, or strolling player, or denounced gamester, or half-mad methodist parson, or—"

I know not how long his list would have been had he not been interrupted by his daughter, whose exclamation of "how illiberal you are all at once, father!" made him turn and rivet his eyes with a most keen expression on his daughter's face.

"Well, Amelia, what do you think he is like?"

"Very much like a gentleman."

And so she appeared to think, for every thing connected with this handsome stranger became the interest of her life; I believe she began to question if she had ever previously really felt the tender passion, but still no look no word from him; alas! thought Amelia, he has fancied as I did, that my first affections were gone, and he is pining away in hopeless melancholy. I see he has a miniature even now in his hand pressing it to his lips, I should not at all wonder if he is suffering from the delusion I suffered from, what idiots young persons are!"

And she was sure to arrive at this conclusion just as the miniature was again pressed to his lips.

She thought her father the most unsociable of human beings not to endeavour to wean this interesting stranger from his sorrows and solitude; but the mystery in which he had enveloped himself was the excuse her father pleaded, and she was constrained to be silent, but day after day the interest deepened, and at length they met, at least so I afterwards conjectured by the following dialogue which I overheard between Amelia and one of her very few acquaintances.

"Well, then you really met him?" said she with as much earnestness as if her very existence depended on the answer.

"I have," said Amelia, the agitation into which she had been thrown evincing itself in every movement of her beautiful features: "I had seated myself on the stile with a book and was actually not aware of his presence until he was about to cross it. I think I started, I must have looked very much confused; he bowed and still lingered near, and made some remarks on the beauty of the weather and the prospect; I would have given the world to appear agreeable, but I fear I never was less so, I felt that he had no right to address me, but I could not even look as if I thought so. I agreed with him that the weather was delightful, that the view was splendid, that we never fully appreciated the beauties of nature in towns, that solitude was very sweet—and when he said so I thought he looked as if he wished me to understand that he had some pleasure in having an opportunity of saying so."

"How strange," said her friend, "how very strange after living such a recluse life to seize the first opportunity of speaking to you, a perfect stranger."

"I could make no answer, but such as a child of five years old might have made, and I fear he left me with the impression that I was not worth talking to."

"He left you then?" asked her friend.

"Why not exactly so," said Amelia; "I felt the impropriety of talking to an entire stranger, I slightly inclined my head and bid him good morning."

Amelia after this was more and more thoughtful, restless, and agitated. She passed her days, and I fear her nights, for the colour was fading upon her cheeks; unhappily many an hour she sat thus alone, apparently chiding herself for this most romantic conduct; but how was she to help it? had even Mrs. Davidson been alive she could not have confided her present thoughts to her. Her first love proved to be an illusion, her heart struggling to free itself from this second, deeply bewailing her folly, but every hour becoming more its victim. I do not know whether all these symptoms were remarked by her father; he certainly often silently regarded her with looks of deep interest, but this he might have done, and yet have cherished no suspicion of the truth.

"Well, Amelia," said he on one occasion after regarding her silently for some time, "my friend Penfold and his son intend visiting us shortly, are you disposed to receive them kindly?"

"As your friends, certainly," said Amelia.

"I certainly shall be very much annoyed if you refuse to listen to William."

Amelia unconsciously turned her eyes in the opposite direction.

The interesting stranger had his eyes rivetted on her, but the moment he was perceived they were withdrawn; she felt less than ever disposed to think of her father's friend—a triumphant glow of joyous feeling danced at her heart, she had interested that most interesting being—and had a diadem been thrown at her feet waiting her acceptance Amelia felt it would have been utterly worthless.

"I think, ma'am," said her maid to her one evening, as she was evidently busying herself only for the purpose of getting an opportunity to tell her something she conceived was of the utmost importance, "I think, ma'am, I've discovered the reason that gentleman at the cottage, 'My Master,' as we call him, I think I've found out why he is there in suchognito."

"Have you!" said Amelia, feigning the most entire carelessness about the matter, but her bosom heaving with agitation.

"Yes, ma'am, no good your'e sure—travellers sees strange things, I warrant, well I saw this very identical person go into the cottage the poor mad lady lives in, they tell strange stories how that lady lost her wits, I dare say 'My Master' knows something more about the affair than he would choose to tell—mystery, mystery again, I never knew no good come of it."

Amelia was evidently turning the announcement she had received into every probable and improbable shape; it certainly looked more suspicious than she liked—but then what had she to do with it?

"Do you know any thing of this mad lady, Sarah?" asked her mistress.

"Why, ma'am, I only know she is very beautiful, very harmless, and quite out of her wits. I have heard her sing, you cannot imagine anything sweeter; and then they say she makes the rhyme as she sings it—tune, and all."

"Will she speak to strangers?"

"Yes, ma'am, if she likes their looks, if not she runs from them; she has been here about as long as the strange gentleman, I dare say he brought her."

Amelia looked as if she thought so too, and seemed greatly troubled at the thought. I fancy from her looks she passed a sleepless night, and the next morning going out earlier than usual I guessed she had sought the retreat of Clementina, the Mad Lady as she was called, and a conversation the next day with her friend Ellen convinced me I was right.

"And he really goes to that cottage does he?" asked she as they together entered the boudoir, "well, who would have thought there was villany in such a breast—he looks the image of every thing 'that is noble and excellent!'"

"And we have not proved him to be otherwise yet," said Amelia with that quick anxiety for the good name of those in whom they are interested, which I have ever noticed amongst the young and warm hearted.

"It looks very suspicious, I think," said Ellen, "but tell me what is this fair lady like?"

"Now you have puzzled me, Ellen, she is so much unlike any other being I ever saw before; she is tall and graceful, fragile as a reed, light hair, and of a complexion so dazzlingly fair that I should say she is more like marble than any thing living; her eyes alone indicate the disordered intellect, and they move with such rapidity as to be quite startling. She was sitting at the door when I approached, and actually beckoned to me to come into the garden; though trembling with fear and agitation I did so, and she joined me in the walk, and twined her arm within mine; I confess I was a little alarmed, but the woman who takes care of her looked on, and not appearing to anticipate any fearful result, reassured me, and I walked with her in silence, which she at length broke by singing some wild lay, which appeared like the following—

When summer is flinging
Her flowers on this earth,
And the gay birds are bringing
Their music and mirth,
I can sing with the gayest,
With joy all my own,
Would you ever have thought now
My heart was of stone?

"Lady," said she at length taking her arm from mine, "did you ever meet with a person who had a petrified heart in their bosom? ah! you have not, well then I am one, all the blood curdled and congealed till it has actually turned to stone, and the only thing I live for now is to find some one who will promise me faithfully, some one I can believe too, that when I die they will have me carefully dissected, and this stone, this gem of a heart set in gold and sent to Eugene—ah! you don't know Eugene?—lucky thing for you in one sense that you do not, but unlucky in another, for I never came rightly to my wits until I was acquainted with him—never saw life in the light I now do, the sun never looked so bright, the sky never looked so blue, the flowers never smelt so

sweetly as since I have known Eugene! Well, lady, have you a father, a fond grey headed old man, whose jewel you are? have you? well, I thought you had," (she continued as she saw my eyes fill with tears), "you have a father—now take my advice, even if you should meet Eugene, never leave your father, there was my error, it was that turned my heart to stone, I saw his grey hairs laid low, I fancied I had brought them with sorrow to the grave, and then my blood began to curdle, and gradually, very gradually, my heart turned to stone—how beautiful the Heavens are, lady! do you ever look up to that blue sky and wish you were there? My father is there, and he makes the moon full and round to gladden my heart; I can see him looking at me through the moon, just as he looked the very night he blessed me, and his grey hairs fell on my neck—a wild and beautiful thought that of Eugene's to make me a Princess, and my father a Duke, but it failed—I would not be a princess and my father in the cold grave—

They tore me from his cold cold breast,
His fond but slumbering eyes,
They laid his grey head in the grave,
They would not hear my cries,
I'm sure I could have wakened him.
He never fail'd to move
When my voice stole on his morning dream,
With words of filial love—
And when they bore him quite away,
And left me quite alone,
The warm blood in my bursting heart
Curdled and turned to stone.

When I am dead will you promise to give my heart to Eugene, tell him it never admitted another hope but for him—

"A heart of stone is my legacy."

And here she stopped, and looking me full in the face with her wild and wandering eyes appeared to await my answer. I said yes, for I knew not what to say, and she took my hand pressing it to her lips and to her heart—"all cold there," she continued, cold as my father's grave! She let my hand fall and wandered on as if utterly forgetful of my being near. I still lingered about the spot, but she said no more, the excitement was evidently at an end. But I will seek her again, I never felt such strong compassion for any human being, and should the stranger be implicated in this sad affair I shall consider him a reptile unworthy of the air he breathes or the ground on which he treads—but I confess I do not believe it possible."

"There is much interest in this affair, I am surprised at the nerve you evinced, I should have been terrified," said Ellen.

"There is something about this maniac so gentle, so love-inspiring, that I think you would feel as I did, and the melody of her voice is so softening. I wept all the time she sang; how painful is the sight of such a mind, a wreck, a hopeless wreck, I shudder to think of the load of guilt this Eugene has contracted!"

Amelia pondered again and again on this affair, her servant was continually throwing out dark hints, that the stranger was no other than Eugene, that he had brought her from her far off home under false pretences, and when she found his

views were not honourable she had left him in the bitterest scorn, had made her way back to her home and her only parent, and had reached it on the very day he had died broken hearted, that her brain turned at the instant she looked on her father, and that having then no protector. Eugene's villanous heart had relented, and he now gave her though unknown to her his support and protection.

It was a sad tale if it was true, and appearances were much against him. The stranger certainly visited the cottage, and Clementina's keeper, or nurse she might more probably be called, was seer occasionally calling on the stranger.

At this juncture Amelia's father announced the expected visit of his old friend Mr. Penfold and his son, "and Amelia, my love," he continued, "do oblige me by regarding the latter favourably."

Amelia made no answer, but I thought I saw a tear steal down her cheek at the remembrance perhaps of Clementina's grey headed parent.

From conversation I overheard I found she often met the interesting stranger in her walks, and she never failed to mention the circumstance to her father, who appeared to regard it as an affair of no importance—that his daughter should see and be talked to by such a mysterious character. I wondered at his want of caution—almost fancied he desired that her heart should find for itself another master. He had evidently made some very unequivocal professions of regard, which Amelia according to the promise she made to her father, repeated. "And you would never think of believing the protestations of an entire stranger, my child, surely you have been sufficiently warned I should think Amelia without my interference. I leave you to your judgement, if you suffer yourself to be again imposed upon by specious appearances and address, I must consider you past any advice of mine." I certainly thought this very injudicious conduct, I fancied had Mrs. Davidson been living she would not have acted so—to leave a young romantic girl of surpassing beauty and sensibility with no other guard to her affections than present judgement founded on past experience, was far from being wise in my very humble opinion, though I do not imagine her father knew the suspicions that were afloat regarding Clementina, for as these were only suspicions Amelia thought she had no right to make them known. I confess I would have given but very little if I had had any thing to give for William Penfold's chances of success, particularly after what occurred in my immediate presence once when Mr. Anderson was from home. The stranger was shown into her room, and bid the servant only say a gentleman wished to speak to her, and really he was right there, for I never saw a more perfect gentleman, and when Amelia entered his perfectly respectful address, the deep fascination of his look—alas! alas! for Amelia's heart, thought I, and the poor mad lady's story occurred to me directly—I fancied I could see the serpent gradually uncoiling to wrap his insidious folds round another victim's heart.

Amelia trembled excessively as she returned his greeting.

"I wonder, Sir," she at length said, "that you should venture here nameless and uninvited," and gave her head a very becoming toss, which sent the beautiful ringlets in all directions.

"The wonder is, Madam, that I never came before, in fact I am determined under your own roof to have some food for hope, or to tear myself from this spot for ever!"

"And what will then be the fate of Clementina?" asked Amelia as she rivetted her beaming eyes upon him as if the whole interest of her life was concentrated into his answer.

The stranger was evidently confused, his hand trembled, and his lip quivered.

"And what do you know of Clementina, Madam, to connect my stay in this place with her fate?"

"Too much, Sir, to allow me to believe your stay is on my account, or can in any way be affected by my decision," said Amelia struggling hard to regain her self-possession, and in some measure succeeding.

"Then you will not believe me when I swear I never loved any one but you, that existence is worthless without you—you must believe all this without any reference to Clementina, her secret is not mine—you must, indeed you must believe me!"

And I firmly think she did, or very much wished to do so. But her father crossed her mind I think, for she arose and said—

"I will not speculate upon what might have been my reception of your addresses had you come to me differently, but a nameless, mysterious, nay, even suspected person, I can no longer receive as a visitor, and however painful the effort may be to my politeness and good breeding, I must request you to go."

Thus saying, Amelia rang the bell, and the servant appearing, the stranger bowed and retired, deeply mortified, no doubt, at his reception. I gloried in her conduct, and now scarcely wondered that her father should rely so implicitly upon her prudence; but the effort cost her much, her pale face and trembling hand evinced this, and when a note was delivered to her shortly after, which her father read aloud when he returned, she was scarcely able to open it, it ran thus:—

"I go, most lovely and amiable Amelia, to clear my name from the unfounded charge brought against it; when we again meet I trust I shall be able to offer a stainless name to your acceptance."

There appeared no mystery in this to Mr. Anderson; he had heard, he said, of Clementina, and had no doubt the mysterious stranger was in some way concerned in her unhappy history—bore a too conspicuous part in it. "Well, I am glad he has gone," said he, "no good could possibly proceed from such an acquaintance."

But I am sure Amelia thought differently, and religiously believed the matter would be cleared to her satisfaction, and though in her mind he bore no other name than Eugene, and was entirely associated with poor Clementina, a hope still whispered that it would in some unaccountable manner be explained to her satisfaction, in the mean time she again sought an interview with her, and told her friend the result —

"She certainly is a most uncommon woman, this Clementina," said she in continuation, "I never met with any one who so immediately found her way to the heart, she was writing in the *albour* when I approached this morning, she laid down her pen and welcomed me quite rationally. 'My nurse says,' she began, 'that your name is Amelia, do you know I love you very much, I scarcely know why, but you pity me I see, I wonder how a person like me with a stony heart can feel as I do—I endured so much in so short a time—I wonder how it is that I have any feeling left; they say I was young and beautiful when Eugene visited us. I know I was very contented, but life was not to me what it has been since, I have lived in a world of my own—brighter and fairer than yours, and my father takes such care of me he will not allow the very air of Heaven to visit my face too roughly, and then he sends all these beautiful flowers on the earth to please me, and he studded the evening sky with gems, all for me—so forgiving too! I left him all alone, his grey hairs curling round his face, and his eyes lifted to bless me—and yet I left him—I thought for a week, to come back a wife—but do you know Eugene did not mean to marry me—no, you do not believe me—well, I do not wonder I did not believe him when he said so, but I knew he should not insult me by saying so again, so I left him—went in a ship alone to my father's house, but then came my sorrow, and yet it was not sorrow either, for my heart did not feel much after that—not likely, you'll say—its a glorious thing to have a heart all stone—here, put your hand to my side, all still there, hearts of stone don't beat, a great advantage that, besides Eugene will prize the heart which he failed to break"—and then she sung evidently following up the idea which had gained such entire possession of her mind:—

Some leave to those they love their gold,

It is not so with me;

A heart of stone quite hard and cold

Is all my legacy.

Take it and wear it in thy breast,

'Twill remind thee of the past,

'Twill tell of hours supremely blest,

Too dear, too bright to last.

And as my father cherish'd me

In my far island home,

Eugene thy lost love charges thee

Cherish her heart of stone!

Some day, lady, I will give you my history, with this proviso, that you will promise to visit my grave when I am gone, and have a tablet put over me, intimating that she who slumbers beneath "was one more sinned against than sinning," but warning all not to leave their grey-headed father's love for any love whatever—only think, to have an ungrateful child! to have a thankless child! after years of untiring love, sleepless anxiety—enduring fondness; to be deserted, to have strangers to greet him on his rising—strangers to pray with him on going to rest—strangers to nurse him, strangers to close his eyes, and his ungrateful child listening to a deceiver! believing a deceiver! receiving insult from a deceiver! Oh, he was avenged, my father was avenged." I rose to depart, and she wrung my hand with deep emotion. I regarded her in silence till she

became calm, and then I left her; years of experience could not have taught me what I have learned from her unaffected pathos, that vice and woe are inseparable companions, that the sunshine of an approving conscience includes every possible good; turn aside from the correct path of virtue and religion and the way is set with thorns, and though from the keen sensibilities of this poor lunatic I am convinced she says truly when she says "she is more sinned against than sinning," yet she is a proof the path of duty is the only safe journeying ground in this world."

Some time after this conversation, and before they had heard from the mysterious stranger, who still lived in Amelia's mind as the Eugene of poor Clementina, she was hastily called to attend at the cottage. Clementina had been suddenly attacked with brain fever; the fever had done its worst, and had left her with partially restored reason, and a weakness of body which could not allow a thought of her remaining many days an inhabitant of this world. Amelia hurried to her bed-side, every agitating emotion of our nature stirring her mortal frame; she took her hand and seated herself by her, and waited in silence to be recognized.

"You have come to me then, Lady," said she faintly, "I will tell you all—all presently." But she appeared not likely to do so, for relapsing from one fainting fit to another it became evident the exertion would be too much for her; at length she motioned her nurse to speak for her.

"Shall I tell all, Madam?"

She slightly bowed her head, and the nurse proceeded, as Amelia afterwards told her friend—

"My dear young lady was born in one of the islands of Scotland, she was the only child of a clergyman who had married late in life, her mother died in giving her birth; the care of her devolved upon me. I suckled her, I loved her as my own, her father doated on her with all the warmth of a warm nature, thrown by his loss on this one hope alone for earthly happiness—I never saw parent and child so much attached, their lives appeared bound up together, and I often think the Spoiler would not have found so ready a listener had he not painted in glowing colours the comforts their union would pour upon her father, grown almost beyond the comfortable discharge of his numerous duties; my fair child grew to girlhood, I will not say how fair, how innocent, how love-inspiring. When about eighteen, two gentlemen of property visited the islands, the name of one I am alone at liberty to divulge; Eugene Manning was, beyond any person I had ever seen, the most calculated to make an abiding impression on a lady's heart; I cannot, I dare not at this moment paint him as he then appeared; he saw my young lady at Church, he loved her, at least he gave that name to a wild and engrossing passion, which was from that moment to be the star of his destiny. He sought her company on every occasion, promised to marry her if he could obtain her affections: alas! Ma'am he knew his power, and never expected to meet with obstacles in this pursuit—artless, guileless, innocent and beautiful, beloved almost to idolatry by all who knew her, knowing less of the dark passions of our nature than any other human being

I ever met with—to one of his character her heart was an easy prize; she loved him, and in guilelessness she confessed he was almost as dear to her as her father, and her father loved him too, regarded him with a parent's eye, and both he and his friend met with unbounded hospitality in those most hospitable islands, and he was to sail in the first packet, was to bring his parents' consent to his marriage, and his bride and her father were to leave the island and settle in Edinburgh; the packet sailed unexpectedly in the night, and in the morning we searched in vain for our Clementina. Judge our anguish, judge our disappointment; we did not then know she had been carried fainting to the boat, and could scarcely be said to have been aware of her situation until the packet had sailed, and then the voice of him she loved prevailed over her anguish at leaving her home—he would not wait for his parent's consent, he told her he would marry her the hour they landed, and his friend, displeased beyond measure at this ungrateful step, vowed solemnly if he attempted the least further deception, he would protect her, and restore her to her home. But my master received his death-blow the moment he discovered his loss; he never rallied afterwards, the iron had entered his soul, no one could soothe him, and he died the very day my poor young lady returned to us. I will not attempt to picture that scene, but will try to inform you what had been her fate. Eugene, fancying himself now secure of his prize, and receiving peremptory letters from his father to come home immediately, as a marriage was in contemplation between a young and noble lady and Eugene, poor Clementina, how deep must have been her disappointment, her anguish, when he assured her he dared not marry her until he had seen his father."

"And do you really suppose (I am told she said,) and do you really suppose, I shall remain from my home thus disreputably, while you are begging yourself off another marriage? Eugene we part here, and for ever too; your friend is pledged to protect me," and it was in vain Eugene pleaded, he talked to adamant; instant marriage or instant separation were her terms; he could not make the matter appear in any other light, and as he could not agree to the former, (no doubt believing her incapable of such firmness) she calmly stripped her fingers and her neck of his costly gifts, put them one by one from her, and without turning her head to look upon Eugene, left the room, beckoning his friend to follow her. He did so, and she locked the door after him. He has told how proudly her whole frame seemed to dilate as she assured him she would return home immediately. 'This very hour, if a packet sails,' said she, not listening to his remonstrance; 'you are pledged to take me home again, and I will not release you from your solemn promise; go, I will wait your return here;' and he did go, and that very night my poor Clementina was again on the sea, hastening to her now desolate home, and she landed, (continued the nurse in a whisper, perceiving her mistress had fallen into a doze) the very day my master died. I was sitting by the corpse when she entered, and her shrill shriek went to my heart. Oh Madam, that was a scene!

she became mad—furiously mad for some time, and the before quiet chamber of death resounded with her paroxysms; from that hour until now she has been insane, though quite gentle and manageable. The friend of Eugene was indeed a friend to her; he removed us from the scene of our sorrow, and has since been our unfailing friend. Mr. Manning, Eugene I mean, never has been a happy man since his fatal deception; remorse clings to him and deprives him of rest, his pale and woe worn countenance betokens that my poor young lady has not been the only sufferer."

Amelia feared she knew the original of this description, but she said nothing, determined not to arouse the least suspicion of her personal interest, and she sat still and thoughtful, waiting for the waking of the patient, but Clementina stirred not—her life and her woes were at an end—she had gone off without a sigh, and as if in a sweet sleep, had closed her "strange eventful history." Her nurse mourned with the subdued sorrow of one whose life has been one long sorrow, and hurrying Amelia from the room begged her to write immediately two letters for her, giving an account of Clementina's death, which she did, and directed the one to Eugene Manning, and the other to William Penfold, her father's friend!

"This William Penfold, whom I have scorned without seeing, is no doubt the worthy and admirable friend of poor Clementina," said she, "and this Eugene Manning the practised deceiver, I have been cherishing in my heart of hearts." And with this firmly impressed on her mind, she waited silently and patiently. She had seen the pale stranger enter his dwelling again accompanied by a friend, whom she had no doubt was William Penfold. Her father threw out hints that his friend's son would shortly visit them, and much as Amelia honoured his character, she felt it would be more than her father could expect for her to receive him as a suitor, when accompanied by his dangerous rival; greatly as she had schooled her heart, deeply as past scenes, and past events had worked upon it, she felt the interesting stranger was much dearer to her than he ought to be. She remained in her room the whole time to avoid meeting him; she returned his notes unopened, and his coming was almost an interdicted subject, and the day poor Clementina was buried, when she saw the two friends leave the house together in deep mourning, she could not prevail upon herself to offer the least token of recognition. They went and returned, and the next day she was requested to receive a visit from William Penfold; he came, and as he had sometime to wait before she could summon courage to meet him, he paced the room in silence—how I longed for a peep, but I only could distinguish through a chink in the door, that he was in deep mourning; he appeared tall and finely formed, and I thought I could hear his heart beat as the sounds of footsteps approached. The door opened, and Amelia scarcely lifting her eyes made a profound inclination of the head.

"Dearest Amelia," said a voice which appeared familiar to me.

She started, as if she had trod on a serpent, and uttered the name of "Eugene! And why are you

here, Sir," she added, drawing up her head, and looking exquisitely beautiful in her pride and agitation.

"I come now," said he "to plead for William Penfold."

"Admirable vanity," retorted Amelia, more than half offended, "and what could induce you to suppose that William Penfold's message, whatever it might be, would not have been received quite as well from William Penfold himself?"

Amelia," said the gentleman, trying to catch her averted eye, "I am he, I am come to plead for myself."

Amelia put her hand in his in confiding friendship, and seemed in a state of not very unenviable bewilderment.

"You are not deceiving me?" said she, with a gentle and hesitating look, "then you were poor Clementina's friend all the time, and not her destroyer?"

And it was even so, William Penfold the son of Amelia's father's friend had seen and loved her; and on making application to her father was told in his frank manner, of his daughter's having fancied herself in love with her companion's brother—his belief that it was only a childish fancy, but telling him, at the same time that a romantic habit of thinking had been thus encouraged—that he considered it not at all an eligible plan for him to be introduced by him, not being at all a romantic way of making love, through a father's introduction; he therefore recommended the plan which he ultimately adopted, which succeeded to admiration, and Amelia Anderson soon became the happy wife of her father's friend's son, and had no small amusement in unravelling all the mystery he had thrown round him. Mr. Anderson also had undoubted proof that his daughter had seen her first error, by her candid and sincere conduct in this affair. And now, reader, for the present, adieu, my budget is not yet empty; we may meet again.

MARY.

Northfleet.

THE SNOWDROP.

BY MRS. WIELES-LEIGH-CLIFFE.

First flower of the Season, fair handmaid of Spring,
Robed in purity's unsullied vest,
Hast thou thrown off thy cold snowy mantle to bring
The sunbeams to rest on thy breast?

Silly thing!—He is waiting to flirt with the Rose,
Whose blushes will welcome his kiss;
So content thee, thou pale one, in humble repose,
Nor lose real for fanciful bliss.

Look as pale as thou wilt, he will give but a glance,
And that very coldly on thee;
For, when first thou emerged, he peeped at thee
askance,
And then smiled on the snowberry tree.

Be content, with thy maiden pretensions, to be
Admired by us mortals alone,
For the Sun will no true lover prove unto thee—
Perhaps leave thee to perish unknown!

THE BRIGAND'S WIFE.

AN EPISODE.

(From the French.)

The fortune of the *Frondeurs* declined; Condé, Conti, and Longueville, had been arrested by the orders of Anne of Austria.

During the time that the party were making their last efforts, their principal agents assembled from time to time at the houses of the beautiful Duchess de Mont-bason and of Marion Delorme: both these ladies allured by the force of their charms and condescending familiarity, all those who wavered between Mazarin and *Messieurs*; Cupid attended by the Graces recruited for the Parliament. However, notwithstanding these seducing auxiliaries, the Italian minister regained the advantage in the year 1650. The gates of the donjon of Vincennes were closed on the three Princes, and an intermission took place in the hostilities.

When revolts are put down, vengeance follows and tarnishes the triumph; this fatality attaches to revolutions, and serves to keep their embers perpetually alive. The *Frondeurs* were hunted out every where; great numbers of them were imprisoned: Marion Delorme was about to be arrested, when a report suddenly spread that she was taken dangerously ill; and presently after that she was dead. Her body was born to Saint Paul's church, where the clergy, who were well paid, performed a magnificent funeral service, and the inhabitants of the *haut-morais* were treated to the sight of a sumptuous procession.

While all the parish bells were simultaneously knolled on the occasion, the funeral cortège defiled, at noon-day, on the Place-Royale, before that window where the celebrated courtesan had shown herself so often to her numerous admirers, where even so very recently, she had dispensed smiles, hopes, kisses, and sometimes a rendezvous, carefully confided to a discreet-looking little bit of paper which, wafted for a moment on the jealous zephyr, fell, all too slowly, into the out-spread hands of the ardent lover. The same window thrown open after a night passed in revelry, purified the air of the room from its noxious vapours. Is it now the effluvia arising from corruption that escapes from the same window from between the waving draperies? No! no! be assured such is not in reality the case, all ye admirers of those charms as delicate as they are seducing, rest assured that Marion is not yet become a pale phantom demanding a passage of old Charon over the Styx. Listen!

"Come, fill up, chevalier, and let us drink to the long voyage of the beautiful Delorme. Truly it is a pleasant sight to see one's own mourners sit down to a splendid *dejeuner à la fourchette*, and inhale the fumes of the splendid claret of Ai."

"By my father's bones, thy death, dear Marion, shall be celebrated as the gayest event of thy whole life! Sing, sing to Liberty, merry-andrews and jesters! trust me that that you are about to inter was never half so lively. A kiss then finished the mortuary chant, and was followed by loud peals of laughter.

"But tell me, Grammont, do not the priests who bury me lift up the head? Have I not reason

to fear I may awaken suspicions before the interment? for his Italian eminence would be sure not to spare me: Richelieu, I believe, imparted to him the hatred he avowed against me."

"But remember, Marion, thou wast cold and immovable to the great Duplessis."

"That demon had never fire enough within him, in my opinion, to thaw his own torpid soul."

"And do'st thou pretend to charitable feelings, my fair one, with such spiteful thoughts as these? — *Mon ami*, if any one doubted my devotion, this bitter resentment would be the best proof of it."

"Tis true, as the casuists say, grace should operate on the natural body like strong waters, sharp and biting."

"Grammont, I am inclined to take you for no better than a Huguenot. But look, do only look how the crowd increases beneath my windows; they will hear our indiscreet mirth."

"Wilt thou," said the somewhat grey chevalier, "that I bid them not grieve for thee, for that, in fact, thou art laughing at thy own funeral?"

"Merry buffoon! Alas! thy mad humour reminds me of my Henri d'Effiah."

"Ah! the late Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, whom Richelieu found almost too cunning for him. Why truly thy amours with this favourite are almost as ancient as the towers of Notre-Dame; I am surprised thou shouldst think so much of a deceased gentleman, while so many fine young fellows are at thy feet. Come now, tell me if the great M. was really thy husband, as was commonly reported."

"In truth, not he. Why should I have thrown so heavy a chain over so gentle a liason? Besides, I always vowed constancy in my attachments."

"Thou declare fidelity, thou little rogue! yes, such as served thee on every occasion truly."

"And is it not a duty incumbent on such an enthusiast?"

"I deeply regret, Marion, that thou shouldst be so extremely particular in this respect, in thy attachments."

"Chevalier, the stream that runs quick and rapidly down a descent soon becomes more calm, and then its course becomes slow and quiet. It is so with us: this quick-flowing stream is love during youth; that smoothly meandering rivulet is represented by the more mitigated passions of maturer years. This latter state comes too soon, dear Grammont; it would be great folly to hasten its approach. But a truce to these silly words, and while others are busy preparing to throw the earth on Marion's head, come and help me a little to perfume it with oil of jessamine."

"By the power of thy eyes!" exclaimed the chevalier, when the newly laid out subject had sat down at her toilet, "I never saw thee looking so beautiful as since thy decease, for it confers a sort of poetic embellishment upon thee."

In fact, Marion Delorme, in a fancy *deshabille*, was reflected, beautiful as a nymph in her large Venetian mirror, one would have said it was a portrait just fresh from the easel of L'Albane. This enchantress was now on the verge of her forty-fourth year, yet no person could have taken her

for more than twenty; she appeared to possess a talisman which preserved her in perpetual youth; nearly half a century had passed away before the beauty of Mademoiselle Delorme. Her hair, soft, black, and lustrous, was divided into two equal portions in front, and descended in graceful curls over her cheeks, and formed a rich ebony setting for her matchless features. She usually placed some natural daisies in her coiffure, which well became her morning costume, giving her the air of one of Ovid's nymphs. Marion had a jet black eye, whose limpid lustre reflected all the fire of love, over her remarkably fair complexion was disposed a slight tint of carmine, which was laid on in deeper colour on her exquisitely formed lips, through which appeared a double row of enamel. Our heroine's neck would have shamed the purest Parian marble. "The statuary that fashioned this block," said Grammont, imprinting a kiss upon her lips, as he spoke, "was truly a powerful magician; it is a marvellous being that palpitates beneath this alabaster."

The Venus of the Marais was of middle stature, delicate, well formed, and exempt from that embonpoint which masks the carefully executed work of Nature. She had a delicate hand, a very *petit* foot, and her step was free, light, and graceful. These are all the remarks we can find space for in our narrative respecting the person of Marion Delorme. Those who were on their knees before her fauteuil admiring her fine head, reflected buoyant and laughing in the mirror; such, certainly may be considered more knowing than ourselves; but we will say no more of her mysterious attractions.

Her whole person, so attractive, would have been much more so had her beauty been of an intellectual kind, without which even the most perfect cast of features lose half their charms. However, in Marion Delorme physiognomy was not in the least aided by acquirements, for she bore no indications of a cultivated mind; in truth her faultless body enclosed but a vulgar soul, producing ideas at once obtuse and void of wit. Ninon laboured to infuse some rays of light into this dull mass of matter; but the sparks would not ignite. It was amusing to watch the change of her features with every change of thought, and the playfulness of her smile. These were the emanations of that secondary kind of intelligence denominated sense or temperament; with her, to think was to desire, and her passions were carried almost to the sublime. She had the faculty of appearing eloquent on those occasions when genius itself runs wild.

The admiration of Grammont was about to break out into nervous hopes, when a third person's approach completely changed the train of his ideas. The sounds of altercation, in very high terms, broke upon them from the next apartment, and some one rushed violently towards the door of the boudoir. Marion turned pale; the chevalier drew his sword, which caught a bright ray of the meridian sun.

"Stupid girl!" cried the prettiest little page imaginable, who certainly was not to all appearance old enough to become a doublet, and who made his way into the room notwithstanding the opposition of the chamber-maid; "I have re-

peatedly told her I am a friend, and yet she won't hear me."

"And upon my honour," said the chevalier, raising his weapon towards the young man, "she is right; what do you want here?"

"I have come very apropos, M. de Grammont; put up your sword, for I am not just now inclined to fight. The page now threw down his large grey hat ornamented with a long white feather, upon an arm-chair.

"It is Ninon!" screamed Marion Delorme, running and embracing the pretty mask.

"Ah! lady, pardon me, I beseech you!" replied the gentleman somewhat confused; then casting himself upon his knees, and laying his rapier at the feet of Mademoiselle de Lenclos, he added, "It is not now alone that I would willingly surrender my arms to you; but meanwhile deign to receive my devotion."

"Rise, chevalier," replied Ninon laughing, "I will give permission to my friend Marion to grant you, on a proper opportunity, all the honours of war. To-day we must think of something else. It is doubtless very amusing to sit enjoying oneself at table, and hear one's own elegy chanted beneath the windows, but this pleasure ought to be enjoyed with prudence, and that is not what you have done. The Duke de Brissac, my dear Grammont, has not forgotten that one fine night in summer you borrowed his cloak of him to go and visit Marion, whom he was then attached to, and that you practised so far on his good nature as to get him to hold your horse while you visited his mistress, you feigning all the time to go after some other fair one that had attracted your notice. Nor can I think he felt himself more satisfied when you gave him a certain sword-wound afterwards, and it is doubtless from these reasons that he has come to-day, suspecting some trick in this funeral farce, to join in the mournful procession. The ear of a rival is always quick to hear the voice of a suitor who has supplanted him; Brissac soon ascertained that the only sounds from this house were those of loud laughter, and then hastened to the cardinal to inform him of it. Happily, Blot, a gentleman attached to the Duke of Orleans, was with his Eminence at the time, and knowing my friendship for Marion, he lost no time in letting me know that the minister was about to send Comminges, lieutenant of the guards, to arrest my fair friend, no doubt with a view of learning how to live so joyously after one's death. I did not care," continued the false page, "to appear in this house, which no doubt is already closely watched, in my usual female attire, to be recognised by them. It was absolutely necessary to let you know, without loss of time, what was going on: to have sent a messenger would have been to expose you to certain danger; besides, I knew not whom to trust in so delicate and pressing a mission; then I thought, what if I were to go myself under some disguise?—I was busying myself with this, when, by marvellous good fortune, who should step into my boudoir but Comminges, who had been paying court to me for three weeks past. 'What you, Monsieur le Comte?' cried I, with one of the most gracious smiles I could put on, for I instantly made up my mind to make use of the lieutenant. 'What lucky wind,'

continued I, 'is it, that has blown you to the Rue des Tournelles, and so handsomely dressed, curled, and perfumed?' 'Beautiful tigress,' replied he, (now do just remark the epithet) what other attraction could I have wanted but your pretty eyes?' 'That pretty doublet you wear, how becoming it is now, Monsieur de Comminges; how tastefully it is set off with laces and frills. And these *aiguillettes*, how smart they are, and how handsomely embroidered! Oh! how I do admire that knowing-looking hat, streaming with such a handsome white feather. Sooth to say, I don't know when I have seen such a gay costume. 'Well then, I think it much handsomer than before, since you admire it; much more than I know how to express, I assure you. 'Alas!' replied the count much moved, 'and throwing himself at my feet, 'what a pity 'tis that this pretty compliment is confined to my doublet, when beneath that there lies a heart that beats with love for you!' 'Rise, Monsieur, this is not the time to speak on so serious a subject; for a foolish thought was just passing in my head.' 'Say what it is, most adorable woman, for even thy follies bear a charm with them.' 'Why Madame de Châtillon lately observed to me, with a malicious smile, that the clothes of a cavalier would, she was sure, ill become me, for that gowns and petticoats were marvellously useful inventions to conceal deformity of shape. Now I should be delighted to prove, in my own person, to the satisfaction of that lady, that I at least have no cause for concealment. If it were not so very absurd a thing, I would request of you the dress you now wear, in order to completely undeceive Madame de Châtillon.' 'I here solemnly declare, madame, that I would instantly enter the lists in deadly encounter for such a good cause, and would fight to the last gasp to maintain that you are in every point as finished a model as ever was exhibited. Whenever you may command me to this combat *à l'outrance*, you shall have my dress, and should I fail in sustaining your claim to perfection, may my clothes, when I put them on again, be as fatal to me as the tunic of Dejanaria was to Hercules!' The conversation, which I will not now repeat, lasted some time, continued Ninon. 'What shall I say further, Marion, but that I hastened here to serve you? Comminges had been sighing for three weeks; and now you see me dressed in his clothes.'

"But where then, my dear friend, have you left the count?" asked Mademoiselle Delorme.

"Where he has no occasion for his doublet, and from whence he cannot go without my permission."

"Admirable!" exclaimed Grammont; "no one but Mademoiselle de Lenclos could have hit upon such an expedient. An officer of the guards confined with silken cords at the very time he is thinking of putting Marion in the Bastille. I would give a thousand pistoles, if I had them, to possess such a quick imagination. He would make a prisoner, and is himself entrapped. Capital! Excellent! Well, it don't signify, the rogue is, after all, a happy prisoner."

"Dear Marion," interposed Ninon seriously "lose no time in further discourse; the daylight

will apparently be somewhat curtailed to-day, and evening will presently set in: you must steal quietly out by the garden-gate, and make the best of your way out of Paris, and go wherever you may find safety, and now I think I have acquitted myself as a good friend and true chevalier."

"Kind and faithful friend," cried Marion, as she hung on the neck of the kind-hearted creature who had been so active to serve her, "what trouble I have caused you!"

"Never mind, child, 'tis nothing."

"Oh! no doubt," said the chevalier, half-witty, half-malicious, "I suppose Cumminges' turn for favour had arrived."

"Not quite," replied Ninon carelessly. But hasten your preparations for departure, for I cannot leave the count any longer where he is."

The two friends now took a long embrace, and the chevalier seemed quite willing to join them therein."

"You will not go, Monsieur de Grammont," said Ninon, gently repulsing him.

"No, dear Annette, he will remain," added Mademoiselle Delorme sighing, and will be ready to engage in other adventures. Now if I dare I would tell you a presentiment that has struck me."

"Why conceal it?" demanded Grammont.

"Well, I will say then, that I could excuse the infidelity of the chevalier, if he forgot me only at the feet of Ninon de l'Enclos."

"My good friend," replied the beauty of the Rue des Tournelles, "you seem to have died only to afford amusement to others; however, it is not yet time to open your will. Adieu!" Saying this, the pretty page again embraced Mademoiselle Delorme most tenderly, and then flew out of the apartment.

Saint-Evremond, who had formerly been much attached to Marion, was at that time in London. That writer, whose critical pen seldom spared the great, had apparently fixed his residence abroad when he was preparing to publish some disagreeable truths. He well knew that an irritated government would seek to imprison his person for the purpose of enthralling his mind, and therefore this Epicurean philosopher determined to preserve the liberty of the former more safely to guarantee the freedom of the latter. Writers are rarely thrown into prison, except when it is found impossible to combat their opinions: violence will ever be the first auxiliary of ignorance.

Our pretty *Frondeuse*, at the commencement of her feigned illness, of which she knew it was expedient for her to die, had written to Saint-Evremond to secure her a lodging in London. The poet, quite enchanted at the opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with the woman whom he still loved, hastened to execute the commission, and she presently received intelligence that handsome apartments were engaged for her in Piccadilly.

As soon as the shades of night descended, Mademoiselle Delorme, dressed, in her turn, as a cavalier, stepped stealthily out of the house by the garden-door. Grammont, who had preceded her about an hour, was waiting for her with two horses ready caparisoned, they sprang into their

dsadles, put the spur to their horses, and took the road for England.

Ninon was engaged to detain the Count de Comminges to the latest minute possible in her gentle duress; the travellers relied upon her aid in this respect with the greatest confidence; she had a way of detaining her friends just as long as she pleased. Her eyes were indeed an overpowering philter. In short the Lieutenant of the Guard did not leave the Rue des Tournelles until eleven o'clock, and it had struck midnight when he entered the house of Marion Delorme, at the head of a detachment of soldiers. He found only a *femme de chambre*, who had been well trained, and was weeping bitter tears for the loss of her mistress. Comminges never dreamed, for a moment, that he had been duped by his fair friend; the last thought that occurs to us, in similar circumstances, is that we have been victims of deception: self-conceit is assuredly the most determined champion of credulity. The simple-hearted gentleman looked upon the jealous Brissac's information as a malicious supposition; and in consequence reported that Marion Delorme was certainly dead and buried.

He even maintained his opinion when, ten days afterwards, Mazarin put into his hand an English newspaper containing a circumstantial account of the journey of the two fugitives. They left their horses at a place three leagues from Paris, where they found a tolerably comfortable chaise, at least as good a one as the times afforded, for the art of coach-building was but then in its infancy. To repeat all the amusing incidents that occurred on the road would occupy too much of our space.

Grammont took leave of Marion Delorme at Calais; for he could not leave France on account of his duties. The parting adieus were most affecting; but there were no last requests nor protestations of fidelity: it was understood that the separation was of that nature which dissolved the bond of kindness which had attached them to each other. The chevalier again mounted his chaise, and the beautiful adventuress confided herself and her destinies to the waves. He standing on the margin of the quay beheld the object of his recent affection fast receding from view on board the swift sailing vessel, while she, seated upon deck by the mast, and for a long time bent her eyes intently on the thick white spray behind which she knew Grammont was already receding from her. Between an attachment which is dissolved, and that which may be hereafter formed, the heart however fickle cannot but feel a pang of regret.

Marion took away with her about a thousand Louis, and about double that sum's worth of jewellery; this, with the furniture she had left in the house she occupied in Paris, was all the property she possessed. This woman certainly could not be taxed with avaricious motives in any of her attachments, not less interested than Ninon de l'Enclos, the most trifling present offended her pride, if it was not offered with the most refined delicacy, and even if a little *ruse* were practised for that purpose, it did not always succeed in inducing her to accept the gift. Mademoiselle Delorme always bore herself with equality towards even the highest personages; holding that if equal-

ity were banished from the rest of the world, where prejudice too often denied applause to real merit, through the influence of long established customs, yet still it ought ever to be maintained in the affections wherein, setting the opinion of the world at naught, nothing prevails but personal qualifications. The thoughtless beauty commenced living in London as she had done in Paris, enjoying herself from day to day in the greatest luxuries, as if her resources were boundless.

Saint Evremond, Epicurean as he was, felt himself called upon to set bounds to this careless profusion.

"Listen to me, Marion," said he to her one day, "every day you seem to think only of pursuing a path strewn with flowers; the very air you breathe must be perfumed, a fascinating and gilded scene appears to have dropped around you for the present, but I fear it too much impedes your view of a future, which may not only be destitute of many luxuries, but may also be embittered with some privations. You seem to live upon love, as flowers exist upon dew, apparently unconscious of the certain approach of age. That period of life always brings along with it cares if not infirmities: do not deceive yourself, it may also bring a host of calamities."

"Well, then, I will support them with a light heart and a laughter loving face."

"No, no, you cannot, age will not permit itself to be treated with such indifference, for it deadens the faculties which might otherwise afford us pleasure."

"But not the courage which enables one to suffer patiently."

"Ah! Marion, but where can you have found that virtue, you who have passed all your life in amusement? Take my advice, and become thoughtful and prudent."

"Well, Saint Evremond, what would you now advise me to do?"

"I see two courses open for your choice, by which you may obtain ease and fortune. To be a favourite of Oliver Cromwell's, who longs to have you because you refused Richelieu; or a marriage with Lord Beresford, whose love for you will induce him to forget your past life, and lead willingly to the altar Marion Delorme."

"I will none of favouritism. I know what Cromwell has in view: he would seek to enlist me under the banner of Calvin, by way of retaliation for the two Huguenots whom I formerly persuaded to turn Catholics."

"Call that proselytism indeed! Why the two gentlemen were so infatuated with admiration for you, that to obtain your favour they would have crossed the very Styx itself, had it led to your boudoir; I believe they passed over a golden bridge to the mass. Besides the Protector has forgotten all about that long ago, even if he ever heard of it."

"My dear philosopher, I really cannot open my heart to the ruler of England, however great and wealthy he may appear. One's ideas in these respects are not easily to be changed. I am not anxious for fortune, and as to military glory, why in truth I have more than once looked with pity upon the heroism even of Turenne and Condé."

"Happily," replied the Epicurean, "rumour has not made such a want of good taste and feeling generally known."

"Well, shall I tell you the truth? that I have an abhorrence and dread of the affection of a man stained with the blood of Charles I. I should consider my salvation more than endangered were I to become the favourite of such a one:

"Well, then, marry Lord Beresford."

"Should I agree to it, it would be but a triste alliance. How often have I not refused the proffered hand of a Frenchman, to lead me to the altar? Now would it not be strange, Saint-Evremond, afterwards to espouse an Englishman? However, I must think upon it and decide for all that."

"Be quick then in making up your mind, for the heart of Beresford, although often overflowing with love, is sometimes under the influence of melancholy, and fluctuates between marriage and suicide: for the week past he has been under the influence of the tender passion, then seize the fortunate chance ere it be too late. Only say something pleasing to him, and to-morrow he is your husband, and you are possessed of twenty thousand pounds."

In a week afterwards, Marion Delorme became Lady Beresford; and Saint-Evremond, who had been the means of the melancholy Englishman's obtaining such a beautiful companion, was, as may easily be supposed, installed as a friend of the family.

* * * * *

Nevertheless, this beauty who had reigned pre-eminent as a court favourite for a quarter of a century, was unable to allay, for more than a period of three years, the increasing melancholy of a man who perhaps had married her in hope of thus finding a remedy for a constitutional complaint, which he could not get the better of.

One morning Marion's husband entered her apartment, and accosted her—"Adieu, my lady, I am about to take a journey, and although it is but short, I could not go without having first embraced you." He then imprinted a chaste kiss upon her forehead, again said farewell, and left the room whistling a hunting-song.

The friend of Ninon de l'Enclos was at the time but half awake, and had consequently but imperfectly heard her lord's voice, and scarcely felt his cold lips when pressed to her face; now Beresford had in fact set out on a long journey, although he had otherwise designated it. Presently there occurred such a loud detonation as would have awakened a dormouse, just as the Englishman's farewell seemed to echo plaintively in her ear. Startled, she jumped out of bed; there was an unusual confusion below. Marion rang; no one answered her. In the greatest fright she ran into the adjoining rooms, and had not gone far when she met a tall lacquey, who informed her, with the greatest sang-froid imaginable, that "My lord is dead, he has destroyed himself."

A woman's tears are easily brought forth, even when the heart feels but little regret; but Lady Beresford deeply regretted the loss of a husband

who had been most indulgent to her, and who moreover left her twenty thousand pounds.

The widow who was now in her forty-seventh year, still beaming with beauty, and slender as a nymph, was sought in marriage by a host of pretended admirers; but accepted none of them. There was a man, however, whom she had cast her eyes upon, who, although he made her no offer, had revived within her the full force of her youthful ardour: he was spoken of as a Spanish knight; he had a brown complexion, with black hair, and besides he held his head above every one. Marion soon numbered him amongst her conquests, and afterwards offered him the hand he had not dared to ask.

"Madam," replied he, "my situation in life is not an ordinary one, and I have it not in my power to regulate it in the manner that others do. The words you have been so generous to let fall, give me the greatest possible joy; but notwithstanding, to reply in a manner diametrically opposed to my own feelings. For I love you dearer than my life, but to marry you is not in my power."

"Say it is not your wish, Don Alphonse, and indeed I cannot be ignorant of the reason that influences you—my former mode of life—"

"No, adorable lady, I cannot believe that a woman so capable of conferring happiness as yourself, would heedlessly wound the heart of a sincere lover; your foibles have but proved, in my mind, your capacity to love. But I must here again repeat, that on British ground I am not permitted to form a matrimonial union."

"I cannot understand you, Don Alphonse."

"Nor can I, at the present time, be more explicit: But should you determine to return to France, you will find me by your side at a time when you least expect me. And then I will become your husband, should your affection remain unchanged."

Marion was lost in conjecture as to the mystery that hung over the handsome Spaniard, and which he seemed not inclined to reveal even to one who had so explicitly avowed her attachment to him. St. Evremond, whom she continued to be intimate with, persuaded her to think no more of a person "whose ways," said he, "are as secret as those of the Inquisition. But the widow of Beresford could not impose such restraints on her will; for love and prudence seldom travel together on the same road. What she saw of Don Alphonse rendered her careless of whatever she might still be ignorant of; all her thoughts were centred on marrying the chevalier. Consequently she now pressed in good earnest the application which had already been made to Anne of Austria, for permission to return to France. Ninon de l'Enclos exerted herself with the utmost perseverance to remove the unfavourable impressions existing against Marion Delorme, and obtain leave for her return. Her devotion to her friend was such that she scrupled at no means of making friends to obtain her object, and in some respects she certainly proved all-powerful.

The cardinal-minister himself embraced this opportunity of obtaining the favours which he had

been so long solicitous of, which Ninon, to forward her views, did not scruple to bestow upon the purpled gallant, the particular kindness, it was whispered of a higher personage, had hitherto prevented a liason with the fair Ninon:

Her applications on behalf of Marion Delorme were sufficient to account for her frequent interviews with the minister at his bureau, without giving rise to any suspicions of an intrigue. Mazarin one day wrote to his engaging petitioner, saying he wished to have some conversation with her respecting the proposed return of her friend, to which Ninon replied—

"Monsieur le Cardinal,

"I am not aware that your eminence has ever seen me either at the Louvre or at your own palace, as a suppliant for favours; I know nothing of the road that leads to court, nor does it seem necessary that I should ever seek to find it out; for singular as it may appear, most of the courtiers are in the habit of saving me that trouble, by coming to my house, which they, by way of joke, have likewise named a court.

"I hold it great weakness to attach belief to what are merely presentiments, but still such folly is mine, and I cannot divest myself of it. Now, I feel a forboding that some misfortune would happen to me were I to change my habits.

"With regard to the permission for my friend to return to France, any representations or entreaties on the part of others, would, in my opinion, be superfluous; Marion Delorme cannot do better than throw herself upon your eminence's justice."

When Mademoiselle de l'Enclos penned this somewhat saucy epistle, she knew very well that she was not by any means compromising the interests of Lady Beresford; she was well aware that Mazarin had evidently a desire for her company at the time, and would not be deterred by any scruples of etiquette; for when love speaks vanity is reduced to silence. Besides, the Cardinal thought of prosecuting his own designs, while Ninon solicited on behalf of her friend; and if I grant what she requests as a favour conferred upon herself, she will at least give a personal acknowledgment for it, and I think it must be worth going for.

The billet produced the effect which Ninon had calculated upon. One evening, just at dusk, the Cardinal paid her a visit, dressed as a cavalier. He was alone, his carriage and attendants were left waiting for him round the corner of the Rue des Tournelles. Mademoiselle de l'Enclos advanced to meet the minister with her usual grace and winning smiles; he took her hand, and led her to an ottoman, and then motioned her to sit down beside him.

The subtle Italian, left to his hostess the initiative of the discourse; intimating his conviction of the hazardous step he was taking in calling upon her in such a manner; he, a member of the sacred college, and more, having an eye to the Poppedom.

"I have come to you, Madam," said he, in his ultramontane accent, which was generally caressive; "I thought it would be highly improper that any one should observe you in my palace, (this observation admitted of a double meaning, a mode of expression familiar to the Cardinal) and more particularly on the subject we have now be-

fore us; for indeed the Queen seems highly incensed against Marion Delorme, and, I must own that your note was far more reasonable than my proposition was prudent."

"Her Majesty shows great severity towards my friend; what does she reproach her with?"

"Two things, her feigned death, and her actual life."

"Her majesty shows but little compassion then, and yet she is not destitute of kindness of feeling; would she actually wish Marion to die in reality, to gain her good graces? And as to the existence of that unhappy sinner, our Regent would seem to encourage a suspicion that she does not exercise her usual charity towards women, in the case of the poor exile."

"I must attribute your remark to malice, my pretty dame."

"You, Monseigneur have the power of attaching more meaning to my words than another might pretend to."

"This is the height of impertinence."

"I admit it. But seriously, your eminence am I not justified in saying that I think her Majesty a little imprudent as well as unfeeling at casting the first stone at Marion Delorme; don't you remember that it was permitted to those only who were free from guilt, to stone the person who had sinned."

"Well, let us drop that part of the subject, and now speak to me of what you desire, for I am anxious to consider yourself alone in this affair."

"I am here only as representative for another."

"Nor am I more," replied his eminence, as he drew near his interlocutor; "Marion asks this favour by your mouth, and the Queen grants it by mine. Now the negotiation is completed between us."

The actual conditions of this treaty remain secret; but towards ten o'clock at night the Cardinal's carriage was driven home, without however, setting his eminence down at his palace door, and on the following morning, so early as six o'clock, the minister was observed to come in from a morning's walk, which he certainly was not in the habit of taking. The courier who that day left for London bore a passport for the return of Lady Beresford. There was this passage in the letter accompanying the passport—"Monsieur the Cardinal, has granted you permission to return freely, and spontaneously of his own good will; however, he claims no acknowledgments on that account, for when he serves his friends, he always thinks he should fail in politeness were he to put them to the trouble of the slightest acknowledgement."

Don Alphonse was at Lady Beresford's when this despatch was brought to her; and hearing her fix the day for her departure, said—

"Mine will then occur before yours, I could not before now make up my mind to leave London; but, now that I may anticipate the pleasure of meeting you again soon, and being united to you never more to be separated, I must hasten to the low countries to complete some business I have in hand there; afterwards I will rejoin you. Put all your affairs here in order, and I think it would be prudent to realize what property you possess in this country, for the peace between England

and France seems to me to be of very doubtful continuance; you would abandon your property to the caprice of politics were you to leave it here; a strong box is the best security for one's fortune."

"Your advice is good, Don Alphonse; and besides I am delighted to hear that the beloved of my heart already looks upon my fortune as well as myself to be his own."

The couple bade each other a most affectionate adieu. When the time had arrived that they were compelled to separate, and for a season break that chain of attachment that had now for some time bound them together, Marion's feelings found relief in an ocean of tears. It was the first time she had wept over a fugitive felicity, because it was the first time that her heart was really engaged. Thus it was, that Lady Beresford, for the first time, and at forty-seven years of age, felt that true love which is the gift of heaven, and which imperatively influences all our earthly desires, through the medium of our agitated nerves and our excited blood. By a phenomenon which nature rarely produces, a pure flame had at length burst forth from an impure source, like a blaze we sometimes see arising from some foul materials on the hearth.

Marion Delorme, following the advice of Don Alphonse, notwithstanding the opposition of Saint Evermond, turned all her property into good gold coin, amounting altogether to twenty thousand pounds sterling. This property was packed up and all placed upon her travelling carriage, in despite of the precept of Horace, which warns one against committing all one's property on board the same vessel.

Our widow had scarcely set foot on the pavement at Dover, when the captain of a packet boat trading between that port and Calais accosted her, requesting her to take a passage in his boat, which she agreed to. He observed the wind was blowing fresh and favourable. On the same evening Lady Beresford embarked with her *femme de chambre*, and another very young domestic. They weighed anchor during the night. The three travellers could not help expressing their surprise that they were the only passengers, but when day dawned upon them, they were infinitely more astonished that after having been sailing for ten hours they still could see nothing but sea, their proposed voyage being eight leagues at the furthest. Marion demanded of the captain if they should not soon make the coast of France?

"The coast of France, no," replied he, in the most artless manner possible; "the wind is unfavourable, and were we to attempt to run before it, we should probably be stranded on the shore, therefore, we shall be compelled to remain at sea most of the day, and towards sunset we must make the beach a little beyond Dunkirk."

"But that will take me out of my route," said the widow.

"Oh, no," replied the captain smiling; "by my faith madam, you will just as soon arrive at your destination."

At length, having beaten about all day, the vessel gained the land at nightfall. They were put into a small boat and three stout seamen rowed them to land. The sea had now become calm, and

they presently reached the shore of the low countries. The coast was silent and apparently deserted at the place where they landed; but one of the seamen pointed out to Lady Beresford a fisherman's hut, where he informed her she would find a guide to conduct her to a village close by. In fact, without waiting to know if his services were wanted, a man came out of the cabin and offered to be her guide. He then led out two horses, which he loaded with the traveller's luggage; the fisherman and his son took charge of the packages, while Marion and her suite, assured that the distance to their place of destination was short, walked after the guides on the firm sands. Presently they turned inwards amongst the rocky eminences of the coast, along a sinuous narrow path, which however seemed to be pretty well frequented, from its numerous footmarks. They continued their route for some time, while the younger domestic frequently observed she was certain they were still close by the coast. These remarks struck our adventuress, and she began to fear that her guides were misleading her.

"Are we not yet near the place where we are to pass the night?" asked Marion, her trembling voice betraying her inquietude.

"Mon dieu! madam," replied the fisherman, "we ought to have been there before now, but the devil has been playing tricks with us, and led us astray; it is the first time such a thing has happened to me, and I have been in the habit of going this road amongst these rocks, both night and day for twenty years past. However, don't let such a trifling accident alarm you, for we have now come to the gate of a chateau where you will be well received if you should wish to take up your quarters here for the night."

"I would willingly do so," replied she, for her delicate feet were now incapable of supporting her any further among the rocks.

On this—"Thomas," called out the fisherman to his son, "run and ring at the castle gate, and say a noble lady asks shelter for the night. Fear nothing," said the guide to the noble widow; "by Saint Nicholas you could not possibly have fallen upon a better hostelry, I will hazard my life they will treat you like a princess."

While he was talking the fisherman turned the base of a high rock that masked the chateau, which the travellers now perceived, the moon shedding a pale light upon its sombre walls. It was a square building, embattled and pinnacled, and flanked by four large towers with conical roofs. A broad fosse, over which a draw-bridge was being lowered, served to give this gothic residence the air and strength of a regular fortress. The edifice appeared brilliantly illuminated; through the narrow openings of several large windows, there broke the reflection of numerous crystal lustres; Lady Beresford also fancied she heard the notes of some sweet music, when the great bell which Thomas had rung, ceased to sound.

"Is there a fête at the castle?" demanded Marion, "for there certainly is a brilliant illumination, and I thought I heard a concert."

"In that case," replied the fisherman "your ladyship will join in the mirth and gaiety."

"I fear that would be impossible, I should be

ashamed to appear before a brilliant assembly dressed in this manner, and after my voyage."

"Yet notwithstanding, I take the liberty of thinking, you will be fitted here, for all that. By the miraculous fish of Saint Thomas! as you are so beautiful, I fancy they will not stop to notice your attire; besides, I suspect the master of this house is no novice in matters of courtesy."

Just at this time the gallant fisherman was interrupted in his compliments by a sort of officer, who having lowered the portcullis, introduced the travellers into the castle court. The rough features, thick moustaches, and formidable armour of this man, were by no means prepossessing, but he addressed our heroine in a civil and subdued manner, while a smile might be observed playing over his rude countenance. Marion did not wait to be interrogated, but instantly explained by what accident she had lost her way among the rocks.

"What you term an accident," said the officer politely, "by my good sword, will be looked upon by my patron, as the greatest good fortune; but step this way, my lady," added he, offering his arm to Marion, "and our worthy lord will bid you welcome with more grace than I have done."

They crossed the court, and entered the castle, passed through several long corridors, then a suite of stately apartments, brilliantly lit up, yet without seeing any company, for although they heard music in some of the rooms they saw no musicians.

The friend of Ninon de l'Enclos, less philosophical than that lady, began to feel apprehensive of being under the power of witchcraft, while her femme de chambre quite frightened, crossed herself at every step, and the little servant girl repeated from time to time, in a subdued voice,

"May the holy virgin protect us in this enchanted castle of the devil."

The travellers by this time had begun to notice some cavaliers walking up and down the rooms, they passed through in silence, but from their homely costumes, and dark lowering, not to say suspicious looking features, it could not for a moment be supposed they were guests invited to a feast.

At length Lady Beresford came to a closed door, which the officer suddenly threw open. She was at first completely blinded by the, even royal, splendour of the cabinet displayed to her view, and the costume sparkling with precious stones, and other ornaments, of a dozen persons in the apartment. Instantly a cavalier detached himself from one of the groups and walked straight up to the fair traveller. 'Twas Don Alphonse.

"Mon Dieu! You here?" screamed she.

"Yes, dear lady," replied the gorgeously dressed Seigneur, laughing, "but I am not so astonished as yourself; for indeed I expected you. Since you left your own door in London your conductors have all of them been my own people: the postillions who drove you from London to Dover, the captain of the vessel, and the vessel was mine too; the fisherman too, together with his cabin; and the horses all belong to me. I wanted to see you in this chateau; now, however, that you are here, you are completely your own mistress again; and if, when you have heard what

I have got to say, you cannot give me your heart, the matchless person it animates shall be at full liberty to depart when and wherever she pleases."

"Ah! Don Alphonse," whispered Marion, her eyes fixed tenderly upon him, "is it possible you can entertain any such apprehension?"

"To have shown more assurance on my part," replied the Spaniard, bowing as he spoke, "would I think, have been unwarrantable boldness."

Saying this, Don Alphonse presented Lady Beresford to the company assembled in the cabinet; the ladies drew round the newly-arrived guest, and proffered their assistance, if before supper she should wish to retire to another apartment to arrange her toilet. Although Marion was much moved by the surprise and a thousand vague thoughts passed through her imagination, incapacitating her from reflecting deeply upon what she ought to do, she yet resolved to take the hint and bestow a little time upon her dress on the occasion. Coquetry never loses its empire over women, it is a principle *sui generis*, which no affection however great, of the heart can subdue. In strength, the coquet, (we say not that all women come under this designation in its peculiar sense), modulates her sighs with the greatest precision; in weakness her fall is accomplished gracefully, and her defeat with elegance: she never abjures this study until the world itself recedes from before her; when in anger, you see her conduct herself according to the most approved principles of good taste: when under affliction even her despair is well-bred; her grief is studied and her deep-drawn sighs when weeping are harmonious. In short, except an accident occurs, she will find means even to die with a grace.

The supper was quite enchanting, as was everything else that presented itself to Marion's view since she had entered the chateau; but the temperance of the guests prevented any abuse from the exquisite wines that abounded on the table. The invisible music which had accompanied the jingling of the glasses and the ringing of the different articles of massy plate suddenly ceased on a sign made by the master of the feast. They returned to the cabinet where all the company seated themselves on a semi-circular ottoman; Don Alphonse took his seat in the centre by the side of his mistress, and began the following relation, which he now thought it highly necessary to communicate:—

"Madam, it now becomes my duty to disclose some things to you which will at once surprise and displease you. Henceforward, cease to view in me as a noble Castilian, I am not even entitled to be ranked among the well-bred Flemings; of as low a stock as a peasant's can well be, I was born in the wretched fisherman's cabin which you have just seen. Thrown into the world poor and obscure as I was, I succeeded to fortune. It was not, *Pardieu*, by mere lucky adventures that I raised myself to my present situation: my power has been won by my sword, that weapon which struck out the path designed by my ambition, like that of Alexander in Asia, Romulus in Italy, and Attila among the Greeks. Only the theatre on which I acted was less extended than theirs, so that on the sea I am called a pirate, on the coast

a freebooter, inland a brigand, and by my patron Saint François; and indeed all these names have been legitimately acquired. However, I treat as an equal, if not in grandeur at least in power, with the Infante who now governs the Pays-Bas; my exploits, although a little irregular, do not prevent me from being received with politeness, and even kindness, by the Court at Brussels: all the beauties of the Spanish language are lavished on me there, to preserve my support for the Catholic alliance against France and England. Last year the Infante expressed her willingness to suspend round the brigand's neck the Order of the Golden Fleece! I refused the honour out of pity for the helpless necessities of Courts, exhibiting their weakness before an obscure individual who has made himself powerful; I was also induced to refuse that honour by a feeling of respect for my own independence: a golden collar is in fact no less a halter than one made of hemp, and I will never suffer myself to be bound either to the manger of a republic or the rack of a monarchy. My fortune can only fail with my life, while I continue free and bold as the tempest that I have emerged from, why then should I become a vassal to any one?

"You are now acquainted with the motives, Madam, that opposed themselves to our union in London: such a solemnity would have indeed been a triumph for me in a country where I could not dare to make my appearance except incognito; for, from what the Protector Cromwell knows of my prowess at sea I believe he would not scruple, should an occasion offer, to place round my neck a kind of collar very different from that of the Golden Fleece. Nor would Julio Mazarini be any better received were he to take a journey to Paris, which he certainly feels no inclination to do: I am not more ambitious of the honours of Montfaucon than I am of those of Tyburn.

"And now, my dear lady I have finished the portrait of Don Alphonse, the likeness is a faithful one, he now appears in his own proper colours. I owed it to you to tell the exact truth, I have represented myself to the life; and now to add another word, and I should be foolish indeed were I not to claim some trifling advantage as a set off against so many great disadvantages, I can only say that with myself I cast at your feet a fortune of eighteen hundred thousand crowns.

"Now that I have revealed all, if the man who has received you as a nobleman, should obtain only disdain and hatred in his quality of a freebooter do not hesitate to avow it. To-morrow, at sunrise, yourself, your fortune, and I may add, my happiness shall be freely placed without the boundary of these walls. Alas! for me there would only remain sadness and grief—my only resource would be in war. If, however, through good fortune, which I can scarcely venture even to hope for, your love should not have expired at the representations I have now made, Marion, the altar is prepared, the incense is smoking, the tapers are lit, the priest awaits us."

"Alphonse," said the beautiful adventuress, letting her hand fall into that of the brigand; "what has love to do with all you have been telling me? Let us go to the altar."

"Yet another word, Lady Beresford; your residence here will frequently be no better than captivity, you will be shut out from the world; excepting an occasional excursion to Brussels, it will not be safe for you to stir beyond the walls of this fortress: the female companion of Alphonse the brigand would run an unwarrantable risk in showing herself out of this castle. So you see it is but a prison that your love for me would compel you to inhabit."

"Alphonse, why are we not already at the altar?"

"Well, this is happiness indeed! let us then fly there, dearest. Come, oh come and receive the oath I am about to take of being thine, mind and body till the last gasp of my life."

Thus was accomplished this strange episode in one of the most remarkable lives that history has ever perhaps handed down to us. On the following day, Marion Delorme, beaming with youthful beauty although nearly approaching to her fiftieth year, Marion Delorme, her eyes sparkling with happiness, and playful as a young girl, artless as a child, awoke and stepped forth fresh as Aurora. It was well for this impassioned woman that one idea only seemed to engross all her existence—Love.

"Didst thou not speak of a prison, yesterday?" said she, as she approached one of the windows commanding a view of the sea and the coast of England in the far distance. Ah! *mon ami*, why from this balcony the mind may take wing and fly over this vast expanse."

"Yes, my dear, but the body will still remain behind."

"But, Alphonse, it will be with thou."

"Marion, my very soul is melted to hear thee talk thus."

"We will not say how many days Marion passed in this donjon keep, where love, and what will appear more surprising on her part, a constant love, filled up the place of the thousand luxuries of every kind, colour and sense which she had so freely enjoyed both in Paris and London. The sphere of her enjoyments certainly did not extend beyond the fosse which shut in the chateau, but yet this barrier of water did not exclude any one of her desires.

However, the emotions of this beauty so resigned to her peculiar situation, were not all agreeable during the five years she passed with her husband the brigand; love was by no means wanting to make her happy, but inquietude and apprehension frequently broke in upon her nights. Alphonse had two great ruling passions, one, love, which he bestowed upon Marion, and the other was ambition, that insatiable passion which longs for boundless power or countless riches, took deep root in the heart of this son of an obscure fisherman. His coffers overflowed with gold, and he had also lodged large sums in the different European banks, still his avaricious mind coveted more. Besides, he took pleasure from being in the midst of dangers: the rattling of musketry, the whistling of bullets and the roar of cannon were music to his ear, nay even the sighs of a vanquished and dying enemy were welcome sounds to this warlike freebooter. Each day brought its agonizing ap-

prehensions to Marion; for each day did Alphonse encounter some new peril, he whose image was so indelibly engraven on the heart of his loving wife; effacing the traces of so many former, but momentary impressions. Often did her watchful ear catch the sounds of musketry and tremble, as the audacious pirate was engaged in combat amongst the neighbouring defiles, against anything whatever that might not chance to be Spanish: she fancied that every shot which reverberated through the air must be directed against a form that was so dear to her; and the breath of each zephyr among the neighbouring foliage seemed to murmur to her excited imagination the last plaintive sighs of her Alphonse.

Oftentimes in the darkness of the night would the slumbers of the brigand cease as he caught the first blasts of a coming storm; he would rise, throw open his casement and laugh while the sea foam drifted into the room, and the lightning flashed around him. And when the raging winds tore up the trees about the castle, and blew with threatening force against its walls, carrying away the vanes on the flanking turrets; then Alphonse, seizing his arms, would exclaim in a voice of thunder, "Come, awake comrades, to the sea-shore, don't you hear the gusts of the storm calling us to plunder."

Hastily then would the freebooter, a worthy successor of the ancient lawless barons (excepting their more noble blood), hasten to the beach with his troop, and taking the concealed boats from the fisherman's cabin we have before spoken of, bore them to the raging sea, pushed off, and when the tempest drove a ship upon the shore they flew like hungry sharks through the foaming surge to seize upon their prey, vainly would the crews of the wrecks endeavour to stand against these creatures of the tempest and the night; repeatedly, but uselessly would they direct their volleys of shot against the barks of the murdering pirates.

At such a time would Marion, standing half dressed on the balcony, anxiously endeavour to pierce the darkness with her streaming eyes: now she could not distinguish the figure of Alphonse amidst the dark waves of the bay which extended before her like a winding sheet. But her anguish was redoubled when the flashes from the guns lit up to her view the sombre waters, and marked the space where the brigands were engaged in deadly war. The distracted wife would then cast herself upon the solitary couch, and covering the yet warm place with her body, which her best beloved had so lately pressed, she would caress it tenderly, and preserve it comfortable for him, and pray fervently for his safety.

Thus passed the days and nights of that Marion Delorme, late so thoughtless, light and unsusceptible of any profound emotion whatever; her who had floated capriciously on the surface of the tide of luxury, and merely sipped the rich froth which foamed to the surface.

While this frightful cause of inquietude by degrees brought the light thoughtless heart of Marion to a sense of real trouble, Ninon mourned the absence of her friend. The evening before Lady Beresford set out on her journey she announced in a letter to Mademoiselle de l'Enclos,

that before the end of a week she should again see her; the journals had announced her expected return, and the gay and gallant world rejoice in the anticipation of a return also of those days of delight which formerly were so attractive in the Place Royale. Vain hope! the emigrant appeared not; a report spread that the vessel in which she embarked was lost with all its crew, and the fair passenger herself: Alphonse himself encouraged this report, with a view of preventing attention being attracted to his retreat.

Thus, behold Marion again dead to the world; Mademoiselle de l'Enclos sincerely regretted her; Grammont and some other gentlemen heartlessly exclaimed, "Well, now 'tis a pity one cannot see what seductive attractions fifty years had left her." Presently, however, nothing more was said about her; evanescent pleasures retain but a slight hold of the memory, particularly those of sense; the mind—the soul alone furnishes impressions on which the memory loves to dwell.

The Fronde was now subdued: Anne of Austria suffered Mazarin to govern the country in peace, while that crafty Italian threw his niece, Marie de Mancini into the way of Louis XIV. in order to amuse his youthful spirit, and prevent him from hastening to assume his royal powers. A sort of give and take kind of game; his eminence purloined the king's sceptre, for which in return he gave him his pretty niece. Princes are not inclined either to forget or forgive any restraint which may have been put upon them; and the heart of Condé swelled with indignation and resentment at the captivity with which an ungrateful Court had rewarded his services for the victories of Rocroy, Fribourg and Nordlingen. He forgot the manifest injustice of revenging the wrongs of kings upon their people; and, in short, this hero tarnished his laurels by drawing his sword in the cause of Spain.

Condé went to Brussels in 1658 to arrange a plan of the campaign with the generals of Philip IV. Don Alphonse, brigand as he was, enjoyed a high reputation at that court; for men, however criminal, are seldom looked upon in that light by those whom they serve; he was now summoned to the capital of the Pays Bas. Marion, never supposing it probable she should encounter the Prince of Condé there, accompanied her husband to the Court, while he was proud to show to the world the wife whom he was so intensely devoted to. Yet still the name of Marion Delorme would certainly not have been the best passport to Court, as may be readily imagined, and therefore it was carefully suppressed: our heroine was presented without any allusion as to whom she formerly was, and the beautiful wife of a chief of partisans, on whose aid much might depend, was received with the most studied kindness and respect.

One evening when there was a party at the palace, the first that had occurred since the arrival of Marion, she was there and in conversation with the Infante, when the Prince of Condé entered the apartment. The prince advanced towards the Infante to pay his respects to her; but suddenly he was noticed to stop and step back a few paces, and the words he was about to address to the Infante expired on his lips.

"Monseigneur," said the Infante to his Highness of France before he could recover his self-possession, I have much pleasure in introducing to you the wife of the brave Don Alphonse, a gentleman who is high in our esteem, and who will render us important services in the war."

"The wife of Don Alphonse?" replied Condé, bowing in the stupidest manner possible, "truly this is passing strange. Madam, may I ask if you have a sister?"

"No, my Lord," stammered Marion, pale as death, while her heart beat so loudly that the princess might certainly have heard it.

"This is indeed wonderful, and I never before saw such a striking resemblance. Yet I must recollect that Mademoiselle Delorme would look much older; while Madam here is not more than twenty-five years old."

"I am a few months older than that, however," replied the wife of Alphonse, much confused.

"Prince," replied the Infante sharply, "there can be no connexion between that courtesan, who from her depravity acquired such a disgraceful notoriety, and the amiable wife here whose mind is as pure as her person is faultless. You seem too to forget that Marion Delorme was drowned five years ago."

"Ah! I just recollect that," continued the conqueror of Rocroy, "and yet — By my good sword!" cried his Highness suddenly, "I was strangely deceived, I must have been under some talisman. But then that mark on the left side of the neck?"

"It is frequently the case that different people bear the same marks and resemble each other, and I should hope, my Lord, that her Highness's word would be sufficient to induce you to abandon an idea which certainly is not complimentary."

The lady, still greatly confused, stepped aside and mixed among the groups of courtiers. But his Highness the Prince lost little time in rejoining her, he found her within a recess of one of the windows, and addressed her as follows:—

"Well now, Madam, confess you think me the stupidest person in the world; not to retain a more lively sense and remembrance of our former acquaintance, for by all that's sacred you are Marion Delorme, either in flesh and blood, or else you are her ghost. I know how to ascertain this point, and am satisfied I am in the right when I see that mark on the left side of that neck I have embraced so often; friends of such long standing cannot well mistake each other."

"Monseigneur, leave me, your conjectures are groundless." And the wife of Alphonse endeavoured to withdraw her hand from the prince, who held her captive. However, his Highness hastily pushed aside one of her sleeves, and catching a sight of her bare arm exclaimed—

"Now does not that mark also betray you? Don't you remember the day when I was so enraptured with you that I insisted on marking a burning heart on your arm, which I did with a golden needle and carmine?"

"Prince, Prince, would you ruin me? I am now married and have returned to the path of virtue."

"Then thou, enchantress as thou art, wilt again

return to thy former kindness? Yes, Satan will snatch for himself each of these years of protracted youth which Providence gives thee. Hold now, I cannot longer conceal that from the moment I again cast my eyes upon thee I felt the same passion rekindle in my bosom which formerly burned so intensely for thee. Thou knowest well what a little would suffice to bring me to thy feet; Marion, be again to me what thou hast been before, bring back those happy days which I thought were irretrievably past."

"Monseigneur, you insult me. Think not you will be able to plunge me anew into sinful practices. Your highness will, I am sure, be generous."

"Ah! *parbleu*, generosity methinks would better become thee than me. Mademoiselle Delorme give me a rendezvous, or I will explain everything to the Infante."

"Oh! Prince, have pity on me—do not insist upon this;" then collecting herself as some thought suddenly struck her, Marion added, "I shall be alone to-morrow at three o'clock, after dinner in my own room, just under the Infante's cabinet."

As she dropped these latter words the Prince retreated from her, returning a sign of acquiescence, and ceased from further tormenting the person from whom he had received his earliest lessons in amour.

On the following day Condé learned from the lips of Alphonse himself that his wife had been taken ill, and had returned to his chateau. His highness bit his lips; but he did not betray her, for such low vengeance found no place in the hero's heart. He reflected that to expose Marion Delorme to the court of Brussels, now that she had renounced her former disgraceful mode of life would have been infamous, so he held his tongue.

The war presently spread over the whole extent of the Low Countries; Don Alphonse performed great services to the cause of Philip IV.; but, alas, where is fortune more inconstant than in war? The Spaniards were driven from Dunkirk, that strongly fortified position which Mazarin, terrified at the power of Cromwell, had hastily given up to the English as a guarantee in his alliance with them. Turenne received orders to regain possession of that fortress which Condé was hastening to protect; thus it was that the two great captains of the age found themselves in presence of each other, and fought the Battle of the Dunes. The prince who had deserted his country was defeated, and Louis XIV. in person completed a splendid victory by a shameful act; he gave up to England the keys of a fortress in his own kingdom. It is for poets, not historians, to describe this piece of *magnanimity*.

A body of the free companions had caused Turenne a dear-bought victory; they were the band of freebooters belonging to Don Alphonse; but they were finally overpowered by numbers. This intrepid warrior endeavoured to effect his retreat to his castle, which was capable from its great strength of holding out for some time against the whole army. Could he but accomplish this bold enterprise, the confederate knew he should save himself, his dear Marion, his brave com-

panions, and also the immense treasures hoarded in the castle. Alphonse had caused a subterranean outlet to be excavated from the castle to the sea-shore; and the coming night would undoubtedly be favourable for evacuating the castle with his friends and the treasure; but it was necessary to gain the hold before the enemy arrived there. This, however, was found to be impossible, for a daring detachment hung upon their rear, and the freebooters arrived at the gates pell-mell with the French; thus the pursuers and pursued forced their way into the fort together. Instantly the courts, the gardens, the apartments and the vaults became one scene of deadly conflict. The combat spread over the whole fortress, the clashing of a thousand swords flashed through the darkness of night, the musketry resounded amidst the groans and sighs of the dying in all directions. Suddenly a glaring light broke forth from the windows of the chateau.

"*Dieu!*" exclaimed Alphonse, who was fighting in the court-yard, "my wife's apartment!—the fire!"

Disengaging himself by a mortal thrust at the individual he was contending with, he ran, or rather flew to Marion, and arrived only to see her in the arms of a licentious soldier—to witness his own dishonour by the funeral blaze of his castle. He dealt a death-blow at the man—'twas a horrid spectacle, unbridled passion quenched in fire and fruitless efforts to preserve an abandoned life. The soldier fell upon the floor, inundating it with his blood; the weight of his armour resounded through the sulphurous space. Alphonse, although wounded in several places bore away his wife in one arm while he fought with the other. Now it was that a fresh adversary, young and courageous, and as yet unhurt, pressed upon him. The unhappy, but brave freebooter fell pierced through the heart.

"Oh heavens!" screamed Marion, just recovering from a long fainting fit, "the Chevalier de Grammont—the murderer of my husband! Monsieur," cried the unfortunate and expiring partizan, "you formerly loved my wife—be generous to her now—she brought me twenty thousand pounds—take them—'tis but a small part of the wealth you will presently find—may she be happy. Adieu! my sight fails me—my soul is about to take its flight—Marion, may God protect thee—Ah!"

He staggered and fell upon the yet quivering corpse of the soldier, whom he had just sent before him to the regions of death. New horrors awaited them—the floor beneath them opened, enveloping them in smoke and flame—the planks gave way with a frightful crash, and the corpses of the dead with the bodies of the living were altogether precipitated into a horrible chaos of dust, fire and black vapours below.

* * * *

Five years after the above occurrences, an aged woman who had some difficulty in walking, accosted several persons in the gallery at Versailles; the woman was yet handsome and to be admired as one admires the figures among the ruins of the Parthenon and the Temple of Jupiter.

"My dear Ninon," said she to her former

friend, "I am Marion-Delorme, your early friend."

"Marion, alas! she is indeed no more: Retire my good woman, or perhaps you may find this trick you are playing may get you into trouble."

"Monsieur le Comte de Grammont, don't you recognize your much loved friend of the Place Royale? Has not Marion then one of those features left that you were wont to admire so much?"

"What are you saying of Marion, you old intrigante? I saw her crushed to death beneath some ruins, from which I myself escaped only after having a leg and an arm broken." The gentleman then retired whistling a tune.

"Monseigneur," cried the poor dame, in much bitterness of soul, as she addressed the Prince of Condé, "do you refuse to recognize her who was your earliest companion in *amour*? I am Marion Delorme."

"Why, what is the use of telling me that, Madam, Marion Delorme was killed, I understand, by the falling in of a floor; but even if that woman should still be alive," added he maliciously, she may possibly remember a trick she once practised upon an old and generous friend, enough to efface any of those recollections you would endeavour to recal." Saying this the prince turned briskly upon his heel and refused to acknowledge her; for he of all those whom she addressed really did remember her.

Thus at the two most critical epochs of her adventurous career, Marion Delorme found it impossible to gain credence to the facts, either of her death or of her existence. It only remains to state that the beautiful and brilliant courtesan of the Marais, the idol so long and fervently worshipped by the dissipated courtiers of her time, the very sister of Ninon de l'Enclos in the annals of gallantry did in truth die about the year 1658. In her latter days she became a poor, obscure, and infirm old woman and, as it was said, dragged out a miserable existence until the extreme age of one hundred and thirty-five years. According to this account the loved favourite of Cing-Mars lived in the reigns of Henry IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and Louis XV.; and it was in the reign of this last named prince that she was buried in the cemetery of Saint Paul, where ninety-one years before her fictitious obsequies had been performed.

IMPROMPTU:

ON HEARING AN UGLY DISAGREEABLE MAN
PROTEST AGAINST MARRYING.

Good Sir, I've heard thy wise decree
A Bachelor's life *per choice* to lead—
As tho' forsooth, *necessity*
Did not sometimes, concession need!
I say it not invidiously—
Yet—there is wisdom in thy vow!
For, if all of my opinion be,
No wife thou'lt get, poor man, I trow!
AMELIA W—.

Money! What is money? Dross! Ah, but what does it represent? Everything in civilized life that is essential to man for his existence and comfort.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

(A SKETCH OF SOCIETY.)

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

'Twas night: the French clock on its marble stand
Pointed the minute-hand to half-past ten,
And Lady Laura, vex'd, had fumed and fann'd
Herself quite cool, and warm, and cool again;
Now look'd quite lack-a-daisical—now grand—
Wish'd all folks at—(no matter where)—but then
'Twas hard to be compell'd to stand at ease,
Waiting an early Literary squeeze.

She had sent cards to Madame Quiztoplease,
Who'd writ a book, but never learnt her letters;
And the sweet Signor who'd instructed fleas
In the duello till they bit their betters;
And Mr. Somebody who wrote on Bees,
And many other links from learning's fetters,
Besides Miss Martha Muggins, and six sisters,
Whom half the world call'd *Literary Blisters*.

Oh, 'twas vexatious, and she almost wept—
But now the knocker waken'd from its sleep,
And in the first attachment slowly crept,
And 'gan turn over a prodigious heap
Of drawings, in a gay portfolio kept,
At which all Amateurs, of course, must peep,
For they were *tête-à-tête* on the table
With sundry books—which look'd respectable.

There too, in all its pride of borrow'd lore,
Laid—*lied*—(which is grammatical, which true?)
A work known in the golden days of yore
By the sharp soubriquet of Puff's Review,
Where Lords and Ladies smooth each other o'er,
And puff and praise, and praise and puff anew,
Till even flattery's self seems nigh to slumber,
Vide the Contents of the present number:—

Pope *proved to be no Poet*:—Earl Brainfury;—
Travels to Almacks, by some sane Lord John;—
Nonsense, a novel:—Lady Charlotte B—y,
Which wandering pyemen keep an eye upon;—
Miss Emma on the pantomime at Drury,
And Bedford-square proved not to be *haut-ton*;—
Some papers bearing fashionable names,
Having the Copyist's, not the Author's claims.

Now then began the Babel-clash of tongues—
The seven Miss Muggins' talk'd, and talk'd, ye
powers!

(While old Sir Adam Abra'm Fungs Fitz-Fungs,
Stood like a bust 'midst a parterre of flowers,)
As tho' each had *twice seven* pair of lungs,
By the aforesaid time-piece full three hours,
Of th' electric spark, prints, politics, conchology,
Plays, poems, *patience*, painting, and phrenology.

Miss Winterbloom—fast withering on the stem
Of stern virginity, was on the scout
To praise the Ancients. She'd have kiss'd the hem
Of Joseph's garment, (if 'twas not worn out)
To a snug coterie began "A-hem! hem! hem!
I wonder why folks make a rout about
The Moderns;—*virtue* in the times gone by——"
Here she was stopped by Lady L—'s reply.

"Talk of the purity of times gone by,
Of Greece, and Rome! You really claim my pity,
My dearest friend, for Socrates—not I—
Tells very strange tales of the shrew, Xantippe:
And she,—you'll find it written by—by—by—
I forget whom—but I will ask Miss Kitty,
The Cloudbrain's niece:—'tis odd, indeed, is't not,
Things of such interest should be soon forgot?"

"And how can you, my dear, sweet Lady Gibbs,
Say that the ancients knew not of divorces?
You quite mistake, love, unless Plutarch fibs:
And Master Strabo, in his sage discourses,
Allows that husbands even lent their ribs.
The Spartans, I speak from authentic sources,
Sent out, as we do, regular invites,
And Madame was at home on certain nights."
Oh! that my pen could scribble out a lay
For which old Time himself might shew com-
passion!
But Time, and Fame, and youth will fly away
Like Love, or Money—Loveliness or Passion;
No matter what the world may think or say,
My rapid pen still rapidly will dash on,
And, for the benefit of rising nations,
Write of *Miladi's* charming conversations.
She had been, in her youth, a flirt indeed;
In age she reprobated all flirtation:—
The first grey hair, a most unsightly weed,
Struck her strong mind with real consternation,
And, had she been from all love's trammels freed,
Most likely she'd done honour to her station,
But she, a faded beauty, sought a suitor,
Wept her lost spouse, and—married her son's tutor!
She was the daughter of an ancient line
Who had the privilege to write them fools;—
And she would learn by rote, and quote to shine
The very Hesper of the Cockney schools,
And she was like—(she thought herself divine,)
A prison'd debtor lounging through the *Rules*:—
Ten MS. volumes she had bought, and lent
Her own dear name to sickly sentiment.
But all this time the knocker had been under
Intense excitement:—it was very nervous,
And it kept pealing like a clap of thunder—
Now you, or I might fancy 'twould unnerve us,
But this is an unfashionable blunder
For which the *Bleus* would ungenteelly serve us,
And think we'd pass'd life's very stormy trials
In vile Queen Square, or near the Seven Dials.
But no, we're in the heart of the *Beau Monde*,
In Star and Garter Square—a true West-ender—
Where all the belles wear *aërophane* and blonde,
And fierce mustachio'd beaux are tame and tender,
Whose small-talk too, the very pretty *on d-*
its of the morrow may prove slender,
When they announce, 'midst many a rival rout,
My Lady Laura's tattle and turn out.
In walked Lord Double-dash with many a sonnet
Most neatly folded in his waistcoat pocket;
One was in praise of Laura's last new bonnet,
One on the bright explosion of a rocket,
One had no general title fixed upon it
So I, of course, won't criticise nor mock it,
Tho' the Peer enter'd with that dancing air
A certain Bishop walks St. James's Square.
Next came a German baron, wanting mowing,
Not quite asleep, and really half alive—
Whose lengthy name appear'd as 't had been growing
From the Creation down to thirty-five,
With sixteen quarterings and some ribbands flowing,
Baubles display'd most bravely to deprive
Some rich belle of a heart:—for, tho' 'tis shady,
There's magic in the nick-name of *mi-ladi*
In a snug corner sat a group of maids
Long past their teens, and very, *very bleu*,
Who in the light dealt only in the shades
Of characters,—I paint their portraits true,—
For with youth, beauty, e'en good humour fades,
And the gay flirt becomes a maiden shrew—
So there they sat, as Pindar says, "so big,"
In deep debate on Lady Laura's wig.

While one old Yellow-Admiral, whom gout
 Confined within an easy, spring-seat chair,
 Was a *delightful* listener :—to find out
 He was *delighted* would not be so fair,—
 But all the ladies kept their eyes about
 To see if he was *catchable*, so rare
 Was anything like *male* attention to them,
 They each decided that he meant to woo them.

And now, when all were happy there arose
 A scream, with fifty echoes in its train,
 You would have thought the party were at blows,
 Or the dear, petted, fat French lap-dog slain ;
 Or that on poor Miss Winterbloom's sharp nose
 Two wasps had settled, stung and stung again,
 But it arose from *one* vile envious spark
 From a wax candle, in the glossy dark,

Full tresses of my Lady Laura's *tête*,
 Twined with a garland of a roseate hue,
 To which it was the "Messenger of fate,"
 For there it slept, and smoulder'd, till it grew
 Into a flame, as most sparks have of late,
 And round her ladyship a halo threw,
 While the *Bleus* own'd, tho' startled at the light,
 My Lady Laura's head was ne'er before so bright.

Not but she deem'd it was a "lovely gem,"
 As Oxenham catalogues some doubtful painting,
 And thought as little of their heads, or them.
 As sober friends of Mrs. O's love-sainting ;
 So, after some deep flushes—sighs—which *nem*
Con, succeeded a slight fit of fainting,
 She left her friends the toilette's aid to seek,
 And came back blooming, turban'd *a la Grec*.

"Ah!" said Miss Winterbloom, "that pretty
 turban
 Of all things is *the* thing, love, for your head ;
 I think dress'd hair is perfectly suburban—
 Tho' I'm *so young*, I really think, instead
 Of wearing gum-flowers, I'll ask Madame Eirban
 To make me one in apple-green, or red :—
 You look so well in't, and so matronly—"
 "What mean you, ma'am!" cried Lady Laura,
 "I—"

"I hate being called a matronly good woman,
 For Aulus Gellius says they were *la, la* ;
 And, being a word of inauspicious omen,
 'Tis really making one a fallen star!
 Pray choose a prettier, and more soft cognomen,
 Something less odious :—*ma's* more sonorous
 far ;—
 Besides, one does not like to be called names,
 And *matron*, being tainted, shocks, and blames.

You know—" Now came a travelling Marchese,
 A twentieth cousin of the proud Colonna,
 And Padre Paulo, who strove hard to please
 The wayward fancies of a *prima donna*,
 Which the good father found no task of ease,
 For the Signora often rode upon a
 High horse that wanted bridling, brisk, and airy.—
She, friend to the Marchese—the Padre *Secretary*.

These were the *lions* of the night :—Miladi
 Made a low curtsy, with a graceful flow
 Of drapery, till ev'n her very honour paid a
Ko-Tou to the carpet spread below ;
 And then she smiled, and showed her teeth, and
 made a

Sweet pretty speech, she'd studied, just to show
 She wanted one short paragraph, should Murray
 Publish his travels, written in a hurry.

All travellers are but well-bound books of riddles,
 Which curious natives cannot well decipher,
 And the Marchese told many *terraddles*,
 The *true genteel* for fibs—Mem : ask Miss Kny-
 pher.

Full many a one this way the public diddles,
 He plays first fiddle, and *they* pay the piper ;
 I could some odd things of this kind unravel,
 For I, in early life, was doom'd to travel.

Oh! what a crowd around the new-made-known
 Marchese soon gather'd! There was Herr—(the
 Devil

Confound the horrid, double guttural tone
 One's forc'd to speak in, if but barely civil
 To those High-German things of flesh and bone—)
 And Lady Laura, and a greater evil—
 The seven Miss Muggins plagued the man to death,
 By asking fourteen questions in a breath!

And they all talk'd, nor were with talking tired,
 Till waning wax-lights gave the hint to go :
 One would have thought each tongue had been new-
 wired,

For instruments are strung and tuned we know,
 And then they curtsied, shook hands, bowed, retired
 To take notes—probably to glut the Row ;
 Full fifteen 8 vos. are in preparation
 For Mr. ——— on this conversation.

So pass'd the night ; and Lady Laura's been,
 Since then, considered a true gem collector ;
 The Muggins' praised her in some magazine,
 And the Marchese, to prove he did respect her,
 Wrote in her Album, which may still be seen,
 As it lies open for each stray inspector,
 So I shan't quote it—and who need be told
 'Tis bound in real *ark-wood*, clasped with gold?

STANZAS,

(SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING QUOTATION.)

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

"The remembrance of my First Love has long
 passed away, but the memory of my Last will go
 down with me, even unto the grave."—E. Y.

My wither'd heart is as a "fountain seal'd,"
 From ev'ry passion that assails it now ;
 The wounds that rankled in it, all are heal'd,
 And calmness settles on my joyless brow ;
 But never can it know, through Life again,
 The hopes and fears that wait on LOVE'S SWEET
 PAIN!

For oh! the memory of buried Truth,
 Of Faith unchang'd, by testing fortune tried ;
 Will in the Heart of Age, be green as youth,
 When joy and hope, lit up Life's sunny tide ;—
 Forbidding it to know, through life again,
 The hopes and fears, that wait on LOVE'S SWEET
 PAIN!

Our Youth's first flame, may vanish like a dream,
 A meteor-light, that sparkled in our way ;
 But that which warms the Heart's maturer stream,
 No lapse of years can ever bid decay ;
 No after-passion can renew again
 The faith and truth that wait on LOVE'S SWEET PAIN!

INCONSTANCY.

A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree
With charms inconstant shine,
Their charms were his but woe is me,
Their constancy was mine."

GOLDSMITH.

"What a pity that so youthful and so lovely a creature should be thus engrossed by the demon play," observed a gentleman to his friend as they stood in a vacant part of the card-room in Lady —'s elegant mansion in the Regent's Park. His companion sighed heavily.

"Her whole soul seems at this moment in the card she is throwing, as if life and death depended upon its success," he pursued, "and yet I could fancy from her manner she has not long been introduced into the baneful circle in the midst of which she is now placed. I could fancy I saw the traces of early simplicity and guilelessness however at variance with the seducing and degrading passions which now seem to engross her energies."

"You are right in your surmises," returned the other gentleman.

"You know her then, Wilmanton, pray who may she be?"

The gentleman addressed appeared agitated.

"I knew her former self," he returned "I knew her as the amiable Miss Gayford, she is now the wife of Lord St. Aubin."

"A wife! why she does not appear to have numbered twenty summers, and methinks—good Heavens, Wilmanton, what ails you," he proceeded, "are you ill?"

"Let us leave this room, Sorville," his friend faltered, "that door," pointing across the apartment, "will, I think, conduct to the gardens, I am not well."

Sorville proceeded in the direction, but advised, if his companion felt seriously indisposed, his immediate return home.

"The air will revive me," he made answer, and they together descended by a flight of steps to a small shrubbery which was laid out before the mansion.

It was a lovely night—one of those cool refreshing breezes which often follow a sultry summer's day swept by. The moon was nearly at the full, and threw her softened radiance over the shrubs and flowers; the music of the saloon sounded sweet and soft from the distance, and it was only interrupted by the noise of the carriages occasioned by the arrivals and departures of the numerous guests.

The gentlemen walked to and fro, when perceiving a small summer house amidst the embowering trees they repaired thither.

"This scene is far more congenial to my feelings than that we have just quitted," observed Wilmanton, "but other motives than those of pleasure attracted me there. Sorville," he proceeded with great earnestness, "we are old companions and friends, and to you I will confide a secret which has never before passed my lips."

"You may trust me, Wilmanton, I believe you require nothing but my word."

His friend pressed his hand in token of assent.

"The fate of that lady who attracted your notice in the card-room is strangely connected with mine," he began, "during my tour on the Continent I met with her, she was then residing under the roof of her mother, to whom I was so happy as to render some trifling service. The beauty of her person, the accomplishments of her mind, and her apparent guilelessness won my affections, and I made her an offer of my hand. I was accepted, and I thought I was beloved. Her extreme youth and my own unsettled state at the time induced our union to be procrastinated, and I left Bordeaux, whither she and her mother had repaired on account of Mrs. Gayford's health, with a heart glowing with rapture in the thought of one day returning to call so lovely and so amiable a creature my own. I wrote to her numerous letters filled with assurances of unchanging affection and anticipations of happiness; at first her answers were satisfactory, but by degrees they grew cold; I noticed it, and desired to be made acquainted with the cause, but the only return was a short and harrowing epistle from Mrs. Gayford to inform me that her daughter's affections had been seduced from me by a rival, and further, that she had eloped from her to become the wife of Lord St. Aubin. Maddened by this intelligence I cursed the sex, but mature deliberation caused me to pity rather than condemn the weakness which had caused the ruin of my peace of mind. I still loved her; it is difficult to transform a really sincere and ardent passion into contempt. I repaired to Bordeaux, but how different were the feelings with which I entered the house to those I felt at quitting—those I *hoped* to have felt on re-entering it. Geraldine was no longer there to greet me with smiles, and the mother she had deserted was stretched on a sick bed resulting from the misconduct of her child. The old lady really loved me and still regarded me as a son; she implored me to stay and by my presence in some measure cheer her last hours. I could not refuse, I did all in my power to administer comfort, but her heart was broken, and she died pronouncing her blessing on her daughter and imploring me to return to England, and if possible seek and make known to her the event. She represented Lord St. Aubin as unprincipled and profligate, though his person and manners were such as readily make a passage to the heart, and with such a partner she feared greatly for the peace of her child. Having followed the remains of Mrs. Gayford to the grave I returned to London. I was unremitting in my inquiries concerning her daughter, but till to night have never beheld her. In receiving an invitation from our hostess a few days ago to attend her assemblée this evening, I understood Lady St. Aubin would be there, judge then my feelings when my eyes in searching for the object which had once been their idol recognized her at the gaming-table."

Sorville listened with intense interest. "Alas! my friend," he cried, "your situation is indeed trying, I little thought when I observed the Lady that she was the cause of your late melancholy

which I have made such ineffectual attempt to conquer."

"What a task lies before me," Wilmanton pursued, "that of making myself known and revealing the information of her mother's death. She is naturally sensitive notwithstanding the heartless manner in which she has acted towards me, and her consciousness of being the cause will give double poignancy to the stroke; but we will return to the saloon; I would see her again, though I would avoid this evening any thing further than a slight recognition; I do not feel equal to the excitement of a disclosure of my errand would not fail to create, nor do I think such a scene appropriate."

The gentlemen re-ascended the steps, but on re-entering the card-room missed her ladyship from the seat she had before occupied; they repaired to the ball room, but her form could not be distinguished among the votaries of Terpsichore.

But we will leave the friends, one of which at least amidst the happy and the gay carried an aching heart, and follow the fair object of their search to her home, whither she had repaired almost immediately upon Wilmanton's quitting the card-room. She had observed and recognized him; though the disturbed state of his mind had tended to alter his lineaments, she had seen his agitation, and not doubting its cause felt almost overcome by a rush of thrilling recollections; her cheek grew wan, the cards fell from her hands, and pleading sudden indisposition she had summoned the lady who had accompanied her as chaperon and expressed a wish immediately to retire.

"You will perhaps finish my game, Captain," she said, addressing a young officer who had been standing by her side, and whatever sum you may lose I am your debtor."

"I will after I have seen your ladyship safely placed in the carriage," he returned as he took her shawl from the servant who brought it and proffered his arm to conduct her.

Geraldine spoke not during the ride, and at the entrance of her own mansion hastily bade her companion good night. As she passed through the hall she inquired if Lord St. Aubin had returned, but received an answer in the negative; breathing a heavy sigh, she proceeded to her own chambers, which having reached regardless of the presence of her maid, who was still adjusting the various articles of dress and ornament she had left after arranging for the assemblée, threw herself on a couch and burst into an agony of tears.

The girl in surprise and concern inquired what ailed her lady, and if any thing had vexed her to cause her early return.

Geraldine heard her not. The unexpected sight of one she had once persuaded herself she loved, one whom she had deeply injured, had conjured up to her conscience-stricken mind pictures of innocence and happiness gone for ever. Within the last six months it had been her study to banish thought; she had plunged amid the votaries of dissipation, she had avoided solitude, she had strove to bury memory in oblivion, and she had in some degree succeeded; but the temporary cessation had but rendered the torrent more impetuous

when it came, and now the full weight of her guilt and misery seemed to overwhelm her. She thought of her aged and invalid mother, and the idea that she might be at this moment grieving at her desertion seemed to come fresh upon her. The pale and agitated features of Wilmanton presented themselves to her mind's eye, and she could not help drawing a comparison between him and Lord St. Aubin, for whom she had sacrificed the ties of duty and honour, and who had in return neglected and ill-treated her. She groaned in the agony of her spirit, and almost tore the brilliant gems from her dress in the phrenzy of despair.

The reiterated entreaties of the now alarmed girl at length awoke the unhappy Geraldine to a sense of her presence.

"My good Mary," she said in a subdued voice, "I am wretched."

"Wretched," repeated the simple girl in astonishment, "is it possible your ladyship can be wretched when you are so beautiful, and so much admired, and so elegantly dressed, and so rich? Ah! my lady, if I were in your place I should be so happy, and my mother—"

"Mother!" interrupted Geraldine, starting at the epithet, "have you a mother?"

"Yes, my lady, a dear kind affectionate mother who loves me dearly."

"May you ever possess and deserve her love, Mary," Geraldine pursued, "and oh! let me entreat you as you value peace of mind never to act in opposition to her counsels. It is this which has brought your wretched mistress to her present state of misery."

"I never felt a desire to act contrary to her wishes," she returned, "for I know them to be wise and best for me."

"Oh! would that I had ever thought like you, my good Mary," cried her ladyship, and she burst into a fresh passion of tears.

The girl looked distressed; she wished to offer some consolatory remark, but knew not what to say, fearing she might perhaps rather give additional pain. It was the first time in her life Geraldine had ever felt herself to excite pity. In her mother's happy mansion she knew not of sorrow or care, and since she had deserted it, though she had constantly been in a situation to inspire it, none knew the stifled secret of her heart: the world admired, courted, and envied her, little deeming the beautiful and accomplished Lady St. Aubin concealed beneath her smiles, the canker of self-reproach.

Sleep fled the pillow of the conscious-stricken Geraldine, and she arose in the morning feverish and unrefreshed. Lord St. Aubin had not returned during the night, but that circumstance awakened no anxiety in the breast of his wife; he not unfrequently absented himself for days, and never gave any account of the manner in which he spent his time. The homage he had before marriage paid to her beauty ceased with the possession of the object, and he was now as careless of her presence as he had before been solicitous to seek it. This cruel disappointment in a channel from whence she had anticipated so much happiness was keenly felt, and aggravated since she knew it was deserved, and it was this unkindness on the

part of the object of her choice which had deterred her from communicating with her mother; she could not summon courage to tell her how grossly she had been deceived.

She had just arisen from her almost untasted breakfast, and was planning some manner of spending the morning that she might fly from reflection, when a card was put into her hand bearing the name of Mr. Wilmanton, accompanied by the intimation that he wished to see her. The hue of her cheek faded at the intelligence; she hesitated a moment whether to refuse or receive him, but thinking it possible he might be able to give her some account of her parent she decided on the latter. Her agitation increased as his footsteps were heard approaching, and scarcely could she preserve herself from fainting as he entered.

Wilmanton little less affected, though more effectually concealing it, bowed coldly, and as he took the seat offered him, said—

"Perhaps Lady St. Aubin may deem my unrequested visit an intrusion, but she perchance will pardon it when I inform her it was by the desire of Mrs. Gayford."

Geraldine felt a struggle between pride and contrition. She shrank from the gaze of the man she had injured, and made several inefficient attempts to articulate a syllable; at length she murmured "If you have any intelligence of my mother, Mr. Wilmanton, most happy and grateful shall I be to hear it."

"Nay," he returned, pity for her distress at that moment wholly occupying his generous soul, "if that intelligence be not of a pleasing nature;" he paused hesitating how to proceed that he might by degrees make known the harrowing truth.

"Is she ill?" faltered Geraldine, "in pity Mr. Wilmanton, spare me this suspense, it is more than I am able to bear."

"Four months ago I visited Bordeaux," he pursued, "and found her in a very declining state. She requested me to remain, nor could I refuse, for I feared she was not long for earth. I—I—"

He stopped from excess of emotion.

"In mercy go on, and let me know the worst!" Geraldine almost shrieked; "is she dead! have I, oh! have I murdered her?"

Wilmanton covered his face with his hands.

"'Tis too true—'tis too true, I have surmised aright!" she wildly uttered; "I have murdered my mother, my good, my dear, my excellent mother. Oh! would that I had died in her stead, or that I had never been born!"

Wilmanton almost overcome arose and paced the room with rapidity.

"You are amply revenged," she continued, "this agony is the worst you could inflict, death would have been far less dreadful than the knowledge of her loss—my mother—my mother!"

"Calm yourself, Geraldine!" exclaimed Wilmanton with a violent effort, struggling with his own feelings, "and talk not to me of vengeance. Heaven knows how unwillingly I inflicted this wound, but be calm, and hear me. I have not yet delivered my commissioned message uttered with your parent's dying breath."

"Oh! if it was reproaches spare me, spare me!" she answered, "I cannot bear them, my

heart is bursting. I deserved her malediction, but oh! do not let me hear that she bestowed it on me!"

"She did not curse you, Geraldine, she pitied and forgave you."

"Oh! Heaven, I thank thee!" she ejaculated, clasping her hands together.

"Nay, more," she blessed you, the prayer which parted her lips in death was for your peace and happiness."

"Peace—happiness!" she repeated, "I have bid adieu to them for ever, I have never tasted it since."

She stopped, and throwing herself on the sofa burst into a fit of hysterical tears.

Thinking his presence was an aggravation to her distress Wilmanton resolved to depart.

"Farewell, Geraldine," he said in a voice approximating to its wonted tenderness, "this is perhaps the last time we may meet on earth. I shall leave England, and in other climes strive to banish the remembrance of the last two years—Farewell!" He extended his hand, "This is a pledge that I harbour not now one thought of resentment."

She held out hers in return, she could not speak, but the pressure she gave evinced her gratitude.

He sighed heavily, he cast one look of compassion not unmingled with tenderness upon her, and he was gone.

* * * *

It was five years after the event we have related transpired, that Wilmanton, after journeying from place to place in search of some novel object to divert his thoughts, once again drew near the town of Bordeaux. An unconquerable impulse seemed to draw him once again to take a view of the villa which had been the residence of Geraldine when a happy innocent girl; the delight of a fond parent's heart, amid the varied scenes he had visited, amid the society with which he had mingled, he found it impossible wholly to obliterate the remembrance of his first and only love. When he sought her as the bride of St. Aubin had he found her callous to feelings happy and gay he would have found an antidote in contentment; but her evident contrition, her distress of mind worked powerfully on his perhaps too sensitive heart, and wherever he went her look of agony as he saw her last seemed to follow him. His way led near the burial ground in which the remains of the unfortunate Mrs. Gayford had been deposited, and he could not resist the inclination he felt to cast his eyes once more upon it. A chill seemed to creep over his frame as he approached the spot, and vividly recalled the scene where he followed in the sad funeral procession, the only one who then perhaps sincerely mourned her loss. He was surprised, however, upon reaching the ground to find instead of the plain stone he had caused to be erected a handsome monument, around which flowers and shrubs were planted. He could not doubt that Geraldine had visited the place and planned the change, and he felt a gleam of pleasure in the thought that she should thus try to testify her penitence. To the worthy old lady's memory he gave the tribute of

a tear, and moved onwards in the direction of the house he sought.

It presented a similar appearance to what it was wont to do in days gone by; there was still the smooth-shaven lawn with the shrubs on either side; the flowers too in the neat verandah; above all he particularly noticed some he had assisted in planting. He stood at the gate as if transfixed, all the changes which had taken place since first he entered the villa rushing across his thoughts, and he would perhaps have remained chained by reverie a much longer period had not another object arrested his attention. It was a beautiful child of about four years of age who was playfully chasing a little spaniel across the green sward, now taking one direction, then suddenly arresting its course and pursuing another; the boy, heedless of danger, skipped fearlessly on without observing some impediment which obstructed his way, and consequently fell with violence to the ground.

Humanity immediately prompted Wilmanton to force open the gate, and flying to the child who was evidently unperceived by any one else, he raised him in his arms; the little creature had suffered a violent contusion, and the blood flowed with a copious torrent from the wound. Wilmanton's first care was to bind it with his handkerchief, and then holding him gently in his arms he bore him to the house.

The servant who answered his summons at the door was greatly alarmed at the sight of the bleeding child, and led the way into a small parlour well known to him as the apartment where he had first beheld Geraldine. He placed the boy on a sofa, and strove to silence his cries by consolatory observations. Whilst thus engaged a light step was heard hurrying down the stairs, and the next moment a lady in the habiliments of widowhood entered the room. Regardless and seemingly unconscious of the presence of any other person she flew to the sofa, and clasping the child to her bosom uttered a wild exclamation of terror.

"Do not be alarmed, Madam," cried Wilmanton, "I trust the injury is not so serious as your fears may picture."

The lady started, turned, and with a cry of astonishment sank senseless on the floor.

Wilmanton attempted to support her, but his frame seemed paralyzed, his arm refused to do its office when he recognized once more Lady St. Aubin.

The servants gathered around the spot, and attributed the swoon of their mistress to the shock occasioned by the sight of her child.

Wilmanton now recovering in some measure his firmness requested some one would go immediately in quest of a surgeon as the wound required immediate attention.

The affrighted boy supposing his mother dead uttered loud lamentations, and vain were the efforts of those surrounding to quiet him.

At length the eyes of Geraldine re-opened, and animation returned to her frame. Her first inquiry was for her child; again she turned her gaze on Wilmanton, when as if doubting the evidence of her vision, she murmured "Am I dreaming, is it possible it can be he?"

"After more than five years absence," Wilmanton answered, "being in the neighbourhood I felt an inclination to once more behold a mansion to which so many fond but sad remembrances cling. Whilst at the gate I was a witness to the accident which happened to the child, and little deeming he was yours, or that you resided here, conveyed him hither."

"I am to be your debtor, Mr. Wilmanton," she faltered, whilst a bright flush overspread her before pale cheek. "Seven years ago you saved the life of my ever-to-be-regretted parent; it was in this apartment you gave to my arms a mother rescued from the brink of death, and now—"

Excessive emotion here choked her utterance.

The arrival of the medical gentleman put a seasonable interruption to the scene. He requested that Lady St. Aubin would leave the room whilst the wound was dressed, and Wilmanton added his entreaties. He undertook the task of supporting the child, and when the operation was concluded bore him to his mother. Quietness and composure were particularly prescribed, and Geraldine sat down by the side of his couch to watch his altered countenance in painful suspense, and with feelings a mother perhaps only knows.

Five years had wrought changes in the personal appearance of Lady St. Aubin; it had deteriorated from her beauty, but not from the interest her form and features could not fail to excite. She was pale—very pale, and the garb of widowhood gave a chastened aspect to her beauty, which had before been dazzling. She bore the evident marks of grief deep and intense, but there was a look of tranquil submission on her brow, which could only result from a mind at peace with its Maker. She had tried the efficacy of the pleasures of the world to drown reflection and cure a breaking heart; she had proved their incompetency often in the midst of a crowded assembly where splendour, elegance, and beauty surrounded her: the past would seem to revive and picture a mother's deserted death-bed and grave unwatered by a tear. Often when the voice of adulation sounded in her ear she would startle as imagination conjured some phantom of by-gone days, when she feared not praise to be flattery, and her heart bounded with joy in the hope of deserving it. The neglect and total indifference of her husband could not but lead her to dwell on the generous and devoted Wilmanton, whose love she had slighted for his sake, but suddenly that husband was arrested in his evil course by the hand of death—he died a victim to his own intemperance. Thus released and horror struck by the calamitous exit of one so ill prepared to stand at an eternal tribunal, Geraldine resolved to forsake the fascinations which had so long enchained her and in retirement seek that peace the world could not bestow. The early lessons of piety she had been taught by her excellent parent, like bread cast upon the waters, now came forth, and in the neighbourhood where she had been first instructed she hoped to spend the remainder of her days, taking a lesson of wisdom from the follies of the past, and endeavouring to educate her only son in

principles of virtue and religion. Geraldine had a fresh trial to endure in the protracted illness of her beloved child; the wound had affected the brain, and a delirious fever was the consequence, which threatened to terminate his existence, but the crisis proving favourable his health gradually but very slowly amended.

During this period Wilmanton still continued in the vicinity of the villa; he made daily inquiries after the state of the little sufferer, but he seldom saw the mother; she would not often be persuaded to quit his sick-bed even to procure the necessary refreshment of sleep, but those interviews short as they were, tended to exalt her in his esteem; they exhibited her meek resignation to the will of God, and trust in his support, and the devotedness to the object of her love. As he gazed upon her still symmetrical and graceful form, her pale but still interesting features he thought her not less lovely than when in her girlish days of gladness, and as he studied her character, purified as it had been in the furnace of adversity, he felt assured she was really more calculated to promote his happiness than when seven years ago he had been enslaved by her charms. These considerations induced him as soon as the little invalid was restored to make her a second time an offer of his hand.

His suit was received, and the lovely widow again became a bride, but how different were the feelings with which she was led to the altar; her first choice had been made in opposition to the wishes of her parent and by the breach of honour, and her hand was given to a man whose greatest attractions were his pleasing exterior and fascinating manners—her second was formed on the principles of virtue and piety, and her happiness was entrusted to the care of one whose worth she had proved.

THE WIDOW

CONTEMPLATING A MINIATURE.*

BY FLORENCE WILSON.

Yes! thou art gone! and what is life,
What is the world to me?
Its pleasures and its joys are cares,
Unshar'd, unlov'd by thee!
Bright image! o'er thy vivid hues
The tears of sorrow fall;
My fondest thoughts lie deep with thee,
For thou art now my all!
Alas! why did we ever meet
Since doom'd so soon to part?
Life's sweets are flown, its bitters left
To rankle in this heart!
Those sweet lips smile, their own soft smile,
Those eyes reveal their love,
I almost deem the artist stole
His pencil from above!
So bright, so life-like is the hue
O'er these dear features shed;
Unfaded shall their tints remain
Nor wither like the dead!
For ah! his eyes are clos'd in Death,
Chang'd is their lustre now;
And the dark grave has shadow'd o'er
The sun-light of his brow!

* Written to illustrate a painting.

Wherefore was I not laid with thee,
Pillow'd upon thy breast?
Why was the tomb not made for both,
The same cold bed of rest?
Fond mourner! cease! thy tears are vain,
Submissive kiss the rod;
In Heaven again he'll be thine own
Who sleeps beneath the sod!

SUNSET.

BY CHARLES HANNAY OSWIN, ESQ.

The West is dyed a gory red
Bright Sol is sinking to his bed,
His rays are dancing on the stream,
Shedding around a gorgeous gleam;
And blushing Nature's smiles are gay,
As dewy eve succeeds to day.

The cool and sweet refreshing breeze,
Scenting the air, sighs thro' the trees,
Bears on its wings the warbler's song,
Pursues its course the lake along,
Then dies away, in yon deep dell,
Where bloom the rose and wild harebell.

A youthful swain and laughing maid,
Together seek the leafy shade,
To plight their vows unseen by men,
In yonder wood-embower'd glen,
And 'mid the streamlet's gurgling noise,
To dream of scenes of future joys.

Contented with his humble lot,
The plough-boy hastens to the cot
Where he is wont at eve to meet,
And with affection's warmth to greet
Those constant friends, whose happy minds
Congenial love together binds.

Exhausted now with laughter wild,
A pretty blue eyed rosy child
Is striving to suppress a sigh—
He cannot catch the butterfly;
But with a radiant, glowing face,
Merrily yields the darling chase.

O happy, thoughtless, rustic boy!
May thy career be crown'd with joy;
May dark remorse, corroding care,
Ne'er be thy life's allotted share!
But may thy days be fair and bright,
As the sunny rays of Heaven's light!

Grey-headed rustics throng the green,
To talk of sights which they have seen,
And tell the tales they oft have told,
Until the tales themselves grow old;
A battle now, a love-scene then,
Yet still the same, and all again.

How different seems that setting sun,
To him whose race is well nigh run!
He gazes not on th' azure sky
With joyous laugh and tearless eye,
But views it as the hour when death
Shall yield to God his mortal breath.

That hour has come: his hands he clasps,
Struggling to speak, he faintly gasps,
With falt'ring tongue, and eyes upraised,
In murmur'd accents, "Lord be praised!"
A glassy film steals o'er his eyes—
He breathes again—ah! no, he dies!

GARSTEIN;

A TALE.

BY A. WOLDUS.

Upon a lofty eminence encompassed on every side by rocky defiles and dark woods, the dusky battlements of the Castle of Garstein might be observed peering above the huge walls which surrounded it. This castle was a building of very ancient date, had withstood many a siege, and whose court-yard had often resounded with the shout of victory, in praise of the conquering knight as he stood over his prostrate foe at the costly tournament. From the East turret you had a most enchanting view, on the one side a long range of mountains, upon whose downy summits, tipped with eternal snow, grew the pine, beautifully contrasting its verdant leaves with its white foundation, and between whose roots the little streamlets played as they chased one another in ripples down the mountain. On the other side was a dense forest, whose nodding boughs waved to the breeze as it passed, bearing with it a thousand fragrant odours. Such a spot was indeed well fitted for romance, everything seemed blended together to set off nature's charms to the greatest advantage; the very sounds, the whistling of the birds, the sighing of the wind, and the gurgling of the stream combined to excite feelings of the utmost delight and wonder.

Alphonso di Tosti was a man of very lofty countenance; his dark features and curled lip, together with several deep wrinkles imprinted upon his forehead, pointed him out as a man at once to be dreaded and avoided. He was about thirty years of age, and through the death of some relation he had become the owner of the castle, in which it was announced (to the infinite alarm of the inhabitants of the surrounding country, who had heard strange rumours as to the character of Alphonso) that its new master intended to make his permanent residence. The building for some time had been left to the care and management of an old shrivelled man and his wife, who were now considered as necessary appendages to the castle, as the very pillars that supported it. Peter, for this was the man's name, had been an inmate of Garstein ever since his arm could open the massive door, in fact he had resided there during the lives of its two former lords, both of whom he had outlived, and during the time the castle was unoccupied he took charge of it, maintaining himself by shewing visitors over its extensive apartments, telling many a romantic tale over the monuments which covered the tombs of the chivalrous knights, and exhibiting the large collection of paintings, amongst which were the portraits of the family traced to a very early period, ranged in formal procession. The day at last came when Alphonso was to take possession. In order to celebrate his arrival at Garstein he had sent a general invitation to the neighbourhood to attend a banquet and ball to be given at the Castle by the new owner. The evening was clear and lovely; many a maiden with her lover might be seen climbing the rocks in the direction of Garstein; and the spot, which had lately been considered the most gloomy and desolate in the country, was now crowded with happy

smiling faces, each expecting with delight the festivities of the evening. Among the visitants was an old man of the name of Cordoni, a person greatly respected, although not the most opulent in the town; he, hanging upon the arm of his lovely niece Annie, an orphan who had been placed under his care, plodded towards the Castle porch. Alphonso had spared neither trouble nor expense in order to make a dazzling appearance, and indeed he succeeded, for many of the older persons assembled declared, that never since the death of the old Baron had the walls of Garstein looked so cheerful and splendid. The number of lamps of different colours hung in festoons around the apartment, the band playing most beautifully some of the most popular native airs, and the happy groups forming themselves in order to begin the sprightly dance; on all this Alphonso looked with a mixture of pride and pleasure. He first walked one way and then another, now making many a lovely girl blush at some compliment he paid her, now suiting his conversation to the stately habits of the demure dame, in short he was the life of the evening, and a great favourite with all the village damsels. He was just handing a laughing blue-eyed little girl to her seat after the fatigues of a dance, when old Cordoni entered leaning on the arm of his lovely Annie. Alphonso no sooner saw them than he changed colour, and great inward emotion was visible on his countenance. "Who is that girl?" enquired he earnestly, "who is she?" But not waiting for a reply, walked rapidly up to the old man, and taking him by the hand welcomed him to the Castle with an earnestness which surprised those who beheld it. Cordoni then introduced his niece to Alphonso, to whom he proffered his arm, and led her to a seat, and whilst doing so requested the honour of being her partner in the next dance, which Annie accepted. As soon as he had seated her, he rushed out of the room, and some of the persons heard him muttering the words, "Annie, lovely, most lovely." He was not absent long from the ball-room, and having given the signal to the band to commence, he led his partner to the top of the dance. Annie indeed moved over the ground in a fairy-like manner, her pretty foot glided along with the greatest ease; she was the admiration of the whole company, Alphonso not excepted, for from the moment the dance began to its termination, he did not once remove his eyes from her, and the deep flush on his face betrayed his feelings to every one present. He scarcely left her during the whole evening, and whenever any other person asked her as his partner, the dark jealous eye of Alphonso was sure to be fixed upon him, his every motion was watched during the dance with the most scrutinizing anxiety. The morning of the next day broke upon the happy assembly before they thought of separating, and the company began regularly to diminish, first one couple leaving and then another, until the room was almost vacated by the crowds it so lately contained. Alphonso during all this time was busily engaged in taking leave of his guests, and as soon as he had bidden farewell to almost the last, he came and took hold of the hand of Cordoni and said to him—

"Signor, I shall not think of permitting you to return home at this late hour, it may do very well for the young sprigs with their bonnie lassies, but you must pardon me if I say you must stay, I will take no excuse, a bed has been prepared in our best chamber, and I trust you will be able to make yourself comfortable under the roof of a stranger, but one who greatly wishes to become better acquainted."

The old man Cordoni thanked Alphonso, and looked round the room in order to spy out Annie, that he might ask her opinion, but to his astonishment she was not to be found. "Where is Annie," asked the old man, "what, has she gone and left her poor guardian? how unlike you, Annie."

"Oh, I dare say she will soon be here," said Alphonso, "perhaps she is in one of the other apartments, or else taking leave of some of her friends at the porch-gate."

"May I ask it as a favour," said Cordoni, "that you will go and find her; tell her that her guardian wishes to see her."

"Do not trouble yourself, Signor," replied Alphonso, cheerfully, "if your ward is anywhere to be found you may be sure I will bring back the stray sheep."

He then left the room, and after a short time returned, with a face bearing the appearance of concern, declaring that he could nowhere discover her, and that he had asked almost every person whether they had seen her, but could gain no information that might tend to her discovery.

"Indeed!" said Cordoni, thoughtfully.

"I have no doubt, Signor Cordoni, that she has returned home with some of the young people, do not be uneasy, I think you are certain to find her at home," said Alphonso.

"Perhaps so," replied Cordoni, "but it is so unlike Annie; however, Signor Alphonso, it is necessary that I should not accept your offer of sleeping here; I will return home immediately, and I trust all may be well."

"But you do not think I shall permit you to return alone," said Alphonso, "no, I will send some of my trusty servants who know this part better than yourself, to accompany you."

Cordoni accepted Alphonso's offer, who called two of his servants, took them aside and gave them directions as to seeing the old man home, some of which words he pronounced loud enough for Cordoni to hear, such as "take care of him," "escape," and a few such sentences; and having shaken heartily the old man's trembling hand led him himself down the steep staircase to the porch gate which was quickly closed upon the distressed guardian and his guides. They walked on to some distance, the old man leaning upon his companions till at last they came to a most terrible pass, across which they must go, in order to reach his place of abode. One of the men went on before, Cordoni came next, and the other followed behind. The first had reached the opposite side, and the poor tottering Cordoni was about the middle when the man who was behind rushed upon the feeble old man, and hurled him headlong down the precipice and they heard his shrieks die away as he fell.

"I think I have sent him to his last home," said the fellow who had thrown over Cordoni.

"What a death lullaby the old fellow sung," returned the other, "but now let us return and tell our master that his wish is performed, and receive our reward."

"So we will," said the other, and they turned their faces towards Garstein.

Are you surprised at hearing that it was Alphonso that plotted his murder? As I proceed with my story you will think that nothing was too bad or too disgraceful for him to commit. It was he who had ordered Annie to be concealed in the turret chamber; it was he who had intended to have murdered the old man in his bed, but being frustrated in that he had bribed these two ruffians to put his plans into execution. But to proceed with my tale: the poor Cordoni fell from a tremendous height but most providentially, most miraculously, his leg and some of his clothes caught in the branches of some pine trees that grew upon the mountain, and so broke his fall. Here he hung for some time quite senseless, but at length recovering himself and not knowing where he was, he struggled to get free from the branches which held him; he did so, and fell to the ground, which luckily was soft sand, and no great height from the pines where Cordoni had hung. Some fishermen who were up early preparing their nets for their day's work, saw something fall from the cliff, and running up found the body of the poor Cordoni, which they instantly recognized and carried to one of their cottages nigh at hand. He was quite senseless, his leg was dreadfully broken and lacerated, besides various other fearful gashes upon his head, but they perceived that there was still life in him, and one of them ran immediately for the surgeon, who speedily arriving, dressed his wounds and set the fractured leg, which he said he expected must be amputated at last, if even the sufferer should at all recover. The hospitable fishermen, at the suggestion of the surgeon, permitted Cordoni to remain in their cot, as it would be certain death for him to be removed. The surgeon attended regularly for several weeks, during which time Cordoni was in the greatest danger, and at last was obliged to lose the limb, so dreadfully had it been lacerated. However, by the skill of the surgeon, and the kind indefatigable attentions of the fishermen's wives, he slowly gained strength and at last was pronounced out of danger.

On the morning of the accident, information had been sent to Cordoni's house, at which, the very evening it happened, a young officer had arrived who came to attend upon the poor old man; Ferdinand for this was his name, was the suitor, and the favoured one, too, of Annie; what was his distress at seeing Cordoni, who he considered as a father, stretched as he thought on his death-bed, and not knowing for any certainty, though he guessed, and the very thought made him shudder, where his Annie was. Cordoni told him how he had been attempted to be murdered, and many other circumstances, which led him to suppose Annie had been retained by Alphonso, whose character Ferdinand well knew, as a man ready for the most flagrant acts of cruelty and barbarism, were any of his passions crossed. He inwardly resolved that he would rescue her or die in the at-

tempt, and the morning after he had visited Cordoni, having seen that all was comfortable around him, he set forward closely disguised to the castle of Garstein. Alphonso during all this time was waiting with the most eager anxiety for the return of the men whom he had commissioned to murder Cordoni. Every sound of the wind rustling the boughs, or the sudden slamming of a door, made him start, so excited were the feelings of his guilty mind. They at length arrived, and having given Alphonso an account of the murder, he praised them for the manner in which they had performed it, as not the slightest suspicion would fall upon him. The impression, no doubt he reasoned, would be that the old man mistook his road, and his strength failing him, he fell over the precipice. Having thus satisfied his doubts and rewarded the men liberally, and not intending to disturb Annie till the morrow, he retired to his bed-chamber, not to sleep, but to pass a night of the greatest inquietude and horror. After lying awake for some time, his mind being occupied with the dreariest thoughts, he at length dozed off, and dreamt the following terrible dream:—He thought he was upon a lone rock, surrounding which was the boundless ocean, from the level of which, the place where he stood was so high, that to look down it made a mistiness come across the eyes. As he wildly gazed on the one side and on the other, looking for some means of escape from this dreadful spot, against which the waves were dashing, and up the sides of which the waters were quickly rising, he saw a small boat approaching, but it was at so great a distance, that he could not see by what power it moved, or who were the crew that manned it. However, it came nearer and nearer, till at last he discovered a female clothed in white sitting at the stern of the boat, which was rowed by an old man, his hoary hair hanging in thickly scattered tufts over his brow. The female held her handkerchief up to her face, as if in the attitude of weeping, and the old man rowed in silence, his eyes fixed downward and his breast heaving every now and then with convulsive sobs. The boat had now almost reached the place where he was, and the tide having risen almost to the top of the rock, he hailed the boat—the boatman did not remove his eyes from the ground, or the lady her handkerchief, but with a sudden jerk of the oar he turned the boat towards the place where Alphonso was. When the vessel had nearly reached the rock, Alphonso prepared to leap into the boat; but to his horror just when he was going to make the spring, there stood below him in the vessel the old Cordoni pale as death, covered with gore, his arms outspread to catch him. The heart of Alphonso failed him, for at the same moment the lady uncovered her face, and he saw the lovely Annie also pale, her eyes reddened as if she had been weeping bitterly. He sank senseless on the rock, and just as he thought he was rolling off its summit to be engulfed by the waves beneath he awoke, and found himself sitting up in bed and shrieking most fearfully. As soon as he had recovered himself a little from his fright he leaped out of bed to obtain a light, and after groping a very long time in the dark, and he had just accomplished his purpose, when to his dismay he heard something like a

suppressed groan proceed from the outside of his casement. This was repeated two or three times, and shortly afterwards a shriek, wild as the one he thought he uttered when about to be engulfed in the fancied ocean. Almost sinking with fright he rushed to the window and flung it open, again he heard the same stifled groan and saw something flit past the lattice. Alphonso staggered into bed where he lay trembling until the morning dawn peered in through the window, and illumined his gloomy chamber. Alphonso rose and dressed himself long before any other person was moving in the Castle, imprecating the most fearful curses upon his head if he ever passed such another night; in fact, the very remembrance of it made large drops stand upon his brow, and a chill shudder come over him. As to the poor girl, Annie, she had been shut up during the whole night in the turret chamber, her only companion being old Abigail, the wife of Peter, who was a woman the most decrepid and ugly that imagination can picture; her face was one mass of wrinkles, her cheeks thin and hollow, and her little dark piercing eyes peeped from their sockets with an unearthly gaze. She had been entrusted with the care of Annie, and was ordered to praise up the talents, the generosity and the manly feeling of the new lord of the castle, in order that there might not be so great cause of resistance in her mind as to the proposals Alphonso intended to make respecting himself.

"Come, Miss, cheer up," said Abigail in a hoarse voice, "I cannot bear to see you so melancholy, the lord of this castle, my master, Alphonso, is a man who would not do harm to a worm, much less to so lovely a lady as yourself."

"Indeed!" replied Annie, "then why was I forced with such violence into this prison-house, in which the very air is tainted, and the dreary bare walls fill one with the greatest horror and dismay."

"La! Miss, they will soon be changed for those of the most sumptuous tapestry, and the gaudiest coverings," said Abigail.

"Where is Cordoni, where is my guardian?" asked Annie.

"Why he sleeps in the west bed-room, my master has taken such a fancy to him that he will not let him depart from the castle," replied Abigail.

Just then a creaking noise was heard, like the sound which proceeds from a sign-board when swung backwards and forwards by the wind.

"What is that noise?" asked Annie, "it sounds very gloomily."

"Oh, Miss, it is only the man in chains that the wind causes to move, and from thence proceeds the noise that you hear," replied the old woman.

"The man in chains!" ejaculated Annie, shuddering at the thought, "how came he there? was he a pirate? was he a malefactor? by whose command was he hung there?"

"He was the enemy of the former lord of this castle, and it was by his order he was swung there, but I will tell you the whole history if you would like to hear it, without you feel inclined to sleep."

"Not at all," answered Annie, almost forgetting

her own trouble in her present alarm, "I wish to hear the tale."

"Well then," answered the old hag, fixing her deadly looking eyes upon Annie, from whose glance she almost insensibly shrunk, "you must never reveal it to any one; I only tell it you to shew that you have my confidence and esteem."

"I do promise never to reveal it, but quick, proceed with your story," said Annie, earnestly.

Old Abigail stirred the fire and commenced.—"Count Brogni di Tosti, the grandfather of the present owner of this castle, was a man whose chief delights were of a warlike nature, and whenever a festival was given at Garstein, the tournament was certain to make a conspicuous figure amongst the varied amusements. One day, a long while back, I think fifty years next Martinmas, Count Brogni having come into the possession of a large inheritance, determined to have one of these exhibitions, and in order that it might be more splendid than any of the former tournaments, he had extensive grounds laid out, in the most elegant style. Around a large plot of smooth lawn were placed seats, each raised, the one above the other, leaving in the centre a clear and spacious arena for the combatants. Oh, I recollect it as well as if it was only yesterday, the multitudes of the fair and the brave that were assembled, the music which was re-echoed from rock to rock, and the plaudits of the company at the achievements of the victorious knight. Ah! and I recollect too, the fair lady —"

Here old Abigail suddenly stopped, as if she had uttered something she ought not to have let slip. Annie begged her to proceed.

"Among the numerous guests," she continued, "was a young knight of the most noble bearing, clad in armour, which fitted closely to his form, shewing his fine bust to perfection; he, together with his betrothed lady, (I think, before she was married, they called her Emeline), came to participate in the festivities of the day. The trumpet sounded, and the sports immediately commenced. The first encounter was a wrestling match between two athletic men, each trying to overbalance his adversary, first tottering on the one side and then on the other, but they were so equally matched, that for some time victory was uncertain, when by a sudden lurch one of them fell, and the prize was awarded to the successful candidate. Next entered the arena, two knights mounted on palfreys, which by the continual champing of their bits, and pawing the ground, shewed their eagerness for the strife. These, at a signal given, rushed with torrent impetuosity at one another, yet each withstood with the same firmness and adroitness the tilt of his adversary; they again separated and again came in contact when both were laid prostrate on the ground. Too much fatigued to continue the combat immediately, the amusement began to flag, when a person of stately form, his beaver down, came forward and cast the gauntlet at the foot of the young knight, who was paying the greatest attention to the fair Emeline, on whom he was gazing with the most anxious fondness. The young man accepted the challenge, and requested that to the victor the prize might be given by the fair Emeline, who with trembling hand took

the laurel, which she inwardly prayed might adorn the brow of her Theodore (for this was the name of the knight)."

Just now the creaking of the man on the gibbet made Annie start, but stifling her fear the old woman proceeded:—"They took different ends of the enclosure, and each made ready for the fight, presenting their weapons and reining in their impetuous steeds. The signal was given, they rushed on to the battle. Emeline, I was told by those who sat near her, closed her eyes during the whole of the combat, and never opened them until the shout of the company broke upon her ear. She looked anxiously around, and her joyous gaze soon discovered, her own true knight standing with conscious superiority over his prostrate foe. Theodore came up to Emeline, and amidst the praises of the multitude received the prize from her hand, whilst the tear of gladness coursed down her fair blooming cheek.

"The knight whom Theodore had conquered, as I have no doubt you anticipated, was the Count himself; he had seen the Lady Emeline, and had become so deeply enamoured of her, that he determined at the risk of his life to possess the fair prize; almost bursting with rage at the defeat he had just sustained, he resolved upon the death of Theodore. I tell you this as a secret, Madam," hinted the old woman, "and by these means, which he knew could not fail, determined to make himself master of Emeline. The sports were over, and the company were returning home, when the Count commanded four of his chosen men to pursue after the happy pair, and bring them with as little violence as possible to his castle. This they did, and the Count ordered the report to be spread abroad that he had captured a pirate, who had long been infesting their shores. However, to cut a long story short, Brogni ordered the young man to be hung in chains, and by threats and promises became the husband of the fair Emeline."

"Dreadful," articulated Annie.

"Oh but the worst is to come," replied old Abigail; "this poor young lady's health rapidly declined; the bloom which a short time before hung upon her cheek had faded, and a death-like marble whiteness occupied its place. Many of the inmates of the castle told me that they heard very often the sounds of some one sighing and weeping, as if overcome by the intensest grief, and one evening loud shrieks were heard re-echoing through the castle, and the morning following the poor Emeline, once the happy love, the anxious care of her beloved Theodore, then the Countess di Tosti, was found dead in her bed, suspected, and not without great reason, to have come by her death unfairly. A few months after this event, a deep settled gloom came over the mind of the Count, which was perceptible to every one. He at length became insane, and in his ravings, his thoughts always ran upon the knight he had murdered. Sometimes he would shriek out, that the man in chains was standing over him—he was sure he was, for he felt his hot breath fall upon him—it scorched him—and various other expressions, so horrible, that nobody could be prevailed upon to remain in the room with him. It

was firmly believed from various things he had spoken, that the man in chains had visited him every evening, and that this apparition had caused the settled gloom which clouded his countenance. Shortly he put an end to his existence, and he, together with the poor Countess, are laid in the same tomb, in the great hall, and even now, it is said, that sometimes the young knight who was hung on the gibbet, visits the tomb, particularly when the moon changes, or when an eclipse occurs, but I do not credit any thing of the sort, and so ends my tale."

Again the creaking noise was heard, and the excited mind of Annie fancied she heard a groan proceed from the outside; she listened again, but all was still as death. The old woman stirred the dying embers, and fanned them into a cheerful blaze. Annie, although not at all inclined to sleep, felt her frame so exhausted, what with the horrors she had just heard, and the painful uncertainty (not lessened by Abigail's story) in which she was placed, that she thought it prudent to recline upon the couch which had been placed in this desolate apartment.

It was late in the day when a message came from Alphonso that breakfast was prepared, and that he was waiting her company; she accordingly dressed herself, and trembling from head to foot, she descended the winding staircase that led from the tower, and was ushered by the superannuated old Abigail into the presence of Alphonso, who was reclining on a couch reading. Annie looked round the room in order to see if Cordoni was there, but not seeing him, she asked Alphonso where he was. He said that the old man had been sent for upon some very urgent business, but that he would arrive on the morrow, and had commissioned him to take care of his ward until his return. Annie hoped she might believe it, yet had her doubts, which she strived to suppress. The whole of the day Alphonso spent in showing her his extensive grounds, and indeed he ingratiated himself with Annie, so well did he play the deceiver's part. In the evening he told Annie of his passion, and pleaded his suit in the most subtle manner, which any one might have mistaken for real affection. To all his proposals Annie answered that she believed he meant her well, but that she had pledged her word to another whom she had not seen for many a year, and that she almost feared she should never see him again. He again swore to his affection, and at last to the great relief of Annie, permitted her to retire. Alphonso determined to restrain his passion, and to put on a semblance of kindness for a few days, in order to try by fair promises to gain the hand of Annie, but she continuing firm to her purpose, his anger was raised to the highest pitch, and many indeed were the trials poor Annie had to undergo. Many a time did this monster stand over the poor girl threatening her life, for two days together was she kept without food, besides many other privations inflicted upon her by Abigail at the instigation of Alphonso. I will not tire the patience or annoy the ears of my readers by detailing the villainies of this fiend, but will at once proceed to the event which changed the tide of affairs.

The castle bell had just tolled the hour of mid-

night when a person habited as a hermit, knocked at the massive door, which led to the court-yard of Garstein. It was shortly opened by the surly Peter, who was grievously annoyed at being awakened from his sleep.

"What seek you," asked he "at such an hour?"

"I crave assistance and protection of the Lord of this castle," replied the man; "I am wayworn and lost—I cannot on a foot further."

"By the mass, a pretty kind of a fellow, surely, to knock one up at this time of night; say your vespers and begone," exclaimed Peter, jeeringly, "for no hooded snakes shall ever enter these walls with my consent."

He was just shutting the door in the face of the hermit, when Alphonso, who had been aroused by the knocking, came to enquire the cause, his guilty mind always fearing harm and dreading detection.

"Who art thou, and whence dost thou come?" asked he.

"I am a lone hermit, my lord, fatigued by the distance I have travelled, and seek help at your hand," replied the stranger.

"And you shall have it friend. Peter see him well lodged," exclaimed Alphonso. "To-morrow," said he, addressing the hermit, "I shall have need of your assistance."

"My lord you greatly honour me," replied the man, and followed Peter, who with a look of scorn and contempt led him to the servants' hall, and having set some plain fare before him, retired to his post, leaving the hermit alone.

The next morning Alphonso arose early, and having summoned the hermit, he retired with him into his private room.

"My friend," said Alphonso, "I hope you have been well attended; in return you must perform a piece of service for me. There is a lady in my castle to whom I am devotedly attached; her parents consent to her marriage, but she, foolish girl, will disobey their wishes; in fact she has promised her hand to another, and will not relinquish her vow. Now, although I do not wish to use violence, I am determined to marry her this day, whether she will or no, so if a little force be necessary why you must not notice it; an ample reward shall be the seal that impresses silence; you understand."

The hermit bowed,

"You agree, then," exclaimed Alphonso.

"I do," replied the stranger.

"In an hour be in attendance," said the Count.

"My lord, you may command my services," replied the hermit.

Having said this, they parted. Annie upon awaking in the morning was surprised to see the old Abigail busying herself in laying out the most gorgeous dresses she had ever beheld, nor was that surprise lessened, when she learnt they were intended for herself. Abigail requested her to rise and dress, but maintained a most dogged silence to all the questions Annie put as to the reason of all this parade and show. However, dreading to awaken the anger of Alphonso, the effects of whose rage she had so often experienced, she arose, and with the help of the old woman, was soon ready

to attend the summons of Alphonso, which arrived shortly after she was risen. Never did a criminal behold with more dread the torture to which he had been condemned, than poor Annie felt whenever she was in the presence of the deceiver Alphonso. When she entered the chamber she beheld the hermit, standing behind a table, on one side of which was the Count, who, as Annie approached, arose to meet her. She shrunk from his touch.

"Beware!" whispered Alphonso threateningly.

Annie fixed her eyes upon him with a look so full of sorrow, expressing so completely the agony which she suffered, that it even seemed for a while to stagger Alphonso.

Annie," said he at length, "full well you know the love I entertain for you is sincere, the kindness you have experienced from me has been great; although you have been in my power, say, have I not dealt with you honourably? I know not why I have done all this, whilst you all the time have slighted—rejected me; however, this day, I am determined, come good or come ill, shall see you my wife."

"Never, never," ejaculated Annie earnestly; deceiver that thou art, is it not sufficient that thou hast reft me of my home, hast separated me from my friend, my only friend, my dear, dear, Cordoni, wilt thou also contemplate my shame, destroy the innocence of a poor friendless orphan?"

"Shame on thee, shame girl, spare thyself the trouble of using such harsh words, they do not well suit the lips of so fair a lady. I assure you," replied Alphonso, sarcastically. "Here is one," said he, pointing to the hermit, "who will perform my purpose; I tell thee again girl, this day, nay this very hour, shall see thee mine."

"May the hour that witnesses me joined to thee, cowardly traitor, be the last of my wretched existence. Oh Ferdinand, Ferdinand, did you but see your poor Annie, her on whose lips you used to imprint the tender kiss, upon whose form you would not even permit the wind to blow too roughly, would you not rush to her assistance?"

"He will!" shouted a voice which seemed to proceed from the other end of the room.

Alphonso started, and ran to the spot from whence he thought the sound proceeded, but not perceiving any thing returned, and seizing Annie by the hand, dragged her to the place where the hermit stood.

"Come girl," said he, "we tarry too long; hermit you see 'tis as I said, this foolish child will disobey the will of her parents."

"Liar!" again exclaimed the voice he had heard before.

"Who has done this?" enquired Alphonso, tremblingly; "ah, ah," resumed he, as if striving to drive away the fear that seemed to oppress him, "'tis some trick—some foolish trick. Beshrew me hermit, but we waste much time, perform your duty."

During all this time the hermit uttered not a word, but unceasingly kept his eye upon Alphonso. Annie shrieked as the stranger took from his vestment a large book, and a ring, that ring which she thought was to unite her for ever to the monster before her.

"Fear not, fair lady," said the hermit. "Signor Alphonso," continued he, addressing the Count, "do you really intend in the face of heaven, to unite yourself to the girl Annie, whom you intend to wed by force and compulsion?"

"I do," replied Alphonso, "but why do you tamper? proceed with your duty, and ask no questions."

"Good hermit protect me," exclaimed Annie, throwing herself at his feet "thine is a holy office, thou would'st have mercy upon a poor wanderer or bewildered outcast—would'st pity a homeless, friendless, beggar, I am—"

"Silence, babbler," interrupted Alphonso, angrily.

"Speak on, girl, and fear not," replied the hermit calmly.

"Ah! audacious wretch, what mean you? who art thou?"

"Ferdinand! Ferdinand, the preserver of the innocent," shouted the assumed hermit, throwing off his disguise, and rushing into the arms of his dear Annie.

"This through thy soul, then, treacherous fiend," roared Alphonso, aiming a blow at Ferdinand, which he dexterously avoided, and in turn wounded the Count in the side. Alphonso rushed to the door to call assistance, and prevent the escape of Annie, when suddenly he staggered back a few paces and fell senseless to the ground, for in the doorway stood old Cordoni, supported by two men. 'Twas this Alphonso had seen—'twas this that had brought him to the state in which he lay.

After a short time, Alphonso partially recovered, and sitting up looked wildly about him, and faintly exclaimed—

"Is he gone? no—horror—horror," he shrieked, seeing Cordoni approach, "it is there—ah take your basilisk eyes off me—they blast my inmost soul—kill me, but oh, in kindness look not on me thus—I did murder thee," he shrieked, hiding his head; "horrid vision, begone!"

Alphonso sunk back, and was, at the command of Ferdinand taken to the prison in the neighbouring village, where they intended to try him for the attempted murder of the old man; but no, the work was done—Alphonso died that night, raving mad, tearing his wounds, and imprecating curses on his own head; even the sturdy keepers were appalled at the horrors he confessed. Thus ended the life of a man, the slave to his own passions, and one who cared not by what means he obtained his wishes. To conclude, Annie was married to Ferdinand, and lived happily with their old friend Cordoni for some years, and on the death of the old man, he left them all his property. The village had indeed cause to hail the day when Ferdinand and Annie came to dwell amongst them. Old Peter and his wife died in the most abject poverty, and the castle of Garstein was forfeited to the crown.

A chaste eye exiles licentious looks.
Affected simplicity is refined imposture.
The last thing that is lost is hope.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

[The sudden and melancholy death last month, of Sir R. P—m—r, suggested the following Lines on the early contrasted fate of three young ladies who were educated together on the Continent: the youthful bereaved widow of Sir R. P—m—r having been one of the fair trio.]

I knew them once, those laughing Girls,
In the Spring-time of their Youth;
Their minds were fair as Ocean pearls,
Their hearts the shrine of Truth!
They were three bright and lovely things,
Of Earth that did not seem;
But like those pure imaginings,
That light a Poet's dream.

Each open brow as marble fair
With raven curls was graced;
The mind's nobility sat there,
By Nature's finger trac'd!
And graceful as the silver swan,
With snowy plumes unfurl'd,
Amid a wide admiring throng
They walked our stormy world!
Where are they now? Ah! sunder'd wide,
Each link the severing hand
Of Destiny, has since untied,
Of that united Band!
No more they charm the social hall,
Or glad the cheerful hearth,
Fate assign'd diff'rent paths to all
Upon the chart of Earth.

*HARRIET, the smile of Fortune bless'd,
And Hymen's saffron wing
Waved gently o'er her couch of rest,
In Womanhood's fair spring!
Her's was each bliss that Heaven can shed,
Or earthly joys bestow;
Until the spoiler's subtle thread
Wove Death's dark web of woe.

In life's fresh morn the canker came,
Hid in the Summer rose;
Lit up her cheek with fever's flame,
While the Heart's current froze.
And she was mourn'd with many a tear,
(Tears for the Dead how vain!)
And of those three companions dear
There but remained the TWAIN.

†MARGARET, to India's burning clime
Through many a danger pass'd,
Fortune pursued her steps, and Time
Fresh honors round her cast;

* Miss H—l—n, niece of the celebrated blind traveller and author: she married Mr. L—n—x, but "bore the Ducal name" a brief time, for she died of consumption almost "before her bridal wreath had faded."

† Miss F—r—n, daughter of Col. F—n, D.A., Adjutant-General at Madras. This heroic girl was accompanying her father to India, in the *Kent*, when that vessel took fire, and all on board relinquished hope of life. She sat on the glowing deck, reading prayers to her four infant sisters; and when another vessel came, providentially, in sight, she refused to leave her father, who remained in the burning ship until the whole of his regiment was in safety! Soon after their arrival at Madras Miss F. was united to Sir R. P—m—r, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court

And the young Matron homeward came
With him whose plighted vow,
Made ev'ry clime to her the same;—
But SHE's a mourner now!

For the lone widow's veil doth hide
The fair majestic form
That lately moved an envied bride,
In blushing beauty warm!
And tears are in those eyes where late
Shone pleasure's beaming ray;
And sad—and lone—and desolate—
SHE tracks Life's gloomy way!

‡LOUISA! round her classic brow
The wreath of Genius twines;
Fate's lavish hand sheds o'er her now
Each mental gem that shines;—
Music and Song obey her call,
And Painting's magic wand
Strengthens the spell that holds in thrall
Each heart at her command.

Fame, honor, friends, around HER throng;—
Her Beauty and soft grace
The Minstrel celebrates in song,
The Painter seeks to trace.
And tho' sometimes the griefs and fears
That turn Youth's morn to noon
Have been her lot;—like April's tears,
Hope's sunshine chased them soon.
Still may the Laurel o'er her bloom,
And round her graceful lyre,
Love's roses shed their sweet perfume,
And gentle themes inspire!
May her Life's path be free from care,
One bright unclouded day;—
And realize the POET's prayer,
Who weaves this simple lay.

LINES ON A FADED ROSE.

Go, go, thou sweet emblem of life to the tomb,
Where thou'lt meet with thy kindred, the young
and the fair,
Like thee, have they perish'd, snatch'd off in their
bloom,

They have vanish'd the garden of life, free of
care;—
Like thee, they've been pluck'd by the finger of
death,
From the stem which was perfumed by youth's balmy
breath.

Pale, pale are thy leaves on which yesterday's dawn
Was reflected in colours so brilliant and bright;
And withered thy bud that e'er noon-day had shone,
Might have beam'd forth a fair and fresh floweret
of light.

Even like to the Cherub who yields at its birth
The breath that was giv'n to remind it of earth.
Yet still though thy beauty and freshness decay,
Though thy levelness dies like a dream of the
past,

The scent of thy leaves will not vanish away,
Though they sleep with the dead, they're im-
mortal at last,
As the soul, whose affections are centr'd above,
Will hover around the blest shrine of its love.

J. A. J*****.

Hollywood, Co. Monaghan.

there; and she returned with him recently to Eng-
land, where a sad close to their happiness took
place in the sudden death of Sir R. at his country
seat.

‡ Miss L. H. Sh—d—n.

FAIRY EILEEN, OR THE CHANGLING.

A mother came when stars were paling,
 Wailing round a lonely spring,
 Thus she cried, while tears were falling,
 Calling on the fairy King!
 Why with spells my child caressing,
 Courting him with fairy joy—
 Why destroy a mother's blessing,
 Wherefore steal my baby-boy?

S. LOVER.

At the time of which I write, I was residing in a beautiful little cottage near the lake of Killarney, perhaps it might not have exactly suited in all respects our national prejudices, and peculiar notions of comfort; but the all pervading spirit of Irish warm and light-heartedness, more than compensated for any little sacrifice of English convenience. The following facts which fell immediately under my own cognizance, will serve to illustrate one of the popular creeds and superstitions of this most superstitious of all nations. Within a mile of my residence there were no less than two fairy-springs, whose waters were supposed to be miraculously endowed;—a wishing-well, and fairy-rings without number. It is not sufficient that these appearances have been explained away by the cold reasoning of philosophy; reason and philosophy are equally unknown in Ireland, where the spirit of romance still clings around her ruined altars, and defies the march of time and intellect.

My favourite walk was in the vicinity of one of these charmed circles, and one day as I approached it, I observed a woman walking round and round, wringing her hands and wailing piteously. Though considerably past the middle age, she yet bore traces of great beauty, but her dress and language plainly showed that she belonged to the lowest class of Irish peasantry. A little way off sat a child, apparently about seven or eight years old, her elbows resting on her knees, and her chin supported on her hands, which were peculiarly long and thin; the girl's face was a pure intense white, without a shade of colour, a profusion of dark tangled hair fell upon her bare neck and shoulders, contrasting strangely with their marble hue. The wind and sun, to which peasant-children are so much exposed, and which serves in general to give a browner tint to their healthful complexions, seemed to have glanced harmlessly over her, and left no trace behind. Her eyes were large, black, and unfathomable, and they followed the gestures of her strange companion with a cold and earnest gaze.

Having some slight knowledge of the woman, I accosted her, and enquired what had happened.

"Nothing new, lady," she replied in her broad national Irish, which I shall translate for the benefit of my readers. "It is better than three years, now, since my healthy and beautiful child was stolen away by the fairies, and yonder changeling substituted in its stead; but I cannot forget or cease to lament my darling; oh my Eileen! my playful—my blooming one! Oh Eileen, Eileen aga!" and she began to weep and bewail her loss more vehemently than ever. I glanced with renewed interest upon that pale silent girl, and

quailed involuntarily before the fixed gaze of her large melancholy eyes.

"Can such things be?" I thought, and the woman's tale was plausible enough to warrant my misgivings. It appeared from her account, which was afterwards fully corroborated by those of her neighbours, that about three years before Eileen Conolly was a bright and laughter-loving thing, the joy and pride of her widowed mother's heart; until one evening, during Peggy Conolly's absence (she had only gone to the well with her pitcher) when the change was effected. The Killarney fairies bore off their prize, and the bereaved parent found lying on the bed, instead of her blooming child, the pale, withered, and sickly form of her present charge. But for a very slight resemblance between the two, consisting chiefly in their both having dark hair and eyes, the frantic woman would most likely have sacrificed the changeling to her despair—that is, to use her own words, "if fairy children ever die." Every search and enquiry proved ineffectual, and the popular belief in fairy agency was confirmed beyond a doubt. Meanwhile the sickly child, who was called "Fairy Eileen," to distinguish her from the real one, rose up from her bed, and began to creep about; at first she was too weak to get beyond the cottage door, where she sat or lay in the sunshine. The children shrunk away from her as they passed in frightened groups, and shunned and uncared for, this solitary little being dragged on a tedious and miserable existence. Sometimes Peggy would drive her from the house with blows and curses, but she always sought her again when her rage subsided, so fearful was she of offending the "good people" who had stolen her treasure. There was something in the isolated condition of this fairy-child which peculiarly interested me, and I soon managed to win her confidence and love. I had thought her at first cold and insensible, but I was mistaken; this was merely the result of the unnatural state of her feelings at that time. The iron had entered early into her young heart, and deadened without destroying its best affections. Oh the blessing of the kind word to the ears of those to whom all sympathy has long been a stranger. I believe Fairy Eileen would willingly have laid down her life for me, if it had been required of her; and yet I had done nothing but smile and talk soothingly to her. After our first interview she became my constant attendant and companion, and the romantic dreams to which I had at first lent a sort of half belief, were gradually dispelled, I still felt unable to penetrate the mystery that enveloped the destiny of my little pet; but I was convinced that she was a human creature, and possessed of human passions and feelings, even to excess. In the winter evenings I used to beguile the time by teaching Fairy Eileen to read, which she learnt as well as every thing else, with extraordinary quickness.

I shall now use the privilege of a tale-teller, and passing over an interval of nine years, resume my narrative at the period of my pupil's attaining her 17th. year. She had grown up very tall and slight, and the dazzling whiteness of her complexion, the height of her pale forehead, and the Juno-like stateliness of her step, might well en-

courage the Killarney peasantry in persisting in their assurance of her fairy origin, and their conviction that she was not one of them. Towards the close of a glorious summer evening, a travelling carriage might be seen driving furiously down the road to the great wonder of the gaping crowd who rushed out of their houses to gaze at it. It drew up at length before the door of Peggy Conolly's cottage, and an old gentleman alighted, accompanied by a young and elegantly dressed female, who leant heavily on his arm, and appeared to be weeping bitterly. About an hour afterwards they re-entered the carriage accompanied by Fairy Eileen, and drove rapidly away, by the same road they had come. Peggy Conolly stepped over to my house immediately after their departure, and I gathered from her incoherent and broken narrative some clue to the mystery which had so long enveloped the fate of her lost child. I shall give the reader a brief sketch of what she told me, and in order to do so, must introduce them to a new personage.

Sir Musgrave O'Calaghan was of high and noble birth, and early in life married the heiress of Molyneux, a maiden as good as she was beautiful. They never had but one child, and Sir Musgrave disappointed in not having an heir to his estates, refused for some time to see his unoffending and innocent daughter. They met at length by accident, and her gentle and smiling eyes as they encountered his, subdued every bitter feeling; he took her from the nurse's arms and entered the presence of his surprised and happy lady, with the child laughing and clinging round his neck.

After this, all went on pleasantly at Castle Calaghan, until the knight was summoned to France, to receive the last blessing of his aged parent. Lady Margaret accompanied her husband, but as the little Moyna was not quite well, they left her at home under the care of a sister of Lady Calaghan's, who promised to watch carefully over the health and safety of her little niece until their return.

Sir Musgrave had not left home above a month, when Lady Edith took it into her head, one bright summer evening to indulge in a row on the lake taking her little charge with her. The child was delighted and laughed and shouted for joy, as they floated merrily over the calm waters. Presently a bright green insect attracted her attention, and reaching forward to try and catch it, she fell over the side. Lady Edith heard the triumphant laugh with which she bent towards her glittering prize, subdued into a sudden scream of infant agony—and she was *alone*!

When the body of the young heiress was at length found, every one feared that her life had fled, but gradually the half frantic Edith marked a faint tint deepening over the infant's colourless cheeks, and presently it flung up its little arms, and lisped out "Mamma" in a faint and plaintive voice.

Time rolled on, five months had elapsed since Sir Musgrave left home, and the hour was fixed for his return. Each day Lady Edith saw with horror the little form of her niece waste and fade away. She dreaded the anger of her brother-in-law, and more than all the grief of the heart-

broken mother. At length her betrothed husband, who loved and pitied her, proposed a plan to relieve her from her embarrassments. He told her he had often noticed in Killarney a little peasant-girl about the same age, and very much resembling the young heiress of O'Calaghan in her days of health and joy, and he offered to steal her away, and substitute the dying child in her stead, promising to see that she wanted for nothing. Edith eagerly caught at the proposal, and Lady Margaret on her return pressed to her maternal bosom a blooming and healthy infant, thanking her almost heart-broken sister for the care she had taken of her darling. Barry Seton was united to his betrothed a few days after their return, and removed with her to England.

It was many—many years after, when Lady Margaret had gone down into the silent tomb, before this mystery was brought to light. Then the old nurse confessed every thing upon her death-bed, and Lady Edith denied not the accusation brought against her. The rest is soon told; the rightful heiress was acknowledged, and poor Moyna degraded from her former station, permitted to remain as a kind of humble companion. A girl of a less joyous and sanguine spirit would have felt the sudden change most keenly, but Moyna's happy temper never deserted her, and if she did sometimes weep in the solitude of her own chamber, over the wreck of her bright dreams, her tears were forgotten almost as soon as shed.

I went by invitation to Castle Calaghan soon after the restoration of its heiress. When I entered her apartment, she was lying on a couch, attired in a white robe, clasped down the front with diamond studs; her little feet, whose shape and colour I had often admired as she raced bare-footed over the hills, were cased in silk and thrust into velvet slippers; her rich shining hair, studded with gems, hung below her waist, but for all this *she* was not altered—she was still my own *Fairy-Eileen*.

We conversed long together on the past, and the changed future, and I expressed some pity for poor Moyna's altered condition.

"She is rather to be envied than pitied," replied the heiress, with a deep sigh; "in a few months she will be the bride of Sir Talbot Furguson. Her altered fortunes have not had power to change his affection; happy, happy Moyna!"

And as she sat in pensive silence, with her head bent down, and her white jewelled hands hanging listlessly by her side, I fancied I could read what was passing in her mind. The regret—the vain pinings over years wasted—spirits crushed and broken, and bliss that might never be hers.

Many years have passed since then, but Fairy-Eileen is still a solitary being, with all the deep affections of her warm heart shrouded from the world as with a mantle. Sir Musgrave is proud of his beautiful child, but there is a depth in her sadness that awes him, and his thoughts often wander from the pale face of his heiress to the memory of the light-hearted and affectionate Moyna. He remembers not at those times, that Fairy-Eileen reared amidst luxury and love, might have been as joyous; he forgets her glorious infancy, her

blighted and miserable childhood, and the solitude and scorn in which her girlish days were passed ; when they met at length, she had grown old in sorrow, if not in years,

"And the heart sees no renewing.—"

Peggy Conolly accompanied her idolized and strangely restored child to England in the capacity of an attendant, for Talbot Ferguson did not wish that the humble origin of his bride should be generally known, and so pure and self-sacrificing was the love of this woman, that though she often wept in secret over her beautiful child, to the day of her death no one ever suspected the connexion between them, and perhaps the bitterest tears Moyna had ever shed were wept over the lowly grave of this devoted mother.

To this day the actual origin of Fairy-Eileen is a subject of doubt with the peasantry of Killarney, the mystery of her birth having been kept as secret as possible, for the sake of Moyna ; and the garlands which she used to amuse herself by weaving in her hours of loneliness and gloom, are carefully preserved as fairy-charms, and supposed by these simple people to be wonderfully efficacious. I have one of these magic wreaths myself, but the only service it has been to me, is to remind me of the past.

E. Y.

MIDNIGHT REFLECTIONS.

Alas ! cannot even this sweet soothing hour steep,
My heart's undying sorrows in oblivious sleep ?
No ! when the soul has drain'd the bitter cup of woe,
The weary, weeping eyes, unus'd to slumber grow !
Once more to home and rest the busy world has fled,
And wearied nature breathes the stillness of the dead.
The dead ! ah me ! how chilling is that fearful sound—
The countless, sleeping dead—where dwell they ?—
gaze around
On yon fair silv'ry moon, and yonder milky way ;
Perchance, oh wondrous thought !—in those pale
orbs dwell they ;—
Yea, in bright realms of bliss the righteous dead shall dwell.
But where the wicked ? where ? shall mortals dare
to tell ?
The thought alone doth fill the thinking soul with gloom,
With trembling awe, and fear, for its own future doom !
Oh, who unmoved shall meet the solemn judgment day,
When heaven, earth, and sea, in chaos flee away ?
When at the trumpet's sound the sleeping dead shall rise,
With forms of purer mould, that fit them for the skies.
When man, bewildered man, with agony of soul,
Looks up, and lo ! the heavens have vanished as a scroll,
And the dark trouhled earth on which he trembling kneels,
Harks to the mighty voice, and from its orbit reels !
Pause then, ye sons of men—pause in your wild career,
Oh, learn that ye have no abiding city here !
As blooming flow'rets fade, 'neath spring and autumn skies,
So man in youth and age at death's stern fiat dies !
And e'en alike to you, ye thoughtless and ye gay,
This fearful time must come, this solemn judgment day.

AMELIA W—.

STANZAS.

BY MISS E. C. WILLIAMS.

I will not regret, for my heart's full of glee,
Tho' the world in its coldness is frowning on me,
I've the light of thy smile—
And while all my own is that bright sunny ray,
The world and its scorn it will more than repay,
And all sorrow beguile.

He said he would woo me with wealth and with power,
With the richest of beautiful gems for my dower,
Did he speak to my heart ?
In the proud scenes of splendour does happiness dwell—
Will gold e'er repay the proud feelings we sell,
When from Truth we depart ?

Of affection he spoke not in wooing me so,
Did he think that for riches my heart I'd bestow
Unheeding thy sigh !
No, give me a home with a sweet loving hearth,
An affectionate smile, and my life will be mirth,
There I'll live and I'll die !

Then regret not, my own, that you won me to part
From the home of my childhood, the friends of my heart,
Ah ! do not regret !
No clouds can o'ershade me with thee by my side,
Still blest as when blushing I knelt as thy bride,
I worship thee yet !

SONG OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

The blush is on thy cheek, and thy hand is trembling still,
Like a blossom to the breeze, and I feel thy bosom thrill :
The tear is in thine eye, and a sigh burst from thy breast,
Oh ! tell me, dearest, truly, what 'tis disturbs thy rest ?
Is parting from thy Mother a source of grief to thee ?
Cast all thy fears away, my love, and cling through life to me.
For I have vowed to cherish thee beneath the holy fane,
In health and pleasure's happy hours, and in the time of pain,
And the bells are ringing still so joyously and gay,
To greet with many a merry chime thee on thy wedding day,
And thy Sister with a laughing eye has whispered a farewell,
Then wherefore art thou sad, my love, the hidden secret tell ?
Again thy smile returns as the sunbeam after rain,
Beams forth afresh more brilliantly upon the dewy plain ;
Thou creep'st like a timid dove to nestle on my breast,
And there repose, my only love, both blessing me and blest ;
Believe me I will never prove a source of grief to thee,
Cast all thy fears away, my love, and cling through life to me.

THE VALETUDINARIAN.

How few people in this strange world of ours reply to "How do you do?" with "Very well thank you." To one "Quite hearty," we have a dozen "Tolerables," or "Middlings," or "Not quite the thing." It would almost seem as though freedom from bodily ailment were not a desirable state of being, since so few persons are to be met with who will allow that they are free from all source of complaint; indeed there are many of whom it might be affirmed that they would feel it an offence to be thought in a robust state of health. In the female sex the refusal to acknowledge the presence of one of earth's greatest blessings is perhaps, not quite so much to be wondered at. Women may like to excite sympathy or commiseration; they may consider it more interesting to be delicate; artificial bloom is discarded, and natural bloom is therefore not to be desired; women now, who are ladies, prefer paleness of complexion, and seldom admit that they are vulgar enough to be in rude health. But that men should be so degenerate is strange indeed; the feeling which can prompt a man to prefer being thought a valetudinarian, is not to be accounted for, since the same individual, who is weak enough to feel gratified in complaining of bodily infirmities would feel highly indignant if accused of cowardice or effeminacy. It might, however be, not unfairly, inferred that these delicate and ailing gentlemen have no great share of either physical or moral courage.

Hugh Croaker, Esquire, is a character of this description. When a young man, obliged to fight his way forward in the world, he got very well through the difficulties which he was compelled to encounter. He lived solitary, in a furnished lodging, and had not found out the weakness of his earthly tenement, because he had the entire charge of it himself; he had no complaints, because he had no one to complain to; but as his circumstances improved so did his ailments increase, and becoming master of an establishment his family and servants gradually became acquainted with the extreme delicacy of his frame and constitution, and the habit of complaint having become habitual he never by any chance replies to the salutation of a friend or acquaintance without naming some disorder with which he is, or fancies he is, at the time afflicted. One verb is ever predominant in his vocabulary, in some of its moods or tenses, I do suffer, I did suffer, I have suffered, I shall suffer, and a slight indisposition is magnified into something serious by the probability of its being only the beginning of some malady which may have a fatal termination; a slight inflammation in a toe, which may have been produced by the pressure of a shoe, is a symptom of incipient gout, or a numbness in the foot is a sure indication of the paralysis which is to ensue; an attack of bile or a pain in the side are evidences of a diseased liver, and a flushed face, or a trifling head-ache are certain precursors of apoplexy. Yet with all these terrible forebodings, any effective mode of relief, or prevention which would be attended with real, though temporary pain, or personal inconvenience is always evaded. He is no patronizer of the faculty; he neither likes blistering, bleeding nor swallowing nauseous drugs, and he recovers

marvellously from all his complaints with the aid of a little gruel, and a few more hours in bed. Our Valetudinarian is painfully sympathetic too on all points of bodily disorder; not that compassionate sympathy which is awakened by the sufferings of others, but a corresponding feeling excited in himself by the relation of those sufferings. It is scarce possible to name a corporeal affliction through which a friend or neighbour is, or has been, confined to his house or chamber, but Mr. Croaker instantly discovers that he has a something of the kind hanging about him at the moment, or that he has at some period of his life suffered almost martyrdom from the same complaint; indeed he is never willing to allow that any person can have endured so much disarrangement of the animal functions as himself. It may perhaps be said that the generality of people like to draw attention to themselves in some way or other; but this is such a strange species of egotism, such a morbid source of gratification, such an evidence of deficiency in the power of pleasing: and it may be the consciousness of this deficiency or want of attractive qualities, which induces a man to adopt this mode of creating an interest for himself in the bosoms of his friends. It is, however, a mistaken method, and Mr. Croaker fails to excite any real compassion. People think of the common saying, "a creaking gate hangs long on the hinges," and no serious apprehensions are entertained for the safety of his life; indeed like the boy in the fable, who from giving false alarms, could gain no assistance when the wolf really visited his flock, the habitual complainant may not excite much uneasiness if real or severe indisposition do actually visit him. Nothing short of submission to a surgical operation or the calling in of a physician, would induce the family of Hugh Croaker, Esq., to believe him positively suffering from chronic disease or bodily ailment. Should any of our young male readers feel any disposition to imaginations of this description, let them dismiss such unmanliness at once. No egotism is amiable, but if men must be interesting, there are ways and means enough without resorting to the pitiable, and sometimes contemptible, condition of a Valetudinarian. X. X.

ON GENIUS.

"The atmosphere that circlet gifted minds
Is from a deep intensity derived—
An element of thought, where feelings shape
Themselves to fancies—an electric world,
Too exquisitely toned for common life."
R. MONTGOMERY.

Extreme sensibility, combined with intellectual superiority, form the soul of the man of genius, his spirit aspires to things above the common level; his imagination soars far beyond the petty concerns that engross and occupy the mass of mankind; he views all things through a different medium; to him the whole creation teems with beauty and sublimity. When he turns his eyes to heaven and gazes on the retinue of worlds that roll around him, his mind expands in contemplating the immensity

LITERATURE.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED WOMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN, FROM THE 14TH TO THE 19TH CENTURY, COLLECTED AND COPIED IN FAC-SIMILE, BY J. NETHERCLIFT.

This book is a perfect gem; an awakener of the memory to the great, and the good, and the glorious of past ages, bringing back to the mind the remembrance of those who were illustrious for their actions and their talents, till thought itself becomes almost like a moving panorama of anecdote.

We love to revel in the recollections of the olden time; and Mr. Netherclift has here presented us with a field in which we can never tire. The illustrious and distinguished women of Great Britain have at last met with the courtesy due to them from the opposite sex, and Mr. Netherclift deserves a silken scarf from the hands of the fairest of his countrywomen for his excellent and interesting collection of autographs. His motto even, is graphical—

Tho' here no charms of outward beauty shine,
Graced by the painter's art—more humble mine.
Yet, in the free or trembling hand, you trace
The traits of *Feeling*—varied as the face,
The well-known *Signature*, the *Answer* kind,
The meek petition of a heart resign'd
Or the bright thought, fresh glowing from the mind;
And what the painter's highest aim would reach,
The *SOUL'S EXPRESSION*, eloquent as speech.

The first autograph in the collection is one of Philippa, Queen of Portugal, the eldest daughter of our celebrated John of Gaunt, the date somewhere about 1405; but there are others that interest us more, and we will turn to the ill-treated and calumniated Anne Boleyn, whose character has too long borne a blight we can never be induced to think deserved. We will allow that she jilted the amiable Wyatt to obtain the glittering bauble that cost her the sacrifice of her life; but would the discarded lover, if she had been the polluted and guilty thing she has been too frequently represented, have braved the wrath of the unforgiving and remorseless Henry three short years afterwards, for the melancholy consolation of attending the condemned Queen to the scaffold? Would his *sister* have accompanied *him* to solace her by their sympathy to the last, if she had been so spotted with the leprosy of impurity, that even Henry regarded her with a loathing. It is not only improbable but impossible. We cannot say much for her *heart*, but how frequently does ambition cast the feelings into the shade? Poor Anne Boleyn! we have ever sympathized with thee, and wished that thy fate had been different. A small prayer-book was the last gift of Anne Boleyn to Mary Wyatt; a token of her regard and thankfulness when she was standing on the brink of eternity, and some few years since it was carefully preserved in the family.

Then there is the Lady Jane Grey, whose neat and pretty caligraphy would be admired even at the present day; and Queen Elizabeth, who wrote

of the universe, until he almost forgets he is a child of earth. The majestic ocean bearing on its billows the ships of all nations, animates his spirit by its grandeur; the earth clothed with verdure—the breathing calm of a rural scene, arrayed in the glories of a summer's evening,

"The forest shade—the green bough—the bird's voice."

the freshness of spring, the fervour and glory of summer—the richness of autumn with its golden fields, and even barren winter, the grave of the year, all awaken emotions of delight in his mind. There is a harmony in nature not heard by common ears—a vastness and grandeur not comprehended by common minds; there is a perfect order in the scale of creation, from an atom to a world—from the meanest insect to the highest created intelligence—the chain is complete. These things afford nutriment to the gifted mind, and exalt it, but make it feel more lonely; the contemplation of nature refines and purifies the heart, but renders it painfully susceptible to the desolation that surrounds it. It wants a kindred spirit to share its meditations, and follow it in all its wayward wanderings to complete its happiness.

It is melancholy to reflect that extreme suffering is generally the lot of genius, the irritable temperament, the pride, the passion, and the acute sensibility, which form a part of its nature, render it susceptible to grief and unhappiness from a thousand sources unknown to others; even in the very outset of life it frequently has to encounter opposition and surmount difficulties which would overwhelm an ordinary mind. How often are the gifted derided and treated with unkindness by those near and dear to them, because they cannot understand and appreciate their feelings? How often is their sensibility wounded, and the ardour of their affections chilled by coldness and neglect, and their finest feelings driven back into their own bosoms for want of sympathy? It is this which gives rise to that melancholy and love of solitude which characterises genius; it has no thoughts, no conversation for the crowd—solitude is a relief from the irritation met with in the world; there it can commune with its own soul, and indulge its most ethereal flights of imagination,—its divinest dreams, without interruption. The solitude of nature affords a balm to the spirit, and is far less lonely than the solitude of the crowd.

SELINA B—.

TO TAKE IMPRESSIONS OF PLANTS.—Take half a sheet of fine-wove paper, and cover the surface with sweet oil; after it has stood a minute or two, rub off the superfluous oil, and hang the paper in the air; when sufficiently dry, move the paper slowly over the flame of a candle or lamp until it is perfectly black; lay the plant thereon, and place a piece of clean paper over, and rub it equally with the finger about half a minute; take up the plant and place it on the paper or scrap-book where it is desired to have the impression; cover it with a piece of blotting-paper, and, after the rubbing, a representation of the plant will appear, almost equal to the finest engraving. The same piece of black paper will serve for a great number of impressions.

as freely and boldly as she acted; and Mary of Scotland, whose legible writing would serve as a model for the correction of many of our present fashionable scrawlers, whose letters are all like loops and crooked lines, and exercise the faculties to tell what they are meant for. All these recollections: had we space we would gladly give a page of anecdotal illustrations.

Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, who was an authoress to the extent of thirteen folio volumes, wrote quite a *literary* hand, and cared as little for capital letters as she did for the neatness of her pages; but we like sometimes to see a few blots and erasures, for, generally speaking, those who write with the greatest neatness and nicety have the fewest ideas. We like blots and erasures too for another reason; they are always to be found plentifully distributed over our own MS. pages—a fact which if any one be inclined to dispute we beg to refer to the printer to prove we are correct. There are fac-similes of the last eight lines of Mrs. Hemans' poem of "The Effigies," which cause us to sigh over the fate of that gifted being, too soon taken away from those who loved her and admired: of eight lines also from the learned and elegant Miss Elizabeth Carter's Monody on the death of the no less famous Mrs. Rowe, whose pious works were placed in our hands almost as soon as we could read. In truth it would take more space than our pages will allow to name half the royal, noble, and talented persons that have been thus brought before us by the careful and unremitting industry of Mr. Netherclift. We wish he had followed up the beautiful motto which adorns his title-page by writing a poem on the subject; he is well qualified for the task, and the subject would decidedly have the charm of novelty.

We are half inclined to smile at the extract from a letter of the classical and oriental female scholar, Miss Elizabeth Smith to Miss Bowdler, which is interlarded with original Hebrew; and to weep over the extract, blotted with tears, from the eyes of the kind hearted, clever Charlotte Smith, whose *Old Manor House* was one of our earliest favourites. The extract from the letter of Mrs. Cowley to the great Garrick, we transcribe, as it may be serviceable to Theatrical Managers:—

Had you rejected me, when I presented my little *Runaway*, depressed by the refusal, and all confidence in myself destroyed, I should never have presumed to dip my pen again. It is now my task to convince the world, and you, that a generous allowance for a young writer's faults, is the best encouragement to Genius—'tis a kindly soil, in which groundlings are nourished, and from which the loftiest trees draw their strength and their beauty."

The signature of Miss Bengier recalls to our mind the ridiculous anecdote of her having been mistaken for a fortune teller by some silly females, when she resided in Warren Street; and we can picture to ourselves the stare of astonishment with which she regarded the applicants for her version of future events. But we fear that we really shall write on till doomsday at this rate, and sincerely trusting that Mr. Netherclift will be amply repaid by the sale of this really interesting volume, which ought to be in the library of every person of taste—every admirer of female talent. We will only add our

most decided approbation of the design and execution of the Work, which is published under the especial patronage of our young and amiable Queen, whose autograph concludes the last page of the volume. We think Mr. Netherclift might continue the work, for there are yet many more ladies whose names deserve to be transmitted to posterity, that do not appear in this volume, but we merely hint our opinions, leaving the rest to his judgment.

FISHER'S JUVENILE SCRAP BOOK FOR 1838.

London. Fisher and Co.

Annals of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions are now to be met with on the tables of every person who has the slightest pretensions to literary taste. We rather like this plan of catering for the tastes of the young, and think that juvenile works ought to be always a matter of the most serious consideration and attention. The young mind in this age,—when *female* writers can unblushingly come forward, as we lament to say some *one* or *two* have done of late, to spread infection through the world of literature; to hold up to the gazing eye the deformities of human nature; to show the *plague-spots* in the characters of *daughter* and *friends*,—ought to be tutored to shun the direful path which these foul-minded particles of mortality have opened to observation.

This Annual is of a truly moral tendency, and deserves well of the public. The engravings with which it is illustrated have previously appeared in other works, but it will be a very pretty keepsake for any young relative or friend to whom it may chance to be presented. We extract the tale entitled

PRINCE CHAO KANG.

AN HISTORICAL CHINESE TALE.

About two thousand years before the birth of Christ China was governed by the Emperor Yu, who from a very humble station had been raised to the throne for the great service he had rendered his country in draining the morasses and embanking the rivers, which had previously been accustomed to overflow their channels, and inundate the neighbouring plains. Yu proved a great and a glorious sovereign, and his descendants were for his sake much beloved by the people of China. They continued to reign for several generations, till at length a traitor named Han-son rebelled against the Emperor Ti Siang, and, having defeated and slain him and all his faithful friends in a great battle, he marched to the Capital, and barbarously murdered every member of the Royal Family, except the Empress Min, who fled to an obscure village among the mountains, where she gave birth to an infant Prince, whom she named Chao Kang. This tender babe was now the sole descendant of the revered line of Yu, and though he was born in the lonely dwelling of a shepherd his fond mother trusted that she should one day behold him seated on his father's throne, which was now usurped by the traitor Han-son. Chao Kang was a child of great beauty and extraordinary abilities, and the Empress Min being herself a very accomplished Princess, was enabled to bestow upon him the blessings of a good education. She not only instructed him in all the learning of which she was mistress, but taught him many ingenious arts, such as were practised by persons of

high rank in those days, especially that of painting in brilliant colours, insects, birds, flowers, and figures. Chao Kang soon acquired such skill in these pleasing exercises that he presently excelled his royal mother in the force and correctness of his delineations, and learned to arrange his figures in groups, so as to illustrate the most striking passages in the history of his own country. His mother, the better to conceal the quality of her royal son till such time as he should be of age to claim his rightful inheritance, caused him to keep the flocks of the old shepherd Nan-hi, who called the princely boy his grandson; but as it was well known that Nan-hi never had a child, and the beauty and noble spirit of Chao Kang attracted great attention, it began to be whispered abroad that he was of the family of the late sovereign. These reports reached the ear of the jealous usurper, Han-son, and he having reason to suspect that the Empress Min and her child were in existence, sent persons to seize the boy, and bring him before him, dead or alive.

The imperial widow was informed of this by a faithful friend in the Capital, with whom she still kept up a correspondence, and bidding the worthy shepherd Nan-hi a hasty farewell, she withdrew with her son into the neighbouring province of Quangtun, now called Canton, where, to avoid all suspicion, she placed the youth as under-cook in the kitchen of the great mandarin Hum. This situation was not exactly to the taste of Chao Kang; but he submitted to the commands of his mother with a good grace, and endeavoured to fulfil the duties of his new calling with cheerfulness. His winning manners and amiable disposition soon endeared him to every person in the family of the mandarin; but though he was now engaged in menial offices, he did not allow his mind to stoop beneath the true dignity which the pursuits of learning and of virtue can confer upon the humblest stations in society. Chao Kang spent all his leisure time in study, or else in decorating the garden pagodas with painted flowers, birds, or groups of figures. These were so superior to any thing that had yet been executed by the Chinese painters, that they attracted the attention of the only daughter of the mandarin, a young lady of great beauty, and of so amiable a disposition that she was named Choo-lan, from the sweet flower that sends the most precious tea of China. When Choo-lan inquired the name of the unknown person who had so greatly embellished her favourite retreats, the gardener told her it was Chao Kang, the under-cook. The young lady was lost in astonishment at this information, and exclaimed that a youth who was possessed of such rare talents was worthy to be employed in a more honourable vocation than the drudgery of a kitchen. And as the great national festival, the feast of lanterns, was near at hand, she requested of the mandarin, her father, that Chao Kang might be permitted to paint her lantern, for all the young people vied with each other on that occasion, who should display the most superb painted transparency of silk, or tissue paper in the form of a lantern, lighted up with wax tapers within. The feast of lanterns is celebrated on the 15th day of the first month, at which time the vast empire of China is illuminated from one end to the other with these beautiful lanterns, which are suspended from the roofs of every house, affixed to the doors, or carried about the streets on long poles in procession, to the extreme delight of the people. Great fancy is shown with regard to these lanterns: some are in the shape of fish of various colours, and some are circular like the moon, and others are formed to represent dragons and other fabulous monsters,

celebrated in the Chinese mythology. It is said that not less than two hundred millions of lanterns are annually exhibited at this splendid national festival. There is always great emulation among the higher orders and wealthy families, who shall exhibit the most magnificent lantern; and some of them have been valued at no less than 2,000 crowns each. Choo-lan was desirous of having a lantern exquisitely painted with historical designs, for her slaves and the officers of her father's household to carry in procession through the city; and she promised to reward Chao Kang with a chain of the purest gold for his neck, and a bracelet of pearls from her own arm if he painted it to her satisfaction.

"The only reward I shall seek," replied the disguised prince, "will be the happiness of pleasing so kind a mistress."

The young lady repeated this courteous answer to her father, and the wise mandarin observed "that such delicate feelings savoured not of a turnspit, and that from all that had been reported to him of his wisdom, learning, and graceful manners of Chao Kang, he had little doubt of his being a person of noble birth."

Instructed by his mother, Chao Kang painted the story of his own misfortunes on the lantern of the fair Choo-lan; beginning with the fatal battle in which his royal father was defeated and slain. Then was represented the massacre of the imperial family, together with the escape and flight of the Empress Min, who was afterwards delineated with her infant son at her breast in the hut of the shepherd Nan-hi. The imperial crown of China was shewn as if suspended over the infant's head, and the false traitor and usurper Han-son, was represented seated on the throne, which was in a tottering position, while he was apparently giving orders to his officers for the murder of this last descendant of the royal line of Yu. Lastly, Chao-Kang had delineated himself as engaged in his culinary occupation in the kitchen of the mandarin, with the crown of China still suspended over him; and his mother in the habit of a widowed Empress, with clasped hands, was seen imploring the succour of the mandarin and his gentle daughter in behalf of her son. When this lantern was finished and lighted up, Choo-lan, full of delight called her father to look upon it, before it was exhibited to the gaze of the assembled multitude. No sooner had the mandarin examined the pictured history there represented in such lively colours, than he uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and prostrating himself before the young artist, he saluted him as the descendant of the revered family of the great Yu, and his sovereign, and called upon his wondering daughter to follow his example, and offer her humble homage to the rightful Emperor of China; but this Chao Kang would not permit, saying "he had always been accustomed to look upon Choo-lan as entitled to his deepest respect; and if ever he should regain the throne of his ancestors, he would make her his Empress, provided she could only love him." Choo-lan then replied "that she loved him quite well enough to share his present fortunes, if her father would consent to her becoming his wife, and his royal mother would be content to receive her for a daughter." The consent of the Empress Min was joyfully given, and the fair Choo-lan became the wife of the fugitive Emperor. Meantime the exhibition of the lantern had caused a great sensation among the assembled multitude, as it made known to them the existence of a descendant of the great Yu. The mandarin, had, however, prudently expunged those parts of the picture which revealed the present abode and occupation of the royal youth,

lest it should expose him to the jealous rage of Han-son; and for the present he judged it best for him to remain concealed. After Chao Kang became the husband of his daughter, the mandarin obtained for him a military command in a remote station, where he learned the art of war, and finally gained great reputation as a warrior; yet he was thirty years old before he could arrange his plans successfully, so as to assert his long dormant right to the throne of China. At length the moment came when the tyranny of Han-son could no longer be endured, and the people from the city to the plains—from the mountain-tops to the shores of the sea, called aloud for the last descendant of the great Yu to appear for their deliverance. Chao Kang had only waited for this summons. He assembled his brave friends; and three hundred valiant youths, the flower of his army, were commanded by Ti-chou, his eldest son by his beloved wife Choo-lan, who had brought him a hopeful family of lovely children. The army of the usurper was tenfold more numerous than that of Chao Kang; but the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Fired with the thought of his father's wrongs, and eager to avenge the murder of all his kindred, the young prince, Ti-chou, calling upon his chosen band under his command to follow him, dashed into the very centre of Han-son's army, and while the hoary usurper was in the act of haranguing his troops, and charging them to give no quarter, he was seized in the strong grasp of Ti-chou, who, flinging him across his horse's neck, carried him off in that degrading posture as a captive, amidst the triumphant acclamations of his brave followers.

Chao Kang and his troops then charged the adherents of the usurper sword in hand; and they been thrown into a panic by the unexpected loss of their leader, flung down their arms, and on the very spot swore allegiance to the descendant of the great Yu. As for the usurper Han-son, he was put to the death his crimes had so richly merited; and Chao Kang with his mother, the widowed Empress Min, his faithful wife Choo-lan, who had accompanied him in all his wanderings, and his blooming family, entered the capital, where he was crowned with the imperial diadem of China, amidst the shouts and rejoicings of the people. Both Chao Kang and his son, Ti-chou, enjoyed long and glorious reigns, having employed the days of their adversity in fitting themselves to advance the happiness of the people committed to their charge; and they cultivated the arts of peace no less successfully than they had practised the stern business of war, so that the memories of both are still cherished with undiminished regard by the descendants of their subjects, though so many centuries have passed away since these illustrious princes swayed the sceptre of China."

There is one fault in this volume which we hope to see rectified if it should be continued another year: that is, the omission of the names of the authors being prefixed to each article. The names of Bernard Barton and Miss A. Strickland are on the title-page, but we should wish to know *what* portion of merit we are to award to *each*. We cannot conscientiously place this volume amongst the highest of its class; but it is pleasing and interesting, strictly moral, and may safely be placed in the hands of young people. If Bernard Barton has written a line in it, we boldly aver that he has retrograded from his position in the literary hemisphere; and if he has not, we blame him for lending his name to serve private and particular

purposes. Where *names* are not attached to articles, they become almost *anonymous*, and annuals have now so "run-a-head" of other publications that it becomes absolutely necessary to know the *real* author of every article.

ROYSTON GOWER.

3 Vols. Colburn.

We confess we were never very great admirers of Mr. Miller's poetry; there is a sweet-sameness, a namby-pambyism breathing throughout the whole, that palls upon the sense, and is sickening to the ear; yet Mr. Miller having been taken by the hand by some of our most influential literati among the Aristocracy, must of course be "the thing." Had poor Burns, in comparison with whose genius, the Basket-maker could only be named as the twinkling of a glow-worm to a fixed star, had one tithe of the patronage and advantages the Poet of "late days" has been blessed with, what might he not have achieved? But alas! the days of patronage were not *then*; yet through all the clouds which shrouded his fate, Burns will still shine a bright luminary, when our modern puffed-up geniuses are forgotten.

"Royston Gower" is a story of the greenwood-tree, very like *Ivanhoe* in some of its bearings. As it is the fashion to be-praise it, we shall content ourselves with merely laying a few extracts before our readers, and leave them to judge for themselves, without further remark.

Blanch, at the command of her mistress, withdrew both bolt and bar; and, when she had opened the door, uttered a loud scream, and dropping the link, fled to the side of Edith. The damsel that had been busied with the embroidery, when she caught sight of the porter, also threw aside her work, and ran for shelter behind Blanch, while Druth, with many a bow, drew nearer to the chair in which the lady was again seated. Even Edith was so much struck with his appearance as to permit him to approach within a few feet without speaking or daring to move.

The porter was a short thick person, apparently not more than four feet high, and measuring almost as much across the shoulders, upon which sat a large round bullet-head, bearing a greater resemblance to the burthen which Atlas bears than the body to which it belonged. His eyes were large and dark, and had a peculiar expression, the pupils of each being lodged in the farthest and most opposite corners, and thereby enabling him to see distinctly on each side at once, without moving either eye or head. A long black beard fell in wild disorder upon his breast, while his hair had the appearance of a lion's mane, all tossed, disordered, and uplifted, as if by rage or combat. It would baffle any, saving an artist, to convey a proper notion of the formation of his nose and mouth; the latter might be compared to the arch of a bridge, filled in with white piles, for such appeared the huge spanning upper lip, that revealed some of the most formidable grinders in Christendom, while the nose spread above them like an immense buttress, that would fain cover the wall it supports. An English bull-dog, guarding his master's threshold, and showing his set teeth at some approaching way-farer, would be no bad emblem of the dwarf's countenance.

His huge arms reached below his knees, and the formidable fingers, that spread out from each hand, bore no bad likeness to crabs' claws, while his short

powerful legs bowed out on either side, like those oaken pillars which are left as the lonely supporters of some heavy building, and bend stubbornly beneath the weight, which has neither power to break or force them into the earth. Every limb seemed to possess an Herculean power, for he was also double-jointed, a sure sign of immense strength.

He had in his hand a crab-tree cudgel, which in form somehow resembled himself, and was called by the domestics of the Priory "Druth's brother." None of them, however, were desirous of forming too close an acquaintance with so dreadful a weapon, as they had been eye-witnesses to the effects it once produced on the head of a furious bull, which, while attempting to rush in at the Priory gate, was struck dead by one blow from the powerful cudgel of the dwarf.

There was, however, but little that could be called savage in the countenance of Druth; while, as he stood gazing upon the beautiful form of Edith, an earnest solemnity pervaded his face, and he seemed to regard her with the same intense interest as a connoisseur dwells upon the production of a Titian or a Corregio, which he is viewing for the first time.

"What message may I crave to deliver to these outlaws, fair lady?" inquired the dwarf, in a softer tone than he had hitherto used, and in a manner which seemed the more striking as coming from so rugged a figure.

"I know not their pleasure," answered Edith, composing her features, which had shown symptoms of alarm; "and it would ill become an unprotected maiden to admit a band of armed men into her apartment at this hour, without a knowledge of what they require."

"Call not yourself unprotected, lady," replied the dwarf, "while I am near your presence; for few, methinks," he added, uplifting the heavy club with his thumb and finger, "would like to feel the full force of my feather. But be not alarmed, fair creature, it is but the leader that craveth admission, and he belongeth to those who would sooner aid than injure one so—" he stopped short, for just then his eyes fell upon his own figure, mirrored in a burnished shield that hung opposite, which also reflected the forms of Edith and her attendants, and, without finishing the sentence, he clenched his teeth, and left the apartment.

SONG OF THE OUTLAWS.

Come, fill the brown bowl, boys, let care bide the morrow,

For life's but a shaft that flies feather'd with sorrow,
And Love is a hart, that hides far from the glade,
So timid at first that he shuns his own shade:—
Our bodies are bows, and we laugh, drink, and sing,
Just to ease the bent wood, boys, and slacken the string;

Then, fill the brown bowl, boys, and let it go round,
Lest the bow-string should snap with too sudden a bound.

Oh! the world is a greenwood, in which we all dwell;

Some know all its wild-paths, some tread but the dell:

And they who have found its broad beaten highway,
Oft sigh for the shade in the heat of the day:
Ambition grows weary, and pines for the glen,
Where he sported in childhood—'mid happiness then—

And Fame throws behind him a lingering look—
As the hunted stag glances when passing the brook.

'Tis better to fall at the head of the herd,
Than fly back and perish, unmourn'd, uninter'd;
'Tis better to die, grasping arrow and bow,
Amid those that we love, than be slave to a foe:
To be bound with the brave amid Victory's sheaves,
Than to wither the last ear the reaper's hand leaves:
For life is the target at which Death's shafts fly,
If they miss us, we live—if they hit us, we die.

If we die in the greenwood, the sound of the horn
Still rings out as sweetly, both even and morn,
And the stag bounds as freely above us, as when
Our loud whoop and hallo awakened the glen;
And the old hoary oaks just wave o'er us the same
As they did, when beneath them we startled the game;

And the stream rolls as blythe, with its tink, tinkling song,

And the Abbey-bell rings out its merry ding-dong.

Let others go slumber beneath the cold stone,
Deep, silent, and dark; narrow, dreary, and lone;
Give me the green forest-turf for my last bed:
Where the hart and the hind will pass over my head:
Where the blue-bell and violet above me shall wave,
And the merry birds gaily sing over my grave;
Where a thousand old oaks will a watch round me keep,

And their broad branches roar, while they sing me to sleep.

Oh! the Priest, when he shrives us, will smile at our deeds;

And the Leach heaves a sigh as the ebbing heart bleeds:—

For the soul, that but kindles when tyrants did wrong,

Shall have little to fear as it journeys along.

On our grave will the peasant drop many a tear,
And maidens at twilight be found kneeling there;
And pilgrim, and minstrel, beside it be seen,
Breathing forth a low prayer for the Outlaw in green.

OCTAVIA BRIGALDI;

A TRAGEDY, BY CHARLOTTE BARNES.

New York.

This tragedy is the production of a young American lady, who evidently possesses something like talent, though at the same time we must acknowledge she does not always know how to shew off her genius to the best advantage. Some of her ideas are beautiful, but they too frequently diverge into bombast; the language is sometimes graceful; sometimes an affectation, a sort of prettiness of style, reduces passages that really would otherwise be beautiful into that kind of irregularity which we scarcely know how to censure, yet cannot venture to praise. The freshness of inexperience is evident in every page, but we think she will eventually prove a writer of considerable merit. The following passage, describing the temptations to which the female heart is exposed, is beautiful;—

Leave but a single avenue unguarded,
By which one guilty thought may reach the heart,
Though all around be deemed impregnable,
'Twill enter there.—'Twill gain despotic sway,
And, like all tyrants, steep in lasting sorrow
The once pure kingdom over which it reigns."

The joys of home—the Lares of the domestic hearth are thus sweetly pencilled by Miss Barnes.

I sigh, e'en now, for my secluded home—
My fond dependants, and the humble poor,
Books, music, tapestry, my well-tried friends,
My sister, and my husband, all are found
Collected near that old and quiet mansion,
Such happiness is there, I almost deem
An angel once did dwell beneath his roof,
And still for memory's sake presides above it!"

We will not attempt to analyze the plot of the tragedy, but we sincerely believe the fair authoress gives proof of future excellence.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY FOR FEBRUARY.

EDITED BY BOZ.

The last month's number of this most successful periodical abounds with a greater variety than usual. The prose department is unusually rich, and several pleasing pieces of verse are scattered through its pages. We extract one, from the pen of Mrs. C. B. Wilson, of a graver nature perhaps than befits a work, especially dedicated to the laughter-loving Deity; but it may please some of our more serious-minded readers who have not already met with it:—

STANZAS

ON CONTEMPLATING THE HEAVENS AT MIDNIGHT.

Tell me, ye brightly burning ORBS of night,
Now shining down on our terrestrial sphere
If to your realms the SPIRIT takes its flight
When it throws off its mortal cov'ring here?
Does it take wing, and to the skies aspire,
And breathe forth songs in Heaven, to some melodious lyre?

Tell me, fair MOON, that sails't in ether's space,
Art thou some world peopled with creatures free?
Where sunder'd Spirits shall meet face to face
Lifting the veil of Immortality?
Shall we there know, e'en as on Earth we're known,
And shall Affection clasp hearts made again its own?
Tell me ye CLOUDS! that o'er the azure Heaven
Float, like the streamers of some Bridal vest,
When by the breeze of midnight ye are driven;
Say! do ye canopy some place of rest?
Some peaceful bourn to which the Spirit flies,
To join the lost of Earth—and re-unite its ties?

Ye cannot answer!—and it is not meet
Such mysteries should be solved us;—why should

MAN

With blinded gaze, and travel-wearied feet
Attempt to penetrate, what Angels scan
With heavenly eyes but dimly?—Let him bend
Adoring what nor sense, nor sight can comprehend!

MAN;

(The French Poem of the celebrated Alphonse Delamartine, addressed to Lord Byron.)

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE, WITH THE ORIGINAL TEXT, BY C. HICKS.

Published by R. Kirby, Whitby.

What could have induced Mr. Hicks to undertake a task, for which nature never intended him, we know not—a more unworthy translation we never met with than the one before us—the Poem in the original French is spirited, though not one we admire; but the English versification! It

reminds us of a paper we saw last summer in the window of a Café on the Continent, "*English is spoke here like a native.*" We shall content ourselves (and we are sure our readers) by one extract:—

And thou too, Byron, like the robber bird,
Despair and anguish please, their cries are heard
E'en 'mid thy sweetest notes; thy victim, MAN!
Like Satan, thou the dread abyss dost scan;
Evil thy good; and far from God and day,
Thy soul thus plunging, casts at once away
Its last remaining hope; like Him to reign
O'er darkness; in hoarse funereal strain,
Thy Spirit triumphs—a Syren-Devil
Thou sings't the Glory of the God of Evil.

The Translator should remember, that from the "sublime to the ridiculous, there is only one step!"

PARABLES, BY F. A. KRUMMACHER, D. D.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY F. J.

Second Edition. Nisbet and Co., Berners-street.

This is a very pleasing little pamphlet, adapted for the use of Sunday schools, and first lessons for children. The language though suited to the most infantine comprehension, is graceful and flowing, and the similes though simple are beautifully poetic. The fair translator has we are convinced done every justice to the original, and imparted much of her own elegance of diction to her pleasing task. We give one of the parables as a fair specimen of the whole.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

Fraternally united, the Angel of DEATH and the Angel of SLEEP wandered through the earth.

It was evening—

Silent and sedate as their custom is these beneficent Genii of mankind mournfully embraced and awaited the night. A melancholy stillness reigned around, and the evening bell of the distant hamlet was mute. Soon came on night.

Then arose the Angel of SLEEP from his mossy couch, and scattered with a light hand the seeds of slumber. The evening wind bore them to the silent dwellings of the tired rustic, and soon sweet sleep fell upon the inhabitants of the rural cottages. Now the sick forgot his suffering—the mourner his sorrow—the poor his care—the old man upon his staff—the infant in its cradle—all slept.

This benevolent duty at an end the Angel of Sleep again approached the side of his graver brother, and with joyous innocence exclaimed "When Aurora awakes then do men acknowledge me as their friend and benefactor! Oh! it is sweet unseen and secretly to do good. How happy are we the invisible messengers of the good Spirit! How beautiful is our peaceful calling!"

The Angel of Death regarded him with calm sadness, and a tear such as immortals shed gathered in his large black eye.

"Alas!" he said, "I cannot rejoice in being thus joyfully welcomed; the world calls me its enemy, and the disturber of its peace."

"Oh! my brother," replied the Angel of Sleep "will not the good at the great awaking thankfully acknowledge in you their friend and benefactor? Are we not brothers and messengers of one father?"

Then brightly gleamed the melancholy eyes of the Angel of Death, and tenderly embraced these brotherly Genii.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

1. "While the Christmas Log is burning." Words by Miss Eliza Cook; composed by J. N. Sporle. Monro and May, Holborn Bars.

2. "Sleep on, Sleep on, my Darling;" Ballad, written by Calder Campbell; the Music by T. German Reed. T. E. Purday, St. Paul's Church Yard.

1. This is a pleasing song and exceedingly well composed by Mr. Sporle. There is a joyousness in the words that makes the spirit glad within us, and we think it well deserves the patronage of the public. While we are speaking of this song we will take the opportunity of observing that some strict regulations are required to protect the words of *authors* being taken by musical men *without* the permission of the writer. Miss Cook and Mr. Sporle have been somewhat ungenerously treated respecting this song, and when the *pirated* one does make its appearance, notwithstanding the trifling alteration of the words, we shall endeavour to place the conduct of the parties in question in a proper light.

2. This is a very elegant ballad, both as regards Poetry and Music. Major Campbell is well known to our readers, and Mr. Reed has already won "golden opinions!" As a composer of original, light, and graceful melody he has hitherto been very successful.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES IN THE LAST NUMBER.

A servant girl is called a *Maid*,

A *stone* may on fair hands be seen,
Therefore I think the first Charade
Assuredly must *Maidstone* mean.

The word of which to take three-fourths,
If *rock* as I suppose,
With *Esther*, placing first the H,
Twill *Rochester* disclose.

There are so many villages in Kent,
I know not which by *Mary* may be meant.

Small minded persons love to *chat*,
And *ham* from York is good,
So Chatham is the Statesman great,
And place thus understood.

To bury my friends I'd not willingly chuse,
Though to take something from them I might not
refuse,

And an *E I* must beg to extract from them here,
In order that *Frindsbury* straight may appear.

Cupid is the urchin God
Who wields a wanton *dart*,
Verily 'tis oft a *rod*
Of *iron* for the heart;
Add *ford* to this, and then I fix
On *Dartford* town for number six.

Three-fourths of *Erin* and two-thirds of *the*
Together must *Erith* undoubtedly be.

Unto the *grave* we all must go,
The lowly and the great,
The end alike of joy and woe,
Of poverty and state.
Then I must have an *S* to tether
With *crook the grave* and end together,

For *Gravesend* I opine the place is
Where *Cockneys* shew their Sunday faces.

"Cease rude *Boreas*," from the *North*
No longer send thy rigours forth;
Spare the *fleet* which homeward steers,
Spare the wife's, the mother's fears,
For its safety I entreat,
Let it anchor off *Northfleet*.

ISABEL.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England, was born in 1608, and there is an anecdote mentioned by Bishop Burnet of this great man, which I find to be fully authenticated by family manuscripts. Pure principles of justice and religion had been early implanted in his mind, and the following anecdote will prove that he was desirous to show on all occasions his reverence for the Omnipotent Creator of the Universe. When he (then Mr. Hyde) first began to make a figure at the Bar, he went, during the long vacation, to visit his aged father, Henry Hyde, at Hindon in Wiltshire, and one morning, when walking in the garden with his son before breakfast, the old gentleman expressed himself after this manner:—"You gentlemen of the law, when you have acquired great reputation for knowledge, too often take bad causes in hand with no other view than that of obtaining money, although the misguided client may be totally ruined; and when pretended prerogative sets itself above law, with a view of trampling on the Constitution, you will prostitute your abilities to support despotism. But be assured, that if ever you deceive your neighbour, or lead the widow and fatherless into vexatious lawsuits by your pernicious counsels, the just judgment of God will overtake you, either in time or eternity: and on the other hand, if you ever, from motives of pride, ambition, or lucre, stand up in defence of such measures as may tend towards enslaving your country, you may, like Samson, lay hold of the pillars, and pull down the fabric, but you will perish under the ruins." These were the last words ever spoken by his father, who was at that moment seized with a fit of apoplexy, and died on the spot, even before his son had the power to summon assistance. Burnet tells us that the dying advice of the father was never obliterated from the mind of the son, and that he was deaf to the most subtle arguments if they warred against his own notions of justice and equity. But with all his virtues he found

"Monarch and Country both ingrate,"
and died in exile at Rouen, in Normandy, 1674. The father of *one*, and the grandsire of *two* reigning Queens of England, might have expected fairer treatment than he met with from those he had served; but fate is fate. He did not confine his studies either to history or to law, for there is still preserved an interleaved folio Bible with numberless notes in his own handwriting, as also several prayers and exercises on religious subjects.

One of the Worcester Coaches bears the euphonious name of the *Everlasting*. A lady about to travel by it, mentioned her intention to the facetious and eccentric Henry Clifton, the Bishop's Registrar, who advised her to remember if she travelled by the *Everlasting*, she would then be world (*whirled*) without end.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

OPERA BUFFA.

Mordante's opera of *Elisa e Claudio* attracted a very fashionable and brilliant audience. Sanquirico as *The Marquis*; Catone as *Claudio*; and F. Lablache as *The Count* were admirable in their respective performances. Mlle. Scheroni was evidently suffering severely from a cold, which gave a sharpness to the tones of her voice we had not previously observed: we should say that she is somewhat deficient in *passion* and *pathos*, though she is by no means an inferior performer. We prefer Fanny Wyndham, who undertook the character of *Carlotta*, and was encored in one of her songs. Of Mlle. Varese, who as *Silva* had little to do, it would be unfair to hazard an opinion. But the opera itself is exceedingly interesting, and the two sweet little children, who supported their parts in the piece so admirably, deserve our especial commendation. The tones of Catone's voice are delightfully musical, though we do not think he has sufficient power to fill one of our overgrown theatres. Catone to be duly appreciated must be listened to in a house like the Lyceum, and there the *soul* must be insensate indeed that could not thrill to his warbling. We were glad to see so many fashionables present. The music, we need scarcely remark, is of the very first order, and the overture to Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra* we never heard more scientifically performed. Altogether we think the Opera Buffa the best conducted of any Italian performances out of the Queen's theatre we have ever had in this country, and it was cheering to the heart to see all classes congregated together to enjoy the greatest musical treat to be met with in this country at a reasonable rate.

Le Nozze di Figaro attracted on the 10th Feb. one of the most fashionable and crowded audiences we have witnessed this season. Of the performance we can truly say it was faultless, and Scheroni as *Susanne* never played with more spirit. Bellini was the *Figaro*, and threw all his humour and vivacity into the character. Madame Eckerlin and F. Lablache, as the *Countess* and *Almaviva*, were very much applauded, and Eckerlin was encored more than once during the evening. We were glad to find that Scheroni had considerably recovered from the cold, which, as we observed on a previous occasion, imparted a sharpness to the upper tones of her voice. Sanquirico as *Bartolo* was as gay and merry as ever, and Madame Bellini as *Marcellina* performed the old woman as we should always like to see the character performed—without *caricaturing* age. Miss H. Cawse was the *Cherubino*, and not exactly the page we could admire, although far from a bad one. The little part of *Barbarina* was given to Mlle. Varese, and Galli as the *Gardener* played his portion of the opera with good effect. Catone was, as he always is, gentlemanly and pleasing. *Le Nozze Di Figaro* has always been a peculiar favourite with us, and we were delighted to see how deeply all classes present seemed to enjoy the music of the sublime and inimitable Mozart. The

overture to "Zauberflöte" was played between the acts of the opera, and very narrowly escaped a *second encore*. The Turkish Ambassador was present, and from his repeated plaudits appeared to enter into the spirit of the opera, more than we should have anticipated from the representative of so grave a nation.

THIRD CONCERT OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

On Monday, Feb. 5, the Hanover Square Rooms were filled, even to overflowing, and the performances commenced with a Symphony in G minor (MS.) composed by Cipriani Potter. It was done justice to in the performance, and breathed the very soul of melody. Mr. Potter has in this Symphony almost exceeded himself, and in saying this we pay him no mean compliment. "The Switzer's Welcome," a round, very prettily set to music by G. A. Macfarren, was exquisitely sung by Mrs. W. A. Smith, Miss Lockey and Miss Dolby, and received universal applause; it was evident all

"Came to share with heart of glee"

the productions of the talented authors and composers of their native land. Mrs. W. A. Smith improves very much in her singing, but we would hint to her in the spirit of friendliness, that if she would give up the destructive practice of tight lacing, a greater power and body of voice would amply reward her for the increase of half an inch in rotundity.

The Canzonet, "In radiant loveliness," although very beautifully and scientifically composed by W. S. Bennett, and as tastefully sung by Miss Dolby, we thought rather heavy, and we would appeal to the judgment of any of our readers if such a passage as this from the pen of Robert Montgomery, be at all adapted for a Canzonet—

"In radiant loveliness

The stars pursue their pilgrimage,
While moonlight's wizard hand throws beauty,
Like a spectre light, on all."

We consider Mr. Bennett to be a clever young man, but though we admire his music, we cannot compliment him in his choice of words. A Sestet MS. for the Pianoforte, two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, the composition of J. H. Griesbach, was one of those sweet gems of melody that leave the mind lingering at the close in a trance of delight. We cannot praise it sufficiently, and we trust Mr. Griesbach will produce many pieces as excellent as this Sestet. A Scena from the Oratorio of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," was sung by Mr. Leoni Lee; the music by Barnett was good, but it was not attractive; there was a heaviness, a sort of narcotic influence about it, and the faintness of the applause which followed its conclusion proved that the general opinion was not greatly in its favour. "The Fairy Queen,"

Recitative and Air, was very gracefully sung by Miss Locket, but the music by C. H. Purday, brought one or two old melodies so forcibly to our recollection that had we not referred to the programme, and put on our spectacles to be convinced that we had read the words rightly, we should have almost fancied our ears played us false. An Overture MS., in E flat, by W. L. Phillips concluded the first part of the Concert, and does the Composer much credit. The Overture, "Romeo and Juliet," by G. A. Macfarren, with which the second commenced, was the principal figure of the evening's entertainment, and was received with decided enthusiasm; the encore was rapturous and universal, and we observed many of the performers in the orchestra adding their applause to that of the audience. A Canzonet, "Come away, Love," was then prettily sung by Mrs. W. A. Smith, which was followed by Westrop's heavy Cantata, "See Winter comes," for however beautiful Thompson's Seasons may be in the closet, we cannot admit that they are fitted to be wedded to music. A Solo on the Violin by Mr. E. W. Thomas, was an exquisite and faultless performance; but why or wherefore the "Sunday Morning Hymn," sung by Miss Dolby, should have been placed in the programme we cannot divine. Placed last but one of the vocal pieces it reminded one very strongly of the Frenchwoman, who, when she had given up all her youth, beauty, and fascinations to the world, thought it right to devote the last moments of a worn-out life to God. The Quartet, "*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*," is a very pleasing specimen of W. L. Phillips' composition, and was well executed by Mrs. W. A. Smith, Miss Dolby, Mr. Manvers and Mr. A. Ferrari. The Concert concluded with an Overture by L. H. Lavenu, in D minor, the beauty of which was nearly lost by the rapid egress of the audience. In short, we think it signifies little what the last piece is, for the Babel of tongues that always accompanies the moving mass, half drowns the instruments in the orchestra. We trust this Institution will prosper, and any remarks we may make either on the performances or the performers, will tend only to increase their zeal in a good cause, for it would be unwise and unfriendly not to point out defects, as well as to record merits.

The Fourth and Last Concert for this season of the SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS took place on Monday, 19th Feb. It was well attended, and it was gratifying to us, as it must have been to the performers themselves, to see the audience so quietly attentive to every thing that was produced for their entertainment. The MS. symphony in B flat by T. M. Mudie, we must say we did not much admire. It was too noisy to be pleasing. Mr. Wilson having been left in the programme to sing whatever song pleased him best, treated his auditors with those namby-pamby words of Lover's, "A Mother came when stars were paling," which not even the sweet voice of Wilson

can ever make pleasing or popular, and Mr. Lover in his five-fold capacity of artist, novel-writer, song-spinner, composer, and farce-manufacturer, must give up some few of his various occupations if he ever intends to be handed down to posterity as a proficient in any one of them. All the puffing in the world will not make mediocre talent pass for first rate, and when we assure Mr. Lover that we do not place him so high on the pedestal of Fame as he places himself, we do it in openness of heart; and we think he cannot for an instant be compared to Eliza Cook with respect to *song-writing* talent. A Cantata, MS., composed by Hullah, "Rarely, rarely," was sweetly given by Miss F. Wyndham: we cannot conceive any other person could have sung it half so well. It was delightful. The words are by Shelley. The Concerto Pianoforte, No. 2, MS., by W. H. Holmes was highly applauded, and very deservedly; but we were a little amused at his imitating the fidgetiness of Moschelles, who at one time was wont to raise himself by the aid of sheets of paper to the exact height he wished to attain. Holmes has talent enough to make him a favourite without such German nonsense. His Concerto was really beautiful. The Canzonet "Where is he?" composed by Griesbach, was very sentimental and very *triste*; and Mrs. Burnett, a pretty little *blonde*, seemed as if she thought she *must* look melancholy while she sung it. We were once or twice inclined to offer her our best white embroidered cambric pocket handkerchief, for we did not, we are almost ashamed to acknowledge it, feel inclined to weep ourselves. But after all she is a lady-like singer. An Overture in E flat, MS., by C. Lucas, closed the first part of the entertainment.

The Overture to the "Naiades," by W. S. Bennett, commenced the second part, and was the only *encore* of the evening. It certainly has great merit, but we think we have heard it before. Macfarren's Scena, "The Spanish Matron," sung by Mr. Frazer, was too lengthy; while Cipriani Potter's Quartet in G, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, performed by Messrs. J. Banister, E. W. Thomas, H. Hill, and H. J. Banister, seemed, like a fairy vision, to be almost too fleeting. It was a combination of melody, so soft, so sweetly thrilling, that we actually seemed to linger on the closing strain, and felt sorry that it was not encored. The Duet, "Dear native regions," by Miss F. Wyndham and Mrs. Burnett, was executed with considerable taste; but of Macfarren's Overture, "Merchant of Venice," it would be hard to form an opinion, as it was accompanied by such a shuffling of feet, and parting *adieux*, that it was next to impossible to listen to a note of it. We hope these Concerts will next season be more decidedly patronized by the public at large; they deserve the notice and fostering care of all classes of society. We have been satiated with Italian, and German, and Heaven knows how many other languages, and it really now is a treat to hear something in our own native tongue. We shall produce as good musicians and vocalists as other nations, if we will but once give encouragement to our own long-neglected talent. Farewell for this season to the Society, may it prosper under *native* patronage.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

A very clever Entertainment similar to those given by Mr. Henry and Mr. Love during Lent, has been got up at this Theatre by Mr. Sutton, who has stood his own Godfather we presume, and Christened himself "THE GREAT MAGICIAN!" The amusements of the evening consist of slight of hand tricks, Ventriloquism, and not the least attractive to the juvenile portion of the audience, *A Shower of Sweets*, consisting of kisses and other Bonbons, thrown from the Necromancer's box into the Pit of the Theatre; thereby producing a general scramble. The fittings up of the stage are elegant and the whole affair well worth a "look in," as Paul Pry would say, for a couple of hours!

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

TO THE EDITRESS OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré,
à Paris, Feb. 23.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I shall say little to you this month about outdoor dress, for two reasons, the severity of the weather in the first place, obliges us to study the *comfortable* rather than the elegant, and our heads are so full of our *toilettes de Spectacle, et de bal*, that we really have not time to invent any novel forms for the velvet, satin, and furs in which we envelope ourselves, when we do venture out of doors.

Thus there is but one addition to the mantles that I have already described to you, and that one to say the truth, is anything but becoming or graceful, it is the *Paletot*, a kind of short cloak which we have copied from those worn by the gentlemen; it is very wide, and not confined at the waist; the collar, which is very large, is cut bias, and the ends descend entirely down the front forming broad lappels; very wide hanging sleeves, open at the bottom. Various materials are employed for the *paletot*, velvet, satin, rich silk, and cloth, are all in requisition; it is lined with silk, wadded, and trimmed in general with fur; but I have seen some cloth ones embroidered in chenille of a strongly contrasted colour, which had a very good effect.

I have no change, absolutely none, to announce to you in the forms of hats and bonnets. Wadded bonnets still keep their ground, but drawn ones are for the present laid aside. The *ruches* of tulle that used to edge the brims of bonnets have disappeared; they are succeeded by an ornament more suited to the season, and much more becoming: a narrow wreath of marabouts or swans-down. Velvet and satin are the only materials employed. Bonnets, with the material laid on plain, are rather more numerous than the wadded ones, and when they are composed of satin they are often lined with *peluche* or *velours épinglé* of the same colour. Hats are principally made without curtains at the back, but the brim goes round

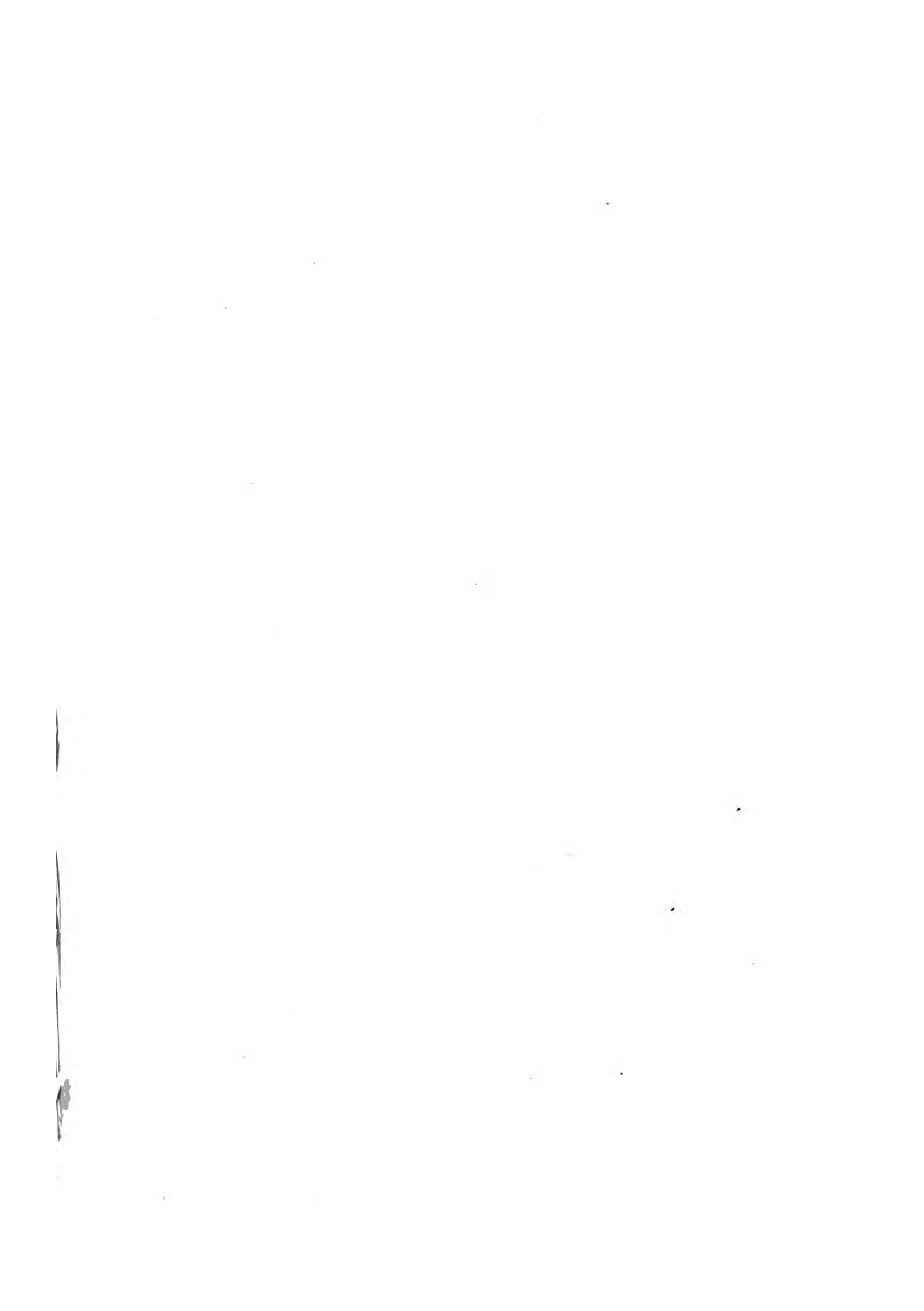
though very narrow, and has certainly a much more graceful effect. Figured ribbons are the only ones adopted, and flowers are always placed *en grappe*. Hats are mostly trimmed with feathers, but some have lately appeared of black velvet, ornamented with a bouquet of red roses without foliage, which had really an elegant effect.

The materials for half-dress continue the same. Robes and *robe redingotes* are in equal estimation, the *corsages* made high behind, are all of them more open on the front than we are accustomed to see them at this time of year, this opening being in the *demi cœur* style; it is necessary that the collars or *fichus* which are always worn with half dress robes, should be adapted to the *corsage*. I can hardly say which is most prevalent, plain *corsages*, or those that are draped; but I observe that almost all the latter have the drapery laid on, and frequently crossed in the *fichu* style. There is little variety in the forms of sleeves, those of the demi large kind being almost the only ones adopted in half-dress. Both robes and *redingotes* are trimmed with flounces. "Oh, those eternal flounces," methinks I hear you say. In truth I am actually tired of the sight of them, I assure you, but what can one do? no other trimming is worn.

Aprons, which had been laid aside, are again become an indispensable accessory to home dress. The prettiest are those of *satin giroflée*, trimmed round the bottom only with a very deep border of branches of coral imitated in white silk. The apron is composed of three breadths, they are attached together by knots of white satin ribbon; the pockets are on the inside, and the *ceinture* pointed and edged with white. Another, less showy but very pretty, is of blue *Pekin* striped in narrow black stripes, and edged round with two plaitings of ribbon, the one black, the other blue; the pockets are inside, and the pocket-hole cut bias, is edged with a plaiting of ribbon, and a knot in the centre. I must not omit to say that these *tabliers* are very short, and a good many are made with bibs; these latter are perhaps the prettiest, but they cannot be worn with all kinds of *corsages*. The other aprons are long, and there are not any made with bibs.

Evening dress is of two distinct kinds, and each extremely elegant in its way; that for *Soirées* is of rich but in general heavy materials, brocades, velvets and satins. The *corsages* are cut very low, indeed too much so, but yet in such a manner as to expose the shoulders more than the bosom or back. Pointed *corsages* are so decidedly fashionable that one sees no others. I liked them some seasons ago, for a moderate point is, I think, rather becoming than otherwise, but the present style is positively ungraceful; the *corsage* is cut up high upon the hips, and descends in front, and indeed sometimes at the back in a long sharp peak, which gives even to the finest figure an air of stiffness and formality, and makes an undersized, or as your Lord Byron says, dumpy woman, an absolute fright. Short sleeves are almost the only ones adopted, they descend in general to the elbow, and are made moderately full. Those slashed à l'*espagnole*, and those of the double bouffant kind, are in equal favour. *Ceintures* are no longer worn, indeed they could not be adopted to pointed cor-







FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

FIRST FIGURE—BALL DRESS.—White tulle robe over white satin. Low corsage, trimmed round the top with a tulle bouillon, through which a pink satin ribbon is drawn, forming a rosette in front. A row of blond lace set on full at the edge of the bouillon, falls over the corsage, and a second row encircles it at the bottom. Short sleeve of the single bouffant form, terminated by a blond ruffle, which is ornamented by a rose at the bend of the arm. The skirt is looped a little at the left knee by a gerbe of flowers, which rises from thence to the waist; the hair is disposed in light bows, and platted braids at the sides, and in a full tuft formed by platted braids behind. A diadem of gold and jewels encircles the tuft, and a long white ostrich feather hangs from it.

A rose placed on the front hair at the opposite side, completes the ornaments of the coiffure.

SECOND FIGURE.—DINNER DRESS.—Robe redingote of rose-coloured figured satin, trimmed en tablier with English point lace; the back of the skirt is encircled with a flounce of the same, surmounted by a bouillon, through which a satin ribbon is drawn, forming a rosette with long ends at each side. A low, tight corsage, trimmed with a pelerine mantilla of English point lace, short sleeve slashed à l'Espagnol, and finished with a manchette. Head-dress, a petit bord of black velvet, the interior of the brim decorated with a wreath of fancy jewellery, and the crown profusely ornamented with pale rose-coloured ostrich feathers.



FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

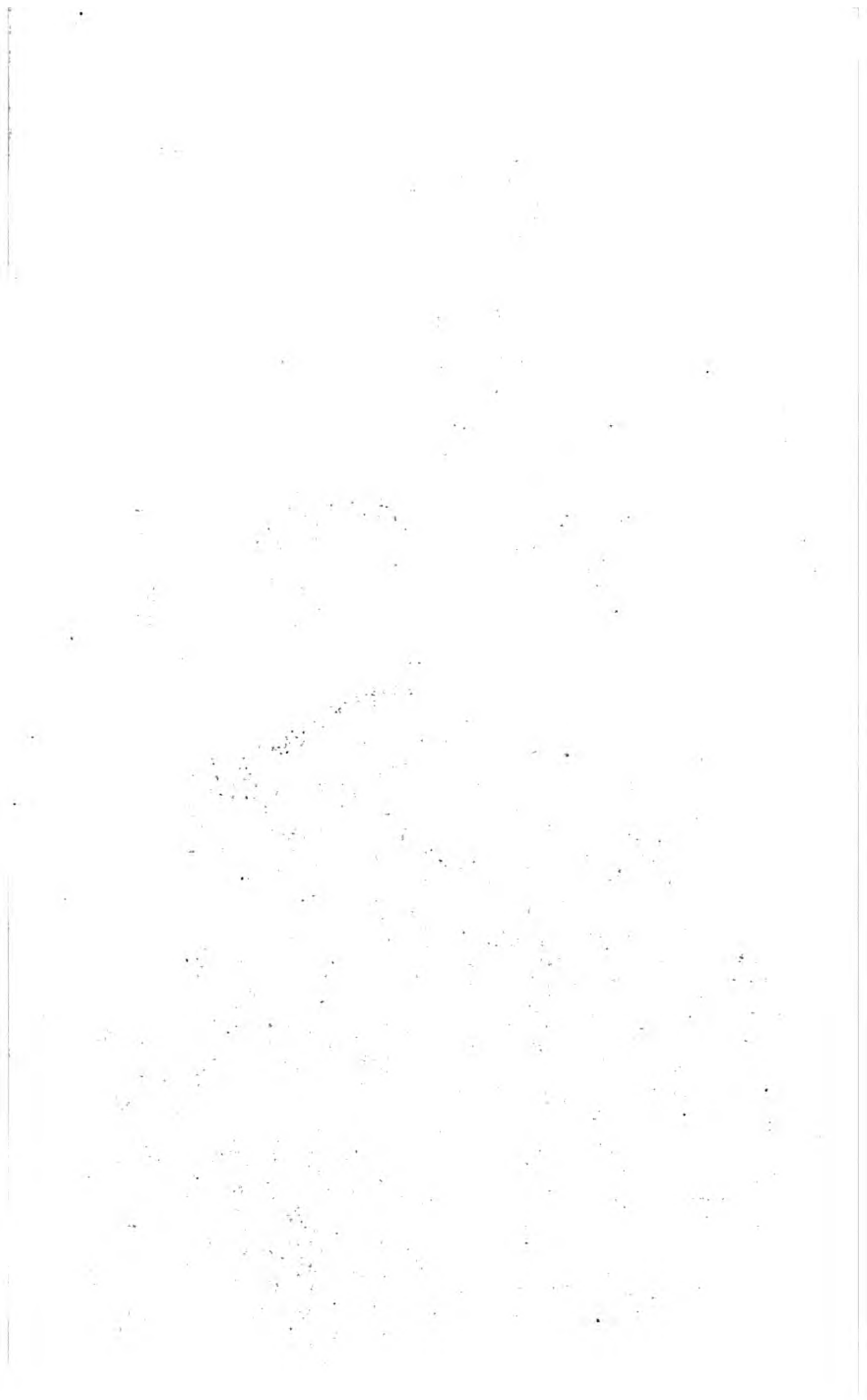
DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

FIRST FIGURE.—EVENING DRESS.—White satin robe, a low corsage, the front is decorated in the stomacher style with blond lace, upon which papillon nœuds of white satin ribbon are placed. The front of the skirt is ornamented with lace and ribbon, forming a tablier of a perfectly new description. Blue satin short mantle, lined with ermine. The hair is arranged at the back of the head in an open knot, and disposed in platted braids at the sides; it is ornamented with flowers.

SECOND FIGURE.—EVENING DRESS.—Robe of oiseau rep velvet, the skirt is ornamented on each side of the front breadth with white satin fringed with gold, which forms dra-

pery folds of a very original and striking kind, this trimming terminates in a point a little above the knee, under a knot of oiseau satin ribbon. Low corsage, draped à la Tyrolienne, and deeply pointed in front. Double bouillon sleeves; they are moderately full, the lower one is of white satin terminated by a blond manchette; the upper is trimmed on the shoulder with coques, and a knot of ribbon. A knot also ornaments the centre of the drapery of the corsage. Head-dress, a ruby velvet chapeau à la Chatelaine, adorned with a profusion of white ostrich feathers. A gold ferronnière completes the ornaments of the coiffure.





sages, but in some instances a *cordelière* supplies the place of a *ceinture*, in others one or two narrow satin pipings encircle the bottom of a *corsage*, and where lace is employed for the garniture of a dress, a full fall of it round the bottom of the *corsage* has a most graceful effect.

Apropos to lace, I must observe to you, that real lace, both black and white, and also blond, is as much as ever employed for trimmings, but the ornaments of jewellery mingled with it give it an air of novelty. In some instances these ornaments supply the place of any other trimming; as for instance, the pearls or diamonds that compose a necklace are disposed round the top of a *corsage* instead of a fall of lace; or if the *corsage* is draped a bracelet is frequently employed to loop the drapery in the centre. Jewelled arrows, and massive gold pins, formerly employed for the hair only, are now used to loop a dress, or a flounce at the knee. Furs, that is to say ermine and swansdown, are also in great request for evening dress trimmings; the first is principally employed for silks, velvets, &c., &c., of dark or full colours, the latter for those of delicate hues.

I do not remember a season in which it was so much the fashion to cover the hair in evening dress as at present. Thus the *toques*, turbans, &c. &c., that I have already described continue their vogue. There are also several *coiffures* composed of lace; one of the most elegant is of black lace disposed in the form of large leaves, which are embroidered and ornamented with gold. A rouleau of lace with a string of gold beads twisted round it, passes across the summit of the head, and retains the ornaments on each side. Another exceedingly pretty style of *coiffure* is composed of blond lace arranged somewhat in the style of a cap in front, but without any caul; long lappets descend from it upon the neck, and it is crowned with marabouts intermingled with moss roses. But perhaps the prettiest of the new *coiffures* are those composed of blue crape, which are made only to cover the ears, and the summit of the head; they are intermingled in front with silver ornaments and marabouts.

The materials for ball dress continue to be of the lightest description. The *corsages* are made in the same manner as those of evening dress, but the sleeves are much shorter, so short indeed, that the ornaments on the shoulders, whether flowers or ribbons, almost conceal them. The favourite form is a single bouffant of very little fulness, over the shortest possible tight sleeve. Tunics, that is a robe with two skirts, one the usual length and the other a tunic, are very much in vogue. As to trimmings, they are principally flowers and ribbons. Some ball dresses however have appeared, and particularly *robes tuniques*, that had the border looped by bouquets of marabouts attached by jewelled agraffes.

Although *coiffures en cheveux* are in a decided majority in ball dress, they are not the only ones adopted; a small round toque of the antique form placed far back on one side of the head, and ornamented with ostrich feathers, which droop towards the shoulder, is a very favourite head dress; the front hair is ornamented with flowers, which are displayed by the manner in which the toque is put

on: another favourite *coiffure* is called *Berthe*, it is composed of a trillage of gold and velvet, which covers the back of the head, and to which two open braids composed of velvet and gold are attached on each side, they descend on the cheeks in the same manner as plaits of hair over the front hair, which is arranged in soft bands. The colours in favour continue the same as when I wrote last, but I think light colours, and particularly white, is still more generally employed in evening dress. *Adieu, chère et bonne amie! Croyez moi votre dévouée,*

ADRIENNE DE M.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATE.

SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.—Violet satin robe, the front breadth is arranged in longitudinal folds, which forms a *tablier*. High *corsage* fitting close to the shape, and decorated in the stomacher style with folds which turn round the back *en pelerine*. Sleeves demi large, trimmed at the upper part with *volans*. Collar of English point lace, white satin hat, a round and moderate sized brim, the interior of which is trimmed in a novel style with *tulle*, intermixed with pink ribbon: white satin ribbon, and a small bouquet of moss roses adorn the crown.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Green velvet pelisse, the *corsage* fitting tightly to the shape, is trimmed at top *en demi cœur*, with the rich brown fur called Kolinski, which also encircles the back of it, and descends down the front of the *corsage*, and skirt on each side, forming the latter *en tablier*, two rouleaus of the same fur adorn the back of the skirt. The sleeve disposed in tight folds at the upper part, and from thence full to the wrist, is also trimmed with fur. Black velvet hat of a large size, the interior of the brim is trimmed *en bonnet* with blond lace, and roses: black satin ribbons, and a black *esprit* adorns the crown.

EVENING DRESS.—White figured satin robe, the *corsage* is cut very low, and trimmed *à l'enfant* with blond lace, which depends from a small round lappel; it is pointed, but very moderately so, at the bottom of the waist. The sleeve descending to the elbow, and made not quite close to the arm is trimmed with two falls of lace. A knot of satin ribbon, formed by a fancy silk tassel, ornaments each sleeve, and the centre of the bosom. Trimming of the same description forms a *tablier*. Head-dress a crimson velvet toque, the brim round at the sides, and forming a point in the centre: it is decorated with party-coloured plumes and ribbons.

MORNING DRESS.—Buff-coloured pekinet robe figured in brown, the border is trimmed with two flounces; the *corsage* partially high, is ornamented with a *fichu* drapery which crosses in front, and to the bottom of which a knot of ribbon with long floating ends is attached. Demi large sleeves. Worked muslin collar, and cuffs. Black velvet bonnet, the crown is trimmed with black satin

ribbons, and two black feathers placed so as to droop upon the shoulder: the interior of the brim is ornamented with a single full-blown rose.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1. MORNING BONNET.—Of pale pink rep velvet, a large brim and low crown, finished round the top with a rouleau; a band terminating in a rosette with long ends completes the trimming.

No. 2. EVENING DRESS.—Pink crape robe over satin to correspond, the *corsage* cut very low, and pointed before and behind, has the upper part entirely encircled with folds, and is trimmed with blond lace standing up round the top. Short sleeve, tight at the upper part, the lower is formed into bouffants by knots and bands of pink ribbon. Head-dress of hair à la *Seigné*, adorned with a wreath of silver foliage.

No. 3. HALF-DRESS HAT.—Of *oiseau* satin, an open and moderate sized brim; the crown in decorated with bands and knots of *oiseau* ribbon, and the plumage of a dyed bird of Paradise.

No. 4. CARRIAGE HAT.—Of white rep velvet trimmed with white satin ribbons, and a dyed bird of Paradise.

No. 5. CARRIAGE DRESS.—Violet satin pelisse. Black velvet pelerine of the *fichu* form, trimmed with swansdown. Plaited cambric frill: Black velvet bonnet of a large size, the interior of the brim is decorated with a wreath of field flowers; the crown is trimmed with black satin ribbons, and white feathers shaded with grey.

No. 6.—Gives a back view of a *coiffure à la Seigné*, decorated with flowers, and a short round mantlet of blue velvet, trimmed with swansdown.

No. 7. BONNET A LA BABET.—Of *tulle bouillonnée*, and two sprigs of pink flowers placed in contrary directions.

No. 8. BONNET A LA PAYSANNE.—Of *blonde illusion*, the trimming consists of a wreath of damask roses, and blue ribbons.

No. 9. BONNET A LA CORDAY.—Of *tulle*, trimmed with blond lace, roses and rose ribbon.

No. 10. MORNING CAP.—Of *gauffred tulle* trimmed with white ribbon.

IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN ON THE DELAY OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE "SPARROW" SLOOP OF WAR, AND THE "FANCY," WITH DISPATCHES FROM LORD WELLINGTON.

"You peevish old churl," cried Britannia inflamed,
To Neptune, while anxious she looked o'er the sea,

"My Wellington's fought, and you might be ashamed

To keep thus the tidings of glory from me!"

"Bright Goddess!" he answered, "oh! blame not in thought

Old Neptune, who glories in seeing you blest;
By a SPARROW I sent word the Hero had fought,
And to FANCY I thought I might well leave the rest."

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. II.

It has been for some years past one of my amusements to watch the decline of the Carnival, one of the few relics of our old gaiety which still lingers among us, and perhaps the only one that decency and good sense would have urged us long since to discard. Some part of its ancient glories vanish every year. The masks that parade the streets during the week are few in number, badly dressed, and destitute of humour. Those that drive about the boulevards in masquerade costume are very little better; and, in short, the week formerly one of fun and frolic, passes off as heavily as a dull farce. But does it pass as innocently? I should be loth to put that question to some of the votaries of its pleasures, particularly to those who attend the subscription masqued balls, which now are not confined to the Carnival, but continue to be given during Lent. Thus if we are more dull, we certainly are not more devout than we were a century ago, when the Turkish Ambassador wrote home to his friends, that it was one of the peculiarities of the Franks, that every year at a certain time all the people went mad, and during seven days their frenzy showed itself in fits of outrageous laughter, singing, dancing, a variety of the most grotesque gestures, and a singularly ridiculous style of dress. On the 8th day the application of a certain powder to their foreheads brought them perfectly to their senses. The Carnivals of our days would never have led the good Musselman into this mistake.

Go where one will at present the only thing talked of is the noble conduct, and noble it certainly is of a young actress who appeared at the Odeon three or four years ago. Having an elegant figure, a pretty and intelligent face, and a good deal of talent, she was becoming a favourite, when she received an offer of a very advantageous engagement at St. Petersburg. She quitted Paris, was regretted for a week or two, and then forgotten.

Her engagement with the Russian manager was to perform in French pieces, but upon her expressing a wish to appear in the Russian drama, if a little time was allowed her to study the language, he gladly consented. The pieces chosen for her in the beginning of her *cours* were translations from French plays. She was received with enthusiasm. The compliment she paid to the nation by speaking its language was of itself sufficient to render her popular, but when in addition she was young, pretty, lively, a good actress, and possessed of a delightful voice, it was no wonder she turned the heads of half the St. Petersburg dandies. Proposals poured in, but they were not matrimonial ones, and they were rejected with disdain. Among those who hovered about her, but without speaking of love, otherwise than by his eyes, was a young handsome Boyard, and who was immensely rich. He really loved her, but his pride revolted from the idea of marrying an actress, and he had too much honour to try to seduce her. While his mind was in this state an intimate friend of his, who was also young, hand-

some, and rich offered her marriage, and was at once rejected. In the excess of his astonishment and indignation at what he considered such unaccountable conduct, he mentioned his disappointment to some good natured friend, who soon contrived to make it public, and our Boyard on hearing it was more in love than ever. But what was to be done, if he offered marriage he might share the same fate, and then he should lose her society altogether, for she refused to admit the visits of his friend after she rejected him. The Boyard did not know that he was himself in some degree the cause of this rejection; in truth he had made no small impression on the heart of Athalie, though she had too much pride to let her penchant be visible even to the prying eyes of a lover. Things went on for some time in this way, at last the Boyard summoned courage to put an end to the suspense under which he was labouring. He proposed, was listened to in silence, and with a degree of blushing confusion that augured well for his suit.

"Hold!" said she, gently disengaging herself as he attempted to embrace her, "I will not deny that I love you!"

"Dearest, dearest Athalie!"

"But yet I can only become your wife upon a condition which you may refuse to grant."

"Refuse! Oh, Heaven, do me more justice! ask what you will, I swear—"

"Stop!" cried Athalie, clapping her pretty hand upon his mouth, "hear my condition before you promise to grant it. You must give freedom to all your Polish serfs."

The lover transported with joy at her naming a condition that he could comply with readily gave his promise, and thus thousands of brave and unfortunate Poles owed their release from slavery to a virtuous and noble minded French woman.

The marriage took place some months ago, and as Athalie's influence over the mind of her husband continues unbounded, she might, had she so pleased, have returned to Paris, and outshone the richest of our nobility; or else she might have remained in equal splendour at St. Petersburg, instead of which she has prevailed upon the Boyard to return to an estate he has at some distance from the Capital, where she is now actively employed in doing all that genuine benevolence, and sound judgment ever do to render her lord's vassals happy. Civilization seems to follow her footsteps, schools and manufactories rise as by magic around her, but in the midst of those great and important duties the lesser but perhaps more endearing charities of life are not neglected. Her hand is ever open to relieve the distresses, and her ear to hear the complaints of her peasants, who give her with enthusiasm the title of their mother. As her husband's eye rests with rapture on her youthful and lovely figure, he heartily joins in their fervent prayer, that she may long live to merit that sweet and sacred name.

The month of February is termed by Dr. Mal-den, of Worcester, his *Feelbrewing* month; probably with good cause, as the money then *hops* into his pocket.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editress cannot attend to any letters or communications, unless they are addressed to 24, NORFOLK-STREET, STRAND.

CHARLES H., JUN.—We are not aware of any former piece accepted for our Work, to which this Correspondent alludes.

BRIGHTON.—We are always happy to hear from our Correspondent at this fashionable watering-place.

GEORGE R.—The articles sent us by this Correspondent shall appear.

E. J. H.—We have received no reply to the private communication we made to this Lady at the address requested.

NEMO.—We will insert the Poem sent from Chatham, and are happy to hear again from this Correspondent.

H. K.—We did not wish to put our Correspondent to the expense of so very elegant an envelope, by the remark we made; our intention was merely to say, that when articles are left open, and not addressed under cover to the Editress, they are very easily mislaid as waste paper in the office.

SARAH.—To the question asked us by this Correspondent, we reply, that the Work she enquires after, ceased in December last. Her articles, we believe, all appeared in that Work. The "Uncloister'd Recluse" shall be inserted in our pages.

SELINA B.—If we recollect rightly, we experienced some very uncourteous treatment, years ago, in our Editorial capacity, from this lady. Her paper on the Past Year, besides being now a somewhat stale subject, is so entirely filled by the egotistical repinings of the writer, as to the bereavements she has sustained, that it could afford no interest or entertainment to the general reader. Were we to recount all the domestic trials the last year has produced to us, our Magazine might change its title to the Black Book, instead of the Belle Assemblée. But Authors and Editors, like Actors, have a public life to live; and must too often appear on the scene of their labours, with a face dressed in smiles—while the heart is breaking!

"As a beam o'er the face of the waters may flow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below."

HARTZ.—We will insert the Prose Tale sent by this contributor, but cannot promise at the time he wishes it.

Z., C. Y., CURIONI, CHARLES, MARY, and JANE, who have all sent us complimentary effusions, addressed to a young Poetess, whose first attempts have recently appeared in our pages, are thanked; but declined, entirely on account of the subject.

X. X. is inserted. We think the case not a common failing of the Lords of the Creation.

AMELIA W.—This lady's prose article shall appear next month. Again we request our friends to

favor us by the 15th of each month, if they desire to have an answer in the following Number.

CINTRA LODGE.—The poem from this Lady came too late for the present Number, and is also too long for our pages.

J. MIDDLETON.—This Gentleman's articles are received. We do not despair of making use of the Drama already in hand.

T. O., HIGHGATE.—The Verses sent by this Gentleman, who tells us *he* thinks "they are not devoid of merit," shall, with a little pruning, have a place in our Work; but the precise time we cannot promise, as we are greatly in arrear with our poetical Correspondents.

T. W. HALEY.—We request Correspondents will not send us articles for insertion, and then demand remuneration for them, through the medium of *unpaid* letters. The Editress of this Work begs it to be understood, she has no controul over the pecuniary department; this remark will apply to E. J. H. and several others, who seem to be very sceptical on this point.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—Want of space prevents our insertion of a letter to the Editress, in reply to an article which appeared in our pages. It shall have a place next month.

W. J. C.—The first effort of this Correspondent will, we hope, be the last; at least as far as our Magazine is concerned. The Reader shall, however, have a specimen, least we should be accused of crushing early genius. The Poet is describing a Storm:—

"Beneath yon lofty trees
The cattle do retire,
And seem afraid to eat
What they so much desire.

• • • • •

The sky is clearing fast,
The clouds are gone away;
The sheep do eat the grass,
And little lambs do play.

A zephyr has sprung up,
How charming doth it blow;
My pen I'll lay aside,
And bid you all adieu."

Which we hope will be an eternal farewell to the Muses on the part of W. J. C.

S. H.—The Lines by this Contributor are very pleasing, though mournful, and shall appear.

W. L., PONTYPOOL.—The best "opinion" we can give of this gentleman's Poetry is—that we shall print it.

Miss A. M. S. must apply at the Office on the subject she writes to the Editress. She will obtain what she wishes there.

NORTHFLEET.—Our Correspondent may look for a visit from us ere long.

W. X. L.—This querist is informed, that the Editress of the *Belle Assemblée* does not Edit any

other periodical, though she may contribute to several. She therefore cannot assist his views.

KATE.—The suggestions of this lady do her honor, but our pages, although strictly moral ones, cannot be devoted to "Sunday Readers;" the articles would be quite inappropriate.

W. L., SLOANE-STREET.—We intend ere long using the Translation so long in hand, from this gentleman's pen.

CANONBURY.—A Leek is more appropriate to the first of March, than a Valentine. We have no other objection to our Correspondent's article, but that the time is gone by. We shall be most happy to hear from him on any other subject.

JULIO.—We are glad "the present talented Editress" gives so "much more satisfaction than the late;" and congratulate JULIO on his penetration in discovering the change!

Mrs. WYATT's poem shall appear next month.

J. SUTTON.—Neither of the articles sent us will suit our pages; they are left in Norfolk-street for the writer.

G. WHITE.—The Stanzas now received are not suited to our pages; and the others named by this Correspondent being too long, are left for him at the Office.

FINNEY.—The subject of the first poem we do not approve, and therefore decline it; the Stanzas are too common-place.

LYRA, JUN. shall not want encouragement from Us.

We request Correspondents not to back their copy, or, in other words, not to write on both sides the paper. Articles are often lost on this account, as we have not time to transcribe them. Unless letters come by post from the country, there can be no necessity for this economy; writing paper is cheap enough.

Reviews of New Books, and Music, Notices of Paintings, Public Amusements, and all Works connected with Literature and the Fine Arts, will be given, if the PUBLICATIONS and FREE ADMISSIONS are addressed to the EDITRESS, care of Mr. JENKINSON, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where ALONE communications for this Work will in future be received, POST FREE.

Office, No. 19, Old Boswell-court, Temple Bar; sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

THE NEW MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

APRIL, 1838.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

THE WIDOW'S VOW.

(Continued from Page 121.)

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I. *The Temple Square as before. Enter APOLLO from the Temple, habited as a Pedlar, with a box slung across his shoulders.*

APOLLO. By the beard of Jupiter! superstition is an admirable gull, and prophecy a rare trade! This Temple of mine is wondrous rich in gewgaws and offerings—I've made free with a few of them to set myself up in my new calling as a merchant, or in other words pedlar and dealer in wares! Here's a miniature of the widow, (*looking at it*) lovely almost as Venus' self! I've a use for this—a crystal mirror, (*takes it out*), this too will turn to good account in my new vocation—and with the aid of a little magic, my scheme cannot fail to succeed! But first, like a true traveller, let me make sure of my quarters! Ho! Hostess of the Apollo! Within there! (*calling*).

Enter from the Hotel LUCRETIA.

By the quiff of Venus, the landlady in *propria persona*! Give me a salute, for old acquaintance sake —

LUC. Old acquaintance! really I've not the pleasure of recollecting where we met before —

APOLLO. Oh! perhaps not—perhaps not—I recollect *you*—can tell your whole history —

LUC. Sir! (*startling*).

APOLLO. Oh! yes! you're a Syracusan by birth—a Landlady by choice—and a maiden—(*I believe so*) by necessity.

LUC. You are a wizard!

APOLLO. No! only a Traveller—but let me tell you, Hostess, your roads from Parnassus are in sad order—you that live at the foot of the hill seem resolved that nobody shall get to the top without the risk of breaking their bones in the journey!

LUC. Oh! the ways were smooth enough in former times, but the omnibuses and cabs that convey the shoals of aspirants for poetic honours to Parnassus at a *cheap rate*, have broken them up terribly! What have you got in that box?

APOLLO. Only the wares I have for sale. Come, bestir yourself, and prepare a repast for me—I'm

not over nice, a few little delicacies will serve my turn!

LUC. Bless me! why you command as though you were Apollo's very self!

APOLLO. Well! fancy I *am* he, and treat me with as much respect. Come, bestir, bestir!

LUC. Not quite so fast, good Signor Traveller—before I make preparation just tell me how am I to make sure of payment?

APOLLO. The deuce a single denier have I, but I'll give you a check on the Pythia, I dare say she'll honour it!

LUC. Pooh! we never take traveller's checks now-a-days! I must have the solid cash!

Enter a Phocian carrying a bag.

APOLLO. Hark'ye fellow! What do you carry there?

PHOCIAN. Money for the Temple—sacred property!

APOLLO. Turn it into the lap of this gentlewoman. Hold open your apron, Hostess!

PHOCIAN. A likely story truly—what would Apollo say? (*A clap of thunder*).

APOLLO. He'd say as I do! Hark! (*thunder*).

PHOCIAN. Mercy on me! take all I have, but spare my life! (*Empties the money into her apron*).

APOLLO. When you get to the Temple, look at your bag, 'twill be as full as before. [*Exit Phocian.* (*To Luc.*) Now may I have some dinner?

LUC. Oh! dear yes! but what a sudden storm! 'Tis well I've Archimedes' conductors on my roof—this way, Sir, this way!

[*Exeunt both into the Hotel.*

SCENE II A ROOM INSIDE THE HOTEL.

Enter Lucretia shewing APOLLO in.

LUC. You're welcome, most welcome to the

APOLLO. My best thanks are due to such a guest! Be pleased to remain awhile in this chamber, till I provide an upper apartment more commodious. Our public papers lie on the table; perhaps you'll amuse yourself with them—they'll give you all the scandal and chit-chat of the place. (*Offering Papers to him.*)

APOLLO. Thanks, Hostess, but I've already compassed the "Globe" and looked at the "Morning Star," they contain nothing new to *me*! But what company have you in the house? Are you "full," as we travellers term it!

LUC. Oh! I've a great personage staying with me at present—the Magnifico Megadorus—

APOLLO. Of Thebes?

LUC. The same! He's known to you it seems?

APOLLO. Oh! I know most persons whom the Sun shines upon.

LUC. Indeed! You must have a wide circle of acquaintance!

APOLLO. Yes! my circle is pretty extensive.

Enter MEGADORUS and PERTINAX.

LUC. Here comes the Magnifico and his friend the famous Stoic—scurvy as he looks, he's no small personage in his own eyes! But I must leave you. (*Going.*)

MEGADORUS. Hark'ye, Hostess! A word with you. What says the Widow to my invitation?

(*Apollo sits at the table and pretends to read.*)

LUC. Oh! she'll not attend your bidding!

MEGA. The deuce she won't! You presented the purple robe?

LUC. Oh! yes! and the crown of roses to boot—but she'd have nought to say to you!

MEGA. She's a foolish woman—I say she's a foolish woman—what think you, Philosopher?

PERTINAX. Think! Why, that a tear in the eye of a widow is no more a mark of sorrow than a dimple on her cheek is of Love!

MEGA. How would you advise me?

PER. How? Why to be a man! And to hold both pain and pleasure equally unworthy of your notice!

APOLLO. (*aside, still seeming to read.*) I'll try how you act up to that advice, most sage Philosopher!

MEGA. (*Looking at Apollo.*) Bless me! I didn't see there was a stranger here.

APOLLO. (*addressing Pertinax.*) Sir! I honour your sentiments, I am myself one of your school—permit me to take you by the hand!

PER. Sir! You do me honour. (*They shake hands.*) (*aside.*) Fire and fury! what a gripe! The fellow's fist has thumb-screws in it! He pinches like a vice! He's squeezed my hand to jelly! (*APOLLO sits and appears to resume his reading.*)

MEGA. What! it gives you pain, does it?

PER. Oh! torment, torment!

APOLLO. (*aside.*) A true Philosopher! he defies pain when he does not feel it!

TRANIO runs in.

TRANIO. Oh! master! master! how fare you? Did you escape the thunder and the lightning? Are any of your bones dislocated—or your small senses scared out of their places?

MEGA. What ails the fellow?

TRANIO. And master Cynic there—how fares it with him—he seems a little out of sorts?

PER. Oh! that hard-fisted gentleman has dislocated every joint in my fingers!

TRANIO. What he? Mercy on us! there he sits fly for your lives.

MEGA. Why what the vengeance do you take him to be? He seems quiet enough—only rather too hearty in his manner of shaking hands, eh! Philosopher?

TRANIO. He's a conjuror—a wizard—one of the wise men of the East. I tell you, he's a cabalist, and understands the trick of drawing circles, and knows how to work by signs! You're a lost man if he has laid his hand on you!

PER. You're a fool—and I'll lay my hands on you, if you're not silent! Speak you to him, Magnifico!

TRANIO. Let me advise you, master o'mine, not to trap your fingers with him! He'll squeeze you to a mummy, and then go off in a flash of fire!

MEGA. Prithee peace Tranio! I will accost him. Well, Signor Traveller, (*to Apollo*), what news read you?

APOLLO. Troth, Sir, curious things. Here's a correspondent roundly asserts that the Sun never shines upon Beotia, that the natives are as fat and foggy as their climate, and in short that an Athenian hog has more imagination than a Theban Magnifico!

MEGA. The fellow lies like a Cretan! Were you ever in Beotia yourself, Sir?

APOLLO. Frequently over it, but never in it!

MEGA. Yours must be an extraordinary kind of travelling, Sir—to go over a country and not into it!

APOLLO. My dear Sir, there are such curious modes of travelling now-a-days that you should never feel surprised at anything you hear—fire, water, and steam are all pressed into the service now! When I last left England a Balloon had just been constructed, to convey Poets to the Moon in three hours, and a railroad was preparing to carry Actors to America in one hour and forty seconds. However, gentlemen, I must leave you to attend the fair Widow Agapeta! I have some curious wares to shew her!

MEGA. Oh! Sir, if you find her in the right mood do throw in a good word for me—prevail on her to honour my supper—there's a cover you'll find laid for yourself.

TRANIO. Well, (*aside*), he seems a good kind of a gentleman—I'll take heart and speak to him myself—mayhap he'll do me a favour. Oh! Sir! I'm told you have the art of replenishing an empty purse; now, if you would but favour us with a specimen of your performance, mine is quite at your service for the occasion, (*holding up an empty purse.*) I shall feel everlastingly obliged to you—perhaps you'll shew me how to do it!

APOLLO. Every plodding blockhead can make money; the art best worth learning is how to spend it as we ought.

MEGA. There I'm a proficient. I love my ease—hate the whole family of Self-denial, and despise from my heart the ragged pride of Poverty!

APOLLO. (*To the Stoic.*) You, on the contrary, make it the principle of your philosophy to look on riches with contempt?

PER. Riches! Gold! filthy dross—below the notice of the wise and virtuous.

APOLLO. And yet you keep a sum of that same filthy dross, at usurious interest, in the Bank at Corinth. (*Pertinax seems uneasy.*) You see I know you! Come, come, you are both in the wrong! You (*to Mega.*) set virtue and moderation at defiance, while you (*to Per.*) most vilely affect to worship both! See now, how the professors of Philosophy agree with its practice!

SONG, APOLLO.

Not in the self-proud Cynic's mind
Does real virtue dwell,
Nor is the spotless nymph confined
To the cold Stoic's cell!
Nor yet in Pleasure's temple shrined,
As her sad dupes can tell!

Her dwelling is the lowly mind
That ne'er pretends to be ;
More pure, or better than it's kind
From self complaisance free !
In such a home is virtue shrined,
There her true form we see !

(Exit APOLLO.)

(MEGADORUS and PERTINAX stand looking at each other.)

TRANIO. Ah ! I told you what a Babylonian he was !

MEGA. By our Lady of Ephesus ! I'll sleep not in this house till it is exorcised of the evil spirit. Prithee, Philosopher, try *your* hand at dispelling him !

PER. Peace, glutton ! I'm a temperate man—I fear him not—but as for an epicure like yourself living on brains of quails, and tongues of carps—with a whole barbecued boar for a meal—

MEGA. Ah ! His tail would serve for your dinner.

PER. I fear the Gods ! You are a profane man, and, when the sky is clear, can laugh at Jupiter—but the first thunder-storm sets your teeth chattering.

MEGA. No ! you mistake—I always keep something between them to prevent that disagreeable sensation !

PER. Aye, truly ! there's enough in thy paunch to feed a whole City of Philosophers ! Out upon such eating and drinking ! Pure simple water—roots, and now and then an egg on gala-days ! This is my regimen !

MEG. Well ! thank Heaven, I've not such a taste ! Thou pretend to be a Philosopher, thou defy pain ! Why the mere shooting of a corn on a rainy night makes thine eyes water, and as for the tooth-ache—one single twinge gives the lie to all thy boasting ! There is no visitation of pain under which thou art resigned—except one, and that's a *cudgel*, (*laughs*.) Ha ! ha ! ha ! Out upon such philosophy, say I !

PER. Ah ! thou'lt never give over thy Epicurean jests and wantonness ; I despair of thee. Thou'rt past the teaching even of a Philosopher !

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III.

A splendid Apartment in the House of Agapeta.

AGAPETA and PHILÆNES discovered.

PHI. The Pythia awaits your presence in the Sacristy—is it your pleasure that I fetch your veil ?

AGAP. Have patience yet awhile—be not so sudden. What hour of the morning is it ?

PHI. Ten, by the Temple dial !

AGAP. Indeed—time has soon flown ! This is the hour

I was to take the vow ! My heart misgives me—The spirits should be fresh for such a ceremony ;—I've pass'd a sleepless night—am worn and weary !

PHI. What if you put it off a day ?

AGAP. A day's soon pass'd. (*sighing*.)

PHI. Say then a year !

AGAP. Nay ! that's too long.

PHI. What if—forever ? (*smiling archly*.)

AGAP. For shame, Philænes.

SONG, PHILÆNES.

Ah ! Lady ! canst thou leave the World,
That world which is thy Beauty's slave ?
Are love's soft blessings from thee hurl'd,
To languish in a living grave ?
Immured within a cloister's cell,
(Chamber unmeet for one so fair !)
A glimm'ring lamp—and tolling bell
To rouse thee to thy matin prayer.

For robe of silk rude sackcloth worn—
On the cold earth to bend thy knee ;
And have thy flowing tresses shorn,—
Oh ! Lady ! is this meet for THEE ?
And wilt thou leave th' admiring crowd
Of which thou art the loveliest flower,
To wrap thee in a living shroud
'Neath Superstition's gloomy power ?

AGAP. Sure, if there's any med'cine for the mind
To soothe its tumults, heal its sick desires,
'Tis Music ! heav'nly Music !—How it sinks,
Like odourous balm, into the wounded heart,
Lulling it into peace ! There's something, girl,
In thy soft simple song, that charms me more
Than all the excellence of studied art !

PHI. I joy when I content you ! Ah ! dear Lady
Were I young, beautiful, and rich, like you,
So courted, so belov'd —

AGAP. I know what *thou wouldst* do ; no more
of this ;—

Send Phormio hither.

PHI. Lady, I obey !

[*Exit*.]

AGAP. (*alone*.) "No man of mortal born,
Shall touch thy widow'd heart again with Love !"
So prophesied the Pythia ! Wherefore fear !
Can auguries deceive ? Why trembles thus
My fainting limbs ? Why beats my throbbing heart
With unknown pulses ? Ha ! *can* this be LOVE ?
I will dismiss that Slave, it troubles me
To pity him—and lo ! he's here !

Enter PHORMIO, who remains at a distance and makes a low obeisance.

AGAP. (*whose voice trembles while she endeavours to hide her struggling feelings*.)

Phormio ! there is a voice within my bosom
Forbidding me to profit by the power
Which I hold over thee ! I dare not keep
In thralldom's bonds, a creature Nature meant
For nobler purposes ! I do not lack
Of those whose minds are fashion'd to their fortunes ;
Such can I still command without reproach,
But feel myself a tyrant, while I hold
Thyself in bondage ;—I annul those bonds
Which bind thee to my service ! Thou art *Free*,
There is thy manumission ! (*gives a paper*.)

PHOR. (*in a low trembling voice, kneeling*). I'd
rather meet my death !

AGAP. Thy death ? How so ?

PHOR. Because I would be nothing but thy
slave !

AGAP. Has Liberty no charms ? What's in *my*
service

That can compare with hers ?

PHOR. Have I free leave to answer ?

AGAP. (*confused*.) Yes—no—not now !

PHOR. Lady ! and why not *now* ?

AGAP. I'm ill at ease—'twill anger me, and yet
So thou wilt answer *properly*, say on.

PHOR. Three moons have scarce gone by
Since your purveyor purchas'd me at Delphi,

Of a rude Rhodian Captain, who had made
Myself his prize at sea, sometime I toil'd
Not knowing whom I serv'd—when it so chanc'd,
As I was digging in the citron grove,
You came to walk there; sudden from my hand
My labouring tool was dropp'd! entranc'd I stood
And gaz'd and wonder'd; when a pond'rous blow
Fell'd me unto the earth; there whilst I lay
'Neath the task-master's lash, a voice more sweet
Than young Apollo's lute cried "hold—fear not!
Scourge not the slave with stripes—for he's a man
Of feelings and of suff'rings like thy own!
The tyrant left me; when I turn'd and saw
Heav'nly compassion, in an earthly form
Beaming upon me, shall a Slave presume
To say he lov'd—*ador'd*? Nay start not Lady,
Doom me to death—but let me die *your Slave*.

(*Bends to the ground.*)

AGAP. Must I bear this? Begone, begone forever!

PHOR. One word, and then no more! You stopp'd not there,
But having snatch'd me from Oppression's lash,
Brought me to serve your person! One drear night
(Now hear my *full* confession) as I watch'd
Outside your chamber door, a fearful scream
Call'd me to enter; faint in the brutal grasp
Of a fierce ruffian, I beheld you struggle;
Unweapon'd as I was I sprang upon him,
And caught the dagger, aiming at your breast,
Upon this arm! Christormio at my signal—

AGA. Why what is this thou tellest? I knew not
My brave preserver—had no sight or sense
Then to discern him! If it were *thee*,
Why let my bounty recompense CHRISTORMIO?

PHOR. His fate to me were punishment, not joy,
He was made *free and left* you; I remain'd
Your slave, to serve, to see you and obey;—
Wait on your steps, and live upon your smiles!
I've now the truth confess'd!

AGA. No more—no more—
I have a weakness for a tale of pity,
That is my nature's error;—I am faint—
Conduct me to yon couch.

PHOR. (*Placing her on a couch.*) My life to serve you.

Enter PHILÆNES running.

PHI. Oh! my dear Lady! here comes the
strange man, that fame reports such wonders of!

AGA. What man? what wonders?

PHI. The travelling man, who has taken up his
abode at Apollo's Hotel. He makes thunder and
lightning—causes the clouds to rain gold—knows
every body's fate, and tells everybody's thoughts!

AGA. Oh! pray then keep him from me!

(*Enter APOLLO with his Pedlar's box. &c.*)

APOLLO. Most beauteous Lady! Paragon of
Greece—I have such wonders.

AGA. Pray don't bring them here—

I have no taste for wonders.

APOLLO. (*opening the box.*) Look here!

A merry pedlar you behold,

And round the world I wander!

With jewels, trinkets, to be sold,

For those who've wealth to squander!

I've Hearts, that never ache, or change!

Then, maidens, come and buy them!

My wares are good, though I am strange,

They'll please you, if you'll try them!

Here's ladies' eyes, that never look'd
With envy on another!
Here's Cupid's baits, that never hook'd
A false, or jealous Lover!
I've fans for Flirts—for fools a rod!
Globes, mirrors, come and buy them;
My wares are good, though I am odd,
They'll please you, if you'll try them!

Lady! will you deal with me?

The cabinets of Greece do not contain

Such miracles of Art as I possess!

Look on this picture!

AGA. What is it pray thee?

APOLLO. 'Tis a work miraculous.

A face which beggars all that Phidias traced,
Or fam'd Apelles drew, when Beauty's Queen
Sat for the portrait!

PHOR. (*Seeing the picture.*) Gods! 'tis she,
'tis she,

This ne'er has been the work of mortal hand;
No Painter could have caught her look and liv'd!
Heavens! what a form! it moves, it smiles upon me,
I must adore it! (*bending to gaze on it.*)

AGA. Is the slave mad? mod'rate your transport, Phormio!

PHOR. (*not heeding her.*) Had I the wealth of
Attalas, I'd give it

For this fair Image!

AGA. Thou shalt possess it if it charms thee so.
Prithee, what dost thou ask for the fair bauble?

APOLLO. 'Tis above all price!

An Ethiopian wizard was the artist,
A wondrous man he was, and deeply skilled
In all occult devices! In those tints
A potent charm inhabits! Take the picture,
I may not barter it for gold or treasure,
Lady! 'tis freely yours! But have a care
To whom *you* give it—'tis your very self,
And whoso'er possess it shall possess
Thy heart fair Dame!

AGA. My Heart?

APOLLO. Aye, and thy soul,
With its affections;—to this gem thy love
Is adjunct—as the shadow to thy person!

PHOR. Then, 'tis beyond all wealth, that the
earth hides

Or the sea covers; Gods may not deserve it,
Nor hath Elysium joys to equal it!

AGA. I'll not believe the story! 'tis a fable
Invented only to enhance your wares;—
'Tis all extortion!

APOLLO. Is it extortion, tendering for love
What money cannot buy?

AGA. Say I accept, and gave it to another,
How shall the Oracle be then fulfill'd?

"No man that's mortal born,
Shall touch thy widow'd heart again with Love!"
Hast thou a spell that shall confute APOLLO?

APOLLO. None than myself would take Apollo's
shame

More heavily to heart! Yet if there be
A man on Earth, who well deserves thy love,
One too, for whom Apollo would not blush,
This little mirror hath a charm so potent,
It will reflect him! Stand we both apart,
And then consult the glass!

(*APOLLO and PHORMIO retire, whilst AGAPETA
opens the case and looks into the magic mirror.*)

AGA. (*starting back.*) Ah! what is this?
The Slave? 'tis Phormio! Here and there at once
One and the same I see him! Magic Image,
That woo'st me into love! Wilt thou not hence?
Who! and what art thou? Answer and unfold
Of mortal or immortal birth? 'Tis vanish'd!

(*AGAPETA stands in a musing attitude, gazing
into the mirror, which reflects only herself.*)
Enter VENUS as the Pythian Vestal.

VENUS. Well! beauteous Novice! I'm the
messenger of welcome tidings;
All is prepar'd, the Pythia expects you;
To this vain world you now may bid adieu!
No sighing suitors now—no serenaders—
And man's false smile, you ne'er will look on more.

APOLLO. (*aside to Venus.*) Have I not conjur'd
rarely?

VENUS. (*aside to him.*) Divine Apollo! (*to Aga.*)
You'll be the tenant of a lovely cell!
So sweetly lonesome, you may fancy it
Trophonius' Cave! no wanton revelry,
No breath of syren Music, will intrude,
To chase your meditations on mortality.

AGA. Ah! me. (*sighs.*)

VENUS. Then, because you *have* been a wife,
and such are only taken upon sufferance, you will
be favoured with a double portion of penance, ab-
stinence and mortification! You'll not be intruded
on by company—you'll never hear the horrid
sound of human voice, except your own sweet
murmurs in soliloquy! No! you'll be quite silent
solitary and comfortable!

APOLLO. (*aside to Venus.*) Capital! go on!
go on!

VENUS. Well, Phormio—take leave of your
happy mistress! 'tis the last time you'll ever look
on her—she'll want no slaves to tend her where
she's going!

PHOR. Nor shall I want a mistress in the grave.

APOLLO. (*to Phormio.*) Youth be content, the
spell is in her veins!

AGA. Oh! my sick heart!

SONG, VENUS.

Widow's vows are only wind
With Love's slender thread entwined!
They're not register'd in Heaven
So, when broken, are forgiv'n!

Light as æther—light as air,
Quickly spoken!
Quickly broken!

Widow's vows are brittle ware!
Should the Oracle decree
Some gentle youth, though Slave he be,
To woo thy heart and win thy hand,
Would'st thou the Oracle withstand?

Light as æther—light as air,
Quickly spoken,
Quickly broken!

Widow's vows are brittle ware!

AGA. Tormenting flame! (*aside.*) I dare not
meet his gaze—

My flushing cheek, my throbbing breast betray me.
Ah! me! and am I doom'd to own my weakness?
To pine, to languish 'neath Love's slighted power,
And know myself *his* slave? Must these proud
lips,

That never yet have spoke, but to command,
Confess the heart is conquered?—Let me seek
In lonely solitude to hide the shame

That now o'erwhelms—o'ercomes me, and unseen
Within my chamber, school this rebel traitor.

[*Exit Agapeta.*]

PHI. What ails my gracious mistress?

(*Going to follow her.*)

VENUS. Stop, girl! *you* are not the physician
to prescribe for her disorder! Leave her awhile
to solitude—a little taste just enough to give re-
lish to a convent's quiet!

PHOR. (*to Apollo.*) Say, how must I address
you?

As man or Deity? Your powers, they are mira-
culous!

APOLLO. No matter now! Anon you'll be
informed.

But tell me, should your mistress offer *you*
The Picture—will you accept it?

PHOR. Honor forbid!

APOLLO. Why so? Would you not prize it?

PHOR. Oh! beyond Golconda's golden mines
Or India's store! But being of abject fortune—
And a slave, the laws of Greece pronounce me
Infamous!—Should *she* love infamy?

APOLL. Away with all such laws! Virtue alone
Should make distinction between man and man,
And where nobility of soul inhabits,
Though in the bosom of the tawny Moor,
He rises far superior to the thing
That calls itself a noble, yet doth lack
A noble's truest attribute!

PHI. Sweet Gentleman, (*to Apollo.*) though
thou'rt a traveller, thou speak'st the very
truth! *Nature* made Phormio noble, though
stern Fate, that sly malicious jade, doomed him a
Slave!

PHOR. I know not whence, nor who I am!

APOLLO. Consult the Oracle—she shall inform
you.

PHOR. A slave may not encroach within the
sacred temple! And this garb for apparel.

APOLLO. Thou'rt free! thy mistress signed thy
freedom;
Thou shalt have that befits thy noble bearing;
I will supply thee, and this gracious damsel (*to
Venus.*)

Thy toilet shall arrange, the Grace's selves
Are handmaids to her art!

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE NYMPHS ATTENDANT

ON VENUS.

Rouse, Noble Youth, shake off Despair,
Faint Heart can never win the fair!

SOLO, APOLLO.

Costly robes of Tyrian dyes,
For these rude garments thou shalt wear;
And gems, that Venus' hand supplies,
Shall deck thy form with lustre rare!
Thou shalt lack nor grace nor charm,
Beauty's frozen breast to warm!

CHORUS.

Then Noble Youth! shake off Despair,
Faint Heart can never win the Fair!

SOLO, VENUS.

Eyes, whose glances softly languish,
Sighs, that tell Love's pleasing anguish,
These the Lover's weapons are,
These subdue the haughty Fair!

CHORUS.

Then Noble Youth shake off Despair!
Faint heart can never win the Fair!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

LODGINGS TO LET.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE SCEPTIC," "THE EXPATRIATED," &c., &c.

Rat-tat-tat—"two loud ones first, and then a little one behind"—echoed from the knocker of a house in the immediate neighbourhood of Russell Square, in the window of which a half sheet of Bath-post paper was pasted, bearing in large written capitals, this important information, "*Lodgings to Let*," and as it was not an hour when any person above the rank of a dun—and they do sometimes call at houses of this description—was likely to come, unless any person who rose unfashionably early, was desirous of looking at the vacant apartments; the treble application caused no little confusion to the lady of the house, who was not by any means in an elegant morning undress, and her waiting maid in attendance, who was herself neither of the cleanest or the prettiest.

"Give me my clean cap, Biddy," said Miss Squeezem, the landlady in question, whose face had not undergone its usual morning ablution, besides being rather the worse for wear, "and then run to the door."

The bidding was obeyed with considerable alacrity by the attendant Hebe, who moreover hastily placed out of sight sundry articles of female attire, which did not well beseem a breakfast table, of which repast Miss Squeezem was partaking at the period of this alarm, and some side curls, with a portion of a partially demolished red herring, were placed for concealment in the tea-chest, where they were left to enjoy their *otium cum dignitate* for awhile together, as well as such opposites might be supposed to do.

The boudoir of Miss Squeezem, as she was wont to term the little dark, dirty back parlour which she reserved for her own especial accommodation, was this morning in greater confusion than usual. It was on a Monday, and in one corner of the room was a pile of soiled apparel, partially prepared for the laundress; on the mantel-shelf, amongst little china shepherds and shepherdesses, lambs without heads, and poodles without tails; the unwashed goblets that had been in active service on the preceding evening, and the *clean* weekly bills which had just been delivered with less complimentary messages than enquiries for the health and welfare of Miss Squeezem, reposed a patent hair brush, sundry curl-papers, a bottle of *veritable huile antique*, with the neck considerably dilapidated, while a pair of stockings crushed together, most lovingly hugging a huge darning-needle, occupied one corner, as if disdaining to mix with the other competitors for the lady's care and consideration.

Before Biddy could reach the door, after dusting her own features with a dingy-looking apron that seemed to have imbibed a most inveterate antipathy to soap and water, the knocking was repeated in a much louder key than before, and the voice of Miss Squeezem was heard shrieking in one of her fine clear, shrill tones, that would have set every note of the gamut at defiance—

"Deuce take you, Biddy, why don't you open the door?" to which the gentle Biddy replied, somewhat *sotto voce*, as she drew back the spring of the lock—

"Ar'nt I doing it, you grumbling old toad?"

The demand for admittance was made by a lady and gentleman, whose fashionable style of costume commanded the unqualified respect of Biddy, who was herself a dressy sort of personage, and sported as many different shades of ribbon in her caps as there are colours in the rainbow. They requested permission to inspect the vacant apartments, to which they had been invited by the huge placard in the window, and after Miss Squeezem had hastily adjusted her habiliments, she hastened after them into the *unlet suite*, consisting of a sitting and sleeping apartment, fitted up with as small a quantity of furniture as it was possible to put in, to call it furnished at all, and covered under foot with something which she called, and it probably might have been once, Brussels carpeting, though now from the "wear and tear"—the depredations of moths, and the ravages of time, it marvellously resembled one of those huge coarse cloths in which hops are packed, when sent to the market. There was a gilded cornice to the window curtains, which seemed to belong to the mendicant order, if their consanguinity could be guessed at by the various darns and tatters they displayed; something which to the sight appeared to be a piano forte, but which proved to be the mere case of such an instrument, now converted into what Miss Squeezem denominated a most convenient ladies wardrobe, in which dresses might be laid without endangering flounces or damaging sleeves; a sofa that possessed properties very different to all others of its tribe, on which one would tire, instead of rest, for it was about as soft and elastic as a thick oaken plank, though it boasted of a covering as gay and flowery as the centre-bed of a cottager's garden in July; a few chairs that were troubled with incurable rickets, and two tables that most probably had braved the sunshine and the storm many a day, and many a year in Broker's Alley, before they came into the possession of the present proprietress. Then there were some five or six ale-house signs, which were denominated by Miss Squeezem *family portraits*—perfect uniques in their way—with scarce a feature of humanity about them, and a huge Staffordshire-ware inkstand, where a sallow coloured Venus held a vase for the fluid, and the quiver on Cupid's back was a receptacle for those vulgar, odious things called wafers, which were the horror of the Lord Chesterfield.

Miss Squeezem put on all her amiability when she made her curtsy to the strangers; it was only on great occasions that she was lavish of it; but smiles cost her nothing, and as her lodgings had been empty for some months, she summoned up a few of them from amidst the wrinkles where they had for some time slumbered undisturbed, and looked something like a caricature of gladness—one that an artist in that line would have travelled ten miles to have painted.

"You are in want of apartments, Sir," said Miss Squeezem, addressing herself to the gentleman, for she was one of the sisterhood who liked not to have ladies in the house for one or two reasons; they were often *rather* particular in being attended to, and *very* particular in examining the bills—two circumstances which were not always convenient to Miss Squeezem, whose memory and

accounts were not universally so correct as to be unquestionable. On this occasion, however, she had made up her mind not to be over fastidious if she could secure her prey, for she was one of those who like to make a bargain of their inmates.

"Yes," replied the gentleman, who had stuck his glass firmly between his eyebrow and his cheek to survey the beauties of the *salon* of Miss Squeezem, "if I can meet with any likely to suit me."

"These are delightful rooms—quite in the *rus in urbe* style," rejoined Miss Squeezem, who thought hers were *likely to suit*; "and this room is quite a *bijou*; Sir Maulkin Grub, who lived with me a long, long time, used always to call it my *petite Trianon*. Poor dear gentleman! he had so much taste, and would sit for hours amusing himself by looking at the portraits of my ancestors. He was an exquisite artist himself, and made one or two drawings in my album. Do you admire paintings, Sir?"

"Not particularly," said her auditor, as his eyes rested on one of the daubs, with which the walls were disfigured.

Miss Squeezem shrugged up her shoulders quite in the Parisian fashion, and looked as if she was ready to call him a modern Goth, but interest pleaded in favour of silence, and interest was a monitor to whom she always listened.

"Are your apartments reasonable?" enquired the lady, who for the first time addressed the fair exhibitor of these curiosities; "our decision must depend upon the price."

"Very so," replied Miss Squeezem, with one of the most bewitching of her hoarded smiles, "and so romantically pretty, so airy before, and so open behind; and then the garden, why *that* is almost a *Tivoli* in miniature. You cannot conceive what a flower-gem it is when my pots of exotics perfume the air; ah! I could not live without a garden."

Before Miss Squeezem could vent all the praises she seemed inclined to lavish on the interior and exterior beauties of her domicile, her oration was cut short by a remark made by the lady, that she thought the rooms were too small. Though this was not by any means a novel observation to the ears of Miss Squeezem, she was not willing to allow its truth, and by way of enhancing the advantages likely to accrue from deciding on residing with her, spoke of the easy distance of the situation from the theatres, and other places of public amusement.

The gentleman looked at the lady, and she smiled at him in return, but this was not observed by Miss Squeezem, who was busily engaged in drawing forth her *album* from the painted cotton enclosure, in which it was generally kept to preserve it from the impressions of her solitary maid-servant's fingers, who had more than once been caught examining the vaunted drawings of Sir Maulkin Grub, not without some detriment to their beauty. But why may not maid-servants have a taste as well as maiden-mistresses? I never heard that *taste* or *talent* was confined to one class of persons. To the mortification of Miss Squeezem it was brought forward in vain; the parties to whom she was desirous of exhibiting her precious

collection of pencillings and prosings, declared their time to be limited, and after obtaining from her all the information they required respecting the lodgings, they departed promising to give an answer early on the following day.

No sooner was the door closed upon them, than Miss Squeezem laid her smiles upon the shelf, and resumed her natural character, which was that of a discontented, whining scold, who was dissatisfied with herself and all the world. She had read novels of the worst class, till her head was filled with as much nonsense as the shelves of a circulating library, and she fancied herself, generally, the representative of the heroine of the last publication of that description. She certainly had the organ of *ideality*, for no other person could have supposed that she bore the slightest semblance to a heroine. She was rather inclined to be tall; so extremely thin that she was not very much unlike the living skeleton in petticoats; of a complexion approaching to the hue of the primrose, which she improved by a deep tint of Delcroix's best rouge, and a *tete* of hair in colour rivalling the mane of those *red lions* we sometimes see painted on the sign posts of village *cabarets*. For such a person to play the *sentimental* appeared to be rather ridiculous; but Miss Squeezem never considered that people could play the fool for the amusement of others. She was happy and self-satisfied, and having so good an opinion of herself, she naturally concluded that other people must take her at her own valuation.

"Biddy," exclaimed Miss Squeezem, when she was once safely ensconced within her own *chambre*, "I wish Biddy that you would be more attentive to me than you generally are, for my comforts are neglected for the accommodation of my lodgers."

"What next?" cried Biddy, who was not the most polite to her mistress when she was *tête à tête* with her, and had a will of her own, which she would at times exert, when no one was by; "I'm sure I am a downright slave, yet there's never no satisfying you no ways."

"I wish you would learn to speak English, Biddy," said Miss Squeezem, whose ears were so sensitively delicate that unless her servants spoke to her like the waiting-woman in a romance, it put her into a complete fever; "I am sure no lady was ever so easily satisfied as I am; but if you suppose that while I keep you, I am to stir the fire myself, open the street-door when I am going out, and the hundred little things which all ladies expect their maids to do, you will find yourself mistaken."

"I'm sure I never have a moment I can call my own," muttered Biddy, "what with you, and the old woman in the back attic, and the people in the front kitchen, I'm led the life of a dog. There's that devil of a door again; if it is the butcher you had better see him yourself, for I have told him so many white ones already, that I really am almost ashamed to go to the door, for he winked his eye at me yesterday, when I swore you were out, and said 'that's a bouncer, Mistress Biddy; you come it almost as strong as old Miss Squeezem.'"

"An impudent wretch!" ejaculated the

lady "it would serve the vulgar fellow right, if I were to decline dealing with him."

"He said yesterday, that he was determined to decline your orders," responded Biddy, "but what am I to say to him now?"

"Why, perhaps it is best to be civil to the ruffian, Biddy; those horrid vulgar persons know nothing of the refined feelings, the delicate sensibility of our sex. Tell him that I *really* am out to day; gone to the Bank, Biddy, to enquire when the dividends are payable."

"Which bank?" asked Biddy, in the simplicity of her heart, *North-bank* or *South-bank*; but it won't matter which I say, for he knows well enough they are close together in the Regent's Park," and before Miss Squeezem could correct her mistake, Biddy had opened the door.

It was not, however the dreaded dealer in animal bodies, but a coal-dealer, who had brought a modicum of coals in a black looking sack, for the use of the lady who occupied the back attic in this *petite Trianon*, and who unfortunately in passing the *boudoir* of Miss Squeezem to proceed to the exalted domicile of his other customer, caught a sight of that lady, who was standing with the door a little ajar, for the purpose of listening to the conversation that she anticipated would take place between the dun and her damsel.

"Ah, Ma'am," exclaimed the man, who unceremoniously pushed the door open a little wider, and thrust his dirty face withinside the elegant little *sanctum*, whilst the sack upon his shoulder, topped with one or two neatly tied up bundles of wood, looked rather a picturesque addition to the ornaments of a lady's *chambrette*; "why the sight of you is good for sore eyes; I almost feared they had put you away with the cold meat—sent you underground with a black velvet table-cloth."

"Oh! you funny creature," said Miss Squeezem, who, when she was actually caught by a dun, was all plausibility and good humour, "I think I never laugh so much as when I see you; you have such very odd sayings."

"Then why don't you see me oftener? I have called here every day for the last fortnight to see if you have got any money for me."

Rat-tat-tat-tat went the knocker.

"Somebody after the apartments," cried Miss Squeezem, "call to-morrow, there's a good soul."

"Call to-morrow—that's always your cry. Why you're just as bad as my poor old mother, who promised me the moon for a plaything, when I was a little boy, but never gave it me."

Rat-tat-tat-tat, again resounded through the passage.

"Biddy, Biddy," screamed Miss Squeezem, "are you quite deaf? *Two* double knocks at the door."

"Come, you can give me something, I know," reiterated the coal-dealer, to whom Miss Squeezem had protested her total inability to pay for the present, not having even a shilling in the house—"a few shillings from the silver on the table yonder, just to help me to go to market."

"That silver," rejoined Miss Squeezem, who had forgotten that she had left the change of a sovereign carelessly upon the table—"I wish I had it to give you, but it belongs to the lady in the

back attic, and I declare Biddy has forgotten to take it up."

"That's one bit of good luck, however, said the man, as he ran up the carpeted stairs with his light load, "as the woman said when she got back her husband's old shoes, who had just been drowned, while bathing."

Biddy in the meanwhile had opened the door, and given admittance to a venerable looking old gentleman, very country-squirish in his appearance, with top-boots, white unmentionables, dark brown wide-skirted coat, and a love of a pigtail, quite a curiosity in these days of curls before, and crops behind. Miss Squeezem met him in the hall, for although a stout person might probably have stuck by the way in threading the narrow passage leading from the front door to the stairs, it is as well to call it by its usual name—and the old man withdrew his hat from his well powdered head, the instant he perceived her approach, saying at the same time with a very low bow—

"You have lodgings to let, I believe Madam?"

Miss Squeezem replied in the affirmative, and led the way to her *bijou* of a drawing room.

"Sweetly pretty," ejaculated the old gentleman, as soon as he had glanced his eyes around the room; "all your own taste, I presume, Madam?"

"Entirely, Sir," replied Miss Squeezem, who was highly gratified that she was likely to let to a person of *taste*, and moreover of the right sex. Do you want them for a long or short period, Sir? You will find them most delightfully comfortable; so free from all those petty annoyances that are but too frequent in *common* houses of this description, where the mistress is too ill-bred to know how true gentility should be treated. I never like to praise my own establishment; I always feel great delicacy in doing so, but there is not a house with such furnished apartments as mine for miles round this neighbourhood."

"I think they will suit the parties I want them for," said the old gentleman, if they are not too expensive."

"They are *not* for yourself, then," replied Miss Squeezem, who did not like pluralities so well as singularities. "Do you know, I have refused I do not know how many married couples this week, but pray sit down, and tell me all about *your* friends, for I am almost sure I shall like them—they must be charming persons."

"Charming, Madam! If you knew them you would say so indeed. Such talent: such exquisite talent, that they must carry the world before them, or I should not be so anxious to secure them for my new establishment, for I am quite a person of business; always say what I think, and do what I say. By the way, I wish I had a little of your taste for the fitting up of my new establishment."

"In the haberdashery line, I suppose Sir?"

"Pshaw! I mean in painting and lining the boxes."

"Then your's is a *fancy* shop. Oh dear yes, there I flatter myself—but I have no vanity—I should be quite at home."

A gentle tap at the drawing-room door, accompanied by "I want to speak to you for a moment, directly, Miss Squeezem," uttered in the tones of a female voice, not exactly in the best humour in

the world, called that lady from the room, who was audibly accosted even before she was fairly outside the door, with—"How could you tell this good man such a story, Miss Squeezem?"

"Story, Ma'am? I really don't know what you mean; and I think it very indecorous of you, who only occupy one of the upper apartments of my house, to take the liberty of calling me away from a gentleman, and in my own drawing-room too. I would not have believed it of you, Mrs. Longstitch, so well-behaved as you generally are."

"The truth is," said the coal-dealer, "that the poor woman wants to be righted Miss Squeezem, and I want to get some of my money. Why you are like the old woman at the eating-house, over the way, who, when the man had paid her for the potatoes that he had eaten with his dinner, wanted him to give her a halfpenny more because he had swallowed them with their jackets on."

"You know I have not any money," said Mrs. Longstitch, "for it was only this morning I begged Biddy to ask you for the two shillings you owe me, for turning the two old cloaks you bought of Mrs. Tearemount's maid, into the full dress that you wore the other night, when you went to Miss Dragabout's party."

"Well, then, I suppose I mistook what Biddy said. Oh! dear me, I think I really am getting quite stupid! How can I sufficiently beg your pardon, my dear Mrs. Longstitch, it was, I now distinctly recollect, the earnest money that those fine dressed people left, who were here this morning; you heard how they knocked, but I could not take them, their reference won't do for me, so very particular as I am; and they do hint—you know friends do not always like *exactly* to speak out—that they are *not* married."

"Leave Miss Squeezem alone; she'll find an egg in a mare's nest," cried the coalman, as he went down stairs, and imparted to the rafters of the house a degree of nervous irritability with the heavy bang he gave the door, in closing it after him, and having got rid of Mrs. Longstitch, she returned to the drawing-room, and made her apologies for having been obliged to absent herself. After she had ventured one or two preliminary remarks respecting her very precise particularity respecting persons whom she did the honour to admit to domicile with her, she adverted again to the subject on which they were conversing, when she was so unexpectedly called away.

"I think, Sir, you were saying, that your new establishment is to be an emporium of taste and fancy?"

"Perfectly so, Madam; to tell you the truth, I have an idea that we shall make the *Patents* look about them. It only wanted spirit—unceasing—unbending—energetic—enterprising spirit, to accomplish the grand *desideratum*, and I am the happy person who has made the grand discovery, that twenty at a penny will pay better than twelve at a shilling. In short, Madam, I am the manager and proprietor of the Imperial Reform Anti-Patent Penny Theatre, which, regardless of expense, I am now preparing for the instruction and amusement of the public, and it is for my *Prima Donna*—a very Malibran *redivivus*, and her husband my *Dieu de danse*, that I wish to engage your

apartments. They are young creatures—very young, but as I consider myself the father of my flock, I wish to place them under the auspices of some very respectable lady, whose fostering care would, like the sunbeams that play upon the opening petals of a yet not full-blown flower, give them that mental confidence in their own most estimable qualifications, which cannot be attained so much from precept as from example. Now, Madam, if a lady like yourself—of such admirable taste, would allow me to place them under your protection"—here he paused, leaving Miss Squeezem time to swallow and digest the compliment.

As Miss Squeezem had a due respect for persons who possessed that yellow dross of which she had so small a portion herself, she was willing to give ample credit to all the manager of the new penny theatrical establishment told her; but as she had sufficient prudence to know, as performers are sometimes actors off the stage, it would be as well to have the manager's security, she hinted that if she did admit them into her house, she hoped he would be answerable to her for the regular payment of the stipulated rent.

The friendly, open-hearted manner with which this kindest of all kind-hearted old gentlemen received this intimation, speedily convinced Miss Squeezem that she had drawn a prize in the lodging-letting lottery. He not only offered her his own security for the honour of his *protégés*, but begging her not to let her feelings overcome her, said he feared she might perhaps be at the present moment under some little pecuniary embarrassment. If so, and he could be of any essential assistance to her, he entreated that she would confide her troubles to him; he always said what he meant, and did what he promised—and an old man like himself had a right to claim a father's privilege with the ladies.

To do Miss Squeezem justice, she was not one of those fastidious beings who would object to receive pecuniary favours from the other sex, simply because old age, like the post-office stamp upon a letter, was not fairly impressed upon their brows; but she knew how to display sentiment and fine feeling in a heroine-like manner. She was, of course, quite overcome by the kindness of her new friend, gave a few symptoms of a forthcoming hysterical passion, and between a regular routine of sighs, and if, by the continued application of the pocket handkerchief to the eyes the secret might be guessed at—tears—she begged the stranger to do her the favour to ring the bell. The summons was replied to by the maid, to whom Miss Squeezem languidly said—

"Biddy—salts, Biddy."

"And a glass of cold water," considerably added the old gentleman, who seemed to be *au fait* in these matters.

Biddy, who always took things literally, in the space of a few minutes, again made her appearance with a waiter in her hand, on which the glass of cold water filled to the very brim, and the *salt-cellar*, decorated with a Queen's metal spoon, were brought up according to order. Miss Squeezem, forgetting her hysterics, began to scold the maid for her foolishness, and rejecting the cold water, a beverage she always preferred when

diluted with a dash or two of something potent to flavour it, pronounced herself better, and ordered Biddy out of the room.

"Shall I put a little something in it, Ma'am?" asked Biddy, who was aware of her mistress's longings and likings, "I know water *never* does agree with you."

"No Biddy, no, I have no *Eau de Cologne* in the house."

"But there's a little brandy you left last night in your room, in the black bottle; shall I run up stairs for it? You have not had a drop of any thing to-day, and I'm sure that is what makes you feel so queer."

"Go about your business, Biddy," cried Miss Squeezem in a tone of voice to which Biddy was too well accustomed, to venture to disobey, and turning to the old gentleman she said—"what horrid creatures servants are—so ignorant—so presuming; and only fancy what a ridiculous mistake she makes in calling my spasmodic mixture, brandy!"

The worthy old gentleman was quite of the same opinion, and assured her that he always made it a point never to believe a single word that his servants ever said, and then delicately turned the conversation to the subject of her presumed embarrassments. Miss Squeezem allowed that she was certainly a little behind-hand in consequence of her having been disappointed of some expected remittances, from whom, or from what quarter of the globe she did not say, and if she could raise a trifling sum of money, so trifling indeed, that she was almost ashamed to name the sum, she should be able to go on through the season at a hand gallop. The old gentleman allowed it was very difficult to obtain cash by dribblets, for he knew many of his friends had serious objections to discount little bills, but he would consider of it, and perhaps they might contrive to manage matters together. Before he took his leave, however, he made arrangements with Miss Squeezem for the reception of his young *protégés*, who were to enter into immediate possession of her *bijou* of a drawing room, and to have every care and attention it was possible for her to bestow upon them. When she curtsied the old gentleman out, he, pressing her hand with the most fatherly kindness, entreated her to keep up her spirits until she saw him again, which would be very soon indeed, when he would devise some plan to set her affairs straight. Miss Squeezem could, if the modesty of a maiden, whose bloom was on the wane, had not checked the desire, have hugged the old gentleman to her bosom, and she decided in her own mind that he was one of those modern Samaritans who delight in doing kind and good actions to their fellow creatures. Her lodgings were let at last, and Biddy received orders to remove the odious placard without a moment's delay, and substitute in its place a smaller one in favour of the claims of the front parlour, which simply announced "Genteel accommodation for a single gentleman."

"Then the old man is coming, Ma'am, enquired Biddy, who was desirous of knowing what additional burden was to be cast upon her shoulders, "he looks a good humoured old chap enough, but I hope you told him he must keep good hours, for

I am sure I can't nor won't sit up night after night as I did the last time the lodgings were let. That Mr. Ramble and his cousin were almost the death of me."

"But they were excellent lodgers, Biddy—never had any thing sent up the second time, and paid my bills without grumbling at a single item therein mentioned."

"Yes," returned Biddy, "they were good lodgers, for I don't think *we* bought any thing all the time they lived with *us*; besides, I always kept up a precious good fire in the kitchen with their coals, and I don't think I fetched you a quarten of spirits from the Cobler's Arms then one day in a week."

"Good gracious, Biddy, don't talk so," exclaimed Miss Squeezem; "you shocked me so to-day when the gentleman was with me, that I thought I really *must* have fainted to hide my confusion."

"Well, I could not think what was the matter with you," said Biddy, "and wondered what you were going to do with the salt and water."

"It was my *smelling salts* which you made so ridiculous a mistake about, that I called for, Biddy; and then asking me, before people, if you should put *something* in the *water*: it was almost too much for me. Never do so again, Biddy, if you wish to continue in my service. Here, give me that novel, and make me a little—a *very little* brandy and water, Biddy, for I feel a return of my old complaint in the stomach, and I will tell you all about my new lodgers."

"Then the old gentleman has got a wife!" cried Biddy, who liked the female sex as little as her mistress. "I don't think they'll do for us then."

"Do stop a moment, Biddy, and let me speak. It is a young couple who are coming here; such *loves*; and I am to *chaperon* them every where. I dare say the sweet young lady does not know the price of a penny loaf or a pound of butter, so I shall take all the marketing upon myself, to prevent their being imposed upon, though it certainly will be very troublesome to me."

"You'll get paid for it, though," replied Biddy; "but if I were you, I would not get into such a scrape again as you did with Mr. Ramble's grocer's bill. He was here the other day, and declared if you did not pay him soon, as he knew from Mr. Ramble that he *had paid* the money to you, he would summons you before the *Court of Conscientiousness*."

"What nonsense you talk, Biddy; you know I never deal with that man now—he was too impertinent for me. If he ever calls again, tell him—there is another double knock at the door, Biddy, and I think I heard a carriage stop. It never can be my new lodgers already, surely!"

"If it is, we must borrow a shovel full of Mrs. Longstitch's coals to make their fire, for we have none left of the last half bushel," said Biddy, as she ran to the door.

It was indeed the new lodgers who had arrived in a patent safety cab, bag and baggage, literally speaking. First entered the lady, enfolding within her shawl a hideous little pug-dog, whose temper was none of the best, and who made its first ac-

quaintance with Biddy by a snarl and a snap, which was intended to do mischief, while its fair owner strove to soothe the irritable little animal into composure, by exclaiming "do be quiet, Julio, my beauty." Then came a huge paper bonnet-box, a small deal trunk, two paper parcels, a coronet of gold paper, with appropriate decoration of mock-pearls and red and green glass beads, a state robe of highly-glazed red calico, with a border of various coloured velvets, arranged in leaves and flowers; a guitar, a small dressing-drawer, containing sundry flowers, yellow feathers, pots of rouge, bear's grease, and a dashing-looking tiara, which probably completed the lady's head dress when she played queenly parts, and an old travelling cloak, which the gentleman himself brought in upon his own arm. Biddy was just closing the door, anxious to follow the new inmates up stairs, when a slight *tap tap* with the knocker arrested her steps, and the face of the butcher, no very welcome guest even to Biddy at this moment, presented itself to her view. He came not, however, with his usual surly looking countenance, but in the gentlest and most urbane manner said, "Biddy, do ask Miss Squeezem to recommend the new lodgers to me for customers," and to the surprise of Biddy, she for the first time since she had been in her present service, closed her hand upon the *douceur* of a shilling from a tradesman.

Miss Squeezem, who had hastily arranged her habiliments to make herself presentable, speedily followed Biddy up stairs to pay her respects to the new comers. The *bijou* of a drawing-room was enveloped in dense clouds of suffocating smoke, arising from the obstinacy of the fire, which, although Biddy muttered many maledictions in a suppressed tone of voice, resolutely refused to send its noxious vapours up the chimney. Owing to the cloudiness of the atmosphere, it was next to impossible for one party to distinguish the features of the other. Biddy was the most prominent personage of the picture, filling up the background amidst the faint flashing of fire and the gushing currents of smoke, and looking like a witch employed in the exercise of her infernal orgies.

"Biddy, Biddy," cried Miss Squeezem, in her gentlest tone, "surely you have forgotten to put up the damper;" and, half-blinded by the smoke, she was proceeding towards that part of the room from whence the nuisance proceeded, when, in passing the newly arrived lady, she incautiously displaced the shawl which was folded carefully over the head of Julio, and received in return a savage *bow-wow-wow*, that sent her back quicker than she had advanced, screaming for assistance, and protesting her utter aversion to all four-footed animals.

"La, Ma'am," said Biddy, who thought the prospect was brightening before her, "how can you be so timorous?" and as the smoke now began to evaporate through the three passages that had been opened for its egress—the chimney, the window, and the door, the separate parties began to be visible to each other.

"Bless me," exclaimed Miss Squeezem, who recognized in the two persons before her the earlier visitors of the morning, "some little misunder-

standing has occurred—I am sorry to say these apartments have been taken by a gentleman since you were here. If you had but decided at the time—"

"Oh dear no, there is no mistake," replied the lady, throwing herself back on the hard sofa, "I know all about it, don't I, love?" addressing herself to her husband, who was amusing himself by tuning the guitar, and contented himself with nodding his head in confirmation of what she had asserted.

"Ma'am," said Biddy, in an audible whisper, "they are the same people you told Mrs. Long-stitch you would not take, because you had been told—"

"Hold your tongue, and leave me to arrange matters according to my own discretion, if you please," said Miss Squeezem, whose amiability was on the wane, and who was really puzzled how to act in the emergency in which she now stood. "Really," she continued, addressing the new comers, "I wish you would be kind enough to tell me what to do, for the case stands exactly thus—my apartments were taken this morning by a most delightful elderly gentleman—"

"Aye, Mr. Alltick," replied the lady.

"I have not the honour of being acquainted with that gentleman, responded Miss Squeezem, "but the person I mean is—"

"The Manager of the Imperial Reform Anti-Patent Penny Theatre," said the gentleman, who evidently was not inclined to make his exit, without playing his part; "he told you who we were, did he not?"

A new light seemed to break over the horizon of Miss Squeezem's mind at this information. The persons before her were then the real *originals* of the portraits drawn by her promising friend with the love of a pigtail: she had forgotten to ask his name, but Alltick seemed so familiar to her ear, that she could not for a moment longer entertain a doubt that she had been in the wrong with respect to her new lodgers. An explanation speedily took place, and to her delight she received instructions to order and *partake* of a handsome dinner, at which Mr. Alltick, should no very important business prevent him, was to be present. This was the very thing Miss Squeezem liked; her tradesmen, although they objected to giving her credit, were very desirous of having the names of her lodgers registered in their day books, for, strange as it may seem, their confidence was greater in the *unknown* than the *known*. This may seem a paradox, but such is frequently the case; those who doubt the truth of the assertion, may be satisfied of the fact by an application to Miss Squeezem.

Who that has battled through the routine of life, passing from lodging-house to lodging-house, in the wanderings of their pilgrimage, through towns and cities, near and distant, domestic and foreign, has not met with a Miss Squeezem? I consider her to be merely an every-day character, and as my portraits are painted from *life*, without giving *ideality* a chance of putting in a tint of her own bright hue, I beg to assure the reader that I draw characters exactly as I have found them.

Mr. Alltick very soon won the heart of Miss

Squeezem. According to her description of him to Biddy, there never was such a man since the world was in its infancy, and the children of Creation had been "pleased with a rattle." Her new lodgers—and she revelled in the luxury of the very idea—were regardless of expence in every thing they ordered. Wine and spirits were plentiful as water, and her *own* wine-merchant, in consequence of the great consumption of the articles he dealt in by the inmates of her mansion, had ceased to ask her to defray the long-standing account that had looked like a *memento mori* of his own folly. The butcher and the grocer, and even the coal-dealer, were more than civil, for they bowed to her when she entered, and when she left, and thanked her for recommending them such excellent customers. This was not, however, *all* the homage that Miss Squeezem required: she liked the substantial to be amalgamated with the *whipt cream* of personal attention, and contrived to get a certain per centage deducted from her own outstanding running accounts, from each of those who had the honor of supplying her lodgers. She knew black and white, as the saying is, could not be well disputed, and as she and her maid lived at the present time free of expence, she thought it but right to claim the *drawback* for her own past liabilities. The estimable Mr. Alltick busied himself in the meanwhile, in placing her disordered affairs in a more methodical manner, preparatory to his arranging for a final settlement of the petty bills that had caused her so much annoyance: so many not at home's—"out of town for a week"—"very ill indeed"—and other of the usual excuses people are wont to make when placed in similar circumstances. Her new inmates she pronounced to be the dearest loves she ever had known, for they never rose until long past mid-day, employing the hours, from the time of their first waking, in singing duets between the sheets, which, although an odd way of practising, without music, was very agreeable to Biddy and her mistress, who were no very urgent advocates for early rising. Thanks to the kind interference of the worthy Mr. Alltick, her affairs were shortly placed in a fair way to be decidedly settled; and at his instigation she discovered a new and profitable mode of investment of all the capital that might at any future time be her's, for the shares of the Anti-Patent Penny Theatre Company, of which Mr. Alltick was the Managing Director, *promised* to pay at least two hundred per cent. on the capital advanced. By the advice of her kind and calculating friend, she was already a proprietress to the amount of fifty shares, each being of the nominal value of ten pounds, but on which a call of only five pounds each had as yet been made, and for the payment of which call Mr. Alltick had kindly taken her acceptance on a bill of three months date, *renewable*, if not convenient to her to take up at the specified time. He had also most generously lent her his name to certain little paper *promises to pay*, which she had put into active circulation amongst her creditors, and having thus rubbed off old scores, and her wants being as numerous as the advertising sheet of a London newspaper, she opened fresh accounts with all those who were inclined to renew their

faith in her responsibility. It was amusing to see the alteration that soon appeared in Miss Squeezem's personal appearance. She, and her fair *protégé* tried to vie with each other who should order the most millinery and haberdashery, and it seemed as though both were anxious to make the fortune of half a dozen dress-makers. All this went on very smoothly for about six weeks, when some very odd, ill-natured rumours respecting the responsibility and the respectability of Mr. Alltick were circulated around the immediate neighbourhood of Russell-square, and that gentleman absented himself entirely from her, and his young friends, probably in consequence of these aspersions on his character, and the *Dieu de Danse* was so mortified at the scandal which was thus levelled at the reputation of his friend, that he totally gave up going out of the house by day-light. In the evening he stole forth just to get, as he said, "a breath of air," and to renovate his drooping spirits. Miss Squeezem, meantime, did her best to cheer the young lady, and as they yet lived in the land of plenty, she did not, as Biddy remarked, forget to cheer herself.

The "not at home" system was now actually compelled to be put in force, for the incessant inquiries that were made for a sight of any of the parties, rendered Biddy almost a vixen in temper: she had been plagued so before, and therefore was not now much delighted with the prospect before her. One or two very odd looking men were observed to walk backwards and forwards before the house every day, and (they must have really been very vulgar people) one evening they caught Biddy rudely by the arm, and insisted upon her accompanying them to some strange place or other, insisting at the same time that she was the *real* Miss Squeezem, a mistake which they however rectified, and apologized for, when they had examined the features of Biddy by the light of an adjacent lamp.

The house in ——— street, Russell-square, was now like a fortress in momentary expectation of an attack; as it was in the *snowy* season, we may, perhaps, be allowed to compare it to a Canadian log-house, beset on one side by the *liberals* and on the other by the *illiberals*; for whichever side was victorious, the log-house was sure to be the sufferer. Rumours are like vapours, that gather as they rise, and when they are congregated, fall in a heavy shower. It was thus with Miss Squeezem, but she heard the wind howl, and the rain beat around her, and the sleet patter against the pane; and saw the snow fall in flakes, without thinking that they might gather into a heap, or melt in one dense shower over her devoted head.

"Rarely, rarely comest thou
Spirit of delight,"

wrote Shelley, in one of his moments of poetic inspiration; and he might have added, that sometimes these spiritual visits are transient as they are rare. One morning, when "heavily with clouds *came* on the day," and ere she had unclosed her eyes to look around, through the haziness of the atmosphere, at the huge jug of warm water which Biddy had placed upon her dressing-table, and left to steam itself cold, Miss Squeezem, to

her great consternation, found herself awakened from her refreshing slumbers, not by Biddy, nor her fair friend in the first floor, nor the laundress, for it happened to be Monday morning—but by a stout, red-faced, black-whiskered fellow, who had the appearance of any thing rather than a gentleman, who, without much preliminary compliment, desired her to prepare for a walk with him, and take up her residence *pro tem* at his mansion, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane. Miss Squeezem screamed, and fainted, and observed all the little items of etiquette which are generally practised on such occasions by ladies in similar situations—and talked of nerves, and delicacy and feeling, till voices louder than her's were heard above stairs, and the scolding of a female in neither very measured nor set terms drowned the shrill echo of her own whining tones. It was evident that her lady-lodger was in a fierce and furious passion, and it was also evident that she was not very choice in her selection of words, phrases, and epithets; but the cause was not explained to the satisfaction of Miss Squeezem, until her apartment was invaded by the companion of the man who was in attendance by her bed-side, who was compelled to rush into the first room whose door stood invitingly open, and then to close it as hastily as possible, to save himself from being cut down by the poker which had been brandished over his head by the fair and gentle lady in question, who had bravely kept the bailiff at bay, while her husband effected his escape through the back window, and then sent him *hors de combat*. All this seemed very strange to Miss Squeezem, whose golden dreams begun to have a very *brassy* appearance. She knew not the extent of her liabilities, for her friend Mr. Alltick had been so much pleased with the beauty of her fair Italian hand-writing, that he had persuaded her to give him some few dozen specimens of it on some long plain slips of paper, with a stamp of some kind or other at the left-hand corner, which, poor, simple-minded creature, she perhaps might have thought to signify *superfine Bath*, or *best satin paper*, for her sight was not always very clear at night, and she used sometimes to say, how very odd it was that she then saw things double. She now found that Mr. Alltick was a gentleman too well known upon town to be trusted by any person on his own credit, and as those who had discounted her bills had ascertained she was a housekeeper, they of course preferred looking to her for the discharge of the debts due to them, than suing a man who was not worth a sixpence. In short, Miss Squeezem found that she had been duped by her plausible friends; they had been *marketing* at her expence, while she would have *marketed* upon them with the greatest pleasure in the world, and perhaps with as little compunction as they had upon her.

The sequel is soon told. Miss Squeezem was compelled to submit to an incarceration for a limited time, and returned white-washed into society. Mr. Alltick and his two *protégés* never made any enquiries after her, and it was supposed they sought a refuge at Boulogne, among other brethren of the cloth. I am happy to say that Miss Squeezem, though her *petite trianon*

was despoiled of all its treasures; the family pictures, the love of an ink-stand, the invaluable album, and the broken-nosed images, still has lodgings to let in the same house, and her friend, Mrs. Mirabel Mapletoft, of Brighton, strongly suspected that Mr. Alltick was the same person who, as the deaf old gentleman, played her such a scurvy trick some few years since.

THE MUSIC OF PAST YEARS!

BY *MR. A. W.*

*Written on hearing an Air again, in another place,
after a lapse of Years.*

I heard thee!—yes, I heard thee,
O! thou *Lost*, thou “Gone Before!”
Thou, tomb'd methought, with sweet Time,
Which alas! may live no more!
And had the *Dead* spoke, really,
Less they'd mov'd my hopeless tears
Than Thou, most mournful warning,
And sweet Music of Past Years!

A breeze swept by, and bore thee,
Winged song of other times,
Of dim remember'd *Lost Ones*,
And of half-forgotten climes;
Unto my wand'ring senses,
To my pain'd, but raptur'd soul;
And drowsy Mem'ry waken'd,
As thy fay-voice o'er her stole!

That voice of magic sweetness
Is unlike each *earthly* tone;
That voice of mystic sadness,
Can not be to *Heaven* known:—
Too loving 'tis, too tender,
For our iron land of tears;
Too wailing, too reproachful,
For the glad, ungrieving spheres.

Where hast thou tarried, Music
Of the golden *Other Time*?
Why is thy voice, once mirthful,
Now so mournful, so sublime!
Why speak'st thou to my spirit
As thou never spake before?
Why, whilst thy breathings ravish,
Would I never hear them more?

Because, O floating sweetness!
Thou, the shades of buried years,
And of once-living *Lov'd Ones*,
Call'st up to urge my tears;—
Because, since *first* I heard thee,
With those tomb'd *Ones* thou'st dwelt,
And if death-dews damp thy pinions
In thy breath, the Grave is felt!

THOUGHTS.

The flowers are faded and dead
That I late in a bright garland twin'd,
Their freshness and beauty have fled,
But they still leave a fragrance behind.
Alas! 'tis the semblance of life,
I said as I throw them away;
Pomp. grandeur, and beauty may fade,
But *Virtue* can never decay.

A. R. W.

THE HONEYMOON.

AN EPISODE.

Scarce three weeks after the éclat of a splendid wedding which had attracted the gaze of many, and perchance the envy of some, Major Pierson and his bride were sitting together in the small drawing-room of a rustic abode, to which he had retired to pass the honeymoon; truth compels us to say they were seemingly both assailed by the troublesome enemy of the idle, ennui. The Major was stretched at full length on one couch, reading the newspaper, his lovely young wife half reclined on another, near the fire, her feet resting on a beautifully-painted velvet footstool, and all her attention and conversation bestowed on her pet lap-dog.

"Oh! fie, Fanny, you have positively given me a bite! how could you behave so ill?—but I am not angry with you, my poor little treasure! I cannot think how I could possibly have left you behind; and in this shocking dull place I wanted you more than ever; so now that papa has had the thoughtfulness to send you to me, you must try to be very good and very amusing, to prevent your poor mistress from dying of ennui." Fanny either did not understand her fair mistress' injunctions, or else did not feel disposed to be amusing, for she fell fast asleep. Mrs. Pierson too began to yawn, and at last addressed herself to her husband.

"Dear me, Major! you must, I am sure, have the contents of that odious paper by heart; your eyes have not moved from it for this last hour!" No answer was returned, and after a short pause, and another lengthened yawn, the discontented bride continued, "Heigho! I wonder your friend Mr.—what do you call him?—built this nice house in such a dull part of the island, away from every body else, what strange taste some people have! Gracious me! how gloomy we are; I declare it is quite dark, and these stupid servants have brought no lights! I suppose they mean to leave us in darkness all night. I have no patience with such inattention to their duty!"

"If you take the trouble to ring the bell, I dare say your wants will be attended to!" said her husband laconically, who having finished the paragraph which before engrossed his attention, seemed for the first time aware of her having spoken.

"I think it would be more consistent if you were to take the trouble of ringing it yourself, instead of recommending me to do it," she retorted peevishly. "'Tis a strange inversion of—but dear me, who is this coming?" interrupting herself, as the figure of a man passed the window, "it looks like Johnstone; what can papa have sent him for again to-day? something important I dare say, perhaps some ball or—" Her conjectures were cut short by the entrance of a servant with a large sealed packet. Isabella anxiously possessed herself of it. "This ought to bring some news," she said with revived cheerfulness, "but I can't see; you are very inattentive, Foster, not to have brought lights."

"I beg pardon, ma'am, I did'nt know it would be agreeable," replied Foster, bowing himself out of the room.

"'Tis Papa's writing on the envelope," said Mrs. Pierson, breaking the seal; "mercy on me, another seal! why he has sent me a package of envelopes! *Bon Dieu!* I hope he does not think I can put my patience and my eyesight to the exertion of decyphering all this! Only look, Major!" unfolding a large sheet of paper, written on every side, "it must be some odious petition or other, and this note from him is, I suppose, recommending the petitioner as deserving our bounty. Well, I must give something handsome, be it what it may, if it were only for the appearance of the thing. 'My dear Mrs. Pierson;' how familiar! it can't be a petition either. Why does that tedious Foster leave us still in darkness! what tiresome creatures these servants are! here he comes at last. Now then, let me see who can this be from. Gracious me! signed 'Emily Tresham!' What can she want? I cannot imagine, unless it be to borrow some money; they are dreadfully poor; that is the reason Louisa makes such a fright of herself by dressing so plainly."

"You will never know what she wants, if you go on at this rate," interrupted the Major with a look of impatient interest. Isabella did not reply, but began the perusal of the letter, which a minute after she threw away from her with a scream that made her husband start, and eagerly ask what was the matter,—all the anguish of spirit Louisa had betrayed when he last saw her, flashing on his mind.

"The matter! Why I think Papa must be mad to send me anything from an infected house! I am sure I have caught the contagion! how inconsiderate of Mrs. Tresham too! Major, for Heaven's sake ring the bell, that Foster may throw these shocking papers into the fire, and fumigate the room."

"What is all this foolish alarm about?" asked the Major with unwonted brusquerie, and taking up the letter, "I hope none of your friends are infected with the plague!"

"Louisa has the scarlet fever, which is quite as bad. I wish to Heaven I had not touched the nasty letters, I have such a horror of fevers! Why don't you ring the bell, Major?" The Major obeyed in silence. "Mrs. Tresham wants you to do something for her, but there's no possibility of ascertaining what, without endangering one's life."

"I wish all impossibilities could be as easily overcome:—with your permission, I will read this."

"Not with my permission, certainly, for I will not suffer it to remain in the room a minute longer."

"Then I will read it in another. I am surprised that such preposterous apprehensions should prevent a rational creature from succouring a friend in the hour of need. I thought your regard for Miss Tresham of more sterling value." At this moment the servant entered.

"Foster," said his mistress, "burn some pastilles, and bring in some vinegar; but first take up all these papers and burn them; Major, pray give him the one you hold."

"I will dispose of this myself," he replied, walking quickly out of the room, and Isabella now

turned her thoughts to the process of fumigating. No less than three servants were actively employed to allay her ridiculous fears; and not until she had bathed her hands successively in vinegar and eau-de-Cologne, and enveloped the room in volumes of smoke from the perfumes, did her terror subside.

"Isabella," said her husband re-entering the room with the letter in his hand which had already caused so much commotion, "it is most fortunate this was not destroyed; you could never have forgiven yourself, I am sure, if it had been."

"Major, one would really think you wanted me to catch the fever; either burn that paper, or keep away from me." The letter was consigned to the flames by the impatient husband, and Isabella began to make enquiries, to which he at first replied with angry conciseness, but his interest in the person concerned overcame his taciturnity.

"Poor, girl!" he began, "I am sorry for her, and I fear 'tis not in my power to do much for her. I suppose you know this Frenchman to whom she was to be married?"

"To be married! Do you mean Louisa? I never knew that she was even engaged. Do tell me all about it! how sly she was! I wonder if it is to the handsome young man I met one day going out of the house."

"It is possible; I know the gentleman in question has the advantage of being handsome. I remember meeting Miss Tresham with him, and I then thought there was much confusion in her manner as she introduced him by the name of Smyth."

"I hope nothing serious has happened to him, Major; he was so handsome!"

"Does he only excite your compassion because he is handsome?" said her husband in a sarcastic tone. "My interest in his behalf is awakened, more for the sake of your friend, than his own; mere personal advantages have no longer a passport to my heart, and I have had no opportunity of judging whether his personal merits entitle him to regard. However, he is now in a very unpleasant predicament: it seems that he is a Frenchman of rank, and one of Buonaparte's aid-de-camps; he has rashly ventured here to marry Miss Tresham, which, even making all due allowance for the attraction, is, in the present state of affairs, little better than an act of madness. But to come to the point; he has embroiled himself with a Russian officer, whom he has mortally wounded in a duel fought without witnesses; he has in consequence been apprehended, and is now in jail, and if the truth were acknowledged, stands a poor chance of escaping from it with life! But remember, Isabella, not a word of this affair must you allow to escape your lips; the fact of his being a Frenchman is unknown, and Mrs. Tresham has confided it to us, that we might, in case of its being discovered, know how to act, and if possible, befriend him. She seems to rely much on my influence as a field-officer, but in such a case as this, it can avail little."

"Gracious me! how shocking! and such a handsome young man too! But indeed Major, you can and must save him. You can bribe the gaoler to let him out of prison, and then you can bring him here; from hence you know it will be

easy for him to cross in a boat over to France. Nobody will know who assisted him; and even if the Governor found it out, you are so intimate with him, that he would not make a fuss about it. You positively must get him off by stealth; I will manage it all, only leave it to me."

"We must think of some more feasible mode of serving him than this," replied the Major with a smile; "prison-doors are seldom left open, save in romances and tragedies. Besides, though I would do much to serve Miss Tresham, I could not compromise my honor as a soldier. I can be of service to him, but in the event of its being discovered that he is a Frenchman, then I might use my influence,—but with the enforcement of the laws I cannot interfere; if the Russian he has wounded, die, he must abide by the decision of those appointed to decide in such cases."

"Well then, indeed Major, if you allow him to be hanged without trying to save him, I will never forgive you! I declare it is quite romantic! Such a handsome hero too, one cannot avoid feeling interested in his fate. Yes, yes, this accounts for Louisa refusing Major Stamerford, though he certainly is almost as good looking; but perhaps this French Mr. Somebody is very rich; do you know if he is, Major?"

"I really know no more about what, and who he is, than you do; but I must ask if you think that riches make a man more deserving of regard, as you seem to impute Miss Tresham's preference for the foreigner, to that advantage? Sincere and genuine love is never swayed by sordid views; money, that cursed bane to man's happiness and virtue, is the last object taken into consideration by the youthful and uncorrupted mind; and you surely would not accuse your friend of cold, calculating selfishness."

"Certainly! Do you think any one would be so stupid as to prefer poverty to wealth?"

"There you go to extremes, Isabella."

"Oh, don't talk of medium and mediocrity! I hate them in all things; and so I shall prove to you. You shall soon see what a handsome establishment I mean to keep, when we leave this stupid place. No mediocrity for me! Wont you order our furniture from London? it is the surest way of getting it handsome and fashionable."

"You must remember that you are now a soldier's wife, Isabella, and whilst you have to follow the camp, make up your mind to dispense with all unnecessary superfluities. It would require a princely fortune for such birds of passage as we military, to move from quarter to quarter, with what you, I suppose, consider a handsome establishment."

"But what need is there of being birds of passage? I suppose you are not so poor as to be obliged to remain in the Army, when it is disagreeable to you?"

"At this moment, were I the richest man in the United Kingdom, I would not retire from the service of my country. Whilst she has an enemy to contend with, I am willing to sacrifice possessions, wealth, nay, even life, were it necessary, for her defence."

"Well, these are fine-spun notions of patriotism, it must be confessed! I cannot understand

the necessity of sacrificing so much for nothing ; for my part, I think it is as well to enjoy one's own comforts, when nobody thanks one for relinquishing them."

"A patriot looks for no better reward than that which the gratification of serving his country affords."

"Fanny, Fanny, my precious pet ! what are you dreaming about?" interrupted Mrs. Pierson, as her pet whined in its sleep, "I really think poor little Fan is ill," addressing herself to her husband, "she is so dull, and sleeps so much, I dare say the dear little thing pined after me. Heigh-ho ! what a dismal wet day this has been ; do draw the table near, that we may have a game of *écarté* pour passer le temps, though it is *un peu triste* for *sposa* and *sposo* to try to beat each other ; we must play high to give zest to the game."

"Anything you please," replied her husband coldly, and with a frown which, looking at his fair young bride, one could hardly forgive him for permitting to darken his noble brow ; and that too ere the first month of wedded life had reached its close.

AMELIA W—N.

THE ROSE.

BY MRS. WYATT.

A Rosebud op'ning with the morn,
Increases'd in beauty with the light,
Bloom'd 'neath the mid-day's brilliant sun,
But shed her leaves before 'twas night.
What could befall the graceful Rose,
To lose her beauties in a day ;
To perish in her youthful prime,
And like a meteor pass away ?
The tempest rag'd around her head,
The lightning's blight destroy'd her form,
The winds dispers'd her lovely leaves,
And all lay scatter'd by the storm.
Thus Hope in rosy colours dress'd,
In early youth first meets our eyes ;
Displays her charms in sunny hours,
But 'midst the storms of Life she dies.

THE DAPHNE INDICA.

BY MRS. WIELES-LEIGH-CLIFFE.

Fair clustering blossoms—a type of those charms
That could win, as 'tis fabled, a God to your arms,
I love in your fragrance to revel, tho' ye
For his Godship were chang'd from *Woman* to *Tree* !
In your flight from the medical-musical God,
Had you liv'd in this age you'd have given a nod,
A shake of the head, or a frown, just to say
"I've engagements just now—call to-morrow—next day !"

Instead of thus calling on wizards and workers
Of pantomime tricks, had you practised *Mazourkas*,
You'd have made poor Apollo apply to his kit,
And have yet been a woman, and prized for your wit.

But does he who compell'd you to be what you are,
A beautiful flower, for a beautiful fair,
Ever tune to his lyre a sweet magical strain
To induce you to turn to a mortal again ?

If he does, let me hint it would be quite as well
To venture, as Daphne, to shine as a *belle* ;
And then, if the tiresome old God makes a rout
About you, some *Cupid* will call the bore out !

MILLINERS' ASSISTANTS AND FAGS.

"We have no slaves abroad—then why at home?"—
COWPER.

While the Christian part of the community, from the metropolis of England to its most remote village, are busying themselves with the emancipation of slaves abroad, and subscriptions from the peer to the mechanic have been raised, for the laudable purpose of putting down many minor oppressions that have existed at home ; while the eye of beauty shines brighter through the tear that is called forth, by contemplating the sorrows of the sable being, who, in the scale of humanity, is both "a man and a brother," can WOMAN be cold to the sufferings, the privations, and moral degradation of an humble, but, alas ! too numerous class of her own countrywomen, or her perceptions closed to the daily sacrifice of white slaves on the altar of fashion ? Is the female of ton, who enters the crowded ball-room, or the brilliant Assembly, in all the pride and elegance of dress, ignorant that the costume which sets off her attractive person has been expedited in its completion by the midnight toil of some pale, consumptive victim, scarcely yet entered into her girlhood ; beneath the chiding of a task-mistress, little less searing to the feelings than the lash of the overseer to the back of the negro ? Some remedy for the growing evil arising to the community, from the increase of the number of "milliners' fags," as they are technically denominated, ought to be thought of by those who, in this age of general benevolence, go about doing good, and "blush to find it fame."

The ages of these hapless beings, who are thus early isolated to the Moloch of dress-making, generally averages from thirteen to seventeen, precisely that period of life most critical in both a moral and physical sense to a female. Their daily routine of authorised slavery commences at seven in the morning, and they bend over their labours, with a few brief intervals, to snatch a hasty meal, generally till eleven at night ; but in the "London season," as spring is called, their labours frequently do not terminate till long past the midnight hour ; and not unfrequently the Sabbath sees these youthful creatures "plying the needle's busy skill" to finish some sudden order, given on the Saturday night, for the Monday's adornment. Then again, (and a worse evil, in a moral sense, arises) are to be met about the streets of our overcrowded metropolis, another portion of these poor pale, worn-out drudges, heart weary and foot sore, at all hours, from the grey of the twilight, when guilt stalks forth, seeking what it may devour, to the dreariness of midnight, plodding along the miry or dusty pavement, with wicker baskets, better protected from the weather than their hapless bearers, conveying home the produce of the labours of those who stand a grade higher than themselves, in the avocations and distinctions of the work-room. Other trades employ porters or errand boys to carry out their articles by daylight—it is the milliner, almost without exception, who sends home her purchased finery at night !

Women of England ! contemplate for a moment the too probable fate of these wretched ones ; Thrust into the very jaws of temptation, in the heart of a corrupt and populous metropolis, what would be *your* lot, if exposed to similar trials ? Think of the damp, the cold, the fogs, of our variable climate ; scantily clad as they always are, with an old shawl loosely thrown round their shoulders, a thin bonnet, the faded remnant of the show-room, ill shod, and poorly fed ; these tender blossoms from the same parent tree as yourselves, are sent forth to brave the " pelting of the pitiless storm ! " Is it to be wondered then, if nature and better feelings sometimes, alas ! too often, yield to those temptations, which are ever ready to present themselves to the unprotected female ?

" Shed one tear when virtue fails,
Breathe a hope that heaven will spare ;
Far more sweet than Indian gales,
Is the breath that forms the prayer."

England has emancipated the black slaves of the West Indies ; has raised her voice, and that voice *will* be heard, for the pale victims of her factories at home ; and shall no effort be made to put down this worse than Egyptian bondage ? This slavery, which loudly cries for the strong arm of legislative power to soften, if not entirely annihilate a system of feminine oppression, more odious and demoralizing than the lash of the plantation tyrant, or the despotism of the factory overseer ? The lives of these young creatures must not be sacrificed, nor their minds left barren wastes, for the seed of corruption to take root and spring up in ! The daughters of our aristocracy, the *élite*, the high-born, and the noble, who are " the glass of fashion," to the less elevated ranks of society, must not encourage the avarice of those who make a profit by the labours of these children of poverty, in supplying the hurried demands of wealth and luxury ; and their liberty and chastity must not be weighed as mere dust in the balance against the expedition with which a fancy dress must be finished, or a new cloak for the Opera manufactured ! Let the hours of labour of milliners' assistants be restricted to the same period at least as those of the mechanic or working man, and not condemn the weaker sex to bear the heaviest burden. The subject of this article is one that requires a much abler pen than the writer attempts to wield ; it is one which demands the sympathy of a British public full as much as the system of military torture, or the enfranchisement of the negro slave.

—

STANZAS.

" Broken is the household chain, the bright fire
quenched and gone !"

MRS. HEMANS.

Where are ye fled, ye lovely ones ? oh ! where
dispersed away !
Oh ! why not bide my coming from my long, my
lonely stay ?
I fondly deem'd to find ye here, all happy as of old,
Nor thought distress and want would thus invade
our peaceful fold.

I did not deem our Mother thus would see ye all
depart,
And pine in daily anguish with a void and aching
heart ;
I did not deem our Father, with his grey hairs, would
be left
To mourn in silent sorrow—of his children thus be-
reft.

I did not deem our happy home would soon become
a place
For strangers to inhabit—a new, an alien race ;
I did not deem that stranger hand each relic would
remove
Of all our young enjoyments—of our sweet, our filial
love.

Where are ye, oh ! my sisters ! oh ! whither are ye
gone ?

There is no smile to greet me, like yours, which
brightly shone !

Oh ! desolation's in my heart, ye are scatter'd far
and wide,

And strangers sit at evening around our own fire-
side.

I sought ye at our birthplace, but found no welcome
there,

My heart call'd loudly for ye, but its " echo answer'd
—where ?"

I came in hope to meet ye around our old hearth-
stone,

There was silence in our dwelling, and I—am left
alone !

CANONBURY.

THE POETESS TO HER SISTER.

BY A. MACINTOSH.

O ! sister, sing that first wild song
I move for thee in youth,
As thoughtlessly we wander'd on,
Dreaming of love and truth !
For still that first wild song's the same,
O sing it, sister dear !
For though I've trod the path of fame,
'Tis music to my ear.

How did my young heart wildly beat,
While listening to thee,
When thou didst wed to music sweet
My own rude minstrelsy !
But beautiful I thought it then,
O sing it, sister dear !
As I have heard thee sing to the
Who loved my lays to hear.

It brings to mind our cottage home,
Down in the flow'ry dale,
Where hand in hand we used to roam,
Beneath the twilight pale.
Yes, and it tells me of thy love,
O sing it, sister dear !
As I have heard thee, in the grove,
When none were list'ning near.

The streamlet on whose sunny bank
We've watch'd the setting sun,
The spring from which we've often drank,
Have not remained unsung.
But O I love that first wild strain,
O sing it, sister dear !
I feel I am a girl again,
When that salutes my ear.

LEAVES FROM MY LIFE.

No. I.

How well can I recall each trivial occurrence, from the commencement of our acquaintance to that morning when I received the sudden and appalling intelligence of her death. Oh, what a day of memory and retrospection was that; but a few short weeks back, and she breathed, now the grave had claimed its kindred dust, and upon a heart which I proved to abound in gentleness and affection—a heart which clung to me through evil report and good report—a heart which, the last time we met, I wrung in wantonness, the cold damp earth presses, and with the coming spring the green verdure will bloom above a form, bright and fair as the spring time itself. Too true, too true an illustration of the fact

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest, still the fleetest.

We experience a transient admiration at recalling a sentiment so just, so beautifully expressed; but it is a passing thought, and anon the cares and attractions of life dispel the gloomy, the unwelcome truth, that a day, a moment may prove to us. Such sentiments are not only beautiful in imagination, but warning, startling, in fact. Cold, cold, is the shroud which wraps her sweet form, but colder still is the heart within it. Alas! how different to what I had known it. I believe it was mine, too, exclusively, and when I first claimed it, I did indeed cherish it as a very dear possession. There was a charm attached to our early intercourse, which youth is generally capable of feeling or imagining. I lived to see the charm broken, or rather decayed, for though beauty is a strong chain, yet the absence of respect will rust it. I live, whilst she who was the desire and envy of many sleeps in the grave, unnoticed and unwept. Poor Mary, my heart does ache for thee, though thou art now beyond pain, and so young, so lovely, yet so soon passed away. It was a wise, a sagacious adage of the ancients, "Whom the gods love, die young." Alas! though so young, I fear she was not unacquainted with grief, and that the short period of her sojourn here left her but little to regret, when death claimed her for his own. The sudden, the unexpected announcement of her decease, brought many a brighter hour before me. I looked back to the time when we were first acquainted, it was the May of 18—, that introduced me most casually to Mary B—, at that time one of the loveliest girls that ever nature formed, or imagination pictured. What a delicious happy summer time was that of 18—; I do not recollect scarcely one evening but what we met, and I am sure that no evening did I reach our place of meeting but Mary was waiting there. It was, I own, a most intoxicating delusion. Oh, that youth, which so easily, so happily colours the picture to its own liking, should become age; when the heart is dead, the sympathies cold, and pity for those yet young in years and belief, that it is a bright and beautiful world, is the warmest sentiments age can afford. You are spared this, Mary. Oh, for one of those happy evenings when, after a toilsome day, I hastened eagerly to meet you, when even if necessity

had made me, the previous night, faithless to appointment, still

You received me when I came
With welcome kind as ever.

When we have walked in silence and in solitude, looking upon the thickening stars, which shone only in clusters, as the twilight deepened, and the day died away, when affection and feeling have carried us away from the world, at least in thought, till it was distant as the evening star, which shone in sweet radiance upon our waking dreams, how oft did we linger thus, till memory recalled us to existence, and we turned from the glorious Hesperus, and

Thoughts, when home returning,
Brightly we've seen it burning.

And the fond impassioned embrace, ere we parted for the night, all this, whilst it lasted, was most exquisite; but the delight, the enjoyment ceased, and now she who gave life to existence, has also ceased to exist. I did for a time love Mary B. passionately, madly, but there was a revulsion of feeling, which circumstances conspired to assist, though not to create. At this turn of the tide I left my home, and my acquaintance with Mary B. ceased; I heard of her from time to time; like myself, she was not enjoying the sunshine of prosperity, and, in addition, had her young days embittered by altercation and dissension at home. The last time I saw her, she complained grievously of this—she was in fact exhausted by neglect and calamity, and more than once that evening did she solemnly wish for death. Her earthly wishes and hopes all crossed and blighted, she had no tie, no friend to chain her to earth. Yet little, oh little did she then dream her wish would so soon be fulfilled. How little did I think, when I parted from her not four short weeks since that time, that it was for ever! We, that have lingered in fond delay, when in the summer twilight we have parted only till the morrow, and thought that long unendurable space, are now parted for ever. Never, never more will that morrow come—the gloomy winter may pass away, spring will advance all bright and blossoming, there will be "Mirth and music on the ear," summer will follow in meridian splendour, old familiar faces will wear their accustomed look, and perchance I may again look upon them, but she that has viewed them with me, she that in beauty bright waited my coming, she will be beyond the agony of hope deferred, she will exist in memory alone.

CANONBURY.

BALLAD.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

The moonbeams, thro' a silver shower,
On yon white tombstone softly play;—
This is no way
To festive bower!
Oh! better I love the lonesome night,
The churchyard chill, and the moon's faint light,
At this sad hour!

It was not thus when Love had power
To lead me, and its words were sung
In ears—that hung
(Like bee on flower)
On words, that brought to my cheek a glow—
But now my tears seldom cease to flow,
At this sad hour!

THE PARISH CLERK.

Belford Regis is not the only place to afford subjects for village sketches. If that highly gifted lady who, descending from her loftier inspirations, can invest a "Lost Dahlia," or a "Lost Shawl" with a degree of interest playfully pleasing, would take up a residence for a while in Kirby Saxon, she would see and hear many things which, with her powers of description, would become highly entertaining.

Kirby Saxon is beyond a *pretty* village; some would call it romantic, others picturesque; at any rate it is beautiful, and it is rich in historical recollections, with many vestiges of feudal times, where tower and castle reared their embattled walls; where the homestead of the farmer, the dwelling of the rich, or the cottage of the poor, now stand in peaceful security. The parish of Kirby is rather extensive, and the clerk of an extensive parish is sometimes an important personage, and if the parish clerk of Kirby Saxon is not important among his neighbours, he certainly is so to himself. In bringing him before my readers I am not going to introduce them to a Caleb Quotem; no, far from it; Jonathan Bubb is in no wise remarkable, either for the universality of his abilities, or the multiplicity of his avocations. He is no pluralist; he does not join the places of sexton, grave-digger, or bell-ringer, to that of clerk. Indeed Jonathan has always avoided, as much as possible, all laborious or dirty employment. But the proceeds of his place are not sufficient for his maintenance, so he works at his trade, that of a basket maker, in which he much delights. He sits in summer at his open door, and in winter by his snug fireside, and no gentleman in the place has a more exalted idea of comfort, convenience, and even luxury than Jonathan. He has neither chick nor child to provide for; he has a wife, to be sure, but she provides in great measure for herself, so he eats and drinks all he earns, sitting down by himself at a small table covered with a white cloth, while Mrs. Bubb takes her meal after her lord and master has finished, off a corner of the dresser, over which an unbleached homespun huckaback is spread. Some folks say that Nelly is a half-demented body or she would not be content to be so treated. However, it is agreed by all the folks in Kirby that she is a clean, tidy body, and lives very peaceably with her spouse; and if she had not been clean, tidy, meek, and peaceable, she would never have been the wife of Jonathan Bubb; for when he married, he did not seek for a companion at bed and board, he rather sought for an attendant who would not only require no wages, but who would, as I have before said, maintain herself. Jonathan was many years making up his mind to commit matrimony, but he had an eye to a marriage feast, and this partly decided him, for a feast was to him the first of all worldly considerations; he rejoiced in a wedding, a christening, or even a burial. There was cake and wine, or bread and cheese and ale to be given on such occasions, and sometimes a dinner, or a supper to which he might be invited; and if not, the fees which were his due were always expended in some dainty for the table, which his bare salary and the profits of his business would not afford.

A plum pudding was one of the things which most frequently graced the white table cloth, and so keen was Jonathan after this occasional treat that he always kept a sharp eye on the young folks in his vicinity. In truth it must be told that when he has suspected a stolen match, and a ceremony at some other church, he has endeavoured to throw obstacles in the way, to avoid being cheated of his dues.

Bubb lived in single blessedness—if blessedness can attend a solitary state, which is rather doubtful; tranquility certainly may fall to the lot of those who avoid matrimonial companionship—but I am digressing. Jonathan lived single till he was near fifty; half that number of years had he dwelt in Kirby Saxon, during the last fifteen of which he had been parish clerk, and so determined and unalterable did his celibacy appear to be, that Bubb and bachelor seemed synonymous. All the oglings and smirking of the young lasses when Jonathan was himself youthful, could not tempt him to change his state, and equally unsuccessful were the inviting smiles and neighbourly civilities of the widows and elderly maidens as he advanced in years. The noise and expence of a family had kept him from marrying at first, and afterwards the selfish feeling of being master without the interference and participation of a mistress in his house had induced him to remain single. So Jonathan was teased and quizzed, and jeered, and some of his neighbours, relying on the unchangeable condition of their clerk, would promise him various articles of good fare to grace his wedding board, if he would but marry. However, few things in this world are immutable, and great was the astonishment when the church bells one morning having struck up a marriage peal, Jonathan was seen proceeding successively to the houses of those persons, who, by their rash promises had partly induced him to become a Benedict, though most of them had offered in jest yet scarce one refused to make earnest of the affair, and Jonathan sat down to a sumptuous dinner which his wife had exerted herself to cook. This wedding made great talk in Kirby; folks were amazed that Bubb should choose poor Nelly Jones for a wife—a simple body who got her living by jobbing about, her only regular employment being keeping the church swept and dusted. Jonathan however, estimated Nelly differently, and having long looked at her, thinking at the same time of the leg of mutton, the gammon of bacon, and the fowls, with sundry other things which had been promised him, at length made up his mind to "pop the question," and never was matrimonial offer made in so qualifying a manner. I shall not attempt to give the words in which the affair was conducted, but merely state that Bubb caused Nelly to understand that he had no objection to her services, provided she continued to earn something for herself by keeping the pews in the church in proper order for their occupants, and acting as occasional assistant to a few families of the village. As an equivalent for her services, he represented the saving to her, of lodging, fire, candle, and sundry necessary trifles, closing his preamble by offering to make her his wife, in order to prevent scandal. Nelly was at a loss for some time, to understand what

Mr. Bubb could be meaning, but the offer of marriage seemed all of a sudden to clear away the mist which enveloped her faculties, and she was only prevented by astonishment from giving an immediate answer. This, however, the negociator did not require: a few days were of no consequence, and Nelly was permitted to deliberate till they should next meet at the church.

And so it was reserved for poor, simple, unpretending Nelly Jones to set at rest the expectations, aspirations, and speculations of the single ladies with regard to Jonathan Bubb. Much surprise, and some envy and disappointment were excited by this unlooked for, and, as some thought, inappropriate marriage. But time at Kirby Saxon is the same as in all other places; human feelings must be subject to his influence, and though the envy and disappointment might outlive the surprise, yet the aggrieved parties became reconciled to Nelly as Mrs. Bubb, for she bore, and continues to bear, her honours meekly. Jonathan perhaps has not increased in favour, but he is an odd man, and eccentricity sometimes compensates for want of amiability. His oddities are a theme for discourse, besides the parishioners are used to him, so he is tolerated and maintained in his post, though neither his moral qualities nor scholastic abilities are entitled to much respect. As regards the latter he is far below the present standard of eligibility for such a situation, but when he was first elevated to the dignity of office, the schoolmaster had not gone forth into all places. A little ungrammatical pronunciation, or hastily passing over of difficult words drew forth but few remarks, and no censure, and if the juniors of the congregation now contemn and laugh at Jonathan, the seniors, who have been accustomed to his deficiencies for so many years, are not likely to make them a ground of complaint so as to deprive him of his place. He is therefore likely to remain a parish functionary so long as he shall continue an inhabitant of this earth, and be capable of pronouncing "amen"; but when the grave, over which he has so often bent, shall open to receive him, different, far different must be the person who shall succeed to Jonathan Bubb as parish clerk of Kirby Saxon. ISABEL.

STANZAS.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

I saw a butterfly with glitt'ring wing
Roving 'mong flowers, culling the sweets of Spring;
The Autumn came and he was seen no more,
His day of quiet and joy was o'er.

I saw an insect dancing o'er a stream,
Glad in the radiance of the solar beam;
The sun descended and amid the shade
The shatter'd flutt'rer in death was laid.

I saw a flower blushing in its pride,
Like some fair maiden newly made a bride;
The north-wind blew, its stem was broke—its head,
Shorn of its brilliant hues lay withered.

The thought that they were each an emblem meet
Of life's delights, however pure or sweet,
Alike the butterfly, the fly, or flower,
They are but fleeting guests and stay a short-lived hour.

STANZAS,

(Written on the Anniversary of a Domestic Bereavement.)

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

Thou art in Heaven! and can'st not know
The griefs that rend this aching breast;
Thou art in Heaven! where tears ne'er flow,
But all are happy—all are blest;
Unconscious of the bitter woe
That breaks on earth the Mourner's rest!

The grass looks green upon thy grave,
The Summer's smile is even there,
And high the branching willows wave—
E'en they the Seasons' gladness share;
Nature clothes all in vestments brave,
As though she mock'd at my despair!

Alas! for me no flowret springs,
For me, no joyous Seasons bloom;
And Nature's bridal only brings
Fresh tears of grief—new thoughts of gloom;
Since Memory, like the ivy clings,
To THEE, lov'd tenant of the tomb!

And now, on this remember'd Day,
My heart o'erflows with added grief;
Pale Hope withdraws her dawning ray,
That shone a moment, faint and brief,
And turns her sickly gleam away,
As though she scorned to yield relief!

When thou wert born to me, my Child!
When these fond eyes first gaz'd on thee,
Fortune, with bland enchantment smil'd,
Filling life's cup with ecstasy;
And my vain heart, deceiv'd—beguil'd—
Knew not the draught was—misery!

But when the rushing torrent came
That swept Hope's fairest bud away,
How swell'd my heart with grief and shame,
To find its idols were but clay;—
How wither'd 'neath the wasting flame
Of Sorrow's slow, yet sure decay!

I flew to PLEASURE's festive scene,
'Mid Folly's gay and reckless throng;
Where Mirth assum'd her brightest mien,
And led the sportive hours along;
But tho' her festal wreath look'd green,
Despair was hid, its leaves among!

I woo'd AMBITION:—sought in FAME
A Lethe for my bosom's woe;
Alas! I found the POET's name
No balm for Sorrow could bestow;
'Twas as the setting sunbeam's flame,
Gilding some ruin with its glow!

RELIGION! from thy hand alone
Can balm be pour'd on wounds like mine;
When all Earth's broken reeds are gone,
The gift of healing still is thine;
Thou art the *only* Lethe known,
The weary Pilgrim's long-sought shrine!

Sorrow's true Friend!—to THEE I turn!
Thou wilt not chafe the rankling smart,
Like the World's proffer'd aids; nor spurn
The off'ring of a broken heart;
Oil thou wilt pour on wounds that burn,
And picture, on Faith's heaven-lit chart;

That haven-land, where tears ne'er flow,
Where grief ne'er comes to rend the breast,
Nor Sin, nor Sorrow, entrance know,
But all is everlasting rest;
And peace succeeds the toil and woe
That made life's journey so unblest!

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

AN ALLEGORY.

(From the German.)

Nine hundred and thirty years old was Adam, when he received in himself the word of the judge, "Thou shalt die the death."

"Let all my sons before me come," said he to weeping Eve, "that I may see and bless them ere I die."

They came all at the father's word, and stood before him, four hundred in number, and they supplicated of the most High a continuance of his life.

"Who among you," said the Patriarch, "will to the holy mount repair? Peradventure that he for me may mercy find, and bring from thence a fruit of the tree of life."

Forthwith offered each and all his sons, and Seth, the most pious, was of his father chosen as the appointed messenger.

His head with ashes strewn, he hasted and delayed not until he stood before the gates of Paradise.

"Let my father pity find, most Merciful, (thus he supplicated,) and send to him a fruit from the tree of life."

Swift as a beam of light appeared the radiant cherub at the gate, but instead of the fruit of the tree of life, he bore a slender branch of three leaves.

"Take this to thy father, he said, with benevolence, "for his last cordial; eternal life dwells not upon earth! But haste, his last hour is at hand."

Quickly speeded Seth, and approaching the couch of the dying one, he fell upon the earth and spake—

"No fruit from the tree of life bring I thee my father; but this branch has the angel given, for thy last cordial here."

Adam received the gift and rejoiced; it breathed the odour of Paradise and refreshed his soul.

"Children," he said, "eternal life dwells not for us upon earth; it follows hereafter, but in these leaves I breathe the fragrance of another world—refreshing—" And bowing his head upon the pillow, the spirit of the Patriarch fled.

The children of Adam buried their father, and wept over him many days; but Seth wept not; he planted the branch upon the grave at the head of the dead, and named it the branch of the New Life, the resurrection from the sleep of death. The slender scion waxed strong, and became a lofty tree, and many of the children of Adam were strengthened in its shadows with the comfort of another life. Thus it descended to succeeding generations. In the garden of David it bloomed vigorously, until his deluded son began to question of immortality; then it withered, and its blossom appeared among another people. But when on a stem of this tree the Restorer of immortality gave up his sacred life, the renovating fragrance of *New Life* spread far, far among *all nations*.

FRANCESCA.

THE PRATING IMAGE.

In the Cathedral of Spyer, extending from the door to the choir, are four circular brazen plates, enched in the earth at small distances from each other. Upon these are inscribed the following words: "O sanctissima! O piissima! Dulcis virgo Maria!"* The last of these plates is placed near the altar, upon which sparkles a representation of the Virgin Mary. It is recorded of the holy St. Bernardus, that having once most unwittingly overlooked the hour of Mass, he reached the church too late for the commencement of the service. Arriving before the altar of the Saint, the reverend father bowed the knee and repeated the accustomed greeting, traced upon the plates:—"Whereupon," continued our informant, "the image of Mary raised its head, and thus addressed him, 'O Bernharde, cur tam tarde!'"† St. Bernardus, no whit dismayed at this reproof, replied in the words of St. Paul, "Mulier taceat in Ecclesia!"‡ And truly the image of Mary has never since spoken.

FRANCESCA.

STANZAS.

I murmur'd not! though on my lip
Grief's half-breathed accents hung;
I did not blame thee, though the word
Falter'd upon my tongue,
Ah! no! though now no longer mine,
My Heart's fond faith still clings to thine!

Farewell! and can I write that word?
Yes!—it were better so;
Why should my heart reveal to thee
Its hidden source of woe?
Why should I raise the smile of scorn,
Or bear the tortures I have borne?

We've met our last! on Life's love-track
Thine is the happy part;
The struggle mine, to hide the pangs
That rend a broken heart;
For though I bow at Pleasure's shrine,
Mem'ry's fond orisons are thine!

Yes! I will speed me hence away
To the world's gayer scenes;
Though distant far thy form will be,
'Twill glad my feverish dreams!
For love like mine can never die,
Though it may shrink from mortal eye!

Away! I'll seek the mazy Dance,
The Wine-cup and the Song;
But then I shall remember thee,
My heart has loved so long;
Thou'lt fill, as through Life's paths I stray,
My dream by night—my thought by day!

LYRA, JUN.

* O most holy! O most pious! Sweet Virgin Mary!

† O Bernardus, why so late?

‡ "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

THE POSTMAN OF WALFORD.

BY H. J. B.

"Howe'er I may condemn thee, man,
Rest satisfied I never shall betray."

BEATRICE OF FERRARA.

In one of the most beautiful counties of beautiful and fertile England there is a little old town which we shall call Walford, whether or not this name belongs to any other place; it has been a borough of some consideration, and even now under the New Rubbish Acts sends two members to our National Bear-garden—the House. It has no market, but several shops of various kinds, and it is also blessed with that great luxury a regular daily post. But Walford lying at least six miles from the London road is no thoroughfare, and though a coach leaves it every morning for town, returning in the evening, it has no *mail* for the diurnal transmission of letters, which is managed thus—or rather which *was* managed thus, for the plan may be altered now; every night, in spite of wind and weather, a man walked over from Walford to Heathdene, with all the epistles of love, friendship, and business written in the course of the day by his fellow townspeople, and reposing for a few hours at the Bugle and Bell returned with the letters for Walford, there left by the mail, in time for their early delivery next morning. This service will appear on consideration one of no small danger, since a tract of country had to be traversed, beautiful by day, but even hideous by night, *awful solitude* being one of its chief features. Now, though a lonely ramble by daylight in a wild solitary country be highly edifying and romantic, it is a very dismal and dangerous thing to be walking in the misty grey of late evening, or early morning in the desolate *romantic* of wood, wild, and water, which fact is even known to people of strong nerves, and very quiescent imaginations. But there laid between Walford and Heathdene a considerable swampy flat, which, cut through by the public road, skirted it on each side for about three miles, whilst its extent in square acres had never, we believe, been exactly ascertained. This waste, dangerous in winter from the biting frost winds that careered over its exposed surface, and more dangerous in summer from the mephitic exhalations that rose insensibly during the heat of the day, and condensed into smoke—like vapours standing about a couple of yards from the ground after sunset—this waste was known to the neighbourhood by the expressive name of *Peril Moor*, and across this fever and ague-giving district the ambulating Postman of Walford had night and morning to pass, and for nearly three parts of the year before sunrise, and after sunset. Do people ever remember the pains, dangers, and terrors to which their fellow creatures are exposed in procuring them the necessities and luxuries of life? And so remembering are they sufficiently grateful?

There lived in Walford at the period of our narrative a man named Joseph Gray, whose shop supplied every thing, save provisions, "*not out of the way*," even to the Primer of the national school child, and the "Outsides" of that paper-waster—the poor poetaster—until his wife, who

chiefly superintended the *literary* department of his business, prevailed on Joseph to send out his printed cards—"Bookseller, Stationer, and General Dealer."—But this couple being eccentric in manner, and appearance, we must describe them.

Joseph Gray was a tall, spare man, with a very woe-begone Quixotish countenance; he was getting into years, and the grizzled hue of his once coal-black hair, and the deepening furrows of his mournful visage certainly did not add to his beauty. He wore, and had worn time out of mind, a particular suit, which consisted of a blackish pepper-and-salt, long, loose coat, open-breasted, a waistcoat of the same, with mother-of-pearl buttons, and a pair of no-colour pantaloons. This was his garb, working-day, and holiday, winter, and summer. His wife, as if resolved to countenance Gray's plain attire, and defy the frivolities of fashion, confined her costume to a brown merino, or sober-hued linen gown, which was exchanged for one of slate-coloured silk on Sundays, and a very primitive habit-shirt, cap, and apron, all of muslin, for she quite eschewed those flaunting improprieties, laces, worked collars, gauzes, blondes, &c., &c. The manners of this pair, who looked to-day almost the same as when they first married, and and set up business in Walford thirty years ago, were *quiet*, to seriousness, and taciturnity; their movements were slow and measured; the brief replies, questions, and observations which they addressed to their friends and customers were uttered in a low, melancholy tone; and, in fact, such an air of grief and despondency attached to all they did and said that a stranger entering their shop must have supposed them labouring under some extraordinary private calamity; but it was not so; this was their *manner*—a manner tolerated by the people of Walford,—all unprepossessing as it was, because they knew the Grays to be civil, and fair-dealing, yet, generally attributed, together with their sober, unvarying costume, to *religious melancholy*.—Need we remark that this dreadful mental disorder, wherever it exists, is *mainly* attributable to *religious error*. There is in the "religious world" a class of people, who are neither Churchmen nor Dissenters; in order to "get good" they run with well-intentioned zeal from church to meeting, and from the private Bible-Exposition of one sect to the private prayer assembly of another, "having itching ears," until they might well be puzzled to declare what was their *faith*, and how it influenced their *practice*.—Of this order of religionists was Joseph Gray and his wife; but of this order was not their second son Martin, a young man settled as a grocer in Walford, with two junior brothers his assistants. Martin was neither plain in person and countenance, nor melancholy in mind; indeed, considering the disposition of his parents, his mercurialism was remarkable; but Martin (and the case is not singular) was unhappily as lax in his religious notions as the elder Grays were severe—not that he would have dealt unfairly with his customers, or been guilty of flagrant crimes, but there was a lack of ballast in the youth, a nonchalance and profaneness of thought and expression upon sacred subjects, and a levity and conceit about him which might have distressed parents less pious than his own. Yet, Martin had his good and

popular qualities; generous, high-spirited, of excellent disposition, and of a temper never to be provoked, he was a great favourite in his own class; and if he did dress coxcombically on Sundays, and serenade on week days a *real* young lady under her supposed window, and do a hundred other foolish things, which inexperienced young men will do—his youth only bore the blame—and advancing years it was confidently predicted would banish his follies; with very different feelings and forbodings, however, was regarded by all well-disposed people, his attendance at those seditious meetings, which “lead captive silly youths,”—under various high sounding, but delusive titles, and his union also with a certain *liberal*,—i. e., *free-thinking* society—the pest of Walford.

Individuals in trade have their friends, their visiting acquaintances, and their social coteries, as well as individuals moving in the higher classes of society; they have their rubber, music, and quadrille parties; why should they not, having duly earned these gratifications? And soon after the period at which our narrative commences, Mrs. Moffat, the Ironmonger's wife, gave a party, at which music was first to be the order of the evening, and then dancing.

Martin Gray, who particularly shocked his father and mother by “encouraging such affairs, was one of Mrs. Moffat's guests, and being asked for a song, he sung one to his guitar, both pretty and uncommon. Amongst his auditors stood a Miss Anne Cox, a supercilious, unamiable young woman, whom Martin could not endure, but who fancied herself desperately in love with him; yet, amidst the buzz and clamour of hearty applause which followed his song, this un-fair specimen of the fair-sex stood perfectly silent, and looked inconceivably enraged. The young man was not only mortified by this contempt on the part of a professed admirer, but alarmed by the expression of her countenance,—for Eliza Martin was apprenticed to the young lady's mamma, who professed to teach the mysteries of dress-making to all who chose, upon certain pecuniary conditions, to learn them, and Martin justly thought that any feud between him and Miss Anne might compromise the comfort, and interest of his sister; so, when dancing commenced, he requested, and obtained her, for his partner.

“Miss Cox,” he at length took courage to say, “have I offended you?”

“Why should you think so?”

“Because of the peculiar look you gave me on the conclusion of my song.”

“And, think you,” returned Miss Anne, “that I could look pleased when I heard you but two nights ago singing that same song under the windows of Mr. Allen's house.”

“Are you sure it was me?”

“I am sure; your voice I should know amidst a thousand.”

“Well, grant that it was me; have not I a right to sing what songs I like, when I like, and to whom I like?”

“O! of course,” returned Miss Anne, “I'm sure I don't wish to dispute your right; but were I you I'd well consider what I was,—keep my

songs for folks of my own class, and not run the risk of being ridiculed by a gentleman's daughter.”

There was doubtlessly as much truth as ill-nature in this speech, and that very truth nettled Martin; he would not, however, allow Miss Cox to triumph, by showing his displeasure, and for the sake of conversation “wished he had Mr. Allen's wealth.”

“In which case,” observed his partner, “I suppose you'd turn gentleman, and marry his daughter.”

“Ah!” sighed Martin, affecting melancholy, “let me have the money first, and I'd afterwards consider how to use it.”

“Well, Mr. Gray!” retorted Miss Cox, “according to the principles of your Club you might on easy terms obtain, some at least, of the rich merchant's worldly wealth.”

Here followed a warm discussion upon the principles, which were *no* principles of the said Club; and here, as will be apprehended, young Gray showed the weak, and faulty side of his character. The *liberal* members of “*The Tricolor*” certainly did advocate with that monstrous impossibility *equality of condition*, that other scheme as monstrous, and absurd, *equality of worldly possessions*; and to effect the latter desideratum they unblushingly inculcated that the “all things in common” of these days must be procured by *violence* if persuasion would not avail. Miss Cox abused in unmeasured terms an Association equally mischievous and wicked, when Gray, feeling his own honour hereby covertly attacked, entered warmly into defence of the “*TRICOLOR*,” and was led on to make admissions respecting its principles and projects, for which, when he reached his home, he sorely blamed himself.

“What have I said,” cried he, “in evil hour to that malicious creature? How,—have I not foolishly given her a handle against me! I'll cut my tongue out!—I'll knock my head against that bed post!—I'll hang myself to-morrow!”

But, self-suspension, like many other things, if put off *sine die*, has the best possible chance of never taking place, and certain it is, the young grocer next day stood, as usual, smiling and chatting behind his counter, quite oblivious of the murderous deed he had lately meditated.

Another incident must here be mentioned. On the morning after Mrs. Moffat's party a country lad, who was in training at Mr. Allen's for a servant, entered the shop of Mr. Burke, the regular bookseller and stationer of Walford (upon whose trade Mrs. Gray certainly encroached, but who often supplied her with articles in which she was “out”), and asked for some particularly large, stout writing paper.

“At what price, my lad?” inquired Mr. Burke, “will this do?” putting before the embryo lacquey a packet of paper.

“Don't know, Sir,” was the answer, “but I should rayther think thicker a deal than that there, for master be a-sitting in his *libery* with such a sight of bank notes before him, as 'ould do your heart good to see; and, as I *believe*, he's a-going to send 'em all away by the post to-night, for some be dole up a'ready, and then he had'n't

no more paper till he *bod* me come here for some."

"This then will suit Mr. Allen, I think," said the bookseller, smiling at the communicative boy, and putting down a fresh packet before him.

That night the Postman of Walford set out as usual upon his obliged peregrination with a packet of several letters of more than usual value and consequence amongst the comparatively indifferent—that night, the 13th of February, in the year 18—, the Postman of Walford encountered upon the gloomy waste of Peril Moor such a tempest of wind, rain, and sleet, which seemed to pour about him from every quarter of the vapoury welkin, as he had not remembered for years: he was nearly perished with intense cold, and his lantern, his well-known guide through the horrors of wintry darkness, was extinguished; and on that night, too, the Walford Postman encountered upon the dreary Peril-Moor an enemy more cruel than the raging storm!

Early in the morning of the 14th of February, so early that light had as yet scarcely begun to glimmer through the thick and melancholy haze of wintry clouds and rain, Mrs. Gray was aroused by some one gently shaking her in her bed, when sensible of the fact, she uttered a cry of alarm; a hand was instantly pressed over her mouth, and a well-known voice, said in low tones—

"Hush, mother!—hush!—don't be frightened!—'tis only I—Martin."

"You, Martin? my son? why, what's o'clock, and what can bring you here in the dark of the morning?"

"'Twill soon be light mother; but I was *forced* to come, because in an hour or two people will be up and talking, and you might perhaps be frightened."

"I frightened, my dear, by people's talking?" cried Mrs. Gray, sitting up in her bed, "why should I be? What could they talk of to frighten me?—but I'm sure *you* do it now!"

"Mother!" answered Martin, with unusual gravity and sadness, "I entreat you not to be alarmed at any thing you may hear; and I have thus slipped into the house by means of my private key to prepare you for sad tidings."

"O Martin! nothing surely has happened to your father? 'Twas a fearful night for a man to be abroad in, and I wish he had not remembered the meeting at Heathdene."

"I wish he had not, indeed," returned Martin abstractedly, and coldly, "and it *was*, as you say, a fearful night for any man to be abroad in; but, comfort yourself, my father is *safe*; that is, I hope, and believe, he is."

"Martin! Martin! for God's sake speak out; what can have occurred to make you thus? Your senses seem going, your very voice is altered, and—pray Heaven you be not at this moment intoxicated."

Here poor Mrs. Gray laid her hand entreatingly upon her son's shoulder, but instantly withdrew it, exclaiming—

"How wet you are, my poor boy! and how you tremble!"

"Yes, mother, the morning is rainy, and I shake from—from—cold; but I *would* come to tell you,

that a report is even now abroad of the murder of Richard Harrison, our Postman, upon the heath last night; because I thought if our neighbours told you of a man being found dead there, and didn't say who, you'd fancy 'twas my father."

"Richard Harrison murdered?" almost shrieked Mrs. Gray, "poor—poor fellow! Then may the Lord have mercy upon his soul, for little time had he to think of it when in life!"

"And pray, mother," rejoined Martin with unusual solemnity, "because you believe in the efficacy of prayer,—for the soul of his murderer."

"I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. Gray, "the wretch richly deserves punishment both in this world, and in the next, and I hope will get it too!"

Martin was silent.

"Don't you?" continued his mother.

"I hope he will live to *repent* of so bad a deed," thoughtfully answered the young man, "and I think, mother, you have just spoken of him in a spirit for which your calmer and kinder mood will reproach you. However, farewell now—I'm in haste home."

Martin stole out of the room, leaving poor Mrs. Gray in a state of emotion not easy to describe; horrified at the murder—thankful for her husband's safety—amazed at the rebukes of a Godless son for her want of Christian charity, which indeed her conscience began most heartily to second, and wondering how he came to be aware of his father's movements,—since the meeting was recollected, and the good man away before he had time to communicate his intentions to any body; happily, to relieve this last mental distress, Mrs. Gray remembered Martin's luggage cart, which conveyed his grocery about the neighbourhood, and which she thought it likely had either been met by her husband, or borrowed by him to drive over to Heathdene.

That morning poor Harrison's disfigured corpse was brought into Walford; it had been found very early by some labourers going to their work on Peril-Moor Common, near the road, immersed in a puddle of gore and mud, with which, together with the rain, the clothes were saturated, and the flesh sodden.—It was proved on the Inquest, that the unfortunate man had been entrusted with "money-letters" from Mr. Allen to a mercantile house in London, which were sealed up separately in a small leathern bag, but that of this bag he had been rifled, and the verdict was returned of "*Wilful Murder by some person, or persons unknown.*"

Grief, wonder, anger, and a restless spirit of revenge were the feelings expressed upon this sad occasion by all classes in Walford, except the Grays.

Mrs. Gray, after the reproof of her irreligious son, was cautious how she spoke unkindly of any one, and her husband, who seldom said aught upon any subject, was considered the very phoenix of Christian charity when he commented upon the circumstance with his usual long, grievous, and stolid countenance, thus:—

"There's no use talking about what's done and can't be undone; we're mortals all—frail mortals, and can as little foresee how,—and where,—and

who the arrow of temptation shall hit—as the dart of death."

Suspicion rested almost wholly upon Martin Gray, and not indeed without some reason; he had become, it was observed, since the fatal night of the 13th of February an altered character; his abundant gaiety had forsaken him; an air of as settled despondency as ever marked his father's face now pervaded his own; he was grave, and reserved, shy of his family,—and people did say that his sire and himself were not upon speaking terms; he grew slovenly in his dress; left his business almost entirely in the hands of his younger brothers, shunned society, and in short conducted himself like a man half-crazed by secret, incommunicable sorrow, or sin.

Old Gray, when talked to about this extraordinary change, attributed it to *love*, but his fellow townsmen fancied themselves nearer the mark when they laid it to *murder*.

Eliza Gray, the affectionate sister of a brother whom she deeply pitied, beheld with profound grief and terror the alteration described in her once gay Martin; and one day seeing him quivering as it were with internal agony, she implored him to clear his character in the eyes of his fellow townsmen by openly denying all knowledge of that robbery and murder, with which, (and partly owing to the malicious insinuations of Miss Cox), he stood charged.

"*I cannot do it*," replied Martin in a voice of extreme anguish; "Alas!—alas Eliza! that fatal night! Better were it for me had I never been born!"

"O Martin! Martin!" screamed the horrified girl, "don't, don't say *that*! if guilty you really be let not *me* know it, that I may still have the satisfaction of asserting your innocence!"

"Well, dear," answered Martin with a coldness that might arise from very despair, "assert my innocence still, if it indeed affords you satisfaction,—you may be right Eliza—quite right,—and yet, eventually find yourself wrong—*most horribly wrong*."

Poor Eliza was petrified, she knew not what to think, nor what to do; and quitted this hateful subject by advising Martin to leave Walford, since she feared from what she heard that he would soon be "taken up on suspicion" of having robbed and murdered Richard Harrison, or of being accessory to the fact, and concealing it.

The distress, and surmises of poor Mrs. Gray, which almost amounted to a conviction of her son's guilt, will be imagined when we observe, that she constantly revolved in her mind two circumstances, which no earthly power could have forced her to divulge; the first was, that Martin's coat, when she laid her hand upon it, was soaked with wet, as if he had been long out, braving the storms of night, instead of having merely stepped from his own house to her's in the rain; and the second was, that he had apprised her of the murder *above an hour at least before it was known in the town*.

The information of Eliza Gray was so correct, that the people of Walford only waited for their wretched victim to drop some word which could be twisted into self-conviction, or for some trifling article to casually appear, which should establish

his guilt—to apprehend him upon the most awful charges; and whilst the tide of obloquy and suspicion ran so strongly against the misguided young man, that even his mother and sister with heavy hearts joined in the popular opinion, one only,—one fair, gentle, and sympathizing being had the moral courage to dare the terrors of singularity, and boldly assert his innocence:—

"If Mr. Martin Gray," reasoned Miss Allen, "loves me as warmly and sincerely as I am led to believe from many quarters that he does, foolish he may be, but I'll never believe him wicked enough to rob my father, and murder the bearer of his money; no—*never*!"

One evening, towards the latter end of May, Mr. Hanson, the clergyman of the parish, and a magistrate for the town of Walford, had just ordered candles in his study, when he was told that a man wished to speak to him immediately, on private and important business.

"Shew him in then, Thomas," said the vicar, "and let no one interrupt us till I ring."

When the stranger entered, on taking off his hat, which it seemed had been purposely slouched over his eyes, Mr. Hanson recognized Martin Gray, and in a few minutes the young man thus mentioned the purport of his visit:—

"Sir," said he, "knowing your readiness to instruct the ignorant and comfort the wretched, I who am both, am come to open my heart to you. Look at me well, worn as I am by sin and grief, and say whether in this skeleton you would have recognized, had you not been told, the gay, light-hearted, well-looking Martin Gray, of some three months ago?"

"Know you, I do," answered Mr. Hanson, really shocked, now that his attention was particularly called to his parishioner, by the young man's emaciated and care-worn form and features; "but surely Mr. Gray, you have been, or are, ill, very ill; nothing but sickness could, in the short space of three months, have so unknit the stalwart frame of youth."

"Nothing indeed, Sir, but the *soul's sickness*," remarked Martin with a faint smile, "and that, you know will make the body worn and aged before its time."

"And, for the soul's sickness, young man," said the divine, "there is a fount of healing; and well were it would you apply unto it ere it is *too late*."

"I know it, Sir! Thank God, I know it!" exclaimed Martin energetically. "Oh! believe me Mr. Hanson, in respect to religion, I am not the man that I *was*! These last three months, in which I have been burdened with an intolerable secret, and during which my mind has been fraught with ideas and considerations, various, useful, dark, and often intensely painful; these last three months, I repeat, have made me a different man, and have sent me to my Bible—and my offended Maker!"

"Blessed be His name, that I hear you talk thus," said Mr. Hanson, "and may he perfect the work of reformation he seems to have begun!"

"But still, Sir," rejoined Gray, "I do not find that consolation and peace which the Bible pro-

mises to the penitent believer; I am troubled with many terrible doubts and fears."

"That is often the case," said the clergyman, "even with advanced Christians; is it then to be wondered at that the path of the convert should be beset with thorns and darkness? Grant this to be the work of man's great adversary, still are we certain that he shall *not prevail* against faith and perseverance; and that these assaults are allowed, may possibly be, like St. Paul's 'thorn in the flesh,' to check spiritual pride."

"Thank you, Sir; I never thought of that."

"But you hinted, Martin, that a terrible secret weighed on your mind; I don't ask you what it is, though in all probability your mental peace and happiness depend upon its revelation."

"Mr. Hanson, you will know it ere I quit this room; but, before divulging it, I wish to take the liberty of putting to you a few questions; will you kindly answer them?"

The good clergyman assented, and Martin Gray continued thus:—

"Please to suppose a man—any man—say myself, who has long been a high professing Christian, falling into such sins as robbery, bearing false witness, or *murder*; is he still a Christian? Can he be forgiven and accepted —"

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Hanson, "upon his sincere repentance, through the merits of Him, who is the great and only Propitiation for the sins of the whole world."

"Pardon me, Sir, but I should like to have that proved from the Bible."

"I could prove it," returned the divine, "from innumerable texts, which, if you please, I will mark for you in your own Bible; but let us, as an example in point, take David, who broke in the dreadful crime recorded against him, the tenth, the seventh, the eighth, and the sixth commandments, and yet, upon his sincere penitence was restored to Divine favour, and is ever accounted one of the holiest of men."

"Yes Sir," rejoined Martin, "I know that; still, though David murdered and was forgiven, *murder* seems to me a sin so dreadful, that—that—"

"It is indeed a *dreadful* sin, Mr. Gray," returned the good clergyman, shuddering in anticipation of the confession to which he judged, that this discourse was but a preamble, "and so is all sin dreadful—very dreadful, inasmuch as it breaks the holy and just commands of our Heavenly Father; but, these commands being all of *equal value* and *importance*, I know not why one particular crime should be, as you imply a more terrible breach of them than another."

Martin was silent—he had never before heard the equality of the Commandments asserted, and Mr. Hanson, having allowed him a few minutes for consideration and reply, continued:—

"To make this clear to you, I should observe, that as we cannot *hurt Him*, whom we can awfully *offend*, by breaking his commandments, we are too apt to measure the enormity of our breaches of them, by the injury which such breaches inflict upon our fellow men; for example, should a person carry off from my house a quire of writing-paper he is, in fact, as guilty as if he stole a

service of plate; because, observe, it is not *the value of what he steals* that breaks the eighth commandment, but *that he steal at all*, and so of the rest, and so of their positive equality in the sight of Him who ordained them."

"But Sir," said Martin Gray, "murder always seemed to me the most dreadful and unpardonable of sins, because its punishment is so heavy."

"That is another error," rejoined the clergyman, "a heavy punishment certainly indicates a heavy offence, but does not necessarily render it unpardonable; and you are to consider, that were not 'life for life' the law of God, and the law of the land, men's evil passions, unchecked by the salutary fear of *consequences*, would oftener than they do, render the domestic hearth desolate, and suddenly send the sinner, all unprepared, to his great account."

"And what, Sir, should be the conduct of Christians to a Christian so called, who, having committed a horrible crime, which they have reason to believe he conceals, still carries a fair face to the world, and is in fact, an arch, disgusting *hypocrite*?"

"*Hypocrite*," rejoined Mr. Hanson, "is a harsh term, Martin Gray, to apply to any one in this perilous predicament; we are desired to '*Judge not*,' and why, but because *we* cannot read the heart; and how know you, that the man, (yourself, or another), whom you unadvisedly term *hypocrite*, may not, through dread of the loss of reputation or life, conceal indeed his great delinquency from the world, and before the All-seeing Eye, be torn with emotions of intense grief and horror?"

"Well, Mr. Hanson, I do know, he *is*."

A pause ensued; both felt they were now arrived at a point which must be urged still farther; neither seemed to have courage to proceed. At last, Martin Gray, with steady countenance, and in a composed voice, said:—

"Well, Sir, 'tis no use living in the misery I've been living in ever since last 13th of February; to die at once, and out of the way, is far better; so, please to commit *me* for the robbery and murder of Richard Harrison."

"Young man!" cried Mr. Hanson, "do you know what you are saying? Are you prepared to die?"

"I humbly hope I am, Sir," replied Martin. "Some time since I saw my inevitable fate, and had I not earnestly striven to prepare for it, I should not have been here this evening."

The Vicar of Walford was one of the kindest of men; truly shocked and grieved did he feel at this, not unexpected, declaration from the suspected individual before him, and after a pause, in which his countenance exhibited the extreme of sorrow and pity, he thus addressed him:—

"Listen to me, Martin Gray; we two are now standing in the presence of Him, who, if he hath known your great guilt from the beginning, has equally desired me, to whom you confide it, to have *mercy* upon the returning prodigal; and, though I am aware that the law punishes him who conceals his knowledge of the perpetrator of a heinous crime, I am willing to risk this, young man, for I thirst not for your blood! You have

been much misled for some years by republican and infidel companions; but Divine Mercy having lately, as you tell me, led you to see the error of your ways, I cannot think that time will be disallowed for the completion of this great work. Go home then, say nothing about what has passed between us to-night,—I shall keep my counsel if you will keep yours,—and come fearlessly to me whenever you want instruction or consolation."

"Good! kind! dear Sir," exclaimed Martin, extremely affected by a lenity he never anticipated, "you are a *real* Christian! and had I met with like mercy and consideration at home, I should have been altogether a different man from what I have been! But as to living—no! I cannot live! Let the law, I beseech you take its course, for believe me, so great has been my misery, that long ere this I should have taken my own life had I dared!"

Mr. Hanson tried argument, remonstrance and persuasion, to induce the young man to rescind his fatal resolution, but in vain; and he was at length obliged to dismiss him, upon the stipulation of having him apprehended at his own house next day, "on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of the late Richard Harrison." This was accordingly done, and Walford thrown into a complete ferment by the event. Many persons were glad of it, for some do exist, sufficiently selfish and ill-natured to rejoice in the fulfilment of their own evil predictions; many were truly grieved, because they respected Martin's father and mother; and many shunned the afflicted family of the assassin, as if there were in it contamination.

The effect of this deplorable event upon the Grays was melancholy; George Elwin, the linen-draper's son, broke off his engagement with Eliza; her two younger brothers lost nearly all their customers; a paralytic stroke too eloquently explained Mrs. Gray's intolerable shame and anguish, but her husband still retained his reserve and imperturbability, so that nobody could even guess what he thought of the dismal turn his domestic affairs had taken; the only difference in him was, that having been observed of late to wear a *black* waistcoat and pantaloons, instead of the pepper-and-salt, and *no-colour*, people said it was ominous of the fate of his son, and that he had put on mourning before-hand.

It was remarkable that Martin Gray, having declared himself guilty of the murder of the Walford Postman, obstinately refused to give any explicit details of the circumstance; and the day of his trial was anxiously awaited, there being two opinions as to its result. Within three days of that critical trial an event occurred which unfortunately for Miss Anne Cox's jealousies and suspicions, gave a new and favourable turn to the prisoner's affairs, and exhibited a trait in his character little suspected there to abide, even by his best friends. Two days before Martin Gray's trial old Gray was found dead in his bed, with an empty laudanum vial on his dressing-table, and a brown paper parcel addressed to Mr. Allen. For the third time was all Walford horrified, for the third time was curiosity raised to its extremest pitch, and for the third time was the sympathy of the kind and good, and the insulting pity of the

malicious, called forth for "*the unfortunate Grays.*" Mr. Allen, with equal astonishment and sorrow, read the letter addressed to him in the packet, which was written under circumstances the most awful and afflicting, and which we proceed to lay before our readers:—

Walford.

"RESPECTED SIR,—A miserable man, who has resolved to quit this life as soon as he has unburdened his conscience, now takes the liberty of addressing you. Your own notes, herewith returned, will shew you who took them from their unfortunate bearer to Heathdene, and who butchered him. Oh, Sir! though I have carried a fair face to the world, ever since that dreadful hour, my heart has been consumed by 'the fire that never is quenched;' and the world, when it hears this dreadful confession, will brand my memory for ever, as a *hypocrite*, as well as a *robber and assassin*; but, however, through fear of disgrace and death, I have concealed my guilt from man, I have not done so before the Searcher of Hearts. 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall;' and so sudden was my fall, that only a few hours previous to it I should, like St. Peter, have denied its possibility; this I mention, that my fellow-Christians may guard against what has been my bane through life—a presumptuous, self-righteous spirit. Sir, on the 13th of February last, when your lad asked for writing-paper in Mr. Burke's shop, and imprudently named what you wanted it for, no one seems to recollect, (or, if recollecting, would have dared to whisper a base suspicion of me), I sat there reading a newspaper, and heard what the boy said, though I made no remark upon it. My eldest son, who is well established at a celebrated Shawl Warehouse in London, but who foolishly looks, as everybody does now, higher than his station, had that morning, per post, repeated his oft-made request, that I would purchase a Cornetcy for him in a Dragoon Regiment. Though I did not approve his ambitious views, he urged his petition in a manner not to be, by a fond father, withstood; but I wanted money wherewith to purchase a thing so expensive as a cavalry commission: it was then, upon hearing your servant's statement, that Satan tempted me to supply myself with a few hundreds, in ready cash, by robbing you; the black thought was in my mind when I quitted Burke's shop, and that night, pretending to my wife an indispensable engagement at Heathdene, I left my house to become—WHAT? Heaven itself seemed trying to turn me from my guilty purpose; such a night of awful, raging tempest, it is allowed, had not been known for years; nevertheless, wrapped in a warm frieze coat, and armed with a brace of loaded pistols, I proceeded to Perilmoor, and hidden in the darkness, awaited by the road-side the approach of Richard Harrison; at last I saw moving along, what I was sure must be his lantern, since it was about his time for reaching the common; the wind blew out the light just before he got up to me, but with too sure an aim I sprang upon him—we struggled together violently—can I go on!—I had just silenced my victim's dying groans by sending a bullet through his head, when the voice of a man close by me, sent a thrill of convulsive terror through my soul; I fancied too I knew it, and that was not to be borne!

"What's the matter here?" said the intruder, "Who's hurt? Speak, if you live, and I'll help you."

"Will you, braggart?" said I, "then take that for your pains!" and I fired my second pistol at random, and at him, as I thought, from the direction of the voice. The ball whizzed past this person by an inch, but judge of my sensations, when by this

flash of the powder, I discerned the features of Martin, my son! The recognition was mutual, he uttered a cry of surprise and horror, and incited by shame, wrath and terror, I fell like a tiger upon him, threatening to take his life on the spot if he intended to betray me. Shaking me off he exclaimed in a tone of agony:—

"Father! Father! I betray you? Oh, no! no! sooner will I lose my life, than reveal your horrid secret! And oh! would that I had died ere I saw what I have this night seen!"

"His emotion was strong, and greatly affected me, for poor Martin's feelings were always acute, and his sense of honour particularly keen.

"Fly, father!" said he at last, "fly! or you'll here be discovered when this bad deed comes to light! Fly! but rely upon me!"

"We agreed at last that he should drive me to Heathdene in his cart, from whence he was returning to Walford when our dreadful rencontre took place; I made there some trifling but necessary alteration in my dress, but did not venture home until late in the afternoon of February the 14th; Martin meanwhile returned to Walford, and I have reason to think, never laid down that night, nor for many nights after. Alas! Mr. Allen! Alas, Sir! from the fatal hour in which my own child overtook me in the commission of my deadly sin, I lost his confidence and regard. The alien from his Church and King, thoroughly looked down on me—how shall I proceed? He thought me a confirmed hypocrite I believe, because I endeavoured, painfully endeavoured, to carry my usual face to the world, and *hypocrisy* to a young man of Martin's naturally ingenuous disposition, was a sin even blacker than the outrageous one I had committed. But oh! the agonies I have endured, it is impossible to describe! Often have I stolen forth in the dusk of the evening, when my wife believed me gone to further some sacred institution, to see Martin in private, and kneel with floods of bitter tears before him, entreating his pardon, the return of his affection, and that he would *never betray me!* Poor, generous darling! my heart bleeds to think of what he has endured for me! To think, (though I am at a loss to know why), that he is now in prison, and ready to die, for my sinful sake! And to think, so worn is he with sorrow and shame, that should this tardy confession, even save him from the hands of the executioner, his death may still be certain. Heaven bless and reward his filial duty; I dare not say affection! And oh! Mr. Allen! Sir! help, and comfort my poor boy when I am gone, for live I cannot, after this dreadful confession!—Your property, Sir, I restore: had I not been, in my evil hour, a fool, and insane—my great crime might have been prevented by the recollection that you would take down the *number* of your notes, ere confiding them to the post, and stop their payment at the Banks, after you had lost them; but, when men meditate a deed of evil, how often do they act as if deprived of their senses!"

The letter concluded with earnest entreaties for that pardon from Mr. Allen which the wretched writer despaired of obtaining from Heaven!

Martin Gray, though liberated from prison and from death, walked the earth a sick and sorrowing man. A blight had fallen upon his youth; shame and desolation overspread his spirit; and soon, though cheered and soothed by the kindness of Mr. Allen and Mr. Hanson, he drooped and died. Before his demise, however, he thus explained to the latter gentleman his reason for delivering himself up to justice:—

"I was," said he, "the most wretched being in all the king's dominions; I could not eat—I seldom slept; the horrible scene of Perilmoor, on that tempestuous night, my father half mad, and the murdered, mangled Postman, was ever before me; besides, being out so many hours, in thoroughly saturated clothes, gave me, I think, a low fever, which excited my mental feelings to delirium. At last my dreadful secret became so burdensome, that I knew, unless I ceased to exist, I should one day in *madness* divulge it. Now my own life, with my own hands, I might not take, and may God forgive me that I was anxious to lay it down (a *Suicide* therefore, no less) to save my father from shame and death! Sir, you know the rest; be kind, I beseech, to my afflicted family, when I am gone; use your best efforts to put down that nest of iniquity, the 'TRI-COLOR;' and implore those in this town, who are too ready to impute all evil to me, to 'judge not,' but to regard with mercy and pity the memory of an unhappy young man."

"NOT WISELY—BUT TOO WELL!"

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

She lov'd!—not "wisely" it would seem,
Not "wisely," but "too well;"

With all of Youth's romantic dream,
And passion's with'ring spell!
And sorely hath her bosom prov'd
The pangs of those, who so have lov'd!

She lov'd!—how much that little word
The history may breathe,
Of feelings that the Heart have stirr'd,
Pangs, that the lip may writhe
With bitter smiles of hate, or scorn,
And all that Woman's soul hath borne!

She lov'd!—and who was He she lov'd?
Or peasant-churl—or Lord?
Enough to know her heart approv'd,
What matters the record
Of peaceful life, or knightly deeds,
When on Fate's shrine the victim bleeds?

She lov'd! as thousands yet will love—
She died—as thousands die,
Whose memory a tear may move,
Whose fate may claim a sigh;
But what example will impress
One Maid to love, or die the less?

TRUE VALOUR.

True valour sits firm on a warrior's brow
As innocence sits on a child,
He boasts not of cruelty done to a foe,
In the clamour of battle so wild;
But the fight being o'er, he turns from the plain
With a heart full of horror and woe,
And prays for the souls of the fallen and slain,
Tho' they be the souls of a foe.

He boasts not the prowess or deeds of his arm,
For boasters are none of the brave;
'Tis honour, not cruelty, doth his heart charm,
As he weeps o'er a brave foeman's grave.
Then call it not Valour which boasters possess,
Who are talking for e'er of their deeds;
For he who is brave often weeps in distress,
And for victory oft his heart bleeds.

G. READING.

THE BAYÉDÈRE.

"My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought;
Which then I can resist not; in my heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
To look within."—BYRON.

It was a sultry day in June, the bright, blue, burning sky, the still heavy and motionless air oppressing the spirit and weighing down the languid frame. Now it was that the weary and fainting Italian sought the cool shades and sparkling fountains, the singing of whose waters were pleasanter to his ear than the voice of the birds.

On a little eminence, around which the trees shed a delicious coolness, and the perfume of a thousand flowers breathed itself into the still air, an Improvisatore took his station, and began one of the wild discourses so peculiar to those wandering poets. The people soon flocked around him, some throwing themselves on the ground in luxurious ease, others pressing yet nearer to him, and drinking in every impassioned word that fell from his lips, with eager and intense curiosity:

The improvisatore was far above the middle height, and though nobly formed, it was evident that the wasting hand of disease had already begun its fearful ravages on his thin and slightly bent figure, and his high pallid brow. His dark restless eyes seemed to emit forth the light—the burning unquenchable light of the wild spirit within. He was very young, and evidently a native of that land whose praises he sang so witchingly. It was not so much the sad and wild strain of eloquence that fell from his lips, as the low sweet tone in which every word was uttered, and the ease and grace which accompanied his gestures, that won the attention of his auditors; and when the strain finished, they departed one by one to their several homes ennobled and elevated by the words they had listened to.

If the improvisatori have no other merit, at least it may be their boast that they have done much towards encouraging and promulgating a taste for general literature amongst their countrymen.

Each individual as he passed, deposited his offering for the gratification he had enjoyed, in the cavity of a rude stone, and in a few moments the improvisatore was alone.

He gazed upon the little heap of coins, the well earned meed of his toils; 'tis guerdon for the many and long hours stolen from sleep, and devoted to the cultivation of thought and intellect, and as he gathered them together a bitter smile played on his thin lip, and flinging himself on the ground, he leant his forehead upon his hands and appeared resting after the fatigue he had undergone.

A few moments after a female approached with swift steps as if in search of him, and laid her white hand upon his arm.

"Diodati," she said, in a low voice, but he stirred not; "Diodati," repeated the maiden again. He looked suddenly up and a smile illumined his face; she sat down by his side, and her arms encircled him like a snow wreath, while she

wiped the damps from his brow with all a woman's tenderness.

"Why are you here, Hinda?" asked the improvisatore, while he suffered, but returned not her caresses.

"Where should I be, but with you?" replied the maiden. "Oh, Diodati, shake off this lethargy, and learn to trust in the faith of your Hinda, as you would in your God; but weary me not, madden me not with your suspicions, for the fierce sun of my Indian birth-place yet burns in my veins, and there are times when I can scarce command myself—when I feel carried away as it were by the impulses of my own wild passions. I know that I need a guide, a monitor, to smile on me when I do well, and caution me against evil. Diodati I once hoped to have found one in you—that in your love and vigilance I should be safe."

"Continue, oh continue to believe so," said her lover passionately, "and all may yet be well; but when I hear from every lip only the praises of the beautiful Hinda—when I watch the glittering eye of the Prince Rizzino, as heedless of the other Bayédères he gazes on thee alone, oh, blame me not because I sometimes fear that the humble Improvisatore may be forgotten."

The maiden drew up her small but exquisite figure to its full height, and shook back the long braids and curls that hung almost to her feet, with something of the exultation of conscious loveliness and womanly vanity, but the feeling was a transient one; it passed away, and she threw herself upon Diodati's neck and wept.

"Beauty was a fatal gift to me," she said "if it serves to render you unhappy; and yet I cannot wish it otherwise; for to me there is excitement and pleasure in beholding the sensation it creates."

The brow of the Improvisatore darkened as she spoke, and at that moment how gladly would he have recalled the deep, enthusiastic affection which he had given into the keeping of one so beautiful, yet so vain and wavering. But it might not be. We may ponder long before we yield up the rich treasure of our love, but once bestowed, it can never be recalled.

Diodati sought his lonely home with a weary and aching spirit—lonely did I call it? no! it was peopled with the great, the good, the wise, of all nations, and the Improvisatore flew to their society with an ardour and zest that only those can know who have thirsted after knowledge like the young Italian. Surrounded by the thick and ponderous volumes that graced his little studio, he felt a return of that peace which the world gives not.

The shades of evening fell gradually over the city: the silver moon rose up into the heavens and walked abroad in her calm and silent beauty, and the student knew not that it had ceased to be day. He still bent over his book, and though his eye could no longer discern its lines, his mind dwelt upon its precepts, and the entrance of the Bayédère was again unheeded.

She was attired for an evening festival; a thin circlet of gold adorned her head, and bracelets of the same metal clasped her white arms; she wore a muslin robe tastefully ornamented with flowers, and her slight ankles were encircled with small bells, that tinkled every step she took.

"Diodati," she said, after a few moment's pause, "I shall be quite jealous of your books if they engage so much of your attention; I have been standing so close to you that my breath stirred the curls upon your brow, and yet you saw me not."

"He looked up at her as if his ideas yet clung to the studies she had interrupted, for the glance of his eye was vacant and dreamy."

"You *shall* speak to me," said Hinda, playfully drawing away the volume he had been perusing, and Diodati taking both her hands said, with a mournful smile—

"Hinda, love, I will speak to you, and, in the language of Prometheus, 'think not that I am silent through pride or stubbornness, but I am wasting my heart with thought.'"

"I see—I know you are," interrupted the Bayédère, vehemently; "you are destroying yourself, and for what? for man, for the incense breath of his praise; for him you bring forth the burst of rich eloquence, the hoarded treasures of your mind; the beautiful conceptions that have sprung up in a heart overflowing with deep and passionate thoughts. You give up the fruits of your unceasing study—of your midnight hours, devoted to meditation—of your young life, and what reward have you? I, that have only learnt the wild dance of the Bayédeses—I that have toiled for none—benefitted none—thought of none—of nothing beyond the present—am more admired and more sought after."

"Hinda," said the Improvisatore, while a flush of exultation lighted up for a brief moment his faded countenance, "literature is no toil and asks no guerdon; it is its own reward in the world of bright imaginings, that it yields up to those who love it. I would not exchange my own deep, wild thoughts, for the triumph and homage of the earth. And yet, mark me, Hinda, when I am gone, the name on my simple grave-stone will not be unhonoured nor unwept. My memory will linger long in the hearts of my countrymen, associated with the poetry and romance of Italy."

"Do not talk of dying," interrupted the Bayédère, as she threw herself weeping on his neck. "the saints will preserve you to me, many, many long years, I hope and trust."

He smiled sadly and half incredulously, as he kissed away the tears from her beautiful eyes, and strove to soothe away the emotion he had excited. Presently the bell of a neighbouring convent tolled the hour, and Hinda started suddenly up.

"They must not see I have been weeping," she said, or the Bayédeses will laugh at me, and the Prince be sure to question me as to the cause. Farewell, Diodati! you must confess that after all it is the hardest task to be obliged to look happy and light-hearted when you would fain sit down and weep."

His glance followed her until the last glimpse of her white robe had disappeared, and the tinkling of her silver anulet bells was lost in the distance, and then turned once more to his books, but in vain; he saw nothing on their pages but the bright eyes of the Bayédère.

The Duke Rizzino, or as he was oftener called, the Prince, was the youngest of two brothers. He

was taken to Persia when very young by his uncle, and remained there until the sudden death of his elder brother recalled him to Italy. He returned with all the oriental splendour of that land in which he had resided long enough to have become completely wedded to its luxury and voluptuousness, and his vassals heard with astonishment that their new lord had brought over with him, his harem, and a band of dancing girls from Cashmere and Delhi.

Hinda, then a mere child, came with the rest; she had been sold into slavery at such an early age as to retain but an imperfect and dreaming recollection of her parents—her laughing brothers and sisters, and their merry happy home. Since then she had been an alien, and an outcast, admired and caressed for the grace, beauty, and talent she early displayed in the dance and song, and to these two accomplishments her education was solely confined; but with no one in whom to confide her little sorrows, no one to love and advise her for her good.

Diodati attracted by the loveliness and beauty of the young Bayédère would often linger by her side, speaking kindly and gently, and endeavouring to instil into her youthful mind those principles which might support and sustain her in the trials and temptations which might assail her in after years.

Wild and ungovernable as Hinda generally appeared, she would yet listen patiently for hours together to the low impressive voice of the Improvisatore; and the compassion that Diodati began with feeling for his beautiful and wayward pupil, gradually deepened into a purer and dearer emotion, which Hinda returned with all the wild and impassioned devotedness of which her nature was susceptible. The praise and admiration of the court, even of Rizzino himself, fell unheeded on her ear, and as soon as the dance was ended, she would fly from the adulation of the crowd to the lonely dwelling of the student, and there throwing herself at his feet, drink eagerly up every word that fell from his lips.

Still Diodati was unhappy, for with the jealousy discerning of affection, he saw that Hinda secretly exulted in the triumph of her youth and beauty, and proudly sought and coveted the admiration which she seemed to disdain. He felt that it was but natural that it should be so; for what had the lone student, enfeebled by disease and deep thought, to offer in competition with the festive gaieties of a court, and while in this frame of mind the gentle caresses of Hinda appeared a mockery.

He had learnt the bitter lesson which must come in time to every young and fond heart, a doubt of the constancy of those affections in which his happiness was eternally interwoven.

Hinda felt hurt at his distrust, unfounded as it was. Sometimes it aroused all the wilder passions of her nature, but oftener still her heart melted to see its effects on the weakened frame of the student, and she would redouble her tenderness and caresses, in order to show him, by her devoted attachment, that she was still all his own.

Several days had now passed, since Diodati had last seen her; he frequented the public walks and

told his wild and legendary tales, but though the voice of the people applauded him, he missed the gentle tones of the Bayédère, and though a thousand eyes were rivetted on him in all the eagerness of intense interest, he missed the upturned countenance of Hinda, and felt unsatisfied. That night when he sought his chamber, it was not to read. He spread out the glittering heap that had rewarded his toil, and gazed on it with the burning fondness that a mother feels for her first born. He felt the power, the majesty of riches! He that had scorned their acquirement, and held forth upon the curse of gold, now felt its blessing, for it was to purchase happiness.

Until that evening poor and destitute, he had not dared to ask Hinda to forsake the luxurious and mirthful life she led, and share his poverty, but now she should partake of his wealth; no longer exhibit her powers to a crowd, but her wild song—her graceful dance—her bewitching smile, would be for him—and him only. It was such visions as these that flushed the pale brow of the student, lending an unnatural brilliancy to his eyes, and elasticity to his spirits. His discourses were now all of love, virtuous and happy love; a passion that had withstood the trials of earth, and come out of the fire of temptation tried and purified.

His audience thought he spoke by inspiration, nor were they altogether mistaken, for it was the overflowings of a glad and joyous spirit that inspired and spoke within him.

But while wealth and honour thus flowed in upon the Improvisatore, where was she for whose sake alone they were courted and valued? the guiding star that had led him on to glory. Diodati learned too soon.

There had been a succession of fêtes at the palazzo in honour of the Prince's birthday, and Hinda, in a continual round of amusement had found no time to visit the student; her nights were spent in the giddy whirl of the dance, and she slept away the bright hours of morning fatigued with previous exertion.

Such an account as this was sufficient to arouse all the fears and doubts that slumbered in the breast of her lover. He avoided the walks where they were accustomed to meet; he shunned the homage he had so anxiously sought after but a brief while before, and in silence and solitude brooded over his own melancholy thoughts. Once again it was evening, that time of rest and repose when the very flowers that had sickened in the scorching rays of the sun, lifted up their drooping heads to the cool wind.

The Improvisatore lay on a low couch by the open window, and the refreshing breeze fanned his fevered cheek, and sported with the damp curls that hung round his pale brow. A few vases of withered flowers still ornamented the room, giving evident proof that the hand of affection which had placed them there had been unmindful of her charge. A gentle knock at the door aroused the invalid from the dreamy slumber that had imperceptibly stolen over his weary frame.

How well! how strangely well! the heart of one that fervently loves, recognizes the voice—the touch—even the step of the beloved one. He

knew that it was Hinda's knock, and flinging open the door stood before the astonished girl.

She had come with a light step and pleading smile, her hair wreathed with flowers, and her arms encircled with gems. How fearful then was the contrast she presented to the worn and pallid countenance of the student, attenuated and haggard with disease.

"You are ill, Diodati," she said, timidly approaching the couch on which he had again thrown himself, and flinging her arms around him, but he shrank away from her touch.

"I have been ill," replied the Improvisatore, in a low stern voice, "would to God that I had died before this day had come."

"I deserve your anger for deserting you so long," said the Bayédère, as the tears started into her beautiful eyes, "but oh, Diodati, do you think, that if I had known you were ill, I would have quitted you, even for a single moment? No, nothing could then have had the tempting power to charm me from your side; but they spoke at court only of your recent triumphs."

"Triumphs!" repeated the student with a wild laugh, as he seized the hand of the trembling Bayédère, and led her to a small cabinet; "look at it?" he continued, yet more frantically, "look at it! Gold! all gold! bright, pure gold! I have coined it out of my own heart's blood for you, Hinda. God is my witness that I treasured it for you alone, and the event has proved me right in thinking to buy your love, although I am yet too poor to give the required price." As he spoke, his eye rested for the first time on a massive chain that she wore around her neck; it had been one of the prizes at the festival. "Did *he*, did Rizzino give you this?" he asked, in a tone of concentrated passion.

The full, lustrous eyes of the Bayédère winked not beneath his scrutiny; her spirit rose, and she haughtily replied—

"It was, indeed, from the Prince Rizzino's hands that I received it."

"Then," exclaimed the half-frantic student, as he snatched it from her, and tore it link from link, "thus do I sever the chain that once bound me so fondly, so indissolubly, so eternally, as I then thought, to you. Return now to Rizzino, for your presence here is a mockery; return to splendour, to luxury, and to infamy!"

"Diodati," said the maiden, as she advanced yet closer to him, and looked wildly into his face, "you do not—you cannot *mean* all that you have said this night? You are now under the baneful influence of passion, and in your calmer moments will repent the wrong you have done me."

"Repentance is for the guilty," said the Improvisatore, sternly; "I am calm—fearfully calm; I would give worlds to believe that I have been mad—that I am so still, but I dare not."

"Am I guilty, then, think you?" said Hinda, in a scarcely audible whisper, while the colour forsook her cheek and lips, and her dark earnest eye sought his, "do *you* suspect me?"

"I have ceased to suspect, with the dreadful conviction brought so palpably before me."

As he spoke, he spurned with his foot the fragments of the glittering chain. Hinda uttered one

long thrilling cry, and casting on him a lingering glance of mingled tenderness, reproach, and revenge, rushed from the room.

Diodati spent the dreadful night that followed this eclaireissement, prostrate on the damp ground, and the fitful showers, and burning rays of the mid-day sun fell on his feeble frame unheeded and unfelt. He was conscious but of one feeling, the bitter one of bereavement.

Is there on earth a more severe pang, than to fear the utter unworthiness of one whom we have learned to love as our existence, in whom all the joys and interests of our lives are eternally interwoven. Diodati had felt nothing like it; his spirit seemed crushed and bowed to earth. Too well he knew, that although the evening dew may revive the fallen and withered flowers, there is no earthly balm that can wash away the fearful sense of sin, or bind up the broken heart. It has been truly and beautifully said, that of all our passions hope clings to us the closest, and deserts us the last. Diodati yet cherished it in his inmost soul, although he did so with fear and trembling. The hour was fast coming when even hope should be taken from him. Towards evening on the following day, he walked with feeble steps to the side of a clear fountain, whose waters sprang up in dazzling beauty, amid the green wilderness around. He laved his burning brow in the clear stream, and sitting down on a rude stone, again gave way to those thoughts and musings which were fast destroying him.

Presently the bell began to ring for evening vespers, and as the people flocked towards the chapel, they cast looks of mingled sympathy and pity upon the Improvisatore. They would have sought and shared his sorrow, had he been one of *them*, but feeling how immeasurably, though born in their own sphere of life, the young student was superior to themselves; wondering at the depth of a spirit they could not comprehend, almost fearing that their pity might appear a mockery to one who had always held himself so proudly, they all passed him by in silence.

Such is too often the fate of intellect and genius, unloved, because unappreciated.

Diodati, lost in contemplation, was unconscious even of their presence. He was at length aroused by the tones of a too well remembered voice, breathing his name in a hoarse and broken whisper.

As he looked up, the few ladies of Prince Rizzino's harem, who professed any religion at all, and chose to attend vespers, were passing him. Hinda, attired with oriental splendour was amongst them. She flung back her veil as she walked by him, and the bloodless cheek—the white compressed lip—the wild and fearful smile of exulting triumph, haunted him to his dying day.

It was with difficulty he reached his own dwelling, where a peasant girl found him the next morning, stretched on the floor in happy insensibility.

When the Improvisatore again opened his dimmed eyes, they rested on a female figure who was bending anxiously over his couch; she was habited in a grey serge dress, a veil of the same hue completely enveloping her form, and Diodati knew her to be one of the Sisters of Mercy, whose

office is to go about doing good, healing the sick, and whispering hope and pardon to the departing spirit.

"Have I been long ill, kind sister?" he enquired.

"Twelve nights and days," replied the nun in a low voice, "I have kept my mournful vigil by thy couch, fearing every moment to see thy soul take its flight heaven-wards."

"Fearing," echoed Diodati, "oh, it would have been bliss to have died thus, but I feel that within me, which tells me that the repose I have prayed for is only delayed, not denied me. I shall trouble you but little longer, gentle nurse."

The nun replied only by deep and heart-broken sobs, and he again sank into a dreamy slumber. The first thing when he awoke, a few hours after, he begged that the withered vases of flowers might be placed near him.

"When I am gone," he said, "let them be scattered over my bier, and perhaps she will weep who has blighted the life of both."

He was interrupted by a wild scream of anguish, and falling on her knees by his bedside, the disguised Bayédère threw back her veil and raised her clasped hands supplicatingly towards him. Diodati turned away his head and buried his face in the clothes.

"I know," said Hinda, "that I am unworthy even that you should look upon me now, and yet what I am—what I have done, your unkindness, your cruel suspicions drove me to. When I last knelt a suppliant at your feet, I call heaven to witness that I was as pure and innocent, as I am now miserably guilty and sinful."

She ceased speaking, and the wailing of her deep grief was the only sound that broke the dreadful stillness of the hour.

At length the dying man raised himself suddenly up, and flinging his arms around her, looked into her face with those dimmed eyes, whose light was to be soon quenched. He essayed to speak, but the sounds died away upon his white and quivering lips. There was no need of words to the heart of Hinda; she knew now that he prayed for her forgiveness and his God's, and her soothing voice fell upon his fading senses like music.

Long after the spirit had fled for ever, did the desolate Bayédère continue to caress and weep over her first and only love.

The white, simple stone, that marks the Poet's grave, is yet seen and honoured in Italy. E. Y.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT LOVER.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

Haste to this bright world, haste to me,
My starry home was made for thee!
I'll tell thee how I'll bribe thee, sweet,
The star-world shining at my feet,
Is all my realm—my heart the throne
Where thou shalt reign and rule alone.
There may be charms in mortals' lays,
Their looks of love, and songs of praise,
But say will not thy soul decide
That heart should choose the heart's own bride!
There's none on earth, there's none above,
Adores thee like thy Spirit-love,
For he, thou needest not be told,
Would scorn to give his love for gold!

A TALE OF LOWER BRITTANY.

(From the French.)

It was on a winter evening of that melancholy and bloody year, 1793, that we were sitting round the paternal hearth digesting a homely dinner of potatoes and looking at the pieces of wood burning upon the fire, while the cold being extreme our fingers were almost frozen. My mother was employed in making shoes out of some pieces of stuff stitching them upon leathern soles, while my father was sighing as he cast his eyes upon his four children around him, the eldest of which (myself) was not more than 13 years old.

As to us children we understood little of the grand drama that was being acted around us, we only knew that we often wanted bread. Little could it signify to us to join in the *carmagnole* with our bare legs and wooden shoes.

Living close to and under the protection of a little town near Paris, although we frequently heard of streams of blood flowing yet we saw nothing of them. The respectable head of my father was left in peace for he luckily escaped the notice of that omnipotent spirit of the time, Robespierre, he whom some puerile politicians of the present times are weak enough still to speak of as an apostle of Equality. Equality indeed! yes that of imprisoning men of all ranks and then leading them out to an indiscriminate massacre.

However these horrors had not yet been perpetrated in our little town, although only seven leagues from the capital, no one had fallen there under the axe of the revolutionists, while the corpses of the unhappy victims of revolutionary frenzy strewed their native soil in other more unfortunate places.

I will now name thee, thou pretty little town of Poissy, celebrated even yet for the conference once held here, for the baptismal font of St. Louis, for the ruins of thy once magnificent abbey, whose vaulted roof fell beneath the hammer of the destroyer, for thy stately college founded it is said by King Robert, nine centuries ago; for thy cattle market, whence Paris is provisioned by beasts sent from Normandy; for a prison which was formerly a nunnery of the good Ursulines. And more worthy still art thou of celebrity for the good order of thy wise and honest inhabitants who respected humanity by shedding no blood in those horrible times we are speaking of.

I visit thee from time to time out of gratitude for having preserved the life of my good old father.

We were then, I say, living at Poissy, refugees in a modest looking house, and at the time were observing a religious silence in imitation of our parents, when my mother began the conversation, observing to my father—

"These children are sensible and become sad by our grief, tell them some tale, they always love to hear thee even when thy discourse appears to be above what they might be thought capable of comprehending."

"True," said my father, "I sometimes forget they are but children, one becomes old so rapidly

in this revolutionary frenzy, one marches at such a quick step towards the tomb that it seems to me reason must outstrip experience and ripen prematurely like some precocious fruit.

"A truce, then, for a time to our dark thoughts, let us cast aside our bitter remembrances and fearful apprehensions. I will now relate a tale that gave me great pleasure when it was told to me in infancy.

"We led a happy life in those days, and listened eagerly to our old grandfather as he related the traditional stories of Catelan, Jousselin, and of Ploërmel, tales which had been told him by his grandfather; 'tis now a long time ago, aye more than sixty years have elapsed since the good *sénéchal* Marion Dulanda told this tale to us as he sat upon his great oaken arm chair in his green cloak, where sixty years before that time he had listened to the same story from his grandfather.

"Listen then to this story of Brittany.

"Once upon a time there lived in a village a few leagues from Ploërmel a goodman called Mistirgis. He was of low stature, malicious, and cunning in disposition; some pretend that he was humpbacked, but this is not so generally agreed upon as that his mind was proportionally much more powerful than his body.

"The possession of abilities does not always contribute to the acquisition of fortune, indeed sometimes they would seem to prevent the success of the individual, particularly whenever they are connected with a small portion of honesty and good faith. Now the good man Mistirgis was just such a character.

"He married a little woman, quite the object of his choice, who besides resembling him in temper and character was pretty much of the same height, and it is possible that the general resemblance both in mind and body decided their mutual inclination for each other. Some men have a great objection against having a wife superior to themselves in any respect.

"The little man and his equally little wife had two little children. The whole little family lived in a little cottage surrounded by a little garden, which they carefully cultivated, consuming their own little crops themselves, and having also the luxury of a little black cow whose milk served to sustain the little household.

"Their diminutive forms and the obscurity of their position did not, however, protect them from troubles, for misfortune is felt in some way or another by every one; it extends its inflictions to the cottage as well as to the castle; like the tax-gather its visits are paid with equal indifference to the rich as well as to the poor, to the good as well as to the wicked.

"In this world every one should endeavour to render himself useful, so while the father cultivated the garden, and the mother was employed in household duties, such as cooking for the family, needle work, &c.; the brother and sister were sent to take *Robine*, for that name had been given to the cow, to graze by the road side, or on the waste land belonging to the common.

"The children generally tended the cow carefully, but sometimes they would forget her while

they played, and the cow at such times seeing herself unobserved would leave the short coarse grass she was cropping for the longer and more delicious bite in the adjacent meadow. That field belonged to Monsieur de Kergoustin, a wealthy gentleman and the lord of the village, who was very jealous of his rights, and would not permit any one to infringe upon them in the least degree with impunity; so severe was he that he had several times threatened the goodman Mistirgis that he would shoot his cow if he again found her trespassing in his grounds. The children had been threatened, reprimanded, and whipped, for the whip was much more in use at that time; indeed their memory was refreshed so often that their backs were seldom without marks of stripes from the paternal rod; nevertheless they would presently forget the punishment and their often repeated injunctions, and wander from their charge to gather blue bottles and catch butterflies, while the cow which only waited for the opportunity, then stayed as usual into the rich pasture of the gentleman Kergoustin.

"The vast meadow belonging to that gentleman was stocked with a numerous herd of cattle and large flocks of sheep, which were so abundantly fed that they might have well spared a few tufts of grass for the poor man's cow. The well-fed and good-tempered animals never sought to interrupt the cow; but it must be confessed that their owner was much less indulgent. One day he perceived poor Robine crossing the ditch that bounded his property, and instantly seized his gun to carry his long-threatened menace into execution. In order to go to his field he had to pass the poor man's cottage door; Mistirgis caught sight of him in the distance armed with his fusil, and presently read that in his countenance which menaced either the impounding or the death of Robine. He saw him come along the path which led by the cottage, but knowing his object lay not with him but with the poor beast that so materially supported his family; he determined at the instant to hit upon some trick that would turn aside the gentleman's vengeance.

"Wife," said he, "put out the fire directly."

"He himself took off the boiling pot and placed it in the middle of the room, and then took up a whip and began to lash the pot with all his strength.

"Kergoustin soon came to the door, and looking in as he was passing along stopped, wonderfully surprised at the man's singular occupation.

"It is proper to inform you that the gentleman was no genius, but on the contrary, was vain, proud, foolish, and ignorant, as indeed were the greater number of country proprietors at that time; and we have already said that on the contrary Mistirgis was an adept in cunning.

"Ah! what in the name of fortune are you doing there goodman?" demanded Kergoustin in utter astonishment.

"Pardon me, monseigneur, but I am boiling my pot."

"Why thou art jesting with me?"

"I should never dare to do such a thing, monseigneur."

"What! do'st thou mean to tell me that by flogging that pot thou hast made it boil?"

"Ah! in truth do I, monseigneur, for we are poor and cannot afford to buy wood for the fire, and, alas! we have no forests, as the like of you have, to go and cut wood whenever we want it."

"Thou do'st not seek to make me believe this?"

"Why, sir, you may convince yourself," said Mistirgis taking off the pot lid.

"The incredulous gentleman put into it the ends of his fingers and burned them to the bone.

"Od, Zookers!" cried he, "this is passing strange, why henceforth I will employ all the whips in my stables to economize my wood."

"Oh, but monseigneur, my whip is not like any other whip, and if monseigneur has time to listen I will tell him how it first came into my possession."

"Tell me that," said Kergoustin, "I shall have plenty of time to go and kill thy cow afterwards."

"Kill my cow, monseigneur! why in what has she offended you?"

"Why, thou knowest well enough that she trespasses in my meadows, and eats my grass, which I cannot bear any longer."

"Oh! monseigneur, indeed my poor beast but receives alms from yours!"

"Proceed with thy tale."

"Monsieur de Kergoustin then sat down upon a stool, and Mistirgis began with these words—

"Night had just set in while the evening had been cold, and I had but that instant returned with a faggot of dead wood I had been gathering in the forest, and my good woman was busied in preparing the supper for our little family when we heard some one knock at our cottage door.

"Who is knocking at the door at such a late hour?" said my wife. 'Go and see Jean.'

"I dare not mother."

"Nor dare I," said Jeannette.

"What are you afraid of children?"

"The knocking was repeated a second time.

"What?" said I to the children, 'why don't you open the door when any one knocks without giving them the trouble to knock again? I then got up and called out lift up the latch, there is no lock to our door.'

"The door was then opened, and I saw a good old hermit standing upon the threshold, who instantly gave us his benediction, and then said—'Good people I am hungry, thirsty, and fatigued, in the name of *bon Dieu* I ask your hospitality.'

"Come in father," said I, 'our meal is homely, and our cottage is but a poor one, but you shall share them with us. Bacon and bread with a bundle of clean straw to sleep upon, these are all we have got to offer you.'

"I thank you my good people," replied the hermit, and will thankfully accept of them. He who has but little, and yet is willing to share it with another is truly generous. I find you are more liberal than the rich, for I have frequently knocked at the door of a handsome chateau and been refused admittance. I have asked only to join the domestics in the kitchen and eat with

them, and have been told that there was nothing for me. I have further asked permission to rest my wearied limbs in the stable amongst the cattle, and have been refused by being told that the cattle had no room to spare for me.

"I don't think," observed the goodman looking knowingly at M. de Kergoustin, "that that chateau could have been yours, monseigneur."

"Continue your narrative," said the gentleman.

"We then," added Mistirgis, "made room that the good hermit might come to the fire; he then supped with us and expressed his thanks, afterwards he went down upon his knees to prayer, and that being finished he laid himself down upon a bundle of straw I had carefully spread for him in a corner of the cottage."

"On the following morning at sunrise the hermit got up, shook his robe, and plucked the straws from his long beard. He then said to me—'Goodman thou hast doubtless much difficulty in getting wood for fire to cook thy victuals; here is a present for thee in return for thy hospitality.' Saying which he drew a whip from under his robe. 'This,' said he, 'will serve thee in the place of faggots, thou hast only to scourge thy dinner pot with this, and it will produce thee excellent soup.'

"Well, marry then, I, like yourself, monseigneur, was credulous, and would not believe it; yet I could not well think the venerable old man intended to make game of me, therefore I thanked him, and he took his leave, giving us his benediction. I was soon driven to prove the virtue of the present, for our wood failed us, so I put a morsel of bacon into the water in the pot and then began to scourge the pot first with one hand and then with the other. My wife and children took their turns in the employment, and the exercise served to warm us very comfortably. But what was our surprise to see our pot boil in not more than a quarter of an hour, and my wife taking the bacon and cabbage out of the pot we then helped ourselves to the pottage, which was excellent, just like this!"

"In fact the good wife of Mistirgis had while her husband was speaking been preparing the family repast, and the grateful fumes of the meal now smoking on the table were enough to provoke an appetite,

"The gentleman whose avarice was equalled only by his credulity was perfectly astonished at the story, and seeing in the possession of this scourge a great source of domestic economy, he proposed to buy it of Mistirgis. The latter made a thousand objections to the proposal, which only served to make Kergoustin more anxious to possess the miraculous scourge. After many debates as to the price Mistirgis at last accepted of an offer, protesting however that he parted from it only to oblige monseigneur, to whom he could refuse nothing. The scourge was valued at twenty-five louis, and the gentleman bore it away with him in exchange for the contents of his purse, and thought no more about shooting Mistirgis' cow.

"Now it so happened that Kergoustin had a large party to dinner that day; he hastened to his

chateau and instantly set about putting out the fires in all the stoves in the kitchen, begging of his astonished cook not to be in the least uneasy.

"Monsieur, but how will your dinner be cooked?"

"Put the meat into the pots and the *râgouts* into the saucepans, and at the proper time I will tell you what to do."

"The cook crossed her arms in despair upon his breast; the company arrived, the cloth was laid, and it only wanted a quarter of an hour to dinner when Monsieur Kergoustin went into the kitchen with his famous scourge in his hand, and directed his cook to set about scourging all the pots, stewpans, and saucepans. The cook thought her master had lost his senses; however, thinking she ought to obey him, she began with the whip, and, as may be easily supposed, she was tired before any thing began to get warm. She called a man servant to help her, and he presently called in the coachman, who was not long in demanding the assistance of the groom, who understanding the use of a whip plied it lustily, but without either making the pot boil or the roasting meat to get the least browned. M. Kergoustin now sent and ordered the dinner to be served, but was informed that nothing was ready. He was much displeased: 'How stupid you all are,' said he, 'none of you know how to use a whip.' He seized the scourge and began to use it with all his might and main; he soon got into a perspiration, and threw off his coat that he might continue his work more at ease.

"While all this was going on the company naturally became somewhat impatient, and Madam Kergoustin, who was now informed by the servants of what was going on, hastened to the kitchen and beheld the singular spectacle of a gentleman stripped to his shirt and surrounded by a whole *batterie de cuisine*, every article of which he was belabouring as a schoolmaster would a set of unruly scholars.

"In the name of Heaven," screamed Madam Kergoustin, "will you explain the reason of this singular kind of amusement?"

"It is no joke I can assure you, madam, for I saw goodman Mistirgis prove the virtue of this scourge, and was consequently induced to give him twenty-five louis for it: it was so effective on his dinner pot that when I put my finger ends into the pottage to prove its heat I got them burned cruelly."

"You have been the dupe of some mystification, and ought to have been aware of it, for every one knows Mistirgis to be unequalled in cunning; in short he has made a fool of you."

"By my faith, then," said the gentleman in a great passion, "he shall pay for it."

"He then seized his gun and ran out in a fury towards his meadow, where the poor cow having just crossed the boundry into his grounds he went up to her, levelled his piece at her head, and shot her dead at his feet.

"It would require the pen of Cervantes to describe the grief of Mistirgis; indeed his lamentations for poor Robine fully equalled those of the good Sancho for the loss of his ass. But as tears could do him no good he bethought himself it

would be wise to make the best of his misfortune ; for it must be known that the goodman was a philosopher. So he skinned and dressed his poor beast, salted the meat for winter provision, and then took the skin to sell at the nearest market town, which was several leagues off.

"Unfortunately for poor Mistirgis there was such a great number of hides brought to market that day that he could find no dealer or currier to purchase his hide, so he was obliged to take it back again. He returned therefore much fatigued and also sadly disappointed at not having brought back any money.

"Instead of stopping at an auberge as he had intended he determined to continue his journey through the night, and so set out to cross the country on his way home. He had already walked a good league by moonlight when the cold seized him. Now as he was a man to make use of whatever expedient presented itself he judged it would be preferable to starving were he to make use of his cow's skin by way of a cloak ; so he threw it over his shoulders, the head serving him for a hood, to see him pursuing his journey in this guise one would have taken him for the *varou* or the devil, whose bodily appearance upon earth is implicitly believed in Lower Brittany.

"Now it happened that there were others beside himself who had been to the fair that day, and had taken the same road at night. Those were no other than a band of robbers, who having followed their profession for a long time had thereby accumulated considerable riches. These robbers had, it seems, agreed to discontinue their depredations, and had chosen this same night to break up their association and divide their plunder. They were now seated beneath a large oak in the outskirts of a wood, and had spread all their treasure upon a white sheet, which they were busied in dividing equally among them in the most honourable manner, like honest thieves who were doubtless quite incapable of cheating each other.

We are not to suppose that rogues in general are the best informed persons, nor that these in particular were quite free from superstition. One of the robbers had just observed that he thought the devil had a just right to twist all their necks for having so long protected them from the gibbet. The devil ! the devil ! cried they to each other, why it is currently reported that he is frequently seen near this *dolmen*,* and perhaps we have not judged wisely in choosing this place for our meeting. He had no sooner said these words than he observed a singular figure approaching, walking on two legs, and having two large horns sticking out of his head. This was no other than Mistirgis, who was still shivering and mumbling in a low voice to himself, while his teeth chattered with cold, so that his appearance altogether produced a very suspicious effect.

The robbers seeing the figure come stalking straight towards them, and in such a place, and

such an untimely hour, they all jumped up in a fright, and thinking of nothing but their own safety, hastily crossed themselves and ran away as fast as they could in all directions into the thickest parts of the wood.

Mistirgis saw the men run away, and perceiving something white lying upon the ground, had the curiosity to stop and examine what it was ; but what was his surprise to find the bright moonlight reflected upon large heaps of gold ! At first he did not dare to touch it, fearing it might belong to evil spirits, or dwarfs, who guard hidden treasures and kill those who seek to take them away. But he noticed on reflection that they fled at his approach ; he inferred from this that they were afraid of him, so he could have no reason to be alarmed at them, in short he determined to profit by the good fortune which seemed thrown in his way. He gathered the four corners of the cloth together, and carefully tied up the contents without stopping to count them. The good man took up his singularly discovered treasure and found it heavy, yet he by no means found it too heavy for him to carry. In this way he continued his journey through the night, and day had just begun to dawn when he arrived at his cottage, greatly fatigued it is true, but well satisfied with his adventure. He now hid his money in the cellar, and passed all the day in thinking what he should do with it, but could not readily fix upon any plan, for two passionate desires had already taken possession of his breast, ambition and revenge.

He resolved to punish the hard-hearted gentleman who had killed his cow, and yet from that very act his fortune had been made ; but then the gentleman, his neighbour, had persecuted him in one way or another for several years past ; he had compelled him to pay an oppressive quit rent, forced him to perform, without remuneration (in right of his feudal claims), several unpleasant services, amongst others he compelled him to throw the water out of the moat that surrounded his chateau, to chase away the frogs which prevented him from sleeping. Mistirgis kept all these hardships in his memory.

As soon as night set in he went down into the cellar to count his money, and found it amount to four thousand louis ! He then called his wife and children down to consult with him as to the use he should make of the money.

Madam Mistirgis and Jean, with his sister Jeannette, were so extremely surprised at seeing the glittering treasure, that for a short time they almost lost the use of their faculties. However, they soon recovered themselves, and the good woman was the first to find her tongue, and said one of the first things he should do must be to buy her a handsome new petticoat, and a fine cloth cloak to go to mass in ; little Jean asked for a drum to be bought him at Ploërmel fair, while Jeannette begged for a pretty new doll.

The little good man, Mistirgis, promised all these things and many more. He reflected that if he gave signs of possessing much money to those of his own neighbourhood he should foolishly be exciting the jealousy of any enemy he might have, as well as his old companions. So he wisely judged to go to Ploërmel, and seek out a notary

* *Dolmen*, or *Dolmin*, signifies in the language of Brittany, a stone table. It is well known that several of those Druidical remains are to be seen in Brittany. See, on this subject, the curious dissertation of M. Jorand, in the *Mélanges d'archéologie*, published by M. Bettin in the year 1831.

there, to enquire if any desirable estate might be on sale. He went and found a notary, who told him he had just seen a young man whose uncle had recently died and left him a chateau and estate in the neighbourhood, but that the young man had another house, and therefore wished to dispose of his new acquisition. The bargain was made, and for the sum of two thousand louis the little good man, Mistirgis, found himself the proprietor of the estate and the chateau, and everything it contained; furniture, linen, cloths, carriages, horses, and in short everything he could want; he paid the money down and then hastened to fetch his wife and children to their new home.

I leave you to fancy the joy of the poor family, who thus found themselves suddenly enriched. Their very heads were turned as they looked upon everything about them with the most intense admiration. Mistirgis sent for a tailor and got a new suit from top to toe, of scarlet cloth laced at the seams, he bought a new periwig; his wife and children had been previously furnished with clothes according to the reigning fashion, and when everything was ready Mistirgis ordered his horses to the carriage, and told his coachman to drive to the chateau of M. de Kergoustin.

The latter gentleman was standing at his room window, inwardly rejoicing at the injury he had inflicted on Mistirgis. I have totally ruined him said he, for his cow was the support of his family, and by her he was enabled to sell cream, and cheeses also; by this time he has found out what it is to make game of a gentleman. Just as he had made this observation he saw a carriage enter the avenue leading up to the mansion.

"A visit! and a carriage! why I am expecting no one. Oh! there, quick, let me change my *robe de chambre*, give me my coat and my best wig;" and he ran to the saloon, where he found Madam Kergoustin already in waiting; for a visit from carriage company is rather a rare occurrence in Lower Brittany.

The carriage drew up at the entrance, and a little man, full dressed, was seen to step out of it, also a little woman about four feet high, and as broad as she was long; the little woman wore a head-dress and feathers almost as long as she was high, and two stunted children, who were almost lost in embroidered silk clothes, which bore some marks of dirty little hands, not yet accustomed to such kind of clothing.

The two folding doors of the saloon were thrown open, and Madam and Monsieur Kergoustin were stepping forward to receive the persons who were honouring them with a call; but they held back for a moment, quite overcome with surprise, when the servant announced Monsieur and Madam Mistirgis and their children.

The surprise of Kergoustin was only equalled by his indignation; he would have willingly beaten M. Mistirgis, but it is not usual to beat a man who alights from a carriage, and who wears a laced coat, as we might perhaps an ordinary person, dressed in a blouse; and the gentleman restrained by the apparent possession of fortune attached to his guest, received his visitors most graciously, yet with an evident curiosity to know how they had so suddenly acquired a fortune.

"Tis to you, Monsieur, that I owe my fortune," said Mistirgis, "and I come to thank you for killing my cow."

"Is it possible?"

"You thought doubtless of doing me a grievous injury, while in fact you have enriched me for life. I have already purchased a chateau and grounds, and with the remaining part of my fortune I purpose buying a patent of nobility."

"But how has all this happened?"

"Listen then," said Mistirgis, "for I bear no grudge against you, and I will tell you my history, by which you may, if you please, multiply your fortune a hundred fold."

"While I was weeping and deeply lamenting the loss of my poor Robine, which you killed so unmercifully, I heard some one knock at my door, when, who should it be but the good hermit that had formerly given me the miraculous scourge."

"Mistirgis," the good man said to me, "I gave thee the scourge for thy own use, in recompense for thy hospitality; it was fated to lose its virtue whenever it passed from thy hands to another." So you see, continued Mistirgis, it was not my fault if the whip I sold you turned out too dear. The hermit then added, "Thy cow is dead, and I come to tell thee how to make a fortune from her. At fifteen leagues distance from here is a town called Concarneau. One of its gates is magnificent, and is much frequented by dealers in different kinds of goods; a great deal of business is done; but of all the trades that are carried on there, the one which is the most flourishing at this time is that in skins. There are some purchasers there at this time from distant countries, where hides are so rare that the dealers in them purchase them at the rate of as many crowns as there are hairs growing upon the hide, only judge what thy cow's skin will fetch thee!"

"You may readily imagine that I lost no time in setting out for the place. I must however confess that I had some difficulty in giving full credit to what the hermit told me; but I thought as he had not deceived me in the first instance why should I doubt him now? In short, after two days journeying I arrived at Concarneau. I had no sooner reached the town-gate, described to me as being the place where the market is held, than I was surrounded by the foreign merchants, disputing with each other who should buy my cow's skin, by simultaneously offering me large prices for it; but I soon told them that I knew the regular market price, and would not sell it under the price of a crown for each hair growing on it."

"The difficulty that now presented itself was to count the hairs. I began to count, but presently found it would last me a most unreasonable time; so I considered of some expedient to estimate their number and save time. One of the merchants now proposed to spread the skin upon the ground and then cover it with *louis d'or*. I accepted his offer, although I may have been a loser by the plan, and we found my cow's skin worth four thousand Louis, which I gathered up and put into a bag. As I was making some remark on the readiness with which these people

parted with their gold I was told that they came from a country where gold grew as fast in the mines as diamonds did in Golconda, and is pretty much as plentiful as greens are here. I enquired if it was necessary to water the places much where they found the gold, and they told me that not long ago the ground had been amply saturated with blood.* I shuddered at the information and thought no motive whatever should ever induce me to have recourse to such a means of obtaining wealth, and then lost no time in making the best of my way home with a light heart as you may suppose.

Kergoustin in the utmost amazement listened to the recital. Jealousy of Mistirgis, aided by the lowest avarice, gave rise in his mind to the most extravagant of schemes. No sooner was the visit over, and Mistirgis with his family again seated in their carriage, than Kergoustin went down into the court-yard, and ordered his labourers instantly to kill all his beasts. In vain did his servants venture to protest against such an unheard of command, he only muttered in answer to their expostulations these words: "A crown for every hair." His eyes seemed to gloat upon his anticipated wealth, while he kept repeating, "a crown for every hair."

The servants soon found themselves compelled to obey their master, and thus every animal upon the property had its throat cut without mercy; horses, beasts, cows, calves, wethers, ewes, nay even the very lambs; and when his servants, appalled at the general massacre, begged for the life of any poor animal, he refused to listen to them, and only kept repeating, "a crown for every hair."

He got all the country carts together that he could find, and sent his men with the skins to the fair at Concarneau with positive orders not to abate a farthing of the price he fixed upon them.

The servants accustomed to do just what their master told them, set out, and after a two days journey arrived at Concarneau.

As soon as they got into the market-place they began to offer their skins by crying aloud—*Excellent skins to be sold at the rate of a crown for every hair upon them.* Some dealers presently came to ask the price of the hides and skins; and the servants demanded what their master had told him. "Tis a good joke," said the dealers, "but are you really in earnest?" The servants continued to demand the same price, and the merchants thinking it a trick played off upon them, were not long before they made use of their sticks, and gave the men a good beating, drove them away from the market, pursuing them for some time, and threw stones after them; so the men being fairly chased out of the town, escaped as fast as they could.

Kergoustin was unable to sleep or take any rest while his servants were absent, and could think of nothing but seeing his carts return loaded with gold; such was his anxiety that he had commanded his men to return travelling night and day. At length, being on the look out, he saw them some

distance off, and ran to meet them like one out of his wits, crying out, "Have you brought me the money back safe?"

"See, Monseigneur," said the men, "what sort of coin they paid us in, and they threw down before him the stones and pebbles which had been cast after them, and had fallen into the cart, when they were chased out of the town.

"Oh, you villains, you have robbed me!" exclaimed the gentleman in his fury.

"In truth we have not," said the spokesman of the party, "but that little rascal, Mistirgis, has though; for it is he who has again deceived you! How could you believe him after the first trick he put upon you?"

"Ah! I ought to have been aware of him," cried Kergoustin, now quite undone. "I am a ruined man! But the cheat shall pay for it. I killed his cow, and I will now shoot him."

He took up his gun and once more hastened in a passion to the cabin where the poor man had recently lived, but found it untenanted, and caught a glance of Mistirgis in the distance galloping along in his carriage with an air of triumph.

As he was about to return home, indignant at being disappointed of his meditated vengeance, he spied a little fairy standing by the cottage door, who thus accosted him:—

"Stay, Kergoustin, why dost thou complain? Mistirgis has indeed caused all thy stock to be killed, but thou didst the same to him. He had but one cow, which thou killedst because she sometimes browsed the superfluous grass which was left by thy numerous herds, and by so doing thou didst ruin the poor man. However, seek not to avenge on him the serious loss thou hast sustained for it can only be justly attributed to thine own rapacious avarice. Thou envied him his fortune, and thou hast been justly punished by the loss of that, an undue longing for which caused thee to sin—money."

The little fairy then disappeared, and Monsieur Kergoustin reflecting calmly upon all that had passed, soon convinced himself that the unhappy loss he had sustained was wholly attributable to himself; so he returned home somewhat lowered it must be confessed, but with a determination to be wiser for the future.

He now set about disposing of his skins in a more reasonable manner, and sold them to a tanner in the neighbourhood, who before had had but little business, and as little credit, but this bargain became the foundation of the man's fortune.

Now, to return to Mistirgis, is it to be supposed he was happy with all his riches?

No. He had not been brought up with a view of living in a chateau; the noblesse of the country looked down upon him because he was not of an ancient family, and he refused to associate with the peasantry because his position elevated him above them. He therefore chose to associate with none but a set of parasites who flattered his vanity by making him believe he was wondrous clever, and then deceived and plundered him in every way, so that they soon ruined him. Presently after which he died of grief as did his little wife also, his chateau was sold, and all his property disposed of, while his children were too happy in

* Mistirgis doubtless alluded to the barbarous conduct of the Spaniards in the New World.

having an opportunity of again inhabiting their former cottage.

On the day when they arrived to take up their residence in their early home, they found the same little fairy standing upon the threshold of their cottage, who thus addressed them :—

“Be wiser than your father was; he did not conduct himself justly and honestly towards the gentleman, Kergoustin; a desire to take revenge caused him to err, and even to have recourse to falsehoods; he made a bad use of the robbers’ wealth; his ambition led him astray from the path of virtue and finally caused his death. You were born peasants, continue in your own station; cultivate the earth, for she is the mother of all, and will ever sustain her industrious children.”

Jean and Jeannette followed the wise councils of the fairy. They exerted themselves in honest industry, were happy, were esteemed by their neighbours, and eventually married the son and the daughter of the tanner, who had gained a fortune through the purchase he had made of the Seigneur Kergoustin’s hides and skins. They soon entered upon a more extended scale of business, and at length gained great wealth. One evening when they were talking over their former vicissitudes and comparing them with their present competence, and relating to their children the history of their grandfather, the goodman Mistirgis, the little fairy suddenly appeared before them and said :—

“My children, you now find yourselves industrious, worthy, and rich tanners, instead of what you formerly were, lazy and poor nobles; so you see that it is by labour and economy that the cow’s skin of the goodman Mistirgis has at length produced something like a crown per hair.”

Our parent had ceased to speak for some minutes, while we continued to listen, with our mouths open, our eyes fixed, and our necks bent forward expecting the tale might not have been finished. There was no candle in the apartment, for in those unfortunate times the strictest possible economy was absolutely necessary, and we never burned a light when we were doing nothing but talking.

Suddenly the door of our room was opened and a ray of unexpected light broke full upon us. Each of us fancied he now saw the little fairy approaching, while my sister ran to hide her head in her mother’s lap, and my little brother came to clasp me for protection.

The intruder proved to be Fanchon, our domestic, who came to tell us supper was ready. A cup of milk furnished the repast, which was speedily disposed of, after which we hastened to our beds, where most certainly every one of us dreamed of the little goodman, Mistirgis. It is now fifty years ago this very day since this tale was told to us as I have now written it in its genuine simplicity. But I find it impossible to adequately describe the remembrances and impressions which rush forward from the stores of memory when I think of those times; of that peaceful evening spent in an atmosphere loaded with the pestilential effluvia of the most unheard of crimes, whose victims have indeed cried loudly from their untimely and bloody graves, but their

voices reach us of the present day, only in a subdued, but still in a warning, moan. Such were the simple words of a sage old man, whose head had been devoted to the block, and whose very heart bled daily for the bloody plague which overspread France; but still who could thus for a time strive to forget the present by describing what occurred in more peaceable times.

I believe this tale of Lower Brittany was never before committed to paper; I had intended merely to have taught it to my children, but my friends persuaded me to publish it for the amusement and instruction of all.

Amidst all the agitating emotions which arise from our present highly-wrought and sometimes startling literary productions, some readers perhaps will be inclined to amuse themselves with perusing this tradition, in the way recommended by Perrault, that is as a sort of interlude between the acts of some moving drama.

As to myself, whether I hear a tale, or see a comedy or a tragedy, I always like to find a grain or two of *morality* in it, and I venture to think that the little goodman, Mistirgis, will not be found destitute of its moral.

THE BROKEN STONE.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

I was passing through a village church-yard, where some labourers were removing the broken head-stones from the graves of the last resting-places of the poor, and applying them for the reparation of the paved pathway that led to the entrance of the Church. An aged person, in the costume of an almsman, was standing by, looking wistfully on, and as one of the workmen was about to remove a broken slab, which had once headed a grave, he said, with tears in his eyes, “Spare that, it marks my brothers’ grave: spare it until I rest there with them.” The request, however was made in vain.

Oh! remove not that stone, although broken it lies
On yon hillock now sunken by age;
It once bore a name that was dear to my eyes,
Though not written in Fortune’s bright page.

The lichen spreads o’er it a verdure as frail
As those hopes that once flourish’d, and fled
Like the skies’ gentle beauty when riseth the gale—
And they rest, ‘neath that stone, with the dead.

There were three of us once; my two brothers and I;
My parents sleep far, far away :—
I alone now remain, though I’ve oft pray’d to die,
Yet I never knew grief till to-day.

For as each Sabbath morning and evening I’ve pass’d
The spot of their latest repose,
I have felt though of mine I was lonely and last,
I was still left to watch over those

I had loved since the dawning of Reason began
To beam her bright rays o’er my mind,
Who’d companioned my childhood from infant to man,
And then left me to linger behind.

One fell by that slow wasting fever that seems
By its plague-spot that tinges the cheek—
By the eye, which in brightness and brilliancy beams
The fulness of health to bespeak,

While each life-string it mines, unsuspected by those
Who thus cherish the strong foe within ;—
O'er the other I saw the dark river-flood close
Ere he cried " Lord absolve me from sin !"

But though age-stricken now, and by poverty prest,
They still are most precious to me ;
And to see them disturb'd in the place of their rest
Is anguish ! 'T would be so to thee !

Oh ! remove not that stone, till the hillock again
Is unclos'd to lay me by their side ;
Then the three, re-united, shall peaceful remain,
Though no stone tell they lived and they died !

ELEGIAC STANZAS ;

BY J. BRUTON.

Oh ! would I were as thou art now
In Death's firm fetters bound ;
As dim my eye, as pale my brow,
My lips as void of sound !
Sweet Sister mine ! I will not weep
That thou art not with me ;
If tears should down my cold cheek creep,
'Tis that *I'm not with thee*.

With secret, yet with cunning care
Death stole upon his prey ;
As if he paus'd to harm, or bear
So much of worth away !
Heart ! heart be firm ! eye weep no more,
That I am not with thee :—
I send an angel on before
To win sweet peace for me !

THE PARENT'S LAMENT.

We look for thee !
With thy bright smile of gladness,
Thy sunny brow ;
Thy voice of glee,
Which charm'd away all sadness,
Is silent now ;
We look for thee in each familiar spot,
We call on thee, but oh ! thou answer'st not.

Upon the hill
No more thy bright locks waving,
Seem lines of light ;
The crystal rill,
Alas ! no more is laving
Thy feet, so white ;
No more thy laughter floats the gale along ;
Sweet as the warble of a wild-bird's song.

Thou swing'st no more
Upon the garden wicket,
Or orchard gate ;
Nor boundest o'er
The pathway through the thicket,
With heart elate ;
Thy couch is now unpress'd, thy nursery room
Is now the abode of solitude and gloom.

Child of our love !
If haply thou can'st hear us,
Yet once again,
From realms above,
Descend, descend, to cheer us,—
To soothe the pain
Which lyeth on our hearts so heavily,
And dry the tears we shed for loss of thee !
Chatham.

NEMO.

LITERATURE.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ELDERLY LADY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

1 vol.—Longman and Co.

This is a beautiful volume, both in reference to writing and pictorial embellishments—a meet companion for the "Elderly Gentleman," produced by the same graphic pen. The plot is well arranged—the Elderly Lady, (the Lady Arabella Walsingham) having the snow of seventy winters on her brow, looks through the vista of years on her past life, and discloses with a candour unusual to her sex, the loves and fancies of her romantic years. So faithful a record cannot fail to produce a good moral lesson. A glimpse of her at the opening of her confessions, is not less instructive than compassionate. How vain the relief she seeks from the sad vacuity of love or friendship around her—how poorly she revenges her own unhappiness by seeking to make every body near her uncomfortable ! It is a picture for age to profit by, and youth to improve.

"Did your ladyship speak ?" asked that much enduring woman, my *dame de compagnie*, one of the most uncompanionable of that class of persons denominated companions.

"Mrs. Vincent, ring the bell, if you please—there, that will do ; you always ring it as if you imagined the servants to be deaf."

"I beg your ladyship's pardon ; but if you will be pleased to recollect, you this morning, complained that I rang the bell so gently that the servants never heard the first pull."

"Pray don't ask me to be pleased to recollect ; I never am pleased to recollect such puerile fiddle faddle. Your memory is so tenacious, that you can quote every syllable I utter in the course of a week."

It will be perceived by the malicious reader, that in my petulance I was unconsciously comprising my own conversation within the epithet of fiddle faddle. But whether my unhappy companion was equally acute, I cannot determine ; for she was far too well disciplined to allow any indication of discovery to be perceptible.

"Why don't you ring the bell again ? you see no one has answered."

Enter John.

"And so John, here has Mrs. Vincent been ringing this last half hour. It really is too provoking that none of you will answer the bell."

"Very sorry, indeed, your ladyship ; but I only heard the bell once."

"There, you are convinced, Mrs. Vincent ; I always tell you that you do not ring sufficiently loud ; I wish you would remember this another time. Let me consider, what did I want ? What did I require, Mrs. Vincent ?"

"Indeed, madam, I do not know ; your ladyship did not inform me."

"There it is, you never remember what I want ; it really is enough to vex a saint."

"I'm sure madam, I am very sorry."

"So you always say, I hear nothing but 'I beg your pardon,' and 'I am very sorry,' all day long.—Place the easy chair with an extra pillow before my writing desk, wheel the desk close to the window,

and put a tabouret for my feet. There, that will do. See that the pens are good, the ink not too thick, and lay a quire of foolscap wove paper on the desk; not that abominable glazed paper which dazzles my eyes, I intend to write, Mrs. Vincent, yes, to write a good deal, unless it should fatigue me: so wipe my spectacles. You had better remain in the room to see that the fire does not go out. You can read, if you like it; but mind you do not make a noise in turning over the leaves; you know you have a trick of doing so. And remember, too, you do not make that disagreeable sound to which you are much addicted, a sort of clearing of the trachea which is extremely trying to my nerves. There again, Mrs. Vincent, have I not told you a thousand times not to give way to that offensive habit of sighing. I cannot bear it."

"I beg your ladyship's pardon, I am very sorry—" "Oh! dear—Oh! dear, I never can say a word to you, that you do not forthwith answer me with 'I beg your pardon, I am very sorry.'"

"Indeed, madam"—

"Don't say another word, spare my nerves; you know, or ought to know, that I detest explanations."

The sketch of Arabella's twin admirers is a surpassing specimen of satirical humour.

Among those whose pretensions to please least annoyed, though they totally failed to interest me, were Il Principe di Monte Rosso, and his *fides Achates*, Il Duca di Carditella. Both these nobles professed a chivalrous adoration for me, worthy the days of romance, and displayed it *a la Napolitain*. They sang duets beneath my balcony at night; their boat followed mine in the evenings over the moonlit sea; and the lava of Vesuvius, their native volcano, whose flames their own for me professed to emulate, was offered to me in every shape into which the ingenuity of art could torture it, to remind me of their *tendresse*. Such was their attention to my comfort, though that was a word as unknown to their southern ears as the reality was to their habits, that on one occasion, when Lady Walsingham observed that the butter provided by our major domo was of a very objectionable quality, Il Principe declared that the superintendent of his villa sold the best butter in all the neighbourhood of Naples; and recommended it so zealously that we knew not precisely which he wished most to serve, his farmer or myself. Il Duca di Carditella frequently assured us that the wine sold by the porter at his Palazzo, and made from the vines on his estate, was superior to all other, and even urged our servant to give it a trial. I figured to myself an English Duke puffing his own wine or butter to engage purchasers, and, above all, to the lady of his love; and could not resist smiling at the contrast between such conduct and the sonorous and ancient titles of the perpetrators. Whenever Il Principe sighed, and this was not seldom, Il Duca echoed: each compliment that one offered at the shrine of my beauty, and each profession of the profound sentiment which that beauty had excited, was repeated nearly verbatim by the other, without the least apparent embarrassment to either.

This modern Pylades, and Orestes always came and departed together; and their mutual harmony seemed in no way impeded by the passion they professed to entertain for the same object. There was something so singular in this brotherhood in love, that though it failed to interest, it succeeded in sometimes amusing me.

One day, when Il Principe was calling all the

saints in the calendar, even St. Januarius himself, to witness how perfectly he adored me, and Il Duca was strenuously emulating him in his vows, I enquired, with as serious a face as I could assume, how, in case I should, by any possibility (though I admitted not the probability of such an event) prefer one to the other, the rejected suitor could support the disappointment; or the accepted one be so selfish as to enjoy a boon of which his brother in love had been deprived.

"Let not such a reflection oppose a single obstacle to your decision, charming lady," exclaimed both, nearly in the same words, "for we have sworn that he who becomes your husband, shall select the other for your *cavalier servente*."

Exquisite throughout are its sketches of character and temper. Poor Lady Arabella herself is the slave of suspicion—that so frequent and sorry inheritance of high birth and fortune. *Millamant's* feminine principle, that "one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases, and then, if one pleases, one makes more"—is the reverse of that of Arabella, who, with every motive to an equally spirited confidence, can do nothing but suspect and doubt, and only trusts at the last where she should have doubted and suspected still. Her meeting in advanced life with the lover of her youth is one in strict accordance with nature and reality, and we regret we have not space to transcribe it into our own pages.

Even the decayed beauty, amidst all her miseries and suspicions, finds she has one last hope to cling to:—

As we approach the grave, our mother's breast, a second childhood is mercifully granted us; and we retain only the impressions which were stamped on the heart by the affections, while those of reason fade from the brain. Nature engraved the first; but experience formed the second. One is *felt*: the other has only been *thought*.

Mr. Parris's drawings are better than usual. The Miss Melville has much grace of outline and quiet sweetness of expression, and in the Lady Lucinda Fitz Eustace, (it should be Harcourt) a mixture of archness and sincerity is very happily conveyed.

MEMOIRS OF GRIMALDI, THE CLOWN.

EDITED BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ., (BOZ.)

2 Vols. Bentley.

The Memoirs of a Clown sound somewhat strange for the title of a book, nevertheless they have both a moral and amusement in them to add to the charm of novelty.

Grimaldi is a name famous in Italian chivalry and history; one, indeed, of the most illustrious in that country: but our author does not trace Joe either to Pope, Cardinal, Medici, Sforza, Guelph, or Ghibelline, but simply to his grandfather "Iron Legs," of dancing celebrity, who, in some exalted *entrechat*, almost knocked out the eyes of the Turkish ambassador at Paris, by kicking into it the glass drop of a chandelier; for which exploit, the Turk neither liking a glass eye nor a drop too much in

his own, Iron Legs had to make a lowly apology. His son came to England as dentist to Queen Charlotte, in 1760; but, having the family propensities, also, in his heels, he, too, took to pirouetting, and taught people to skip about in the regular way, as well as when he was pulling out their grinders. It is probable that, from the union of these professions, Joe inherited his graceful steps and power of face-making; for the sight of his father and his pupils and patients, must have furnished finished examples in both ways. Grim senior finally became ballet-master and primo-buffo at Drury Lane and Sadler's Wells; and, on the former stage produced his precocious *offspring*, at the age of one year eleven months, A.D. 1781, in the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe," wherein Joe performed the little Clown so well, that he was called upon immediately to sign articles on a salary of fifteen shillings per week!

It would be impossible for us to follow the Clown through all his motley changes in the Drama of Life, no less than the Drama of the Stage, as ably depicted by his biographer, with all those graphical touches of light and shade for which his pen is so worthily celebrated. We shall therefore content ourselves (and we hope our readers also) with a few extracts from these amusing volumes, which will, we think, whet their appetites for a perusal of the whole work.

Our first extract relates a very singular tale of Grimaldi's only brother, who had eloped and gone to sea, and returned in the following singular manner. Grimaldi was called from the stage one evening in November, and, on going down stairs, found two strangers.

"They were young men of gentlemanly appearance, and, upon hearing the words, 'Here's Mr. Grimaldi—who wants him?' one of them turned hastily round and warmly accosted him. He looked about his own age, and had evidently been accustomed to a much warmer climate than that of England. He wore the fashionable evening-dress of the day,—that is to say, a blue body-coat with gilt buttons, a white waistcoat, and tight pantaloons,—and carried in his hand a small gold-headed cane. "Joe, my lad!" exclaimed this person, holding out his hand in some agitation, "how goes it with you now, old fellow?" He was not a little surprised at this familiar address from a person whom he was not conscious of ever having seen in his life, and, after a moment's pause, replied that he really had not the pleasure of my acquaintance." "Not the pleasure of my acquaintance!" repeated the stranger, with a loud laugh, "Well, Joe, that seems funny, any how!" He appealed to his companion, who concurred in the opinion, and they both laughed heartily. This was all very funny to the strangers, but not at all so to Grimaldi, he had a vague idea that they were rather laughing at than with him, and, as much offended as surprised, was turning away, when the person who had spoken first said, in rather a tremulous voice, "Joe, don't you know me now?" He turned and gazed at him again. He had opened his shirt, and was pointing to a scar upon his breast, the sight of which at once assured him that it was no other than his brother who stood before him,—his only brother, who had disappeared under the circumstances narrated in an earlier part of these memoirs. They were naturally much affected by the meeting, especially the elder brother, who had been

summoned into the presence of the near relative whom they had given up for lost. They embraced again and again, and gave vent to their feelings in tears. "Come up stairs," said Grimaldi, as soon as the first surprise was over; "Mr. Wroughton is here—Mr. Wroughton, who was the means of your going to sea,—he'll be delighted to see you."

"The brothers were hurrying away, when the friend, whose presence they had quite forgotten in their emotion, said, "Well, John, then I'll wish you good night!" "Good night! good night!" said the other, shaking his hand; "I shall see you in the morning." "Yes," replied the friend; "at ten, mind!" "At ten, precisely: I shall not forget," answered John. The friend, to whom he had not introduced his brother in any way, departed; and they went upon the stage together, whether Grimaldi introduced his brother to Powell, Bannister, Wroughton, and many others in the green-room, who, attracted by the singularity of his return under such circumstances, had collected round them. Having his stage business to attend to, he had very little time for conversation; but, of course, he availed himself of every moment that he could spare off the stage; and, in answer to his inquiries, his brother assured him that his trip had been eminently successful. "At this moment," he said, slapping his breast-pocket, "I have six hundred pounds here." "Why John," said his brother, "it's very dangerous to carry so much money about with you." "Dangerous!" replied John, smiling; "we sailors know nothing about danger. But, my lad, even if all this were gone, I should not be penniless." And he gave a knowing wink, which induced his brother to believe that he had indeed "made a good trip of it." At this moment Grimaldi was again called upon the stage; and Mr. Wroughton, taking that opportunity of talking to his brother, made many kind inquiries of him relative to his success and the state of his finances. In reply to these questions, he made, in effect, the same statements as he had already communicated to Joseph, and exhibited, as evidence of the truth of his declarations, a coarse canvass bag, stuffed full of various coins, which he carefully replaced in his pocket again. As soon as the comedy was ended, Grimaldi joined him; and Mr. Wroughton, having congratulated his brother on his return, and the fortunate issue of his adventures, bade them good night; when Grimaldi took occasion to ask how long the sailor had been in town. He replied, two or three hours back; that he had merely tarried to get some dinner, and had come straight to the theatre. In answer to inquiries relative to what he intended doing, he said he had not bestowed a thought upon the matter, and that the only topic which had occupied his mind, was his anxiety to see his mother and brother. A long and affectionate conversation ensued, in the course of which it was proposed by Joseph, that, as his mother lived with himself and wife, and they had a larger house than they required, the brother should join them, and they should all live together. To this the brother most gladly and joyfully assented, and, adding that he must see his mother that night, or his anxiety would not suffer him to sleep, asked where she lived. Grimaldi gave him the address directly; but, as he did not play in the afterpiece, said, that he had done for the night, and that if he would wait while he changed his dress, he would go with him. His brother was, of course, glad to hear there was no necessity for them to separate, and Grimaldi hurried away to his dressing-room, leaving him on the stage. The agitation of his feelings, the suddenness of his brother's

return, the good fortune which had attended him in his absence, the gentility of his appearance, and his possession of so much money, all together confused him so, that he could scarcely use his hands. He stood still every now and then, quite lost in wonder; and then, suddenly recollecting that his brother was waiting, looked over the room again and again for articles of dress that were lying before him. At length, after having occupied a much longer time than usual in changing his dress, he was ready, and ran down to the stage. On his way he met Powell, who heartily congratulated him on the return of his relative, making about the thirtieth who had been kind enough to do so already. Grimaldi asked him more from nervousness than for information, if he had seen him lately. "Not a minute ago," was the reply; "he is waiting for you upon the stage." "I won't detain you, for he complains that you have been longer away now than you said you would be," Grimaldi hurried down stairs to the spot where he had left his brother. He was not there. "Who are you looking for, Joe?" inquired Bannister, as he saw him looking eagerly about. "For my brother," he answered; "I left him here a little while back." "Well, and I saw and spoke to him not a minute ago," said Bannister. "When he left me, he went in that direction" (pointing towards the passage that led to the stage-door) "I should think he had left the theatre." Grimaldi ran to the stage-door, and asked the porter if his brother had passed. The man said he had, not a minute back; he could not have got out of the street by that time. He ran out at the door, and then up and down the street several times, but saw nothing of him. Where could he be gone to? Possibly, finding him longer gone than he had anticipated, he might have stepped out to call upon one of his old friends close by, whom he had not seen for so many years, with the intention of returning to the theatre. This was not unlikely; for, in the immediate neighbourhood, there lived a Mr. Bowley, who had been his bosom friend when they were boys. The idea no sooner struck Grimaldi than he ran to the house, and knocked hastily at the door.

Here and elsewhere every attempt to find the lost sailor was vain; and a number of mysterious circumstances threw a stronger shade over this sudden disappearance. The missing man was never seen or heard of again. Suspicion, of course, attached to his companion, but no clue was left whereby to discover him.

* * *

In the July of this year, a very extraordinary circumstance occurred at Sadler's Wells, which was the great topic of conversation in the neighbourhood for some time afterwards. It happened thus:—

Captain George Harris, of the Royal Navy (who was related to the Mr. Harris of Covent Garden, and with whom Grimaldi was slightly acquainted) had recently returned to England after a long voyage. The crew being paid off, many of the men followed their commander up to London, and proceeded to enjoy themselves after the usual fashion of sailors. Sadler's Wells was at that time a famous place of resort with the blue-jackets: the gallery being sometimes almost solely occupied by seamen and their female companions. A large body of Captain Harris's men resorted hither one night, and amongst them a man who was deaf and dumb, and had been so for many years. This man was placed by his shipmates in the front row of the gallery.

Grimaldi was in great force that night, and although the audience were in one roar of laughter, nobody appeared to enjoy his fun and humour more than this poor fellow. His companions, good naturedly, took a great deal of notice of him, and one of them, who talked very well with his fingers, inquired how he liked the entertainments; to which the deaf-and-dumb man replied, through the same medium, and with various gestures of great delight, that he had never seen anything half so comical before.

As the scene progressed, Grimaldi's tricks and jokes became still more irresistible; and at length, after a violent peal of laughter and applause which quite shook the theatre, and in which the dumb man joined most heartily, he suddenly turned to his mate, who sat next him, and cried out with much glee, "What a d—d funny fellow!"

"Why, Jack," shouted the other man, starting back with great surprise, "can you speak?"

"Speak" returned the other; "ay, that I can, and hear too."

Upon this, the whole party of course gave three vehement cheers, and at the conclusion of the piece adjourned in a great procession to the "Sir Hugh Middleton," hard by, with the recovered man elevated on the shoulders of half a dozen friends in the centre. A crowd of people quickly assembled round the door, and great excitement and curiosity were occasioned as the intelligence ran from mouth to mouth, that a deaf-and-dumb man had come to speak and hear, all owing to the cleverness of Joey Grimaldi.

Among Grimaldi's friends he numbered Lord Byron, and of the Noble Poet his memoranda (with which we must conclude our extracts) has the following remark:—

Sometimes his lordship appeared lost in deep melancholy, and, when that was the case, really looked the picture of despair, for his face was highly capable of expressing profound grief; at other times he was very lively, chatting with great spirit and vivacity; and then occasionally he would be a complete fop, exhibiting his white hands and teeth with an almost ludicrous degree of affectation. But, whether "grave or gay, lively or severe," his bitter, biting sarcasm never was omitted nor forgotten. It never fell to Grimaldi's lot to hear any person say such severe things as Byron accustomed himself to utter, and they tended not a little to increase the awe with which, upon the first interview, he had been predisposed to regard him. As to Grimaldi himself, Byron invariably acted towards him with much condescension and good humour, frequently conversing with him for hours together; and when the business of the evening called him away, he would wait at the "wings" for him, and, as soon as he came off the stage, recommence the conversation where it had been broken off. Grimaldi rarely contradicted him, fearing to draw down upon himself the sarcasms which he constantly heard fulminated against others; and when they spoke on subjects with Byron's opinions upon which he was acquainted, he cautiously endeavoured to ascertain them before he ventured to give his own, fearing, as he felt so very warmly upon most questions, that he might chance to dissent from him upon one in which he took great interest. Before Lord Byron left England upon the expedition whence he was destined to return no more, he presented Grimaldi as a token, he said, of his regard, with a valuable silver snuff-box, around which was this inscription—"The gift of Lord Byron to Joseph Grimaldi."

MEN OF CHARACTER;

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

3 Vols. Colburn.

These are pictures drawn and coloured too from the life, by the graphic pencil of one of the most natural Dramatists of the day. We will give a short extract of one of the characters, and let our readers judge for themselves. Ladies! do not blush, though we introduce you to the "MAN WITHOUT A SHIRT."

"Are you up, Mr. Buff!" said a voice on the landing.

"Come in," said Adam, awakened by the querist.

The door opened, and a dry, yellowish matron, of some threescore entered the room. From her perfect self-possession, it was evident that she was landlady of the domain.

"Did you see the fire last night, Mr. Buff?" asked Mrs. Nox, the widow of a respectable baker.

"I heard the engines," replied the philosopher.

"The sky was like the last day," said the landlady.

"It was red," remarked Adam.

"Poor souls!" and Mrs. Nox stood at the foot of the bed, rubbing her hands, and looking piteously at the nose and cheeks of Buff, as they came out in ruby relief from a halo of blanket.

"Many burned?" asked Adam, with a slight cough.

"It isn't known yet—but such a loss of property! Two sugar-bakehouses, a distiller's, besides the house of a pawnbroker. Lost everything—for I do hear there was nothing insured," said Mrs. Nox.

"Very sad, indeed; but this is human life, Mrs. Nox," observed Adam, with commendable composure.

"It is, indeed, Mr. Buff," and the landlady sighed.

"Yes, this is life! We rise early, and go to bed late—we toil and we sweat—we scrape up and we lay by—we trick and we cheat—we use light weights and short measures."

"It's as true as the Bible," said the baker's widow.

"We harass our reason to the utmost to arrive at wealth—and then, when we think we have built our nest for life, when we have lined it with wool, and gilded the outside, and taxed our fancy for our best ease—why, what comes of it? Molly, the housemaid, drops a lighted candle-snuff among the shavings—a cat carries a live coal from under the fire among the linen—the watchman springs his rattle—and, after a considerable time, engines play upon our ruin.—Yes, Mrs. Nox, this is life; and as all of us who live must put up with life, grieving's a folly, Mrs. Nox." Thus spoke Adam.

"It's true—it's true, Mr. Buff—but yet to have a great deal, and to lose it all," said the landlady.

"We should always keep philosophy," said Adam Buff.

"A fire-escape!" asked Mrs. Nox doubtfully; and then, with sudden illumination—"Oh, I see—religion."

"The religion of the Heathens. For my part, I feel if the warehouses had been my own, I could have looked at the devouring element, without ever forgetting myself."

"You may call it devouring, Mr. Buff—nothing came amiss to it. Poor Mrs. Savon!"

"My laundress!" exclaimed Adam, his feet plunging spasmodically under the blanket.

"She lived at the back—all her linen destroyed," said Mrs. Nox.

"Her linen!" echoed Adam Buff, turning very white. "What all?—everything?"

"Every rag," replied Mrs. Nox, with peculiar emphasis.

Adam stretched his legs, and his jaw fell. Poor plaything of malevolent fortune. Adam was precisely in the strait of an author, whose original manuscript is accidentally given to the flames, no other copy being extant. Plainly, Mrs. Savon had Adam's shirt—and Adam had no other copy. Now Buff, to give him his due, could have philosophized all day on the destruction of the sugar houses; but the loss of his shirt went very near to his bosom. Adam lay despairing, when his good genius knocked at the door, then immediately opened it, and walked into the room; the landlady very civilly tripping down stairs.

"I believe, Sir," said the stranger, "you are Mr. Buff?"

"I am, Sir," said Adam, suppressing a shiver.

"I think it very fortunate that I find you as I do."—Adam looked a doubt.—"I was fearful that you might be dressed and from home."—Adam cleared his throat, and still made a cravat of the blanket.—"You perceive I have used no ceremony; it isn't my manner, Sir. To begin; you are quite without incumbrance, Mr. Buff?"

"Quite," answered Adam, with much decision, and was in his turn about to question his interrogator on the object of his visit, when he deferred in silence to the prosperous appearance of the stranger, who though apparently about sixty, was dressed with all the care of a beau. Twice was Adam about to speak, when his eye fell upon the white shirt-frill—ample as our great grandmother's fan—of his visitor, and a sense of his inferiority made him hold his peace.

"Mr. Buff, I have heard you are a philosopher!" Adam meekly inclined his eye-lids on the blanket. "Such a man I have some time sought; it matters not how I have discovered you—that, in good season, you shall know. It is my wish to place in your hands a most valuable, nay, a most sacred deposit." Adam instinctively opened both his palms. "That is, if I find you really a philosopher." Adam looked a Socrates. "This morning, if you please, we'll enter on the business."

"I will wait upon you, Sir, at —"

"No—no—no. I could not think of parting with you: when you are dressed we'll go together," said the visitor, and Adam's face looked suddenly frost-bitten. "But, bless me! do you rise without a fire, this weather?"

"Man, Sir," said Adam, "never so well asserts his dignity, as when he triumphs over the elements."

"Very true,—and pray, don't think me effeminate, but I always like my shirt aired," said the old gentleman.

"Mine, I hear, was aired last night," said Adam Buff, and the engines rattled through his brain—"though without my consent to the ceremony."

"Ha! a careful laundress," said the visitor, and Adam smiled a sickly smile. "The very man I wanted," thought the old gentleman; then, rising from his chair, to the keen delight of Adam, he walked to the door. "Real philosophy takes little time to dress, Mr. Buff—if you please, I'll wait below," and the speaker left the room, Buff smiling benignantly on his exit.

Adam leaped from his bed, and securing the latch of the door with a friendly wooden peg, proceeded to array himself with the speed of an actor, and the simplicity of a monk, who had never dreamt of flax

—the true order of sanctity, as the lives and habits of hooded saints will testify, rising not from fine linen, but rigid horse-hair.

The result of Adam becoming better off in the world is well and naturally detailed, and realizes the old proverb, which we believe to be a most true one—"set a beggar on horseback, &c."

Adam Buff had not been married six weeks, ere he had been held to bail for beating, with very little provocation, two watchmen and a coalheaver. He had discharged the favourite servant of his wife, for having accidentally sprinkled him with about a spoonful of clean water; and had ordered the Persian cat to be drowned, for that, in pure playfulness, it had struck its talons through his silk stocking, immediately stripped from the leg for the eye of the family doctor. And then what a life did he lead the laundress! "I have washed for many, many particular people," said the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, "but never—never in all my life, did I meet with a gentleman so particular in his shirts as Mr. Buff."

THE RIVER AND THE DESERT.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Two vols.—Colburn.

These are exceedingly pleasing volumes, but cannot compete either in interest or graphic delineation with their predecessors, "The City of the Sultan." Nothing that emanates from the pen of Miss Pardoe, can be dry or uninteresting, but on the whole the volumes before us are more common place in detail than we have been accustomed to peruse from the same source. We think they should have been published first, and the City of the Sultan reserved for a bon bouche; as 'tis like setting plain viands after a rich repast, before a satiated gourmand. The voyage from London to Calais is too well known to have needed further description by such a traveller as Miss Pardoe; 'tis as common as the cockney's trip to Gravesend or the Nore, and totally unworthy of her pen. We shall present our fair readers with an extract, which is rather an episode or digression, than as having any reference to the journey itself; it is sketched with all that spirit of poetry with which even the prose writing of the fair authoress abounds.

How much dearer is Memory than Hope! The spells of Memory are all set; and if perchance a shade did creep across the sky while the work of magic was weaving out its bliss, we remember only the sunshine which succeeded it.

But the task of Hope is yet to be wrought. The promise is bright; but, alas! for human life—how many a goodly promise, built up, as it had seemed, of the living rock, has, on the first touch of the tempest, crumbled into ashes as bitter as those which cumber the shores of the Dead Sea!

Memory is a storehouse, garnered with costly and with countless treasures; but Hope is a "painted sepulchre," where all is void. Memory is our companion in the night watches—it is with us on our sick-bed—it is beside us in our sorrow. If our day of life darken upon us, it is the one star shining amid the gloom, to cheer and to console. Memory dwells with us soberly; it excites not the pulses, it fevers not the brow, it deludes not the imagination;

but Hope is the creature of sunshine and of noon-day; in the hour of sickness and of sorrow, Despair claims his share in her watch; and should he fail in pushing her from her stool, leaves his less stern coadjutor, Despondency, to contend our spirit with her inch by inch; nor has she often power to chase him thence.

Hope plays the wanton with us, and beckons us to the indulgence of a thousand fantastic follies; and often, too often, when we believe that the wished for goal is won, we find ourselves wearied and panting before the lowered portcullis of Disappointment; with Reason standing beside us, and smiling scorn upon our efforts.

Let us take Hope as a holiday companion, but let us cherish Memory as a bosom guest; it is the friend of all seasons, and of all fortunes.

This blessed boon, at least, man bears forth with him into the world—it travels hand in hand with him; while Hope moves a few paces before, painting the bleak features of existence with the transient tints of imagination, and making the very cheat a charm!

And if Memory be indeed so great a blessing, he who rends away the threads which have for years been weaving the web of which it is composed, may well approach the task with a trembling heart; for the hand must be steady that forces them aside; that no rent, commenced in coldness, and widened in despair, may blight the texture of spent life, when from amid the wear and tear of the world, he from afar looks back upon the past.

To women the task of partial self-reliance is necessarily tenfold more difficult and painful; they are, both naturally and socially, more dependent than men; they are watched from the cradle with a jealous as well as a loving eye—they are delicately organized—they are walled round within the charmed circle of domestic guardianship—they are habituated to obedience and self-distrust—they are tutored in concession. And yet, when circumstance demands it of her, and puts forth its claim upon her energies; and the pleasant paths of home are quitted for the broader and the ruder highways of the world; woman also, the softly nurtured, and the delicately bred, who has been hitherto shielded from the rude blasts and scorching suns of life,—she too can emancipate herself from the thralldom of customary indulgences, and take her place in the world's throng, timidly, perhaps, but efficiently.

There is a beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support is graceful and touching—timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough, for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact; and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach.

Man may at once determine his position, and assert his place; woman has hers to seek,—and, alas! I fear me, that however she may appear to turn a calm brow and a quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs and that lip quivers to the last; until, like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to the tranquil home, where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest.

The dependence of woman in the common affairs of life is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than of necessity; we have many and brilliant proofs that, where need is, she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of

her solitary spirit, the outgoings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not, the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom; and she moves on amid the heat and the hurry of existence with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home affection.

The account of the cholera at Marseilles in July, 1835, is highly interesting, but we have not space for another extract.

THE BOOK OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY; OR TOILETTE OF RANK AND FASHION.

Joseph Thomas, Finch Lane.

After a careful perusal of this little volume, we profess ourselves unable to discover, whether it is intended as a quiz upon cosmetics and patent medicines, or is intended to be regarded in "sober downright real earnest," and its receipts used accordingly.

Of one thing, however, we can entertain no doubt, viz., that if the Book of Health gets into the hands of some silly Miss, who wishes to improve her personal appearance, it may cause as much mischief as the Boy's own Book has to many silly schoolboys, who have literally "burnt their fingers" in trying its experiments. In this Age of Reason, when the follies of Quackery are exposed, what can we say of a work whose pages contain such a receipt as the following? A century ago our great grandmamas, who dealt in "spells and charms," would even have blushed at such folly: A secret to efface wrinkles, p. 73.

Throw on a red hot iron shovel some powdered myrrh, and receive the smoke on the face, covering the head with a handkerchief to prevent the fumes from being dissipated. Let the operation be repeated three times; then heat the shovel again, pour on it a mouthful of white wine, and hold your face over the smoke arising from it, also three times continue this practice night and morning as long as you see occasion."

We strongly recommend some of our faded Belles and "Elderly Ladies" of fashion to try the above, and doubt not it would prove infallible, not only to dispel the wrinkles but destroy the whole face with them!

The author of the volume seems to have ransacked all his great maiden aunts' stores for recipes and information, and appears to entertain a particular aversion to wrinkles, as there are no less than three preventatives given for this natural attendant on age! Perhaps he will take out a patent in this age of invention for that fabled mill of which we have heard in our nursery—for grinding old women young! We are sorry to be severe or ironical, but really we are ashamed of such ignorance at this time of day!

THE CHILD'S FAIRY LIBRARY.

Vol. 1, 2, 3. Joseph Thomas, 1, Finch Lane.
Tegg and Son, Cheapside.

It is always a far more pleasing task in our

character of critic to praise than blame, and we can conscientiously do so to the little volumes before us. Such a collection has long been wanting to the nursery and school-room, for amid the many beautiful and moral books that are published for children, we see no reason why the fabulous should be excluded. The work under our consideration will not only delight the present rising generation, but recal to those of maturer years many happy associations connected with those bygone days when they perused, though in a more humble form, the histories of giants and dwarfs, fairies and witches, which the fancy of childhood loves to revel in.

The Fairy Library is beautifully printed, and got up with illustrative cuts, which renders the tales far more interesting to the young reader; by bringing before his corporeal vision, all that he sees in his "mind's eye!" The extreme cheapness of the work is also a great recommendation. It is published every alternate month, and will we believe be completed in six volumes, which may be bound up in one or two. The best of our established fairy tales are selected, and everything carefully excluded that is unsuited for juvenile readers! We recommend the volumes strongly to the patronage of all parents and guardians of youth, as calculated to afford a store of amusement without the slightest tendency to do harm.

THE LADY OF LYONS, OR LOVE AND PRIDE;

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

Saunders and Otley.

Mr. Bulwer, in his preface to this dramatic offspring, acknowledges he is partly indebted for the plot to an "indistinct recollection of a very pretty little tale, called *Perouse*, or the *Bellows-mender*." Now, we recollect reading a novel some years back, entitled "*THE TUILLERIES*," which then struck us as furnishing great scope for a skilful dramatist; the main incidents of the story turned on a young French recruit forcing a lady of rank to become his wife at the sacking of a town, in order to have a legal claim to become her protector from the licentiousness of a brutal soldiery. Having effected his object, and placed the lady in safety, he leaves her, determined never to claim her as a wife, unless he could offer her rank and fortune adequate to her own. After a lapse of years, (seven we think), during which the lady hears nothing of her nominal husband, but much of a brave officer, who woos and wins glory at every step, and who she falls in love with in idea; he returns—the veritable hero of all her dreams—covered with laurels, to claim her as his wife—though he does not discover himself till he has put the faith of the lady to many trials. This story is more like the *Lady of Lyons* than the *Bellows-mender*. The language of Mr. Bulwer's drama is in some parts exceedingly beautiful; but we do not like it on the whole, in reading, so well as the *Duchess de la Valliere*; it wants the relief of an underplot, though probably on the stage this would be no defect. The political objections that have been made to this play by some over-fastidious critics, are contemptible in the extreme, and the

author in his preface has justly defended, and at once exonerated himself from a charge so ridiculous and unfounded.

THE GODS OF HOMER AND VIRGIL;
A MYTHOLOGY FOR CHILDREN.

Joseph Thomas, Finch Lane.

Another very useful and interesting work for juvenile readers, of which we have before given a review. We can now only reiterate our praises, and recommend it to our youthful friends.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON PLACE
BOOK.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE ESQ.

If there is one thing on earth more repugnant to the feelings of a well cultivated mind than another, it is being compelled by circumstances to associate for a time with vulgar persons. I do not mean by the vulgar persons who have not had the benefit of some education, but those very slightly read people, who fancy they are more learned than their neighbours; think themselves qualified to judge of the merits and demerits of every body around them, and believe that their judgement is infallible on every point. We always find such characters envious of those who are superior to them in birth or connections, and ready to slander all whom they cannot reduce to their own level in society. Thus a vulgar man, living, as he terms it "*genteely*," will aver that he would scorn to have any acquaintance with the aristocracy, while a female of the same stamp will swell herself up, like the frog in the fable, and assert that for her part she would much rather *condescend* to associate with the wife of her next-door neighbour, the tailor, than visit any fine lady whose reputation has been made free with by the *Satirist*, which is the creed of many who have no pretensions to mix in civilized society. I have always remarked that such people are great play-goers, but they invariably make choice of a tragedy: Jane Shore and George Barnwell are among their especial favourites; Music and the Opera they abominate, and the *Ballet* shocks their delicacy beyond the power of description; but they can be in ecstasies if they hear the "*Coal Black Rose*" or "*Jim Crow*," sung to the delightful accompaniment of a cracked violin—and the young ladies who perambulate the streets on stilts are objects of their deepest admiration. Such persons also always talk very loud, are always in a bustle, think it impossible to *exist* on four hundred pounds a year, talk to their servants, and of their servants, and whenever you quit their society your character is at their mercy. Persons of this class are also very plausible, have generally staring black eyes, and a smirking look, which, coupled with a motion of the head very similar to that of a plumed horse, they mistake for dignity of manner.

There is another class of these persons, the *great vulgar*, as they are not wrongly termed; people who in consequence of their wealth are forced into society on the shoulders of the worshippers of Mammon. These soon grow very fine, and contrive to interweave the name of my Lord *this*, or my Lady *that* into almost every sentence they utter. They are always ready to make a *Ko Tou* to rank—character with them is of a secondary consideration—a carriage is of more consequence than a conscience, and they are all glitter, like gilt ginger-bread at a fair. I have an awful dread of this class—Banquo's glass seems to be

placed before me, and I see a moving panorama of strings of wax-lights, India pickles, Bologna Sausages, Long-cloths, and tailor's measures pass over its mirrored surface. Oh! that some medicine could be given to remove these dregs from proper society! But gold is in this country like Elijah's mantle.

The Orleans family have always shown great respect to genius. During his residence in France Mr. Moore, (the poet), was frequently admitted into their domestic circle. The Duchess would frequently place a chair for him herself, and listen to his pleasing warbling of his own melodies with unaffected delight.

Moore has a little vanity, but who would not pardon such a trifling failing in so delightful a writer? One morning, accompanied by a friend, he called on Power, the music seller, and was proceeding to the drawing-room, when his progress was arrested by hearing one of his own favourite airs played and sung by some person in a very mediocre manner. "Ah!" exclaimed Moore, turning towards his friend, "*that vision is lost to me for ever.*"

NO HARM IN A KISS.

What's in a kiss. Do not moralists say
'Tis the pure pledge of friendship to man?
The breeze kisses the flower every hour in the day,
And Night follows as Day has done,
So there can be no harm in a kiss!

What's in a kiss? The clouds oft kiss the earth,
As you read in the poems you buy:
And the waves kiss'd the land at the hour of their birth,
And the winds kiss the clouds as they fly,
So there can be no harm in a kiss!

What's in a kiss? The wine kisses the lip
Ere the o'erflowing goblet is drained;
The bees kiss the rose ere its juices they sip,
Yet the roses have never complained,
So there can be no harm in a kiss!

There are few persons who would not blush at making such a mistake with respect to persons and books, as that which was made by Madame Talleyrand, who confounded the celebrated Denon with a traveller with whose adventures we have all been acquainted with almost from the period of our first being able to read. Talleyrand it is well known was always a person ready to worship any golden image that might be set up; and as the Baron Denon was rising in the political thermometer of Napoleon's Court, he not only thought it necessary to invite him to a large dinner party, but also requested Madame to look over his travels that she might be enabled to minister to his vanity by throwing in a few compliments, by way of a wet to his appetite. The travels of Denon, in company with many others, all coated in the same livery, occupied a prominent station on the shelves in Talleyrand's library, and, as Madame was not very erudite, she was not very particular as to which she took down for perusal. Unfortunately the next literary neighbour to Denon was a French translation of Robinson Crusoe, and anxious to perform the part which had been allotted to her, she sat down to read it. The time at length came when Madame was to display her erudition, and Denon being placed next her at table she soon began to annoy him and amuse the company by her great civilities. "What difficulties you had to encounter

M. Denon, and in a horrible desert Island too—Mon Dieu! what a treasure you found in your Man Friday?" Denon looked excessively amazed, and Prince Talleyrand excessively foolish. There was a suppressed smile on every countenance, but Madame proud of her reading was not to be deterred from exposing her ignorance, till at length Denon began to conceive that he was decidedly insulted, and rose from the table, while Madame looked at her husband with a very significant glance, as much as to say have I not acted my part well? Talleyrand was not on a bed of roses, and finding that if he did not conciliate the Baron he might make an enemy at Court, now found it necessary to explain that Madame had by mistake read Robinson Crusoe's travels instead of those of Denon, and was actually compelled to join in the laugh against his better half, in which every one present, not excepting Denon himself, freely indulged.

A few years since, I recollect being most terribly pained by an egregious mistake, made by a young lady, who had been educated at one of the Metropolitan Boarding Schools. She had been sent home from thence *finished according to custom*, but palpably deficient in every branch of education. The conversation turned on the Arts, and soon settled on one subject—the production of a young painter who had just been sent to Italy to pursue his pictorial studies. To shew that she was perfectly *au fait* on the subject, for she had *seen* the picture at the Somerset House Exhibition, she ventured not only to give her opinion of the execution of the picture, but also described it as being a Scripture piece—something about Venus and Vulcan. This I adduce as one simple instance of the careless and frivolous style of modern education; I could bring forward many more similar instances—from the rich retired West Indian Planter, who complained that in consequence of the *elasticity* of the air, he found it quite impossible to move his limbs, to the lady who made a long apology to a party for taking off her gloves when her hands became warmer than she considered conducive to her own comfort—but, perhaps, in each instance had the mind been properly cultivated by a judicious method of even humble education, the mistake of the one, and the extra gentility of the other, would have been softened down to a degree of quietude more pleasing though far less imposing.

The name of Mrs. Hofland has been familiar to us, even from our childhood. We have read with pleasure and instruction her numerous juvenile publications, and the following anecdote will prove that she practices what she preaches:—

A young woman called upon her one afternoon at her residence in Newman Street, and having been introduced by her servant, curtsied very low, and said she had heard she was an author. Mrs. Hofland assured her she had not been misinformed, and with that amiable kindness which has always distinguished her, requested to know the reason of her question, and the cause of her visit. The poor girl burst into a flood of tears—they were honest tears, and came from the heart. She had lost a sister—a beloved and only sister—the companion of her childhood—the friend of her growing years; and she had journeyed from some remote village in the country to the metropolis, with a little trifling sum of money in her pocket to pay some writer of eminence for composing a few lines, which she was desirous of having graven on the humble tomb of her departed sister. To such an appeal who could be deaf—not Mrs. Hofland!—

She has a heart *open as day to melting charity*, and the lines which the purest and tenderest affection had requested, were freely written, and as kindly given to the tender-hearted girl, and form at this moment the record of virtuous affection to the memory of honest worth.

Miss Edgeworth somewhere speaks of a *pattern-husband*. I have heard of one or two, but I think the Marquis of L—, comes nearest to the original. To be sure he has not been overgifted by Nature, yet he is not only the domestic attendant of her ladyship, but her very lacquey. She is generally too languid to walk up stairs, though she can dance a full hour by the clock, when she has made the ascent, and is therefore always carried up by two footmen, while her gentle spouse is in attendance to see that they do not make a false step, and let their precious burthen fall.

Lord John Russell was known as a single man by the *soubriquet* of the Solicitor General, and the following little *jeu d'esprit* was circulated at the time of his marriage with Lady Ribblesdale:

Ye who have fed on hopes your weeds put on,
And hope abandon with your little John!
Maids, who refused him, live ye now at ease,
He's lost the power to plague ye, or to please;
Widows, your time of loving torment's past,
He's ta'en a brief, and gain'd his cause at last.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

SURREY THEATRE.

The spirited manager of this theatre, Mr. Davidge, who is always indefatigable in procuring novelties for his crowded audiences, has attracted by the magnetic power of gold, the stars from the western side the Thames to enlighten the Surrey hemisphere, on the evenings of Wednesday and Friday during Lent. In common parlance the Adelphi company have been performing some of their most popular pieces here, and to the excellent acting of Mr. and Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Nisbett, have been added the wonderful performances of Signior Hervio Nano, the inimitable representative of the Fly and the Monkey. Doubtless most of our readers have, ere this, witnessed these eccentric evolutions, which, however, to those persons possessing weak nerves, are far more wonderful than pleasing. The house, which is always crammed, has of late been literally overflowing, and we trust Mr. Davidge will reap the due reward of his public spirited liberality!

MR. LOVE, THE POLYPHONIST.

Mr. Love has been giving his usual entertaining lecture, both at the Argyle Rooms and the City of London Tavern, during Lent. We have so frequently eulogized it, that we have nothing left to say on the subject, save that he has had full audiences every night of his performance, especially in the City.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

This talented artiste has added several new figures to her unrivalled collection. One *moving* likeness of Cobbett is excellent—seated on a sofa

observing a group of military figures, an old country looking gentleman seems to be a very attentive spectator! he nods his head as in approval of all he sees—glances his eyes round the room, and occasionally raises his arm, but if any of our fair readers should happen to be seated on the same ottoman, and address a question to their venerable neighbour, they must not think him wanting in politeness if he should “turn a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer,” they may jog his elbow or give his arm a sly pinch—he will not complain or resist it! Such and so life-like is the figure of Cobbett.

SAINT DAVID'S DAY.

On the first of March the Festival for the benefit of the Welsh Charity School took place, according to annual custom, at the Freemason's Tavern, when a fuller attendance of nobility and subscribers were seen in the Hall than has almost ever been known of late years. The Chair was filled by the Hon. R. H. Clive, M.P., the President of the day, and the subscriptions amounted to upwards of twelve hundred and fifty pounds. Her Majesty sent the usual Royal donation of one hundred guineas, and signified her gracious assent to becoming Patroness of the Institution. The donation of the noble Chairman was likewise munificent, being of the same amount!

Many loyal toasts were given, speeches made, and songs sung, but the most interesting part of the ceremonies of the evening was the exhibition of the CHILDREN, who in the full enjoyment of health and comfort, with “smiling rosy faces,” walked twice round the room, and afterwards sung the following Ode, written expressly for them by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, very sweetly, and with good accent and expression, to the popular Welsh Air of *Cader Idris*, better known to English ears as *Jenny Jones*:—

The last time our lips breath'd our kind Patrons' praises,
Among them was number'd our late gracious King;
But now, while we mourn for a Father departed,
A fair Star has risen, new blessings to bring!
VICTORIA! Our Sov'reign, who rules and reigns o'er us,
And wears towards Distress gentle Charity's mien;
For her our young Hearts swell in one grateful Chorus,
And thousands will join us; Long life to the Queen!
She has been to the land of the flood and the mountain,
That honour from CAMBRIA will ne'er pass away;
And many a year, is her bounty recorded
In aiding your efforts on SAINT DAVID'S DAY!
While the Great and the Good stand like bulwarks before us,
To shield us from error—from want to defend;
A Prayer from our hearts bursts in one grateful Chorus,
For them—and VICTORIA our Patron and Friend!

We did not think the musical arrangements of the evening were so numerous or so good as on former occasions; with the exception of the Na-

tional Anthem, ably led by Mr. Parry, and a ballad, “Adieu to dear Cambria,” sang by Mr. Parry, Jun., with touching sweetness, and rapturously encored, there was nothing worth particularizing. The song, “Strike the Harp,” from the Welsh Melodies, which with a chorus is generally very effective, was completely murdered by Mr. Collyer; who, to add to being out of voice, neither knew a note of the air or a word of the poetry. Master Richards played a short solo on the piano-forte, but did not display that progressive improvement we had from former efforts been led to anticipate; perhaps he had not sufficient time allowed him to draw forth much brilliancy of execution, as the piece in playing only occupied the space of five minutes. On the whole, however, the entertainment gave much satisfaction, not only to the guests who partook of Mr. Cuff's excellent dinner, but to the lady spectators in the galleries, who were contented with the (less substantial) “*feast of reason*,” though perhaps they would have felt more “*flow of soul*” had they been allowed to participate in the good cheer they looked down upon!

LECTURE ON ASTRONOMY—EXETER HALL.

We have not passed two hours for a long time more agreeably than we did a short period since, at the Lecture given by Mr. James Howell, at the above room. His Orrery, which is quite new, is one of the best we have ever seen, and the stage on which it is displayed being of much more contracted dimensions than the one at the Opera House, affords the spectator a far better and nearer view of the different transparencies exhibited. Mr. Howell delivers his lecture with much judiciousness, and without any display or affectation of eloquence, makes himself clearly understood by his juvenile auditors. The quotations from the standard poets, with which he at times relieves the Lecture, are well and appropriately chosen, and the whole calculated both to please and improve not only the minds of the rising generation, but “children of a larger growth.”

Between the parts of the Lecture, which is divided into three, the Euterpion is played behind the scenes; and on the evening we were present, a number of beautiful old airs were selected by the performer, which met with deserved applause. These kind of entertainments, combining amusement with instruction, ought to be more liberally patronized than, we fear, in general they are; surely parents need not grudge the trifle of two shillings for their children to witness the splendid and sublime sight an Orrery displays, when they gladly lavish twice that sum to shew them a human being representing a fly, or a man degrading himself by the contortions of jumping “Jim Crow!”

We went one evening to the Haymarket, to hear Mr. Adams's Lecture, but when we arrived at the door found the Stars were put out, and that the “Moon hid her light” till further notice! This does not look much like patronage of the “Heavenly bodies!”

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—LECTURE
ON ASTRONOMY.

On a subsequent evening we paid a more successful visit to Mr. C. H. Adams, and found him "at Home." His transparent apparatus, for the purpose of illustrating his lecture, is indeed magnificent and extensive beyond all we have before seen; the Zodiac being 112 feet in circumference. We were particularly struck by the clearness with which the lecturer explained the phenomena of the tides, by a mechanical transparent apparatus of novel construction; it represents the Earth and Moon, with the water following the latter planet as she revolves round the Earth: the alternate rising and depression of the tide is very cleverly managed, and renders the explanation perfectly intelligible to the audience. The theory of Eclipses was also ably treated, and the whole Lecture concluded by the exhibition of a splendid vertical Orrery, on which every planet is represented performing its proper evolutions. The lecturer alluded to an inaccuracy in the writings of Mr. Keith, which has also crept into the writings of many other of our modern astronomers, and proved by explanatory figures on what he grounded his objection. The whole lecture of Mr. Adams is both entertaining and highly instructive, and such as all young persons should attend.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS—SUF-
FOLK-STREET.

We were present at the private view of this interesting collection of paintings, which we must pronounce to be one of the best that has been exhibited at these rooms for several seasons. The crowd of fashionable visitors was so great that we were unable to do justice, or look at half the pictures in the catalogue. There are two or three of her Majesty, but none we think particularly happy. Of likenesses, those of Miss Murray, Mrs. Nisbett, and Mr. John Parry, jun., struck us most forcibly; while, of fancy pieces there are so many full of excellence, that we shall perhaps be tempted to recur to them in a more lengthy notice next month. The only thing we did not like was a painting representing the "Death-bed of Lady Macbeth." How the ideas of any artist could be so full of horrors, and at the same time so uncharitable, we know not. We would say to him in the language of the Bard he seems so much to have misunderstood, "forbear to judge, for we are sinners all!"

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MISS ——— TO A GENTLEMAN
OF THE NAME OF GEE.

Sure, madam, by your choice your taste we see,
What's good, or great, or grand, without a G.?
A *godly glow* must sure on G. depend,
Or *oddly low* our righteous thoughts must end;
The want of G all gratitude effaces,
And without G, the *Graces* would run *paces*.
If youthful Lawyers take another's *gown*,
Lose but the G, it then becomes their *own*;
The *glow-worm* that at Summer's eve we see,
Is a poor *low worm* if deprived of G;
And those wet souls who tinkle frequent *gills*,
Miss but the G, they swallow nought but *ills*.

FINE ARTS.

FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT OF THE
QUEEN.

DRAWN ON STONE BY J. W. GEAR.

Ackermann. Regent-street.

This is certainly the best, indeed the only correct likeness of her Majesty we have seen, and the resemblance to the Royal family in general, did we not know the Queen's features, would be sufficient voucher for its faithfulness. The correctness too, of the costume is well worthy of remark, as even to the pattern of the lace it is a fac-simile to that worn on the imperial robes. The idea of the Rose, Thistle and Shamrock being introduced, enwoven on the carpet at the foot of the Throne, is in the highest degree, tasteful and appropriate. Indeed, the whole bringing out of the picture both in design and execution, reflects the greatest credit on the artist, and will we trust meet with that liberal encouragement from the Public, of which it is so deserving. The price is almost too low for the engraving, but we conclude Mr. Gear was willing to place his excellent Portrait within the reach of almost all classes of Her Majesty's subjects.

THE LAND OF BURNS;

A SERIES OF LANDSCAPES RENDERED CLASSICAL BY
THE WRITINGS OF THE SCOTTISH POET. Nos. 1,
2, 3. BY D. O. HILL.The Literary Department by Professor Wilson
and Robert Chambers, Esq.,
Glasgow. Blackie and Son.

Who does not recall some delightful association connected with his early perusal of the works of Robert Burns? For ourselves we never open a volume of his Songs but we are carried back to those days of romance, when our own feelings seemed identified and echoed back by those of the Scottish minstrel. As a Poet, he was our first love, and will be our last! One, of whom we can never tire! To all enthusiasts who, like ourselves, delight in fancy to linger with him in the gloaming, beside the "bonny banks of Ayr," or to wander over the "Field of Bannockburn," the work before us will be received with no common interest; as bringing home to the senses, as well as the imagination, the lovely scenes he has so vividly described. The work is publishing in numbers, with explanatory letter-press, and is intended to be completed in twenty monthly parts, three of which are already before us! Nothing can exceed the softness and beauty of the landscapes; the engraving is in the highest style to which art can possibly be brought, and the lights and shades have all the effect of the most finished picture. The portrait of the Poet, which graces the first number, is well executed, and we doubt not a correct likeness. The names attached to the literary portion of the work are a sufficient guarantee for the care and research which will be bestowed on it; and the whole, when completed, will form one of the most interesting volumes of pictorial embellishment that has yet issued from the press!

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

1. "I say not regret me." Words by Miss Landon; music by Mrs. George Warren. C. Lonsdale, Old Bond-street.

2. Set of Original Waltzes, by Samuel Summerhayes. George and Manby, Fleet-street.

3. The "Honiton House Quadrilles," with two brilliant Waltzes, by S. Summerhayes, Professor of Music, Taunton. Golding and D'Almaine, Soho-square.

4. "Beware thy Smile, fair Maid." Poetry by B. Miles; music by J. Nelson. Williams, High Holborn.

5. An Andante and Allegro Giusto, by W. Joyce. Williams, High Holborn.

6. "Queen Victoria's Grand March;" by J. Wilkinson. L. Williams, Duke-street.

7. The "Queen Victoria's Grand Waltzes;" by J. Wilkinson. Williams and Son, Holborn.

8. "Oh! ask not how I love Thee;" Canzonet, by William Ball. Charles Ollivier, New Bond-street.

9. "Fair Ermengild;" an heroic Ballad, written and composed by W. Ball. Ollivier, New Bond-street.

10. "God Save Queen Victoria!" Written and composed by Mrs. A. Lawrie. Williams, High Holborn.

11. "Murphy's Weather Almanack;" Comic Song; written by J. Bruton. Tolkien, King William-street.

1. Mrs. G. Warren has composed a very sweet melody to this song; in style it is simple and elegant, and deserves to attain popularity. We are glad to see the ladies thus dispute the palm of superiority in music with the other sex; and if, like the fair composer whose production is now under our notice, they combine the sweetness of melody with science, they must, like her, be eminently successful.

2. These are very graceful and spirited compositions, and will, we have no doubt, tell well in a Ball-room.

3. A brilliant set of Quadrilles, dedicated to the Countess Poulett; we presume, therefore, they have already found their way into the highest circles, and will become popular, both from their merits and patronage.

4. A very sweet and effective little chamber ballad, pleasing, yet not difficult to execute.

5. An exceedingly brilliant Pianoforte piece, displaying much good taste and knowledge of the science the composer professes.

6. A spirited march, well calculated for a military band; also effective on the Piano.

7. Some very graceful Waltzes, arranged as a piece of Pianoforte music; they ought to become popular.

8. A sweet and graceful Ballad, pleasing both in words and melody.

9. A Ballad quite in the "olden style" of lady-love, warriors, battle-fields and drawbridges: a priest and an altar are the finale, so all is well that ends well: the music, in the heroic style, cannot fail to inspire martial ardour in all who hear it.

10. The title-page informs us this is *not* a version of the National Anthem! We should think not! Of all the tributes we have seen to the National Idol, this is the poorest. The music is better than the words, though we cannot say much for either.

May every blessing bestow'd by Heaven.
To our young *Queen of Hearts* be given,
And discontent from the Court be driven
Of our lov'd Queen Victoria!"

may serve as a specimen of the Poetry! We suppose the writer composed it while playing a game at whist, and that *Hearts* was the trump!!

11. Mr. Murphy seems to afford *fair* game to the Poets and Caricaturists, and truth to say, they have not spared him. This song has considerable humour, and on the Stage or Concert-room would no doubt cause much merriment: the lithographic title is excellent!

CHARADES ON PLACES NEAR LONDON.

The three first letters of a ducal name,
Borne by a lady now of virtuous fame,
And what some persons do with cheerful art,
Who in the halls of pleasure bear a part,
These with a heavy weight will soon declare
A place well known as a great thoroughfare.

The initial of a single man,
What children heartily enjoy,
And then the list of adverbs scan,
And one that's negative employ,
But it must be reversed ere it will show
The place I thus enigmatize to you.

A title oft bestowed on civic men,
Next join a letter serpentine, and then
A structure, massive, noble, grand, and strong,
Of great utility, less broad than long,
These form a place where folks say that good ale
Is brewed, and military men prevail.

My first's a classic river in our native isle,
My next a common drink, you must dispose
Of one twin letter, my concluding third
Is, though a small, yet an agreeable word,
We wish it oft with pen, or tongue sincere,
To those whom love, or friendship renders dear.

An animal that's pretty, and innocent to boot,
With an article transposed the orthography to suit,
Will show the place where dwells a man the highest
in the land,
Since on a woman has devolved the sovereign command.

My first's the second title of a peer,
Created in our day, a man of wond'rous parts,
But though he may be in his views sincere,
He is not one to triumph over hearts,
My second is a term applied to rooms of space,
To entrances, and houses; and my whole
Is a well known, and long-time-noted place,
Near where of flowing Thames the waters roll.

EQUITY.—An eccentric old gentleman being waited upon with his surgeon's bill, cogitated some time over its contents, and then desired the man who called with it, to tell his master that the medicine he would certainly pay for, but as for the visits which he had received, he should return them.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

TO THE EDITRESS OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. -

Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré,
à Paris, March 24.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Our Winter is still in its meridian splendour, and will probably remain so till the promenade of Longchamps brings the spring fashions forward. Owing to Easter falling so late this year there is reason to believe that Longchamps will be very brilliant. You may expect then from me next month, a full detail of Spring fashions; in the meantime, I send you some valuable information respecting them, as well as of the modes that prevail at present.

To begin then with these latter, I must tell you that since the weather has become milder *mantelets* have resumed their vogue, but they still continue with very few exceptions to be trimmed with fur; those that are not bordered with it are for the most part embroidered round the border either in silks of different colours, or in one strongly contrasted colour, a full fall of black double grounded lace all round completes the trimming. Swansdown is in a decided majority for *mantelets* trimmed with fur, but still see a good many bordered with sable, or grey squirrel.

There is nothing yet positively decided as to hats or bonnets, the former are still of velvet, and the latter satin. I think I may assure you with tolerable certainty that the brims of both will be smaller than they have been this winter, those of hats will not be brought so forward at the sides, and the crowns of bonnets will be placed backward, more in the cottage style, and those for undress trimmed with ribbon only. Veils and *voilettes* are expected to be very generally adopted. Some of the former of embroidered gauze, which offers a very good imitation of blond lace, are extremely pretty. The ground is figured in small sprigs, with a very deep border in a gothic pattern.

One spring *capote*, and perhaps the only one that can be decidedly called so, has appeared; it is drawn, and I should observe that drawn bonnets are expected to be very fashionable; the one of which I am speaking is made of *pou de Soie*, and may be either pale, pink, blue, or white; the crown is encircled with a wreath of white Persian lilac, which is closed on one side under a bouquet of the same flower, and a *gerbe* of lilac is attached on each side of the interior of the brim to a full quilling of blond lace placed over the forehead.

As to the materials both of *chapeaux* and *capotes*, Italian and rice straw, will I am persuaded be as much in request for the former as ever. Several imitations of rice straw will be introduced, but I do not think they are any of them likely to be fashionable. Hats of rich plain silk, as *pou de Soie*, *gros d'Orient*, &c., will enjoy a certain degree of vogue, but not by any means so great as either *paille d'Italie*, or *paille de riz*. Feathers will be adopted only for Italian straw hats, but Spring flowers will be also in favour for them, and will be indeed generally employed for all other hats and

bonnets. Several new patterns of ribbons, rich but not showy, have appeared, but as yet there is nothing decided as to what will be in favour.

I think I may venture to predict that for the early part of the Spring at least square shawls both of Cashmere, I mean of a very light kind, and China crape will both be in favour. Some that have already appeared are embroidered in very rich and various patterns. The grounds are mostly light. Some have the embroidery in a darker shade of the same colour; the effect though plain is very rich, but the majority are in vivid colours strongly contrasted with that of the ground. Some of these embroidered in the patterns that were fashionable in Louis XVth day, and bordered also with either fringe or lace, are expected to be very much in vogue.

Embroidery will this year be more in favour than it has been for many seasons past. Collars in morning dress will be of a small size, those pretty little ones called *collets brochée* will be very fashionable, so will also round ones of a small size. But it is not only for *lingerie* that embroidery will be in request, it will be fashionable also both for robes and pelisses both of silk and muslin. I have already seen several new patterns embroidered in striking colours, on white or light coloured *pou de Soie*. One of the prettiest of these dresses, a pelisse robe of white *pou de Soie*, was embroidered in a wreath of crocuses with a foliage of two shades of green. A good deal of the embroidery for muslin and Organdy will be of lace patterns, indeed work is now brought to a degree of perfection which almost rivals lace.

Some Spring silks have already appeared for half-dress; they are *pou de Soie* of new patterns, *bazinettes*, and *gros de Turquie*. There is as yet but little change in the forms of robes, the most novel are made with *corsages* more than half high behind, and partially open *en cœur* all down the front; it is edged with narrow blond lace in such a manner as to form a small lappel. The sleeve is *à la Jardinière*. The skirt quite as full, or rather more so than they have been worn, is trimmed with a flounce with a full heading, arranged *en coquille*, and edged with narrow blond lace.

Caps are very fashionable in *demi toilette*, and they are really so pretty, and so becoming, that I shall be sorry when they go out. Some of those most in favour are of *tul Grec*; it is of a rich but very light kind, the caul is low, the front arranged in flat plaits on the forehead, and disposed in bouffants at the sides. A wreath of small flowers is laid on the plaits upon the forehead, and light sprigs to correspond are inserted in the bouffants at the sides. Another style of cap also very much in favour is of blond lace, the front is composed of a narrow lappel placed plain over the forehead, but disposed in puffs at the sides by very small sprigs of either flowers or foliage; the front terminates in very short ends, which I must observe has an ungraceful effect; long lappets are both becoming and elegant, but very short ones are quite the reverse.

Several new summer silks are expected to appear at Longchamps, but it is generally thought that a marked preference will be given this season



G. L. L. 1840



to muslin, and Organdy in evening dress. I have already seen some of the latter printed, or embroidered in new patterns. Trimmings will be decidedly adopted, and unluckily, flowers will be very much in favour; I say unluckily, for there is no likelihood that the preposterous width of skirts will diminish, and when in addition the *jupon* is flounced up to the knee, it spoils at least nine out of ten figures. It is certain that white and delicate coloured wreaths both of flowers and foliage will be in great request for trimming evening dresses; they will have a particularly pretty effect on tunics, and it is decided that the tunic form will be generally adopted during the whole of the Summer. Lace is also expected to be in favour for trimmings, and embroidery both in white and colours will no doubt be in great vogue.

As to what alterations will take place in the forms of dresses, I cannot as yet say any thing positive, but from all that I have learned I don't believe we shall have any striking changes. Sleeves will certainly preserve the happy medium which they have at present, and *corsages* will not be made quite so sharply pointed, nor cut so low round the top; in truth they are now at once indelicately and unbecomingly low.

Head-dresses of hair are certainly at present of the simplest possible form, and they are expected to remain so: the hair is always arranged in a twisted or platted knot at the back of the head, and put very low down; and the front hair is disposed either in soft bands or ringlets, for the *Berthes* are at present laid aside. Now the *coiffure* is excessively ornamented, in fact I ought rather to say loaded with ornaments, flowers, jewellery, and velvet are sometimes all at once employed. Velvet flowers intermingled with *ceps* of gold or silver are in great request, so also are large leaves of velvet veined with silver or gold; a half wreath of these leaves attaching a pair of rich lace lappets at the back of the head has a beautiful effect, but the style of ornament that will be in favour most probably before the end of the month will be a wreath of either flowers or ribbons, forming a tuft on each cheek.

I must not forget to tell you that colours this summer are expected to be of a very delicate kind, various shades of rose and green, lilac, pale straw, *poussiere*, some new fancy colours, and for walking dress neutral tints.

Adieu! ma bien aimé,
Croyez moi toujours,
Votre dévouée,
ADRIENNE DE M —.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATE.

—
EVENING DRESS.—Robe of pale blue gauze, over *pou de Soie* to correspond; the skirt is trimmed with two flounces, which cover more than two-thirds of it; the upper part is trimmed *en entablier* with wreaths formed of ribbon, from which long floating ends depend. Short tight

sleeves covered with a *mancheron* formed of double bias folds of gauze; they are looped by *coques* of ribbon with floating ends. *Corsage busqué*, and trimmed with blond lace, with a heading of the same. The hair is disposed in ringlets at the sides, and a *nœud en chou* at the back of the head. A superb blond lace scarf is twisted round the *nœud*, and forms long floating lappets at the back of the head.

FRENCH COURT BALL DRESS.—White *tulle* robe over a satin (slip). The border is trimmed *en volan* by a superb flounce of blond lace headed by a second fall of the same; the flounce is looped at the side by a knot formed of several *coques* of white satin ribbon, with long floating ends. The *corsage* tight to the shape, and cut very low, is trimmed *en fichu* with blond lace and ribbon. Tight sleeve covered with three falls of blond lace, the hair dressed in ringlets at the sides, and a low bow at the back of the head, is ornamented with a superb bouquet of ostrich feathers attached to the knot of hair behind, and a brilliant star inserted in the ringlets.

DINNER DRESS.—Straw-coloured Pekin robe striped with black; the border is trimmed with a single bias flounce of the same material. Plain *corsage*, a three-quarter height, and sleeve ornamented at the top with four double bias folds, and moderately full from the elbow to the wrist. *Fichu pelerine* of embroidered muslin, trimmed with Brussels lace. Blue *pou de Soie* hat, the interior of the brim is trimmed with a wreath of flowers, which terminates in *gerbes* at the sides; the crown is decorated with a wreath of marabouts, terminated by a long floating plume of the same feathers on one side.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Lilac *pou de soie* pelisse, the *corsage* fitting tight to the shape, and descending a little *en cœur*, is trimmed round with a double *bouillon* of the same material, the front and border of the skirt are ornamented *en suite*; the sleeve is nearly similar to the one last described. The hat, composed of white *pou de soie* is of the same form, and ornamented in the same manner as that of the third figure.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

NO. 1. EVENING CAP.—*Bonnet à la Rebecca* composed of blond lace, plain, and turned back on the forehead, a low caul trimmed with a blond lace drapery, a wreath of roses and white satin ribbons.

NO. 2. MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Robe of pea green figured silk, the *corsage* made high, and trimmed with *creves* of the same materials, which trimming is continued down the skirt; Victoria sleeve; India muslin collar edged with lace; rice straw hat, the interior of the brim trimmed with *coques* of pink satin ribbon; the crown is ornamented profusely with white satin ribbon.

NO. 3. DINNER HAT.—Of green velvet, the interior of the brim trimmed with blond, and foliage of green satin ribbon. A dyed bird of paradise and ribbon adorns the crown.

NO. 4. EVENING HAT.—Of lilac velvet, a small round shape, the crown trimmed with ribbon only;

the brim, which is quite turned up, is trimmed in the interior with white ostrich feathers.

NO. 5. EVENING DRESS.—India muslin robe, trimmed with real lace, and cherry-coloured ribbon. The hat is a front view of the one just described; it is put far back upon the head, displaying the hair adorned with cherry-coloured ribbon.

NO. 6. EVENING HEAD-DRESS.—Of hair, decorated with feathers, pearls, and fancy jewellery.

NO. 7. MORNING BONNET.—Of straw-coloured *pou de Soie*, trimmed with ribbons to correspond.

NO. 8. HALF-DRESS HAT.—Of white *velours épingle*, trimmed with white ostrich feathers.

NO. 9. HALF-DRESS HAT.—Of pink *pou de Soie*, the interior of the brim trimmed *en bonnet* with blond and flowers; a full bouquet of flowers and pink ribbons adorns the crown.

NO. 10. BLACK VELVET TURBAN.—Ornamented with pearls, white satin, and a bird of Paradise.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. III.

Fashion has decidedly taken the masqued balls of the Opera House under her protection; they are this season more numerous and brilliantly attended than they have been during several preceding ones. The *coup d'œil* is really dazzling, and may be said without exaggeration to remind one of the splendours of the Arabian Tales. The lights, the decorations, the beauty of the ladies in the boxes, who appear there unmasked, and elegantly dressed, the gay costumes of the masquers who fill the stage, and the pit, which is raised to a level with the stage,—all combine to persuade you, for the moment, that you are in a land of enchantment. Happy indeed are they who escape the magic circle undefiled.

From one till three in the morning is the most brilliant time of the ball; at three the crowd begins to diminish, and by five the audience part of the theatre is completely cleared. From five till six a curious and animated struggle takes place between the police, and such of the dancers who are obstinately determined to remain till the dawn of day. When I say that a struggle takes place, I must do the police the justice to own that they conduct themselves with great moderation, and turn the public out in the politest manner imaginable. When at last the *salle* is emptied, the struggle begins again in the lobby, and it is really a hard task for the peace-officers to get it cleared. This tenacious portion of the public is generally composed of young men from the Provinces, who have never been at a ball at the Opera before, and who are determined to get all they can for their money, even including a few gentle pushes, each accompanied with a *pardonnez moi, Monsieur*, from the *Sergens de Ville*; of couples who have been separated in the crowd, and who remain till the last moment in hopes of rejoining each other; and of ladies who, for reasons best known to themselves, don't chuse to go home before daylight.

While I amused myself with watching the clearing of the house at the last ball, my attention was excited by a lady seated alone in a corner; it was evident from her manner that she was waiting impatiently for some one. She was in a black domino, but the elegance of her *tournure*, the rich lace that bordered her robe, and last, though not least, the beauty of an embroidered pocket-handkerchief, which she frequently applied to her eyes, convinced me she was a person of distinction. Using the freedom of the place, I approached her, and said, "You are waiting for some one?"

"Yes," answered she quietly, "have you seen a tall fair young man, with a white rose in his button-hole?"

I replied in the negative, and added some common-place compliment, but she turned from me with a gesture of impatience. I continued to walk up and down for some time, casting every now and then a glance at the corner where she was seated, but she never moved. At last I was myself forced to retreat, but the interest she had excited made me linger till I saw her come out, accompanied, to my surprise, by my old friend Doctor ———, so celebrated for his treatment of the insane. As she passed me, I heard her say, "No, he has not been, I am sure of it, I have sought for him all the night in vain." The tone of sadness in which these words were uttered, went to my heart. I hastened to the house of my old friend as soon as I thought I could see him, to enquire into the cause of this poor unfortunate's malady.

"She is," said he to me, "unfortunate indeed; married at eighteen, and against her will, to a man old enough to be her grandfather, she was for two years the most virtuous and exemplary of wives. No one ever knew, or even suspected, what it cost her to struggle with the passion with which the young and handsome *Vicomte de ———* had inspired her a considerable time before her marriage. He had not had an opportunity of avowing his love for her, but from his manner she was convinced that their affection was reciprocal, and from the moment of her marriage she avoided him with the greatest care. At twenty she became a widow, and mistress of a large fortune. The *Vicomte* was then absent from France, but before her year of widowhood was over, he returned, proposed, was accepted, and the day fixed for their nuptials,

"Near as she believed herself to happiness, there was always something in the manner of *Gustavus*, which struck at times a secret terror to the heart of *Madame de ———*, and this was more particularly the case the night before the contract was to be signed. They had proposed to go together to the ball of the Opera, but she was indisposed, and could not accompany him. He was gloomy and agitated, and to her surprise made no offer of remaining with her. As they were parting, she presented him with a white rose. 'Wear this through the night,' she said, 'to remind you of me.' He went, and at the ball he met with an old mistress, a dancer at the Opera; he had been passionately fond of her, but she had broken with him previous to his engagement with *Madame de ———*. In a quarter of an hour the white rose

was trampled under foot; before morning the guilty pair were on their way to England, and by mid-day the poor widow was deprived of her reason.

"It is six years since this melancholy event took place. During the first year her state was pitiable indeed, but as the time of the Carnival approached, she grew calm, and announced to me—for she was then under my care—her intention of going to the ball to find Gustavus. Fortunately she recollected nothing that had passed, except his intention of going to the ball. I saw in a moment that some good might ensue, and no harm could arise from granting her desire. I accompanied her, but as my presence evidently made her uneasy, I quitted her as soon as we entered, keeping her however in sight. Poor thing! with what eagerness did she begin her search; if she saw at a distance a figure that resembled his, how did she hurry forward, and the sight of a white flower at a distance made her heart beat as though it would burst its prison. I need not tell you her search was vain; yet it had a salutary effect: in quitting the house, which she would not do till the very last moment, she said to me, 'Well, he may come next year.' And though she wept bitterly, she yet seemed to derive comfort from this hope, for she repeated the same words frequently. From that time she has regularly attended every year, a ball at the Opera, on the same day of the month as that on which she last saw her perjured lover. The effect is always the same; she grieves for the moment, and then consoles herself by repeating, 'Well, he may come next year.'"

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

A thing of shreds and patches."

SHAKESPEARE.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE STEEVENS.—George Steevens, the commentator, was so addicted to mischievous literary humbugs and forgeries, that every remarkable one about the time he flourished, may be attributed to him. The marvellous narrative of the Upas-tree of Java, appears to have been one of his inventions. It was first given in the "London Magazine," as an extract from a Dutch traveller, but the extract has never been traced to the original author, and the whole story of a noxious tree, which through a district of twelve or fourteen miles kills all vegetation, and spreads the country with skeletons of men and animals, is perfectly chimerical. He played off a memorable trick upon Gough the antiquary, by manufacturing a pretended tombstone of Hardyknute the Dane, upon which (to prevent any doubt) the name, in Saxon characters, was sufficiently legible. After being steeped in vitriol, to bring on a precocious antiquity, it was consigned to the corner of a broker's shop, where the eye of Gough often pored for venerable odds and ends. The trick succeeded; he purchased the relic for a trifle, and immediately wrote a dissertation upon it

for the "Archæologia." Gough never forgave himself nor Steevens. The stone is now in the British Museum; I have seen it, and have wondered at the injudicious antiquary, who could be duped by the slight and ill-formed scratches which Steevens succeeded in passing off as a genuine Saxon inscription: but, he had counted on his man. This "modern antique" was only an act of retaliation. In Masters' Life of Baker are two heads, one of which Steevens pretended he had copied from some painted glass, and would have passed off as a portrait of one of our Kings. This graphic performance Gough attacked in a review of the work, and declared that the portrait had nothing human in it. Steevens, in return, vowed that, wretched as Gough deemed his pencil to be, it should make him ashamed of his own eyes, and that the antiquary should be fairly taken in by something scratched much worse. That he kept his word has been shewn.

ROSAMOND'S POND.—The celebrated piece of water known by this name, so often mentioned in our old comedies and novels, was of great antiquity, being shown in Aggas's View of London, 1560, and again in Norden's Plan, 1593. In 1770 it was filled up, a circumstance which is thus noticed in the "London Chronicle" of that year:—"The water is drawn out of the Canal in St. James's Park, and the workmen have begun to shorten it, and to fill up Rosamond's Pond." This place was the scene of so many suicides, that in 1735, when one Roberts, a native of Flintshire, undertook to cleanse it, (by an engine of his own invention, which discharged thirty tuns of water in a minute) the following satirical notice was affixed to a tree near the spot:—"This is to give notice to all broken hearts, such as are unable to survive the loss of their lovers, and are come to a resolution to die, that an engineer from Flintshire having cruelly undertaken to disturb the waters of Rosamond's Pond in this park, Gentlemen and Ladies cannot be accommodated there as formerly. And whereas certain daughters of Eve have since been tempted to make use of the Serpentine and other rivers; this is therefore to certify all persons whatsoever labouring under disappointments, that the basin in the Upper Green Park is a most commodious piece of water for this purpose."

THE WORK-BASKET OF A YOUNG LADY, 1796.

A pair of gloves—a dozen rings,
Some tape to mend her apron-strings;
A tucker for her breast of snow,
In which was bound a billet-doux;
An empty purse—a ball of cotton,
Nor must the stockings be forgotten;
A pretty bow, to grace the foot,
The border, for a petticoat,
In which was wrapp'd, oh! poor commander,
The story of great Alexander;
Some pins, and flowers to deck her hair,
A gilded book of "Common Prayer;"
To shew her feelings blithe and bonny,
The leaf turn'd down at "Matrimony;"
A needle-box—a nodding plume,
A little box of sweet perfume;
A stock of ribbons great and small,
A ticket for the next Race-ball;
A half-made cap of figured gauze,
With fifty small et ceteras.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. Z. Is informed that the whole of the Poetry in this Magazine is *Copyright*, and that Composers who take words and set them to music without the permission of the Editress, will render themselves and the publishers of such words, liable to be proceeded against for the innovation. It may be as well too to give a hint to those papers, copying our articles into their pages, that common honesty obliges them to state what Magazine they are extracted from.

SARAH WYCOMBE.—Neither of the Poems will suit our pages. In fact we do not understand them; how learning—

“ a pipe to convey
The lone heart's emotions on
The brook's babbling spray”
can be understood we know not!

HARTZ.—The Poem on “Health” we must decline, the writer may have it returned if he wishes.

E. A.—We do not know to what Poem this Correspondent alludes. We have looked over all our files, and find none with these initials, neither have we received any other letter of enquiry, or E. A. would have been “favoured with a reply.” If the name of the article is sent it will be a better guide to us. We should suppose it *has* already appeared, as it could not have been mislaid by us. We are never guilty of such carelessness towards contributors!

J. H. M., Leamington Spa.—The verses of this Correspondent, (probably with a little curtailment), shall be inserted.

C. F., Islington.—Is informed the Title-page and Index to the seventh volume of the Weekly Work, are given at the office to all Subscribers who take the trouble of enquiring for it. Before C. F. accused us of neither being “just or honourable,” he should prove we were not so. His Bookseller is doubtless some cunning knave who wishes to put a shilling into his own pocket at the expense of our good name. This is about the twentieth time we have answered questions as to the Title-page and Index of the seventh volume of the Weekly Belle Assemblée.

ELLIOT HUME.—We really cannot give a list of the pieces sent by this writer which we shall use; if he is in such haste to see himself in print he had better send them to some other Magazine, as we think none will suit us!

ARTHUR LEE.—Though written in red ink, and less legible to be decyphered, (and both are vile scrawls) we recognize the same hand-writing and Author—ELLIOT HUME and ARTHUR LEE are one and the same scribbler. We really do not think it possible, or worth our trouble to try to read such MS. If a fair and readable copy is sent of one or two of the Poems, they may have a better chance of appearing in our pages. We have too much good Poetry in hand to care about blinding either our own or compositor's eyes, by attempting such an Herculean labour as decyphering almost illegible MS.

CANONBURY will see he has not been lost sight of.

H.—The Sonnet to the Moon shall appear.

“WOMAN,” by our Paris Correspondent, shall also have early insertion.

S. C. B.—“The Ivy” shall look verdant in our pages ere long! If she deserved it, the “youth” of the writer should not shield her from our “seve-

riety!” Spare the rod—spoil the child. Spare the lash—spoil by injudicious indulgence the Poet! The flattery of friends is more to be dreaded than the faithfulness of candour!

W. L., PONTYPOOL. We have received this Correspondent's second sheet of poetry, and only regret that he should have written on both sides the paper, and thereby obliged us to cancel some of the articles. We like them much.

M. W., SANDWICH.—We really must present this Correspondent's article to our readers, as it is too rich a morceau to be lost.

To the Editress of the Belle Assemblée.

MADAM,

Having recently witnessed the affliction of a friend on her receiving intimation of her lover's declining to hold further correspondence with her, I penned the following lines; *they are my first attempt*, and if worthy a place in your next number I shall feel obliged by your inserting them:—

Alas! when I awoke that day
How happy did I seem,
And little expect the change,
Which seems to me a dream.

I doubted not his constancy
One moment 'till the time
When, oh! what a thunderbolt it was,
Came his discarded line.

My lips forbid me utterance,
My very frame was shook,
In vain I tried to soothe myself,
But the anguish me ne'er forsook.

But nothing gave me relief
To my poor distressed heart,
I call'd him, as used to do,
But in a frantic start.

This change in the affection
Of him I held so dear
Causes dreadful affliction
And many many a fear.

Oh! memory then I pray thee
Efface it altogether,
This heartless conduct in one who
I deemed my own for ever.

M. W.

We fear we must act by M. W. as the lover did to the lady, “decline further correspondence,” as a few more such effusions would cause us to commit suicide from laughter!

Reviews of New Books, and Music, Notices of Paintings, Public Amusements, and all Works connected with Literature and the Fine Arts, will be given, if the PUBLICATIONS and FREE ADMISSIONS are addressed to the EDITRESS, care of MR. JENKINSON, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where ALONE communications for this Work will in future be received, POST FREE.

Office, No. 19, Old Boswell-court, Temple Bar; sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

THE NEW MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

MAY, 1838.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

THE WIDOW'S VOW.

(Concluded from Page 177.)

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I. THE SACRISTY OF THE TEMPLE.

Enter VENUS (still habited as a Sister of the Temple), followed by MEGADORUS, PERTINAX, TRANIO, and Slaves, bearing presents of money and golden vases, &c., to the PYTHIA.

VENUS. Most welcome, noble Megadorus!
Oh! you're a favour'd man, the Pythia admits
You even into her cabinet of curiosities!

MEGADORUS. She's vastly kind! it is a cabinet
I've had some hand in furnishing!

VENUS. What do those Slaves bear, Magnifico?
Something weighty I perceive?

MEGA. Why 'tis no trifle certainly—but I dare
say her Pythianship will do me the favour to
accept it.

VENUS. Oh! she's all beneficent in such cases,
and never wounds the feelings of her votaries by
refusing the smallest offering!

MEGA. And now fair Pythian! may I hope
I've at last discovered the golden key to unlock
the lips of the Oracle? And that I shall be gra-
tified with a favourable response?

VENUS. There are few things she could refuse
to a person of your merit, Magnifico! Let me
see, your question is simply this:—Of all the
suitors, who pay court to the fair widow Agapeta,
which is the man most worthy of her love?

MEGA. That's all! there's nothing difficult in
that, I think! She has only to name *me*, and
there's an end of the business!

VENUS. Yes! certainly! if the fair Dame took
the Oracle's word for it! And if REASON and
PRUDENCE directed the course of LOVE!

SONG, VENUS.

LOVE's a wild untoward creature,
Wilful things are female hearts;
'Tis not always form or feature
That gives point to Cupid's darts!

Vainly would cold REASON teach us,
How to choose with prudence;—when
Cupid's magic arrows reach us,
PRUDENCE self is useless then!

MEGA. You seem pretty well informed on the
subject, fair damsel, for one who inhabits a
cloister!

VENUS. Why I am much consulted in Love
affairs, Magnifico. But you must expect to
encounter a score of rivals;—there's a long list
have already sent in their names and pretensions
to the Oracle! But is this comely gentleman a
suitor also? (*Pointing to PERTINAX.*)

PER. Heaven forefend! I'm a Philosopher,
which no man in Love can be!

VENUS. Humph! *After* Hymen has lighted
his torch Philosophy may come into use—Socrates
had a call for his!

PER. Damsel, you answer aptly!

VENUS. Prithee give in your name, as suitor to
the widow! It can but be a practice for disap-
pointment at the worst! I pray you, let me have
your name!

PER. I am called PERTINAX the STOIC!

VENUS. (*taking out an ivory tablet.*) There,
I've booked you—you stand next Megadorus, the
Epicurean—like repentance after pleasure—not an
unapt type of a married man! But tell me now,
should you win the Widow, how will you deal
with her?

PER. Recreate her intellectual faculties—im-
pregnate her understanding for the benefit of pos-
terity, by the propagation of Ideas! I will teach
her why one sophist eat no flesh, and t'other
touched no fish, and yet both were right!

VENUS. She'll be a wise widow if she marry
you, but in what fashion will *you* treat her, Mag-
nifico, if she falls to *your* lot?

MEGA. If she marries *me* she shall have six
foaming steeds of Epidaurus to draw her litter,
with Olympic youths to run before it! Her train
shall be of Tyrian purple, studded with pearls and
Lydian Slaves shall fan her in her palanquin, and
scatter odorous gums as she goes to matins!

VENUS. Oh! happy Widow, if she marries
you! Now tell me, have you sacrificed to APOLLO?

MEG. Liberally as I take it! A whole heca-
tomb of ducatoons—I have been sheared and
fleeced—not a ceremony has been left out!

VENUS. Then may you approach the presence
of the Pythia. And hark! she comes!

Enter the Pythia or Priestess of Apollo, preceded by a train of Minstrels and Virgins of the Temple.

CHORUS.

Mortals! would ye learn your doom?
The PYTHIA comes with panting breast
To tell APOLLO's high behest
Now hid in silent gloom!
Mighty Prophetess arise!
Unveil the future unto mortal eyes!

MEGA. Oh! turn a favouring ear,
Sweet Prophetess! cast an approving eye
On yonder chest of gold! my case is strong
And weighty, wouldst thou but regard it!

VENUS. Behold! she waves her hand!
You must retire awhile!

PER. Oh! most kind Oracle!

VENUS. Away! away!

CHORUS OF MINSTRELS.

Mortals! away!

Ye may not stay!

She waves her hand, and bids ye hence! away!

(Exit VENUS, MEGADORUS, &c., with their train of slaves. As the chorus dies away, enter alone AGAPETA; she advances slowly to the Pythia, and prostrates herself before her.)

AGA. Lowly, as to the God thou serv'st I bend,
And on thy sacred hand imprint my lips
In reverential homage!

PYTHIA. Rise Agapeta!

AGA. I have an offering, holy Priestess! here,
Which in thy untouched shrine I pray thee guard
Where man may reach it never! 'Tis a picture
Of my poor self! yet bears a magic nature
That whoso'er possess it shall possess
What I will never yield, save to the Gods!
MY HEART AND ITS AFFECTIONS! For the love
My buried husband carried to his grave
I fain would hide it there!

PYTHIA. Now tell me truly, hast thou kept thy heart

Untouched, untainted by a second flame?

AGA. I have! *(hesitating.)* I think—I may be sure I have!

And yet—and yet—

PYTHIA. What yet! you hesitate to trust the Oracle!

AGA. I would not wrong the truth
For the world's worth! Some thoughts perhaps
Will force their way—some wish be uncontroll'd;
A wretched thing there is—who says he loves me!

PYTHIA. What wretched thing?

AGA. A youth in Paphos born—
(Oh! I shall die with shame to tell the tale) (aside)
PHORMIO his name—he was my slave—

PYTHIA. And can'st thou love a Slave?

AGA. But for thy help I'm lost! Oh! take the picture

Whilst it is mine to give; hide it for ever—
I may not pause—or else myself and this,
And both are PHORMIO's!

PYTHIA. *(starting up.)* Ha! He comes! he comes!

The DEITY is present! to my heart—my brain
The inspiration rushes. Hark, it thunders!

It shakes the sacred fane—fly—save thyself!
(Thunder.)
[Exit PYTHIA.]

The scene darkens, AGAPETA stands as if spell-bound APOLLO and VENUS lead in PHORMIO splendidly habited.

AGA. Whither shall I fly? amid the gloom
And labyrinths of the Temple?
How direct my fainting steps? What friendly
arms will ope
To give me shelter?

(The scene becomes lighter, and discovers PHORMIO, &c.)

VENUS. Here shelter timid Fair! *(pointing to PHORMIO.)*

AGA. Am I awake? or dreaming have I died,
And pass'd unconscious to the Elysian plain?
Is this a spirit come to welcome me?
It bears the port of PHORMIO! Do I rave?
(A pause.) They say that Love
Dwells in the mind, when other mem'ries fade!
Clings with fond faith to the last close of life,
And wakens with the soul in brighter worlds!
It must be so with mine—FOR AH! I LOV'D HIM!
(She hides her face.)

PHOR. *(kneels to her.)* The humble Persian who
with bending knees,
Lifts towards the East his supplicating gaze,
Not with more pure and holy transport views
His worshipp'd Sun in golden splendour rise
Than I behold thy beauty! Nor adores
With fonder warmth his beams, than I thy
brightness.

AGA. Art thou a thing of life? If thou art
Phormio,
Whence this attire? And who hath brought thee
hither?

PHOR. Beauteous Lady! He, for whose wondrous art I have no name,
And this fair Pythian, honour'd though unknown!

VENUS. Does it not well become him?

AGA. Oh! too well

For my repose and peace! Was it fair dealing
Stranger, t' entangle my weak senses thus,
By talismans and spells? Who can put faith
In Oracles hereafter?

VENUS. And where's the wonder, Lady, if Love
should puzzle even an Oracle?

APOLLO. You cannot lay the fault on me—for it
does not appear that you have given Phormio the
Picture? So you have not put my art to the test!

AGA. And if I did, what worse could follow?

(Turning away as she offers the picture to Phormio.)
Take it, Phormio!

PHOR. I take the Picture? I your slave?
Consider —

AGA. And what must I consider?

PHOR. Thine own honour, Lady,
And my forlorn condition! Shall I take it,
And with it take thine heart?

AGA. Are the conditions grievous,
That thus thou so reject'st them, Phormio?

PHOR. *(aside.)* Now—now stand by me
Honour! or I shall lose
All sense of thee in LOVE!

DUETT. VENUS AND APOLLO.

Freely take the gift of Love!
Every scruple we'll remove!
There no other charms thou'lt view
Save those fond looks the artist drew.

Deem not magic can impart
Spells to bind the virtuous Heart!
Ask those lips that on thee smile
With what witchcraft they beguile?

Fate alone must bear the blame,
Fate that caused a mutual flame;
Within each throbbing breast to rise
With FATE alone the magic lies!

PHOR. Thus warranted, I take the sacred gift
And shrine it in my heart. Oh! my fair mistress
Let me be still thy slave? (*kneels.*)

AGA. Nay, do not kneel!

'Tis mockery to adore what you command!
Oh! Oracle, but thou hast play'd me false!

APOLLO. Well! thou art a true woman after all.
When the Heart betrays a female, she is sure to
set it down to any other source but inclination!
Come, let's quit the Temple; as I take it, we've
no further worship to pay here—and when I have
dispatched certain suitors of your's, we will assem-
ble at Apollo's head-quarters, where I've a pro-
ject to play off that shall crown the evening with
festivity, and put you in good humour with the
Oracle.

VENUS. Come, fair Widow—when next you
enter these walls, it shall be in bridal vestments.
Come, Phormio! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The interior of the Temple, with the statue of
Apollo, and an Altar before it burning. Thunder is
heard, MEGADORUS runs in, greatly alarmed.*

MEGA. Mercy on us! what a clatter! There's
not a man in all Bœtia, be he who he may could
stand this without being terrified! What could
possess me to enter the doors of a Temple, when
I am on no intimate footing with the Deities?
Humph! all's silent now! Well, so much the
better! What's so harmless as silence? Its awful
though—I like to hear something besides my own
footsteps. It grows dark too—or else my eyes
are getting dim. Well! what's so harmless as
darkness? I don't like it though! The gloom
grows horrible—my heart sinks—my limbs trem-
ble. Can I be afraid? I'll scoff no more at the
Deities—I'll build a Temple and endow it! I'll
fall to prayers—no man I perceive can be an
Atheist when there's danger and darkness hanging
over him. (*Attempts to kneel.*)

*(During this speech the Temple gradually darkens,
and the flame of the Altar sinks and finally goes
out.)*

Enter PERTINAX feeling his way.

PER. No man I perceive is a Philosopher in his
own company. Hark! sure I hear somebody.
(*Listens.*) No! 'twas nothing but the ringing in
my ears after the storm. I wish I was out of the
Temple—I don't like it. Hush!

MEGA. (*Half on his knees.*) Oh! Jupiter, son
of Apollo! guide me out of this Temple, and I'll
never profane it again with my presence. God of
the wooden club!—no, that was Hercules, I ask
pardon; God of the silver moonbeam—no, I'm
wrong again; God of the Golden Sun, if you
have any respect for the light, or pity on an unfor-
tunate mortal who hates darkness, throw one of
your beams into the Temple. Ah! horror! who's
this?—mortal or immortal? Don't answer me,

for I'm a dead man (*Lays hold of PERTINAX
and falls on his face.*)

PER. Megadorus! Magnifico!

MEGA. (*trembling.*) Per-per-per-tinax! Is it
you?

PER. Yes, truly. I'm glad to find I've stum-
bled on nothing worse than yourself! Where-
abouts are you?

MEGA. In Bœtia I should hope, by the thick-
ness of the fog. Lift me up, I was never so
rejoiced in my life.

PER. 'Tis an odd way of shewing it then—you
tremble from head to foot!

MEGA. Yes, I tremble a little—its very cold!
Don't you feel it?

PER. Not I. *Philosophy never feels anything.*

MEGA. Why your teeth are all on the chatter!

PER. 'Tis an involuntary motion—thunder
always makes me nervous.

MEGA. Nervous! I thought Philosophy had no
nerves. Do you see nothing?

PER. Not I. I could not discern an elephant.

MEGA. 'Twas light enough just now. How
came this gloom upon us?

PER. Some trick of Apollo, doubtless.

MEGA. Perhaps 'tis a contrivance of that Baby-
lonian wizard we met with at the Hotel yonder.

PER. Like enough!

MEGA. Hark! what's that? (*music heard.*)

CHORUS, (INVISIBLE.)

Phœbus! Phœbus! Power divine,
Shew thy beams again! and shine!
Shine! Shine!

*(The light suddenly returns. At the end of the
Temple a magnificent Sun appears, strongly illu-
minated.)*

APOLLO enters.

APOLLO. How's this, Megadorus? Why do
you loiter here?

MEGA. Truly, Sir, till you were pleased to
strike a light we could not find our way out.

APOLLO. Why do you not hasten to your quar-
ters at the Hotel? The Widow means to sup with
you to-night!

MEGA. She must be content with a cold supper
then, for when I came out there was no smoke in
the kitchen grate.

APOLLO. Well! they say there are castles in
the air, and who knows but there may be kitchens
also. Take the chance of it however, for all your
brother suitors will be at the entertainment, and
to-night the fair Dame intends to make her choice.

MEGA. Oh! say you so, let's away then!

PER. I'm as much dazzled now as I was in the
dark before.

APOLLO. Let me conduct you (*offers his hand.*)

PER. Thanks—but I'd rather not grapple with
you again—Philosophy can't stand that! I'd
sooner run my head against a post or a pillar than
have your hand to guide me! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A ROOM IN LUCRETIA'S HOTEL.

Enter APOLLO and LUCRETIA meeting.

LUC. Oh! Sir, Sir, I'm a lost woman without
your help; favour me with your assistance this
once, and I'm yours forever.

APOLLO. I fear I should have too many part-
ners in such property.

LUC. Dear good Sir! only consider what reputation is in the way of trade! You know I live by pleasing the public, and I desire to earn their good will by obliging my guests.

APOLLO. Well! how can I serve you?

LUC. Megadorus, the Magnifico, has bespoken a sumptuous regale here, to feast his friends at supper, but alas! market-hour was over when he ordered it, and saving a few eggs, and a capon not over fresh, not an eatable does my house contain. Your honour had the whole pickings of the larder for your dinner.

APOLLO. Lay out! lay out! She that has money may have meat; besides where should I furnish a supper?

LUC. Where you furnished the bag of gold—by art magic. You know all things—see all things—you can tell whose chimney smokes, and whose pot is boiling. Snap up some gourmand's supper by happy sleight of hand, and set it smoking before my guests. Only do this, and I'll pull down the head of Apollo and set your's as the wiser one, up in its stead.

APOLLO. Apollo is flattered by your opinion of him! But you'll be frightened to death if I were to work such a wonder!

LUC. Oh! I'm much more frightened at the chance of losing a good customer.

APOLLO. Then keep your station and be silent, as though you were in presence of Apollo.

INCANTATION, APOLLO.

Spirits! Spirits! Spirits of the Air!
To your Sovereign's call repair!
Vassals, come! obey my art,
Do my bidding and depart!
Depart! Depart!

(While Apollo is singing the scene draws, and discovers a rich and splendid Banqueting Room, prepared for an Entertainment.)

LUC. What's all this? Can I believe my eyes? I'm charmed—transported! Is this my own house or am I somewhere else?

APOLLO. Does it please you, Hostess?

LUC. Oh! I'm delighted! Let me take a peep. (Lifts up some of the covers.) Well! I protest! you are the nicest caterer! All delicate and done to a turn! Why the very fragments of this feast will serve my customers for a month to come! Dear Sir! I'm so much obliged to you!

APOLLO. No more words, set yourself in order to attend to your company, for the widow Agapeta and all her suitors will be here anon.

LUC. She here? Is't possible? Does her marble melt—can your art move her?

APOLLO. I tell you she will be here, and moreover these preparations are for her nuptial entertainment.

LUC. Venus be praised, for she was an obstinate revolter against Love! And who is the happy man?

APOLLO. Phormio!

LUC. He! better and better! Her handsome slave! Well, this will furnish Delphi with chit chat for three moons to come.

APOLLO. They are here! to your duties as an hostess.

Enter VENUS, AGAPETA and PHORMIO, followed by PHILÆNES and other attendants.

LUC. Most welcome, Lady, to my poor house and banquet.

AGA. Astonishment! Where am I?

Is this enchantment still?

PHOR. The Gods are come on earth! 'Tis magic art

That formed these wonders.

APOLLO. Here are more guests.

Enter MEGADORUS, PERTINAX, TRANIO, and attendants.

MEGA. Oh! all ye Gods and Goddesses! Supernal and infernal, what is come to us now? Philosopher, did we not both die of fright in the Temple, and are we not transported to the Hall of Jupiter in the Palace of Olympus?

PER. I won't swear that I'm alive, or ever was alive—that this is Earth or Skies, but I'll reward any man who'll give me a tweak on the ear, for I shrewdly suspect I'm dreaming, or walking about under the influence of the night-mare!

APOLLO. Be humble then, for thou hast yet to learn

Philosophy's best aim—to know thyself.

Thou Megadorus, and these thy rivals, must renounce false hopes,

Since Agapeta worthy choice hath made,
And Phormio wins the Fair! The Paphian Queen,
Celestial Venus, in this borrow'd form
Shrouded awhile her graces!

(Her dress falls off, and discovers VENUS splendidly habited as the Goddess of Love.)

In myself behold the DELPHIC GOD!

(His dress changes to that of APOLLO.)

LUC. (aside.) I'm a dead woman!

APOLLO. Take courage, mortals! stand not aghast—

Nor thou fair Widow blush, to love a Slave!

The Oracle by me inspired, in him

Is verified, for of no mortal mother was he born!

But not to mortal ears must I betray

The secrets of celestial gallantries!

Now join your hands, ye Heaven-approved pair!

And take the blessings of the Deities!

VENUS. On thee, fair AGAPETA, I bestow

The winning Graces, and attractive Loves;

Soft smiles, fresh health and youth's ambrosial bloom;

Beauty to renovate thy husband's love,

And virtue to secure him!

APOLLO. Phormio! wit, eloquence and manly truth

With every graceful attribute I give thee!

Courage and noble daring to do right;

The Painter's model and the Poet's theme!

PHOR. Oh! great Apollo! arbiter of Fate!

Oh! beauteous Goddess! how shall we adore ye?

AGA. (to Phormio.) Now, wilt thou take my heart and its affections?

PHOR. Freely, Lady! for now I may deserve them!

PHI. Now sweet mistress,

Did I council well when I was advocate

For love to Phormio?

MEGA. Will your God and Goddess-ship be pleased to dismiss us poor common-place mortals,

as I suppose you've no further occasion for our company?

APOLLO. Dismiss you? what when a good supper smokes upon the board?

MEGA. Why I confess I should be rather sorry at such a moment to part company.

APOLLO. And you, Philosopher? will you mortify yourself by joining the festivity?

PER. Oh! my Philosophy will enable me to go through such a temptation.

APOLLO. This night shall be dedicated to festivity. Come, our board shall be equally free from the coldness of the Stoic, and the libertinism of the Epicurean. Agapeta and Phormio shall celebrate their nuptials, and where beauty and wit are the guests, Venus and Apollo need not blush to preside at the banquet.

SONG, APOLLO.

Come, be my guests! and at Apollo's board
Mingle soft melody with gen'rous wine!
Friendship shall hallow ev'ry pledge that's pour'd,
And make the feast of Wit and Song divine!

Free from the Stoic-chill that Mirth destroys,
And would the brightest hours of Life controul;
Free from the Epicurean's selfish joys,
Ours is the feast of "Reason and of Soul!"

Thus round our Board, the Myrtle and the Vine
Twin-buds, in harmony shall still unite!

Long may they grace our Banquet's festal shrine,
Types of the orgies that we hold to-night!

CHORUS.

Long may they grace the festal-banquet's shrine,
Where Wit, and Mirth and Beauty still unite.

THE END OF THE DRAMA.

A POET'S LAY IN SPRING.

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

The SPRING, the glad, the bright, the glowing SPRING
returns!

Pouring forth life and light, from Nature's thousand
urns;

The Earth has deeper green, the Sky more heavenly
blue,

And the World's a fairy scene of fragrant scent and
hue!

The SPRING! the glad, the bright! awakes the young
Heart's glow,

And with its golden light, cheers Age's breast of
snow;

It breathes of love and joy, in rosy colours dress'd,
To the smiling Shepherd Boy, and the Maid in
russet vest.

The SPRING! the glad, the bright! bids the tender
vi'let bloom,

And to the lily's white, adds fragrance and perfume;
It bids the Primrose pale, put forth its modest head,
That hath slept thro' Winter's gale, in Earth's ma-
ternal bed!

The SPRING! the glad, the bright! bids Nature to
rejoice,

Beneath its genial light Earth lifts her grateful
voice;

It brings plumage to the Bird, and revel to the Bee,
And ev'ry heart is stirr'd by its joyous melody.

And yet my Soul is sad, in the genial month of
SPRING,

And my failing spirit droops, like a Bird on weary
wing;

The voice of Nature's joy hath no gladness for my
ear,
But in the merry Spring-time, I shed the frequent
tear!

Does it bring to mind the hours when life and love
were new,

And o'er my path of flowers, light fell pale Sorrow's
dew;

When the tear as soon as shed, by Hope's hand was
brush'd away,

As the Sun's returning smiles, chase the showers of
April's day?

I know not why it is,—but ever from a child
To me there came no joy, when the budding Spring-
time smil'd;

I love the skies of June, or brown Autumn's milder
ray,

But in the merry laughing SPRING, my spirits flee
away!

Perchance 'tis the disease of the POET's yearning
soul,

Ever restless as the breeze, to reach some brighter
goal;

Still seeking 'mid Earth's flowers for that fragrance
which the mind

Alone, in FANCY'S bowers, for its dreaming sense can
find!

BIRTH-DAY ADDRESS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF THE "BRIDE OF SIENA."

Ye trite birth-day wishes in ready-made dresses,
All vainly you court me—I bid you away,

Your second-hand charms, my muse often con-
fesses,

But begs a new suit to appear in to-day.

My heart the materials with rapture has furnished
They are home-spun indeed, yet vain Muse do not

pout,
Tho' I own that they boast of naught, brilliant or
burnish'd,

They are genuine, warm, and will never wear out.
In light playful strain I had wished to assail thee,

The forced smile has vanish'd, the tear-drop will
fall,

While with deepest of raptures my heart throbs to
hail thee

I must weep for the year I can never recal.

When I turn to the past then thy soft image blending
With every bright scene of my earlier age,

To all that is brilliant, new brilliancy lending,
Seems the spirit of joy that illumines the page.

In the dark scenes that sorrow or sickness is shading
How pensive how pale does my mother appear,

The spirit of joy by enchantment seems fading,
The spirit of comfort is drying the tear.

When I turn to the future—what were I withou
thee,

Half selfish the source of this anguish of mine,
But I know that for me there's an int'rest about

thee,
Each wish of my heart finds an echo in thine!

Oh! what were the dance if thine eye would no
follow

My steps as they glide thro' the graceful qua-
drille,

And the praise of the many—how vacant how hollow
If the beam of that eye did not sanction it still!

Oh! each occupation each pleasure of mine
Is so blended with thee that I feel it were vain

To attempt to do aught, if forced thee to resign,
But to sleep and to dream that I had thee again!

A SCENE AT THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE SCEPTIC," "THE EXPATRIATED," THE "PILGRIM OF AVON," &c.

Anatomists can make it clear
The liver minds his own affair,
Kindly supplies our public uses,
And parts and strains the vital juices,
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide,
Else we should want both gibe and satire
And all be burst with pure good nature.

PRIOR.

Those who *really* live in the world and have the faculty of observation, of which many persons, however, seem lamentably deficient, must have frequently witnessed the interminable variety of character that almost daily attracts their attention, and to catch their lights and shades, and peculiarities, is one of the most instructive as well as amusing occupations that can employ the reflecting mind. In every circle, from the hut of the peasant to the palace of the prince, character may be studied advantageously, and trifles sometimes speak more to the point than matters of greater moment. In reading the records of past ages, the private memoirs of persons who were among the public characters of the age in which they lived, the observation I have made above will be generally verified. There is something interesting in being able to *live* in a manner, with those who have passed through the varied scene of life before us. We can hold a colloquy with them in our moments of retirement, and while seated cosily by our own fire-side, with those we love around us, enjoying uninterruptedly the sweets of domestic bliss, we can revel in the pleasures of times gone by, enter into the heart-burnings and bickerings of courts, the cabals of statesmen, and the flutterings of fine ladies' hearts, whether caused by the workings of jealousy, envy, or ambition.

"Go tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood."

says Sir Walter Raleigh, who had received too many practical lessons not to be an acute observer of human nature. But he writ the bold truth to little purpose, for the courtiers, like moths around a candle, are still attracted by its glare. All is not happiness that seems so; the meteor gleams but it sheds not that warmth around the heart that is to be met with in the privacy of domestic felicity, when it is surrounded by pomp and circumstance. Ten thousand trifles contribute to derange the equanimity of the mind *there*, that we dream not of in our quietude, and perhaps the smile of gladness that beams on the face is but too often worn as a veil to conceal the sorrows of the heart—put on like rouge, to hide deforming wrinkles, which will, notwithstanding, sometimes show themselves, despite of every precautionary measure.

Who has not heard of the lovely and eccentric Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensbury and Dover? She who was the very nightmare of the court, and the terror of all the tribe of courtiers from the reign of Queen Anne to the times of George the

Second. I have her portrait now before me, radiant in beauty, her eyes sparkling with intellectual fire, and a head as beautifully organized as any phrenologist might wish. She was also a woman of spirit, not one of those tame, meek creatures, who seem striving to prove they have not a soul of their own, or, if they have, that it is not worth their keeping. Verily fair Catherine, thou wert a pearl of price among thy fellows—the gem of the courtly wits of thy period! It is strange, and I never could discover why or wherefore, stupid people generally dislike clever ones. Perhaps they look upon them as mirrors which reflect their imperfections, and make them hideous, even to themselves. Is it because they are angry with nature for having her favourites, and not distributing her gifts equally to all? If so, they thus tacitly reproach themselves, for nature never yet took the trouble to plant flowers on a barren soil; she loves to unite the useful with the beautiful, and the lichen which flourishes on the damp and ruined vestiges of a fallen castle, can never compete in loveliness with the rose that diffuses its odours around. Wit, beauty, and talent were never yet combined in one character without exciting the spleen and envy of that portion of the human race which *justly* can pretend to neither, and thus I should conceive it was with respect to Catherine Hyde. Some feared her for her wit—some envied her for her talents—some hated her for her beauty, and blamed her with merciless severity for neglect of the paraphernalia of rank, while she as openly vented her aversion to such persons as considered outward show to be fully equivalent to mental qualifications.

At the court of the lymphatic Anne, who seems to have relished wine more than wit, and liked honesty,—which truly is not always a recommended courtly qualification—as "much as a grocer does figs," she was not, although a near relative, any thing like a favourite. She could not participate in the foibles and follies which the coterie at Kensington palace considered to be the very acme of fashionable delight; she loved rather to cultivate the society of the learned and the wise, and dwelt with long lingering pleasure on the honied sentences that fell from the lips of the poet. In truth she seemed to have lived a century in advance of the ladies of that period, and was a bright and beaming light which dazzled the eyes of the dozing princess too much to be tolerated.

The Duchess was one morning seated in her *chambre*, employed, as was her custom, alternately in works of usefulness and amusement, and gaily conversing with several young maidens, whom ladies at that period always were accustomed to entertain in their household, to assist them in those domestic duties which are performed by fair hands alone, such as skilful needle-work, embroidery, and the like; for though the Duchess herself despised the adventitious aid of dress, she did not discourage the prosecution of what then might have been termed the *femelle fine arts*, for then ladies did not attempt to rival the pencil of the artist, nor did they forsake point-stitch to practice on the piano—when a lady from the court entered to bring her the intelligence of an order hav-

ing been issued to prevent ladies from attending the drawing-rooms who wore aprons as an appendage to their dresses. The Duchess, who dressed plainer, and in a simpler style than any other person of her own order, or the humbler satellites of royalty, smiled as she considered her Queenly cousin had planned by this scheme to effect her voluntary expulsion from the court.

"Is not this one of her Majesty's reception days, Minette?" said the Duchess, addressing one of the young ladies, who was busily employed in delicately embroidering an apron for the occasion; "if it be, finish thy work as quickly as thou can'st girl, for I would fain gladden the eyes of my royal cousin's sycophants with a last sight of the forbidden apparel of a gentlewoman."

Forthwith the Duchess apparelled herself in even plainer costume than usual, and proceeded to pay her respects to her sovereign. As she passed with proud and stately step through the apartments which led to the presence chamber, all eyes were fixed upon her in wonderment; even the loud "stand by" that announced her approach to the guard-room, seemed to be given by the officer on duty with fear and trembling, but she was nevertheless allowed to reach the ante-room without molestation; but there the Lord Mohun, who was in waiting, advanced to prevent her entrée, informing her in the most respectful manner, that it was not in his power to admit her to an audience, as she had disregarded the express commands of her Majesty in the arrangement of her attire.

"And is my Lord Mohun appointed the *arbitrator* of my cousin Anne's court?" said the Duchess with one of those keen glances, her bright and brilliant eyes could, when she listed, cast upon those whom she desired to censure; "in truth your lordship would make but a sorry tire-woman if you cannot arrange my dress according to the new-fangled mode of *to-day*," and taking a seat, she bade him walk round her and point out whether she wore a curl too long or too short, or if her *toupee* would pass muster in the audience chamber.

Lord Mohun, who had before smarted under the wit of Catherine Hyde, liked not the sarcastic smile which accompanied her speech, and assured her it was not of her head-tire he complained; albeit it was somewhat of the plainest; but as her Majesty had forbidden ladies to appear before the presence in aprons, he was compelled to refuse her admittance.

"Out upon thee, man," cried the Duchess, why didst thou not tell me so at first?" and untying the strings of her apron she threw it in his face, saying, "put it in thy pocket my lord; Queensbury has given many an apron to her tire-woman, and now she gives one to the court tire-man" and hastened forward in her russet gown and petticoat, into the splendid circle that were paying their respects to the great exclusive of the day.

Peers, princes, and nobles were there congregated, and a general glance of consternation was given by all present, when the spirited and eccentric Duchess made her appearance so unsuitably attired in the presence of royalty. This, however, she heeded not, and paid her reverence with her

usual ease. The Queen, whose plans for the exclusion of the Duchess were thus so unexpectedly foiled, was colder than usual in her civilities. Her little mind could take in trifles, but matters of moment she could not comprehend quite so cleverly. Anne, in truth, was not gifted by nature with much talent, and the little she had was so mystified by those about her that she can scarcely be said to have had fair play.

Certainly the Duchess of Queensbury did look a somewhat singular figure, without the apron which was necessary to complete the appearance of the rustic costume in which it was her pleasure to appear in the courtly circle, and many were the whispered observations which assailed her ears within a few minutes of the time of her entrance. All this conversation was for two reasons carried on *sotto voce*,—firstly because it would have been contrary to etiquette to offend the royal ear with the echo of sentences not expressly addressed to it, and secondly the Duchess might not have taken tamely any thing like insolence from her equals; she could be severe, and when she was provoked to retaliate, there were few who could compete with her in sarcasm.

The bold daring of the Duchess was not always agreeable in the courtly hemisphere; Anne feared her, and had more than once felt the justice and the severity of her reproof, and now there was a "lurking devil in her eye" that made royalty rather more uneasy than if resting on a bed of roses. Nor was this alarm causeless, for the Duchess, presuming on her near affinity to the Queen, took advantage of the entrance of the Lord Mohun to hold up Anne, through him, to the ridicule of the circle.

"Your Majesty's lord in waiting," she said, addressing the Queen, "hath not been a great traveller: at least 'tis certain the garden of Eden hath not been included in his *grand tour*, or he would have known that our sex, from Eve even to this day, have deemed it unseemly to be seen abroad without aprons. He hath even had the temerity to assert that your Majesty hath launched out anathemas against this substitute for the original fig-leaf garment of our first ancestors, for if I mistake not, your Majesty and myself can both trace our descent from the original stock, albeit we may be now so far removed that we cannot trace the exactitude of our relationship."

The Queen writhed beneath the lash of her sarcastic relative, who was evidently not disposed to spare her for the intentional affront she had put upon her; and the Lord Mohun, who was a courtier by profession, actually blushed as she thus rebuked his official officiousness, and remarked that her Grace was little better than a female Diogenes, if she could thus impute blame to him for enforcing the orders of the court.

The Duchess was better read than most of the ladies of that period, and her quickness of perception told her that an allusion was intended in the latter sentence of his lordship's speech which was equally offensive if rightly understood, both to the Queen and herself. The idle story of their being the descendants of a *tub-woman* had been long freely circulated, and although, had it been true, the Duchess was too great a lover of truth not to

have acknowledged it, she now felt she was bound in honour to vindicate the name and reputation of her ancestress.

"My Lord Mohun," she said, with more asperity than she was usually accustomed to use on the like occasions, "forgets that when he thus insults one of her Majesty's subjects he at the same time throws the gauntlet down at the feet of his sovereign, seeing that the same family blood fills the veins of the *humble* Catherine Hyde and the *royal* Anne. The Lord Mohun ought to know that a fouler falsehood was never circulated, but had my ancestress been an oyster-wench, or a '*tub-woman*' I would proudly have acknowledged her, for had she not been *virtuous* she had not given a monarch for whom the Lord Mohun might bear his present badge of servitude."

It was amusing to behold the various expressions which marked the countenances of the auditors of this courtly fracas; some grew pallid with affright, others with difficulty suppressed their inclination to laugh outright at the discomfiture of the Lord Mohun; while the old sycophants of the Kensington court turned up their eyes, like saints in a picture, as though they were supplicating heaven to put an end to this unseemly dispute.

Admiral Leake, who was a better warrior than a courtier, and had just returned from one of those naval expeditions which are recorded in the history of his country, and who met with more fame than reward or gratitude from those he had served, whispered in the ear of the Duchess—

"Your Grace has spun a yarn that my Lord Mohun will find it difficult to digest."

"Digest it or not," replied the indignant Duchess, "he shall hear *truth* from me, even though it be as unpalatable as the prescription of the leech. I marvel much that the proud blood of Mohun can condescend to revel in the dark stream of scandal; but let the slanderers say what they will they cannot gainsay that the Hydes scorn the lash he would fain, in his arrogance, inflict upon them!"*

* Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensbury and Dover, was one of the most beautiful, eccentric, and talented ladies of the court of Queen Anne, and among the numerous records which are still preserved in the family, is the one which forms the subject of the text. I could without much research relate many instances of her boldness of spirit, but I shall content myself with one which occurred later than the reign of Anne. Every one who is at all conversant with history, knows that she was forbid the court of George the Second in consequence of her having most warmly espoused the cause of her protégé Gay, whose continuation of the "*Beggar's Opera*," called "*Polly*," had been forbidden by the then Lord Chamberlain, Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, to be acted. On this occasion she sent the following indignant note to the King:—

"The Duchess of Queensbury is surprised, and well-pleased that the King hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay away from court, where she never went for diversion, but to bestow a great civility upon the King and Queen. She hopes by such an unprecedented order as this, that the King will see as few as he wishes at his court; particularly such as dare to *think* or *speak* the *truth*. The Duchess herself dare not do otherwise, and ought

The story of the grandmother of the Queens Mary and Anne being of very plebeian and ignoble birth, had been freely circulated by the lampooners of that period, but her real origin was highly respectable, and her degradation in rank was caused by the following melancholy circumstances:—

During that awful period of civil warfare between Charles the First and the Parliament, Cromwell set fire to a village in which many persons were sacrificed to the violent passions of the soldiery, who served God in a manner peculiar to themselves, and others burnt in their dwellings. Among the victims of the popular fury were the parents of Frances Aylesbury, who having seen her family and relatives murdered before her eyes, fled as soon as the calmness of recollection returned, from the scene of horror, and from the fear of being persecuted by the conquerors concealed her name and lineage from every one. She came to London sorrowful and destitute, without funds to support her from the pressure of poverty, and without a friend to render her assistance. As the daughter of a *Cavalier*, many belonging to either party would doubtless have had charity enough to have rendered her assistance, but she scorned to ask aid from those who had left her a wretched wanderer in the world, and she was desirous not to open the wounds of her heart afresh by repeating the awful tale even to those who would most deeply have sympathised with her in her sorrows. In this forlorn and destitute situation she engaged herself as a "*tub-girl*" to a publican, who was also an extensive brewer, whose wife being childless, and in declining health, as she found her conduct herself so well, entreated her husband when she was on her death-bed, to marry her. He did so, and shortly after died, leaving her in full and uncontrolled possession of a large fortune. As it was necessary that her affairs should be legally settled, Mr. Edward Hyde was recommended to the young widow as a person skilled in the law, and finding the widow very pretty, and her fortune very considerable, he offered himself and was accepted, and from this union came the Lady Anne Hyde, who was the first wife of James the Second.†

The Duchess, who was as sensibly alive to every thing like ridicule, as she was open to the refined compliments of the wit and the poet, was termed by Lady Bolingbroke, who was accounted the then

not, nor could have imagined that it would not have been the very highest compliment she could possibly pay his Majesty, to endeavour to support *truth* and *innocence* in his house; especially when the King and Queen had both told her Grace 'that they had not read Mr. Gay's play.' The Duchess has certainly some right then, to stand by her *own* word, rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who hath neither made use of *truth*, *judgment*, or *honour*, throughout this whole affair, either for himself or his friends."

This was a wonderful display of spirit for the time in which she lived: but she was altogether a wonderful woman. She died 1777 at a very advanced age, having outlived her husband and her two sons.

† Edward Hyde, first Lord Clarendon, was married on the 10th of July, 1624, at the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Frances, daughter to Sir Thomas Aylesbury Knt. and Bart.—a convincing proof of the respectability of her origin.

politest woman in the courtly circle, 'Sa Singularitié,' and her Grace was more than gratified with the appellation. Pope eulogized and then quarrelled with her, but she had spirit enough to lash the petty tyrant with her pen. Prior and Gay were her friends and familiars, and in short her mind was too great for the comprehension of those with whom she was now associating.

The Lord Mohun winced a little under the keen glance of her eye, and was making his way, with as much speed as he decently could, out of the courtly circle, when the Duchess arrested his steps by requesting he would return her apron, which the courtier thereupon coolly drew forth from his pocket, and with a low bow presented it to the proprietor, amidst the suppressed laughter of all those who were standing in the presence. Even Anne herself, although one not always alive to the ridiculous, relaxed the stately frigidity of her face as the Duchess quietly tied on the creased and tumbled piece of muslin, and said—"Methinks the Duchess hath justly won her appellation of *Sa Singularitié*," while to avoid any further altercation she would have broke up the court, had not the Duchess, who was on the tarrying list, and seemed determined to have her fill of amusement at the expense of Lord Mohun, detained her for awhile to hear a long dissertation on the antiquity of aprons, which her Grace, who had wit at command, made so exquisitely ridiculous, that, however, unseemly it might appear, the whole circle were unable to restrain their laughter; and the Queen became at length so annoyed with the cutting sarcasms she indirectly levelled at her, that she said—

"Come as thou wilt to court, fair cousin, another time, and if thou art mistaken in thy plain russet garb and apron for the wife of one of our foresters, we would fain it should so happen than to be thus exposed to the unceasing battery of thy tongue."

WE MUST NOT MEET AGAIN.

BY W. LLEWELIN.

WE MUST NOT MEET AGAIN—for thou
Hast blighted hopes I fondly wreathed,
And broken every sacred vow
That once thy lips so falsely breathed.
The glances of that witching eye
Have pass'd like lightning o'er my heart,
While falsehood bade Hope's blossoms die
And love's bright visions all depart.

WE MUST NOT MEET AGAIN—the dreams
Of fond confiding Love are o'er,
And oh! their bright, though transient beams
Upon this heart will fall no more.
For if the heart that has believed
Love's tale, and felt its tender pain,
By heartless worldlings is deceived
It never knows that love again.

WE MUST NOT MEET AGAIN—the chain
That bound me once is sever'd now,
Each link that held is snapp'd in twain,
Like many a fond passion'd vow.
My heart is like a broken lute,
Its melody and gladness o'er,
The chords of joy for aye are mute,
For Love's illusions charm no more.
Pontypool.

ODE TO THE RHINE.

Oh! blessed morning! I will mark thy date
In my bright, but brief calendar of days;
More dear than common-life times; I of late
Have driven been from my mind's home; thro'
ways

Throng'd with the world, unwilling traveller I
Have wander'd for a season; mine own will
Prisoner to Circumstance; dear Liberty!
To day hath rescued me; I fly, I fly
To my soul's inward dwelling-place; a thrill
Quickens my life's pulsations, and I feel
Childhood's vitality come back to me;—
Now thronging scenes of beauty, by the spell
Of some enchantress rais'd, wait blessing me
With their charm'd presence,—yet of them is one
So lovely, it alone my sight hath won.
Oh, Rhine! to whom a kindly Providence
Hath granted Nature's charter'd loveliness,
I ne'er have seen thy bright inheritance,
Save in the Ideal, which I now behold;
Yet have I heard full many a lip confess
Thy presence glorious, though none were so bold
As to define it in set terms; I long
To wander musing on thy banks, and pay
Homage to Beauty's spirit at the shrine
She hath most sanctified; how blest each day
Into Eternity should glide along.
Had I my will; home by thy waters, Rhine,
Hid by the clust'ring foliage of fair trees,
And honor'd more than palace by some bright
And spiritual being who with me could prize
Creation's loveliness, nor let me have
A cold monopoly in Beauty; now
To complete mine Ideal, one wish more
I would aspire to, that the golden light
Mine own might be, which gilds the Minstrel's
brow;

Then could I think in my sweet solitude,
That to the world I had bequeath'd a store
Of glorious thoughts, the Spirit's legacy,
And feel I had a Poet's right to stand
On this sweet Poetry's elected land;
Thus while no bitter feeling should intrude
Into my sanctuary, my soul should be
The home of Beauty, Peace, Love, Purity,
And leave the earth (when needs it must depart),
To claim the Kingdom of "The pure in heart!"
K. W. M.

THE IVY.

My only beloved one! I've twin'd thee a wreath
To braid in thy beautiful hair,
Of the wild briar-rose, and the dark purple heath,
And many sweet flowrets more rare!
But let it not be, love,
An emblem of thee, love,
For alas! the bright hues will soon fade;
And 'twill leave not behind, love,
E'en a scent to remind, love,
Of all the gay beauties displayed.
But I'll weave thee another, my fairest, I ween,
One more like thine own gentle mind;
Round the trunk of that oak see the fond ivy green,
In firmest affection entwined.
Let the ivy then be, love,
A wreath meet for thee, love,
E'en in age ever bright, ever true,
Shall I be the tree, love,
And clinging to me, love,
The ivy's sweet emblem—You!

S. C. B.

MY SPANISH KINSFOLK.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

We are all the slaves of circumstance, the vanes of an everchanging wind, which blows us about, not always to the right or the desired point. The breath of success now visits us in sunshine, and the weather cock of Destiny turns to all that is fair and fresh and felicitous. Our views are extensive, not bounded by arid mountain, or marshy fen: the landscape is rich and diversified; gay gardens, redolent of sweets—velvet meadows and lucid streams are spread out before us—a map of scenic beauty! But soon, alas! the blasts of Adversity burst in, and presto! the vane is reversed, while beneath us (for now we stand upon a barren rock) rise surgy seas and tumbling whirlpools, and dens, dismal as the cave of Trophonius. Haggard witches, conning their horrid incantations amidst thorny brakes, meet our sight, and birds of evil omen wheel about our heads, croaking inscrutable warnings. Such are the changes of Providence, which men miscall *Chance*, and they follow each other hurriedly and indistinctly, like the varying phantasmagoria of a show-box. So it is with our mental visions, which are so constantly changing, influenced, we know not how, by the most trivial circumstances, to gloom or gaiety. Some melancholy tidings reach us,—to sigh were natural, but the mood of the moment is such as will not permit the spirit to stoop to despondency, or bend with the bending willow: and we move on in the flippancy of our thoughtlessness, smiling and reckless, and apparently void of all feeling. Again, there is Mirth abroad; Festivity spreads her banquet, and Pleasure prepares her spiced vase, yet a casual depression of spirits, a heaviness of heart, for which we can assign no adequate reason burthens us, as with a load of iron; and the smile of hilarity flies our lips, as the chilled butterfly hastens to escape from the calyx of some damp flower, whose moisture has soiled the beauty of its painted wings.

An incident of the most simple nature will frequently, in a single instant, baffle the studied resolution of many days. Had I not on a certain day, in a certain month of a certain year rambled most unintentionally to a certain grove of firs, should I ever have written a single doggerel in praise of a certain little enchantress, who lords it (query, *ladies* it) most despotically over the regions of the heart. And had I not this very evening taken shelter from a sudden shower of rain amongst a group of trees, in which I came upon a spot that strongly reminded me of such another spot in Andalusia, this long lucubration would not have been written. Behold, then, how majestic a tree springs—from an acorn! It was a very commonplace sort of a spot, too; but I am fond of common places, and, as I wish this paper to be perused, I hope that *you*, dear reader, have the same *penchant*.

It was a little green eminence, clear of brushwood all round for about a dozen yards, amidst a stretch of forest land. In the centre, however, was one large tree, of a form so peculiar and so well-remembered, that in the enthusiasm of the moment I believed myself transported to Spain, where another such tree sheltered the happiest

infantile group that ever lived to be disunited. It wanted but a little limpid well at its foot to be the very tree of my youthful affection, and this deficiency—ah! how soon we discover the blanks in our scroll of imaginary joys!—I too quickly noticed. The tree of Spain, though the witness of many a sportive prank, was connected with a sad incident. It is the custom in that country to bury the body of an unbaptised infant in some favourite spot near the mansion of the parents; and beneath that tree reposed the remains of my twin brother, who had he lived would have been named Henriquez; but, who dying within a few hours, lays here; whilst the tree that drooped over him received his name. How dear have I thought would this brother have been to me! Is there not a double union, a stronger bond of congeniality, a mystic sympathy, a co-existing season of flourishing and fading between TWINS? Should *this* fade, will not *that* languish? Should it grow vigorously, will not the other partake of its luxuriant growth, and put forth its strength in the fraternity of exuberant vegetation? Nay, it is *not* so; but I do think that were my dear Henriquez alive I should love him above all living beings, joying when he joyed, and sorrowing when he sighed.

We owe some of our most agreeable sensations to a sudden excitement of the memory. To come accidentally upon some solitary spot in our exile, some quiet retreat, whose traits of scenery present a similitude to a favourite resort of former days, awakens a train of ideas, which are not the less grateful to the soul that they are tinged with sadness. A vista in the forest, a fountain of clear water, a clump of trees, nay, a grey stone, mossed and lichened by the hand of Antiquity have called up the spirit of retrospection within me, until my dull and vacant heart hath become haunted by fairy phantoms that for the moment robbed life of its cares. But the effect of an indulgence in such emotions cannot fail to be pernicious to the mental health; it may be compared to the watering a flower-bed with tears, which, if for the moment they give the plants a stimulus that appears to revive them, in the end will but hasten their decay. It is strange how the human heart loves to feed upon itself. Too often do the sad thoughts which it cherishes prove but the vampires of its perished pleasures, draining it of its last drops of health and hope!

I have long promised myself a sketch of the first circle, of which I became a member in Spain, where many of the happiest days of my boyhood were spent. "Time is," undoubtedly, "a great master," and there are some characters and circumstances that defy his erasing power, standing unharmed the brunt of Oblivion's most Lethæan dose. My recollection of the beings who floated like gay-tinted, not gloomy clouds around my youth, is not among them; and though a certain indefinite remembrance of them exists, yet it displays them through a delusive medium, that may possibly heighten follies to crimes and exalt amiabilities to the most dignified virtues. The long-indulged dreams of an uncurbed imagination may have turned the traces of thought into the unseemly wrinkles of care, and temporary dimples to eternal smiles.

My maternal uncle, Don Garcia De Civiglia, is entitled to the first place in my domestic sketch, as being the only father—in kindness, I ever knew. Yet my description of this worthy old Andalusian must be very slight, for I can merely say that he was all goodness, with little to mark his character from that of the common-place good "honest sort of man of every day." A mild and easy temper, unaccompanied by genius, or (what is so often mistaken for it) eccentricity, affords little scope for portraiture. A true Catholic, in the most favourable aspect of the character, he was, though no bigot, a firm believer in the creed to which he had been trained, and a rigid observer of its forms. He was proud, as almost all Spaniards are, but he was neither arrogant nor overbearing; and the objects that caused his pride were in themselves scarcely blameable—his country, his name, and the Castilian blood, which he derived from his mother. I loved him devotedly, for he treated me with unchanging tenderness, and never in the slightest manner attempted to interfere with the religion I had been taught to call my own, nor evinced any undue partiality for my sister because she was of the faith he revered. Excellent old man! he is now far advanced in the vale of years, but he leads a quiet and happy life in his sylvan retreat of Monténegros, surrounded by a family who doat upon him, and by dependants who find him a father and a friend.

His wife, Donna Marcella, was the orphan child of his father's dearest friend; she had been consigned to the guardianship of my grandfather, with some property in specie, and was reared up in the same convent with my mother and aunts. Thus she and Garcia were frequently thrown together. It is certain that we see many instances of abiding attachments that are formed in the same cool, passionless way which marked the whole course of my uncle's and aunt's courtship. They had little congeniality of soul, no violent affection, but a very sincere esteem for each other; and it is possible that their hearts were scarcely capable of a warmer sentiment.

Marcella had few mental charms—no personal ones, and the small fortune to which she was entitled was in itself of no importance to a man so prosperously circumstanced as my uncle found himself on the demise of his father. They were quietly married after an acquaintance, for it cannot be called a courtship of some twenty years, and in the same unostentatious manner that marked every incident of their lives, nor can I deny that they were a happy couple. Yet a union of this kind, formed with much the same calculating equanimity that characterizes a mercantile arrangement between two honourable dealers, is the very death blow to all that romance, which teaches us that no matrimonial felicity is attainable without a due mixture of pain and pleasure, and a full allowance of love, warm as the sunbeams of summer that revive the flowers, which wanting such genial warmth would perish unblown.

My aunt was—what you will not often find in a Spanish woman and an Andalusian—placid, mild, passionless; yet a notable housewife, and as affectionate a wife and parent as a temperament so apathetic as hers would allow her to be. Although she

was therefore a person who could never excite admiration, nor elicit passionate attachment, she was equally confident of never creating dislike or enmity. If she possessed no enthusiastic friends, she made no enemies. She died as calmly as she lived. My uncle's family consisted of three daughters, one son, myself, and a youth, who as the foster brother of his son had been reared by Don Garcia with a kindness, which he afterwards repaid with the most signal ingratitude. The oldest girl, Estifania, I had never seen; she was married, and resided in a distant province. The second, Grazia, was the bright vision of an enthusiast's imaginings. She was regarded by all who knew her as a being such as the world seldom owns; a creature too pure, too faultless, too holy to endure its sin and its suffering. Beauty's favourite child, she was an embodiment of all that most attracts the eye, and fascinates yet purifies the mind; and she was virtuous as she was lovely, yet was she unhappy. Ever a strange incomprehensible girl, she would in her early youth, unlike her associates, fly their pastimes and seek out some remote spot, where sunk in the deepest abstraction she would indulge in the wild and melancholy ideas of an imagination whose very strength consumed her being. Nor is such strength of imagination always inconsistent with perfect purity of mind. Her visions were the visions of the embryo Saint.

With a frame too delicately constituted to bear the slightest bodily fatigue, she permitted her mental powers to overtask themselves, until her mind overpowered her body. The French proverb, "*La lame use le fourreau*," was exactly applicable to her case. Ever pensive, never gay, but always mild as the pet lamb, which she made almost her only companion, she gave herself up to meditations the most sublime; but with a fear and a fervour that proved most pernicious to her fragile constitution. She became doubtful on some points of religious faith, and the unhappiness she suffered in consequence was so intense, that her health, long undermined by the mental fever, was utterly destroyed. A worthy Ecclesiastic, the long-trying friend of the family, at last effected by the judicious and mild persuasions of true piety, enlightened and cheerful, a happy change in her opinions; and she consented to appear for a short time in that world, which she could not bring herself to like, although whilst she moved in it she was herself an object of universal love.

She was indeed unfit for an encounter with folly and frivolity, nor could she stoop to become the "Cynthia of the Minute." She was an *unique*, whose value was scarcely understood, and therefore, though admired, unappreciated by the flippant crowd; and, amongst other women, she was what the *Epimedium alpinum* is amongst plants—of which it constitutes a genus by itself.* Yet in one point she proved herself to be open to the same natural impressions as the rest of her sex—she loved. The love of such a being as Grazia could not be unreturned, and the amiable youth who won the approbation of a heart so pure and so precious was on the eve of leading her to the altar when he was seized with an epidemic distemper,

* Vide "*English Botany*," t. 438.

which in the short space of three days left him a corpse in the arms of his betrothed.

Grazia was never seen to smile again. A touching but resigned expression of melancholy pervaded her countenance; and at her earnest and repeated solicitations her parents consented to her wish of taking the veil. She became a nun in the Convent of Santa Clara, at Seville. Monastic seclusion probably nursed the disease that had long rankled in her constitution; the cloister's monotonous gloom—the midnight vigil—the frequent fast, though they waste the body and reduce the strength, fail to renew the heart, or kill the worm within that feeds upon its energies—and so she died!

There was perhaps never any body more regretted than was this sweet sufferer; even her mother, the placid and imperturbable Donna Marcella, shed tears, and my uncle's grief was great and lasting.

"Yes," he would often say, "thou hast left me, *Lumbre de mis ojos!* (light of my eyes). Thou canst not return to me, but I shall go to thee."

I saw Grazia but once after she had become the bride of Heaven; yet, often when a happy vision transports me to the delights of paradise, I behold in my attendant angel the sainted nun of Santa Clara.

Her sister, the playful and good humoured Florice, is one of those beautiful flowers, which are at the same time lovely and unchanging; uniting all the grace of the delicate exotic to the vigorous salubrity of the cheerful evergreen; for under an exterior of the most feminine beauty Florice conceals a strong mind and a cultivated understanding. Her brother, Juan, who has always proved the dearest friend of my heart, possesses a character in which are blent all the most desirable traits, of which the very different dispositions of his sisters were composed. The acute and comprehensive intellect of Florice is softened by the ardent enthusiasm and refined imagination of Grazia, whilst the too exuberant sensibility of the latter is regulated by the chastened taste and healthful sprightliness of the former. I have often wondered at the singular fate, which gave to such calm, unimpassioned, unpoetical personages as my uncle and aunt offspring so superior to the generality of young men and women. Like a chemical experiment, which by the mixture of two cold liquids causes them to reach a boiling heat, the placid temperaments of this honest pair produced beings worthy of the highest parental pride.

I am wearied of my sketch, as most probably are *you*, dear reader, and I must leave it unfinished. Yet, *should* I leave it unstained by the name of Pepe Mendoza, the destroyer of my peace, the ungrateful foster-brother of Juan? The fair in manners—the foul in mind! The dagger wreathed with roses! The smiling, sunny visage, covering a heart of iron and ice! Alas! he has been to me the withering Simoom—that blighted the fairest hopes of existence; he would have rendered me as guilty as he made me miserable,

but there were good spirits abroad, and I was spared the pangs which he would have earned for me at the expense of my very soul! The trials and almost unexampled horrors which for a season environed me may have been intended for my benefit; they may have taught me apathy—I will not call it resignation; they may have taught me to suspect and to doubt, but not to deceive. They may have destroyed *some* of my *vices*, but have they not also dragged into the gulf *all* of my *virtues*? * * * * The tempest, though it uproots the weeds, doth not spare the flowers.

THE SORROWS OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

They're fled, they're fled those charming days,
When I was so romantic;
When Radcliffe's tales, and Byron's lays
So nearly drove me frantic.
When (I was scarcely seventeen)
I met Belinda Berry,
And made of her my bosom's queen,
For she was pretty—*very*.

We used to meet on twilight eves
Down by the ruined abbey;
But light the love of her, who leaves
Her lover for a tabby!
My terrier slew her huge tom cat,
She called me Turk and Tartar!
She scratched my eyes, she tore my hat,
And—*married* fat Bob Carter!

Adieu those days, when I could write
Soft stanzas and smooth sonnets,
On golden braids, and glances bright,
Big bustles and big bonnets!
Past—past away my youth's romance,
Its fervencies and frolics;
TIME rudely wakes me from my trance,
And AGE brings colds and colics!

My liver's touched, I've got the spleen,
I'm yellow as a curry;
I'm blind—I'm craz'd—that is, I mean
My nerves are in a flurry;
Hope, Love, Romance have left me now,
To grief I fall a martyr;
Belinda Berry broke her vow,
She married fat Bob Carter!
CALDER CAMPBELL.

STANZAS;

BY MRS. WILLIAM QUARLES.

Oh! I would pray thee laugh and sing,
As thou wert wont in happier hours;
For time expands its fleeting wing,
And on life's path for thee are flowers.

Oh! I would pray thee to forego
A lip so cold, so dead as mine;
A form that's seared by many a woe,
It were not meet to press to thine.

Nor, I would pray thee, crave to share
A heart whose sun of joy hath set;
Go—go! I give thee many a prayer,
Thy happiness—is to forget.
Paris.

BROKEN FAITH.

BY MRS. GEORGE CROOKSHANK.

If thou tell'st the story right
 the hearers will shed tears;
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
 And say, alas! it was a piteous deed.

Wearily and sadly did the once light-hearted Frederick Reynolds pace the ramparts at Portsea, and when the bleak winds of April, which so frequently annoy us in that changeful month, drove him homewards, it was immersed in gloom he returned to his apartments at Southsea. Deep and bitter was the sigh that rent his bosom as listlessly throwing himself on the couch, he fixed his gaze on a beautiful East Indiaman lying at Spithead; melancholy and despairing as was his look, contempt and indignation were strongly perceptible.

His widowed mother had watched his entrance with fond anxiety, but with a fear Frederick's late irritability had caused, now gently ventured to say—

"My son, my dear Frederick, what is—what can be the cause of this great misery? Tell me, tell your mother. Has Marian?"

At the mention of this name, every bitter and evil passion seemed struggling for conquest—anger and disdain appeared to surmount every other feeling, and in a tone that made his aged mother shudder, he almost shrieked out—

"Curse—" then he seemed to be suffocating, and as if another thought had rushed over his mind, he added in a subdued tone—"him."

The effort was great; he buried his head in the cushion, and remained absorbed in sorrow; his sobs alone could be heard; at length he gave words to his bitter grief, but they fell from his lips as if agony wrung them from his heart, and made known in faltering accents the following sad history to his afflicted parent. As his tale wandered from self, he became less excited, and for a period forgot his own peculiar sorrow, and spoke with composure.

"You remember, mother, the hour I quitted the burning climes of my birth; but you know not how fervid were my youthful affections, how impetuous my passions. My poor father had not been dead more than a month when I left you and embarked on board the —. Boy as I was, I felt a gloomy pleasure, a mournful gratification in my solitary walks on deck, to retrace the varied scenes of my infancy, and my separation from all dear to me was endured by my too sensitive heart with burning pain. The only passengers besides myself were Colonel and Mrs. Antrobus and their baby girl. By degrees this interesting child, then only lisping her infant wishes, interested me; she called me her Tippoo, the name of a favourite boy who had attended her. She diverted my melancholy hours, became my plaything, and I felt a strange pride in her preference, and the apparent dependence on my kindness for her innocent amusements and comforts.

"Mrs. Antrobus was returning to England for the restoration of her health. She was a woman of good family and possessed the beauty so peculiar to the English, and was endowed with all

the grace that nature in her most cultivated form could bestow. Never shall I forget the scene that so entwined the little Marian round my heart.

"Mrs. Antrobus was evidently fast sinking—death was rapidly claiming his gentle victim, but one so lovely the rapacious enemy seldom approached. Oh! that scene of death will never be erased from my remembrance. When we see those who have long journeyed in this world of trial depart, we know the good fight is fought, and the work is done. The spirit wearied with its struggles finds even the cold rest of the tomb welcome. We expect the aged to die, and the survivor finds comfort in knowing those they loved when full of years have fallen asleep. But the young—the lovely—the happy—they so cling to life; life has so many attractions, so many claims—so many entreaties 'yet to stay.' When the husband loses the bride—the mother her young daughter or promising boy, just entering into life; then to part the struggle is agony, and the bereaved mourner too often sunk in grief forgets that he is a Christian, and that He who gave has a right to take away.

"Thus it was with Colonel Antrobus and his his dying wife. He looked long and fixedly on the drooping form that was now reduced to a beautiful shadow; the anguish of his soul glared in his eye, and fell in burning drops on his blanched cheek. He knew she was dying, but she seemed rather yielding to a sweet sleep, yet the grasping tyrant was fast withdrawing her breath; the blighting touch of death was on her cheek; her lips were pale without a tinge of rosy life to give the faintest hope. The wan hue of the lily was no longer contrasted by the blushing loveliness of its sister flower. No—death—cold, cruel death! called her his own; her eyes alone retained their soft expression—they were raised in a last effort to look love's last look on the being reclining over her and her infant. Soon, alas, Death weighed down their pale covering, and closed them on all she loved for ever!

"Next day I saw Colonel Antrobus with Marian in his arms, and boy-like I was proud of the intimacy that permitted me to join him uninvited. He went into his cabin, where, for that day only, lay the wife of his dearest affections, the mother of his baby;—the following day she was to be consigned to the deep.

"The captain would have dissuaded him from taking the child to the dead, but he replied, he wished his child to retain a lasting impression of her virtuous mother, whose countenance beautifully serene, might affect, but could not appal. He held the sweet child in his arms—she looked on the bed—and leaving her father she crept to her mother, and kissed her cold white cheek, unconscious of her mother's unconsciousness. Her little hands were busy seeking for an orange which she recollected her mother had put under her pillow. But why dwell on the scene, still less on the agony of the bereaved husband, when the hour came that the chill waves were to inclose all that poor Antrobus had so long, so ardently cherished.

"We arrived in England—the varied scenes and passing events of childhood, though they could not efface, rendered the remembrance of earlier years fainter, and thus years passed on.

Whenever I returned from Eton, though my uncle's was my nominal home, Colonel Antrobus's was my actual residence. Marian was my companion, and when she was nearly sixteen she had become so entwined with my existence, so inseparably interwoven with my happiness, that life had no other joy for me. Marian! Marian! how I have loved thee! Have loved thee? How I do love thee. Aye, even now, to call thee mine—I—no—no—thou art false, false as—thou art—thou another's!"

Gasping, these broken sentences fell from his lips, and his emotion was so violent, that his heart-stricken mother feared he would suffocate, and screamed for help. That night poor Frederick Reynolds was seized with a delirium, which in his broken-hearted state was a transient cessation of mental suffering.

We will here proceed in the narrative.

Colonel Antrobus not only sanctioned, but was delighted with the prospect of his only, his darling child's happiness. He had known Frederick Reynolds from boyhood; he knew him deserving, even of his treasure, a treasure he considered almost above value. But he was never to witness the happiness he anticipated. Three weeks before the day appointed for the nuptials, he was thrown from his horse, and only lived to breathe a blessing on his beloved child and her affianced husband. The marriage being delayed for some months the beautiful mourner was entrusted to the care of her aunt, Lady Loudenhall, a weak, good natured, worldly-minded woman of high fashion.

Marian was a bright star which all the gloom of her sables could not obscure. Like the sun breaking from a dark cloud, she gladdened all within her cheering rays, but known to all the gay throng as Frederick Reynolds's affianced wife, she was viewed by the many as tempting but forbidden fruit.

It might have been about six or nine months after the death of Colonel Antrobus that Frederick was called into Hampshire to attend the last hours of his uncle. Lover-like, his grief at leaving his betrothed Marian, we fear was more acute than that which he felt for his uncle, who had only coldly, though justly, fulfilled the duties of a guardian. Still Frederick was too highly principled to allow feeling to usurp the claims of duty, but he resolved to secure if possible, the treasure unalienably his own, before they parted, though probably the period would not extend beyond a few days. He ardently entreated her to consider his fond apprehensions, even under a temporary separation, but he pleaded in vain; Marian could not be induced to name any earlier period for their marriage than the expiration of her year of mourning. His persevering entreaties seemed rather to have rendered her petulant and offended. She said—

"Surely Frederick, if you loved generously, confidingly, truly, as I do, you could not press me to do what would cause me pain. Do you doubt my affection—my faith?"

"Doubt you, my beloved girl," he interrupted; "sooner, far sooner would I doubt myself. No, you are all purity, truth, and goodness, and I am all self; but love look one more kind look, and I will

leave you for my sombre melancholy visit, and the thought of you, you expecting me will make all light to my soul. But write daily to me—let me have every thought; they are all, must all be mine. You know what an exalted personage I am, and that my love cannot allow you to call either your thoughts or your wishes your own."

Marian smiled; it was a smile accompanied with a tearful sigh that followed him in thought through time. She received his parting embrace, and he left her.

Amongst the "glittering throng" that daily visited Lady Loudenhall's and gave celebrity to her soirées and petits soupers, there was a certain Prince—, who from the moment he beheld Marian seemed to have no eyes, no ears, no heart, but to look, to listen, and to yield her adoration. No attentions were offered but to her; in fact, the pale, melancholy looking foreigner intimidated by his conduct that if there were other beings in existence, they were to him as moving and speaking automata, with nothing to attract, nothing to deserve his notice. If Marian danced with any other, Prince — could only look at her—none other was worthy to be led by him in the entrancing waltz or the exhilarating galoppee. The melancholy that always had been a leading feature in his manner, seemed at times to blend itself into a deep despondency, still he spoke not of love, and though it was evident to all that Marian was the shrine of his idolatry, all supposed him too honourable to attempt to alienate an affection which he knew was solemnly pledged to another.

A conduct so cautious and full of finesse, bearing the stamp of apparent high honour even put Marian off her guard, and fearless and unsuspecting of evil, she evinced a leniency and pity for the melancholy Prince, but she would then have shrunk from his approach and shuddered from his preference had she known, or could she have penetrated his views. He had well studied the weakness, the inmost heart of woman; he well knew the moment to encroach,—he knew the moment to retreat or forbear; he could watch an opportunity and never lost one. How truly has a novelist of the day remarked, that man scorns the weak one, who sacrifices all that is estimable to a wretched delusion, and Prince — thought of Marian as he thought of all women, that she had no higher desire in life than to find favour in the sight of capricious man, and he hoped to find her frail and yielding. True he thought her superior to the many he had wooed and won in his own enervating clime. She was high, lofty, and he felt, constant to her absent lover; but still she *was* a woman, and he resolved to conquer—to make her his own.

Marian was punctual in her correspondence with Frederick, and even he, with all his *exigence* had little cause to complain of coldness, or a want of avowed affection. By degrees as her commiseration for the repressed, yet dangerous and increasing passion of the Prince for herself, stole into her thoughts, its influence imperceptibly and gradually became apparent in her letters. She hesitated to confess to Frederick that she had listened to the fond rhapsodies of the Prince without shewing she was offended; she felt she ought not to acknowledge she pitied his sufferings. The

restraint was evident; it is rare that in lover's correspondence that either write as the other would in similar circumstances; allowance should be made for the more attempered feeling in the one, and difference of education and habit in the other. Entire silence is preferable to half confidence, for that is a whole and deep injury. When there is total silence on a subject the pain and the restraint is with the one who refuses himself the comfort of participation; partial communications engender suspicion, when good faith and happiness become a hopeless wreck.

So it was with Marian and Frederick. He felt that she withheld something from him; she knew she concealed many feelings she blushed to own. He was detained by business which lengthened their correspondence. He had mildly, fondly, intimated he felt her reserve, and she knowing, or thinking, or hoping that her pity for the Prince was blameless, and her love unchanged, and still devoted to Frederick, proudly resented the doubts and fears which he had expressed, and conceived it would be humiliating to enter into a justification, while she felt the consciousness of self-approval.

Thus a coolness commenced that was to end in a sorrow little anticipated, and which the hand of death itself could not assuage; and even after years had elapsed, recollections long dormant would flash through the brain, and almost burst the throbbing heart with terrific tumult, and shake the enfeebled powers of reason.

But let our tale proceed. Frederick after attending his uncle to the grave, and arranging necessary matters, allowed but little time to elapse ere he hastened to his loved Marian, fondly believing one half hour passed with each other would dispel the gloom that had latterly o'ershadowed their former happiness.

Frederick arrived at an unfortunate moment; Lady Loudenhall's rooms were thrown open to receive her friends, and as Frederick entered the room, fatigued, and certainly not so elegantly attired as he would have been had he possessed less love and more vanity, he beheld Marian, his Marian, with the pale foreigner's arm around her, supporting her, from the whirl of the waltz she had that moment concluded.

The Prince had that morning dared to disclose his love; she had listened to him,—true, she rejected his suit, but with an avowal of commiseration which our diplomatist in love well knew how to construe, and turn to his advantage. His despairing accents, his humble grief—his entreaties for gentle forgiveness, his prayers for a continuation of her usual kindness of manner, all were put in requisition, to soften Marian's feelings towards him, and she, to convince him she heard his tale of forbidden love more in sorrow than in anger, did not refuse to dance with him, which she did almost the whole evening.

Her aunt had for long been sanctioning the Prince's views. It would be so delightful to have her niece a Princess; his fortune was so splendid, his appointments so brilliant. Marian's heedless encouragement soon made him forget his rejected love, and turning to her, on observing Frederick's entrance, said in his usual soft, insinuating tone—

"Who, my Principia, is that ill-dressed man,

who looks like a courier? See how he looks at us."

Yes, Frederick had looked and hastily retreated on observing Marian's position.

"Who?" replied Marian, in evident and painful confusion; "it is—it is—" and feeling conscious of error, she would have left the Prince, though equally wishing to avoid Frederick.

But this was not the intention of her wily companion, who knew full well who the "ill-dressed man" really was.

"You look pale," said he, "you are weary; come, come," and dragging rather than leading her, they withdrew from the crowd.

But poor Frederick had been an agonized witness of their departure, and in a state of feverish excitement, he rushed from the house, as the grave of all his happiness.

Next morning he called at Lady Loudenhall's, and enquired for Miss Antrobus.

He waited in an agitation of mind that was little relieved by Marian's appearance.

Pale, dispirited, and with a constrained coldness, a consciousness of unpardonable duplicity giving tremor to her voice she said—

"Frederick, how are you—have you only now arrived?"

"Marian," he said, in a hollow tone, that roused all the kinder feelings of her heart; "Marian, is it thus we meet? Is art and indifference united to give me the welcome I so fondly, I fear so fallaciously hoped, expected—nay, deserved?"

She blushed deeply, but pride whispered do not bend, or your lover will become your tyrant.

"Indeed, Frederick," she said, I do not well understand you; really it becomes so truly troublesome to be so constantly documented; treated like a school-girl—you fancied, I do not know what absurdities while absent, and now, you look and speak as if I were guilty of some heinous offence. You must descend a little from your stilts, and lay aside expectations of perfect obedience."

"And does your heart, Marian, that heart I so long and so longingly strove to call all my own—does it acquit you? No, it cannot; your conduct last night—you pointed daggers to my heart. But tell me," he cried, yielding to softening emotions, tell me, dearest, my love renders me apprehensive; only say I am what I always was to you; tell me, tell me loved Marian that you still entrust your happiness to my keeping."

"Indeed, Frederick," she rather flippantly interrupted him, "I am not in the humour to say the soft sweet things you desire. I think you very suspicious, very jealous, very exigent and very tiresome, and to punish such vagaries, I shall now run away, as I am preparing for my role in —, that is to be represented at Prince — house to-night. I shall meet you there of course—*au plaisir!*"

Thus thoughtlessly, wavering between right and wrong, balancing between good and evil, assuming a jest to conceal her real shame, Marian escaped from her affianced husband's just but mild remonstrance.

Frederick felt so subdued, felt such contempt for his own weakness, that in more reflective hours

he wondered he had not committed some irretrievable extravagance, which must inevitably have compromised his own self-respect. He hastily quitted Lady Loudenhall's resolving to write immediately to Marian, and point out in mild terms the impropriety, the indelicacy of her joining in theatricals, especially while yet in mourning, and also entreating her to remember all she had been, all she was to him, and to render him once more happy, by acceding to his wishes. He tenaciously avoided naming or alluding to the Prince; he wished her to see he still respected that delicacy of feeling he had so fervently admired in her character.

Marian felt conscious she was wrong, felt she had injured Frederick by her coldness and levity, and like too many thought to redeem her error by treating well-deserved censure as a jest, and make the jest the excuse for neglecting the advice she knew she ought to follow.

Before Frederick could well ascertain what effect his remonstrances had with Marian, he was summoned to meet his mother, who had arrived from abroad after a long absence.

His long letter of entreaty and advice to Marian was almost immediately followed by a hurried note to say he should hasten to Portsmouth, and after receiving his mother on English ground, quickly return, as he hoped to love and his Marian. "And may our meeting," he wrote, "my beloved Marian, only prove a new era of our plighted affection, and lead to greater and uninterrupted happiness. Let every record of past sorrow be forgotten; forgive in me what tender, tenacious love alone occasioned, and be that love only rewarded as its purity, sincerity, and devotion merits."

Such were his last confiding words to the woman who was to destroy every anticipated joy by coquetry and broken faith.

It were unnecessary to follow the Prince through his manœuvring and the intricacies of his persevering passion, equally so to trace from one imprudence to another Marian's career in the erring path she had chosen.

With filial delight Frederick welcomed his aged parent to England, told her the tale of his love, and after seeing her comfortably established till he made preparation for her in town, he was suddenly seized with a nervous fever, principally to be attributed to painful excitement and agitation of mind.

For weeks he lay fluctuating between time and eternity; youth triumphed, and he was soon enabled to leave his room.

That there were no letters from Marian could not but call forth surprise. He felt a hope one might have been written, and not have reached him. Again he thought she might have addressed *poste restante*. He grew weary of conjecture; time, a short time did end it.

He hastily explained for the first time his peculiar position with Marian, and promising to take her to town when he had secured a maternal welcome for his mother from her future daughter-in-law, he left her to hasten to his Marian.

On arriving in — Square, he found that careless appearance about Lady Loudenhall's house that the mansions of the great exhibit towards the end of

July. Some moments elapsed before the door was opened, which proved the ever-ready porter was not at his post. The man slowly opened the half-door, and appeared in a linen jacket. He started when he saw Frederick, and apologized for the delay, adding—

"My Lady is on the Continent, Sir."

"And Miss Antrobus—" said Frederick hesitatingly.

"Her Highness set out for the Continent the same evening that the ceremony took place, Sir."

Whether it was grief, pride, anger, or disdain—it might be all combined—that palsied his every feeling, it were difficult to determine, but such was the effect of this overwhelming information, that even the confident stare of the powdered, pampered menial, gave way to a feeling of fear and compassion. He humbly requested him to walk in and rest a minute.

Frederick stared unconsciously at the man, who again reiterated his entreaty "that he would step into a room."

Upon this second request poor Frederick suddenly aroused himself, burst into a convulsive laugh, and rushed from the door. He hurried to his Banker's, heedless of fatigue, entered a post-chaise, and drove to Portsmouth, where he left him awaiting the sailing of an East Indiaman then at Spithead, to embark for Madeira, hoping thus to escape the dreaded horror of ever again encountering the idol of his now nearly broken heart.

The agonies of that lacerated heart seemed to bid defiance to every effort for composure, or rational mode of action. The image of Marian, the bride of that detested foreigner, would arise in his mind, and burst through his brain in terrific burning tumult, and threaten the destruction of his reason. In death alone could he look for peace. No hope now could soothe his pangs of utter despondence, and at length he sunk into calm uncomplaining silence.

Again Frederick recovered, and he embarked with his mother for Madeira, and there for a while he remained imbibing the salutary breezes of that restoring climate.

We will now follow the faithless, heartless Marian, to her scene of splendour in the Prince's palace at —.

Yes, her career was brilliant; proudly she filled her lofty station; regal magnificence well became her. But her heart—was that peaceful? Though courted and admired by friends, adored by a husband who possessed all but her heart—*Fêtée-d pronée-d*—still the canker was within. Frederick, the deceived Frederick was constantly in her thoughts. Aye, much more bitter still; he was ever in her heart, and all the splendour that surrounded her, all the happiness that courted her, rendered the blank she herself had made in her heart the more insupportable.

Time wore on; she became a mother. The child brought with him a mother's love. It was all Marian had to love that she dare acknowledge even to herself.

She was sitting one morning with one or two friends of her own, her peculiar coterie, when one of her attendants announced a very handsome woman, who walked to the middle of the room;

a stern forbidding pride sat on her brow, and high and defying was her demeanour.

Surveying the circle, she enquired with a disdainful glance, "who is the person that called herself the Princess——?"

Marian with unfeigned surprise, but affected calmness, replied, "You behold her in me, madam."

The Stranger's glaring eyes and inflamed countenance rather alarmed, and Marian began to suspect her visitor had escaped from confinement, so she added in a softened tone.

"Will you take a seat, and let me know if I can in any way meet your wishes?"

"I thank you," said the visitor haughtily, "you are most polite, but—"

Marian's calm, dignified manner, for a moment repressed the harshness of the Stranger's demeanour, but she resumed, "Where is your—where is the Prince?" and bitterly looking down on the boy rolling on the carpet, she added "Is that his?"

Marian's pride now arose, as her fears as to the sanity of her visitor decreased, and she replied haughtily.

"Madame had better retire, and make the enquiries she wishes when his Highness is at home; I am engaged;" and beckoning to one of the ladies, and rising with an undefinable uneasiness, she would have rung the bell, but her unwelcome intruder, trembling with rage, with most discordant voice exclaimed, "Aye, take up your bastard, and do ring and assemble your people, and let them all witness your very honorable position, and my exultation. Ring, PRINCESS, ring!" Here she laughed; it was a laugh that resembled the maniac's yell, "Ring, I say! it is fitting the princely train, your menials, should distinguish between *their* Mistress, and *their* Master's Mistress. Yes, proud Lady—" but on looking towards Marian she was fainting, and her manner changed. It softened, as she continued, "I own it grating to the proud ear of self-supposed innocence and fancied greatness, but I repeat *his* Mistress. *I am his Wife*; though I have no fair boy to call me mother, I am his wife."

A shriek from the unfortunate Marian was the last token of remaining consciousness. Her friends disappeared with the well-bred ease of a Parisian amie, and she was carried to another apartment by her own woman, who had been with her from infancy.

In removing her beloved Mistress, she did not fail to scowl on the detestable cause of all this tumult, and though she did not comprehend to the full extent her mistress' grief, she perceived the one who caused it, sat there in triumph and supreme command.

It is not our intention to enter into the feelings or conduct of Prince—— on this denouement, nor the causes which had separated him from his first wife, and led to such deception. We must follow the sorrowing, the humbled, disgraced Marian, her blooming boy and faithful nurse, to England; and it would be uninteresting to follow her through all the degrees of a suffering of mind and body, till she found her repose in an early grave.

She felt herself and boy alone in the world! Her first act on reaching England, was to have her boy christened Frederick Antrobus, and feeling that life was now declining, her sand nearly run, she devoted her last energies in addressing Frederick Reynolds. She hastened to forward her letter, that he might close her eyes, and receive from her her only treasure. "Her boy!" she wrote. "In what words, Frederick, shall a deceived though self-destroyed wretch address you? How awaken in you, feelings now long dormant? This latest effort is for the child, the disgraced child of her you once so loved. How shall I reach a heart that my own folly has rendered regardless of your love. How mild and full of hope arose the sun of my life's morning! You were that sun, promising a bright meridian, with an evening gilded by the rays of peace and innocence. My vanity, my ambition, darkened my own brilliant path, and implanted sharp, sharp thorns in yours. I had friends, fortune, youth, beauty, love, and you—you were the guiding star of my destiny. My perverseness, oh! more my guilt! rendered it a meteor. It vanished, and has left me alone in the darkness of approaching death. But I alone am to blame. Would to Heaven, I alone reaped the sorrow! But my boy, my innocent boy, is stigmatized and branded with a mother's involuntary shame. Others will tell you my tale. For whom, and for what you were forsaken—

"Oh! Frederick did I not know your noble heart, your superior soul I would say, in my disgrace and sorrow you are avenged!"

"My physicians are candid, and I am composed. I may linger, but I must die, and then must leave my infant boy. A few more words to thee, my first, my last, my only love, and the once so valued and so dear is done with Mortality. My heart is broken—be that enough—forgive me—cherish my boy—never—never forsake him. He bears your name—he has a right to none but what you will give him. He has no friend but you—love him—tell him when he can understand that when trembling on the verge of life I had no friend but you, and he will then be grateful."

"Oh! Frederick, when I think of those hours when with innocent delight I gazed so long on you and looked to you for every wish, when I feel my eyes last beam is fast setting in death—the lips that have so often prayed for you, that their last sigh is nearly hushed in eternal silence. When I think of all and have none near me to receive that last look, to hear that last sigh, no not one except my faithful nurse and unconscious boy, I pray for a little while, I beg to be supported with your presence, to be sustained by your promises for my boy, and that my aching heart may breathe out its latest throb upon your bosom. Oh! be merciful to me—let me hear you say you will be a father to my child. It will soften my dark and rugged path to the repose of the cold chamber of death. Oh! Frederick, so dear is your remembrance to my heart that when the struggling spirit leaves its prison your name with my child's will linger on my closing lips with prayers and blessings."

Such was the tenor of poor Marion's last address to the one who had loved her in youth and

joy, and who loved her in sorrow and in death. Her letter quickly brought the wronged, the afflicted Frederick to his suffering and still-beloved Marian.

His love for her and vengeance for her destroyer held contending sway in his heart, but on approaching the lowly mansion of her he had so long sheltered in his heart's warmest recess but one feeling possessed him.

He entered the room, where extended on a bed, with ashy lips and cheeks and closing eye, lay Marian expiring.

The last faintings of sinking nature were on her. Sadly was she changed, yet his memory was faithful. He instantly recognized the still lovely—the beloved one. He uttered one low convulsive shriek and fell beside her.

"Frederick do not mourn for me! I was unworthy. Look on my child—forget—forget his sinning father—remember his deeply repentant mother—your—once your poor Marian—your broken-hearted Marian—I—I am dying. My latest prayer—oh! promise—"

"I do beloved of my soul—your child is my child—my home his home—I will be unto him a father. But you my Marian live—live to—"

Marian no longer heard that voice—no longer felt the fond pressure. She once more attempted to speak. It was vain—a groan—a sigh—and she was at rest from all her sorrows.

At ——— Church in Suffolk there is a plain marble slab over a grave, at which frequently may be seen a bright eyed blooming boy with a gentleman whose countenance denotes him having numbered more lines of grief than of years. The grave is in beautiful preservation, with roses and choice wild flowers clustering around it.

Reader, it is Marian's grave.

THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.

My Beautiful, it may not, it must not, cannot be;
That feelings like unkindness should dwell 'twixt
thee and me;

That we who have so often, morn, noon and evening
met,
Should now have but one sad wish, that both should
all forget.

I cannot!—ask the day, ask of the calmer night,
And ask the hours I've wander'd by the moon's sad-
den'd light;

Wander'd away from others, that I might be alone
To think of thee the better, and the days too swiftly
gone,

Oh! why did I e'er know thee, why Time that's
past beguile

With basking in the sunshine of thy fond loving
smile,

And why shouldst thou have broken upon my path
to fill

With hopes, (by me unthought of) and leave more
lonely still?

Why treat me with affection, no other could have
shown,

Why teach me how to love thee, and fancy thee
my own,

Why tell me that no other should ever win thy heart,
And yet permit a light word such friends in scorn
to part?

I've heard the tale they've told thee thy heart with
hate to fill,

And knowing how they've conquer'd, I've curs'd
their meddling skill;

The crowd too idly guess it, and heedless how
they pain,

They tell me we shall never be the friends we
were, again.

If I have, anger-guided, seem'd careless what might
come,

And made another country for some few months
my home;

God knows, I speak it truly, I came from that far
shore

To ask thee to forgive me, and love thee but the
more!

When winter's clouds are o'er us, and hide the sun's
bright ray,

We turn to lesser fires for the warmth their beams
display;

So in the hours of sadness, the bitterest I have known
I, to some other object, than the one still lov'd,
have flown.

I have flirted with another, alas! with many a one,
But no one wishes smaller fires, when shines the
glorious sun,

And believe me, midst the many, though some were
very fair,

None had the beauty passing thine, still deemed by
me so rare.

Spring is once more upon us, the bright blue sky
above,

It seems a cheering omen that we again shall love:
Again in me confiding thy look shall kindness beam
As in days past—now seeming like some remem-
ber'd dream.

The summer of our years is rip'ning near at hand,
And hearts like leaves, methinks, in fulness should
expand;

So when the autumn follows, amidst the coming
gloom,

We still may have a remnant of the gay summer's
bloom.

And when the winter cometh, if thou wilt let me
live

In the bright happy sunshine thy smiles could ever
give;

We'll cheer our latter years and the troubles that
they bring,

With smiles at former fears, and still, still closer
cling.

Leamington.

J. H. M.

ACROSTICAL SONNET.

F or thy true Slave, fair girl! not for thy Lord,
L et FANCY be thy choice! The Poet's path
O'er wild and thorny tracks, where sorrow hath
R emote abode and DANGER bares his sword,
E xtends; while PITY, from her secret hoard,
N or lends one sigh of sympathy, nor gives
C onsoling words to heal the pang that lives
E ver within the minstrel-mind. Tho' stored

W ith bright imaginings, that glad the crowd,
I n lonely moments pines the Song-stirred heart,
L onging for joys such as no hopes impart,
S ave those that flee from Earth to HEAVEN. Yet
vowed,

Oh, fairy Minstrel! to the MUSE art thou,
N or dare I bid thee fling her chaplet from thy
brow!

CALDER CAMPBELL.

JE NE CHANGE QU'EN MOURANT.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

"Je ne change qu'en mourant!" Such was the motto on a seal, the gift of Arthur Meryn to the fair Laura Boyd. They had met the year before at Brighton, and had become *eperdument amoureux*. With each it was the first, and they firmly believed it to be an unalterable attachment. Most people think so the first time I believe. Colonel Meryn, a distinguished officer, saw with regret that his son had fixed his regards upon a girl who had little or no fortune, and who had not an idea of prudence or economy. Aware, however, that opposition in love affairs generally hastens the crisis, he determined, without speaking of Laura, to detach his son from her, and for this purpose he requested Sir Philip Owenson and his daughters to pay him a visit; and two days after their arrival at Meryn Vale he recalled his son from London. I will not pause to describe the parting scene between Laura and Arthur. Tears were shed, vows exchanged, and the young lover promised to correspond with his innamorata, and requested her to reply to his epistles.

LETTER I.

ARTHUR TO LAURA.

Meryn Vale, 14th June.

And are we parted my adored Laura, and I survive the separation? But I live on the memory of the blissful hours which I have spent with thee, and on the hope of our reunion. Never can thy cherished image be chased from this fond and faithful heart; and I feel sure of thy fidelity my beautiful and beloved one. I have read twice during my journey the book thou gavest me, and last night I slept with it under my pillow. Write to me my angel: a few lines from thee will be a slight consolation. My father is better; he has the Owensons here, and it is with a heavy heart I act host to people I care not for—with my Laura is every hope and thought of the devoted

ARTHUR.

LETTER II.

LAURA TO ARTHUR.

16th June.

I have received your dear and most precious letter, my Arthur; I wept over it and kissed it a thousand times, and dreamt all night of being with you; I would fain have slumbered longer, but Jane would rouse me, and disturbed all my pleasure. We had a large party last evening, and my mother was quite angry because I looked as I feel—*broken-hearted*. Mr. Austin tried to be very civil; poor man all his efforts were vain, for this pre-occupied heart could not be amused. Papa has given me a beautiful new dress, and I mean to wear it at the ball on the 19th.; Madame Victoire spoiled the last she made for me, so I will employ Bigot this time. How I wish you were to be with us! The conservatory is to be illuminated, and there is to be a fountain there. Altogether it will be a splendid affair. Sophia Wilson is going to be married to Lord B—, and she has invited me to be bridesmaid. Farewell, dearest Arthur,

Your affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER III.

LAURA TO HER FRIEND.

19th June.

My dear Mary—I have not much time for writing to-day, I am so busy setting all things in order for our ball to-night. Servants have no taste in arranging flowers and draperies! But I must write a short letter to tell you how wretched I am. Poor dear Arthur is in Berkshire; he has been sent for by his father, who is not very well, and declares he must have his son's society—I feel sure he only wants to separate him from me in the hope of inducing him to forget me, but he knows not the deep fountain of affection which lies hidden in our hearts. I feel convinced Arthur would endure anything rather than change, and my fondness is unalterably fixed on my first and only flame. I can think of nothing but him, but I must go and prepare my dress for the ball—it is quite a love!—white areophane over satin, and looped up at the knee with geraniums, and a geranium wreath in my hair. I will end this to-morrow. Farewell, dear Mary, your attached though wretched friend,

LAURA.

20th June. I resume my pen to give you an account of the ball. It was charming—I danced three quadrilles and four waltzes with Mr. Austin,—he is very agreeable, and told me I was very like the portrait of Madame de la Valliere. Lord James Morley was one of my partners, and Count d'Aubuisson and Prince Alfonse de Ravonville, and little Mr. Williamson, and two or three others. Mr. Austin has promised me a drawing and some verses for my album. I wish Arthur could draw—he put some beautiful lines in my book one day, which I doated on, and thought were his own, but I find from Mr. Austin they are by L. E. L. It was a shame that Arthur did not tell me who wrote them, when I admired the verses so much. Give my love to your sisters, and believe me

My dear Mary's affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER IV.

ARTHUR TO MRS. GRANT.

25th June.

My dear Sister,—I would have written to you sooner, but my time has been so taken up escorting the Owensons about the country. Emma is certainly a charming girl, so accomplished and clever, and she rides better than any woman I ever saw. We went on Tuesday to — Park, and dined on the grass, and in the evening we got up a little dance; no woman can dance well who has not learnt in Paris—a Parisian master in London will not do—girls learn so much from seeing others. Sir Philip Owenson spent three years abroad with his family; he is an agreeable sensible man. I cannot help reproaching myself for being so happy, for I am sure poor Laura Boyd frets very much at our separation; I wish I were rich enough to marry her and go abroad, that she might learn to dance and play as well as Emma Owenson, for I think did she carry herself with equal grace Laura would look quite as well as Emma, and her voice only requires cultivation; but with our small means we should be forced to settle in some quiet country place. Will you choose a pretty waistcoat

for me, for the race ball here is to be very gay, and I do not think the one Laura embroidered for me will do. Pensées are so dark looking—I prefer roses, or fushia and jasmine. Emma Owenson has embroidered a waistcoat for her brother in fushia and jasmine, not with silks but ribbons, which have a much better effect; try to get me a similar one. Love to Grant and my little nephews and nieces. Ever, dear Fanny,

Your affectionate Brother,
ARTHUR MARDYN.

LETTER V.
LAURA TO ARTHUR.

25th June.

My dearest Arthur,—I would have written to you sooner, but the Fancy Fair for the exiled Poles has fully occupied me for several days. I sent a great many things to Mrs. Austin's stall, among others the braces I was working for you, but I promise to begin another pair when I have time. Pray, dear Arthur, do not fret at our separation, but try to bear it calmly. I am far less wretched than I was. Our new Opera box is in a much better situation than the one we had last year. Grisi sang divinely last night, and Taglioni danced better than ever; I thought of you frequently, dear Arthur. I saw your sister and Mr. Grant the opposite side of the house. I would write more but am called away. Believe me,

Your truly affectionate
LAURA.

LETTER VI.
ARTHUR TO MRS. GRANT.

30th June.

My dearest Sister,—To you who have ever been my kindest adviser and best friend, I must confide my troubles, for indeed, dear Fanny, I feel very miserable.

Convinced that Laura adores me, and places implicit reliance on my fidelity, you may conceive my wretchedness when I tell you that I find I no longer love her, and am passionately attached to Emma Owenson. I have reason too to believe I am beloved in return, and now to you I must fly for advice. In any case a fond and devoted female heart will be broken, and by me, wretch that I am!

I have left home on a pretence of business, and am, as the date of this will shew you, concealing myself in the Inn of this little town—for once that I discovered my fatal affection for the adorable Emma I fled her too captivating presence, and yet when I feel my sentiments are altered how can I meet Laura? I impatiently await your answer.

Your miserable Brother,
ARTHUR MARDYN.

LETTER VII.
MRS. GRANT TO ARTHUR.

Dearest Brother,—Do not unnecessarily afflict yourself—come up to town to us immediately.

Your affectionate Sister,
FRANCES GRANT.

On receipt of this laconic epistle Arthur Mardyn hastened to his sister's residence, and

reached it just as she, her husband, and a Miss Acton were entering the drawing-room dressed for dinner. He flew to his chamber and soon joined the little party, but his anxiety to speak to Mrs. Grant on the, to him, all-engrossing topic prevented his having the power to eat. He purposed to request a tête-à-tête after dinner, but found that the new Opera came out that night, and that his relatives were going accompanied by their young friend.

"We have a ticket for you, Arthur," said Mr. Grant.

"I am not in spirits for a theatre, my dear fellow," replied he, "I am not very well."

"Oh, you must come, Arthur," remonstrated his sister, and she added in an under tone, "I have a particular reason for wishing you to come—a very particular reason."

Thus urged he consented, but with a deep sigh, and he inwardly voted himself a victim. People frequently find great consolation in regarding themselves as martyrs. The overture had just begun as the Grants entered the Opera House. Often had Emma Owenson and her sister played it on the harp and piano, and they sang also several of the airs—for the opera had appeared a year before in Paris. Each note reminded the unfortunate lover of the present idol of his heart, and as he thought of her he reproached himself bitterly for deserting his first love. He pictured her to himself when she should learn the fact of his altered sentiments. He saw her pale and heart broken—no smile lighting her fair face, her eye languid, her step faltering.

At this moment Arthur, with flushed cheek and palpitating heart, saw Mrs. Boyd and her daughter enter the opposite box. Laura looked eagerly round the house, and Arthur shrank back to avoid her eye, but he continued to watch her narrowly. At length her glance rested on a tall dark young man, wearing a superb moss-rose in his button-hole. Each bowed, and Laura became suffused with blushes.

Neither Mrs. Grant nor Miss Acton appeared to notice the Boyds; presently the tall young man entered the box, and the rose was transferred to Laura, who held it in her hand and frequently inhaled its perfume.

"Who is that young man?" said Arthur.

"The one with reddish hair, who has just entered the Duchess of L.'s box? That is Mr. Armytage."

"No, no, the dark young man —."

"Oh, I see," interrupted his sister, "the man with mustachios—he is Prince Vecchio, an attaché of the Neapolitan Minister."

"I mean the man talking to Laura—to Miss Boyd," said Arthur impatiently.

"He?—he is Mr. Austin."

The result of this evening's observations was a conviction on Arthur's mind that Mr. Austin had "cut him out." Now, though he had a strong desire to be quit of Laura Boyd, and although he had felt great remorse when he contemplated the misery his involuntary crime would bring upon her, I question much whether he was pleased at discovering that she would experience no regret when aware that he who had so lately vowed un-

dying love to her was now quite as unalterably attached to another.

Mrs. Grant, at her brother's earnest request, undertook to release the quondam lovers from their engagement, and after a week's absence Arthur hastened back to Mardyn Vale to prosecute his suit with the fair Emma Owenson; but when he reached his home to his dismay he found his father alone.

The dinner passed off sadly, and he did not dare to speak of either Laura or Emma, although he longed to tell his father that the place which the former had occupied in his heart was now filled by their late guest. At length Colonel Mardyn said something in which the name of Sir Philip Owenson occurred.

"He is a most excellent man," said the Colonel, "a sensible agreeable man, and I should not at all wonder if we were nearly connected soon," and the old gentleman looked knowingly at Arthur, who blushed and smiled.

"I admire the Miss Owensons extremely, they are charming, and if you my dear father think I have any chance of success and approve of my choice, I will propose at once."

"Do so, my dear boy—do; it would have been famous to have had both weddings on one day, but however, they will I hope follow each other closely."

"Her sister then is going to be married?"

"She is married—Emma Owenson became this morning Viscountess Ardingly!"

* * *
Last week at Howell's I saw a very pretty pen handle, on examining the seal I asked "is this engraved to order?"

"It is, Madam—it is for Mr. Mardyn."

The motto was "Je ne change qu'en mourant." I wonder for whom Arthur intends it.

THE LAST DANCE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

"Oh! for the joys of our dancing days."
OLD SONG.

My hair is blanch'd with early snow,
'Tis scarce the touch of Age,
But frost of thought, which all must know,
Who turn the studious page;
My cheek is pale, mine eye more dim,
And chasten'd in its fire,
Yet midnight's lamp I love to trim,
And wake the Poet's lyre!

Why is my heart not dull and sere,
And faded as my brow?
Since ev'ry quick revolving year
Steals something from me now;
Why should the Spirit keep its bloom
When years decay the shrine?
Why not together both consume
Beneath the hand of Time?

I feel the same as erst I felt
When life and hope were new;
Altho' these eyes more frequent melt
In mem'ry's gentle dew;

I feel my SPIRIT fresh and green
As in the days of youth,
When sunshine smil'd on ev'ry scene
And ev'ry look was Truth!

Yet the world's chang'd—much chang'd to me,
(I know not how, or when;)
And few the smiles that now I see
Which beam'd upon me then;
Where old familiar glances shone
Strangers return my gaze;
And tho' they speak in friendship's tone,
'Tis not like other days.

Why should we mourn when youth is laid
To slumber in the tomb?
Ere Hope's bright visions fleet and fade,
And Love retains its bloom?
Far better thus from life to steal
'Neath Summer's glowing wings;
Than live the mournful change to feel
That icy Winter brings.

I've trod the dance's mazy round
To night—the spell is past,
The "charm wound up"—the chain unbound,
The light in shadow cast:
Come dull Indifference! youth is gone,
Snow-flakes my brow spread o'er;
Let my Heart take as cold a tone,
For—I'm a girl no more!

March 27th, 1838.

SONNET TO ———.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Be sure there is a sympathy of soul,
Whose mystic influence mortals may not scan;
It forms the very chiefest bliss of man,
And reigns o'er feeling hearts with such controul
As may not be dispelled; but only o'er
The mind where Feeling revels doth it shed
Its magic potency. Say, whence is bred
This intercourse of hearts, which I once more
See gliding o'er me? Stranger! (such thou art
To me, as I to thee,) thou dost restore
Hopes, which have linger'd with the buried dead;
And wild, prophetic utterings tell my heart
That there are instincts, and high thoughts, which
make
A link between our souls shall never, never break!

UP.—During the rebellion in Scotland, the Earl of Chesterfield was in Ireland; and one morning, when it was reported that the Roman Catholics were about to rise, a gentleman ran very abruptly into his chamber. "My lord, my lord, we are undone," says he; "all Ireland is expected to be up immediately." "Why, what o'clock is it?" says the Earl. "Ten, my lord," answered the gentleman. "Then I will get up myself," says his lordship, very calmly; "for I think every man ought to be up at ten o'clock."

Of the late Earl of ———, who, when young, was noted for cajoling his creditors with a future pay-day, it was observed by one of his friends, that it was a pity that fortune should neglect so promising a young gentleman.

NOTES DURING A SHORT RESIDENCE IN PARIS.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

March 8, 1838.—I had not been two hours in Paris before I wandered into the gardens of the Tuileries. The bright sunshine had invited hundreds to congregate together in the same delightful spot, and despite of the breeze, which still retained its wintry chilliness, the young and the old, the grave and the gay, were seen promenading in every direction. As far as the eye could reach along the *Champs Elysées*, and by the *Arch de l'Etoile*, equipages were glancing in every direction. Surely the Parisians have little or nothing to do: all classes appear to be ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, and from the Peer to the polisher of shoes all seemed to be actuated by the same sentiments. The Parisians may well be proud of these beautiful gardens, furnished with vases and statues in marble and in bronze. We have nothing to compare with them, and if we had, the mutilating hands of the English would soon make them as dilapidated as the Elgin marbles. Louis Philippe is improving Paris wonderfully. The Place Louis XV. is now hastily reaching its completion, and the Egyptian Obelisk has an imposing effect when we look down from the portico of the palace towards the *Champs Elysées*. Fairy Land could not be prettier.

Returning along the Rue de Rivoli, the charm of novelty was broken by the numerous groups of English that were sauntering idly beneath its arcade. If we could but persuade a few of them not to be so free with their silly, and sometimes impertinent remarks on the character of the French, they might pass in a crowd for tolerably decent people. One portly lady, bearing heavily on the arm of as portly a gentleman, apparently from the neighbourhood of Thames-street, stopped before the window of what is termed in England a ready-made linen-warehouse, attracted by this simple notice painted on one of the panes of glass—"Tailleur pour Chemises." "Look here, my dear," said the lady, "is not this shocking? Such a want of delicacy! I'm sure I would not let a man make such things for me!" It was evident her knowledge of the French language and manners were equally imperfect.

9th.—*The Louvre*. The annual exhibition of the works of modern artists is just opened, and the long gallery has the appearance of one vast *tableau*. I could not help envying the Parisian artists this splendid *salon* for the display of their works. Our National Gallery Architect ought to be suspended from the centre of the ceiling of his baby-house erection in an iron cage, for cutting up a public building into anchorite's cells; but in England a trite old proverb is too frequently verified with respect to public edifices. Here every thing is on a grand scale, and when the pile of buildings which are intended to connect the palace of Tuileries with that of the Louvre is completed, the magnificence of the edifice will defy all competition. A square like the *Place du Carroussel* can be met with no where but in Paris. In the Court of the Louvre a beautiful bronze equestrian statue, intended for Turin, of Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, surnamed *Tête-de-Fer*, is now tem-

porarily exposed to the view of the public. It is the production of Marochetti, and most exquisitely finished. The horse has every muscle faithfully delineated, and the attitude chosen is at once natural and grand. The mailed and plumed warrior is represented in the act of sheathing his sword, his vizor is up, and the plumes on his casque waving to the wind. The effect of Government patronage on the exercise of talent is every where observable. It excites young men to study deeply to obtain even a modicum of fame, and although many fail partially, very few do so entirely. What would some of our young artists say if they were told to do as many of their profession do in France, when they find reputation is beyond their reach in the higher branches of painting? I fear their pride would not permit them to decorate the *salons* of the wealthier by imitating the most beautiful marbles on the walls and pillars: yet here it is considered no degradation, and young men of good character do not lose *caste* in society because their circumstances may not be of the brightest description. How much better is this plan, which combines the useful with the ornamental, than obstinately persisting in perpetrating daubs disgraceful alike to the painter and the possessor.

In this vast collection of treasures one scarcely knows which way to turn to obtain the highest gratification. We turned into the *Galerie Espagnole*, where the sublime and the terrible, the beautiful and the mystical, alike attract the eye and command the attention. "St. Bonaventure writing his Memoirs after his death," by Murillo, has a ghastliness about it that causes an involuntary shuddering of the whole frame. The legend has been faithfully but awfully told by Murillo, but in this age I should consider it questionable if even the most bigotted Spanish Catholic would give credence to the idle superstition. I cannot say that I like to feast on horrors, therefore I will turn to the more pleasing production of Alonso Cano, termed in the *Notice* "The Ass of Balaam." Nothing can be more lively depicted than the anger of Balaam, and the terror of the animal which is trembling before the sword of the angel, and shrinking beneath the upraised staff of its rider. There is a want of dignity in the attitude, and intellectuality in the countenance of the Angel, but the Spanish Masters do not seem to have considered beauty necessary to the celestial character. There are several heads by Cano in this collection, which are exquisitely drawn, and as beautifully coloured: but of them hereafter, for the eye wanders from *tableau* to *tableau*, unwilling to rest upon any single object. Zurbaran's pencil has contributed greatly to the pictorial treasures that are exhibited in this gallery; he appears to have had a great fancy to paint Saints and Martyrs, and most likely, had he lived long enough, he would have exhausted not only the Saintly Calendar, but the Martyrology also. I must allow that as an artist, he followed the most profitable path, for simple portraits would then have been of little value when brought into contact with the ideal likeness of a spiritual character. In these days the head of a Saint would in all probability fetch little more than the price of the canvass on which it was painted. His "Adoration of the Shep-

herds," so very favorite a subject with most of the old masters, bears the date of 1638, and is unquestionably an original, though there are several, with various names attached to them, of a very questionable description; some indeed are such crude productions that Baron Taylor, who was the agent through whom the purchase was completed, must certainly have had them thrown into the lot as a kind of make-weight. After all, with its bright features and its faults, the French Metropolis is deeply indebted to the King for this addition to the treasures of the Louvre.

I leave to Artists the decision whether the Murillos are genuine or not, but I was delighted with his *Vierge à la Ceinture*. The composition is not so absurd as many in this collection. The Virgin has the infant Jesus laying on her lap, whose laughing eyes are directed to an Angel who is playing on the violin, while another placed a little to the right of Mary is executing an accompaniment on the guitar. The colouring of this picture is beautiful. "The Death of Sainté Claire is on a small scale—probably a mere partially finished sketch—for Murillo never could have been desirous to leave to posterity such a number of really ugly female faces. They are bad enough to have frightened the poor Saint to death. An ill-favored nurse in a sick chamber is bad enough;—but from so many specimens of deformity Heaven defend me even at the last moment. But Murillo has not perpetrated half the sins of Joanes, who has made "The Resurrection" so perfect a caricature that one scarcely knows whether to laugh or frown. Two ill-looking angels in the vestments of priests, support the Saviour, crowned with thorns, from whose wounds the gore is represented to have flown and congealed, very like unto some pieces of red tape, cut of different lengths, with a flattened piece of sealing-wax attached to the extremity of each length. The companion picture to this absurdly-conceived *tableau*, "God the Father and the Saviour," has the same fault as the preceding one. The features of Christ are coarse, and even ugly, while the Father of the Universe, arrayed in pontifical vestments, has as jolly-looking a face as a London Alderman. A gamboge glory is attached to each, and the sky is of that jaundiced hue which is never met with in Nature. "The Virgin and the Infant Jesus," by Valdes, approaches the ridiculous in another way, and it is impossible to resist smiling at the absurdity of the artist's imagination when he conceived this picture. The Virgin is dressed in an immensely large brocaded hooped petticoat, veiled, and regally crowned. On her knees sits the Saviour attired in a large brocaded coat, a vest and nether garment of crimson, edged with a narrow binding of gold, white stockings, and black shoes, and diademed like the Virgin. Valdes has but two pictures in this collection; the other is "A Christ," and appears to have been painted as a companion to the preceding one. Singular as they both are, I should consider them to be superior to many that are displayed in this gallery. "Saint Thomas de Villaneuva dispensing alms," by Matteo Cerezo, is a delightful picture. The principal mendicant has ascended the steps where the Saint is stationed to give relief to the destitute,

and although his countenance is lighted up with joy at receiving charity, there is that kind of cunning beaming from his eye which seems to say that he has gained more than he expected. "Caton se déchirant les entrailles. (Mi-Corps) by José Ribera, is a subject so truly disgusting that it would be wise to place it in a separate chamber. The execution and the coloring is beautiful, but it is too terrible a subject to be publicly exposed to the gaze of the mixed company that frequent the gallery. The expression of Cato's countenance is that of extreme agony, and I observed more than one spectator turn away with a shuddering sickening sensation from this awful display of Ribera's talent. By the way this picture ought to be new-christened. "Saint Carmelo, Bishop of Teruel," by Zurbaran, is a fine production. The Saint in the white robes of his order, and mitred, is represented as gazing on the vision of the Virgin and the infant Saviour in the distant sky. "Saint Francis in prayer," by the same artist, is also a noble production, but I often wish there were fewer saints in the collection. Crucifixes and skulls meet the eye in every direction, and the Spanish painters would seem to have delighted in depicting on canvass the remnants of mortality. (One would be half inclined to hazard the opinion that most of them were incipient phrenologists. A portrait of a sleeping child with a scroll in the left hand, by Cano, is christened "L'Enfant Jesus endormi." It might as well have been called any thing else. The portrait of Alonzo Cano at an advanced age, has a highly intellectual expression of countenance: the hair, moustachios, and imperial are whitened by time, and it is the likeness of a benevolent looking old man, with a strong shade of veneration. "The Virgin and the Infant Jesus," by Cerezo, is another of the thousand and one attempts at spoiling a fine subject. Here we have a fat Virgin, nursing an ill-looking child who is endeavouring to amuse himself by pulling Joseph by the beard. Cerezo was not a bad painter, but I wish he had been a better judge of female beauty. "The Marriage at Cana," by Pedro Orrente, is a very sweet specimen of the style of this artist. The figure of Christ on the right, at the end of a long table, pointing towards a row of vases which are being filled with water by one of the servants, is highly expressive, and the look of astonishment observable in the faces of some of the guests is inimitable. "The Repentance of St. Peter," by Velasquez de Silva, may be a fine picture; but the Saint looks to me to be very like a mendicant, and not one of the most respectable of the order. If the premier Apostle could but see how artists have caricatured him, he would be very apt to lose his temper. With the keys suspended over his arm, he only wants a dark lantern in this picture to make him a sort of canonized Robert Macaire. "The Descent from the Cross," by Cano, is a combination of faults and beauties. The figure of the crucified Redeemer is exquisite, but the features of the angel supporters are nearly approaching to the hideous. Either the men must have been very ugly in those days, or the painters had no idea of the beauty of the human face: There is, however, something unique in the composition of this picture, and the

Cupid-like, little winged figure, kneeling beside a vessel filled with gore at the foot of the cross, and elevating the thorn-crown, adds greatly to the effect of the whole: Velasquez' "Portrait of Marie d'Autriche, second wife of Philip the Fourth of Spain, and mother of Charles the Second," is remarkable for the style of the head-tire. Heaven knows how such a tête could be manufactured by a *coiffeur*, or how any lady could bear the weight of it: Fashion may be allowed a tolerable licence, but this is absolutely diffiguring. Fancy a bee-hive cut in half and placed on the head of a pretty woman, with as much hair as would fill the pillow of a sofa, frizzed out on either side to an immoderate extent, intermixed with bows of ribbon, &c. &c., and the whole surmounted with a pink feather: Out upon it:—a pretty woman had no right, even in past times, to make a fright of herself first, and then command an artist to hand down a fac-simile of her folly to posterity.

On leaving the Louvre we spent half an hour in the gardens of the Tuileries: Not a leaf has yet sprung out upon the branches, but even at this unfavorable season the walks were crowded with promenaders. The French certainly are less sensible of cold than we are, for hundreds of chairs were filled with idlers of both sexes, and a motley group they appeared. Our residence is in the *Rue Louis le Grand*, and its proximity to the principal promenades of the metropolis is a great advantage to ramblers like myself, who like to see a little of every thing that occurs around us:

10th.—We were to-day at the *Hotel des Invalides*, one of the noblest Institutions in France: As I stood beneath the magnificent dome of this edifice amidst a few old warriors who had grown grey in the service of their country, maimed in limb and broken in health, I could not help thinking how deeply grateful they ought to feel to the projector of this retreat, Henry III., and the great but ill-fated Henry IV., who first carried the project into effect, though on a much smaller scale than it stands at the present time: Here, under the banners which the fortune of war has thrown into their hands, the veterans pay their worship to the God of victory and defeat. Some one or two of these trophies I would rather not have seen wave over my head, but we scruple not to display the captive banners of France, therefore they are justified in placing the British flag amongst the other spoils of warfare. The dome of the Invalids is one of the most magnificent specimens of architecture I ever saw: it ought to be the resting-place of heroes. Every attention is paid here to the wants and comforts of the old soldier. We traversed every part of it that could be seen—entered the refectories and the kitchens, which are on the grandest scale, and so particularly clean that had I not seen the utensils in full employment I should almost have doubted that they were for use. Guide books give so full an account of all public places that to describe them would be a work of supererogation.

Leaving the Invalids we went again to the Louvre, the grand point of attraction here, and lounged through the long line of galleries appropriated to the exposition of the works of modern

artists. In these magnificent galleries we meet with the sublimest specimens of genius intermingled with some of the veriest daubs that ever saw the face of day on an artist's easel. Let the failures, however, find their level and sink in the stream of oblivion, while we notice a few of those most deserving attention. *La Mer*, by Gudin, is a most singularly original picture; it is beautiful and sublime, without the appearance of an effort having been made to produce the grand effect. Not a sail spreads its fluttering canvass to the gale; no dark hull appears sinking in the distance; not even a broken spar breaks the grand sublimity of the vast expanse of ocean—nothing but two waves of enormous magnitude, one tinged with the reflected rays of the sun, and the other in deep shadow relieved only by the pale rays of the smaller planets of the night, form this magnificent creation of Gudin's genius. In colouring he is the Turner of France, in sublimity of conception twin brother to the Martin of England. I know not when I have been more delighted with the *humorous* in painting than I was with a production from the pencil of *Biard*—a scene in a frontier Custom-house. It is so natural and so laughable, that the artist must evidently have been an eyewitness of a similar scene. Such a little gem would excite the mirth of the gravest person in existence, and it richly deserves the attention of the engraver. A gentleman, who appears like Miss Edgeworth's lady, to be one of those who if they cannot be young will not be old, is stripped of his coat and a *douanier* is busily employed in unwinding from his person a vast quantity of contraband goods, while others are apparently astonished at the number of *aunes* of bandannas that have been used to increase the bulk of his slender person. The wife of this *ci-devant jeune homme* is expostulating and scolding at her spouse being thus deprived of his swaddling clothes, and unwrapped like a mummy of his precious covering. All the other figures in this picture are equally excellent. *Biard* is something similar to *Buss* in style; he has the broad humour, without the vulgarity of the latter. *Goubaud's* Death of the Duke of Reichstadt, at Schœnbrunn, 22nd July, 1832, is touchingly beautiful. The time chosen is when the last spark of life has just escaped from the lips of the only child of the greatest man of the age. The physician has not yet relaxed his hold of the hand of the departed Prince, whose pulse can scarcely be supposed to have ceased to beat: on the other side the couch a young priest is kneeling, offering up his prayers for the everlasting repose of the emancipated spirit of the descendant of the mighty man whose portrait is suspended on the wall, a little to the left of the bed of death, while a mournful and anxious group are seen pressing forward at the doorway of the apartment. Too much praise cannot be given to this production of Goubaud; he neither outrages nature nor feeling, and by the beautiful simplicity of truth produces an effect that at once commands attention and admiration. Ben-Emeck recounting to his wives his piratical adventures, by Diaz, is a spirited and pleasing production. It would not require a very great stretch of imagination to fancy oneself in company with the old Moslem and his dames, who are

pillowed most luxuriously on soft and magnificent carpets in a grove so deeply shadowed that the sunbeams would seem to seek in vain to play upon the fair brows that are bent upon Ben-Emeck, while it is left to play fantastically over the dark green leaves and the delicate flowers that decorate an Eastern parterre. The old Moslem must be a very selfish person to monopolize so much beauty to himself;—such fair property ought to be divided. Mlle. Melina Thomas ought in courtesy to have had an earlier position in this notice, but acting on the old proverb "Better late than never," she must pardon me for not having given her the premier place. Her picture of "Charlotte Corday undergoing interrogation before a member of the Revolutionary Tribunal," is an exquisite *morceau*. She is depicted at the interesting moment when reckless of the horrid fate that awaited her, she exclaims—

"Dieu seul est mon juge!"

This picture is particularly interesting. The firmness of the woman overcomes the terrors of torture and of death; she has released the nation from the domination of a tyrant, and is evidently careless of what may happen to herself. There is but one other production in the present exhibition by this lady, Anne Boleyn, prisoner in the Tower of London, confessing to the Archbishop of Canterbury. I may err in judgment, but I prefer this to the one I have before noticed. Perhaps compassion for this unfortunate victim of regal inconsistency—of love sacrificed at the altar of ambition—of blighted hopes—of falsified vows—of all that could make life desirable; but above all my compassion for the Wyatt family, one of whom was her first love, who with his sister attended her to the scaffold, may make me dwell more upon this picture than upon hundreds more attractive to the common spectator. Her fate and her fortune hung upon the same slender thread—it was broke, and both were lost in the gulph of eternity. Who shall now decide upon her innocence or her guilt! Who would wish to recall bygone times, when life was sacrificed to passion, as unholy as it was inhuman? It may well be said that the past is as a dream! Heaven defend me from such visions, even of the night!

Pingret has a painting of a most interesting description in this exhibition; "Louis Philippe giving audience to the wife of Meunier," who is imploring the clemency of the Monarch for her sons. In the foreground the unhappy mother is seen, with her back turned to the spectator, kneeling to implore the intercession of the Queen; the King, who appears to have just entered the *salon* is in the act of giving her his assurance that her prayer is granted, and in the back ground a few anxious faces are seen awaiting the result of the application. This picture which does so much honour to the kind-hearted Louis Philippe ought to have a place in the gallery of the Orleans Palace among the other family memorials. "The Judgment of Paris," by Roehn (*fils*), is an admirably droll *morceau*. An old cobbler, with the merriest looking face imaginable is seated in his stall, holding the classical apple in his right hand. Before him are standing three servant girls who are supplicating his decision as to the beauty of their

feet. Whether the old man was a good judge of feet it would be impossible to decide, but he ought to have been a connoisseur at least in ankles, for the three graces of the kitchen display rather more than a proper portion of their legs for the old man's inspection. Ziegler's "Daniel in the den of Lions" is an old subject treated in a style somewhat different from that of other artists. It is difficult to arrange new and striking positions, but Ziegler has in this instance succeeded in accomplishing this desirable end. The mild countenance of the prophet, indicating his firm and unshaken trust in the power and goodness of an Almighty Providence contrasts beautifully with the subdued ferocity of the animals that are seen crouching around him, while the Guardian Angel by his side, whose presence has rendered them powerless, is in excellent keeping with the sublimity of the subject. In richness, yet quietness of colouring, this picture ranks amongst the first of its class. "The Woman taken in Adultery," by Pérignon, is also a very fine production: the kneeling figure of the guilty one, who is seen crouching at the feet of the Saviour is nature itself. If there is one fault in the composition of this picture, it is that Christ is placed too far apart from the persons brought forward in the canvass, and the dead wall against which he is placed tends rather to destroy than increase the effect. It seems scarcely fair for a foreigner to criticise the works of artists, to which, by the courtesy of the French nation, he is admitted free; but here all are *critical* or *nothing*. It amuses me to hear persons of all classes dispute upon the merits of the different artists; but they have an opportunity of cultivating a taste for the fine arts here, which is denied to persons of similar grade in England. We shut them out from participating in intellectual pleasures, and then condemn them for want of taste, and judgment, and love for the fine arts. In England only those who can afford to pay are admitted to view the pictorial treasures of the time. In France every one is welcomed, and the most magnificent galleries in Europe are open to every person, who has either the taste to admire or the talent to imitate the productions of genius.

In the *salons* appropriated to the exhibition of Sculpture, the group entitled "Le Condamné," executed in plaster by Amédée Ménard, struck me as being particularly beautiful. The criminal, his hands bound with cords, and divested of his upper habiliments is receiving the last consolations of religion from a priest, whose efforts appear from the resignation visible in the countenance of the condemned man, to have been most effective. It is a noble production. A little figure in plaster, by Delarue, of "Leonardi de Vinci," is too formal to please my taste. Nothing in nature except a poplar tree was ever so decidedly straight. Dumont's "Statue of the King" in marble is a true copy from nature; he is a really fine artist, and without the general ingredient, *flattery*, produces a greater effect than all the sycophancy in the world could do. A colossal statue of St. Augustin, in French marble, destined for the decoration of one of the chapels in the yet unfinished, but magnificent church of the Madeleine, from the chisel of Etex, is worthy of its destination. The church

when completed will be one of the most splendid ecclesiastical edifices in the world, and for such statues as this posterity will remunerate the artist with unfading honour. Maindron has two compositions in plaster: one, "The Martyrdom of St. Margaret," wants attitude and expression. The executioner looks savage enough, but St. Margaret appears to be one of those nonentities that could have been of no possible use in this world. The other, "Two Boys at the Bath," is a pleasing and spirited group. One lad is just on the verge of making a leap into the water, while the other is resting under the shelter of a projecting bank, apparently ridiculing the fears of his companion to participate with him in the refreshing coolness of the element. A bust in marble of the Archbishop of Paris, from the *Atelier* of Mercier, is really a startling likeness. I have been by his side so frequently that I can vouch for the correctness of the resemblance. The Archbishop does not seem to be very popular, but if he is not a good kind of man, my skill in physiognomy goes for nothing. They say here his temper militates against his popularity; but public opinion in France changes with the wind: we care not for the roughness of the breeze, and if he is not always like a Zephyr, circumstances may contribute towards the unevenness of his temperament. I should at all events pronounce him a worthy man.

To-day we heard of a shocking occurrence which took place within a few doors of our residence in the Rue Louis le Grand; a man quarrelled with his wife, and having beaten her until she appeared to have lost all signs of life, threw himself from the window of the highest story of the building. Such melancholy events are by no means uncommon in France, where passion would seem to predominate over reason. The English have always been considered the most suicidal nation in Europe, but it is certainly a most outrageous libel on their character. If they die for *pain*, the French die for *pleasure*. Boys and girls in Paris, and in all the provinces of France, seem to think that the *stage effect* of dying for love is the prettiest amusement in the world. If they could but be sent back again how much wiser they would become! Sentimental follies are sometimes too sickening to laugh at.

When I consider the universal gaiety and general appearance of content and happiness in the majority of the population of France, I marvel the more at the constant commission of this awful crime. Their heads must be lighter than their heels if they do not consider the punishment awarded, according to the Scriptures, in another world. Are they Atheists? If they are, why are the *outward* forms of religion attended to? I met a night or two since, at a *soirée*, Madame * * *, whose *first* husband *suicided*, (pardon the coinage of a word), after a new fashion. She had a party, at which he assisted in the most excellent spirits imaginable; on a sudden, however, Monsieur's gaiety gave way to depression, and he walked to the Pont-Neuf with the determination to put an end to his existence. He was prepared to give up life and its pleasures, but he wanted a pinch of snuff: he felt in his pockets, but his *tabatière* was not to be

found. It was impossible to die *without* taking a pinch of snuff, so he walked back to his residence, took his snuff-box, and then returned to the Pont-Neuf, and deliberately threw himself into the water. In the morning he was comfortably settled in the *Morgue*; his wife mourned the *regular* time, and married a medical man, who has not apparently, for he is very handsome, any thing like a disposition to suicide.

When Madame * * * was introduced to me, I could not help wondering at her *gaite de cœur*. Two children, a son and a daughter, by her first unhappy union, were with her, and there was a melancholy expression in their countenances that made me shudder, having first heard the fate of their father. Were I single I would not venture to take the daughter for all the wealth of India!

How very unlike a Sunday in England is a Sunday in Paris. Yet there would seem to be no want of devotion among the people, for the churches during the different services are well filled. The females are certainly most numerous; but it is so in all countries, the kindest and tenderest feelings always assimilate most closely with the fervency of devotion. Every church is open in Paris every day, and almost at all hours. If people have no religion it cannot be imputed either to the want of care to provide for their spiritual welfare by the Government or the Clergy. The *Protestant chapels* here, are however on a very different footing. Thanks to our Archbishops and Prelates, Ministers of *Religion* and Ministers of *State*, a poor Protestant may go to the bottomless pit by whichever path he chooses if he has not a franc in his pocket to pay for a seat at the Ambassador's chapel. What a farce it was to place an ecclesiastical puppet, like Bishop Luscombe, at the head of the British Protestant Church in France! What was he *expected* to do, and what *does* he do? Nothing—but hold out one hand to receive *alms*, and to put them in his pocket with the other. It is a disgrace to the British Government that they cannot provide a place where their Protestant subjects may exercise their religion *free of expense* in a foreign country. Bishop Luscombe it is said has his *Cathedral* establishment on the meanest scale possible, and his *tariff* of prices for seats is twenty-five francs per annum, fifteen per half-year, and ten per quarter: stragglers and dodge-devils being expected to pay a franc a-head. What a luminary, what a pillar of the Church is this *bijou* of a Bishop! How zealously he fulfils his mission, literally *living by the Church*! It would be amusing to see what an account he would give of his stewardship: bowing at so many *levées*; attending so many balls, *soirées*, and reunions; eating so many dinners; and pocketing so much money. He appears to be the most useless of all useless things, and converts to the Catholic faith continually take place, because persons are sensible enough to draw comparisons between a *working* priest, and a drone of a bishop. In olden times bishops were the active servants of the Church, and if I mistake not, the *jobbing* affair of *Prelatizing* the *unbeneficed* head of the British Protestant Church in France was intended for the better providing for the spiritual wants of the subjects of the British Crown. It was cer-

tainly providing something to repair a certain pavement in this instance.

An Ambassador, as a paid servant of the nation by whom he is deputed to watch over their interests, has always a chaplain attached to his suite, and the duty of that chaplain is to afford religious consolation and instruction to such of his fellow-subjects as may desire to attend the services of their church. England pays her servants liberally, and although diplomatists are not generally epicures with respect to religion, they ought to remember the parable of Dives and Lazarus. Owing to the *extreme economy* of Bishop Luscombe and the culpable inattention of persons attached to the embassy, during the severity of the winter not the slightest provision was made for the personal comforts of those who came from far to worship at the shrine of God: not even a mat was placed withoutside the door, that a portion of the snow and damp might be wiped from the shoes; the Bishop, like the ranter, perhaps thought that "the dirtier people came to serve God, the better." Oh, Mammon! Mammon! in your next distribution of decorations attach a half-franc piece to a bit of red ribbon and fix it to the button-hole of this pattern Bishop Luscombe.

We visited to-day the new Church of Notre Dame de Lorette. It is not yet quite finished, but even as it is seems almost too beautiful for a place of worship. The style of the decorations is too theatrical, and the walls are covered with splendid paintings placed between gilded compartments. The window in the sacristy is a magnificent specimen of painting on glass, and the attendants seem proud to point out the most striking beauties of the edifice to the stranger. It really is a relief not to have to put one's hand in the pocket at every place as in England. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey ought to be sent over here to have ocular demonstration how much better things are managed in France. At the little Church of the Assumption, in the Rue St. Honoré, I heard to-day one of the finest bass voices in the world: the singer was very like Lablache, both in person and voice. I have seen but few men in comparison with the number of females in any of the churches, and on remarking this deficiency to a French gentleman, he very coolly assured me that in France they left praying to the ladies. But although the churches are well filled, it is not devotion alone that collects them together. There are as many little snug coteries formed beneath the walls of the church as there are in a salon, and conversation is carried on in a tone much louder than a whisper in every part of the edifice while the service is performing. I stood near a person whose eyes had been rivetted on a book which he was attentively reading during the time of high mass. I saw it was not a missal from its size; curiosity induced me to take the first opportunity of finding out what were the contents of the volume, and it proved to be one on Modern History. The service and the sermon must have edified this man wonderfully.

The beautiful *Arch de l'Etoile* was also visited by us to-day. I think it the most splendid of all the *Barrieres* I have seen. When viewed from the portico of the Tuileries its effect is partially de-

stroyed by the intervention of the Egyptian Obelisk, which interrupts the fine open view of the Arch, and seems to have been raised in the Place de la Concorde simply because the government knew not where else to elevate it. It is seldom that the French evince such bad taste. It is provoking enough to see a tolerable building spoiled by being cut up into small compartments, but to break the view in such a noble vista as this is unpardonable. The gardens of the Tuileries were thronged to-day with persons of all classes as usual. Every one looked gay, and if we may judge by outward appearances care has little to do with the character of the French. They certainly are either the most independent or the laziest people in the world: the men idle away their time in the streets or public exhibitions, and those who really work, evidently do not do so *con amore*.

The Queen passed us in her carriage on her return from the Church of San Roch; not a hat was raised—a want of respect and politeness I could not have believed had I not witnessed it.

SONG AND CHORUS OF REVELLERS.

(From a MS. Oratorio, entitled "*Dives and Lazarus*.")

BY WILLIAM BALL, ESQ.

CHORUS.

Who is he with beard of grey,
Frowning as he passes by;
With his glance's icy ray,
With'ring every flower nigh?
What gloomy sire is he?
We know him now;—
What art thou to us Old Time?
What to us art thou?

Who is he so dull and grave
Underneath his gather'd load
Bending, like a fetter'd slave
O'er his dream-bewilder'd road?
What canker'd Eld is he?
We know him now;—
What to us art thou, old Care,
What to us art thou?

Bid the laughing Loves advance,
'Mid inspiring minstrelsy;
Join the Song and lead the dance,
Fill the nectar'd goblet high;
Let Pleasure flow—
Bid Old Time and Care away—
What to us are they?

SONG.

Oh! what are the praises that swell the proud story,
The toils and the wreaths of the Victor and Sage?
Away with the vaunts of their shadowy glory,
What ills can they chase, or what sorrows assuage?
Let madmen and dotards devote their brief hours
To the strife of the field or the gloom of the shrine,
The life and that only worth living, be our's
That's offer'd to Pleasure, to Love and to Wine!

The roses, the lilies, behold how they flourish,
They toil not, they spin not, through all their
bright day,
They welcome the dews their young beauties that
nourish,
And bask in the warmth of the Sun's glowing ray;
Like them let us turn to the light and the beauty,
The sweets and the smiles that around us combine;
And while we proclaim, "To enjoy is our duty"
Sing to triumph, Love, Pleasure and Wine!

SUNDAY EVENING IN PARIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Ye *élégantes* of the *Chaussée d'Antin* and *Faubourg Saint Honoré*! ye ladies of the Court! ye favoured children of Fashion and Fortune, whose whole lives are divided between the palace and the toilette—permit me to introduce you to a world the existence of which you are hardly aware, one you *may* have heard of, but have never seen, a region of alleys and gutters, of wooden shoes and tatters; but a world, singular, amusing, original, and equally worthy of the minute inspection of Fashion and Philosophy. It is Sunday; and a fine evening for a walk—fill your scent bottles ladies, and follow me!

What a moving mass animates the public gardens—swarming quays, boulevards and *Champs-Élysées*! The student, the citizen, the soldier, the smirking grisette, the shopkeeper of the Rue St. Denis, and the clerk of the Custom-House, in short all the world seems to have turned out of doors to seek diversion and show their best clothes. It is the day of clean caps and new coats; the valet is as fine as his master. Dashing dragoons, measuring six feet two inches in their boots, walk, with a vanquishing air, beside little sweethearts of four feet six in their high caps. The girl, vain of a lover who appears in all the glory of feathers and epaulettes, regards with disdain her less favoured acquaintance. She looks up at his feather as another views a monument—it is an exalted trophy gained by her charms. She is identified with her swain, *she* carries the sword, and if the citadel of her heart is won, she has capitulated with military honours. Oh! ladies, it is hard to resist the puissance of the plume!

Let us advance a little further. What serenity reposes on every face! In this day of rest all week-day troubles are forgotten. Each thought of business, disappointment, and misfortune is put off till Monday morning. Even the *scene* of toil is removed, the houses are deserted; but though all the folks are gone out, everybody is at home; for on a Sunday evening they inhabit the streets; there they eat, drink, or otherwise amuse themselves. Eat! indeed they do; for in Paris nothing is done by halves. Matters of all kinds are managed on a grand scale; our mole hills are mountains. The ovens of the pastry-cooks become on a Sunday perfect volcanos, vomiting forth thousands of cakes, tarts, and rolls, which flow in a torrent, a deluge of dough and grease to the very extremities of the *faubourgs*. Heavens what a stench! But follow me a little further, ladies, and let me show you something that will cure the most sensitive olfactory nerves.

Behold the iced lemonade at a halfpenny a glass! A favourite drink of the Grand Seigneur, the beverage of kings, the exquisite compound formerly dispensed to beauty and elegance by the admiring Ganymedes of Ball Rooms and Palaces. Behold it now, served out at the corner of every street to the “base, common, and popular” by some wandering Tortoni, in unique doses at two farthings each! Who could have foreseen that the enjoyments of the aristocracy should one day contribute to the happiness of the holiday-keeping

cannaille? Shades of the *ancienne regime* behold the march of Revolution! The refinements of taste for which ye were so famous has lost its exclusiveness—so has sherbet—so has lemonade!

Happy Parisian! Every art is exhausted, every country is ransacked to enhance your joys! Not only are numberless and charming dainties offered to please your palate; but all the prodigies and curiosities in the world are collected to captivate your vision. Your city is not only the capital of France, but on a Sunday evening the show-folks make it the capital of the whole world of wonders. The wand of enchanters, the genii of Arabian tales never created such prodigies as those realities with which Paris abounds. If in the most remote corner of the Earth an extraordinary creature is produced; if they discover a flea as big as a rat, a rat the size of a man, a man as fat as an ox, an ox as large as an elephant, or an elephant bigger than a whale, they are all sure to meet in Paris on a Sunday evening. Would you, ladies, like to see the horse of Cæsar, which had human feet? or that of Alexander with a horned head? or a Hydra, a Polyphemus, the Dragon of Cadmus, or the Monster of Andromeda? Would you behold a griffin, a sphinx, a satyr, a centaur, a triton, a syren, a cyclop, a Patagonion, a pigmy, a gorgon, an albatros, a vampire, or a man from the moon, you have only to speak—all at your command for two sous a-head!

If you doubt what I have said look at the pictures displayed outside each exhibition to attract the curious in monstrosities. Here you will see the portrait of a pretty little child measuring twelve feet round the waist—there, a dwarf who lives in a teapot and dances hornpipes on a cheese plate—at another place, a giant taller than the caravan he lives in—further on, a wonderful linguist who talks twenty-two languages, like M. Silvestre de Sacy, or Dr Bowring; next door is an interesting savage, who was found in the wilds of Africa dining off raw tigers!

But hark, that noise! What a screaming of fifes—what a screeching of clarionets! This is a grand affair. The melodious concert ceases. A man appears on the stage erected before a booth. He is dressed in a second-hand suit of *Henri Quarte*, surmounted by a modern great coat considerably the worse for wear. His hat covers about one-third of his head. He carries a long cane, which he flourishes about with an air of importance. He strikes his wand against the painted sample of what is *not* to be seen within. His voice sounds like a cracked trumpet. Let us hear what he says.

“Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in! Here you will see the most wonderful phenomenon ever beheld—a female native of the undiscovered lands, who wandering from home lost her way and was found by a celebrated traveller in latitude seventeen hundred and sixty, and longitude nineteen hundred and four. She is perfectly beautiful as you may see (here he strikes the canvass with a force that sounds like an explosion of fire arms). She lived for three years in the forests amongst wild beasts and to this day eats nothing but raw meat. She has been exhibited at all the courts in Europe. She had the honour to eat a raw leg of mutton

before their Royal Highnesses the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and his Majesty the Duke of Saxe Coburg. Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, we are just a-going to begin, walk in and see the most wonderful wonder ever exhibited. All alive, for the small charge of one penny!"

But all this is really too noisy to endure long; let us go on. Fifeing and fiddling again, but in a more subdued strain. It "roars you as gentle as any sucking dove." A host of people on yonder green are performing some mystic evolution. They labour under a singular delusion—they think they are dancing. But look into their faces! By all that is solemn they appear to be performing some necessary, but unpleasant, duty. There are the dragoons again with their miniature sweethearts, who march through the dance with the same countenance they put on while extracting the square root in close battallion. Is this pleasure? To go through a figure handed down with the utmost precision since the days of Charlemagne, in exactly the same way to the same tunes every Sunday evening from the period of youth to that of decrepitude? Surely it must be some rite superstitiously performed to ensure a week's good luck? The only persons betraying the least signs of content or delight are those not dancing, who are seated on benches sipping Bordeaux and coquetting with their lovers. Ah! it grows dark. It is time to go to the theatre. But we will not, allow ourselves to be horrified by the "*Juif-Errant*," or submit our taste and sense of propriety to the shock of witnessing a dramatic version of the Pentateuch.

Let us then, my fair friends, return home, leaving the *élite* of the faubourg *Saint Marceau* to retire to rest after the toils of their evening's pleasure, who, if they be good Catholics will commend themselves to their patron saint, and make him answerable for every accident till Monday morning.

W.

LAUGHTER.

BY FLORENCE WILSON.

There is a laugh that lightly floats
From the pure heart alone;
A laugh, whose happy, joyous notes
Breathe music in each tone.
Such the gay laugh that girlhood knows,
(Its hours are brief and few;)
Ere on her soft cheek's opening rose
Has fall'n pale Sorrows' dew.

There is a laugh that hath its birth
From deep corroding Care;
A laugh in mockery of mirth,
Whose parent is—Despair.
Such the wild laugh that midnight hears
From the pale Gamester peal,
Its fearful mirth wakes virtue's tears
That still for guilt can feel.

There is a laugh—its echo round
Strikes the chill'd soul with dread;
That hollow, deep, sepulchral sound
Might issue from the dead.
'Tis the poor maniac's laughter wild
When reason quits her shrine
Pray thou on whom its light hath smil'd,
Such mirth may ne'er be thine.

SKETCHES BY AN OLD MAID.

No. I.

MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOUR.

Man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to woman; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust,
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol.

BYRON.

When I say an "old maid," I merely use the term in its generally accepted sense, without actual reference to age. We all know that many are old maids in manner when very young girls, a prophecy that, in nine cases out of ten, works out its own fulfilment.

There has always been to me a monotony which drove me from reality to imagination; from satiety of what *is*, to idealisms of what *may be*. What can be more ceremoniously dull and stiff, for instance, than a modern *evening party*, composed almost invariably of a few young ladies in silk and blonde; insipid and pretty behaved, with manner as artificial as the flowers in their hair; a quantum sufficient of young gentlemen (for young gentlemen read boys)—bashful awkward louts, who call you *Miss*, and offer you an ungloved hand.

And some men, real and veritable lords of the creation, who, scorning and disdaining the idea of girls being sensible and reasonable creatures, only trouble themselves to quote Byron or Moore, discuss the weather, talk a vast deal of nonsense, and tell you, what its ten to one you were long ago convinced of, in your own mind, "that you are a very pretty girl!"—"have fine eyes!" and a great deal more much to the same purpose.

While, to complete all, the old people are standing by taking notes of your behaviour, and you are quite sure on your return to have papa ask you "why you encourage that puppy Frank D—?" And mamma warn you that Mr. W— who said such sweet things, has nothing but his profession to subsist on, and is not a marrying man.

But I will not detain my gentle readers with my sage comments on what has doubtless occurred to most of them, but hasten to the commencement of my tale.

The scene of my first sketch will be laid in the immediate vicinity of town; for after all that the lovers of the country may say about the beauty and romance of sunless woods, green fields, quiet lanes, and flowery hedge-rows, there is more excitement, more variety, more of the romance of real life in one of our crowded streets, than the most picturesque spot in England.

In the country the history of every individual for miles round, is known and may be gathered in a few days. But in town let us take but one house. A house—and there are many such in the vicinity of Holborn, where almost all the rooms are let singly and to different families or individuals, and how much of human anguish—of contented and unrepining suffering, of sin and misery, may that one dwelling contain! What a

mingling of the best and worst passions and affections of our nature; the proud and gifted mind struggling with poverty even unto death, and yet shrinking from the gaze, and even from the pity of his fellow-men. The guilty and reviled, but not the *lost* outcast, sharing her last crust with those yet poorer than herself; the dead and living enclosed as it were in the tainted atmosphere of one narrow room, while grief for the departed is lost in the assurance that the weary heart is at length in peace, and that the sufferer will hunger, and thirst more.

The late Charles Lamb, while his heart was ever ready to admire and reverence the hand of God in his minutest works, yet loved to seek it most in the contemplation of its noblest perfection, in the society of his fellow men. He says "a *solitude*, however beautiful would have no charms for me;" and confesses that he has "often shed tears in the motley Strand, from fulness of joy at so much life." But I am again wandering from the point.

I began by saying that my first sketch would be laid in the immediate vicinity of town, and founded on incidents that fell immediately under my own cognizance, and interested me extremely at the time. The real names I think it advisable to suppress, and shall substitute fictitious ones in their stead.

Residing just out of town and being as idle and inquisitive as "old maids" usually are, one of my amusements used to consist in watching my neighbours turn out, invariably at the same hour every morning to their different occupations in the city, and in guessing from the expression of their countenances as they returned home at night what sort of a time their wives or children might expect to pass. For where there is no immediate necessity for the mask which we can all assume at times, to hide from a cold and misjudging world that which is passing in our heart. of hearts the face of man may generally be considered as a fair index to his mind.

There was one of these who particularly interested me, and yet there was nothing interesting about him. He was gentlemanly in his manners, dressed well, but walked awkwardly, with his shoulders bent, his hat slouched down over his face, and his eyes invariably fixed on the ground. I never looked on that man's face without being painfully reminded of the near affinity between animal and human nature. There was no intellect, no animation, nothing but a sullen, dogged, and impenetrable coldness.

He lodged in the drawing-room of the opposite house with his wife, a young and lovely woman. Her eyes were large, dark, and soft, and she appeared to have a profusion of black shining hair, which she wore twisted into a low braid at the back of her finely formed head, and parted simply over her high forehead; her complexion was perhaps a thought too pale, too purely white, but it served to give that delicacy to her appearance which is so much sought and so rarely met with in our fair countrywomen. I do not think she possessed the least shade of colour, or else I was too far off to be able to see any. In the distance she always appeared like a breathing and beautiful statue, a

finished and exquisite piece of workmanship fresh from the hands of a Phidias or a Praxiteles.

When they occasionally went out together on a summer evening after his return from office, they always reminded me of "Beauty and the Beast," or "Little Red Ridinghood and the Wolf." What she could have seen in him I never could imagine, and was at times almost tempted to believe in the efficacy of philters and love-charms, only that I had never yet heard of one of these whose spell lasted after marriage; and she evidently loved him still with all the fervour and intensity of woman's affection.

She always let him out herself of a morning, and after having watched him out of sight, returned to her own room with a listlessness of step and manner that plainly showed how lonely they would be to her until his return. She never went out during his absence, or seemed to have any one to come to see her; but at night, full half an hour before there was any possibility of his coming, her sweet face might be seen pressed against the window, ready to catch the first glimpse of her heart's idol as he turned the corner, to have the door open for him, to take his hat and cane, to press her lips to his hot brow, and to tell him every thing that had happened during his absence, even her very thoughts.

But if I marked all this, I observed likewise the apathetic indifference with which he met that welcoming smile, and replied to those winning caresses; his unquickened step as he advanced towards his home, and the feverish impatience with which he would repulse her affectionate fondness, and pushing her rudely aside spring up-stairs, where he might generally be seen half the evening afterwards leaning out of the window smoking his cigar.

I believe in my heart that all the weary watchings, the anxious fondness, the deep hoarded tenderness of our sex are more than repaid by one kind word, one pleased smile from the beloved one; but I never knew until then how long it can exist without even this.

One summer night, I remember it well, I had heard news during the day which, engendering a thousand wild thoughts and hopes, effectually banished all ideas of sleep; I did not even attempt to rest, but flinging open the window sat down by it, and abandoned my mind to its own happy dreams.

The streets were quite silent and deserted, except now and then the cry of the watchman might be heard, as he told the flight of time, or the sudden shout of some intoxicated fiend staggering home to his wretched family.

I pictured the half-clothed children and the miserable mother, huddled together over their fireless grate, or the desolate woman as the hours advanced and her infants had wept themselves to sleep upon their straw pallets, sitting *alone*, with no hope for the present or the future, nothing either in retrospect or anticipation. Hungry perhaps, for the greater part of their scanty meal had been laid by for him who had brought desolation on the hearts of them that loved and trusted him. How often she would open the door and look anxiously out upon the quiet street and the bright holy stars,

whose beauty and peacefulness seemed to mock her wretchedness, while they brought back with them dreamy recollections of years long past, when she had wandered beneath their pure light, a thoughtless happy girl, loving and beloved. The door is again closed, she has leaned her weary head upon her thin hand, and suffered her harassed mind to seek oblivion in the sweet past, for the memory of peace is all that is left her now.

My meditations were at this juncture suddenly interrupted by the low wailing of a female voice, accompanied by a loud, harsh, and menacing tone. At first I thought this was merely the effect of imagination, but as that complaining sound continued to smite painfully on my ear, I discovered that it evidently proceeded from the opposite house, the blinds of which had been drawn down, but the windows, in consequence of the excessive heat, suffered to remain open. I could not distinguish what was said, but the dispute, for so I imagined it to be, lasted long, and terminated at length in a sudden half-suppressed and heart-piercing scream from the woman.

Merciful God! thought I, he has struck her!

At this moment, I suppose, the open window occurred to the monster, for he advanced hastily to close it, and, as the curtains were dashed aside for an instant, I could plainly distinguish the woman standing white and motionless, with her long dark hair streaming loosely over her shoulders, and her hands clasped before her face.

I heard no more that night, although I watched in vain for the light to be extinguished.

The following morning he went forth as usual, but no one accompanied him to the door, no fond kiss dismissed him to his toil, no anxious eye marked his progress, nor was my fair neighbour visible all that day.

Surely it could not be curiosity, mere idle speculative curiosity, that made me long so eagerly to break through the forms and trammels of society, and seek uninvited that lonely and beautiful girl in her distress, to cherish and watch over her as a sister; it could not be. It was that sympathy which, by drawing and knitting the hearts of human beings to each other, is continually reminding us that we are all the children of one father—the worshipers of one God, who has enjoined us to love and care for one another as he loveth and careth for us all.

Another day passed on, when towards noon, the green chariot of Dr. C—— stopped at the door of my fair and interesting neighbour. I immediately discovered that I was not quite well myself, and after the usual questions that pass between medical gentlemen and nervous young ladies had been asked and replied to, I led the conversation to his new patient. At first he was a little reserved, but on my frankly confessing how much I was interested, and relating to him the little I knew, and had observed of them, he promised to be equally communicative.

"This morning," said the Doctor, "Mr. Delany called upon me. He appeared at first to be dreadfully agitated; his hands trembled so excessively, that he was unable to raise the wine, which I hastily poured out for him, to his lips, without spilling half. After a time, however, he became

more composed, and proceeded to inform me that the object of his present visit was to request me to call in the course of the day upon Mrs. Delany, who either was, or fancied herself very ill."

"But I believe, after all," he added with a forced and mirthless laugh, "her principal cause of indisposition is want of exercise and fresh air; she scarcely ever stirs out, though I often scold her for confining herself so much."

"I promised to call soon, and was about to depart, when Mr. Delany stopped me with an air of great embarrassment and indecision."

"Mine is a dreadful task, Doctor," he said in a low voice, "dreadful to the feelings of a husband, but I am afraid, nay, I have ceased to fear, I am convinced that Mrs. Delany's intellects are disordered, and her assertions often the mere ravings of a heated imagination, or worse even than that, of partial insanity."

"Good God!" I hastily interrupted, "and is that beautiful girl really mad?"

"No, no," said the Doctor, shaking his head "and yet, perhaps, it were better, even so; but to continue. I endeavoured to soothe him as well as I could, and assured him that even this might be much benefited or even ultimately removed, by quiet and change of air. He seemed to listen to me with a bitter and incredulous smile, and shortly took his leave."

"Well, I called in the afternoon upon my new patient. She was laying half asleep upon the sofa, and quite alone. To an experienced observer, that burning cheek and bright glittering eye were too sure indications of the fierce ravages of fever and disease. She sprang up at my entrance, and uttering a wild scream threw herself into my arms, and sobbed upon my bosom like an infant. It was Maria! Lord M——s youngest daughter! I had been her medical attendant from her infancy: I had brought her safely through the different stages of illness incident to childhood, and marked her opening beauty with all the tenderness and affection of a father; she was as dear to me as one of my own girls, and often used to come with her sister to my house as a temporary refuge from the violent temper of Lord M——. You doubtless remember her story my dear Madam, and the sensation it created in the world a few years back. She eloped with a young man, a lawyer's clerk who used to come backwards and forwards to the house about a law-suit, which his employers were conducting for Lord M——."

How they managed to meet I never knew, and what she could find to love in Mr. Delany must ever remain one of those hidden mysteries of the affections which are above human comprehension to attempt to solve.

Certainly the language of passion was new and dangerously seductive to her young and trusting heart, and compared with the stern coldness of her father's manners, Delany's might have appeared to her even kind.

"I knew nothing of what was going on until summoned to the sick-bed of Lord M——, who, with all the mingled violence of passion and delirium, heaped such wild and bitter curses upon the head of his offending child, that my blood ran cold as I listened to them, and I could only re-

joice with a sad satisfaction that poor Maria heard them not.

Her name now became a forbidden sound, even her sister, Lady Julia, ceased at length to intercede for, or mention her before Lord M——, for fear of awaking his ungovernable fury; but she came to me with tears in her eyes and entreated me to make every enquiry after her lost sister, which I did, but without any success, until to-day. It is needless to tell you that Mr. Delany knew me in my professional character only, or I should have been the last person to whom he would have introduced his unhappy wife."

"Is Mrs. Delany very ill?" I enquired,

"She will die!" replied my friend, dashing away the tear that did honour to his feelings both as a man and a Christian.

With all a woman's curiosity, and women are proverbially the most inquisitive of human beings, I next inquired what her disease was; but his embarrassed and agitated countenance as he murmured something about "low fever" and "consumption," warned me that there was still something which even I was not to be informed of, and I thought with a cold shudder on the blow which I had heard given, and that low female shriek which had broken so fearfully upon the holy stillness of the night.

Mrs. Delany lingered on for several days after this, but evidently growing weaker and weaker. At length the Doctor called to tell me that he was going to G—— Square, to Lord M——s, to see if the heart of that stern old man could be moved to forgive his dying child.

"God grant," he said, "that I may be able to bring back with me the only consolation and happiness poor Maria is capable of receiving in this world."

I could only say and *feel* amen to this prayer, and the worthy man departed on his mission of intercession and peace. My every thought, my very existence, appeared bound up and absorbed in that of my opposite neighbour; I scarcely moved from the window, flinging down my work with eager impatience at the approach of every fresh vehicle; at length the right one came; it stopped opposite and a young and elegantly dressed woman alighted, followed by an old gentleman whom I imagined to be Lord M——.

My readers must picture to themselves the meeting between that stern old man and his penitent and dying child, as I did then. I have since heard it described, but description falls short of the reality. The delineations of passion and affection should always be felt or dreamed of. Very little time was allowed me for imagination before the drawing-room window was flung hastily up, and I saw Maria laying pale and motionless upon her father's bosom; the shock had been too much for her, and she had fainted:

It was long before consciousness seemed to return. Lady Julia hovered about like one distracted, kissing her cold hands—her lips—her white faded brow, and calling upon the companion of her childhood, the sister of her youth, the friend, the confidant of every thought and hope, now, for the first time insensible to her affectionate caresses.

At length Maria appeared to know them again;

she parted away the hair from her damp forehead, with her thin wasted hand, and looked up and smiled upon her weeping sister as an infant smiles in its sleep, then flinging her arms about her father's neck, she hid her face in his bosom.

They withdrew from the window, and about an hour afterwards Lady Julia again appeared and closed up the shutters.

Any one who saw her then would have immediately recognized the sister of Mrs. Delany. There was the same white dazzling complexion, the same soft eyes, though Lady Julia's were now dreadfully red and swollen with weeping, and the same meek and gentle expression of countenance.

At night, I have reason to believe that the body was privately removed to G—— Square, from whence poor Maria was buried in all the pomp and splendour which she had forsaken for the heartless sophistry of a villain.

Mr. Delany returned from office at his usual hour; he had drunk much and frequently during the day, to drown reflection, and excite and enervate his exertions, but in spite of all this, his employers had often to complain of inattention, and spoiled briefs and copies.

He came up the street with his usual swaggering air, and knocked loudly at the door, which not being immediately opened, he repeated the summons, and stepping back to look up at the house, saw at one sudden glance that it was the house of death!

That evening, as Lady Julia was keeping the watch of love beside her sister's couch, the door of the apartment was suddenly flung open, and Mr. Delany entered. His face and lips were hueless as those of the dead, and his eyes glared like living fires; he hastily approached the bed, and tearing away the covering from the face of the corpse, pushed back the long damp curls that lay matted on her brow, and discovered a blue livid mark. To the affrighted Julia he appeared like the spirit of evil, profaning the sacred ashes of the departed, and she could only fling herself between them and exclaim—

"Forbear!"

He started back—he gazed a moment with frenzied wildness from the face of the living to that of the dead; it appeared to him that he beheld the body and the spirit at one moment—the *tabernacle* which he had destroyed, and the *soul* which had escaped him and sought peace in heaven.

Julia's eyes were rivetted on his with fearful terror, nor could she break through the fascination of that fixed gaze; they followed him as he slowly retreated backwards to the door, and his demoniac shriek as he pulled it after him, and the wild rush of his retreating footsteps broke up the charm.

The following morning the lifeless body of a man was found in the Regent's canal, and if it was not unrecognized, it was at least unclaimed, and buried at the parish expence.

It was Mr. Delany!

So terminates the "Old Maid's" first sketch, and if it has beguiled one weary hour, or wooed away the sad heart from brooding on its *own* be-
reavements, for ever so brief a space, her aim and ambition are more than attained.

E. Y.—

MAY-DAY FESTIVITIES.

The merry month of May has again returned, and brought back with it the same genial weather as ever; but alas! unaccompanied with the gay tokens, as in ancient times. No May-pole decorated with wreaths of flowers meets the sight! The Merry mummers no longer delight the eyes with their fantastic dresses, and ecstatic gambols! The beautiful May Queen no longer shines conspicuous with her leafy crown and variegated dress! All old May relics are past, not even does poor Sweep with his tinsel ornaments enjoy his usual holiday. The old patroness of the climbing generation, Mrs. Montagu, having long since paid the debt of Nature, her sooty clients no longer revel in the anticipation of the well-spread board and kind welcome.

But away with melancholy; the scene I am going to describe occurred not many years ago in a remote part of England, where no march of intellect has, as yet, thrown matters completely awry, so without further preface I will rush in *medias res*.

The sun rose in a cloudless sky on the morning of a beautiful May-day, in 18—, and called into activity the slumbering population of the small hamlet of N—; long before the village bells had chimed the hour of six every cottage door was opened, and all the inmates both male and female seemed to be preparing for a grand gala.

On proceeding up the village to the right, there was erected a lofty May-pole, decorated with the usual garlands and flowers; and at the foot of the pole the grass had evidently been recently mown and levelled down for a dance. Benches were placed around for the spectators, and a tent was erected for the refreshment of the weary.

Giles, the head publican in the place, had brewed an extra quantity of Sir John Barleycorn, and had also made provision for the keen appetites of his supporters, in the shape of many rounds of well fed beef, legs of mutton, &c., &c. At ten, the village band after a preliminary flourish struck up a merry tune, and promenaded the hamlet, collecting vast crowds of eager Mayers on their way; the church bells rung a joyful peal, and old and young hastened to the scene of action.

Mary Brown, the May Queen elect, was installed on her mossy throne with due honours, and the sports were immediately commenced.

The youths selected their partners, and danced round the May-pole until the fiddlers' arms ached again. All appeared happy; the old folks looked on and smiled, or recount to one another the parts they had played in like sports in bygone years; the married people seem to enjoy the frolic as much as their juniors; and the sons of the wealthy farmers in the neighbourhood mingled amongst their more humble acquaintance in the most affable manner.

At three o'clock the Squire and his family pay a visit from the Hall; his daughters chat for a short time with the matrons of the village, or perhaps take one turn round the pole with some bold swain, who respectfully solicits their hand; the Squire's sons, fine handsome young men from the University, or perhaps on a short visit from their regiment, select partners from amongst the bloom-

ing belles, and foot it away with the gratified though timid rustics, as if they were of themselves. The old Squire in the mean time, accompanied by the venerable Rector of the place, shakes hands with his older tenants, smiles approvingly on the assemblage, and seems to take delight in seeing their happiness. The Squire's lady compliments the old dames upon their healthy looks, and their well taught offspring, and encourages them to open their minds to her if they have any requests to make.

In another short half-hour the gentry take their departure amidst the cheers and blessings of the whole village, and both old and young feel their spirits elevated by the kind words and looks of their beloved landlord and his family.

At four o'clock the sports are adjourned to a neighbouring field, where manly games and exercises are commenced; a cricket-match is the first to be decided, the opponents being the village of N— against the rival village of S—. This, after a severe contest, is won by the former, and Harry Smith, the handsomest youth in the village, does not seem to have receded in the affections of Mary Brown, the pretty May Queen, by the part he acted on the occasion.

A foot-race next comes off, and the prize is carried away by Harry Smith in first-rate manner, he is rewarded with a new hat from the fair hands of the May Queen herself, and as he gallantly kisses the small hand of the donor a sly titter runs amongst the crowd, increasing the confusion of poor Mary materially.

But the attention of the multitude is directed to the games that follow, such as wrestling, jumping, leaping, pitching the bar, &c., and though last not least, swarming up a greased pole for a fitch of bacon, or a new waistcoat; the latter feat is attempted exclusively by the rising hopes of the village, who, away from the eye of the pedagogue, get into all imaginable scrapes in order to make up for previous good behaviour.

But the sun is now setting fast, the last dance is performed, and the mass move slowly away; the lovers arm in arm stroll quietly through the fields, making a walk of half a mile into one of two, or more. Many vows are exchanged, and many a secret love is divulged; and the delightful thought that their affection is mutual causes many a fair bosom to throb with joy; but I am getting too sentimental, so having disposed of my characters I now retire myself.

JEFFERY JEFFERELD.

AWFUL ANNOUNCEMENT.—It being unlawful to set man-traps and spring-guns, a gentleman once hit upon a happy device. He was a scholar, and being often asked the meaning of mysterious words compounded from the Greek that flourish in every day's newspaper, and finding they always excited much wonder by their length and terrible sound, he had painted on a board and put up on his premises in very large letters, the following:—"Tondapameibomenos set up in these grounds." It was perfectly a patent safety,

MAY!*

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

—"A seasonable ballad."

OLD PLAY.

Jocund, laughter-loving MAY!

Bride of Summer! thou art come,

In thy robe of fair array,

And thy cheek of roseate bloom!

Thou hast cloth'd the vale and mountain,

Thou hast loos'd the seal'd-up fountain,

From stern WINTER's icy chain,

To revel through the verdant plain.

Month of Beauty! Month of Love!

Month of Joy, all months above;

Month that deck'st the leafless tree,

Month that wak'st the honey-bee

To her labours 'mid the bowers,

Kissing with sweet lips the flowers;

Month, that mak'st the woodlands ring,

Ev'ry Bard thy praise must sing!

In the smoke-dried city, now

The Artizan doth cleanse his brow,

And throws aside his look of care,

The gladness of the hour to share;

Since Nature's universal voice

Calls every creature to rejoice!

Forth hies he, to the pleasant fields,

And all the sweets the country yields;

Gives sterner feelings to the wind,

Leaves plodding industry behind,

And in the genial month of May,

He makes one blissful holiday!

Now, Labour's children, pent up long,

'Mid a close city's pallid throng,

Rush to inhale the rich perfume

Of hedges, white with hawthorn-bloom;

Glad for awhile to wander free

In all the joy of liberty,

And with the wild-bird on the wing,

Taste for a day the sweets of Spring!

Ah! let not legislative power

Curtail the poor man's scanty hour

Of pure and innocent delight,

And all his better feelings blight!

Let not IMPROVEMENT's grasping hand

To gardens turn each waste of land;

Spare him those wilds which Nature gave;

Where rushes bend, and blue-bells wave;

Those heaths, now rich in purple bloom,

Or studded thick with yellow broom;

Oh! still some spots in mercy spare,

Where Man may breathe untainted air,

Where he may turn his wand'ring feet,

NATURE, unspoilt by ART, to greet;

And recreate his wearied eye

With the fresh tints of earth and sky!

Escap'd the tumult of the crowd,

The "still small voice" may speak aloud,

And lead him from the daisied sod
Of Nature, "up to Nature's God!"
Freed from a dim and sunless home,
In dusky streets;—let Boyhood roam
Amid those scenes that Boyhood loves,
Haunting the hedge-rows, and the groves,
To crop the scented thorn of May,
And bear it home at twilight grey,
The trophy of a holiday!

Now, wears the Maiden's cheek a bloom
Of softer tint;—her eyes assume
'Mid deeper blue, Love's conquering fires;
And now, the timid Youth aspires
With boldness all unfelt before,
To press his love-suit, o'er and o'er!
Now, Childhood's step, with laughing eye,
Pursues the bright-wing'd butterfly;
A panting chase!—true type of Fame!
The Hero's mistress—Poet's aim;
Ambition's idol—Honor's star—
Still meteor-like beheld afar;—
That courts and yet eludes the grasp,
For 'tis a shadow each would clasp!

Ah! there are memories which cling
To the ambrosial hours of Spring,
Memories how sweet! yet sad—that twine
Their ivy round this heart of mine,
(Kept verdant as in gone-by years
By the refreshing dew of tears)
That hold a soft and chast'ning power,
O'er my still'd spirit at this hour,
And round my lyre, that idly play'd,
Cast visions of a mournful shade.
Sweet hours of bright and sunny bloom!
Why did your perfum'd breath consume
The early blossoms of my heart,
To leave it but the blighted part,
Of Autumn's sear'd, and with'ring bough?
(For such its fitting emblem—*now!*)
My SPRING of Heart has pass'd away,
And SUMMER with its warmer ray,
And the chill mists of AUTUMN fall
To wrap me in their twilight pall!
Soon AGE, with WINTRY blast will come
To sweep the leaf, yet ling'ring, home;
Then Life its mantle down will cast,
Time's year be clos'd—its seasons past!

But let me chase such thoughts away,
Nor end in gloom, this SONG OF MAY;
Since feather'd Minstrels' dulcet throats
Attune to joy their warbling notes,
Let not the POET wake a string
Unsuited to the hours of SPRING;
Or clothe in hues less bright, a theme
That has inspired this Minstrel-dream!
But, like the flowers that scent the grove,
Breathe incense to the month of Love;
And hymn a glad and grateful lay,
To Summer's bride and herald—MAY!

CHARADE.

Change the last letter of a thing that's small,
But in its usefulness surpassing many,
A friend it is, no doubt, to women all,
Though little valued for its use by any.
Two-thirds of what should never uttered be,
And something signifying company,
These rightly joined will shew you where I dwell,
Ladies, your humble servant,

ISABEL.

* The earlier part of the above Poem was printed seven years ago, in a periodical long since discontinued. It is now presented to the reader with considerable additions, and the Author trusts improvements; for its re-appearance, however, at all, the apology must be in the erudite language of Provincial play-bills—that it is by "particular desire of several persons of distinction," and "for this month only."

LEONARD HARLEIGH;

A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

— he bask'd him in the noontide sun,
Disporting there, like any other fly;
Nor deem'd before his little day was done
One blast might chill him into misery.

BYRON.

The firm of Grafton and Harleigh, in — Street, had for many years been known as a most respectable house, and the partners were supposed to be amassing an immense fortune. Mr. Grafton had grown grey in the business, and Mr. Harleigh was advanced to that age it was generally believed he would retire, and transfer his share in it to his only son, a young man of two-and-twenty. Such was the wish of the old gentleman, he was wearied of the active duties of life, and having fulfilled them with honour and profit desired to spend the evening of his days in peace and tranquility, but a serious objection arose; Leonard Harleigh was altogether averse to treading in the footsteps of his venerable parent; he declared he disliked trade; he could not endure anything that would of necessity cause confinement; he panted for liberty, and that connected with some profession which might lead to promotion, and selected the army as the one he would prefer. A great source of grief was this opposition to his fond parents, who had hitherto gratified his every wish, they saw a road to competence and respectability in his continuing in the firm, but they feared both his principles and his fortunes might be seriously impaired by the pursuit of the path he had chosen for himself; he was fond of gaiety, fond of society, and easily led into error: they remonstrated, but in vain, their former blind indulgence had made him impatient of any impediment to his desires, and he grew almost angry at their repeated solicitations. Vexed and disappointed the good couple knew not what course to pursue, one hope only remained to them, and that was a test of his affection. Mr. Grafton had a daughter, a few years Leonard's junior, and between her and the young man a mutual regard subsisted. As children they had been playfellows, and they loved each other as brother and sister, but as they grew in stature and in years a warmer and even more tender sentiment took possession of the breast of each; the parents of the young people seemed desirous of promoting the union, and all would have been unalloyed happiness but for the ungovernable spirit of Leonard. A lovely and loveable creature was Emily Grafton; she could not perhaps be styled decidedly handsome, but her features were of that description which bespeak character, yet united with a softness and delicacy truly feminine. Under the tuition of an excellent and accomplished mother she had acquired a superior education, and the lessons of piety she received were not in vain; her life was a beautiful exhibition of all those gentle virtues which it is woman's province to fulfil in her earliest years; never had she yet been called upon to perform any action which would exercise her strength of mind, but all who beheld and had discernment sufficient to read her character perceived, should it be her

destiny to be placed in a situation to call them forth, her virtues were based upon that firm foundation, and her mind possessed that strength and vigour it would bear the trial of temptation and appear with double lustre.

Perhaps, had Emily Grafton beheld Leonard Harleigh for the first time after he had grown to manhood, he would have made no impression upon her; he was by no means the character one would suppose would win such a heart, their tastes and dispositions were entirely dissimilar; but affection for him had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength; she had been in the habit of almost daily intercourse with him from her earliest recollections, and during his absence from home they had corresponded; she had neither brother nor sister, and she had been accustomed to make him her confidant. As her mind expanded and her thoughts seriously turned upon the prospect of her one day becoming the wife of Leonard, she would sometimes feel misgivings lest he was not calculated to ensure her happiness, attached as she was to the quiet enjoyments of her own fireside, she feared his fondness for gay society would mar their social joys, and at the thought of his entering the army she shrank; had she been convinced his passion for a military life arose from an enthusiasm for distinction in some honourable pursuit or patriotism for his country, she would have entered into his views, and herself promoted them; but, on the contrary, it was obvious it was a desire of ease, and wish to be assimilated amongst persons of fashion, which had prompted the wish, and, young as she was, Emily saw such sentiments were not the precursors to conjugal felicity.

It was to this gentle girl Mr. and Mrs. Harleigh applied, as their last resource in forwarding their wishes; they exhibited to her the advantages which would arise by their son's joining in partnership with one so wise and so experienced as her father, that the business would one day be his own, and concluded with entreating that she would not only urge the expediency of the step, but absolutely refuse him her hand on all other terms.

Emily listened with pain to these appeals, she was as anxious as themselves that Leonard should follow their desires, but hesitated as to the means pointed out to produce their enforcement. She did not consider herself justified, she said, in exercising any undue influence over the mind of one she would wish to esteem as well as love, she would certainly plead as far as her sense of delicacy would warrant, (and in so doing she should plead, she added, for her own happiness as well as their's), but in a measure to force his actions on the strength of his affection for her was more than she could promise.

This was perhaps the first really unhappy hour of Emily's life, and when left alone she burst into tears at the thought of the task assigned her; she had previously stated her wishes on the subject to Leonard, but had been silenced by his decided, though by no means angry refusal, and the thought of resuming her entreaties however connected with her own inclination was repugnant to her. She however determined to take the earliest opportunity of fulfilling her engagement. That opportunity was not long ere it offered itself, and Emily, in

terms the most gentle, yet persuasive, pleaded the cause she had undertaken: she began by representing how much he disappointed and grieved his tender parents, then proceeded to urge her own conviction of the reasonableness of their requirement.

Leonard listened with a smile, but it was a smile which seemed to say he was unconvinced by her arguments, and not to be prevailed upon by her entreaties.

"My dear Emily," he at length made answer, "it grieves me to refuse *you* anything, but I cannot be persuaded even by you to engage in a course for which I am unfitted, for which I have no taste; why I should have supposed that you would have preferred seeing me in a superior situation to pursuing a business, I hate business, I always recoiled from it, and nothing shall induce me to engage in it."

Emily could not refrain her tears.

"You are bent upon seeing me miserable," he said somewhat reproachfully.

"No, Leonard," she made answer, "I am pleading for your happiness; has not your father and mine pursued the same path with honour? have they not been respected by the world? and why should we think it degrading to follow in their steps? Whatever course our duty may point out that is the one we should not shrink from fulfilling, nor is there anything really derogatory which does not injure the moral character."

The conference ended as it began, in Leonard's steady refusal, and Emily quitted him with a heavy heart to make known to his parents her want of success.

It was some months after this conversation took place, and from that time the subject had ceased to be agitated, that the peace of the Grafton family was one evening interrupted by the arrival of a messenger to announce the sudden and alarming illness of the venerable Mr. Harleigh. Mr. Grafton, with his wife and daughter, immediately repaired to the residence of his partner with sad forebodings of the event, and found their worst fears realized. The old gentleman had twice suffered from paralytic attacks, and he was now sinking under a third. Mrs. Harleigh was weeping by his side, but what seemed to cause the greatest distress to the dying man was the absence of his son; they had sent persons in every direction in quest of him, but he was no where to be found. "I shall die without seeing him," faintly exclaimed the anxious father as he grasped the hand of Mr. Grafton, "My peace is made with Heaven, but I cannot die easy without pronouncing my last benediction on his head, without urging him once more to pursue that path I have marked out for him."

"From causes I cannot at this time explain I have reason to think I can find him," Mr. Grafton returned, after having expressed his sorrow to behold his friend in such a state, "and with your permission I will myself go in search of him."

Mr. Harleigh pressed his hand in token of gratitude.

But a day previous Mr. Grafton had become possessed of the information that Leonard was in the habit of attending with some of his fashionable associates a gaming-house at the west end of the

town; alarmed for the happiness of his beloved daughter he had intended further investigating the matter, and not doubting that the young man was now there, he repaired to the person who had given the information, and through whose interest alone he could gain admittance to this haunt of vice. So absorbed were the thoughts of the worthy Mr. Grafton in the prospect of losing so shortly one whom he had so long esteemed, and finding the son of his friend and the intended husband of his daughter in such a place that he scarcely heeded whither he was conducted until the full blaze of light from this splendid apartment into which he was ushered burst upon him. For a moment he felt stupified by contending emotions, but summoning his self-possession his eyes wandered amongst the groups of gentlemen seated around the numerous tables, and at length rested on the object they sought yet dreaded to behold. The young man was engaged in high debate with one he considered had defrauded him of his due, and it is dubious if the fray had not proceeded to serious consequences had not the interposition of Mr. Grafton put an end to it.

"Leonard Harleigh!" he said sternly as he advanced, "I am grieved to find you here, you must quit instantly to attend a far different scene."

Leonard gazed on him with the aspect of one who doubts the evidence of his visual organs.

"You are surprised, young man, to behold me here," Mr. Grafton pursued, "but I am the bearer of tidings which at such a time will perhaps be doubly heart-rending."

"For Heaven's sake what is the matter?" faltered the youth; his cheek changing from the bright tints caused by dispute to the ashy paleness of dissolution.

"This is not a proper scene for the communication," returned Mr. Grafton, with forced severity of accent, for in his heart he pitied as much as he condemned the erring young man.

"Emily—has anything happened to Emily?" faltered Leonard as he arose from his seat and almost staggered towards the door, to which Mr. Grafton was returning.

"Mention not the name of one so pure in this place," was the reply, "from henceforth, young man, Emily is nothing to you; I will not see her the wife of a gamester."

"I deserve your reproaches, Mr. Grafton," Leonard almost groaned, "but you are inflicting the refinement of torture in this harrowing suspense."

The tender heart of the worthy old gentleman was moved to pity, and in a softer tone he said "I am unwilling, Leonard, to give your feelings the shock they must sustain,—but to be explicit, I seek you by a father's wish—a sick—I fear a dying father's wish."

Leonard clung to a banister of the stairs they were now descending for support.

"Not a moment must be lost," pursued Mr. Grafton, at the same time proffering the aid of his arm, "or we may be too late."

Suddenly renerved the young man hurried on, and leaping into the coach which waited for Mr. Grafton at the door, threw himself on a seat, and buried his face with his hands.

They proceeded for some distance in silence, each engrossed by feelings too painful for utterance. Leonard was however the first to break it, and looking at his companion he asked, "does my father know where you have sought me?"

"He does not, young man, nor shall he know it from me; I would not strew his dying pillow with thorns for worlds."

"And Emily" he faltered, "does *she* know it?"

"She does not."

"Then extend your goodness to a repentant one, and never let *her* know it," pursued the youth falling on his knees before his companion, and grasping his hands, upon which a torrent of hot tears descended, "and from this hour I solemnly promise to renounce my errors, the associates which have drawn me into them, and to follow your's, my parents, and Emily's wishes."

The situation in which he saw him, the evident sincerity of his penitence, the anguish he was suffering under, together with his own love for the young man, all worked so powerfully upon the feelings of the kind-hearted Mr. Grafton, that he raised him in his arms, and in a voice half choked with emotion, pronounced his forgiveness and willingness to suffer the whole to sink in oblivion if the conditions of amendment were fulfilled.

Upon reaching the door of his father's residence Leonard was the first to alight, and without waiting to interrogate the servant who opened it, he flew to Mr. Harleigh's chamber; what a scene awaited him there: the venerable old gentleman in the agonies of death, and his mother, Mrs. Grafton and Emily weeping and kneeling by his bedside. A ray of pleasure illuminated the now distorted features of the father as he beheld his much wished for son; he extended a hand, which Leonard eagerly grasped, then taking that of the kneeling Emily also within his own, he joined them together; "Bless you, bless you," he murmured; it was the last effort of nature—his eyes closed—he was gone.

From the period of his father's death Leonard appeared to become a new character, seriousness and thoughtfulness took the place of the frivolity which before too often distinguished him; he became his aged and now widowed mother's support and comfort, and the gentle Emily felt for him that increase of affection resulting from her love being founded on esteem. No opposition was now made to his partnership with Mr. Grafton in the business, and at the expiration of twelve months preparations were in progress for the marriage of the young people. The gentle Emily Grafton now, in full confidence of finding in the man of her choice one who would make her happy, bestowed on him her hand without one misgiving, and he declared himself to be the happiest and most fortunate of men in possessing such a treasure.

Three years of uninterrupted felicity did the happy pair enjoy, but at the expiration of that period a new trial awaited them in the death of the excellent Mr. Grafton. Emily felt his loss most acutely, but supported herself with her wonted fortitude for the sake of her dear remaining parent, whose only earthly hope and solace she now was.

Her energies and thoughts were however soon called into a fresh channel by the birth of an infant, and it would be difficult to say in which character she shone the most eminently, that of daughter, wife, or mother; but the latter situation was new to her, and many, many were the delightful hours and days she spent in fulfilling the sacred and interesting duties it called forth.

The whole of the cares of the business now fell upon Leonard. During the life-time of Mr. Grafton he had done little but take a share in its profits; knowing his unconquerable dislike the kind-hearted old gentleman had taken upon himself the chief superintendence; but the kindness was ill-judged, for now it became irksome to him, he began to murmur, and proceeded to place it in the hands of strangers. Emily ventured gently to remonstrate, but in vain; he answered her with good humour, but did not suffer her advice to influence him.

Twelve months had in this manner elapsed, and Emily's health, which since the birth of her child had been delicate, now seemed to take an alarming aspect; Harleigh, in great apprehension, proposed she should remove a short distance into the country for a season, and Emily for the sake of those around her consented. Apartments were accordingly taken at Richmond, and thither Mrs. Harleigh with her child and mother repaired. It was summer, and that lovely spot was arrayed in all its attractions. The health of the fair invalid soon felt the influence of its salubrious breezes. Emily, although born and reared in the metropolis, was a lover of the country, its quietude and its retirement suited the tenor of her spirits, and she felt an enthusiastic delight in its beauties as she rambled, leaning on her mother's or her husband's supporting arm beside the noble river, or ascended with slow steps the summit of the hill, and surveyed the lovely and diversified landscape it commanded, she felt herself a new creature.

A few months in this enchanting spot seemed to restore her to her wonted state of convalescence, and she began to talk of returning to town. Harleigh opposed it, saying, as she enjoyed the country so much he should wish her to remain till the winter was approaching. Emily, however, more solicitous for his comfort, would not hear of it; but still he made no arrangements for her return. At length she began to fear there was some reason more than he avowed for his wish to detain her. He frequently arrived in the evening after the business of the day was over, and returned to town on the following morning. One evening, on his arrival, Emily could not but observe a change in his manner; instead of his usual affectionate salute there was an evident constraint and agitation. The tender wife, in alarm, questioned him as to the cause, but gained some evasive reply, accompanied by a faint effort at a smile.

"My dear Leonard," she pursued, "I know there is something wrong, but I have made up my mind to return home this week."

Harleigh took both her hands between his, "Emily," he cried, "you shall know all, I can no longer conceal the truth."

"Speak, speak!" she exclaimed, "I can bear anything but suspense."

"Our business," he proceeded, "has, since the

death of your father, declined; I was never fitted for it, and—and—I have been obliged to give it up, and dispose of all our effects to satisfy the creditors."

Mrs. Grafton, who had been a silent spectator, now threw her arms around her child and burst into a passion of tears.

"Support yourself my dearest mother," Emily exclaimed, "it is God's will, and our part to submit; I have been long expecting this stroke, and I am prepared to meet it."

"All may not be so bad as you fear, my Emily," cried Harleigh, "I have friends in my emergency, who have offered to assist me with the means to produce me an honourable profession—to purchase me a commission in the army."

Emily shuddered, yet spoke not; but these words awakened a thousand fears in her breast, fears for the morals of her adored husband, and their conjugal felicity. One armed with unshrinking principles, habits of self-government, and firm decision of character might remain uncontaminated in the furnace of temptation, but such was not the case with Leonard Harleigh; and Emily, dearly as she loved him, knew this too well.

Harleigh had reserved sufficient of his household furniture for a suite of apartments, which he had engaged at the west end of the town, and thither Emily with her mother and child removed. She tried to appear cheerful, and really became so, but she found the latter a most difficult task. The constant round of dissipation she saw her husband pursuing could not fail to awaken her utmost fears. He seemed to have gained the summit of his wishes now that a life of ease and gaiety was before him, but there were times when he was restless and unhappy, even in the midst of his pleasures, and his anxious wife saw there was still some corroding care. Some months thus elapsed and brought with them no change; Harleigh still sought the society of the gay and the thoughtless. Emily spent her time divided between her mother and child, except an occasional visit to the elder Mrs. Harleigh, who resided not far distant, and who was now a confirmed invalid, unable to leave her chamber. To the old lady her son's altered conduct was a great source of grief, and her daughter-in-law's visits would have been far more frequent had she been able to convey any cheering report of his actions.

Leonard had one day on quitting home promised to return early, and spend the evening with his wife; thinking to please him Emily had arrayed herself in some of her ornaments, and paid more attention than she had usually done of late to her dress and hair. She sat down in anxious expectation of his arrival, but the hours flew and he came not. Mrs. Grafton taxed him with unkindness, but Emily thinking him incapable of wanton neglect, was seriously apprehensive that some evil had occurred. When her mother's usual hour for rest arrived she prevailed on her to retire, but persisted in herself sitting up for her husband's return.

"You are deserving a kinder partner, my child!" exclaimed Mrs. Grafton, as she kissed her pallid cheek and bade her good night.

No sooner had she retired than Emily burst

into tears. "Ah! my dearest mother," she sighed forth, "you know not, nor do I wish you should know half this sad heart of mine endures." The recollection of the last few years crowded upon her; she compared her happy girlhood to her present state of constant care, but piously concluded the soliloquy with a prayer to Heaven to assist her to bear all her Heavenly Father might see fit to inflict. It was long after the clock had struck the midnight hour, and Emily's anxiety increased; unable to sit she paced the room with restless and uneven steps, now gazing out at the windows upon the tall houses opposite. The drawing-rooms of one were brilliantly illuminated, and the sound of music issued from it; Emily turned away with a sickening smile, the sound of festivity seemed but to mock her distress. Ever and anon a passenger passed under her windows, and a carriage rattled by; the voice of the watchman cried the hour; all sounds but that she wished to hear gave her additional pain. At length a step sounded on the stair; she listened in breathless eagerness, the door opened and Harleigh appeared, he caught her almost fainting in his arms.

"Leonard, dear Leonard," she murmured, "why did you not come? But thank God you are safe!"

"I have not caused your anxiety willingly and unnecessarily, love," he cried, and there was a wildness in his gestures truly alarming, "no, no, I was incapable of that, vile as I have been."

"Vile!" repeated Emily, looking with a smile in his face, "Oh! do not accuse yourself thus; you are safe, and I overlook all."

"Safe—safe!" he cried, and he gazed fearfully round, then folding his wife again in his arms he added, "Emily, you always was an angel, but you will hate me—yes, even you will hate and desert me now."

"Hate and desert you! my husband, what can you mean?"

"I mean I am deserving the abhorrence of the virtuous and the pure."

"For Heaven's sake be explicit; this ambiguity is torturing," cried Emily, in increased alarm.

"My wife, my own Emily," he uttered wildly, "I have been carrying on a game of deception, but you shall hear all."

Emily gasped for breath.

"Know then," he proceeded, "I disposed of the business your father and mine had so long pursued with honour, not from necessity but from choice, to enable me to purchase a commission in the army—nor is this all, to support myself in extravagance I have forged a bill upon the banking house of Mr. Howard, your father's friend!"

These words were uttered with a rapidity which evinced the state of mind of the speaker.

"Emily, Emily," he wildly added, "can you hear this confession wrought from me by necessity, and not hate me?"

"My husband, my poor misguided husband," she murmured, "I pity, but I cannot cease to love you."

Again he folded her to his heart.

"My reason for not returning this evening," he pursued, "was a notice from a party concerned that my guilt was detected, I dared not enter my

home till the middle of the night; and now I have only stolen in to confess my depravity and bid you farewell; I must fly my Emily, to-morrow I shall be sought here. Alas! it is my greatest agony that you, innocent as you are, should suffer the infamy with me; but you have not the horrors of a guilty conscience; pray for me, my Emily, pray for me, for I scarcely dare to pray myself!"

"The petition of the penitent is ever acceptable to the Almighty," she returned, "and if your contrition is sincere He will pardon, though the world may condemn you."

Till the dawn of morning did the husband and wife linger together, unwilling to say the word "Farewell." Emily supported herself with her usual firmness, and embraced the time when his heart was softened by calamity, to intreat him to make reconciliation with his offended Maker, his first concern, impressing upon him the more fearful state in which the mind, enthralled by error, was, than the body could be by incarceration, or even death. He listened with an intensity of interest and departed in a much calmer state than he had entered, promising ere the following day had elapsed to send her a note to apprise her of his present rendezvous.

The unhappy wife retired to her chamber, but not to sleep, she spent the hours in devotional exercises, and strove by these means to prepare herself for the anguish she anticipated.

The task was a difficult one, that of breaking the intelligence to her beloved mother; but she was just explaining the dreadful truth when she was summoned to see a gentleman in the drawing-room. A sudden tremor seized the frame of Emily, she looked at Mrs. Grafton but spoke not, and scarcely could she support herself to reach the apartment.

It was Mr. Howard, he met her with the benevolent smile which was wont to dwell upon his features, but when he perceived her perturbation, said, "Mrs. Harleigh, I have paid you this early visit to endeavour to relieve your present distressing state of mind. You are the daughter of Mr. Grafton, my excellent and beloved friend, and you may rest assured that you and all that are dear to you shall never suffer from any act of mine. Tell your misguided husband that, so far from prosecuting him, I will for *your* sake overlook the past, and myself assist to re-establish him in some honourable employment, but it must not be in the profession he now follows, one altogether unfitted for such a mind as his."

Emily, overcome by feelings too intense for words, sunk at the good old gentleman's feet in a state of insensibility.

No time was lost, immediately on her restoration, in seeking the fugitive; and most gladly did Leonard embrace the offer of his noble-minded friend had made to take him into his own banking-house. He had proved the path of dishonour and duplicity to be strewn with thorns; however flattering the pursuit of pleasure might have appeared it had failed to produce one really happy hour, but now once again in the path of integrity, prudence and industry, he realized that peace of mind which the consciousness of acting right can alone bestow.

THE RUINS OF QUARENDON CHAPEL.

BY THOMAS SMITH.

"The ivy now with rude luxuriance bends,
Its tangled foliage through the cloistered space,
O'er the green windows mouldering height ascends,
And fondly clasps it with a last embrace."

Whenever I gaze upon a pile of mouldering ruins, I fail not to reprehend the wilful heedlessness (in some cases) of those persons who would abandon fair, costly, and substantial edifices to the sweeping ravages of time, without making an effort to save their tarnished beauty, and thus through indifference or other causes, they are allowed to remain in an impaired state, until one portion of each fabric falls, and then another, to the imminent danger of the too inquisitive beholder.

But yet, in spite of my better feelings, I always have derived a melancholy pleasure in wandering amid broken columns and mutilated statues, and neaps of riven stones, and ivied walls. Were these gifted with speech, what tales could they not tell, of ages long since passed away—events most strange, unheeded by the historian, and for ever to be buried in oblivion! scenes in which many a well-favoured knight and beauteous fair exchanged vows of eternal affection—scenes, too, in which the loud laughing festive mirth, the song, the dance, and strains of loud and lofty music reverberated through the noble hall;—in a word, tales of ardent love, and deadly hate—of intoxicating joy and bitter misery—of peaceful times, and wild and fearful feuds!

The heap of ruins which I am about to describe, is not the remains of a baronial mansion, with its massive walls, its battlements, its wings, its turrets, its keep, its drawbridge, and its heavy portcullis, neither is it that of a stately abbey, with its old and gloomy cloisters, majestic columns, fretted vaults, painted windows, and pompous marble ornaments, but simply the walls of a decayed chapel.

Some few years since I had occasion to visit the ancient town of Aylesbury. Whilst at this place I promiscuously discovered, through the medium of a person of my acquaintance, the existence of a certain "ruinous chapel" in the neighbourhood. In answer to my eager inquiries respecting its situation, however, I could not gain any satisfactory information.

"I cannot say precisely where it is situated," said this person, "for although I was born in this town, and have resided here all my life, I never heard, until lately, of this ruinous chapel; and if I had known the fact sooner, I doubt whether my curiosity was sufficiently powerful to have carried me on such a wild-goose chase, but I have been told it's about two miles from hence, and lies either to the *right* or *left* of the Winslow road; but which I cannot tell."

So, with this uncertain intelligence, which was all I could gather, after repeated enquiries in other quarters, I set out, at the earliest opportunity, in the hope of discovering the object I was in quest of. But on this occasion I was unsuccessful, for, although in the course of a long walk I saw many churches and chapels—the majority of which were in a very dilapidated condition—yet neither of them

fell in with my idea of a ruinous chapel. This failure however, did not deter me from making another attempt, soon afterwards, which was marked with success.

It was on a beautiful evening—a sabbath evening—that I quitted the town. The sun was lingering in the horizon, and casting its golden streams of light on the surrounding objects. At a short distance I entered a green lane, to the right of the high road—every body knows what a green lane is—this was indeed a pleasant lane—with its fragrant hedges of wild briar, honeysuckle, woodbine, &c., white and red roses, jet blackberries, so ripe and luscious, hips and haws, and bunches of glossy sloes; and then the flowery path, with a diversity of simple daisies, heart's-ease, lilies pure and spotless, fox-gloves, and blue bells, &c., and here and there a small bed of delicious wild strawberries, and such was the spot in question. A walk in such a place was indeed a luxury! The grasshoppers chirped at every step—the frog leaped to and fro, in the hilarity of the moment; the birds carolled their evening hymn, and this and the tinkle of the sheep-bell in the adjoining meadows, alone broke the silence of the scene.

Having arrived at the termination of the lane, which was nearly half a mile in length, I opened a gate, and entered a field of beans. After a gentle walk of some minutes, alongside the hedge, which bounded this pleasing scene, I turned to the left, I sprung over a stile into a meadow; crossing the pasture, the next object of attention was a rivulet, so clear, that its bed might be discerned; a small wooden bridge was laid across the stream, and the drooping foliage of an ample willow nearly shaded the rude structure. I halted here for a few moments, to observe the merry antics of the finny creatures that were chasing each other up and down the pellucid rill, but no sooner was the stream crossed, than to my inexpressible delight I beheld, at a short distance, the object of my search, which was situated in the midst of a rich meadow.

Nought but the porch and walls were standing, which were covered with moss and ivy. I was the only human visitor, I had not met a single person in my walk; the silence of the scene was broken at intervals by the lowing of the cattle, that grazed near the spot, and which raised their heads as I passed, and still continuing to wag their great jaws seemed to regard the stranger with a stupid stare of astonishment.

The porch was of the Norman (pointed) style of architecture, and in a tolerable state of preservation. As I prepared to enter, a huge unwieldy beast backed out, and left me in possession of the scene.

The interior of the ruins was overrun with weeds, the walls, which were of stone, and very substantial, presented very few marks of beauty—for time seemed to have been very busy with them. To the right of the entrance was a recess, of ample dimensions, in which no doubt the altar-piece once stood, and there might be seen mutilated marble monuments (the inscriptions obliterated) ornaments, statues of knights in armour, &c., fragments of the same material were scattered in every direction, some of which were beautifully sculptured and gilt.

As I stood within this solitude, and witnessed with a melancholy pleasure the gloomy grandeur of the faded pile, the beautiful words of the poet flashed across the mind—

“The mouldering walls,
Black with the rust of age, and all within
Silence and waste; while not a sound was heard,
But the wind moaning; not a form beheld,
Save one that fancy imaged to our mind—
The Spirit of Destruction.”

The longer I continued to gaze upon this interesting scene, the deeper my mind became absorbed with the idea of its former splendour. In a moment the scene was changed, and in place of the crumbling and blackened walls, stood an elegant chapel. Already the congregation were in their seats—already the organ's swelling notes came o'er the ear of fancy, and the voices of the people were heard in happy unison—already was the venerable servant of heaven at his post; his mild blue eyes directed upwards—his hands clasped; and as the fervent prayers ascended to the throne of mercy on behalf of his flock, he whispered peace and comfort to the wounded soul.

As the aged pastor proceeded in his discourse, my attention was, from time to time diverted from the subject by the surrounding objects. In one of the side aisles sat an elderly female, respectfully clad in mourning habiliments, whose heart seemed to droop under the stroke of some heavy affliction, for tears—bitter tears—chased each other down her pallid and wrinkled cheeks.

Alas! thought I, this poor old creature has lost some dear and valued relative,—perhaps her husband—the companion of her youth—the partner of her maturer years; or it may be a child; a beloved son, perhaps—dutiful and affectionate; the solace of her widowed hours—the stay of her declining days! in whose opening manhood she fondly beheld the features of her long lost husband.

And now, alas! he too is gone! the branch is lopped from the stem—the sturdy prop on which the mother leaned is withdrawn from her, and she is left childless and alone, to weep through this vale of tears! And where will the bereaved mother find peace?—where, but in the deep and silent grave!

How long this pleasing illusion would have lasted I do not know, had not my wandering thoughts been suddenly recalled by a rustling noise behind me. I turned round, and beheld—what think you, gentle reader?—a poor vagrant donkey! He had entered the ruins unperceived by me, and was busily engaged in cropping the dainty thistles, and seemed to enjoy his meal with exceeding zest, that is, if the pendulum-like motion of his tail could be depended upon as an evidence of the unperturbed and delighted state of his mind.

The evening was fast fading into night ere I left this solitude. As I retraced my steps, I often turned to gaze on the scene I had left, until, having re-crossed the stream, I lost sight of the ruins altogether. Wending my way towards home, I reflected upon the mutability of all human affairs. Where, thought I, are the beings that once kneeled within those walls? where are those hearts that, with the lips, so oft responded to the prayer of their pastor? and where is he, too? All, all, gone

down to the silent tomb! and in their stead another generation is going another round, and bustling onward to eternity!

These, and similar thoughts, engrossed my attention until I reached home, where I arrived just as the family were sitting down to tea.

On reference to a "Topographical Description of Buckinghamshire," I find it mentioned that the village of Quarendon consists of a few straggling houses, and contains a population of not more than thirty or forty inhabitants. The chapel was founded by John Farnham, about 1392, and dedicated to Saint Peter. In Queen Elizabeth's reign it was re-built by Sir Henry Lee. It contained costly monuments, among which were those of Sir Anthony Lee, who was knight of the shire, and died about the year 1550, and that of his son, Sir Henry Lee, who died in 1611; which monuments are said to have been very beautiful, with long and quaint inscriptions, agreeing with the time in which they were made. The chapel has been for many years in disuse.

In conclusion, I think I may venture to say, that I never had a more delightful walk either before or since; and if, at a future period, any of my readers should visit the neighbourhood, I would advise them, if they are admirers of the picturesque, to devote, if possible, an hour to the ruins of Quarendon Chapel.

STANZAS.

There is many a friend about thee
Who hath wished thee happiness,
There is nought for me without thee
In this life but distress.
I waited long in hope deferr'd,
Till weary grew my life,
Without a sigh, a tear, I heard
Thou wert become a wife.

And I would wish thee happiness,
Would have it spring around thee,
Ay, closely cling as that caress
Which so fatally hath bound me.
Alas, that sweet caressing
Proved worse than death for me,
Yet still my latest blessing
Shall be pour'd in hope for thee.

We are not what we have been,
In that gay happy time
When life was but one fairy scene
In her young her joyous prime;
There was open trust and confidence,
And dreams of bliss to come;
There was gay light-hearted innocence
In our once peaceful home.

Yet again I wish thee happiness,
The choicest gifts of life,
And all that has the power to bless,
I would wish thee, though a wife.
And last to him, who kneeling
At thy feet was wont to see
That gentle smile when stealing
All my fond idolatry.

Still would I wish thee happiness,
More deep, more fervent still,
Than aught that language can express,
Would I wish thy cup to fill;

I would have thine heart spring lightly,
And thy cheek with health to glow,
And each day to beam more brightly,
Though my sun hath sunk so low.

Though 'tis long since last we parted.
'Twill be longer ere we meet;—
Still constant and true-hearted
As when kneeling at thy feet
Would I meet thee, though in sorrow,
Though o'erclouded is my life,
With the dawning of each morrow
Do I bless thee, though a wife.

CANONBURY.

LITERATURE.

THE COURTIER'S DAUGHTER.

BY LADY STEPNEY.

Colburn.

For the third time Lady Stepney comes before the world as the author of a new novel; and, without attempting to decide on which is the best among these compositions, we have liked the second better than the first, and the third still more than the second. In society the fair writer is remarkable for a gentleness and grace of manner, which charm she imparts to her principal female personations, at the same time endowing them with strength of feeling, and individuality, distinctly marking their difference of character, which is consistently sustained to the close.

A power of close examination has enabled Lady Stepney to read the weaknesses usually attendant on even strong minds; and by giving these in her imaginary pictures, they are rendered much more like life than creatures all perfection, or all evil, would appear. Thus (with the exception of a nefarious steward) the plot is carried on, and 'the course of true love' duly interrupted by a series of actions not unnaturally evil, nor by persons worse or better than we could all identify in our immediate circle.

The scene is laid within the present century, and several real personages are occasionally introduced, not with the circumscribed views of mere personality, but in order to give an interest beyond the common fiction of the hour.

The "Courtier's Daughter," Lady Horatia Fitzhannon, is a highly-gifted, noble creature, superior to fancying in others the baseness which finds no place in her own exalted nature. Any author might be proud of having imagined such an heroine. Mabel, her companion, whose defects arise from want of mental strength, with proper guidance, and Henrietta De Wilton, the beautiful, vain, cold-hearted woman of the world, are both true to nature in their strong contrast.

Of "The Courtier" himself the following description is given:—

Lord Fitzhannon was a man of first-rate talent a sagacious statesman, easily penetrating political intrigue, perceiving at once the part to be pursued in the most critical emergency, and acting upon it with a fearlessness which the consciousness of

having grasped every difficulty produces. He was all this; he had been proved in the cabinet as one worthy to direct the movements of armies, and to guide the ministerial helm. Nevertheless, *throughout his life he became the dupe of persons infinitely inferior to him in intellect*, whom, with an inconsistency not very uncommon, he had permitted to deceive him; partly, perhaps, because he had fathomed the depth of their faculties, and thought it impossible to be deceived by beings so little able to cope with the powers of his own mind.

A splendid fete having been announced at Carlton House during the Regency, is marked for the *début* of Lady Horatia:—

The day came so anxiously looked for by the young and thoughtless; and jewels and rich dresses were taken out from the wardrobes again and again to be examined and admired by the less fortunate beings who were compelled to make themselves content with a first sight of the finery, and a second-hand description of the ball.

Mabel cast many a wistful glance at the magnificent dress which had been sent home for Lady Horatio, and wondered how it could be possible that one who was to be clothed so splendidly for such an occasion as the ball, could employ herself in any of the common-place amusements of the day! She fancied if the Prince had invited her she should have felt it quite impossible to pay the least attention to any thing from that moment until the happy hour which had seen her arrayed for the festival; and she pitied the insensibility which Horatio displayed on a day which she should have marked as the happiest of her life!

But though not so eager after amusement as Mabel, Horatia was, in fact, far from indifferent to the pleasure of such a ball as this promised to be; nor did she gaze at her own brilliant figure in the mirror without a feeling of complacency quite justifiable. When she descended to the drawing room the Countess and her father thought they had never seen in the gilded halls of Carlton House a form more lovely or more engaging.

The crowd of carriages was so great that it was nearly an hour before the Earl and the ladies found themselves in the vestibule of the palace, which was already thronged with a brilliant assembly of peers, ministers of state, generals, ambassadors, with a fair company of rank and beauty.

Dungarvon led his daughter up the splendid staircase, (which was lined on each side with the rarest and most fragrant exotics) into the state-room, where the Regent was standing, receiving and returning the compliments of his guests. None who have ever partaken of the hospitalities of his palace are likely to forget the urbanity and elegance which made them doubly acceptable.

When Dungarvon presented his daughter the Prince gracefully took her hand, and welcomed her to his house, while he asked her father in a low tone whether he was not almost afraid to trust such a treasure to the admiration of one sex and the envy of the other.

Queen Charlotte, in speaking to Lord Dungarvon of his daughter during a royal dinner-party, says—

She is arrived at a sweet period of life, seventeen: the feelings are then generous and vivid; there is no apprehension of change, no distrust of affection, and while readily yielding to illusions

they are all in favour of a more exalted state of existence than the temptations of the world will permit to man. I love young people from my heart; they are so ready with their sympathies, so confiding in their attachments, and so eloquent in the advocacy of those pure principles of rectitude which they have not yet learned to barter for selfish considerations.

Lord Dungarvon fearful that his daughter may have indulged in a romantic and ill-placed attachment, says in warning her against her own imagination—

You generally draw your inferences, dear Horatia, from the dreams of a very romantic fancy. But alas! fancy has not much to do with the stern realities of the world. I have generally found that those who yield to the fervour of their imagination, and suppose that love, once expressed, must endure for ever, are victims of a sad fatal delusion, and are ridiculed and despised for their weakness, even by the molten image that they have set up in their heart's core.

A man who depends only upon his honour, courage, and integrity may become an object of mistaken odium, may be played upon by the most worthless of those who surround him, and perchance be made miserable for life, for want of one honest friend to counsel and warn him.

Our extracts shall terminate with a clever hit at political apostacy, in the proceedings of Sir Archibald de Winton, a young Radical Member, who wishes to win 'the Courtier's Daughter,' by changing from his own politics to those of her father.

"You must not suppose," said the Earl kindly, "that because we differ in our political opinions, I do not feel an interest in yours. I value an honest and consistent advocate, no matter what the opinions may be which he espouses; and I hope some might to hear you distinguishing yourself in the House of Commons."

"Such generosity would surprise me from any one but the Earl of Dungarvon," said Sir Archibald; "My father's politics were very strong, and had I not been brought up so completely with him and his political associates, I doubt not that I should have thought very differently."

"If now that you are of an age to act and think for yourself, (said the Earl), you believe your family's views were erroneous, it is not too late to change them. I should be the last man to recommend any hasty or premature decision on this important point; but hear all arguments, and then allow your good sense and judgement to be your guide and monitor."

After leaving the Earl, Sir Archibald could not summon up resolution to declare boldly his change of politics to his friend the other member, a thorough-paced Whig: therefore he began by adopting that much-used and most convenient word *Expediency*, and he hinted to his colleague that 'he really began to think it necessary to adopt pacific measures, and support the other party, unless they wished to see the country destroyed by the headlong fury of a faction, who were driving the people to extremes which could lead to nothing but the ultimate overthrow of their rights.'

To his constituents the young member issued a short address, stating that rebellion was very often, in itself, not only justifiable, but necessary; yet still at present the aspect of affairs did not seem to

warrant the violent sentiments uttered by certain individuals, who had neither property or character to lose; and he cited from history sundry examples to prove that 'the welfare of the country was best confided to the guidance of Parliament, and that the less the people troubled themselves about such affairs the better.'

These sentiments flowed so slowly and unfamiliarly from the pen of the Radical member, that when he looked over the paper he could scarcely believe they were his own composition: no wonder then if his trusting constituents stared!

As Lady Stepney's novel, we believe, has been completed some time before it appeared, we hope she has another work tolerably advanced, so that we may expect it next spring: and we always wish, after perusing a work of this accomplished lady, that she would produce something dramatic, a class of writing, for which a keen perception of shades of character is quite indispensable, and therefore her knowledge of society would almost ensure success.

ALICE, OR THE MYSTERIES; A SEQUEL TO "ERNEST MALTRAVERS."

3 vols.—Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

We have been much more pleased with the sequel to the history of Alice than we were with the beginning; the story is at last well developed and worked out, and the moral a good one. We trembled at one time during our perusal of the volumes, least the heroine, Evelyn, should indeed prove to be the daughter of Maltravers, and felt a grateful relief when the denouement took place. On this point the plot is well—we had almost said *painfully*—concealed from the reader. The story throughout is interspersed with beautiful ideas and poetical imagery, and we shall content ourselves, (as doubtless all will read the book,) with laying a few extracts before our readers, which struck us, both in expression and sentiment, as being peculiarly beautiful and true to nature. We will begin with the Author's ideas on love.

"Love in its first dim and imperfect shape is but imagination concentrated on one object. It is a genius of the heart, resembling that of the intellect; it appeals to, it stirs up, it wakes the sentiments and sympathies that lie most latent in our nature. Its sigh is the spirit that moves even the ocean, and rouses the Anadyomene into life! Therefore it is that *mind* produces affections deeper than those of external form; therefore it is, that women are worshippers of glory, which is the palpable and visible representative of a genius whose operations they cannot always comprehend. Genius has so much in common with love,—the imagination that animates one, is so much the property of the other—that there is not a surer sign of the existence of genius than the love that it creates and bequeaths. It penetrates deeper than reason,—it binds a nobler captive than the fancy. As the sun upon the dial, it gives to the human heart, both its shadow and its light. Nations are its worshippers and wooers, and posterity learns from its oracles to dream—to aspire, to adore!"

The next extract justly portrays the ideas that have occurred to all of maturer years in witnessing the scenes of past enjoyment.

"A ball-room!—what a scene of common-place; how hacknied in novels; how trite in ordinary life;

—and yet ball-rooms have a character and a sentiment of their own for all tempers, and all ages! Something in the lights—the crowd—the music—conduces to stir up many of the thoughts that belong to fancy and romance!

It is a melancholy scene to men after a certain age! It revives many of those lighter and more graceful images connected with the wandering desires of youth; shadows that crossed us, and seemed love, but were not; having much of the grace and charm, but none of the passion and tragedy of love! So many of our earliest and gentlest recollections are connected with those chalked floors—and that music painfully gay—and those quiet nooks and corners where the talk that hovers about the heart and does not touch it, has been held. Apart and unsympathizing in that austere wisdom which comes to us, after deep passions have been excited, we see form after form chasing the butterflies, that dazzle us no longer among the flowers that have evermore lost their fragrance.

Somehow or other, it is one of the scenes that remind us most forcibly of the loss of youth. We are brought so close in contact with the young and with the short-lived pleasures that once pleased us, and have forfeited all bloom. Happy the man who turns from "the tinkling cymbal" and "the gallery of pictures" and can think of some watchful eye, and some kind heart at home! But those who have no home—and they are a numerous tribe,—never feel lonelier hermits, or sudden moralists, than in such a crowd."

Again, on the subject of love, or rather the memory of past love in after years.

"They met again! Madame de St. Ventadour was still beautiful and still admired—perhaps more admired than ever; for to the great, fashion and celebrity bring a second and yet more popular youth. But Maltravers if rejoiced to see how gently time had dealt with the fair Frenchwoman, was yet more pleased to read in her fine features, a more serene and contented expression than they had formerly worn. Valerie de St. Ventadour had preceded her younger admirer through the "*mysteries of life*;"—she had learned the real objects of being;—she had distinguished between the actual and the visionary, the shadow and the substance;—she had acquired content for the present, and looked with quiet hope toward the future. Her character was still spotless, or rather every year of temptation and time had given it a fairer lustre. Love, that might have ruined, being once subdued, preserved her from all after-danger! The first meeting between Maltravers and Valerie was, it is true, one of some embarrassment and reserve; not so the second. They did but once, and that slightly, recur to the past; and from that moment as by a tacit understanding, true friendship was between them dated. Neither felt mortified to see that an illusion had passed away—they were no longer the same in each others eyes. Both might be improved, and were so; but the Valerie and the Ernest of Naples were as things dead and gone! Perhaps Valerie's heart was even more reconciled to the cure of its soft and luxurious malady, by the renewal of their acquaintance."

"How does time, after long absence, bring to us such contrasts between the one we remember and the one we see! And what a melancholy mockery does it seem to our own vain hearts, dreaming of impressions never to be changed, and affections that never can grow cool."

With one more extract we must close our brief notice of this work, which promises to be the most

popular that has ever emanated from Mr. Bulwer's gifted pen; the most popular perhaps, because the most understood.

"What a mistake to suppose that the passions are strongest in youth! The passions are not stronger—but the controul over them is weaker. They are more easily excited—they are more violent and more apparent—but they have less energy—less durability—less intense and concentrated power than in maturer life! In youth passion succeeds to passion, and one breaks up the other, as waves upon a rock, till the heart frets itself to repose. In manhood the great deep flows on more calm, but more profound, its serenity the proof of the might and terror of its course, were the wind to blow, and the storm to rise!

A young man's ambition is but vanity,—it has no definite aim—it plays with a thousand toys. As with one passion, so with the rest. In youth love is ever on the wing, but like the birds in April, it hath not yet built its nest. With so long a career of summer and hope before it, the disappointment of to-day is succeeded by the novelty of to-morrow—and the sun that advances to the noon, but dries up its fervent tears. But, when we have arrived at that epoch of life when, if the light fail us—if the last rose wither, we feel that the loss cannot be retrieved, and that the frost and the darkness are at hand—love becomes to us a treasure that we watch over and hoard with a miser's care. Our youngest born affection is our darling and our idol, the fondest pledge of the past, the most cherished of our hopes for the future. A certain melancholy that mingles with our joy at the possession, only enhances its charm. We feel ourselves so dependent on it for all that is yet to come. Our ether barks, our gay gallies of pleasure—our stately argosies of pride—have been swallowed up by the remorseless wave. On this last vessel we freight our all—to its frail tenement we commit ourselves. The star that guides it is our guide—and in the tempest that menaces we behold our own doom.

FITZHERBERT, OR LOVERS AND FORTUNE-HUNTERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE BRIDE OF SIENA."

3 Vols. Saunders and Otley.

"Our very title-page," says the Authoress of the volumes before us, in her happily-penned preface, "lets the reader into the subject of our work—'Lovers and Fortune-hunters'; that is to say, men and women of the present day; for surely all belong to one of these classes, many to both. All these are concerned; may all be equally interested!" This, though put in the humble form of an invocation, may be taken as a promise, which all and every of the readers of "Fitzherbert" will find richly redeemed. Lovers of every grade may—as the fair Authoress has it—be taught by the heroine a lesson of endurance, humility, and trust in Providence.

The hero of the piece is an Oxonian, a very lucky fellow, with a capability of bewitching female hearts far more universal than we have generally thought pertained to University men; but withal a high-minded, liberal, and spirited fellow, who makes love and fights like Don Juan, and practises the virtues like Sir Charles Grandison himself. We are first introduced to this preux che-

valier at a period of life that requires something like originality of character to make the curled darlings of our nation endurable, namely, the transition from Eaton to Oxford. This requisite, thanks to the fair authoress of his being, Fitzherbert is made to possess; and thus, though taken up at the least prepossessing period of his manhood, he becomes an object of intense interest from the commencement, an interest which does not fail to increase in manifold ratio as we follow him through hair-breadth perils of love and war, until we finally lose sight of him and the fond, fascinating creature for him provided, at the portal of St. George's, Hanover-square; a bourne beyond which we never care to follow the most graceful couple of Romance.

At the period we have hinted at, Fitzherbert visits his uncle Sir Herbert Fitzherbert, at a country mansion; the remarks we have ventured may receive some elucidation from the following amusing account of his feelings on first going—alone:—

It was with mingled feelings, but feelings in which satisfaction predominated, that Henry Fitzherbert reflected on the change that had taken place in his station, when he found himself alone in the spacious apartments allotted to him. They consisted of a sitting-room furnished with taste and magnificence, which opened into a study filled with all the best ancient and modern authors, richly bound, and hung with maps of countries of which in his limited Eton education he had heard but little.

Here too were globes, a luxurious reading-chair, cases of instruments, everything in short that could tend to make the path of science a royal one, and that is not much, as all who have tried can tell. An injudicious pier-glass fronted the study-table, and to this the young Etonian paid his first devours; then hastily glancing at many an old foe with a new face among the classics on the shelves, he passed into his spacious sleeping-room. * * * There is a general opinion that the young do not regard these things. Surely it is a mistaken one; the minds of the youthful, influenced as they are by outward objects, are elated by scenes of splendour, and depressed by those of poverty, and as Henry contrasted the grandeur of every thing around him with the scanty accommodations of his small room, he felt his spirits rise at this indirect acknowledgement of his own importance.

Here, instead of preparing for Oxford, to the horror and annoyance of a young clergyman—a great favourite of ours by the bye—the Etonian indulges in an early, but not his first flirtation, with a lovely cousin, an exquisite description of whom space obliges us to omit, but whose affection seems to have been described by the Authoress herself in a former work, "a Woman's love with all a Saint's devotion;" from hence, as the Itineraries say, to Oxford, to which he is fearful the time he has spent in wooing may prove a bar to his admission. Reader, are you curious to know how the Great Unlearned get passed, and rise even to Chancellorships of the learned bodies?—Voilà!

The next moment Henry found himself in the presence of a calm gentlemanly man, slightly bald, but whose smile seemed to Henry sarcastic. Having ascertained his name, he asked whether he was the son of Sir Herbert Fitzherbert.

"No."

"Draw a little nearer if you please; oblige me by construing that passage;" (the identical passage Trevonion had expounded.) Henry construed it at once. The tutor made no remark, but took up an other book.

"From what county did you say?"

"From —shire."

"You are then related to Sir Herbert Fitzherbert, of Cleveland Abbey, —shire?"

"I am his nephew."

"Has he any sons?"

"None."

"Any other nephew?"

"None."

"Will you oblige me by looking at this passage!"

Henry looked at it.

"Will you construe it?" Henry began in a hesitating voice; he did not see the sense.

"Is it not thus you would translate it?" said Mr. —, constraining it for him.

"Yes."

"With regard to this problem, should you not conclude that if the given sides a. and b. are equal to the &c. &c., the angles so and so, &c. would so and so, &c. &c.?"

"I should conclude so."

"That is sufficient. I shall have the honor of attending you to matriculation to-morrow. Let me offer you some refreshment. I am glad the nephew of my old friend, and I might say patron, has not lost his time. How is Sir Herbert?"

"Far from well."

"As great a recluse as ever?"

"If possible greater," said Henry, scarcely able to conceal his joy, and thinking Mr. — the most delightful man he ever met with.

"By the by, are you intended for the Church?"

"Oh no!"

"Who has the pretty little living of Lilydale?"

"Its present incumbent is dying, but it is in my uncle's gift."

"Is it indeed? Is it promised?"

"No, my uncle is too absent ever to concern himself about his affairs."

"Then I can do him a singular service by recommending an excellent young man. Let me beg your interest with Sir Herbert for him."

"I will write to my uncle this evening."

In three weeks the incumbent died, and the excellent young man, who was nephew to Mr. —, was vicar of Lilydale.

All who know any thing of almanac, and are not interested to the contrary, can bear witness to the above being as replete with truth as it is with wit. Should any member of those nurseries of our statesmen and heroes dare to gainsay the above, we don't hesitate to tell him he lies—under a mistake."

Through ten thousand perils by land, and by water, the least of which is *not* a scheming mother of sundry scheming daughters, whose christening she deferred until she had formed an idea of the style of beauty they would possess, our hero is attended by a very fiend, a sort of Iago with a dash of Greenacre, who persists in falling in love with the purse of all those whose persons are dear to Fitzherbert. As pressing to death, whipping, and hanging are too good for so bad a man as this he is with due administration of poetic justice forced into marriage with one of the victims of his folly; the method by which he relieves himself of this affliction and renders him-

self amenable to the more vulgar justice administered at Assizes is highly dramatic, indeed to the would-be married unmarried we know not where we could direct their attention to a more safe and speedy relief; for this amiable purpose, and to show the authoress' first-rate powers in description, we transcribe—

"The night was intensely dark; the autumnal wind raged furiously; the rustling of the wind was like the roaring of Father Ocean in his wrath; the fallen leaves and loose earth were whirled furiously against the windows. It was a night on which nature accounts for any unusual tumult, and the timid sleep in peace, literally rocked by the whirlwind, and cradled by the storm.

We have seen Sullivan take leave of Julia late in the evening to proceed by the nine o'clock coach to town.

It was under cover of the succeeding midnight, that, wrapped in a horseman's coat his figure lost in the darkness, his steps unheard in the fury of the wind, he stole to a latticed window of the neglected and ill-fastened home of his wife. Putting his hand through a broken pane he undid the insecure latch and lifted himself into the little room; he then took off his boots, groped noiselessly through the dark passage. Reassured by the loud and measured snoring of the housekeeper, he gently closed the half-open door, and then stole to Julia's room; a rush light was burning at the entrance, shrouded by a screen, lest the light (faint as it was) should disturb the infant nestled in her bosom; the rest of the apartment was wrapt in the deepest gloom. Sullivan stood for a few minutes in the shade, listening to the regular breathing of his wife, and the softer respiration of the infant; both were in the deepest, soundest sleep; and marking this he crept gently to the little dressing-room Julia loved to call his; closed the shutters, secured the door; for an instant he was alone with darkness and the demon within; he drew the before-mentioned box from its concealment, groped in the dark for the key hole, and applied the key. In a few moments a face—the face of a very fiend, so intense was the villany of the expression—was awfully lighted by the red glare of the charcoal as he leant over it. In a short time the iron pan glowed with the deadly fuel; with a heart beating with all the awful excitement of such an enterprise, he again stole gently to Julia's room; she still slept soundly. He took from his own door the key which in the day he had ascertained would fit the lock of Julia's with a complicated cunning, and that it might pass for the true key of her door he placed it on the table with the letter he had forged. He returned, seized the pan of glowing charcoal, fixed it lightly and noiselessly behind the screen, and having extinguished the rush light the glare was not greater than that from the candle, so that Julia had she awakened would have seen nothing strange in the light.

To conclude, whether serious or light, there is no part of these volumes that is not most ably penned, and it will be a matter of astonishment to the Lady's readers, and we wish her many, how she could possibly have made herself so well acquainted with the habits of thought and feelings of the low comedy personages of her history, from whose caste she is evidently far removed; for though a just and moderate Reformer, the fair authoress is doubtlessly an Aristocrat of no mean order. In like manner we must confess surprise fell on us to find the movements of the much-

villified Legion laid down with Gleig-like spirit and minuteness, and the affair of Ayetta so glowingly described, that had we possessed a crutch and also the necessary foregone experience, we should certainly have shouldered it and showed how fields are won—at the perusal.

Fitzherbert *must* become a popular work.

A REVIEW, FINANCIAL, STATISTICAL, AND COMMERCIAL, OF THE EMPIRE OF BRAZIL, AND ITS RESOURCES, &c.

BY J. J. STURZ.

London. Effingham Wilson.

Although, as Mr. Sturz observes in his preface to this valuable little work, the information it contains is principally intended for the mercantile community, it will be found interesting to every person who loves to trace the history of a rising country. When the present empire of Brazil threw off the thralldom of the Portuguese yoke, and emerged from the insignificance of a colony whose commerce was fettered by the decrees of the mother country, to be a competitor with older governments, like all other states, under similar circumstances, she had much to contend with. All these derangements, however, she now seems happily to have surmounted, and Brazil, under a government at once popular and economical, opens a field for British enterprise well worthy the attention of the speculative capitalist.

The emigration from the European States to Brazil is calculated to amount at the present period to nearly 5,000 persons per annum. Of these Germany furnishes the greatest number, and a degree of jealousy appears to exist in some of the German principalities at the preference shown towards the more inviting climate of the Brazils. Saxony in particular throws every possible obstacle in the way of the emigrant, but what can check the ardour of an adventurous spirit; and the poorer classes who cannot subsist with any degree of comfort on the poor pittance of five-pence per day, (the average wages of the lower grades of operatives in Germany, Italy, Spain and Portugal) will consequently brave every danger, and evade every law to obtain the twenty-five or thirty pounds a-year, which is stated to be the *lowest* average wages of a European labourer or servant in the Brazils.

For the last fifteen years (says Mr. Sturz) Brazil has annually experienced a progressive increase in its production and consumption; and this in despite of the source from whence she used to be supplied with manual labour being cut off. Brazil, though a young country, and deficient in population, nevertheless came nobly forward, and freely and voluntarily proffered her assistance for the suppression of the slave-trade, and spontaneously adopted every means to wipe this stigma out of the page of her commercial history. Providence has smiled upon her endeavours, and will no doubt enable her to increase considerably her white population.

Colonization is now eagerly resorted to, and every encouragement is held out to emigrants from Europe. Hence no doubt Brazil will shortly derive a consi-

derable increase to her revenue on articles both of import and export. A large increase in the growth of coffee, sugar, and cotton, may be confidently looked forward to, and an increasing demand in Europe, with the growth of European population, and the gradual removal of exploded prohibitory laws. Of the latter article the immense quantity consumed in this country is scarcely credible. That produced in Brazil is, next to Sea Island, considered of the best quality, and, with the same exception, commands the best price in the market. There is no chance of Brazil and Great Britain ever coming to a rupture with each other; whilst between the latter and the United States of North America, such an event is by no means improbable, in consequence of disputes that may again arise about the Canadian boundaries; and when we consider the dissatisfaction and irritation now prevailing in Canada, owing to the measures of this Government, it is not impossible that the Canadians may some day be brought to fraternize with their republican neighbours, and be disposed to separate altogether from England. In such a case a non-intercourse with the United States would follow, when the cultivation of cotton in Brazil would receive a great and wonderful impulse.

It seems that the resources of Brazil are great. She already supplies nearly two-thirds of all the coffee consumed in Europe, and according to Mr. Sturz—

There is a large property which may be considered national, belonging at present to the convents, but which must, sooner or later, become the property of the State, upon the demise of the present occupants no new members being allowed to be received into their cloisters. This property was, at a very moderate calculation, estimated some years ago at 4,000 *contos*, or about 600,000*l.* sterling.

Mr. Sturz, very unlike our visionaries who take up a point, or adopt a system, without even considering whether they have plausibility, leaving probability out of the question, on their side, gives the following hint which may be useful to plain dealing, as well as to speculative persons. If half, nay *one fiftieth* of the advocates of any particular plan, would argue as clearly and as fairly as the author of the volume under our notice, how much anxiety and disappointment would be spared to their proselytes! He very sensibly says—

What necessity is there to search in Brazil for hidden and uncertain treasures, when her surface abounds with riches of all descriptions, easy of attainment, and with a certainty of success? In Brazil, too, it is clearly shewn by the returns from the gold and diamond districts, that their produce has most lamentably fallen off; whilst from the returns of her exports, the products of her soil and cultivation have increased almost in the same ratio. What greater proof can therefore be adduced to shew wherein consists the truest and best interests of any community, particularly circumstanced as Brazil is! Then let us hope that her intelligent and enlightened population will avail themselves of the inexhaustible treasures Providence has blessed their country with, and exert themselves to the utmost to render it as morally and politically prosperous as it is physically prolific.

Our limits will not allow us to give a longer notice of this valuable work, which gives more real information of the state and resources of Brazil than could be found in half-a-dozen pon-

derous quartos. The notes on the diamond district of Serro Frio are particularly interesting, and the account of the proceedings of Don John the Sixth, and his vagabond Court from 1808 to 1822, ought to be read and studied deeply by the believer in the right divine of Kings to govern wrong. It was well for the Brazilians that this weak-minded and extravagant prince was permitted to return, like the plagues of Egypt, to curse the mother country. The pressing occasions of the Court were frequent. On one occasion the Court at Rio, in its embarrassment, contrived to make the treasury there draw—

In anticipation on the treasures of the northern provinces, without caring whether they could pay such drafts or not, but the governors had strict orders never to let them come back dishonoured. It happened that on one occasion the presidents of the Province and Treasury of Pernambuco, not knowing how to devise means for paying drafts of this kind, called a meeting of merchants, at which they presided, when the fatal resolution was adopted of calling in all the copper currency then in circulation in the province, in order to re-issue it with a new stamp of double the value it had previously borne. This shameful proceeding produced the sum requisite to cover the necessities of the moment; but what happened afterwards? In less than six months the greater part of the copper in Brazil made its appearance at Pernambuco, duly stamped to resemble the new die which had raised it to double its value. Thus copper coin became superabundant in Pernambuco, from whence it could no more find its way to the places from which it had been imported. It therefore oppressed the circulation, became an article of merchandize, and took a discount against silver in that province.

Don John did even worse than this, for when he quitted the Brazils in 1822 to resume the government of Portugal he robbed the treasury, the bank, and even the museum of every article in gold, silver and diamonds, worth taking away. It is a pity the crowned robber was not elevated on the gallows: hundreds have suffered for lesser crimes.

In conclusion we heartily recommend this work to the perusal of such of our readers as feel an interest in Brazilian affairs.

THE CHELTENHAM LOOKER OUT.

A NOTE BOOK OF FASHIONABLE SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

Cheltenham.—H. Davis, Montpelier Library.

We have received three monthly parts of a very entertaining local miscellany, entitled as above. It is a sort of Court Journal of Cheltenham fashionable life, and register of passing events at that gay sojourn of Indian Nabobs, Irish fortune hunters, and hymen-seeking heiresses. The *Looker Out* has its London correspondent as we have our Parisian, who communicates all the chit-chat of the great metropolis. Its pages contain also some good poetry, and many interesting articles, and afford a very amusing half-hour's perusal to the general reader.

IL TRADUTTORE ITALIANO.

A SELECTION OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING EXTRACTS FROM CLASSICAL ITALIAN PROSE WRITERS.

BY A. CASSELLA.

London.—J. Souter, Fleet Street.

This is an exceedingly useful book for the learner of Italian, the difficult sentences, words, and idioms being translated into French and English. A literary and biographical sketch of the different authors from whose works extracts are given, is prefixed in English. As a book of reference, if only on this account, it will be found most useful.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

1. "The Fairy to her Lover;" Cavatina, written by J. M. Leslie, Esq.; sung by Miss Romer, to whom it is dedicated, by W. L. Phillips. Aldridge, Regent Street.

2. "Have you not seen the timid tear;" Poetry by Thos. Moore, Esq.; music by Edwin J. Neilson. Aldridge, Regent Street.

3. Farewell to thee Summer;" poetry by Miss J. Browne; music by Thomas Millar, Professor of Music, Bath. Aldridge, Regent Street.

4. "The Stranger in Erin;" Ballad; sung by Mrs. Alfred Shaw. Cramer, Addison and Co., Regent Street.

1. This is a very sweet little ballad, but it does not appear by the title page, who is the composer, though we suppose it to be Mr. Phillips. It does credit to any one.

2. These words are taken from an old volume of Moore's poetry, and have often been wedded to music before. However, fair POESY, we suppose, is allowed a plurality of spouses. Mr. Nielson has executed his task in his happiest style, and produced a very elegant composition.

3. A very pleasing vocal composition, well suited to the singer whose name is appended to the title (Mr. John Parry,) whose particular forte is in the execution of ballads that require feeling to give effect to both words and music.

4. This is one of the sweetest ballads we have for a long time met with, both in words and music, and we regret the composer has been too modest to put his name on the title page. It is a justice he owes to himself to do so, in the second edition, which we doubt not will be soon called for.

CHARADE.

My first I must use when presenting to view
This Charade which I give to be guessed at by you,
My second's a vessel of monstrous size,
My third is a French word which town signifies,
First, second, and third together will tell
The name of a place to the north of Bow Bell.

ISABEL.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE OPERA.

Her Majesty's Theatre has opened this season with more smiling prospects than has greeted it for many years. We paid our first visit on Thursday, March 29th, to see the much-praised Persiani, the darling of Paris, the rival of Grisi. Her Majesty was present, and the Opera was *La Somnambula*. Mademoiselle Persiani of course took *Amina*, and *Elvino* was sustained by a Signor Tati. The other performers were Mademoiselles Castelli and Smolenski, Signors Borrani, Galli, &c.

Our expectations of Persiani were more than realized. Her voice is an exquisite soprano, thinner than Grisi's, but expressing a very unusual degree of sweetness and truth. Her execution is of the most brilliant description—in fact, our present impression is that we have never heard it equalled. She was well supported by Signor Tati; his voice is good, and he sung with much taste and skill, though his appearance is certainly most malapropos to the part.

Why was the last part of the first scene in Act first omitted? it is one of the most beautiful portions of the Opera, and many of our readers must recollect poor Malibran in "Son, mio bene, del zefiro amante!"

The Orchestra this season is truly excellent, in fact beyond all praise. The chorus, too, has been improved, and the whole presents a *tout ensemble* of the most attractive description.

On Thursday, April 5th, Donizetti's Serious Opera of *Lucia Di Lammermoor* was produced. The house, it being the evening of the Drawing-Room, was a brilliant one, her Majesty and her august mother were present.

We liked Persiani even better in *Lucia* than *Amina*, it afforded more scope for the display of her dramatic powers, which are no less brilliant than her vocal ones.

Tamburini and Rubini did their utmost for the music allotted to them; but though possessing some pleasing melody, it is on the whole weak, and unequal to the compositions of Rossini or Auber.

The story is not well developed, and unlike the original tale, the catastrophe badly managed. The scenery was good, particularly the last scene of a Cemetery, and outside of Illuminated Cathedral. But with the whole Opera we were somewhat disappointed. The *Ballet* this season as yet has presented no novelty.

HAYMARKET.

This elegant place of Summer amusement opened for the season on Easter Monday with a very excellent company. The whole of the interior has been re-decorated, and presents a splendid *coup d'œil*. We do not, however, admire the female figures in the act drop, both are extremely stiff and inelegant, and neither like mortals or immortals. In the *Love Chase* several new appearances took place, viz., Mr. E. Glover in the part of *Master Walter*, and Misses Elphinstone and Cooper in

Constance and *Lydia*. We did not like Mr. Glover so well as Elton in the repentant lover; he wanted grace and withal looked too happy and good-humoured to be suffering the "slings and arrows" of the tender passion. Of the ladies too, though we would fain make honourable mention, we must say they did not after the originals appear to that advantage they might in characters that had not been so recently sustained by such excellence as Mrs. Nisbett and Miss Vandenhoff displayed in them.

Miss Elphinstone lacked the vivacity which sat so naturally on the original "Neighbour Constance," we never forgot she was acting! There was a graceful joyousness in Mrs. Nisbett's laugh that told us she felt as the author intended his beautiful vision to feel. Miss Cooper lacks physical requisites for tragedy. She is too calm and unimpassioned, and seemed to be reading a sermon to her lover, written and set down, rather than pouring out her own overflowing feelings! Coming however before us with such disadvantages, as our reminiscences must necessarily discover, we would not judge too hastily of these fair debutantes.

The Melodrama of *St. Mary's Eve*, transplanted we believe from the Adelphi, closed the evening's entertainments, Madame Celeste sustaining the part of *Madeline*. As a melo-dramatic actress the fair Frenchwoman is highly interesting, but not equal to our own Mrs. Yates or Mrs. Hooper in domestic scenes. In reverting to the *Love Chase* we would say that the rest of the characters were cast as at first, and we were truly rejoiced to see the *Widow Green* retain all her freshness and vivacity, and look as much herself as ever—only, as Mathews made his Welshman say, "a little thinner look you."

SAINT JAMES' THEATRE.

Braham has been using redoubled exertion in the theatrical world since Easter; the rivalry of his numerous compeers seems to have drawn forth all the veteran songster's latent energies. Of the numerous novelties provided for the public entertainment, the Burletta of the *Brothers* is most deserving of praise; this perhaps is mainly attributable to the exertions of Mrs. Stirling, whose talented personation of the *Twin Brothers* is certainly most *recherché*, and deserves unqualified praise. In the line of characters Mrs. Stirling adopts, she is certainly inimitable.

The Mythological Extravaganza of *Hero and Leander* is splendidly brought out, and when we have said this we have said all such ephemeral trifles, produced for the purpose of drawing the holiday folks, demand. We could wish to see better audiences at this aristocratical end of the town; but it would seem the fashionables like to go "far a-field" for their theatrical amusements, as they do not patronize those in their own neighbourhood. This to so old and deserving a favourite as Braham is not as it should be. Mr. Hooper, the new Stage-manager, from his well-known activity and tact in that department, leads us to expect great improvements at this Theatre ere long.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

This little Theatre having been entirely re-decorated, and the ceiling raised, opened under the management of Mr. J. W. Hammond, on Easter Monday, that patron saint of minor houses. A new version of the *Pickwickians*, and an afterpiece, under the title of *The Fitzpatricks*, were the bill of fare. Salter, in the part of *Old Weller*, left us nothing to regret from the absence of Mr. Hall, its original representative. *Jingle* and *Sam Weller* in the hands of the Lessee and Lee, are as amusing, and we may add *affecting* as ever! The house is very pretty—quite a fairy palace in miniature.

MISS STEELE'S CONCERT, MUSIC-HALL, STORE-STREET.

We believe this was Miss Steele's first appearance in public, Friday evening, April 6. She is a young lady of pleasing exterior, a good mezzo soprano voice, and very considerable proficiency in her art. She prepared, moreover, a most inviting programme. We had Mori and Lindley in solos, Wilson in a Scotch ballad, Curioni and De Begnis in a duetto, and sundry other piquante morceaux, all duly appreciated by a very numerous audience.

It were needless to say that Mori and Lindley were applauded to the echo; they were, as usual, all that could be wished. Sir G. Smart, too, lent his powerful aid as conductor, and accompanied the different songs with his well-known skill.

Miss Birch sung a scena from *La Sonnambula* with great effect. Her voice has certainly a singular degree of power and beauty, but she needlessly lengthens her notes, and has evidently fallen into the too common error of making the music a mere vehicle for displaying the powers of voice to the neglect of the grand requisites of taste and feeling.

Mr. Martin sung "Norah the Pride of Kildare," but his voice seemed falsetto, and the attempt was rather a failure; not so Wilson's "My Boy Tammy," which was the only song the audience could afford to encore during the evening.

THE SWISS SINGERS.

The national songs of any country are interesting, those of Switzerland from many romantic and poetical associations, more particularly so, the *Ranz de Vaches*, from the idea it gives of home, and those social feelings dear to every bosom, no matter of what country, has always had a peculiar charm. The present debutantes, who have come from their mountain-home to sing their "own song in a stranger land," are two young and interesting girls, Albertine and Cecile Vanaz, the eldest we should suppose not more than 19; they are accompanied in their vocal performance by their father, Monsieur Vanaz, on the flute, and a rude kind of pianoforte, alternately played by one of the sisters. The airs they sing possess in general great sweetness and melody, all terminating with the sort of echo for which the Swiss music is so peculiar. They appear in the national costume of Interlaken, which however is not so

picturesque as some of the other cantons. We trust these fair songstresses will meet with the same patronage the public has bestowed on other troubadours who have visited England on a like speculation;—this species of morning concert (indeed such it can hardly be called) not being calculated to interfere with *native* talent in the way Italian artistes have so ruinously done, whom the great and the noble make it the *fashion* to patronize to the exclusion of the efforts of the composers of English cultivation.

EXETER HALL—THE TEMPTATION AND THE EXPULSION.

Nothing can exceed the life-like beauty of these two celebrated pictures, painted by Dubufe for the late Charles X., and recently brought from America by their proprietor for exhibition in this country. They are, with the exception of the colouring of the flesh, more like sculpture than paintings, perfectly chaste and beautiful in conception, and natural and graceful in execution. If we have a fault to find it may be that the beard on the upper lip of Adam is somewhat of too modern a fashion, and we are not quite sure that the *expression* of Eve's countenance, lovely as it is, is the right one, the artist having made it that of confiding love, whereas we think it should be "soft persuasive eloquence."

The effect of the light upon these pictures of an evening is very good, and produces a mellowness of tone in the colouring more favourable perhaps than when seen by daylight. Of the two the *Temptation* is our favourite; both are noble specimens of art, and do high credit to the French school from which they have emanated. The subject is one of general interest, and those who have not yet seen them have a great intellectual treat in store. They may truly be called the *Romance of Painting*.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS—SUFFOLK-STREET.

SECOND NOTICE.

It would take days to look properly through this gallery; a passing glance is all we can afford occasionally. We have before noticed several pictures of merit, on a second visit we were much struck with a picture by a very young artist, but one of much promise, J. Tenniel, Jun. The subject is the *Stirrup-cup*, and it displays much fancy and originality; the figures are excellent, and the whole picture well conceived. The *Morning Ride*, by J. W. Gear, is also a clever picture, it consists of portraits of the Lady Caroline Maxse and family, with their favourite donkey; the grouping of the children is particularly good, and well managed; the whole sketchy and artist-like. A portrait of a lady, painted on porcelain in water-colours, by the same artist, also pleased us. Miss Kearsley has a very pleasing little picture, entitled *Marguerita*, a peasant of Frankfort-on-Maine, it is chastely and beautifully executed, and does much credit to the fair artist. There are a host of others well worth notice, which perhaps we may recur to, in another walk round this interesting gallery.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

This Society opened their gallery with a private view on Friday, the 27th April. The pictures are numerous, well arranged, and many of them gems of the art; but we must postpone a more particular notice till next month, as we are compelled to go to press, and have not time to look over the catalogue and do justice to the many excellent names we see there.

COLOSSEUM.

This elegant place of summer amusement opened for evening entertainments on Easter Monday. They consist of light vaudevilles that occupy half an hour in the representation, a lounge in the Saloon of Arts during the interval between the pieces, and a very clever mono-dramatic illustration of character, à la Matthews, entitled *Thalia's Sketch Book*, the whole delivered and embodied by Mrs. Selby. Her representations of six different females was really admirable, and the quickness of the transitions in dress well managed. *Mrs. Sippi*, the American lady, was "we calculate" the best—where all were excellent. We would just hint to Mrs. Selby, that a lining to the white satin-gauze gown in which she appears in *propria persona* is highly necessary, as from the quickness of the changes she has to make there is not much incumbrance in the way of under garments, and satin-gauze is of somewhat too transparent a nature to be tolerated except on the boards of the Opera without some other addition. The "Hunters of Munich" performed several overtures excellently during the evening, both on the stage and in the saloon on brass wind instruments. While we are speaking of music we must condemn the orchestra, which consisted of four performers that would have disgraced Greenwich fair. We were really quite distressed for the vocalists, who with all their "nods and becks," but not "wreathed smiles" could not make them time the accompaniments to the songs in any way to keep up with the voice. The Brass Band, we presume, is intended to form the orchestra for the overtures between the pieces; but really the singers ought to have some little consideration shown to them. Mr. and Mrs. Caufield, and Miss L. Melville deserve a better fate, for they are all very pleasing vocalists. We must not forget to do justice to Mr. George Wild, whose comic personations reminded us equally of the late John Reeve (divested of his coarseness), and the present Mr. W. Smith of the Surrey. He gave "The Humours of a Country Fair" admirably, and would have been encored if the audience had not been so chilled by the extreme coldness of the rotunda, as to have lost almost their sense of feeling and enjoyment. The artificial fire works which wound up the entertainments are quite too childish for any audience except little masters and misses, who can see much better at home if they take a peep through a sixpenny kaleidoscope. The Colosseum is a magnificent building, and the Saloon of Arts alone worth going some distance to view; but when these other amusements are added we do not hesitate to say it is as pleasing a

lounge for the visitor of evening entertainments as any we know of in the metropolis:

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

We are always pleased by the announcement of a new Diorama; there is a quiet beauty in these kind of exhibitions very congenial to our feelings; unlike the crowd of a theatre, we leave the "busy hum of men" when we enter the walls dedicated to a Panoramic or Dioramic representation, for admiration in this instance generally produces the applause of silence—an applause more eloquent than that of words, since it proceeds from the feelings and the heart. Sometimes indeed, as unfortunately was the case the day we visited the Diorama, a few "noisy children just let loose from school," or a careless female causing every person to rise to enable her to hunt for a lost reticule, bring us back to the cold reality of everyday life, dispels the illusion of the scene, and reminds us that we are not as we had fancied in the "happy valley" of Tivoli, or in the majestic Basilica of St. Paul, but merely gazing on painted canvass, to which the magic of the artist had imparted all the fascinations of nature. The two views now exhibiting are quite as good, if not indeed superior to many of their predecessors. "Tivoli" the last new one, is perhaps the most pleasing, but The Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, the cleverest painting. In the first we are presented with a night scene on that most classical spot, where Poet's tuned the lute, and Philosophers devoted themselves to contemplation. The illusion is heightened by the introduction of a pipe heard in the distance, and a female figure appearing at a window with a lamp in her hand, as awaiting the visit of her lover, which, from the following little Episode given in the programme, we infer to be the case.

"The night was dark and gloomy, and the faint glimmering of a lamp shed a feeble light through the apartment in which the betrothed maiden sat awaiting the arrival of her lover, in the happy and peaceful abode where they had been wont to meet. The stormy and threatening aspect of the sky, conspired with the noise of the torrent dashing over the rocks, to awaken images of terror in her soul, and a melancholy presentiment of some impending and dreadful catastrophe took entire possession of her mind, overpowering all its faculties, and creating the most intense alarm and anxiety, which not even the hope of beholding in a few moments him whom she loved had power to subdue. At length the sound of soft music announced the approach of her lover, and her fears were gradually subsiding, when the strain was suddenly interrupted—a strange noise succeeded, the cause of which the obscurity of the night prevented her from ascertaining—a moment afterwards a sound was heard as if some heavy body had been plunged into the abyss—it was that of her lover, who had fallen a sacrifice to the jealous fury of a slighted rival, by whom it had been precipitated into the stream, that no vestige of his crime might remain.—A profound silence succeeded to this fearful scene, which, though invisible to the eyes, the imagination, always active in creating terrors for itself, had in this instance but too faithfully depicted.

"On the return of day every trace of the occurrence had disappeared, except a stain of blood upon the rock near the verge of the precipice—a sad

memorial of this night of horror for the unhappy maiden."

The whole scene, with the effect of the cascade, is beautifully managed. But "The Basilica of St. Paul" is the triumph of the artist (Le Chevalier Bouton). It is at first presented to the eye of the spectator as it originally stood. The roof supported by beams of cedar, the richly ornamented columns, the portraits of the Popes, the altar and pavement, all give a full idea of what it must have been in its days of splendour; by degrees of light and shade almost imperceptibly "a change comes o'er the spirit of this dream," and we look upon a ruin. The roof disappears and discovers the blue vault of heaven, the columns are shattered, and their mutilated fragments, with the calcined remains of beams and rafters strew the pavement, and of all this noble edifice, the high altar alone retains a part of its former beauty. The effect is produced as if by magic, and we can only compare it to the melting away of clouds, as we see them change from one fairy shape to another, or the different images which the eye of fancy may sometimes trace in the glow of a fire.

We cannot award too high praise to the artist who can produce such effects, and cheat as it were our very sight and senses while we are gazing on these beautiful pictures.

PANORAMA OF CANTON.

Mr. Burford's genius is most prolific; it almost exceeds the "pen of the ready writer," since about every three months we are presented with a fresh Panorama. The painting opened on Easter Monday to the public, and with which we were indulged by a private view in the previous week, represents Canton, the river Tigris, and surrounding country. It is exquisitely painted as far as scenery goes, but we think the figures are somewhat on too large a scale in proportion to the rest of the objects in the picture. The colouring is vivid, but not too bright, and the whole produces a gay and lively scene. The original view which furnished Mr. Burford's subject was taken by a native artist of Canton, and is said to be exceedingly correct. China as a country is peculiarly interesting, being less known than any other and more difficult of research and access.

Canton is the only port to which the restrictive policy of the Chinese Government allows foreigners to trade, and is considered from that circumstance the first of cities in the celestial hemisphere. The present view therefore is more novel than those usually presented to the public, and will afford much gratification to the curious.

PANORAMA OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

A very interesting view, taken on the spot by Colonel Shaw, and transferred to canvas by Lambert, representing the action of the 5th May, 1836, is exhibiting in Maddox-street. It is well designed and painted, and presents we doubt not a faithful picture of the fearful scene. The surrounding country is well delineated, and the whole painting one well deserving half-an-hour's survey.

MASQUERADE.

One of these entertainments, for which the cold-

ness and reserve of English manners is not congenial, took place at the English Opera House on Wednesday, April 25. It was the second of the season, and proved a very good one, for the sort of thing.

Mr. Obbard knows better than most persons how to cater for this sort of amusement, and he left nothing undone that could add to the enjoyment or hilarity of his numerous patrons on this occasion. For an English Masquerade, where impertinence generally supplies the place of wit, or dulness that of decorum, this went off with unusual spirit, and the company separated at a late, or rather early, hour highly pleased with their own and Mr. Obbard's efforts of entertainment.

WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

Our reporter visited this place of entertainment the other evening, and was astonished at the change which has taken place in the amusements.

The audience was miserably thin, and of the most sombre cast: this gloom was evidently caused by the miserable performances perpetrated on the stage by a host of (so-called) singers and actors. How a respectable place and property can be so suffered to go to ruin we are at a loss to conceive! All those who possessed any thing like ability have seceded, and have given place to some of the very worst professionals an audience ever had the pain to listen to. A Mr. Bedford and a Mr. Tinney have the management, and we should predict the sooner their career is at an end the better for the proprietors' pockets and the public wish. On the night of our reporter's visit the beautiful Opera of "Rosina" under the title of "Harvest Home," was most shamefully mutilated. Yet the most flagrant outrage on propriety was the low buffoonery of a Mr. Hall, whom the bills designated as "*The Celebrated Comic Singer*." Celebrated! for what, and where at? But they will bring its own remedy.

THE OLDEN TIME REVIVED.

We have been favoured with the particulars of a fête of a very novel character, or rather a series of fêtes, about to be given by the Baron de Beranger, at Cremorne House, in commemoration of the Coronation of our youthful Queen. It is to be called THE OLYMPIC WEEK, and to last six days, when aspirants to Olympic honours, and other prizes, will have ample opportunity of displaying their skill in all the modern manly exercises, sports and skilful pastimes; such as archery, fencing, &c. It is to be wound up by a representation of an ancient tournament. The gallant proprietor of the beautiful grounds, which are attached to Cremorne House, intends fitting them up with galleries, whence

— Ladies' eyes

May rain influence, and judge the prize."

Such an exhibition will, we hope, prove to foreigners visiting this country that Englishmen are not so phlegmatic and ungallant a race as they are often represented to be; and we hope the chivalrous spirit of the olden times, though polished by the refinement of modern elegance, will revive among our Lords of the Creation, and display itself in a worthy emulation, during the anticipated amusements of the OLYMPIC WEEK!

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

TO THE EDITRESS OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

*Rue de Faubourg Saint Honoré,
à Paris, April 23.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Spring seems to have really turned his back upon us, for the weather during the last month has been quite wintry. The disappointment to our *élégantes* was very great, as you may easily conceive, *chère amie*, for to be obliged to resume the winter dresses which we had laid aside, instead of exhibiting our new summer ones is no small trial of patience. At last, however, the sun as if in compliment to Long-champs, made its appearance. The three days of the promenade were indeed very fine, though cold. It was this year more brilliant than usual, but the principal novelties were *chapeause* and *mantelets*; I shall speak of these before I describe others that have since been seen in the *bois de Boulogne*; I must premise, however, that I have, as usual, sent you those that are most *distingué* for your plates. First, then, my anticipations of last month as to the materials of hats are perfectly correct, but the price of Italian straw is still greater than it has been for some seasons past, a great many of them have, in consequence, the brims turned up in a double fold behind, instead of being cut; this has not a bad effect, for the straw is so excessively fine that it folds almost as easily as a silk. I should observe, that as a general rule, hats of every description have the brim considerably reduced in size, that is to say, over the forehead, where it does not stand out near so much as in the winter; it is, however, still deep at the sides, descends very low, and is brought very forward on the cheeks, a fashion which disfigures nine faces out of ten; *mais la mode le vent*, and that is an answer to all objections. As to the trimming of hats, the majority of Italian straw ones are decorated with bouquets of marabouts, or curled ostrich feathers; shaded ones are a great deal in request; flowers are more in vogue for rice straw and *pou de soie*; roses of every kind, particularly moss roses, are in vogue; lilacs, violets, honeysuckles, in short, all the early flowers are in request. I have observed, also, several hats with the crowns trimmed with sprigs of flowers, and the interior of the brim ornamented with coloured velvet, intermingled with blond lace; the effect was rather pretty, but too heavy for the season. Sewed straw, though of far inferior vogue to *paille d'Italie* or *paille de ris*, is nevertheless worn by several *élégantes*, but these hats, which we call *à l'Anglaise* are more of a bonnet shape, not however, of the cottage kind, but a sort of *juste milieu* between a very open and and a close shape; they are very frequently trimmed with knots of shaded ribbon, either green, lilac, or grey; a knot is always placed very low on the left side, and a smaller one on the right, but not quite opposite. Crape hats, which, generally speaking, make their appearance a good deal later in the season, are at present very numerous; the favourite colours for them are rose, white, and straw; I have seen a few of lilac and green, but these colours are too generally unbecoming to be

much in favour; they have generally the brim bordered with a satin band, about an inch wide every way, a *ruche* of tulle placed on the band has a very pretty effect. The trimmings of crape hats afford a good deal of variety, *panaches* of shaded marabouts, sprigs of flowers of the lightest possible description, or else a wreath and *gerbe* as delicate as if they were formed by fairy fingers, or a *Russe cotunus* with its balls formed of the beards of marabouts, which are adapted to small cherry-coloured points. Nothing can be prettier than a tuft of these transparent flowers.

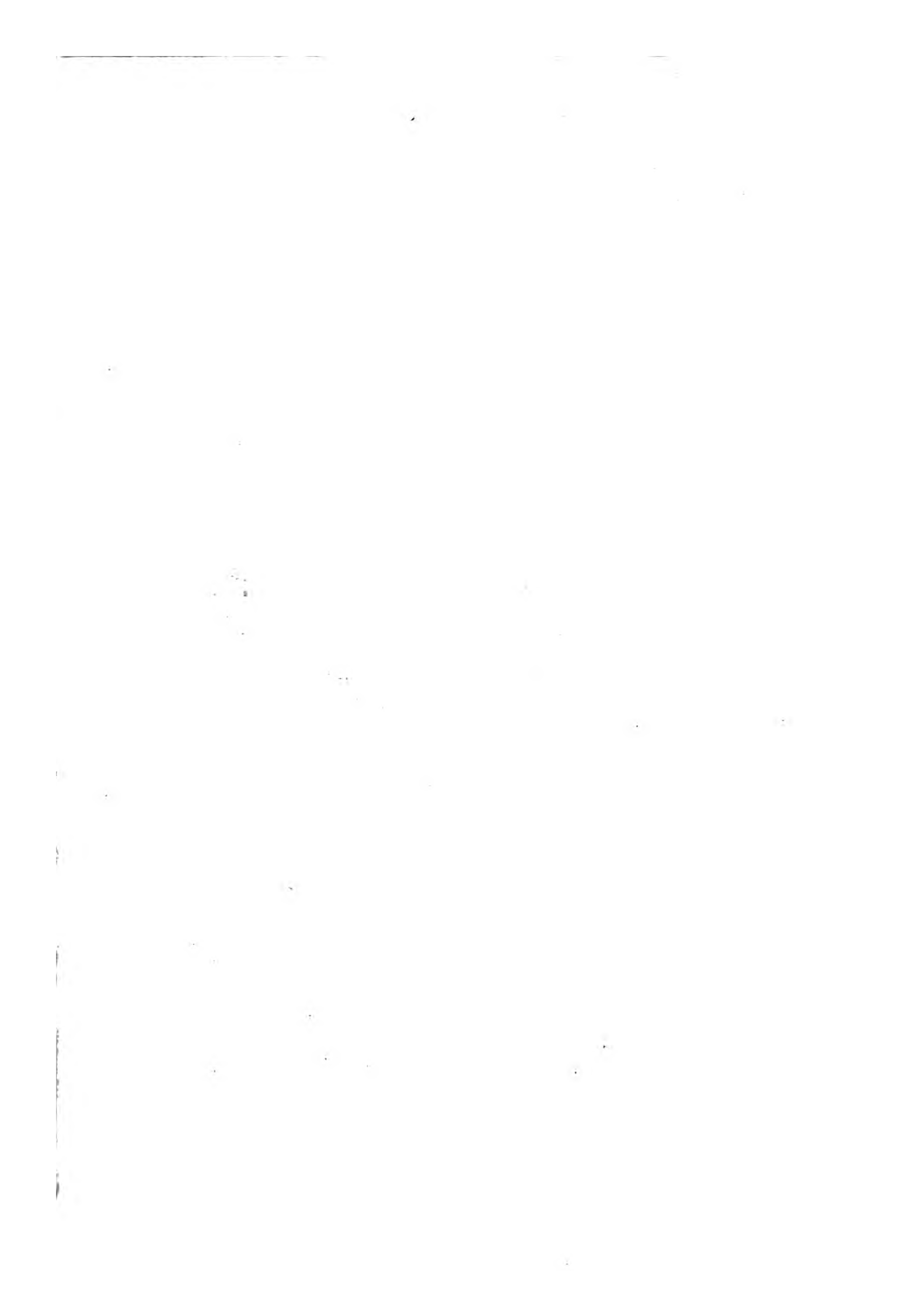
On casting an eye over my chapter of hats, which is already pretty long, I see that I have said nothing of bonnets, I must not, however, omit them. They have suffered the same diminution in size as hats; those of the drawn kind are not so numerous as last year, all that have yet appeared have the crowns trimmed with ribbon, and the interior of the brim ornamented either with *gerbes* of flowers, or with a small tuft of flowers lightly mingled with blond lace. Many of those bonnets that have the material laid on plain, are ornamented profusely, too profusely, indeed, with blond lace. Veils and *voilettes* of either blond lace or tulle, are in favour for both, and some of the tulle ones are really excessively pretty; in some instances it requires an experienced eye to distinguish them from blond lace.

Now for *mantelets*; and here, methinks, I see you shake your head and exclaim "are we never to have an end to them?" In truth, I think their reign is likely to last for some seasons yet to come, but those of winter have decidedly disappeared; they are succeeded by *mantelets* corresponding with the robe, (but I must observe, that these, as yet, are of silk only,) by muslin ones lined with silk, and lastly by coloured silk ones trimmed with black or white lace; the first forms a pelerine of a very small size, with long scarf ends, the pelerine part adjusted exactly to the shape, displays it perfectly. The trimming, whether it is of the material of the dress, or of lace, is always set on full, and as that of the sleeve is made to correspond, it appears to form a part of it; the effect is very good; the long scarf ends descend considerably below the knee. The muslin ones lined with silk are embroidered in a style of uncommon beauty; I question if any thing so exquisite in embroidery ever appeared; they are also trimmed round with rich lace; the lining is either pink or straw, but the latter appears to me most generally adopted. These *mantelets* are made deeper and longer than the others, they descend considerably below the waist, and hang in graceful folds in front. The coloured silk ones are of the same form; they are of various light hues, and embroidered in black silk round the border, just above the lace that trims it.

Summer shawls, both of China crape and *filé du soie*, have appeared. The first are totally different from any that have yet been seen; they are no longer figured in the loom, but embroidered either in coloured silks, or in silk a shade darker than the shawl: those worked in coloured silks, present bouquets of beautiful flowers, with forms and tints that almost rival those of nature, but they are not so much in vogue as those embroidered



Fashions for May 1838.





FASHIONS FOR MAY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

EVENING DRESSES.—SITTING FIGURE.—The robe is tulle over white satin; it is embroidered in stripes with coloured silks, trimmed with a ruche of tulle, and looped with a sprig of roses. Low corsage, descending a little en cœur, trimmed with a tulle ruche, and a sprig of roses on one side. Short sleeve, forming a triple bouillon, ornamented at the bend of

the arm with a rose and foliage. The hair dressed à la Sevigne, is decorated with roses placed on one side.

STANDING FIGURE.—Blue crape robe over satin to correspond. Corsage drapé, and short full sleeves finished with blond lace ruffles. Head-dress of hair. White satin mantille, trimmed with marabouts.



FASHIONS FOR MAY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

SOCIAL PARTY DRESSES.—FIRST FIGURE.—The robe is composed of embroidered muslin, it is trimmed with a flounce, the border of which is embroidered, and finished with a deep hem, through which a pink ribbon is run; it is headed by a bouillon drawn by pink ribbon. Corsage à la Vierge partially covered by a fichu composed of tulle, and rouleaus of pink ribbon, it crosses behind. The sleeve is demi-large. The cap composed of tulle, is bouillonned at the sides, and plain on the forehead, it is trimmed with a wreath of roses without foliage.

SECOND FIGURE.—Organdy robe embroidered in coloured Cashmere worsteds, it is trimmed with a flounce finished with a scalloped heading. Pointed corsage, trimmed with a peline lappel, the border of which corresponds with the flounce. The sleeves demi-large, are ornamented with scarlet cord and tassels similar to that employed to ornament the corsage, and the flounce. Small round cap composed of blonde illusion, and simply trimmed with lilac ribbon. Colletterette and fichu en suite.



Fashions for March 1838

in silk of one kind only. I spoke to you last summer of the *filet du soie* shawls; they were brought out late in the season, and consequently are now a revived fashion; I do not think they will succeed, but those of China crape are sure to enjoy the highest vogue.

Before we leave the promenade, I must speak to you of the silks in favour for it, for as yet, with the exception of some few *mousselines de laine*, no other materials have appeared; they are *gros de Naples pou de soie*, taffetas, a variety of changeable silks, and also several striped silks. Pelisses will, without a doubt, be the most in favour for the promenade, during the summer, for when it grows too warm for silk ones, they will be replaced by those of muslin; at present silk ones afford but little novelty. The backs of the *corsages* are tight, the waists very long, the fronts always open a little *en cœur*, are either disposed in firm plaits from the shoulder to the waist, or else they are plain. As to the sleeves, there is but one that appears to me at all novel; it is made tight, but is rendered full in the centre, by a double trimming of the material of the pelisse, set on with a heading, and forming a *manchette* of a very novel description. If there is little actual novelty in sleeves, at least it appears certain, that those entirely tight will be utterly exploded; this does not, however, prevent some few of our *élégantes*, who have beautiful arms, from appearing in them occasionally.

Encore un mot for out-door costume. A parasol has just appeared for open carriages, which was certainly invented by the genius of coquetry; mamma is enchanted at its revival, for it seems that it dates from the Empire; it is very small, and made with a folding stick turning back, so as to screen the face if a lady wishes it, from any curious eye; as to shading one from the sun it is too small for that, but it is one of those pretty toys which, in the hands of a graceful woman, will at least be useful in showing her charms to advantage; they are of *pou de soie chiné*, trimmed with fringe; the sticks are of wrought ivory; the patterns are so beautiful and so exquisitely wrought, that they render these parasols very expensive. Promenade parasols present nothing remarkable, except the diminution of their size.

Well, at length we have quitted the promenade, but truth to say, in-door dress has not, as yet, undergone much change. *Mousseline de laine* of one colour only, is in favour for morning *deshabille*; the peignoir form is the one that will be decidedly preferred during the summer; it is lined with taffetas of a strongly contrasted hue, and is bordered all round with a *roleau* of the lining; the *corsage* remains of the same form, but a good many have the sleeves made tight, and partially covered with a *mancheron* of the demi Venetian-form.

There is no decided alteration in the forms of robes in dinner dress, those of satin and velvet are laid aside, they are succeeded by silks trimmed as I predicted, with flounces. *Tulle*, crape, and India muslin, will be adopted for evening dress, the latter indeed is expected shortly to be in favour both for morning and evening dress. Caps and crape hats are adopted for dinner parties. *Coiffures en cheveux* are most in request for *soirées*; they are always adorned with flowers placed

among the tresses with much lightness and grace. If I could find names for all our fashionable colours, I should give you a long list of them; there are at least seven shades of grey, and nearly as many of rose and green; I must observe that all are of a light kind; I may cite also violet, lilac, *poussière écru* and two or three shades of straw colour and blue.

Adieu! chère et bonne Aimé,
Croyez moi pour la vôtre,
Votre dévouée,
ADRIENNE DE M —.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATE.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Green pelerine pelisse, the *corsage* of the shawl form, wraps to one side, and is finished with a frill of plain pekinet, scalloped at the edge; this trimming is continued down the front; sleeve à la Duchesse d'Orléans: drawn bonnet of white *pou de soie*, the interior of the brim is trimmed with sprigs of blush roses, the crown with ribbon.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Robe of blue figured *gros de Naples*, a high *corsage*, and Victoria sleeves; lace *collerette* hat of the finest Italian straw of the demi-gypsy shape, the interior of the brim is trimmed with violets, and blond lace; the crown is adorned with *follets*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No 1. MORNING DRESS.—Robe of lemon coloured *gros de Naples*, worked muslin pelerine of two falls, trimmed with English lace; *Bonnet à la Fermière* of embroidered *tulle*, trimmed with pink ribbon, and *gerbes* of flowers.

No. 2. MORNING DRESS.—Cambric *peignoir*, the *corsage* partially covered by a *fichu à la paysanne* of clear muslin, trimmed with the same material, and pink ribbons; *Bonnet à la paysanne* of *tulle* ornamented with roses.

No. 3. Gives a back of the pelerine, and presents a morning cap of *tulle*, rather profusely trimmed with blue ribbons.

No. 4. Evening cap of *blonde illusion*, a round shape decorated with marabouts, and a wreath of foliage terminating in sprigs of roses.

No. 5. DINNER DRESS.—Robe of lilac blue *pou de soie*, the *corsage*, half-high and turning over to form a lappel, which, as well as the front of the skirt, is trimmed with the same material; white crape hat, a round shape, the interior of the brim decorated with roses, and a twisted band of ribbons, the edge is finished with a *tulle ruche*; a very rich ribbon tied in a knot at the side adorns the crown.

No. 6. A back view of number four.

No. 7. SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.—Blue *pou de soie* robe, pelerine of English lace, trimmed with knots of blue ribbon; blond lace cap, a small round shape, flat on the forehead, and disposed *en papillon* at the sides; it is trimmed with roses and pink ribbons.

No. 8. PROMENADE HAT AND SHAWL.—The first is of rice straw, a round shape trimmed

with ribbon only; the shawl is one of the new spring Cashmeres of a light texture.

No. 9. Presents a back view of number seven, with a morning cap of *demi cornette* style, profusely trimmed with straw coloured ribbon.

No. 10. A side view of the bonnet number one.

No. 11. MORNING BONNET of pink *pou de soie*, trimmed with ribbons to correspond.

No. 12.—PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of rose coloured *pou de soie*, a high *corsage* trimmed with a lappel which is bordered with a double row of lace; green *pou de soie* hat; a round brim, the interior trimmed with flowers; the crown is decorated with a blond lace drapery, which partly descends upon the brim, and partly forms a curtain at the back; green ribbon, a bird of Paradise dyed black, complete the trimming; black lace *mantelet*.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. IV.

Meeting the other day with an old friend, I asked him whether I should not see him in the evening at the bridal ball of a relation of his, to which I was invited. Finding he did not mean to be present, and pressing him for his reasons, he told me a story which made such an impression on my mind that I cannot refrain from giving it to my readers in his own words.

In the year 1814 I was passing the evening at my old friend Darlemont's. The company consisted of my host, his daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, three young men, who were her declared admirers, and myself. One of the young men, whom I shall call Paul, had served under Bonaparte, but retired at the restoration; he was in fact the favoured suitor. Another, named Franval, was a lawyer, and the third had an office under government. The unsettled state of the times brought politics on the *tapis*, and while they were discussing the various reports of the day, a gentleman entered to announce the arrival of Bonaparte in France. Paul was as may be supposed a decided Bonapartist.

"I hasten," said he, "to join my Emperor."

"And I," cried Franval, "will instantly offer my services as a volunteer to the King."

Each took leave of Athenois; it was easy to see that the Captain's adieux were those of a lover who believed himself secure, and indeed the difference of her manner to him and his rival confirmed the impression I had already received of his being an accepted lover.

"And you, Monsieur de Valmont," said she to the Placeman, when the others were gone, "what side do you take?"

"Oh," said he with a bow, "I remain to take care of you."

A few days afterwards I quitted Paris; it was some months before I returned, and ere I had time to make inquiries after my friends I met Paul and Franval walking on the Boulevard; they had always been friends, and their rivalry had not destroyed their regard for each other. I hastened to inquire what had happened during my absence. I found that Franval had joined the Royalists in

La Vendée, from whence he returned at the second restoration, and was then pursuing his career at the bar. Paul on Bonaparte's departure had once more entered into private life.

"And Darlemont, and Athenois?" cried I.

Paul pointed with a bitter smile to a dashing equipage that was then rolling by, and I saw her seated in it opposite to De Valmont.

"The jilt," said Paul indignantly, "I had not been absent a month before she married that puppy for whom she cares nothing; it was with her a mere marriage of interest and convenience. How could I ever believe she had a heart?"

It was easy to see by the tone in which he spoke that he was deeply wounded by her infidelity. He shortly afterwards became a partner in a banking establishment, and in the course of a few years realized a rapid fortune. He continued so long a bachelor that I thought he had forsworn matrimony, but when he was about six and thirty I observed that he visited very frequently at the house of my friend Dorval, whose daughter Zélie was then about fifteen. She was one of the prettiest and most engaging creatures I ever beheld. It soon became evident to me that Paul was deeply smitten with her, and notwithstanding the difference of their ages, I could see that the sentiment was reciprocal. He was indeed still in the prime of life, and eminently calculated to please the fair sex. The parents of Zélie consented, but on condition that the marriage should not be celebrated till their daughter had attained her eighteenth year. The time passed happily, till within a week of the appointed day, when the mother of Zélie was taken ill, and died in a few days. Grief preyed so upon the poor girl's mind that her life was for some time despaired of, and when at length she recovered, her marriage was by the positive order of the physicians deferred another year. This double disappointment had a most unfortunate effect upon the temper of Paul: he accused Dorval and his daughter of designing to break with him, and scenes of the most painful kind took place between him and Zélie. These quarrels were at first easily made up, he threw himself on his knees, protested that he never would again give way to suspicion, implored her pardon, and obtained it. But in a few days afterwards the same scene was renewed, and the health of the poor girl instead of improving, began to get worse. Her father now interfered, and Paul was persuaded to serve a campaign under Don Pedro, upon the positive promise that his nuptials should take place at the end of the campaign.

He went, and could he have governed his temper in his parting interview with Zélie, all might have been well, but he divined too truly that their parting was a relief to her, and the transports of frenzy and jealousy to which he gave way completely alienated a heart that he had already estranged.

He went. Zélie grew gradually better, visitors began to flock to the house, among them was one who knew how to take advantage of Paul's absence. Dorval, trembling for the health and the peace of his daughter, if they were denuotièser Paul, lent himself to the pretensions of St. Clair,

and about a week before Paul was expected to return *Zelie* became *Madame St. Clair*.

I was invited to the wedding, but it was not in my power to attend the ceremony, nor did I reach the bridal party till the moment in which the bride opened the ball. She looked all gaiety and happiness, but as I gazed upon her my heart was painfully oppressed at the thought of what Paul would suffer when he learned her perfidy. Conceive my astonishment, my terror I may say, when I saw him enter the ball-room unannounced, elegantly dressed for dancing, but pale, ghastly even to excess. I started up, but before I could reach him he had stopped opposite to *Madame de Valmont*, and by a silent bow solicited her hand. She gave it to him, and tried to force a smile, but it was evident to me that she was both alarmed and disconcerted. Although they had frequently met in company he had never taken the least notice of her since they parted in the year 1814, his doing so then naturally filled her with terror. They joined the dance. At the moment that he should have turned the bride, who occupied with the attentions of her partner, had not seen him, he stopped suddenly, and forcibly grasping at the same moment a hand of *Zelie*, and of *Madame de Valmont*, looked fixedly at both: then, as a loud scream burst from the lips of each he threw them from him, and with a laugh that froze my blood, darted out of the room; I followed, but before I could overtake him he had shot himself through the head.

"Unfortunate being!" exclaimed I, "and those perfidious women —"

Both had fainted, *Zelie* remained a long time insensible, and was for some weeks confined to her bed with a fever. She survived, but neither her health nor her gaiety were ever restored. As to *Madame de Valmont*, she was too heartless to be deeply affected by the terrible catastrophe, of which she certainly was the original cause; I met her a few weeks afterwards in company as coquettish as ever, but I have never spoken to her since, nor do I, when I can avoid it, meet her.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON PLACE BOOK.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE ESQ.

When we love our attentions are from the impulse of affection; when the case is otherwise, the outward show of love is nothing more than constrained civility. It may, perhaps, wear the semblance of tenderness, but it is very different from the real feelings of nature, for the heart has nothing to do with it. *Samuel Daniel*, who flourished about 1590, has thus whimsically described it as a disease:—

"Love is a sickness full of woe,
All remedies refusing!

A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;

If not enjoyed, it sighing cries

Heigh ho!"

After all, love seems to me to be, in many instances, a mistaken passion. In growing-up boys and girls in their teens, it too frequently approaches the ridiculous: nay, even among the elders of the land one is sometimes almost tempted to laugh outright at the amorous follies they display. I have witnessed many of these episodes in the lives of the grave and the gay, from that of the late *ex* Lord Chancellor (*Erskine*), who, when in his dotage, assumed, like a *petite Hercules*, the female attire to carry off a *dulcinea* to *Gretna Green*, whom he might have married anywhere without half the trouble, to the gouty old Lord D——, who, while he is secretly endeavouring to fathom the extent of a lady's property, professes to marry *only* for love.

It is no uncommon thing to hear unloveable persons give utterance to very singular opinions on this subject. A *godmother* of the press, whose present chance of pairing is about as likely to turn out a prize as the sixteenth of a lottery ticket was when that species of gambling was tolerated, avers that she would willingly marry a man without caring whether he either loved her or liked her, *before* or *after* marriage, simply because single women have no *real station* in society. She is what I should call an *Atheist* in love, for she openly professes thus to cast the household deities from their altars, and would probably bury the poor man as soon as the honeymoon was over, with as little real feeling for his loss as she had tenderness for him in his life-time. Are not such sentiments a decided profanation of the finest feelings with which Nature has gifted the human heart? The pure stream flowing from the fountain of affection ought not thus to be polluted. When the heart is thus made a marketable commodity love can have nothing to do with it: it were, perhaps, wise to send it off to the shambles!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Sunday Times," in its notice last month of our Magazine, very ingeniously found out, that the article on "Milliners' Assistants" was a paraphrase on an article that had appeared in *that Paper* on the 25th March, and accused us of want of sincerity in not stating from whence the idea was taken. Now to refute this assertion of "The Sunday Times," we can prove that the article in the *Belle Assemblée* was not only written in February last, but actually printed so early as the 4th of March, in the first sheet of our Number for the following month. The only article on the same subject the writer had ever seen, was one in *Tait's Magazine* for January or February.

E. B.—We have received this Correspondent's "Lines on hearing of the decay of Poetry;"—a more convincing proof that it still exists in all the vigour of its most "palmy days" cannot be given, than by the writer's own specimen, which we present to our readers. Oh! ye Muses!

"Wreath your bays, your myrtles twine,
To deck the Poet's brow divine!"

"The charm of poetry will ne'er decay,
Whilst imagination doth stay;
With new vigour it will bloom,
In the path of sunshine, or in gloom.
Look around on Nature's wild domain,
On each valley, hill, or plain;
Nay a word, a look, a sigh,
Claims the inspiration of poetry.

The bright ethereal form of day,
 The birds warbling their notes so gay,
 The stillness of night,
 All denotes its never-fading light.
 The sunny smile of those we love,
 As pure, as innocent as seraphs above;
 Fond ties by Nature link'd,
 All prove that poetry's not extinct.
 The mournful whispering of the wind,
 In whose hidden mystery the pensive mind
 Finds a calm for each ruffled thought
 That the world's unkindness might have wrought;
 The tear-drop on the cheek of loveliness,
 The sacredness of friendship's kiss;
 Soft strains that hath the pow'r
 To recal the dream of childhood's hour;
 In charmed Music's sweet abode it dwells,
 When the enchanted bosom swells
 With thoughts that soar on high,
 And awakes the chords of sympathy;
 When solemn footsteps to the grave doth bend,
 And the death-knell tolls for some dear friend;
 In the anguish of that hour
 We feel the force of all its power.
 Oh! Poetry will live, when hope forsakes the mind,
 When the path of youth is left behind;
 'Tis then its hovering beam
 Leads the thoughts to Heaven's sacred theme;
 Then flowrets, thy graceful wreaths entwine,
 And all on earth with joy combine,
 To hail with universal glee,
 The immortal Goddess—Poetry."

To be serious—if people will send us such nonsense, they deserve all the ridicule they meet with; and yet we ought to be obliged to them, for they afford mirth to lighten our labours.

ELIZA.—We are obliged by the Tale this lady has favored us with, and will make an early use of it.

T. S.—The Tale of "Mary Morris" shall be perused at our earliest convenience, and inserted if found suitable to our pages.

CHARLES H., Jun.—"The Demon of the Hartz" will not, we think, suit our pages; we dislike all stories which turn out to be a dream. We will, however, give it another perusal, and oblige if possible. Articles must be much more carefully written to suit the "Monthly Belle Assemblée" than formerly, or they will have no chance of acceptance under our present arrangement.

MARSK.—This Correspondent will see we have availed ourselves of his seasonable communication. We shall be happy to hear from him again. With the periodical to which he alludes, we have nothing to do; he had better state his wishes at the Office, and we doubt not they will be complied with.

E. A.—We recognized the Lines sent us by this Correspondent, as having long since appeared in our pages. In July, 1837, page 59, "Weekly Belle," E. A. will find them. It has cost us some trouble to make the research. We shall be happy to receive such poetry whenever E. A. likes to favour us; it is chaste and elegant.

E. S., Sandwich.—We scarcely understand what this Correspondent alludes to. If parties try to hoax us with nonsense, as his letter would intimate, they will find the tables turned upon themselves. "Sheer nonsense," in whatever shape it is offered, whether arising from ignorance or impertinence, will never escape our lash.

E. L.—This Correspondent shall have our best attention.

G. R.—"Lines composed at my Mother's Grave," are of too grave a subject to be thus versified:—

"And pray thy spirit to direct
 My wandering steps, and me protect;
 And that thy soul may ever hover
 O'er thy lone son, oh! gentle Mother!"

The writer should either do better (which he can if he pleases) or let the subject alone.

CANONBURY.—We are sorry we cannot write private communications to Correspondents always when they request us so to do. The corrections came too late to be of use—*distinct writing* is the best preventive for the errors he complains of.

E. Y., Camden Town.—We cannot account for the delay in the delivery of the note alluded to; but will in future send by a more speedy messenger, should we have occasion to write.

J. B.—We have none of this Correspondent's articles in hand but those last received. Why will he not "do the Comic" for us as well as other periodicals? we are overwhelmed with sentiment. Thanks for the songs.

K. W. M.—We are happy to see this Correspondent's hand-writing again after so long a silence. Did he receive a communication from us? We fear the address was incorrect. We await his promised story with impatience.

CROMWELL H.—To this Correspondent we say, "Yes, if you please, Sir." We are truly happy to have made a friend of one who, at first sight, we feared was calculated to be more hostilely inclined. When will he send us the MS.?

C. C.—To this Correspondent's query we reply that no person but the Editress has a right to receive admissions for Dramatic, or other Entertainments, on behalf of the Belle Assemblée, nor will notices of such amusements be given unless authorized by the Editress.

CALDER CAMPBELL.—We are quite aware of the coxcombical impertinence to which this correspondent alludes, in the Editor of a contemporary magazine; but we believe our contributors receive full as substantial proofs of the liberality of the Belle Assemblée, as any of the writers for his higher-priced, though "milk and water" pages can show. We, do not certainly aspire to the distinction of founding a spot, where "storied urns" may be erected to departed Genius! but we assist existing talent to raise a temple to itself of "living laurels," which is far better! "Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are un-rung!"

The CONSTANT ENQUIRERS who make complaints to us, respecting not being able to procure the title-page and index to our seventh volume on application at the office of publication, are informed the Editress has nothing to do with the business department of the Work; but that such an index, &c., is printed, and ought to be furnished to Newsmen and Binders at a small charge, at 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where all information respecting the numbers, and charges for Advertisements may be obtained.

Reviews of New Books, and Music, Notices of Paintings, Public Amusements, and all Works connected with Literature and the Fine Arts, will be given, if the PUBLICATIONS and FREE ADMISSIONS are addressed to the EDITRESS, care of MR. JENKINSON, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where ALONE communications for this Work will in future be received, POST FREE.

Office, No. 24, Norfolk-street, Strand; sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

THE NEW
MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE:

JUNE, 1838.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

SKETCHES BY AN OLD MAID.
No. II.

THE PEASANT BRIDE.

But the world—
Man's heart and soul—surely a little knowledge
Of these things is not valueless.

GOETHE'S FAUST.

Some years ago I received a pressing invitation from a friend in Dublin to pass a few months at her house. I don't know whether or not I should have accepted it, but for the postscript, which, like those appended to the letters of most ladies, contained the best part of the intelligence, and decided me at once. "Your cousin, Noel de Lacy, is here," wrote my friend; "I know you were always attached to each other. The other day when I spoke of asking you, he smiled and appeared quite delighted with the idea; you will learn to value one of De Lacy's smiles, my dear Eliza, for they are far less frequent now than when you knew him. Come quickly, and perhaps he may learn to smile again."

Even then the spell was upon me—I was an "old maid;" but though I laughed at the misconceptions of my friend, I will not deny but the assurance that Noel de Lacy had not quite forgotten his old play-fellow gave me pleasure. We had spent the earliest and happiest years of our lives like brother and sister, and though his boyish and ungovernable fits of passion sometimes frightened me, and made me weep, yet he would ask my forgiveness so humbly, that I always loved him ten times better after one of our little disputes.

He was generous, imaginative, and proud, even to a fault; perhaps too much the creature of impulse, if these impulses had not always tended to something high and noble. A mother or a sister would have been a blessing to him, not that he lacked either, but they were such in name only, mere heartless, fashionable women of the world. Noel de Lacy wanted some one to soothe, advise, and counsel him, not to contradict and irritate a temper nervous and susceptible in the highest degree.

It was seven years since we had met—seven

weary years! I wept to think the change they had wrought in me, for their influence on him I trembled.

In as short a time as the necessary preparations could be completed, I quitted home and arrived in Dublin, about noon on the third day. Mrs. Cregan greeted me with a true Irish welcome. I think the Irish are the most hospitable nation in the world, at least they have always appeared to me to be so. There is an unaffectedness—a warm-heartedness about them, which, contrasted with the cold ceremony of our English manners, is delightful.

We remained in her room talking over old stories until it was time to dress for dinner. She offered to send mine up to me, but tired as I was, I felt a little anxious to know something of the society in which I should, in all probability, spend some months, and resolutely declined her kind proposal.

De Lacy was out shooting, and did not return in time for dinner, but his absence appeared too much a thing of course to create much surprise.

The usual ceremonies of a general introduction had to be gone through before we sat down to table, and I observed that when Mrs. Cregan mentioned my name, one young lady, who she called Caroline Rathalin, started suddenly, and held out both her hands with all the warmth of a long friendship, and then, as if conscious of what she had done, drew them back and blushed and laughed bewitchingly; I think I never saw such a face, so simple, so beautiful, so expressive. She attached herself to me with an unobtrusive and gentle assiduity that could not fail to make me like her, and before dinner was over, I had quite settled in my own mind, that Noel de Lacy must, if he had not done so already, fall in love with my new and beautiful friend.

Leaving the ladies in the drawing-room, I stole away to the study, where a servant informed me I should find my cousin, who had not long returned, and had refused to join our party. I entered hastily, but he did not rise up to meet me, he did not even hear me, for overpowered by fatigue and recent illness, had fallen asleep in his chair.

For a moment I gazed with saddened feeling upon the companion of my childish days, mentally contrasting his happy boyhood with his present appearance of premature grief and age. His cheeks were pale and thin, his eye sunken and hollow, but there was the same scornful expression

upon his lip and brow ; time, which had altered and subdued much, seemed only to have deepened that.

Fearful of disturbing him I took a book and sat down quietly by the window, but it was not to read, and my thoughts were far gone amidst the sweet remembrances of other days, when the opening of the door called me suddenly back into reality. It was Caroline Rathalin : she looked cautiously around, but the deep recess of the old fashioned window and the gathering shadows of evening effectually concealed me from her observation. She approached noiselessly, and bent over my sleeping cousin. I have never seen on any human face so much of love, as the last rays of the setting sun revealed to me on that fair girl's ; it was like the watching of a young mother over her first born ; only that with the deep hoarded fondness of a parent something more of passion might be traced upon her countenance. Presently she stooped down and pressed her lips repeatedly on his brow and cheek. Still he stirred not—they were fairy kisses ; perhaps they might mingle in his dreams, but they failed to arouse him. Then she knelt by his chair, and I judged from her clasped hands and trembling lips, that her heart was engaged in voiceless prayer. At length, on his moving slightly she glided away with a soft and rapid step.

It was many moments before I could persuade myself that I had not slept and dreamt too.

When Noel de Lacy awoke, when he spoke, when I looked upon him in the full light, the alteration in him particularly struck me ; yet I attributed it even then not so much to disease as to some hidden source of uneasiness, which was fast sapping the springs of his young life.

He apologised with forced gaiety for his unavoidable absence, and to me in particular. I readily assured him of my forgiveness, and looked hard at Caroline as I ventured to hope he had enjoyed pleasant dreams. She was evidently unmindful of my scrutiny, hers being fixed upon De Lacy, but she turned very pale, as he answered with a slight shudder—

"They were far otherwise, my dear cousin, for I dreamt of one, who, waking or sleeping, God grant I may never look upon again !"

"Mr. De Lacy," said Caroline, in a very low voice, "perhaps the person on whom you have just pronounced so irrecoverable a sentence of banishment, may be very sorry for having offended you."

"You know not for whom you plead, Miss Rathalin," said De Lacy, a little wildly, but he took both her hands in his, and I saw the hot tears that fell upon them, and that Caroline's eyes were full.

That night I retired to rest completely bewildered and puzzled, nor did it appear that time would much enlighten me on the subject. My cousin was evidently in love with Caroline, and very unhappy. She was a riddle ; at one time I feared that she was trifling with his peace of mind, that she was nothing more than a vain and heartless coquet ; at another I wept to think that the affections of that young and gentle girl should be be-

stowed upon one so blighted in heart and spirit as Noel de Lacy.

One day I ventured to rally him on the subject, but his look of real unhappiness soon restrained me.

"Then you plead not guilty—you do not love Caroline Rathalin ?"

"I dare not !"

"You are strangely altered of late, Noel," said I, half reproachfully ; do you remember the time when you used to tell me every thing, and trust to my woman's invention, as you called it, to get you out of your difficulties. Can I be of no service now ?"

"None—you cannot help, you can only pity me ; and you are the only earthly being, Eliza, that I would suffer to do that. I am very miserable, but it was all of my own seeking. God grant that the price of my folly be not two broken hearts instead of one. If you have time and patience to listen to me, I will tell you every thing as of old."

I assured him that I was both curious and anxious to hear him, and he immediately commenced.

"You remember, my dear Eliza, that I quitted your father's house full of happy and joyous anticipations. The world appeared to me a very beautiful one, but too much shackled by the forms and trammels of society. I have since learned the value of such distinctions. I mingled in the fashionable circles with my mother and sisters, until their heartlessness and frivolity disgusted me. I marked the bright eye, the bland smile, the eloquent lip of beauty ; I tried to follow, to trace it to their own homes and hearths, but it had vanished ; I found nothing but vacant and spiritless statues. Eliza, I forgot you,—I thought that all well-bred, all highly-educated, were like my sisters and these girls, and fled with misanthropic hatred from the world and its worldliness. I sought nature in its beauty and holiness, and her children in their unsophisticated innocence. I dare not linger over this part of my narrative ; it is sufficient now that I found a realization of my wildest dreams. Cauth Denant was beautiful as a spirit, although there was very little spirituality in her nature ; her eyes were like stars, her feet as small as a fairy's, her smile—but it matters not, I loved her then, now I hate even her memory ! I sometimes think Caroline Rathalin very like her, when she laughs, but poor Cauth wanted her intellectuality and grace.

She was too artless to be able to conceal from me the impression I had made ; it betrayed itself in a thousand ways ; I felt that I was beloved, and gloried in the idea. I yielded myself at once to the wild and intoxicating dream, mentally contrasting my simple and gentle Cauth with the visitors at my mother's house. I thought how easily with my assistance she might acquire some of their accomplishments without losing her own purity of thought and look. I dared to imagine it possible to create a wife for myself—to form and mould every taste to the standard of my own ; to make her one with me in heart and spirit.

"Eliza, under this boyish delusion I married her ; I lifted her to my own level, but the taint of a humbler origin clung tenaciously to my peasant

bride. Still it was something to be loved as I was then, to see her watch every turn of my countenance, that she might execute my wishes even before they could be expressed; and relying on the tractableness of her disposition and her eagerness to do all that I wished, I hoped and loved on, until my mother, through the medium of some officious friend, discovered all.

Her rage failed to move me, but her taunts—her pity—pity for the mortifications which I had laid up for myself, stung me to the heart, and almost maddened me. At length she changed her mode of attack, and allowed, while she regretted, that there was no help for what was past, and it would be the wisest plan to make the best of it.

An early day, was therefore fixed for Cauth to be introduced to her and my sisters, who professed themselves very anxious to be acquainted with the bride.

The interval was a busy time at the cottage. Cauth was wild with delight when she saw the jewels I had bought for her, and the silks which were to be converted into garments for the occasion. She put them on and danced before the mirror with childish vanity and pleasure, but when the first excitement wore away, she appeared a little frightened at the idea of being introduced to my family.

"If they should not love me," she said, dejectedly, "if they should even persuade you—but no, I will not even think of it—and she flung her arms about my neck and wept with a fearful foreboding of what afterwards came to pass.

I superintended her toilet myself, and involuntarily acknowledged her excessive beauty. Still I was not satisfied; there was a timid awkwardness in her manners, which, though arising in a great measure from an over-anxiety to please, and increased by my repeated instructions and admonitions, vexed and annoyed me.

"Noel, dear," said Cauth, when the grand business of dressing was completed, "how long shall I have to wear this stiff robe? I wish I could have gone in the white muslin I was married in."

"I impatiently replied to her question, and asked if she was not almost ready.

"Almost," said Cauth, "but do look, I think the jewels are falling out of my hair, and I'd be sorry to lose them, as they are your gift."

"I assured her that the fastenings were quite secure, and led her quickly away. Going up the broad staircase, the agitated and bewildered Cauth placed her foot upon her dress and rent it a good quarter of a yard. There was no time to repair the evil;—another moment and I stood in the presence of my high-bred mother and sisters, and heard her replying to their congratulations with bashful awkwardness and her strong Irish accent.

"Eliza, I cannot tell you what took place in that interview; it maddens me even now to think of it, I only know that it ended by Cauth's flinging herself on a sofa in a fit of passionate weeping, and my telling her, urged on as I was by my mother, that I already repented the step I had taken in contracting so imprudent and unequal an alliance; that the present was only a beginning to

the series of mortifications I might in future expect: in fine, that I scorned and hated her.

"My sister said something about my having been enticed into a marriage so much beneath me, by the arts of a low-born and designing girl, and I fancied that Cauth raised her dark pleading eyes to mine, as if she expected that I should contradict this assertion, but I did not speak, and she again averted her head.

"This cannot last, Noel," said my mother, who I believe really trembled for my reason; retire and compose yourself my dear son, and I will arrange matters with this unhappy young woman."

"I obeyed; I was glad to be alone, I beat my head against the wall, and cursed my dreaming and romantic folly; I believe I even wept—when I left my room many hours after my mother met me at the door.

"We have settled every thing," she said, "she is willing to return to her native place your wife only in name, and I have ventured to promise that you will give her a handsome allowance on these conditions; but she will receive her sentence, as she calls it, from your lips alone. Go to her at once my dear son, for the sooner all is arranged the better."

"I found Cauth alone, her face was as white as marble; there was an abstraction, a fixedness in her gaze, that awed me. I pronounced her name twice before she heard me, then starting suddenly up she flung herself upon my neck, and kissed me with passionate fondness.

"It's your wish, then?" she said, as I strove to free myself from her carresses. "But you do not hate me Noel; oh, it was to hear you say so that I sent for you again; you do not hate me?"

"I know not what I replied, but it was a cold assurance that her future comfort would be well cared for, and a hope that she would in time forget all that had passed between us. Here she wildly interrupted me.

"I cannot bear this," she said, wringing her hands, "oh, but I thought I had been stronger—kiss me quickly, Noel de Lacy, and then go, or I shall not be able to part with you, after all."

"I did as she desired—I called her my own dear, simple and forsaken Cauth! my first and early love! I believe I should have wanted resolution to leave her, had not my mother come to my aid and saved me the commission of so great a folly."

"Poor girl," murmured I, involuntarily, "and what became of her?"

"She is still residing at Killarney, with a distant relation," replied De Lacy; "since our separation my heart has sometimes reproached me for its cause, and whispered that time and good society might have done much for my banished wife, but I have oftener mingled wildly in the world, exulting in my freedom, and unmindful of the past. It was not until very lately—to be candid with you, my dear cousin—it was not until I met Caroline Rathalin, that I felt how I was situated."

"Does she know of your marriage?" I asked.

"I believe not; perhaps she ought to be informed of it, but I dare not undertake the task. Eliza, you may think me vain, with this wasted frame to aspire to the love of such a being as Ca-

roline Rathalin; yet I have dared to fancy—nay, even to hope, that I am not quite indifferent to her."

"There need be no other victim, Noel," said I, painfully convinced of that which he only suspected.

"You are right, there shall not be! Leave me now, Eliza, you shall see that I am no longer a boy."

That night, Caroline's high spirits formed a striking contrast to the depression of ours; she tried a thousand ways to amuse De Lacy, and at last succeeded—neither his grief or his good resolution were proof against the witchery of her smile.

I gazed on her young and confiding countenance as she lifted it towards his, almost with tears; but I could not warn her of the precipice on which she stood without betraying my knowledge of her secret—without subjecting her to the mortifying reflection that her love was obvious, even to the eye of a stranger—that the passion in which she had been indulging was sinful and unholy.

One morning as I came down to breakfast, I met her and my cousin returning from a morning ramble. Caroline's cheeks were flushed, and her eye glittered with suppressed happiness, but De Lacy looked pale and agitated.

"It is all over," he said, when we were alone; "I have poured out my whole heart before her, and bared its most secret thoughts—its wildest hopes—its errors—its despair—and she is lost to me for ever—as a friend for ever. I go hence to-morrow; at her own request I shall remain to-day."

"Perhaps," said I, "it would have been better for both of you that you should part at once. But tell me, how did she receive your confession?"

"In silence; she averted her head while I spoke, but I felt the hand I held tremble in mine; when I paused for her reply—when I knelt for her forgiveness, she discovered to me a countenance whose deep and joyous expression mocked the agony I endured. It taught me, however, to restrain myself, and I was enabled to listen with calmness to her sweet voice, as she spoke of that resignation and peace, which her own bright smile had banished for ever. When we reached the house, she said abruptly—

"Mr. de Lacy, for my sake you will not leave here until to-morrow; promise me that you will not."

"I bowed in silence—I could not speak—I was too happy to be allowed to remain with her yet another day."

"It was unwisely done on Miss Rathalin's part to solicit this delay," said I.

At this moment the servant entered with a note for my cousin, who turned fearfully pale as he perused it, and staggering into a chair covered his face with his hands. I hurriedly enquired what had happened.

"She is here!" said De Lacy, in a hoarse whisper—here, in this very house; she will see me; Oh God, what shall I do!"

"Only be composed, my dear cousin."

One day later, and I should have avoided this meeting; what will Caroline think of me?"

"You should rather consider now, what Mrs. de

Lacy will think of you, for keeping her waiting," said I, with a coldness which I was far from feeling.

He rose up with assumed firmness, but his very hand trembled with excitement.

"You will go with me Eliza, will you not?"

I accompanied him in silence; a female form was seated on the sofa, plainly and simply attired. I did not see the face, but the figure was perfect.

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit, Madam?" said my cousin, haughtily; "I understood that all communication was to come through my mother?"

"But what, if I have thought proper to transgress this cold formality, and prefer appealing to the affections of the son," replied a voice which rooted me to the spot.

"Cauth!" exclaimed De Lacy; good heavens do I dream?"

"Cauth!—or Caroline, if you like the name better."

He threw himself on his knees before her, and the happy wife flung her arms about his neck, and buried her face in his bosom.

"And may I stay with you now?" she murmured, in the rich accents of her country; "and will you never send me away from you again, Noel dear!"

"My own—my devoted wife!" exclaimed De Lacy, as he kissed away the tears that glittered on her dark eye-lashes; "I am unworthy your affection."

I saw the smile of deep intense fondness with which she bent over her penitent husband, and pressed her lips repeatedly on his brow, and then feeling that my presence would only be a restraint, stole noiselessly away.

The above sketch needs no explanation—no comment from me. I need not carry you back through Mrs. De Lacy's long years of toil and study, or tell of the perseverance with which she set herself to work to root out old prejudices and habits, and to become fit for that new sphere of life into which she was elevated. Her handsome allowance enabled her to procure the best masters, and two years in Dublin gave the finish to her manners. But when all that could be done, was done, when she felt that De Lacy would never again have to blush for the wife of his early love, how were they to meet? must she press on him the love he had flung away in scorn? never! She would be wooed and won afresh, and under a feigned name she was so; De Lacy never once recognizing his simple and awkward Cauth, in the finished and polished demeanour of Caroline Rathalin.

Surely the love which prompts to such exertions, such sacrifices as these, must be of that pure and gentle spirit, on which the angels of heaven smile their approbation; not the mere earthly passion which we designate by that holy name. It must be that of which we dream, and write, but which exists only for very few. Let us prize it even for its scarcity.

I shall only add, for the gratification of those who may be interested in the fate of Mrs. de Lacy, that she is still living, and there is not a happier wife or mother in all Dublin.

E. Y.

ERROR AND REPENTANCE.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

"Come! farewell bid to thy father's hearth,
And the lowly valley that saw thy birth;
For smiles like thine
Should only shine
To shed new radiance on Pleasure's shrine!"

The cottage maiden hung her head,
Her soft cheek deepen'd with richer red,
And the pearly dew
In her eye of blue
Told the soldier a truth that too well he knew.

Ere morn, from that happy though lowly home,
She fled with the tempter, far, far, to roam;
But Pleasure's bowers,
Unlike Hope's hours,
Wreathed thorns in Love's chaplet as well as flowers!

Scarce through the azure tract of Heaven
His annual course had Phœbus driven
With steps of pain
'Neath sorrow's chain,
See! the Wand'rer returns to her home again!

The flowers hang wither'd, and drooping bend
That her girlhood's fancy had loved to tend;
The wild briar grows
Where the blushing rose
Once bloom'd like the cheek that no sorrow knows!

The lily has fall'n from its emerald stalk,
And creeping moss-grass o'erruns the walk;
Of sorrow and care,
And wan despair
Each object around shews the presence there!

With folded arms, on the wicket-gate
The FATHER lean'd, stern and desolate;
But the MOTHER wept,
For her heart's shrine kept
That love, from a Mother's breast ne'er swept

And that yearning Heart, where Love's fountain
flows,
And those folded arms again unclosed,
And with fond endeavour
Would lull forever
Those pangs which shall quit the Lost One, never!

Again shall the flowrets bud and bloom,
And the woodbine send forth its sweet perfume;
But she who has stray'd
Through Error's shade
Finds no after-bloom for the heart betray'd!

SONG.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

Have they faded! these bright visions
That once so much delighted,
Have the hopes that beam'd so gaily
Like spring flow'rs been nipt and blighted?
Has the frost of cold unkindness
Robb'd Love of joy and bloom,
Are youth's fond hopes and feelings
Laid in an early tomb?
Alas poor broken heart!
Within the grave go hide thee,
Perchance thou there shalt find
The peace on earth denied thee.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF A HERO OF ROMANCE.

(AN ALLEGORICAL SKETCH.)

BY J. L. B.

It is not, I confess, without hesitation that I give publicity to the following extraordinary circumstance; because, aware that it will be perused with a smile of incredulity, and treated as the mere hallucination of a romantic brain, I fear (to the bulk of readers, and of writers whom it chiefly concerns) that its *moral* will be lost.

"A gentleman" was announced, "a stranger," to visit me the other day, which, having few visitors of either sex to enliven my rather monotonous life, I at first supposed to be a mistake; but afterwards believing that the unknown might be some friend of former years, anxious to renew an acquaintance which many causes had interrupted, I went down stairs to him.

Upon entering the drawing-room I perceived however that the caller was really a stranger, and as he had ensconced himself in a *bergere*, and taken up a book which so engrossed him that he was not immediately sensible of my presence, I had leisure to remark that he was both deformed in person, having a great hump on his back, and exceedingly ugly in countenance; his head also seemed sunk, and resting on his bosom, without a neck. The pallidness of his face was that which always attends a deformed person, and its expression equally characteristic, certainly lacked that painful concomitant, the stamp of *mental imbecility*, which was supplied by dark scorn and malignity. From this my singular and alarming visitor, I recoiled in fear and astonishment when he, at last perceiving me, threw the volume he was perusing with a *lang* on the table, and with a vindictive "*humph*," as if what he read had displeased him, thus he addressed me:—

"Madam, I am come to learn the meaning of the liberties you are choosing to take with my person and character? Ah! very extraordinary, very annoying too!"

He rose in his anger from the chair and stood in a menacing attitude—

"I cannot comprehend it, and I'll thank you in future to let me alone!"

"Sir," I answered, "you utterly amaze me, I taking liberties with your person (I beg you'll be seated) and character? really, I do not recollect ever having the honour of seeing you before."

"Possibly not, possibly not," replied the stranger, "neither had Shakspeare or Kean that honour, yet *they* have done me ample justice; and they, for their pains, are clever fellows, but you are a *fool*!"

"If I am, it does not become a stranger and one of your sex to rudely tell me so."

"No, in these days of varnish, I well believe you neither understand nor brook the unpolished honesty of language belonging to *my* times, when the oily hypocrisy of politeness had not glossed over its smooth speech, or prompted entire concealment of the *real* sentiments of the heart."

"Well, is it, Sir," I returned, "for the peace of society, that the '*varnish*' and '*oily hypocrisy*' which cause your displeasure, exist; well, is it for the prevention of heart-burnings, and bloodshed

that the 'honesty' of expression, viz., the *insulting rudeness* which you are pleased to extol have long been banished from the better informed circles of social life; for instance, *you*, I know you not; and therefore by what authority is it that you commit so great a breach of all decorums and charities as to enter my home for the sole purpose of insulting me? My dearest friend should not with impunity do this."

The strange being, whom I could but imagine an unfortunate lunatic, laughed in a hollow tone, and in derision as he said—

"And *you* to take exceptions at my words! *you* against whom, for the liberties I mention, I have so much heavier a cause of complaint."

"Explain what those liberties are," I replied, "and I will endeavour to answer to you for them, whilst I again protest that being totally ignorant of your name, person, and every thing concerning you, I am quite in the dark as to the accusations you are pleased to bring against me. How can it be too that Shakspeare, who has been dead for some centuries, and never could have beheld you, has done you 'ample justice'?"

"He followed those historians," returned my visitor, "who gave the most accurate accounts of my person, and proceedings; and wherefore? because these men living nearer my own times had fresher and more certain intelligence respecting me than your modern historiographers seem to possess, or choose to attend to—if such have been transmitted to them."

"Will you please," said I, "to come without further circumlocution to the explanation I require. Who are you? and what is your business with me?"

"Have you never heard," said he with an indescribable sneer, "of one, King Richard the Third of *blessed* memory? Did you never read his history as written by that honest poet, Shakspeare? or see it acted by that confounded ugly, croaking fellow?"

"Please your Majesty," I interrupted, for I now indeed perceived that this frightful apparition could be no other than the Third Richard of England's dynasty, "and, if I have, what then?"

"*What then?*" roared the furious monarch, again rearing his stunted form from his chair, stamping on the ground, and violently rapping the table with his double fist, quite unlike a ghost of respectable pretensions, "*What then?* why then you are an abominable LIAR! Are you not in the very act of writing a novel, of which I am the hero, and which is to be called by my name? And are you not—"

"Good, your Grace, and if it be so, why should this displease you, when I have taken all imaginable pains to—to—to—to—"

I hesitated, the fact being that I dreaded to urge the dead monarch's rampant anger further, by stating at once that in making him the hero of my Romance, I had charitably endeavoured to polish up his somewhat tarnished character.

"To—to—" thundered he, "to *lie* through thick and thin; and if you are nice about saying it, take it from me; I'm sick of art and hypocrisy!"

"Assuredly, Sire," said I, in deprecating tone,

"I have taken the liberty to follow a little the example set me by certain esteemed romance writers of this present day."

"Ah! and not a *little*," returned he with a glance of bitter sarcasm, "as far as I am concerned. My person—"

"Your person, my Lord, I began—"

"*Look at it!*" shouted the irate Prince, turning his back to me for a minute or two that I might satisfy myself as to his unfortunate deformity.

"Look at it, I say, and ask yourself how you dare plain down this obvious mountain into '*a slight stoop in the shoulders?*' See how despicably short I am! and tell me how you dare in your book re-usher me into the world as '*of stature rather above than below the ordinary standard?*' Now, gaze well upon my face! Saw ye ever aught of mortal mould so fiendish? and then down on your knees and crave pardon of Earth and Heaven for making my weird countenance '*pale and interesting; certainly not handsome, but by no means plain.*'"

In self-defence I stammered forth, "that as I had made him, King Richard the Third, the hero of a romance, I could not, according to the taste of the day, hope to interest the reading public in his fortunes and fate without gifting him with some portion of personal beauty, a *hideous* hero being a monster unheard of, and inadmissible in all works of fiction, except perhaps in a Fairy Tale, and then *beauty* was obliged to be bestowed upon him at last."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Richard, "let me be as nature made me; and if personally unfit for a Hero of Romance, why thrust me into one?"

The spectral monarch gave a hollow contemptuous laugh.

"Please, your Grace, *for effect*," said I.

"Let me represent the case," I continued, "as it stands; we are a tale writing and a tale reading nation; the old monkish *fabliaux* and legends, of which you may remember something, have descended with their inventors to the tomb; but *fiction* under another form delights us still; and instead of friars, nuns, and saints, men and women of all classes live in our books, and love, suffer and act, are generally miracles of perfection, and after enduring certain mental tortures, equivalent to the temptations, penances, and martyrdoms of the aforesaid monastics, are finally rendered happy in the paradise of matrimony."

"Humph!" quoth my strange visitor, "I don't see you've gained much by the change."

"Oh! pardon me, there! these fictions give us more extended views of life, and agreeably impress the understanding with salutary counsels and cautions, either given expressly, or by way of induction."

"And personal beauty in the characters who figure in these productions is necessary, is it—" quoth Richard with a grim smile, "to give effect to these counsels and cautions?"

"It certainly interests the affections, and enchants the imagination."

"*Heats* it, you mean," said my deformed guest with asperity, "rendering your young people discontented with the unromantic, plain persons of ordinary life, and but too ready to scorn and mock

all those excellent individuals, who are neither so young nor so handsome as your modern fictions lead their maddened fancies to expect to behold. Don't deny this, *for I have seen it!*"

I could not deny so obvious a truth, and looking a little ashamed, observed—

"And yet, after all, the best of our modern novel writers lay such small stress upon personal beauty that they rather imply than express its possession by their heroes and heroines; besides, a vulgar ruffian, or rustic beauty, unimbued with *sentiment* and *soul* cannot in these *mental* days be tolerated in a good novel, which, please your Highness, is the reason why I have made you, in accordance with present taste, and adapting myself to the descriptions of certain historians who have not complimented your form and features, rather 'pale, interesting, and not plain,' than positively handsome."

"Humph!" growled the King, "and young, too!"

"Why, yes," rejoined I, "youth is so essential to the Hero of a Romance, that Mathuselah's self must be young in a novel."

"Well, what say you to Shakspeare's portraiture of me!"

"Shakspeare," I replied, "was a magician, who could do what he pleased since he had the art of interesting one in his characters, whether young or old, ugly or handsome, virtuous or vicious."

"Had I visited you," returned Richard, "for the purpose of descanting upon Shakspeare's merits as a delineator of human nature, I could easily explain the *cause* of the *effect* you name. But at present must confine myself to the subject which brought me hither. It appears to me that the alterations made by you, romance writers of this day, in characters whose lives are already traced by the iron pen of History are not confined to *person* only, but affect *mind*. Is it so? else, why have you taken such unwarrantable liberties with my actions and intellectual qualities?"

"*Liberties*, my Lord? I have only made you what few of your biographers have done—*injured* and *amiable*."

"That's the very ground of my complaint; you have not adhered in your story to *truth* as respects myself, and thereby will mislead your readers into a false sympathy with a villain, and into a suspicion that other characters as darkly notorious as mine are much belied, and their owners objects of pity and respect. Perhaps you did not consider the serious injury you were about to inflict on morality when you commenced 'transforming a Satan into an angel of light,' by slurring over some of my crimes, justifying others, and thrusting many upon the shoulders of individuals little connected with my state and private policies, or whose very existence is merely owed to your imagination: thus my treachery and cruelty you have attributed to political *necessity*, quite forgetting how truly a Master Bard, styles

"*Necessity* the TYRANT's devilish plea."

In my love affair with your fictitious heroine, Eleanor Gaveston, you have chosen to forget that *historically* I was already married; true, I was bad enough for any intrigue in wedlock's despite;

but why make Jane Shore the deluder instead of the deluded? the injurer instead of the injured? and my diabolical *feint*, that she, Hastings, and others had by magical arts conspired against my life, and withered my arm, a matter of *fact*? Your romance is not yet completed, but at this rate, having proved the murder of young Edward and his brother, an *accident* for which I sincerely grieved, and justified my usurpation, of course my rencontre with Richmond at Bosworth Field, and my consequent death, must be proved a *martyrdom*. How you will get over the ignominious treatment of my body, when found, I confess puzzles me."

"May it please your Majesty—"

"But it does not, and *cannot* please me," pettishly interrupted the royal apparition, "for I don't understand such wilful misrepresentations."

"I have provided against that," I continued, "You are either to be left on the field where you fell, and no allusion made to subsequent circumstances, or you are fully and fairly to escape (as some people really think you did) the body of an unknown individual being taken for yours."

"And, then?"

"And then, Sire, *you*, weary of the troubles of royalty, I shall suppose, retire to seek happiness in a private station with the fond, faithful, and humble Eleanor Gaveston, leaving Henry of Richmond to enjoy his unenviable acquisition."

A burst of loud, croaking, unnatural laughter greeted the conclusion of this portion of my explanation from my awful visitor.

"And you will, I presume," he exclaimed when weary of laughing, "audaciously dub your novel '*King Richard the Third*,' HISTORICAL?"

"Of course, Sire," I answered, "and there's not a writer in England, or France either, who would not do the same."

"Then," quoth my guest grinding his teeth and fiercely knitting his brows, "there's not a writer in England, or France, who, if *such* be the sort of works they *dare* to style *historical*, would not put to the blush my old chum, the *Father of Lies*!"

"I know not how that may be," said I getting extremely confused and ashamed, "I only know that in what I write I follow great and fashionable authorities,—I cannot presume to lead. If you please I will acquaint them with your Grace's view of the subject, but I doubt its effecting much good, because they have solid reasons for making the misrepresentations you condemn."

"Humph!" 'tis hard when men have taken the trouble I took to become *villains* that they are not to be allowed the posthumous reputation of it! But why select at all for the heroes of your fictions, those whose characters you are thus obliged to misrepresent?"

"Because, may it please your Grace, we novel writers are in truth obliged to find *novelties* wherewith to pamper the over-fed appetites of our 'reading public,' and wherewith to compete with each other. The plain, the natural, and the true in fiction is by no means at present so much in vogue as the fantastic, the revolting, and the *uncommon*; this taste we owe partly to our Gallic neighbours, who are ever craving *excitement* from causes connected with their political existence, and partly to

ourselves from similar circumstances ; judge then whether any thing can be more 'fantastic, revolting, uncommon,' and startling as a moral phenomenon than the exhibition of some well known character, (whose virtues, vices, and fortunes are matters of incontrovertible *history*, public property), in a totally *reversed* light? Thus, after having renovated a bad man into a good one, and showed up a virtuous individual as secretly laden with heinous crimes, we send forth our books as *philosophical novels*, containing new and profound views of human nature, and lucid explications of characters, previously supposed to have been perfectly well understood. Believe me in nine cases out of ten the experiment answers too!"

"And what is its effect?"

"I can hardly tell ; I am no great student of causes and effects, and less prepared to reason upon them ; but, I should say from observations upon society, that this perverted style of fiction gives a correspondent twist to the minds of those who much indulge in its perusal ; and that suspicion and mistrust between man and man are much increased, together with doubts of the existence of real virtue and real vice, and a recklessness as to their pursuit and final retributions."

"Knave! fool! and liar!" cried Richard, whilst his form gradually dissolved, like a cloud-wreath into air, "how will not Satan rejoice thus to find so powerful an engine as *Fiction* enlisted in his service! But farewell *you*, my new, romantic Biographer; reflect on what I have said, and accept my thanks for your candour!"

He disappeared, and so did my projected *Historical* romance, for I threw what was written of it into the fire.

POETICAL LETTER TO ZELIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUTUMNAL LEAVES; OR, TINTS OF MEMORY AND IMAGINATION," &c.

Andes, near Mantua, the Birth-place of Virgil.

From Mantua's fair groves, where the orange-trees blossom,

And the brilliant god Phœbus perpetually shines,
I fain would unburthen this o'erflowing bosom,
And pour forth my plaint in these few simple lines.

For Tiberius has sworn by the blanch of its waters,
No darkness shall low'r 'neath Mantua's fair sky,
And hast bid from all nations their sons and their daughters

Come hither in smiles—or that moment to fly.

Thus stranded—my heart feels a different emotion,
And one our own dark chilly clime would forbid,
As I muse on the sunbeams that rest on the ocean,
And think what dear forms in the distance are hid.
All here is as bright as that Midsummer morning
You planted those violets beneath the old oak;
When that stupid old gard'ner, Love's fantasy scorn-
ing,

On the verge of confession our reverie broke.

Now I've left thee awhile in that wicked place
London,

A few trifling minutæ I have to request;
That you will not ride out with that rake Felix Munden,
Or be seen à la promenade too dashingly drest.

Nor endeavour with rouge Nature's roses to heighten,
If Mamma wants a tour, let her go by herself;
But above all avoid, love, that horrid place Brighton,
The resort of old maids who are laid on the shelf.

Do I sigh for Old England, its palm-trees and bolly,
When I muse 'neath the shades of the sweet citron-
grove?

No, for Zelia, dear Zelia, who'll laugh at my folly,
And think that I deal more in reason than love.
I have overcome obstacles made by my mother,
The consent of my father is easily won;
But if you encourage that wild boy my brother,
Like the famed Cord of Ocnus,* 'twill all be un-
done.

There's a challenge to-morrow, and I'm to be second,
Thus I tremblingly close my epistle to-night;
Though to tell you the truth, love, when all things
are reckon'd,

I had rather be second than first in a fight.
So receive with best wishes a sigh and a tear,
From your ever affectionate,

TEMPLETON VERE.

WOMAN.

BY MRS. WILLIAM QUARLES.

When the weak infant's wailing cry
Falls on the soft woman's pitying ear,
She calms him with her lullaby
And charms away the sufferer's tear.
And for the ills in age we know
Woman a comforter is given,
Brightening the clouds of human woe,
And tinging all with hues of Heaven.

When the rich wine is ruby bright,
And pleasure reigns in banquet hall,
When minstrel notes inspire delight,
Still Woman adds a zest to all.
Her voice than music far more sweet
Can better heal affliction's sting;
E'en when man's pulses wildest beat
Her gentle influence peace can bring.

If fame he seeks, she nerves his heart;
She soothes him hurt by slander's breath;—
And if he act a warrior's part
In fields of danger and of death,
Forgetting all her helplessness,
And stifling all her natural fear,
Showing how faithful love can bless,
Unchanging Woman still is near.

When his last hour is drawing nigh,
And life's faint lamp is waxing dim,
With ceaseless fond anxiety,
Alone she watcheth over him.
When life's warm tide hath ceased to flow,
And he is laid upon his bier,
Whose is the tear, the sigh of woe?
'Tis Woman's sigh, 'tis Woman's tear.

Paris.

* Ocnus was a man as remarkable for his industry as his wife was for her extravagance and profusion; he is represented twisting a cord, which an ass eats up as soon as he makes: hence the proverb of the "Cord of Ocnus," used by the Ancients to toil and labour, which met with no return, and was entirely lost.

THE LOVES OF THE MOOR ABINDARAEZ AND THE FAIR XARIFA.

(FROM THE "DIANA" OF MONTEMAYOR.)

In the days of the valiant Infant Don Fernando, who was afterwards King of Arragon, there lived in Spain a cavalier named Rodrigo de Narvaez, whose bravery and magnanimity were so great, that both in war and peace he acquired a distinguished reputation among his contemporaries; and signally he proved his courage, when that Infant conquered from the Moors the city of Antequera, displaying in many exploits and deeds of arms which happened in that war, a valour incomparable, a soul invincible, and a liberality which gained the good Captain not only the esteem of his countrymen, but even that of his enemies.

On which account, after the country was subdued, he obtained, as a recompence, (although unequal to his deserts) the government of the region, as also that of Alora, in which place he passed most of his time with fifty esquires chosen from the suite of the King, for the defence and security of that fortress. These, under the good command of their Captain, executed many bold enterprises in defence of the Christian faith, thereby acquiring honour, and perpetuating their bright renown.

As their spirits were such enemies to idleness, and the exercise of arms so agreeable to their valourous Alcayde, one night in Spring, (the beauty of which joined to the coolness of a gentle wind inviting them to its enjoyment) the Alcayde with nine of his followers (the rest remaining to guard the fortress) sallied out armed at all points to discover if the Moors kept watch on their frontier, and trusting to the cover of night, passed along one of the roads which environed the town.

The nine esquires and their valiant Captain journeying, as I said, with the utmost secrecy and caution, at length came to a place where the road branched into two paths, and after taking counsel what was to be done, they agreed to part five each way, upon the understanding that if either party found themselves in a rencontre, on sounding a trumpet, they would be succoured by their companions. In this manner, the Alcayde and his company riding, every one desiring to find something to employ and distinguish himself, as each day they had been accustomed to do, at no great distance heard the voice of a man who was singing most delectably, and from time to time sighing so profoundly, that it was evident his whole thoughts were engrossed by some amorous passion. The Cavaliers hearing this, concealed themselves in a grove which was near the road, and as the moon was so bright that day was not clearer, they could see coming along the path a handsome Moor, of such gallant stature, as plainly betokened him to be of noble origin. He rode a large bay-coloured horse, and was clothed in a tunic of purple damask, fringed with borders of silver. In his sash he carried a scimitar adorned with jewels and many tassels of silk, and on his head a turban of silk and cotton entwined with golden cord, serving both as an ornament and defence to his person. In his left hand he bore a shield, and in his right hand a lance pointed at both ends.

With such a dignified air and gentle countenance came on the enamoured Moor, that nothing could be more desirable, and listening to his song, they heard the following Romance, which, though spoken in Arabic, may thus be rendered:—

Carthama's young Knight in Grenada was born,
Who now dwells on Alora's confine;
Despairing he sighs as he wanders forlorn,
For the joy of his heart is in Coyn.

Though born in Grenada, Carthama has bred
The faith and allegiance in Coyn that I hold;
And where I have sighed will my vows be repaid,
Where love to my Lady I first did unfold.
No longer in fortress I wait night and morn,
In sorrow and in hope to repine;
Nor mournfully sigh as I wander forlorn,
For the cure of my grief is in Coyn.

The five cavaliers, who perhaps had little experience in the tender passion, or if so, had a greater eye to the profit of such a good prize than to the Song of the Moor, issuing from their ambuscade, rushed upon him with great violence; but the valiant Moor, who in like affairs was well experienced, although love was then master of his thoughts, lost no time in recovering himself, and lance in hand began to skirmish with the five Christians, whom in a short time he gave to know that he was no less valiant than amorous. Some say they came against him one by one, but those who have searched the truth of this history are doubtful if they were not all in a body; so it is reasonable to suppose that they all rushed to his capture, but seeing he resolved to defend himself, four of them bravely retired. Be it as it may, the Moor put them to such extremity, that three gave way, and the other two commenced with their utmost prowess, which was not a little necessary, seeing the courageous adversary with whom they had to deal, for though wounded in his thigh, his bravery was still so great that it seemed nothing short of death would extinguish it. At length having lost his spear, he clapped spurs to his horse, making a show of flight, but when the cavaliers pursued, he wheeled around, and passing between them like a sunbeam, returned to where the others stood, and throwing himself from off his horse and regaining his weapon, again sprung into his saddle with the speed of thought.

At this moment one of the esquires sounded the trumpet, as the Moor was handling them in such a manner that if their valorous Commander had not arrived, they would have gone the way of their three companions, who were stretched on the grass.

When the Alcayde beheld how courageously the Moor had fought, he prized him much, and greatly desiring to prove himself against so brave an adversary, courteously thus addressed him:—

"Great indeed is your courage and gallantry, brave Cavalier, and great will be the honour of overcoming you. If fortune grants me this favour, I have no more to demand of her; and though I plainly see what hazard I run in combatting one who so well knows how to defend himself, I will nevertheless try, as even in the attempt there will be some merit." Saying this, he commanded his men to retire, and the fight between these valiant cavaliers commenced.

The brave Narvaez desired the victory in the hope of increasing his fame, and the valiant Moor desired it no less that he might attain the object of his wishes; both eagerly watching every opportunity of disabling their adversary. With difficulty would the Alcayde have obtained the victory, had it not been for the Moor's weariness and wounds; but his inability to manage his horse, and not any want of bravery, gave his enemy the superiority. Seeing that he was in danger of losing the life he would willingly have exchanged for the happiness fortune denied him, the Moor bestirred himself as well as he could, and raising himself in the stirrups, discharged a ponderous blow on his opponent's shield. The Alcayde thereupon replied with another, and confiding in his superior strength, if they came to close quarters, rushed upon his enemy, and encircling him with all his might, cast him to the ground, exclaiming, "Yield thyself, unless you make no account of the life which is in my power."

"You may kill me as you say," replied the Moor, "but never would fortune have been so adverse as to let me be conquered by you, if it was not for that which has long conquered me; and this sole consolation remains to me in the prison to which my misfortune conducts me."

The Alcayde did not at the time pay such attention to these words, as to ask his meaning, but using towards him the clemency of a brave victor to the unfortunate, he helped him to rise, and bind up his wounds, which were not so grievous as to prevent him from mounting his horse, and then the whole party with their captive took the road to Alora.

The Governor, who kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the Moor, was struck with the difference between his former gallant behaviour and his present distress, which appeared so unmanly; and as to this were added some heavy sighs betraying more grief than was becoming to such courage, wishing to be informed of the reason, thus addressed him:—

"Sir Knight, consider that the prisoner who loses heart risks his chance of liberty; for one ought in warfare to bear misfortunes with equanimity, and by such greatness of mind deserve to taste of prosperity. It does not strike me that these sighs correspond with the bravery you have this day manifested, neither are your wounds so bad as to endanger the life which we know you do not weigh in the balance with your honour. If any other matter causes your grief, tell it me, for on the faith of a Knight I swear, I will use towards you such friendship that you will never regret having confided in me."

The enamoured Moor hearing these words, which argued a great and magnanimous soul, resolved not to conceal the cause of his grief, since his conqueror so generously promised a remedy. Raising his head, which sadly reclined on his breast, he thus spoke—

"What is the name of the brave Knight who has displayed such courage and concern for my grief?"

"That will I not deny you," replied the Alcayde; "my name is Rodrigo de Narvaez. I am

the Governor of Alora and Antequera, which I hold for my Lord the Catholic King of Castile."

When the Moor heard this, with an aspect somewhat enlivened he thus spoke:—"Greatly do I rejoice that out of my evil fortune there is reserved the happiness of falling into the hands of one whose virtue is so well known, and though dearly will the experience cost me, I will not lament, but rather rejoice to find myself in the power of a man so renowned. To be overcome by you obliges me to prize myself so highly that I must show my weakness is not without an invincible reason. I pray you therefore, by the name you bear, to command your men to stand aside, and you shall know that neither the pain of my wounds, nor the misfortune of finding myself a captive, is the cause of this grief."

The Alcayde hearing these reasons, held him in great esteem, and impatient to hear his tale, ordered his cavaliers to ride a little in advance, then the Moor heaving from his breast a profound sigh, delivered himself after this fashion:—

"Valiant Alcayde, if time had not placed before mine eyes proof of your great virtue, the words you oblige me to utter would be superfluous, as well as the history of a life which is every hour filled with a thousand inquietudes and suspicions, the least of which will appear to you worse than a thousand deaths; but as on the one hand, I am assured of what I say, and on the other, that you are a Knight, and have heard of, if not felt a similar passion, I desire you to know that I am called Abindaraez the Younger, to distinguish me from my uncle, who bears the like name. I am of the Abencerrages of Grenada, under whose calamity I have learned to bear misfortune. That you may know what this calamity was, and thence understand what I have to hope, I must tell you that in Granada there lived a race called Abencerrages, whose talents in war and in peace proclaimed them the flower of the kingdom; the aged forming the King's Council, and the young men exercising themselves in deeds of knighthood and arms in honour of their ladies, thereby displaying their valour and courtly breeding. Beloved by the people and the nobles, their bravery and generosity passing into a proverb, there was not an act of war or policy in which they did not fulfil every expectation of their high renown. They were the masters of pageants, of devices, of courtesy, and the service of the dames. Never did an Abencerrage serve a lady by whom he was not well received, never was there a lady worthy of that name who had an Abencerrage for a lover.

"In the midst of this prosperity and honour, Fortune, envious of their tranquillity, changed it into a state the most deplorable that can well be conceived. This misfortune was caused by the King, who aggrieved two of their number, whereupon it was alleged that they and their lineage had conspired to put him to death, and divide the empire among them, in revenge for the affront. Whether true or false, the plot was discovered, and the whole were seized and executed before it came to the ears of the people, who doubtless never would have consented to such injustice.

"When dragged to punishment, it was a woeful thing to hear the complaints and lamentations which

were made throughout the city. Numbers hastened to the King, and endeavoured to soften him with large sums of silver and gold; but his resentment was too great to give place to clemency. When the multitude saw this they began afresh to weep, the cavaliers for whom they prayed wept, the dames they honoured wept, and all the city deplored the fate of their best and most honoured citizens. The King was deaf to their entreaties, and ordered the sentence to be executed. So that of all this lineage there remained not one, except my father and uncle, who had taken no part in the conspiracy. As a winding up of this catastrophe, their houses were pulled down, their lands confiscated, their names proclaimed as traitors, and moreover it was ordained that no Abencerrage should live in Granada, except my father and uncle, upon the condition that their sons should be nurtured without the city, and their daughters married without the kingdom."

When the Alcayde heard this pitiful recital, and the manner in which the Moor bewailed his misfortunes, he could not abstain from weeping, and turning towards his prisoner, said—

"Of a certainty Abindaraez, great is your reason to lament the woeful fall of your race, whom I cannot bring myself to believe capable of treason, and had I no other proof than the word of a man so courageous as yourself, I would much doubt their guilt."

"May Allah reward you for your kindness!" replied the Moor. "It is what all the world believe of my ancestors."

"As I was brought into the light under the same doom as the rest, I was sent to a fortress which the Christians call Carthama, to the care of its Governor, with whom my father kept up an ancient friendship. A man of distinction and wealth, but his greatest wealth is an only daughter with whom I was educated from childhood, in the belief that we were sister and brother—for as such were we always treated. The love I bear the fair Xarifa (for thus is the lady of my affections named) would be slight indeed had I power to describe it; it is enough that I would now give a thousand lives to enjoy a moment's sight of her beauty."

"Our ages increased, but still more increased our loves, and already it was of another kind than fraternal. I remember she was one day in the garden of jessamines ornamenting her forehead, and I was admiring its beauty. I know not how, but I began to have some doubt of our relationship, and immediately hastened towards her."

"'Brother,' said she, causing me to sit down on the opposite side of a fountain, 'why have you left me so long in solitude?'"

"'Lady!' I answered, 'I have long sought you, and though no one could say in what retreat you concealed yourself, yet my heart has told me. Now tell me what certainty have you that I am your brother?'"

"'I have no other,' she replied, 'than the love I bear you, and because every one says the same.'"

"'And if we were not related, would you still love me?' said I."

"'Don't you see,' said she, her face crimsoning with blushes, 'if we were not brother and

sister, we would not be left as we are; for my part, it seems to me that our relationship naturally obliges us to love each other.'"

"'Your beauty alone,' I replied, 'obliges this relationship;' and thereupon lowering my eyes through bashfulness, I beheld her fair image reflected in the fountain wherever I gazed, but the truest was pictured in my heart; then said I to myself, 'If I now drown in this fountain wherein I see my mistress imaged, how much more excusable than Narcissus would I die!' then stretching forth my hand among the jessamines which grew on its border, and mixing them with myrtles, I composed a blooming garland, and putting it on my head, turned round, crowned, and conquered. Xarifa regarding me with a tender look, removed it from my brow, and placing it on a head more beautiful than that of Venus, exclaimed—'What do you think of me now, Abindaraez?'"

"I think," answered I, "that you come to conquer the whole world, and be crowned its Queen and Mistress."

"'If that were the case,' she replied, arising and taking my hand, 'Brother, you should lose nothing.'"

"I followed her without reply till we came out of the garden."

"For some days it seemed that cruel Love delayed to give me any certainty of what I so much desired to know, but time laying open the secret, we discovered there was no relation between us, and thus our love stood on its proper footing. All my happiness centred in Xarifa, and except in her presence every thing in the world seemed joyless and wretched. Our pastimes were now different from what they had hitherto been; already I began to dread discovery; I was jealous of the sun which shone on her, and although there was no difference in her behaviour towards me, I thought otherwise, for self-distrust is the sure attendant of a lover."

"It happened another day that she was near the crystal fountain, when I also was standing by: She asked me to sing, for she often took delight in hearing me. At this moment I was in such despair that I could not believe she wished it for the pleasure of listening, but only to prevent an opportunity of declaring my passion. Having no other wish, however, than to do what Xarifa desired, I began in the Arabic tongue the following song, by which I gave her to understand all the cruelty of which I suspected her:—

Thy polish'd neck the snow outvies,
Two radiant suns appear those eyes;
And thy vermeil-tinctured face
Is the firmament they grace;
Thy rosy mouth and golden hair,
The quintessence of all that's rare;
Excelling far the ruby bright,
Or rays from golden Apollo's light.
Though bound in tyrant Cupid's chain,
No tender look relieves my pain,
And though my locks dishevell'd flow,
No word she speaks to cure my woe.
A mouth so lovely and severe,
A breast so dark, and yet so clear,
Oh! who hath seen?—so stern an eye,
A yielding neck that would not comply;
Still bridling in disdainful pride,
Scorn in her eyes doth sparkling ride.

If her gesture tell me nay,
What doth her little mouth not say?
Can I hope it will express,
Murmuring low, a loving "Yes."

"Such was the power of these words, when assisted by the love which uttered them, that I beheld the tears running down her cheeks. I cannot say whether joy at seeing this proof of her affection, or pain for having caused it, was the strongest feeling. Calling me to her, Xarifa commanded me to sit down before her, and began to speak in this manner:—

"Abindaraez, since you have now declared yourself, I hope before we part my words will let you know whether my affection is slight, or if it is such as will endure while life lasts. I do not wish to blame you for your suspicion, for I now there is nothing more unavoidable in love; but to remedy this, and the grief I feel to be estranged from you, henceforth you shall be the master of my liberty under the bond of matrimony always, the want of which, above all things, restrains the great affection I bear you."

"Hearing these words, I was seized with so great joy that I knew not what to do, unless to throw myself at her feet, and kiss her fair hands.

"Under this promise I passed some days in the most delightful content: but fortune, envious of this happiness, determined to overturn it, and this she effected in the following manner. The King of Grenada, to increase the charge of the Alcayde of Carthama, sent him a command to leave that fortress, and repair to Coyn; the town which borders your command, leaving me in the meantime under the charge of its new governor; this news, so disastrous for me and my mistress, having come to our ears, judge, if ever you have loved, what we both felt. We met in secrecy to lament our separation; I called her by a thousand tender appellations, with which love inspired me—'when your beauty will be separated from me,' said I, 'will you sometimes think of your captive?' Here tears and sighs interrupted my words, and I forgot what I uttered in my despair; for my mistress holds my memory in her keeping. But who can describe what Xarifa felt? words she then addressed to me, the least of which would suffice to occupy my memory a lifetime, and I do mention them, valorous Alcayde, for if your heart has never felt the passion, they would seem improbable; and if it has, you could not believe that one to whom such were addressed, would ever again repeat them. She ended with saying that on the first opportunity, either from her parent's absence, or indisposition, she would send for me to carry into effect what was concerted between us. With this promise my heart was somewhat lightened. They departed next day, and I was left like one whom travelling over rugged and sterile mountains the sun deserts, and he remains in solitude and darkness the most obscure. I soon began to feel her absence, and in vain sought the most fanciful remedies for my grief; I gazed on the window where she was wont to sit, the couch on which she had reclined, and the garden where she was wont to shade herself from the heat of the day. In every one of these I found a certain delight. True it is, that the hope of being summoned to

her sustained and comforted me, and with this, I deceived my apprehensions. Although I was sometimes pained that my wishes were so long delayed, and would have rejoiced that I had been left in total despair, (for despair labours till it becomes certainty, but hope till its wishes are completed), nevertheless it was my good fortune that my mistress kept her word, having this morning sent by a servant whom she much loved, to command that I would instantly repair to her, as her father had departed to Grenada by the king's order. Revived by this sudden and unlooked for happiness, I quickly prepared for the journey, and waiting till night that I might travel more secretly, I clothed myself in the brave apparel in which you encountered me, to manifest to my mistress the joy of my heart. Assuredly I did not think that two cavaliers could have stopped my journey, since I carry my mistress with me, and if you have prevailed it is not by valour, for that was impossible, but through my fatal destiny, which is resolved to overturn my schemes of happiness. Think at this moment of the happiness I have lost, and the evil I have gained. From Carthama to Coyn (a short journey, though to my ardour it appeared endless), I came the most gallant Abencerrage that ever existed; I came at the command of my mistress, to see my mistress, and to marry my mistress. Behold me now! wounded—a captive, and in the power of one whose intentions I know not, and what I most of all feel this night will end all chance of my success. Leave me then, Christian, to console myself with sighs and lighten my breast of its load; and do not call this weakness, for it would be too much to expect courage to bear such a rigorous destiny without acting in the same manner."

The words of the Moor went to the soul of the valiant Narvaez, and not a little he marvelled at the strange success of his loves; seeing that nothing could be more prejudicial to this affair than delay, he thus spoke:—

"Abindaraez, you shall see that my virtue has more power than your evil destiny, and if you will promise to surrender yourself my prisoner within three days I will set you at liberty that you may continue the journey you have commenced; for in sooth it would grieve me much to oppose such a gallant enterprise."

The Abencerrage hearing this would have fallen at his feet with joy, "Alcayde of Alora," said he, "if you do this you will restore me to life and hope, and do the noblest act of generosity that ever knight performed; take the security you wish."

Then Rodrigo de Narvaez called to his companions, and said:—

"Seniors! grant me the freedom of this prisoner and I will be your security for his ransom!"

And they answered everything was at his disposal, for whatever he thought fit to do they were content.

Whereupon the Alcayde took the hand of the Abencerrage and said:—

"You promise on the faith of a knight, to come as a prisoner to my Castle of Alora within the third day."

And he answered, "I do promise."

"Then go in peace; and if on your way you should be in need of my assistance, that also shall you command."

The Moor thanked him gratefully, and received the horse which the Alcayde gave him, (for his own was weary and faint from loss of blood), and turning his bridle, took the road to Coyn at full speed. Whilst Rodrigo de Narvaez and his companions bent their way to Alora discoursing on the valour and gentleness of the noble Abencerrage.

Not long time did the Moor take, from the speed at which he rode, to arrive at the fortress of Coyn; and perceiving that all was silent, he knocked with his spear on the door, for that was the signal which the duenna had given him. The dame immediately opened it, saying, "Senior, your delay has given us great concern. My lady has long awaited you. Alight! and I will lead you to her."

He dismounted from his horse, and fastening him by the bridle in a secret place, took the duenna's hand as gently as possible that they might not alarm the inhabitants of the castle, and in this manner ascended the stairs to the bower of the fair Xarifa, who knowing his arrival, arose to receive him with the greatest joy, and the lovers were folded in each other's arms.

"What has detained you so long, my Lord?" said she, "your stay has given me great pain and trouble!"

"Lady!" replied he, "rest assured this could not happen through any negligence of mine, but things do not always happen in this world as man desires."

"I have wished, Abindaraez," said she, interrupting him, "that you should see how love's captives keep their word; for since the day I gave you my promise as the pledge of my heart I have sought all manner of ways to break it. I have commanded you to come to this fortress to see if you are as much my prisoner as I am yours. I have brought you hither to become master of me and the wealth of my father, (under the name of spouse always, for to any other way neither my rank nor your loyalty could consent). Well, I know this will be against the will of my father, who, as he knows not your worth so well as I, will rather wish to give me a husband that is rich; but such is my opinion of your person and honour, that I esteem them the greatest wealth in the world." And saying this she hung down her head, feeling a new and strange embarrassment at having declared so much.

The Moor clasped her in his arms and replied, "My dear life! in return for the countless favours you bestow on me I have nothing now to offer, for I am all your own. Receive this ring as a token that you are my spouse and lady."

A sudden thought came over the Abencerrage to cloud his joy, and he became so gloomy that the fair Xarifa was surprised at the change, and listening attentively she heard him sigh grievously. It was not possible the dame could suffer quietly this great affront to her beauty and loyalty: Turning towards him, in a lively though tremulous voice she said, "What is this, Abindaraez? it seems that you are displeased with me. If I am your sole happiness tell me why you sigh, and if

I am not why have you deceived me? If you serve any other dame tell me who she is that I also may serve her, or if you have any grief in which I am not interested, tell it me, for I will either die or obtain the secret?"

Ashamed and confused at his conduct, and knowing that to conceal the truth would give great cause of suspicion, with a passionate sigh Abindaraez replied:—

"Lady! if I did not love you more than myself, I never would have given such a proof of it; for grief I would have borne patiently, had I suffered singly; but now I am obliged to leave you, I have no strength to support it. To keep you no longer in suspense I shall relate all that has passed." And thereupon he narrated his misfortune without omitting a single occurrence.

"So that your captive, lady, is also the captive of the Governor of Alora; I feel not the prison in which you enclose my heart, but to live without you would be death itself. And thus you see my sighs are rather caused by excess of loyalty than the want of it." Having said this he remained as sad and pensive as before.

With a joyful countenance Xarifa answered, "Do not afflict yourself, Abindaraez! I will take upon myself the remedy of your grief, for this concerns me. If it be true that a prisoner who has given his word to return to his prison disengages himself from his parole upon remitting his ransom, I have the keys of my father's coffers and riches, and I will give them to you that you may send all you have promised. Rodrigo de Narvaez is an honourable knight, and he has once given you freedom, for the which you are bounden to him, and must use the greatest delicacy, but it will be the same thing to have the ransom as to have you at his disposal."

Abindaraez replied, "It is easily seen, Senora, that the love you bear me will not permit you to give good counsel. Assuredly I shall not fall into such an error as this, for if when single I was bound by my word, now that I am your's, the obligation is still more binding. I shall return to Alora, and place myself in the hands of the Alcayde. After which let fortune do with me as she thinks fit."

"God forbid!" replied Xarifa, "that whilst you are in prison I should remain free when I am not free. I shall accompany you on this journey, for neither my affection for you nor fear of my offended father leaves me any other course."

The Moor, weeping with joy, took her in his arms and said, "My love! you are for ever adding to your favours—do what seems best to you, for that will best please me."

Having thus deliberated, they prepared for their journey and departed for Alora before daybreak. From the speed with which they travelled, they soon arrived at that fortress, and going up to its castle as soon as they had knocked at the gate it was opened by the guards, who were already made aware of what had passed. The valiant Alcayde received them with much courtesy, and Abindaraez entering the door, took his spouse by the hand and presented her to him, saying, "Behold valiant Rodrigo! if I have not well kept my word. I promised you one prisoner and have brought two,

one of whom will conquer many more; in this lady you see my wife. Judge if I have suffered without cause, and receive us as your captives, for I place my love and honour at your disposal."

The Alcayde rejoiced greatly, and said to the lady, "Madam! I know not which of you surpasses the other, but I am much indebted to both. Enter and rest in your castle, for it is as much at your command as its governor." And they entered and refreshed themselves, for they were wearied.

The Alcayde then asked the Moor how his wounds felt. "I fear me," said he, "that they will be inflamed and painful from your journey."

"What is this, Senior?" said the fair Xarifa in great dismay, "have you any wounds that I am ignorant of?"

"Whoever hath escaped from your's will care little for any others," replied he, "it is true that I received two slight hurts in last night's skirmish, and from travelling and neglect they give me some uneasiness, but it is nothing."

"It would be well, however, that you lie down," said the Alcayde, "and I shall send for the surgeon who lives in the castle."

The fair Xarifa immediately caused him to unrobe, endeavouring to conceal her alarm, lest it should pain him to see it; and the surgeon arriving, examined his wounds, and declared there was little danger, for they were in a slanting direction; and with a certain remedy which he applied, he eased the pain, so that in three or four days they were cured.

One day, as they were sitting down to dine, Abindaraez said to the Alcayde these words:—

"Rodrigo de Narvaez, with your discretion I have some hopes that this affair, which now wears such a disastrous aspect, will get a remedy at your hands. This is the fair Xarifa, of whom I have told you; she is my spouse and lady, and does not wish to remain at Coyn, for fear of her parent's displeasure, and though he does not yet know what has happened, she dreads it will soon come to his ears. He is at present at Grenada with the king, and I know that the king esteems you for your virtue and bravery, notwithstanding you are a Christian. I beseech you therefore to demand our pardon since fortune has unexpectedly taken this turn."

The Alcayde replied "Console yourself, Senior! I promise you on the word of a knight to do all I can for you in this affair." And immediately he called for paper and ink, and sate him down and wrote a letter to the King of Grenada, in which he stated the case in few and simple words, and it was to this effect:—"Most powerful King of Grenada, the Alcayde of Alora, Rodrigo de Narvaez kisses your royal hands, and says that the Abencerrage, who was nurtured at Carthama, though born in Grenada, being under the charge of the Alcayde of that fortress, became enamoured of the fair Xarifa his daughter; and when to exalt the said Alcayde you send him to Coyn, the lovers to make sure of their happiness, affianced themselves to one another. As Abindaraez was journeying to his mistress, in the absence of her father (who is at present with you) I encountered him on the road, and in a certain skirmish in which he shewed himself both stout and valiant gained him

for my prisoner, but moved to pity and vanquished by his prayers, I gave him his liberty for three days; he departed to his nuptials, and in one day recovered his freedom and lost his freedom. His wife seeing that Abindaraez would return to his captivity, resolved to accompany him, and so they are both at present in my power. I beseech you let not the name of Abencerrage offend you, for both he and his father are innocent of the conspiracy against your royal person, as a proof of which they are still in life. I humbly entreat your highness that the evil lot of these sad lovers be remedied between us; and for this end I shall remit his ransom from the regard I bear for him; and do you command the lady's father (since he is your vassal) to pardon her and receive the Moor as his son; and in so doing you will grant me a great favour, and act as might be expected from your grandeur and virtue."

With this letter one of his esquires was despatched, who arrived before the king and presented it to him. The king looked on the same, and knowing the hand-writing rejoiced exceedingly, for this one Christian he honoured for his valour and merit. When he had read the letter he turned round, and seeing the Alcayde of Coyn, took him aside, and shewed it to him, saying, "Read this!" and he read it; and seeing what had happened was much displeased.

"Trouble not yourself even though you have cause!" said the king to him, "the Alcayde of Alora will demand nothing in vain which it is in my power to grant him, and I command you to go without delay to Alora, and pardon your children, and for this I shall do you much benefit."

The Moor was grieved to the heart, but seeing he could not disobey the king's command, making a virtue of necessity, concealed his feelings. He departed and came to Alora, where he was well received by all. Abindaraez and his daughter came before him with much bashfulness, and kissed his hands. He received them kindly, saying—

"We will not now mention what has passed. The king has ordered me to pardon you, and I do pardon you for having married without my leave, the more readily my daughter that you have chosen a better husband than I would have done for you."

Rodrigo de Narvaez was well pleased to see what happened, and gave them many banquets and entertainments.

One day before setting down to dine he said, "I pride myself so much at having put this business in a prosperous train, that nothing could give me more joy. I desire nothing more for your ransom than the honour of having had you for my prisoner. Abindaraez you are free."

The Moors in the greatest surprise thanked him gratefully, and clothing themselves for the journey they departed next day from Alora in the company of Narvaez, and came to Coyn, where divers feasts and rejoicings were made in honour of the nuptials. Which pageants being over, their father took them aside and said to them, "Children, now that you are masters of my wealth and in tranquility, it is reasonable that you acquit yourselves of what you owe to the Alcayde of Alora, who, by his courtesy and gallantry towards you, loses his ransom. On the contrary he deserves to be repaid tenfold. I

desire that you send him four thousand zechins of gold, and preserve him as your friend, for he is worthy to be so, albeit the law between you and him is different."

Abindaraez joyfully despatched the money to Rodrigo, enclosed in a rich coffer, and that he might not appear discourteous or ungrateful, added six noble horses, and as many shields and lances, whose handles and points were of fine gold. The fair Xarifa wrote him a sweet and loving letter, thanking him much for what he had done for them and their fortunes, and that she might not be less liberal than the others, added a box of sweet smelling cypress, within which was a costly robe for his person. The valorous Alcayde received the presents, and after thanking many times the person who brought them, shared the horses and lances among the esquires who had accompanied him on the night of the skirmish, and keeping to himself the box of cypress-wood which the dame had sent him, he returned the zechins to the messenger with these words:—

"Say to the Lady Xarifa, that I have received this money as the ransom of her husband, and I present it to her to help the expense of her bridal. And tell her that for her friendship alone I would give in exchange all I possess in the world."

The messenger turned and departed to Coyn, and greatly was extolled the liberality of the magnanimous Captain, whose descendants still survive in Antequera, displaying by their magnificent deeds the noble origin whence they have sprung.

ROMANCE AND REASON.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

"Oh! we'll find out a sweet little World for ourselves,
Where our minist'ring slaves shall be frolicsome elves,
All dressed in gay liveries of green;
And we'll live upon love, and our drink shall be drawn
From the dew-bells, that fill the flower-cups on the lawn,
And that empire shall hail you its Queen!

"Our food shall be fruits, all delicious and rare,
And the black Bandit-bee shall a banquet prepare
Of the honey it robs from the flowers;
The Nightingale's lays shall enliven each grove,
As kind echo repeats, "Oh! I love! oh! I love!"
'Midst the leaves of the rose-cover'd bowers!

"All day shall we saunter o'er emerald meads,
Where his flocks the young Shepherd in innocence feeds;
And by night we shall gaze on the Moon;"—
"Nay, hear me," she cried, "I've a plan far more wise,
For the world we are now in appears, to my eyes,
Better far than the one of your tune!

* "i rusignoli
Chi va di ramo in ramo
Cantando, io amo, io amo!"

TASSO.

"Give me a smart footman, instead of your elf,
And a tea-cup of China, or even of Delf,
I prefer to your buds from the grove;
For instead of your dew, let me tell you, I'll quaff
Wine, sherbet, and tea,—then your food makes me
laugh!!

—Lord! who e'er could live upon Love?

"The Nightingales all are quite good, in their way,
But I can't think of trudging o'er meadows all day,
And I hate the shrill bleating of sheep;
But we'll have a nice carriage—a carriage and four,—
And we'll visit gay folks—for your Shepherd's a
bore,

And at night—do you think I don't sleep?

"For really, to gaze on the Moon, does to me
Seem of folly or frenzy the highest degree;
So I vote for some sleep, if you please;
And then *Gas* can impart a far livelier glow
Than the Moon, which is nothing at all, as you know,
But a huge vulgar lump of GREEN CHEESE!"

THE CAMPANILA.

BY MRS. WIELES LEIGH-CLIFFE.

Were those light and lovely bells
Form'd to call the Bees together?
Breathe they music's softest spells
In the bright and sunny weather?
If they do, oh! let me hear
Each sound that doth the wing'd ones cheer.
Do they hail the Fairy train
As they o'er the heather trip;—
Echo o'er the dewy plain,
Calling birds the gems to sip?
If they do, oh! let me hear
The chimes they love, the sounds that cheer.
Do they, with a joyous peal,
Greet the early morning's peeping?
Do they softly, sweetly steal
When the evening's shades are creeping?
If they do, oh! let me hear
The sounds they breathe in Nature's ear.
Flowery Bells! your music rings
In praise of HIM who made ye fair
As aught of those bright blooming things
That shed their incense to the air;—
Though your notes I may not hear
Still in beauty flourish here!

CHARADES.

Oh! I love to rove in the woods and fields,
In my first, when Nature is clad;
To the coldest bosom it pleasure yields,
And it makes the warm heart glad.
My next, if you guess it, you'll certainly make,
But as certainly not if you miss,
A personal pronoun then you must take;—
'Tis a village a short ride from this.
My first is a vulgar abbreviation
Of a female's Christian name,
It was once the greatest in the nation,
And is still in the mouth of Fame;
Two-thirds of a drunkard dead to shame,
And the initial of the writer's name;—
Another village small and still,
You can guess it surely if you will.

KATE MOWBRAY.

Varied and beautiful as is the face of Nature yet there are some spots of earth which she has pre-eminently distinguished by the lavish profusion of her decorations. Such was the Valley of D—. It was a lovely spot, the soft beauty of the scenery, the gentle and balmy air, and the unclouded skies seemed to mingle in harmonious unison, and drew from even the most indifferent and careless observer of Nature's magnificence the tribute of admiration, calculated to effect this in minds where the natural perceptions require to be stimulated by more than ordinary attractions, it proportionably increased in beauty to those whose more refined and sensitive feelings rendered them capable of appreciating its charms; to such it offered an asylum where when wearied with the cares and pains and sickened with disgust at the daily crimes of crowded cities, they might fly for repose, and the riven-hearted might lay down their sorrows and rest in peace. Of this peaceful domain Kate Mowbray was the presiding goddess; nor was this homage undeservedly paid to the fair girl who unconsciously exacted it, alike from her equals and those whom fortune had placed in a less elevated station; from the former by her graceful yet unpretending manners, and the natural suavity of her disposition; from the latter by acts of kindness and benevolence; thus honoured and beloved there was not a lip that refused to join in the universal praise that was uttered, or the prayers that were daily offered for her happiness and prosperity. She was just verging into womanhood, a period of female life which is invested with charms not easily to be defined, and where interest is powerfully excited by witnessing the playful and buoyant spirit of girlish indifference maturing into the refined and subdued feelings of woman. Kate was not a beauty in the ordinary acceptation of the word; her cheeks were pale—so pale that they might, in colour, have been compared with the pure unspotted lily; her eyes of soft blue, and her auburn hair descending in careless ringlets shaded the expressive features, in which were blended the mild beams of benevolence and the placidity which spoke the purity and serenity of her mind, that while gazing on them the observer forgot the cold and studied rules by which criticism regulates the standard of female beauty, and she appeared lovely as the creatures of the mighty genius and magic pencil of a Raphael.

Brought up from earliest infancy amidst the peaceful scenes before described, she imbibed an enthusiastic love for the beauties of nature. Her father's habits of domestication precluded her from mixing much in company, save a select few of their immediate neighbourhood, and their migrations were rare, and principally confined to little tours around the lakes and picturesque scenery for which Cumberland is so justly celebrated. This comparative seclusion infused a tinge of melancholy in her composition, but it was of so mild and pleasing a nature that it served to heighten rather than detract from her charms, and added to her natural sensibility; at the same time the principles which based her education gave a tone and vigour to her mind, the solidity of which is vainly

sought for in the meretricious graces of a pupil of a fashionable seminary. She was not, however, destitute of those accomplishments which render still more fascinating and attractive the female character; but in her case they were free from affectation, and pursued rather as an elegant amusement and recreation than an essential and positive advantage. Her dancing contributed to render her deportment still more graceful, and her step still more airy and sylph-like; her sweet voice when exercised in the power of song was still sweeter and expressive, and as she trolled forth the simple melodies she was accustomed to do, aided by her harp, the effect was that intended by their nature; sang from the heart they reached the hearts of her hearers, and often would her father sit and listen to her in all the pride of parental affection, till the tear of joy would tremble in his eye, and he would frequently retire to conceal the emotions which had been thus at once pleasing and painfully excited by recollections of past times and past hopes.

Kate had never experienced a mother's love and tenderness, as shortly after her birth that parent died. For a considerable period after that sorrowful event Mr. Mowbray was inconsolable, he was attached to his young bride with all the fervour and ardency of a first love, and his passion had been met and returned with a reciprocity which he felt was not a second time to be experienced; at length an innate sense of piety and a consciousness of the two-fold character he was called upon to sustain to repair his child's loss, had their weight, and roused him from the stupor into which grief had plunged him; he determined to relinquish the gay scenes and splendour in which his wealth and connections had entitled him to move, and which no longer possessed any charms; but on the contrary, served to render him more tremulously alive to his loss, since she who was his heart's pride was no longer to ornament the brilliant circle with her presence; he therefore bade a final adieu to fashion and all its votaries, and retired to the sylvan spot he now inhabited. In devoting his whole time to his little girl he felt he did not live in vain, in infancy he viewed her as a precious legacy bequeathed to him by one who in early life had shed a sunshine upon his path, and in death had not deserted him, since she had left him the memory of her love and a living resemblance of her beauty, which like a tender flower blown from the parent stem, required the utmost vigilance and care to be nurtured into maturity.

The infantile caresses of his babe soothed and beguiled the hours which had otherwise been spent in sorrow and anguish; until time, that powerful tranquilizer, with its lenient hand calmed his recollections, and he lived for his child alone, watching her progress in years, beauty, and the daily expansion of a mind whose susceptibility and devoted affection more than repaid him for all he had suffered—all he had endured. Thus loving and beloved by her father and all around her, Kate began to ripen into maturity, the unsophisticated child of nature, giving promise of future lengthened days of happiness, if innocence and purity like hers could claim exemption from the trials and vicis-

situdes to which all of human mould are exposed in their passage through the ever-varying and eventful scenes of life; but in her case, like too many where hope is brightest, a mysterious but all-wise and over-ruling Providence had decreed that she was to prove an exemplification of the instability of human hopes and prospects, however well and virtuously founded.

Accidental circumstances led to the residence of Mr. Mowbray, Augustus Clifford, the son of a gentleman of aristocratic influence and connections, with whom Mr. Mowbray, prior to his determined rustication, had been on terms of friendship, which notwithstanding time, distance, and the difference of their now respective modes of life, had not been wholly obliterated. The son of an old friend was therefore received with a cordial welcome, and became an installed guest during his stay in that part of the country, which was protracted considerably beyond the time originally limited, arising from the pleasure and happiness Augustus experienced in the society of his new friends.

Augustus Clifford was a man of fashion, one of the *élite* of *ton*, and had hitherto moved only in that select circle, miscalled the "World," whose pride, artificial refinement, and polished manners, contemptuously rejected all acquaintance or companionship with those who bore not its own peculiar seal and impress. To Clifford therefore a short sojourn in a country village, far away from the world of fashion, amidst mere rustics, and for a time to conform himself to their manners and their habits, was a novelty not the less acceptable, as he could not conceal from himself, notwithstanding he was the idol of the circle in which he moved, that he had become palled and satiated with the many but self-same round of pleasures which is part and parcel of the very existence of a man of fashion. He was glad therefore of a change, not that he anticipated any great charms to be experienced during his rustication, for he could not wholly divest his mind of those prejudices he had imbibed against those who did not belong to the "order" of which he was so distinguished a member; but still it *was* a change, as such he welcomed it, and he thought that after a time spent in amusing himself with observing the manners and enduring the sameness and monotony of a country life, he should return to enjoy with renovated ardour the scenes he had just deserted.

But a short time after his arrival at D—— had elapsed ere his sentiments underwent a great change. A country life found favour in his eyes; he had entertained no conception that it was capable of being invested with such charms. The lovely and picturesque landscape around him—so quiet—so soothing and so calm, created emotions of delight which the most splendid saloons in which he had figured, the envy of his own sex and the admired of the other and fairer portion had failed to excite. He placed in juxtaposition the calm tranquility he now experienced and the feverish excitement followed by the painful lassitude amounting almost to disgust at the close of some of those scenes in which he had been accustomed to spend the principal part of his time; he now wondered at their frivolity and shallowness—he wondered that rational individuals, possessed of education, and

of what was termed refined taste, could be found to be so indifferent to the beauties of nature as to turn rural life and scenes like the present into subjects for ridicule and sarcasm, and he wondered how himself and those of a similar stamp could have affected raptures at the sight of a landscape painting—the work of some celebrated artist, and eulogize it as splendid while they viewed with indifference the great original in all its inimitable perfection of beauty.

If the revulsion his feelings had undergone with regard to inanimate nature had been great, still greater and more important was that effected by one of those very rustics who but a short time previous had been held in little estimation, indeed with feelings almost bordering on contempt. The individual who had thus changed his fashionable creed was—Kate Mowbray. Hitherto Clifford had viewed woman through a false and bigoted medium in the little world in which he had moved, he saw that ambition was their prevailing characteristic—that wealth and splendour was the shrine at which was sacrificed their charms, their inclinations, and every other consideration. With such a limited intercourse and the prejudicial notions he had imbibed with his education he had never conceived the nature of woman's heart when not perverted and disfigured by artificial refinement and vanity; he had heard and read of woman's love and faith—the delicacy and intensity of her feelings—the purity of her affection—her constancy and fidelity, which expires but with life itself; but all this he deemed existed only in the glowing pages of poetry, and the heated brain of a romantic enthusiast. From the first moment of his introduction the mild and prepossessing features of Kate engrossed his attention, her winning and graceful manners strongly excited his admiration, the minute and delicate attentions she paid her father, evincing the most unbounded love, affected him. The silver tones of her voice, as she engaged in conversation, rivetted his attention and invested the most common topics with charms. Never before had he beheld a creature so wholly inartificial, so interesting. Daily, nay hourly, did she increase in attractions, personal and mental; but the latter obtained the greatest influence; his own highly cultivated mind and taste responded to hers, and by degrees the prejudices arising from his perverted but not corrupted heart became rooted out. His situation was new, and his sensations at first strange and undefined, but they soon assumed a more decided character; every hour spent in her society enlarged his feelings, and what he before deemed romance now became reality. He found that his admiration had insensibly ripened into a passion. A very short communing with his own heart, and he felt that to consult his future happiness it was essential to foster the incipient feelings of love, which began to assert its sway. A few weeks thus passed away, and Clifford found his passion had increased, as had his attentions to the fair girl, although he had not ventured yet to breathe to her a sentence indicating his feelings, such is the retiring sensitiveness of true love. Notwithstanding his reserve his penetrating eye saw that he too had created an impression on the heart of Kate; he felt that words were not necessary to his

hopes when the eyes of each spoke a language mutually understood, mutually eloquent. He felt convinced, aye, as plainly as if she had audibly expressed her love, that their sentiments were congenial—that his passion was repaid. He therefore sought Mr. Mowbray, and after a short conference explanatory of his feelings and expressive of his conviction that he was not altogether indifferent to her, he obtained the desired permission and the acknowledgment from Mr. Mowbray that he had himself seen the growing attachment of Kate, and although from her inexperience in matters connected with the heart she might be unconscious of the force of her feelings, he had seen the probable issue of the introduction, and had consequently felt all the anxiety of a father desirous for the welfare and happiness of his only child, and that child one of the best and gentlest of her sex.

Clifford sought an early opportunity of pouring his tale of love into the ear of that being who was now all the world to him; the film of prejudice had been removed from his eyes, and he saw that real love had no dependence on the extraneous aid of wealth, splendour, or title; he saw the folly of his former exclusiveness, and had Kate been what she was not—the unportionless and unfriended child of merit—he should have loved her for herself alone; he should without hesitation have introduced her into the circle of his fashionable acquaintance, as one whose charms would grace even the most splendid and elevated station, and counterbalanced the want of fortune.

Calm and beautiful was the summer's evening during one of their accustomed walks that Clifford chose for the revealment of his love. The last rays of the burning sun had left the summit of the surrounding hills, and the pale moon rose in the heavens, shining clearly and calmly, tipping the trees and flowers with its silvery splendour, and imparting a feeling of holiness and purity characteristic at once of the mind of Kate, and the chastened love of Clifford. Amidst the solitude and tranquillity of such a beautiful scene, was it that Kate for the first time listened to the voice of love, which in impassioned accents but gentle voice met her willing ear, she listened but spoke not—a thrilling and ecstatic delight which ran through her frame, suspended articulation. It was overpowering—she sank upon his breast, and at that moment she felt the warm lips of Clifford pressed to hers, and involuntarily she returned their pressure. That kiss they mutually felt was the seal which confirmed the compact and union of their hearts.

The rubicon had been passed—disguise or concealment was no longer necessary, the timidity and shrinking reserve of true love hourly vanished giving place to bolder views and sentiments. Their conversation was the mirror which reflected their minds, and the medium by which enthusiasm, devotion, and a stream of unuttered and unutterable feelings swelling within their bosoms found a vent. Day after day, as they traversed the beautiful scenery by which they were surrounded, formed by nature for souls of poetry and romance, their enraptured minds drank deep of its inspiration, raising them for the moment superior to humanity. Such a description of their feelings

may by many be deemed too florid, too highly coloured, and accordingly censured or denied; but surely such impulses, such emotions do dwell and are experienced in the hearts of those where the refinement of love is felt—

“ Yes, love indeed is light from Heaven
A spark of that immortal fire
With Angels shared, by Alla given
To raise from earth our low desire.”

Whilst thus enraptured and happy in each other, Clifford received a letter which awoke him from his entrancement; it was a summons requiring his presence in Italy, in consequence of the serious illness of his father. The hasty preparations for his journey having been completed, on the evening previous to his departure, he summoned Kate to accompany him in his usual stroll. It was a beautiful evening, all nature seemed hushed in calm repose, calculated to infuse feelings of tranquillity and soothing into the minds of those who were suffering the excitement of an approaching parting. Long did they linger amidst the well known scenes—the tenor of their conversation may be imagined. Clifford that night dwelt with more than his usual animation and eloquence upon his future hopes of happiness; he spoke of their separation as being one that would be but of short duration, and that upon his return they should be no more parted until the termination of life's journey. Kate listened to the voice which of all others she most loved to hear, dwelling upon topics which found a ready entrance to her heart, and were as fondly responded, but still she could not repress a vague and indefinable sensation which infused itself into her bosom, that the pictures of felicity he painted in such glowing colours, were not by her to be realized. She strove to conquer her feelings, but the struggle was vainly made, the impression was not to be eradicated, and an involuntary shudder ran through her frame; Clifford felt the arm which hung on his tremble—the hand he fondly clasped become cold, and her steps faltering; he looked on her face—it was deadly pale, the colour of her lips had fled, and her eyes were suffused in tears. Alarmed, he enquired the cause of her sudden indisposition. A violent gush of tears followed his question, which relieved the oppressive weight from her heart, and faintly smiling, she replied she was better. To his renewed and eager importunity she reluctantly explained the presentiment which, overpowering her feelings, had led to her temporary illness. “I would not,” she continued, in a voice still tremulous from emotion, but yet in a tone strongly indicating her firm conviction of the ultimate truth of the gloomy presage, “I would not distress you dear Augustus,—I am not superstitious, but I do feel that our love is to be blighted.”

Clifford shuddered as he thought of the possibility of her ill-omened language being verified. but hope, and that innate unwillingness to believe in ought that might darken those bright and glowing pictures which youth ever delight in painting, lent its aid, and enabled him to combat all visionary ideas, which in his eyes had not even the merit of tangible grounds on which to build so fearful a superstructure. He urged the undying

devotedness of his affection, and then deviating from the serious, in a light and playful manner treated as old fashioned, ridiculous, and absurd, the notion of belief in omens, second sight, and the long train of *et ceteras* which the superstition of a by-gone age had invested with terrors.

Kate heard him without interruption; she doubted not his faith, but she could not dispel the painful impressions which crossed her mind, she however forebore uttering one syllable which was calculated to check his happiness or damp the ardour of his hopes; she affected to appear convinced, and made an effort to resume her former cheerfulness, in which she was not wholly unsuccessful, for in minds enthusiastic like hers, the very fragility of her hopes added to its intensity, and the bliss was the more fervently enjoyed when she felt that fate might soon snatch from her the object of adoration.

The following morning witnessed the departure of Clifford for the sunny climes of Italy. At the farewell embrace Kate experienced a renewal of her dark forebodings, and they parted both with feelings deeply and intensely, but differently occupied. Clifford was shadowing forth a future life of love and joy, his whole soul bent upon showering all the happiness which fortune could bestow upon a being who was dearer to him than himself; he anticipated the bliss that awaited him upon his return, when she would bestow on him the name of husband—a name in his ears, to which the high-sounding titles of kings and emperors were but empty and valueless. The currents of Kate's ideas were of a gloomier tendency; her utmost efforts could not shake off the feelings which oppressed her gentle bosom with a cold dead weight—she was inwardly convinced that she had taken her last farewell—that she had parted with him for ever!

Time rolled on; nearly a year had elapsed since the departure of Clifford, when a letter from Mr. Mowbray reached him. Its contents were brief, but of a nature that appalled him. It stated that Kate was ill—dangerously ill; that the physicians had declared recovery hopeless, if indeed she still lived when the intelligence should reach him. A postscript was added—it was in the well known writing of Kate, neat as usual, but marked by a slight tremulous character. With a burning but rapid glance he hurried over every sentence, as if from her own words he might find something for hope to dwell upon—but no, every word was fraught with death; it spoke of the affection which she should fondly cherish while memory retained its function, and that her heart would be cold indeed when it ceased to beat for him who possessed her first, her undivided love. She conjured him by that love, to bear with fortitude the painful trial, to resign himself to the decree of providence, and to console and alleviate her father's pangs; she concluded by expressing a wish that he might be with her at the last—the trying moment, to receive her expiring sigh.

The countenance of a wretch overhanging some dreadful precipice, beneath which yawned a dark and unfathomable abyss, whose convulsive grasp of some slight support was momentarily giving

way, could alone portray the horror which was painted on the features of Clifford. For some moments he continued in a state of stupefaction, his eyes mechanically wandering over the fatal letter. As her last expressed wish that he should be present to receive her dying breath, again met his eye, he awoke to consciousness, and with the calm sullenness of despair he gave orders for his immediate departure for England.

Some time after the letter containing the intelligence of her illness had been despatched to Clifford, Kate's disorder had increased, and assumed a complexion which too plainly told that her very hours were now numbered. The gentle sufferer was calm and resigned, and while every countenance around her bespoke the sorrow they felt, hers alone was tranquil. To sooth the anguish of her father, her every thought was directed, to inspire him with fortitude to support the loss he was soon to experience, she urged every topic that religion and affection could inspire, and then reverting to her love, would declare that the knowledge of what the two beings so near and dear to her heart, would feel at separation, was the only pain she felt, and her only unsatisfied wish was once more to behold the face of Clifford.

A few hours previous to her decease, she requested to be seated at the open window of her chamber. She had become considerably weaker but her wish was complied with. It was a fine summer's evening, the gentle breezes playing upon her wan and pallid countenance seemed to revive and re-animate her, and for a considerable time, supported by pillows, she sat and watched the beautiful scene before her. The last rays of the sun were beaming upon the tops of the surrounding hills, casting a beautiful richness on the vale beneath; as her eye roved over the glades and meadows which she had so often traversed, and endeared to her as the spot whereon she had listened to the vows of Clifford, a gentle sigh stole from her bosom. Her father broke the silence which had long reigned, by expressing his fears that she was fatiguing herself, that she was tasking her strength beyond its powers. A faint but sweet smile which for a moment crossed her countenance, was succeeded by a look melancholy, but meek and resigned, clasping his hands in hers, she replied—

"Nay, dear father, I cannot quit this spot till the declining sun shall have sunk beneath the horizon as I—" here her voice trembled, and she averted her face from his gaze; "I shall not my dear parent, live to witness its rise;—do not interrupt me," she continued, perceiving he was about to speak; "this very day twelvemonths, on such an evening as this, and amidst those scenes which my eyes now fondly, but for the last time gaze upon, was it that I first heard my beloved Augustus speak of his love for me, think you, then, that I can willingly resign thoughts and scenes which memory has so endeared to me, and are, even at this hour, hallowed by recollections of their purity."

As she spoke her voice grew fainter, her strength failed, and sinking back she murmured indistinctly, "Dear father—Augustus love—" the succeeding words became inaudible. Her father hastened to

lay her on the couch, and summon assistance, but the fair and gentle sufferer did not again recover speech or motion; a low breathing only told life still continued, which soon became hushed, and without a struggle to indicate the precise moment of departure her pure spirit winged its flight to other and happier regions.

The sequel is short—Clifford arrived but in time to take a last look, and attend the funeral obsequies of her he so fondly loved, and soon afterwards, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends, to the contrary, he thought to allay the anguish which rankled in his heart, by entering the army, which was then about to be engaged in active service against his country's foes, and long ere the termination of their first campaign, his name was enrolled amongst the long list of those gallant spirits who, mourned by their friends and brave companions found their grave in the battle field.



* THE SELF-EXILED BRIDE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

'Tis done! our bark speeds swiftly o'er
The slumb'ring waters of the main;
And many a year must pass, before
Our feet can press yon shore again!
Exiles, we go to other lands
Of sunny skies, and fountains clear;
Tearing away those sacred bands
That sweet affection wove us here!
The magic circle, sever'd wide,
Of friends—home—country—blessed chain!
Once scatter'd on life's changing tide,
Can never more be join'd again!
Since Fortune links my fate with thine
O'er desert waste, or stormy sea,
I'll follow; nor will e'er repine
While yet thy love is left to me!
For hearts like ours are knit by ties
No changing fortune can remove;
Whose slightest link Time's power defies,
The light but lasting bonds of Love!
Then swiftly speed our vessel o'er
The slumb'ring, but oft treach'rous main;
Since Love can plant the Desert shore
With flowers, to garland Hymen's chain!

RIDDLE.

I am a term applied to things, perhaps abused,
Or in their various services made common;
Though oft attached to man, I have not heard it used
In reference to, even degraded, woman.

ENIGMA.

A word removed from any thing that's low,
And what will shut us out, or shut us in;
Those who don't guess this place at once I trow,
At solving riddles are not worth a pin.

* The above trifle was suggested by the departure of a youthful Bride and Bridegroom for a distant country.

GRACE WILTON.

A TALE.

I had resided but a few weeks in the pretty village of T——, in Devonshire, when chance introduced me to Grace Wilton, the daughter of a respectable medical practitioner, resident in that place. Grace was a pale and rather delicate looking girl, possessing few claims to personal loveliness, and combining in her character a fair proportion of the virtues and failings common to her sex. The seclusion in which Mr.—(or as he was styled par courtesy, by the worthy inhabitants of T——) Doctor Wilton had lived since the death of his wife, by depriving Grace of the advantages of female society, imparted a degree of timidity and reserve to her deportment, that was little calculated to render her a general favourite; but by those few friends who could understand and appreciate her really affectionate heart, and gentleness of disposition, Grace was deservedly esteemed and beloved. Dr. Wilton was an affectionate and indulgent parent, but his time was too much engaged by his professional duties to admit of his becoming a companion or preceptor to his daughter; besides which, he felt a degree of confidence in the honour of his young favourite and assistant, Horace Ashton, which enabled him, with perfect propriety to depute that gentleman the task of escorting Grace when she felt disposed for rambling, and becoming her companion and instructor at home.

It was no wonder that Horace should be a general favourite, for he was a frank, warm-hearted, and really gentlemanly fellow. There were few, I believe, even among the "exclusives" of "our village" who would have refused to become the bride of the handsome young surgeon, but Horace appeared stupidly insensible to the united attractions of rank, beauty, and wealth, and despite of divers well arranged schemes, devised for the purpose of betraying him into matrimony, still remained a bachelor. It was indeed suggested by some of the village coterie, who prided themselves upon being accurate judges in such matters, that Grace Wilton was the person destined at no very distant period, to become Mrs. Horace Ashton: respecting the circumstances which gave rise to this speculation, I cannot take upon myself to determine, but a short time sufficed to reveal to me the nature of my young friend's feelings upon the subject. It was perfectly natural that she should have become in some degree attached to one with whom she had been associated from girlhood. "Were Horace my own brother," she would sometimes say, "I could not esteem him more highly than I do now."

Poor Grace! she had not yet learned the world's cold lesson of dissimulation, she could not veil beneath a calm brow and unvarying cheek, the wild passionate feelings of her young heart, and the blush that crimsoned her usually pale features when her eye encountered, but for a moment, the fixed, earnest gaze of Horace, told of a love deeper than that of kindred.

It was not so easy to discover the nature of Horace's regard for his young companion; his manner towards her was uniformly kind and attentive, and she certainly stood higher in his esti-

mation than any other female in his present limited circle of friends; it was therefore, possible that should circumstances not carry him beyond that circle, Grace might become his wife; but I did not consider his attachment to her sufficiently strong to withstand the power of superior attractions, either mental or personal.

Whatever might have been his own plans with regard to the future, he had hitherto entered into no explanation respecting them, and poor Grace still endeavoured to persuade herself that she only regarded Horace with a sisterly love.

A circumstance shortly occurred, which put to the test the feelings of both parties.

Horace being called upon to attend a patient of Dr. Wilton's, who was suffering under an attack of fever, of a dangerous character, caught the infection, and for several days his life was despaired of. During this time no persuasion could induce Grace to leave the chamber of the sufferer; perfectly calm and collected, no word betrayed the anguish of her soul, and during the intervals which occurred between the paroxysms of the disorder, Horace felt, as he heard the lips of Grace give utterance to the broken fervent prayer for his recovery, and felt the touch of her trembling hand upon his burning brow, that "woman is indeed the angel of life."

It is in the hour of man's sickness and danger that the love of woman, rising superior to the thralldom of conventional forms, shines forth in all its purity and fervour of passion, a passion hallowed by the consciousness that he who has awakened it may have ere long ceased to exist, save in her heart. And thus it was with Grace, and Horace during the protracted illness which the violence of the fever induced, as he received from her hands the thousand little nameless attentions which a woman alone can bestow, wondered how he could so long have regarded with comparative indifference a being entirely and passionately devoted to him. Such feelings as these embodied in love's own eloquent language, fell like music upon the ear of Grace, and the consciousness of being beloved by one to whom she could look up with confidence as her protector and guide through life, imparted a joyousness and animation even to her low sweet voice, that told of serenity and happiness.

And I believe Horace was then perfectly sincere in his professions of attachment and anxious wishes to repay, by a life of devotion to her happiness, the love, which in the season of sorrow and suffering she had evinced for him, but man is the creature of circumstances, and when the health of Horace became firmly re-established, and he was no longer entirely dependent upon Grace for support, consolation, and amusement, his feelings underwent a slight change, and the plans which he had formed during his illness, were now calmly and deliberately submitted to the test of reason; not that he contemplated the possibility of falsifying his promises to Grace, his honour and inclination would have alike revolted from such an idea; for he felt assured that were he then disposed to become a benedict, Grace would be the woman of his choice, and the one eminently calculated to render a married life happy: but it was upon the

propriety of deferring this important event to a more "convenient season," that he now meditated.

An uncle from whom he had considerable expectations, had expressed a wish that he should, previously to entering into partnership with Dr. Wilton, as originally intended, pass a few months in London, for the purpose of attending the lectures and instruction of the most distinguished members of his profession; and even should Grace become his wife, before that time, and consent to expose her father to all the annoyances experienced in an establishment left to the entire controul of domestics, Horace very prudently considered that the presence of a wife in London would occupy too much of the time that ought to be devoted to professional pursuits, and at length decided that it would be better under the present circumstances, to postpone their union until his return, neither did he consider it necessary as the time of his absence was uncertain, to enter into any definitive arrangements with Grace respecting it. It is very easy to philosophise upon any subject in which the feelings are not particularly interested.

At length they parted—Horace professing and promising, and Grace listening and believing, as a woman can listen and believe—but once. I shall pass over the period of Horace's absence from T—, during which nothing occurred worth relating, and if Dr. Wilton suspected from the numerous epistles received by Grace, that her correspondence with Horace was a very interesting one, he did not appear disposed to interfere with it; he always liked young people to be happy in their own way, provided it was consistent with propriety, and there was no one to whom he would have sooner entrusted the care of his child's future happiness, than to Horace.

You are an early visitor, dear Grace," I exclaimed, as my young friend entered the little parlour at Elm cottage, and found me still seated at the breakfast table. "and judging by your countenance, the bearer of joyful tidings."

"I suppose I ought to have apologised for my unseasonable intrusion," replied Grace, laughing, "but I have something else to talk about just now. I have this morning received a letter from Horace, in which he tells me we are to look for his arrival here to-morrow evening, and also that my cousin Rose intends visiting T— next month, for the purpose of spending a few weeks with me. You cannot tell how much delighted I am, for you know," she continued, observing the half-suppressed smile with which I regarded her, "that it is nearly six years since I last saw Rose."

"And as many months," I gravely rejoined, "since you last saw Horace Ashton."

"You are disposed to be quizzical this morning," replied Grace, blushing, "but I cannot quarrel with you now, so will say good bye for the present, but we shall expect to see you to-morrow evening, for I know Horace will be disappointed if you are not there to welcome him home." And the happy girl made her exit before I had sufficient time either to accept or refuse her invitation for the following evening.

"And what do you think of my cousin, Rose?" inquired Grace, as we were all seated in Dr. Wilton's parlour, on the evening of Horace's return;

"she was a very sweet little black-eyed girl when I last saw her."

"And so she is now," replied Horace, "a very lovely—that is," he continued with an air of slight embarrassment, "a handsome and highly accomplished woman of fashion."

"And," said Dr. Wilton, "judging from what I have since heard of Rose Lewison, her conduct is, I fear, marked by the levity and coquetry which too frequently characterises a woman of fashion."

"Miss Lewison possesses too much good sense and feeling ever to become a coquette," interrupted Horace, warmly, "and if the vivacity of youth and innocence is to be designated levity—" he stopped suddenly, and appeared conscious that his earnest defence of Miss Lewison had somewhat surprised his auditors, for they did not imagine that his acquaintance with her had been sufficiently long to enable him to form a just estimate of her character or disposition. "However," he continued, laughingly, after a moment's pause, "I do not feel disposed to take up the gauntlet in defence of a lady who was until within the last two months an entire stranger to me."

Dr. Wilton made no reply, and Grace quietly remarking that "Her cousin had, perhaps, been spoiled by the admiration which a pretty woman is sure to attract, but that she believed her to be of an amiable disposition," the conversation turned upon different subjects.

"From that evening the name of Rose Lewison was seldom mentioned, and Grace did not appear to anticipate much pleasure from her cousin's promised visit. It may be that she fancied, for women are generally quick sighted in such affairs, that Rose had excited a deeper interest in the bosom of Horace than he was willing to acknowledge. She had not forgotten his warm and involuntary expressions of admiration of her cousin's beauty and accomplishments, nor the embarrassment he had betrayed, in endeavouring to retract or qualify such expressions.

"However willing a woman may be to acknowledge the superior attractions of another, it is not in her nature to wish that this superiority should be so readily admitted, or warmly expatiated upon by a man to whom she herself is attached. In some cases this may proceed from envy, but in most instances it may, I think, be attributed to the desire which every woman (however deficient in mental or personal attractions) has, of holding the highest place in the estimation of a man whom she really loves. But to return to Grace. Whatever were her feelings upon the subject, she confined them to her own bosom, and as Horace still appeared attentive and affectionate as usual, I thought that my suspicions with regard to Rose Lewison were perhaps without foundation. I could not, however, help wishing that something might occur to prevent her visiting T—— at present, but in this I was disappointed, and at the appointed time the cousins met.

Rose Lewison was certainly a very lovely girl, one whom few men could have beheld with indifference; the pure brilliancy of her complexion, exquisitely moulded features, and above all the ever-varying, ever-beautiful expression of her dark

soul-speaking eyes, might have awakened feelings of admiration, if not of love, even in the bosom of a Stoic; and when to such beauty was added that elegance of manners which an intercourse with refined society can alone impart, I felt that the more humble attractions of the diffident and unassuming Grace would be quite thrown into the shade by a comparison with her beautiful and accomplished cousin; and the fears which I had entertained regarding the future happiness of my young friend were now realized by Horace's evident devotion to Rose. So passionate and uncontrollable appeared the regard with which she had inspired him that it deprived him of the power, which men usually possess, of dissembling their feelings; and every look, every word betrayed the power of that love which a sense of honour and a regard for the feelings of Grace, would have prompted him to conceal.

And no one, judging from the apparent indifference with which the latter regarded the too evident alienation of Horace's love from herself, would have supposed that her attachment to him had been of a very sincere or lasting character; she even appeared unusually cheerful and gay, and would often laughingly congratulate Rose upon having added another to her list of adorers; such conduct somewhat puzzled Horace; he had always considered the character of Grace as extremely open and ingenuous, and did not suppose her capable of wearing an air of indifference and unconcern in any affair in which her feelings were really interested; he knew not that pride and love are co-mated in a woman's breast, and that the former will enable her to suppress, when in the presence of him whose falsehood or inconstancy has taught her the necessity of dissimulation; those feelings and thoughts that in the hour of retirement and solitude, rack her soul even to agony, and when after weeks of secret and bitter anguish and suffering, Grace released Horace from the engagement which he had once entered into with her, and spoke of her attachment to him, as of a girlish fancy long since passed away, and with a calm quiet smile, and unfaltering voice, wished him, as the husband of her cousin Rose, years of happiness and prosperity, he, with the inconsistency and selfishness inherent in the human character, felt a degree of chagrin and displeasure on finding that one in whose heart he had hitherto flattered himself he reigned supreme, could now, apparently without a struggle, resign him to another. He would not have wished the life of Grace to pass away in vain regret, and unconquered feelings of hopeless and unrequited passion, but he thought that her love might have outlived, in some degree, his desertion of her and devotion to another.

These feelings, however, were soon forgotten in the reflection that the resignation of Grace left him at liberty to declare his sentiments to Rose, which he accordingly did, and having obtained from her an acknowledgement that he had excited in her bosom an interest beyond that of mere friendship, it was soon arranged, with the consent of Rose's parents, who saw nothing to object to in their daughter's union with a man of highly respectable connections, and who was likely to attain some celebrity in his profession, that their

marriage should take place as soon as the necessary arrangements could be completed.

Poor Grace assisted in the preparations for her cousin's marriage, and entered into all her plans for the future, with a degree of interest that induced me to believe she had really conquered her attachment for Horace. At length the day arrived which had been fixed by Mr. and Mrs. Lewison for the union of the young people, and they came to T— on the previous evening, in order to be present at the ceremony.

Rose, attired in her elegant, yet simple bridal dress, with the delicate wreath of orange blossom entwined among the clustering jetty ringlets that shaded her fair brow, looked more beautiful than ever, and as I contrasted the joyous animated expression of her countenance, with the pale cheek and downcast pensive air of Grace, I half forgave Horace for having bowed at the shrine of such surpassing loveliness.

But my admiration for Rose was soon forgotten in anxiety for my young friend. I dreaded lest the approaching ceremony should be a trial too great for her fortitude to sustain but she went through it with perfect calmness and self-possession, and it was not until Horace, after having placed his lovely bride in the carriage that was in waiting to convey them to the Isle of Wight, turned a second time to bid Grace adieu, that the quivering lips and blanched cheek, betrayed the agonizing pangs that filled her bosom. Horace, I thought, remarked this, and a shade crossed his brow, as he pressed her hand within his own, and sprang into the carriage but he met the timid half-averted glance of Rose, and all else was forgotten.

Grace gazed intently upon the carriage which contained the newly wedded pair until it was lost to her view, and then turning to me, endeavoured to make some trivial remark, but her spirits had been overtaken, and hiding her face in my bosom she wept long and passionately.

"You will think me foolish and weak minded," she at length faltered, "but you do not know—no one can tell how I have loved him—what I have endured—but it is over now, and I pray that he—that they may be happy: and I shall soon forget all this, and be happy too," she continued, in a firmer tone "you will not again see me give way to this weakness, but I feel ill now."

Poor Grace, she did indeed look ill and heart-broken. I did not leave her that night, and nights and days, and months, of suffering and sorrow, left Grace but a shadow of her former self. Often did Dr. Wilton regret as he gazed upon his wasted and broken-spirited child, that he should, by constantly associating her with Horace, have been, in some degree, instrumental in causing her present sufferings, for he could not now persuade himself, although not aware of anything that had passed between them, that Grace had only loved Horace as a brother.

Some years have elapsed since the marriage of Horace Ashton, and my favourite Grace has discovered that a woman may conquer, in the course of time, a first love, however sincere and passionate. She is now the happy wife of a man who justly appreciates her many estimable qualities,

and loves her sufficiently to bear with patience those failings from which the female character is never exempt. Mr. and Mrs. Ashton reside at T—, and frequently, with Grace, (now Mrs. Oliver,) and her husband, form a happy party round my own fireside, and Horace, now that time has corrected in Rose the desire of admiration and wayward coquetry that detracted in a considerable degree from the happiness of the first few years of their wedded life, loves her still with all the sincerity if not the fervour of passion which characterised their attachment in by-gone days.

ELIZABETH W * * * * e

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

CAMPBELL.

'Tis Sabbath! Village bells are ringing
Their merry peal, and sweetly bringing
Thoughts of home, and youthful hours,
When life's bright path was strewn with flowers.
They bring back days that long are gone,
Ah! never—never to return—
When young hearts beat with sportive glee,
Our spirits as our thoughts were free;
When every thing was bright and gay,
And Winter's days seem'd fresh as May—
When the young heart sees naught but gladness,
And dreams not of the phantom sadness—
When, like the Bee, we hover'd o'er
The fresh green fields, and thought no more
Of future hours than days gone by,
And naught could bring a tear or sigh!
Those Village Bells! How long the time
Since last I heard their merry chime!
Yes, many a year since then has flown,
And many a friend is dead and gone;
The best beloved is in her tomb,
Departed in her early bloom,
And all but *Memory* is gone
Of days that never can return!
And now again they meet my ear,
And still their peals I love to hear,
Altho' they speak of days departed,
When all around me joy imparted;
Altho' they make me feel *alone*
In this bleak world—beloved by none—
A saddening tone of peace they bring,
And o'er my soul a halo fling;
A pure and holy peace they shed,
And sanctify the living dead!

ANN R. W.

THE UNCLOISTERED RECLUSE.

Though her heart is unbound from the beautiful
spell,
That attached her to life, and existence endears,
She does not immure in the lone cloister'd cell,
Entomb'd ere her life has half number'd its years!
No! luxuriant nature enriches her lands
With something to love in the sweet tender bud;
And many a bosom with kindness expands,
With kindness for her, and she feels it is good.
It is good to be one of a group; for each flower
That breathes on another its own fragrant breath,
Shall feel in the union a pride and a power,
A sweetness in life and a softness in death.

SARAH.

A MYSTERY.

It was rather a strange occurrence to see a "To Let" in a window at Kirby Saxon. Greater part of the houses were occupied by families whose fathers and grandfathers had inhabited the same dwellings. To be sure, the house, which now exhibited a placard intimating that it was empty, was somewhat notorious for changing its occupants. Miss Mangles, who lived opposite, observed that four different families had come to reside in it since she had settled at Kirby; and Dame Bundy, whose cottage garden was only separated from that of the tenement in question by a wooden fence, declared that nobody never seemed settled and comfortable like in that great house. It never occurred to Miss Mangles and Dame Bundy that they were at all instrumental to the removal of, at least, one family; yet if some folks might be believed these two females were not quite guiltless of such a charge. Miss Mangles was a lady who spent half her time at her windows, and Dame Bundy had so little regard for order and cleanliness that her premises were not the most desirable to look out upon, and they unfortunately formed the most prominent feature in the view from the drawing room of the house to be let.

This dwelling was one of the best in Kirby. Its last inhabitants had kept a carriage, and lived in a style beyond any other resident, the Lord of the Manor excepted. They were however a very agreeable family, sociable with every body at all visitable, and gave entertainments which made them very popular in the village, for their poor neighbours benefited in some way from their hospitality. Great therefore was the regret and consternation when Mr. and Mrs. Grandison having gone rather hastily to London returned no more. The rest of the family soon followed, and strangers were left in charge of the house; no P.P.C.'s had announced a departure, and the Kirby Saxonites were at liberty to form their own conjectures, and put what construction they pleased on the unexpected removal. In a few days fresh matter for wonder and conversation was afforded by the appearance of large printed bills which were affixed to the house, and to every available post and wall in the vicinity. Now a sale in the village was an event. Not half-a-dozen persons in the place could remember such a thing having occurred there before, and it occasioned as much hubbub as a grand procession, regal, or rare would do in London. Miss Mangles was either in an agony or an ecstasy, it could scarce be determined which, her body and mind were in an equal state of restlessness, and though her tongue relieved, in some degree, the one, yet it could afford no repose to the other. She was fortunate enough to procure privately a catalogue of the household effects offered for sale in the usual exaggerated terms before they were publicly issued, and with this she made the round of her acquaintance elated with such an extraordinary subject for her observing, and oratorical powers; though lamenting the loss of those good creatures, the delightful Grandisons. The day to view arrived, and by night Miss Mangles was completely exhausted. Thrice had she gone through every room, and examined every article with different friends, who did not like to

go alone; and a few of her most intimate gossips invited themselves to spend the afternoon that they might see the egress and regress of the viewing parties; and conning over the catalogue affix a price to such of its contents as they might severally wish to purchase. As for Miss Mangles there were many useful articles for which she would like to bid if sure to be knocked down reasonable; and something in the ornamental way she was determined to buy, for it would be such a comfort to possess a thing that had belonged to dear Mrs. Grandison, now that amiable woman had left Kirby. And then followed the wonder why, and the wish to know, with dark hints, and not the most liberal opinions from some of the *coterie*; but in justice to Miss Mangles we must say that she was not willing to believe any thing to the prejudice of the Grandisons; she knew more of them, from being their opposite neighbour, than any one in the neighbourhood, and she had never been able to discover a flaw of any description. The good lady failed, however, in making an acquisition at the sale. Her estimate of the desired articles fell far short of the value affixed to them by others, and she saw, with some disappointment, the things transferred to persons whose finances allowed them to outbid her. Indeed the company assembled, to the greater part of whom an auction was a novelty, seemed to think that goods so purchased must be cheap at any price; so they "emulously bid as though they all were wild," and the auctioneer had good reason to be satisfied with the proceeds of his job. The two following days furnished amusement to the discomfited Miss Mangles in the removal of the effects of their different purchasers; but this bustle over, and the house close shut up, she felt deprived of one great source of entertainment. There was no other house immediately opposite, and the poor lady's window was despoiled of half its attraction; a few days, however, cheered up her spirits; the "To Let" gave promise of an amended prospect, and she looked anxiously at the few parties who, having procured the key at the village inn, let themselves into the house to inspect its accommodations. It remained, however, for some time without a tenant. Summer was passing away, and Miss Mangles began to fear that the season for letting a house in the country was gone by. But her apprehensions were relieved when a little before Michaelmas the bill was taken down, yet her surprise was excited when she saw arrive a single load of furniture not sufficient to fill half of so large a house. Again was marvel and conjecture set afloat in the village. The new comers arrived by night, and some days had elapsed ere Miss Mangles, by dint of incessant watching, had ascertained that the family consisted of a lady in deep mourning; an elderly couple of respectable appearance, yet evidently domestics; a young girl, likewise a menial; and a large Newfoundland dog.

Weeks passed away, and the lady made no advances towards acquaintance with her neighbours. The woman and the girl were seldom seen out of doors; the man provided for the few wants of the family, and though certainly a servant there was a proud reserve in his manner which repelled question, and a dash of fierceness in his counte-

nance that completely checked impertinent curiosity. The lady often walked out into the country accompanied by her dog, but she seemed rather to choose opportunities when her neighbours were most likely to be at home. Early hours, and late hours for the country were prepared, and even bad weather seemed to have the advantage over fine in her choice. In the village she was never seen, except in her way to church, where she was constant in her attendance, and devout in her deportment. She looked neither to the right or left from under her close bonnet in her way to and from the sacred temple; and when in it appeared as though she acknowledged the presence of no mortal but the minister. Even Jonathan Bubb, who never escaped the notice of a stranger in Kirby, failed with his peculiarities to attract her attention. And thus Christmas came and passed, and still nothing was known of the Incognita. Neither her name nor that of her dog had transpired; the man continued the *factotum*, and he called himself Mr. Grant.

Miss Mangles was never so much at fault before. With all her systematic *espionage* she could elicit nothing. The closed blinds kept out the intrusive eye, and the female servants were unavailable.

Nor could Dame Bundy make any discoveries through the chinks in the fence. The garden appeared much neglected, and deserted, save by the girl and the dog, who were sometimes seen disporting themselves therein. The Dame thought the girl called the dog something, but what it was she never could make out. For the first time the slight partition was sufficient to keep her in total ignorance of what was going forward in the house of her neighbour, and somewhat vexed at being foiled in her prying propensities, she inclined to think ill of the lady, though every one else in the village charitably imagined that a person must be sinless who attended divine worship so regularly.

Perhaps the person in the neighbourhood who saw most of the lady was the one who had the least share of curiosity. This was Miss Elton the governess at the Manor House, who, when her pupils did not require her superintendence, frequently strolled out alone into the fields and least frequented paths to enjoy the pure air, and think of her home and her friends undisturbed by the presence of a companion. Nor was it only under a clear sky and over dry paths that Miss Elton walked abroad. To be alone with nature had charms for her even when winds blew cold and clouds were threatening; thus she and the lady had often met at some distance from Kirby when Miss Mangles was either in bed, or hovering over her fire; and before Dame Bundy had found time to look through the fence when the mornings were fine. No attempts, however, had been made by either of the rambles toward an acquaintance with the other. Yet Miss Elton felt greatly interested for the strange lady. She was exactly the person in appearance to create interest. Her figure was gracefully proportioned, and her face must have been eminently beautiful before it was shadowed with the sadness which was now its chief expression. Miss Elton had a heart to sympathize with the sorrow of the lady, though she knew not what

it was; and she had a love for animals which would have led her to hug the dog which seemed half disposed to form acquaintance. But her delicacy interposed; she feared the appearance of a wish to make friends with the one which might be construed into a desire to pry by the other. So the ladies continued to meet, and to pass each other with a seeming of indifference which it might confidently be said that neither of them felt; months passed away, Miss Mangles grew tired of watching the unproductive house, curiosity gradually subsided in the village, and the lady almost ceased to be a subject for speculation.

Nor were the Kirby Saxonites ever enlightened with respect to the unsociable lady. She left the village as noiselessly as she came into it after a sojourn of less than a twelve month. One individual had some surmises, but if she did mention them it was to those who did not give them promulgation.

Miss Elton was walking out one morning early as usual, but not as usual alone. She was accompanied by a gentleman in a half-dress military costume. How he came there, or on what relation he stood to the lady is nothing to the purpose; there he was, and in earnest conversation with his fair companion.

On a sudden this colloquy was interrupted by a large dog which came bounding up the path, and jumped on the young soldier in a caressing manner. It would have been impossible not to admire the animal and receive his greeting kindly; and the gentleman made his admiration known to the dog both by word and action. The beautiful creature continued to express his delight by frisking about as though for joy at having found an old acquaintance.

"How strange," said Miss Elton, "is it possible that the animal can know you?"

"If he do, the recognition is not mutual, I do not recollect to have seen the dog before; is this the fine fellow you have mentioned to me?"

"Yes, and yonder comes the lady; see she pauses. Poor thing, I fear she will be sadly distressed. Go back to your mistress, sir."

"Go back to your mistress," echoed her companion.

But though the dog seemed to understand, he did not appear willing to obey, but continued to jump about the young soldier, occasionally traversing the intervening space as though inviting the parties to advance towards a meeting.

"Let us return, the animal will scarcely attempt to follow us," said Miss Elton, and she was right; the dog paused and looked after the receding pair with disappointment visible in his eyes and attitude, till a call from his mistress drew him slowly to her side. The strange lady and the young governess had met for the last time, much to the sorrow of the latter, who had formed a sort of regard both for the incognita and her four-footed companion. Miss Elton now conjectured that the lady was an officer's widow, and that her husband must have resembled her own friend. This opinion was in a measure corroborated by the soldier-like appearance of the man servant. Miss Elton decided immediately that he must have been a worthy serjeant, or corporal of the same regiment, to

whose care and protection the departed Colonel, or Major must have confided his wife.

In less than a fortnight after this it was found the lady had departed without the knowledge even of Miss Mangles; this was strange indeed, but the goods they could not remove without her cognizance, and she derived two or three hours amusement from the loading of the single van. She was, however, not a little vexed that a person should come to the village, reside opposite to her for several months, and go away again without her having been able to discover any thing concerning them, particularly as she had taken some pains in endeavouring to ascertain the situation and circumstances of the party in question. She had really walked over more than once or twice to the market town which contained the shop of the broker and appraiser who had the letting of the house, and with whose wife she was slightly acquainted. Miss Mangles had rather given her mind to the study of circumlocution, and flattered herself that she should be able to get the facts of the case out of Mrs. Bidup; so she looked in for a call in a condescending way, to purchase some trifle in the shop, to render her visit the more agreeable and the less suspected. Mrs. Bidup, however, did not, or would not, know any thing about the strange lady, and perhaps she really knew no more than what she readily told her curious visitor. The house had been taken by Mr. Grant in his own name, and the rent had been paid in advance, as well as the charge for the use of the furniture, which had been hired of her husband. So Miss Mangles was foiled in her attempts. She had walked several times a distance of some six or seven miles (a great distance for her,) to no purpose; neither during the lady's residence nor after her departure, could she elicit anything respecting her at the broker's, though she felt quite sure that the Bidups knew more about her than they chose to disclose; secrecy she knew might be purchased.

So the name of the Incognita has remained unknown, and she has continued to this day an occasional subject for discourse, a wonder and a mystery to the inhabitants of Kirby Saxon.

ISABEL.

THOSE DAYS HAVE ALL DEPARTED.

Those days have all departed,
Ah! never to return,
When we stray'd merry-hearted
Through bower and through bourne!
Do'st recollect in childhood
How we sigh'd to be men?
But now to roam the wild wood,
We'd fain be boys again!

How hollow, false, and cheating
Is friendship—we have seen:
How fickle and how fleeting
Have all hope's visions been!
We rail at nature's ranging,
And blame her acts as strange;
But 'tis not she who's changing,
It is ourselves who change.

BRUNTON HARRISON.

ELLEN THE HOPPER.

A GOSSIPING SKETCH.

"Shooting forth

Like the young offspring of the sheltered hop;
Strange that there should be found
Who, self-imprisoned in their proud saloons
Renounce the odours of the open field
For the unscented fictions of the loom;
Who, satisfied with only pencill'd scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God
The inferior wonders of an artist's hand!
Lovely indeed the mimic works of art;
But Nature's works far lovelier, I admire,
None more admires the painter's magic skill,
Who shows me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls;
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye—sweet Nature's every sense.

COWPER.

I think I hear some anti-poetical young lady exclaim "What a long quotation! I shall not read it." Now do, Lady, do read it, for I solemnly assure you, you will meet with nothing so beautiful in all the future lines which own me for their concocter; nay, it is not merely modesty which induces me to say so, but truth, immortal Truth! I think I hear some one exclaim, curling *his* lip in ineffable disdain, "wonderful modesty, truly, to acknowledge herself inferior to Cowper! Well, after that I am easy." Of course, as in duty bound, I immediately answer, "I am glad of it, it is one of the purposes of our being to make our fellow creatures easy, and having accomplished this one, I will proceed to another, which is to make them wiser! For you must know, *gentle* reader, (of course I am no longer addressing the last named), you must know when requested to write *something* about hopping, I answered, "Ah! every lady knows all about hopping, that would be nothing new;" but being reminded that my knowledge on the subject was only about five years old, I began to imagine there might be persons in the world (it is just barely possible) who are not *quite* so wise as myself on this point; I therefore determined to spend a few hours in enlightening them. For which of course I expect the thanks of all the hitherto misinformed members of the community, as "one of the lights of Science." You must know, reader, I am one of those persons whom "the Faculty" in their wisdom, denominate nervous. Though I know no more what an hysteric fit is than an inhabitant of Owhyee or Otaheite does—could speak to the Queen herself, if my duty or my good fortune required it—once shook hands with his late Majesty, King William, without fainting—never scream or jump to the ceiling at the sight of a mouse or any other *harmless* quadruped or biped—can bear the slamming of a door with imperturbable equanimity, &c; but still I am told I am nervous! Well, they ought to know best, and so as I'm nervous, by parity of reasoning I am an invalid, and some kind friends of mine at Maidstone, Kent, hearing this, recommended a journey thence in the hopping season. A much worse or more impotent excuse than that would have tempted me to sojourn again where I

had met with so much kindness—nothing but kindness, and I forthwith packed up, and put on my best “*Sunday going*” apparel, and took my seat in the “*Wonder*” coach to Maidstone, a coach which has nothing wonderful about it but its name—four wheels just like another coach, roof, body, inside, outside, all just as common-place as the most matter-of-fact person could desire, I suppose it was like Cowper’s

“*Katerfelto with his hair on end wondering for his bread.*”

Well, reader, I took my place, which you will by no means *wonder* at, and away we bowled as “*natural* as anything in existence,” and if I was not *a-going a hopping* I would recount the sayings and doings of my fellow-passengers which were, I assure you, some of them curious and ridiculous enough; one I must not omit, it was the extraordinary and amiable conduct of a lady (by courtesy) passenger from Rochester to Maidstone, who being conscious of a well lined purse took it into her head to insist that six passengers,* two of them children, should not have the supreme felicity of travelling with a rich linen-draper’s wife to Maidstone; it was likely to be a frosty evening, the wind blew *very* chilly, one child (not her’s) in the coach was delicate, one gentleman had but just returned from India—relaxed, and looking as bilious as heart could wish; and the other, *myself*, a nervous subject, as my reader has been informed. Well, this benevolent and *self*-forgetting lady insisted two of *us* should be removed or she would not proceed. She showed off a great deal of elegant refinement on the subject, pointed out how much her consequence was disparaged, and her gown crumpled by such injudicious packing—threatened the coachman to withdraw her patronage, and that of her illustrious family, and finally came to the determination of getting out, with her little girl, if some one else did not; now no one else would stir, so she was obliged to take her word again, swallow her consequence, turn her Levantine dress all round, “*look daggers*,” keep her seat, and her tongue within her teeth. The gentleman from India remarked, “*he never saw a female behave so ill*,” and being a lover of the sex, he added, “*he did not think it was in their natures to be so disgustingly selfish.*” I christened her Mrs. Grumble, and there the matter ended; but I must say I never expected so much patience, good manners and forbearance from one of that rank, as the coachman evinced; the philosophical manner with which he received her threats of a withdrawal of *patronage*, was worthy of Mr. Tony Weller himself. I might also tell my reader of what she has doubtless heard and seen many times—the Falstaff at Gadshill, the scene immortalized by Shakspeare; Rochester Castle, a beautiful and picturesque scene on the banks of the Medway, and that surpassing glory of English scenery, the view from Blue Bell Hill. I wish I was a painter—I wish I was a poet, for the sake of this most magnificent prospect—humble prose can never do it justice—its extent, its beauty, its richness, its variety are surely not to be equalled, much less excelled; see it, reader, see it as the sun is glittering upon it! Trees, fields, farms, hop gardens,

* We think the Lady was perfectly in the right; four inside is enough of all conscience.—ED.

lime kilns, water, cliffs, vallies, woods, all look alike in humble prose; but see them mingled, diversified, classed, grouped, and lighted by the sun, and I could fancy you holding your breath to see, as some have done to hear, and on recovering from the surprise which such a burst of unexampled loveliness, such a wondrous and sublime display of Creative Wisdom and Majesty occasioned, I think I hear you exclaim in a *rap-ture*, excusable here if ever excusable—

“*These are thy Glorious works! Parent of Good, Almighty! thine this universal frame thus wondrous fair,*

Thyself how wondrous then! unspeakable!”
In descending the long hill, which is called Blue Bell Hill, from a gigantic stone-blue coloured bell with gilt ornaments, which is figured forth on the sign-post of an inn at the top of the hill, I know not what your ideas may be on the subject, but I confess the sight of this said Blue Bell was a disappointment to me. I am an imaginative being—have you guessed as much, reader? and I had strong hopes that this hill derived its name from the beautiful and fragile flowers of that name, which I had fancied grew here as plentiful as blackberries—like a friend of mine who says, when a child he used to hear persons say they would not do such things for “*the Ingy’s of gold*,” he figured to himself how beautiful and desirable a door or a chest would be with hinges of gold, and that to him the temptation would be almost overpowering. I looked in vain for the blue bells “*my bonny blue bells*” were “*like angels’ visits, few and far between*,” and “*the dull creaking of the country sign*” awoke me from my imaginative dream. Here is to be seen the strange heap of stones denominated Kitt’s Cotty House, supposed to mark the burial-place of Hengist and Horsa. (See History of England, first or second chapter.) I have told my reader some time since that I am no antiquarian—that I never go poking my nose, to the possible detriment of my olfactory nerves, into antiquities; I look at them and wonder, as in duty bound; for remember you are never forgiven by the neighbours of these antiquarian lions if you do not wonder with all your might and main, and throw a considerable portion of awe into your countenance too; neither do I exclaim with a nameless author, “*What’s Grecians and Trojans to me or to you?*” neither do I, like a friend of mine, clench my teeth and mumble through them at such sights, “*Humbug!*” I eschew all such *gothic* ignorance and ill manners; but certainly after being told all they have to tell about it, and their accounts have one charm, variety—taking a wide range between the Liliputian Tom Thumb and the Brobdingnag Giant Grumbo—after listening to all and every one of them, I look grave, say “*indeed!*” and “*well to be sure!*” a sufficient number of times, repress every disposition of the muscles of my face either to laugh or yawn, and turn my eyes from the pigmy work of man to the gigantic magnificence of his Maker’s works. There is a spot in one of those sweet vallies, where I once spent

“*One of those rare and brilliant hours
Which like the Aloe’s ling’ring flowers
Will blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span.*”

It was at a house called "the Gibraltar," on the banks of the Medway, (I am not the proprietor of the house I assure you, reader), it was one of delicious days which are given to us after we fancy the summer is at an end; scarcely a breath of wind stirred the bosom of the Medway, which reflected on its calm polished surface the flowery banks, the graceful trees, Allington Castle, and the Gibraltar. There was not a sound but the harmony of the birds, or the dash of an oar plied by some lover of quietness and romantic beauty, as his little boat floated down the stream; it was a scene of enchantment never to be forgotten, and I verily believe should I live to be as old as Methuselah, at the end of the nine hundred years, if spoken to of the Medway, I should begin to smile and to tell how Nature on that day dressed herself in her holiday garb and came smiling forth, having previously had all the paths swept, and the trees trimmed, and the green sward rolled, and the water glazed and gilded; all the food made into Ambrosia, and all the liquids into Nectar for our especial delight and accommodation; but that day had an end, alas! alas! for the pleasures of Earth; but it has left in my memory one among many sunny and joyous recollections. But we must hasten on to Maidstone, or "what will Mrs. Grumble say" to be left so long in her *very* silk habiliments waiting in the Wonder coach,—

"And though by all a Wonder own'd, &c., &c.

Well, we rattled into Maidstone town, passed the Barracks on the right and the Gaol on the left, and the smell of hops everywhere,—no, we did not pass that—that we took with us, and kept with us, and took home with us in our clothes—even those of us who happened to be so nearly related to linen-draperies as to be clad in *very* silk dresses. And this was not all the fragrance I took home with me—Friendship, in its purest essence, had been showered on me from many kind and affectionate hearts and lips—and when I forget it "may my right hand forget its cunning!"

"Not a word about hopping yet!" "Wait a wee," as they say in Scotland, and we will begin.

But my reader must wait until our provender basket is packed and sent away, for if hopping is good for the nerves it is also extremely good for the appetite, consequently an extraordinary enemy to lamb and veal pasties, and common cakes, as my friend called them, which were however so *uncommonly* good that a person once tasting them has a strong inclination to taste them again. Well, now the basket is packed, and the wine by no manner of means forgotten, and a servant dispatched with the provender, and we following after, and soon jumping into the *punt* which was to ferry us over to the hop garden, not at all reminding us of the ferryman at the river Styx, but the poetical conveyance of "the Lady of the Lake." And reaching the hop garden I had leisure to survey it, new to me—

"As if brought from other spheres,
But welcome as if loved for years."

The hops twine round poles about six or seven feet high, placed for that purpose in the ground three or four together, which is called a hop-hill;

imagine a thousand such, equi-distant, hung all round with the graceful and elegant hops, like foreign everlasting flowers strung together; or, as a Londoner would say, "Like ropes of Inguns," forming, as it were, bowers and alcoves, and wreaths which dance in the autumn breeze, like fairy chaplets; the sun gilding them, the blue sky throwing them into bold relief: I fancied the vineyards of foreign sunnier climes might be more beautiful, but nothing else in Nature's gorgeous workmanship which I could conceive. But one who had been a sojourner in those vineyards, under those brilliant skies, told me the hop garden is infinitely superior to the vineyards, the vines growing so low and trailing as to be almost unsightly. Commend me then to a Kentish hop garden: the hoppers reap a golden harvest—I speak both metaphorically and in "truth and soberness," for one sort of hop is called "the golden," and the poor, from the very planting the first shoots in the embryo hop ground, are continually employed in watching and tending them, and when hopping time approaches the owner of the ground engages a company of men, women and children, which often is the same from year to year, and the bins are formed at the outskirts of the ground first, by small stakes drove into the ground, and cloths over them, forming a large open bag; one man is employed as "pole puller," and he goes from bin to bin, pulling the poles out of the ground and dis severing the bine, as the stalk of the hop is called, with a sharp knife; these he throws across the bin, and the hoppers, women and children, pick off the hops and throw down the poles with all imaginable dispatch; children who are tall enough to reach the bin, and discerning enough to know a hop from a leaf, are all of use here. The people are paid according to the season; if the hops are large and plentiful, and come off kindly, more of course than when blight and mildew, and ice and storm, and frost have lessened the beauteous store, when their bins are full the master usually comes round with his men, and the bushel basket, and measures them out. In a good season the pickers are paid a shilling for ten baskets; in bad seasons they will perhaps receive a shilling for eight, or even seven; the hops are then put into sacks and taken on a large carriage, like a brewer's dray, to the Oast or drying house, which is usually a square building with two or three floors, under the first of which are the furnaces, kept a-light from the commencement of the hopping to the close; on the first floor are the hops strewed, which are undergoing the process of drying; I put my head in once or twice, the smell is agreeable to most persons, it is the *concentrated* essence of hops, which floats in *small* particles through Maidstone during the season, so it is somewhat overpowering; when they are dried they are put into large sacks, called hop-pockets. Pockets! Yes, pockets of which Giant Grumbo, of children-eating notoriety, need not have been ashamed, and then are warehoused, and then they are taken all in good time in barges up that beautiful river, the Medway, pass the Gibraltar and Allington Castle, and all the other beauties of that beautiful place, to the "great resort and mart of all the earth"—

London; and then, reader, after having scattered sweets in many a path, they are bought by the brewer to embitter his beer and ale; and some of the latter of which I desire to drink your very good health, for I am now going to lunch near the hop garden, and I find whether I am nervous or not a little good ale, well hopped, agrees marvelously well with my constitution, though the doctors have over and over again informed me I should drink water, and although I am quite aware how dreadfully vulgar it is to *dream* even of malt liquor, in spite of the doctor's prohibition and absolute ban of gentility, I venture to drink ale—shocking—very. I fancied in my Cockneyish ignorance and Utopian simplicity that I could not do a greater kindness to the poor pickers than to go from bin to bin picking for all the old women, but alas, I was mistaken. The Oast can only dry a certain quantity of hops at a time, and when the dryer has got that quantity the hopping is suspended; technically speaking, the pickers are “called off,” and loud complaints, and sometimes even mutiny is the consequence, of many visitors being allowed to pick for their favourites.

Many a laughing face may be seen there, the lady-pickers in gloves and tidy-cuffs, and aprons, not those be-laced and be-ribboned apologies for that antideluvian and most early invented article of costume, which a London belle delights to have of most expensive and delicate fabric; oh! no, go into the kitchen and borrow one of the cook or the housemaid, a respectable one, with two breadths of wide stuff in it, a regular full and handsome apron, with a square piece to pin over the front of the breast, this piece in kitchen parlance is yeleft a bib! This is the sort of hopping apron, and woe be to the silk stockings and white muslin dress which ventures to the hop garden without this armour; for when the bine bleeds, as it is called, it stains everything it touches in an irremediable manner, or as some of the old pickers would gravely inform you will never come out until hopping comes round again. It strikes me they believe this theoretically, practically they know but little about it, as a few hop stains are not likely to destroy their peace of mind. About the middle day of the season the kind mistress, of whom I am writing and thinking, gives the pickers a treat, which is called “The Middlings.” The children have it first; it is as much of the aforesaid common cake, which is so *uncommonly* good, and a glass of wine each; truly “The hope of reward sweetens labour,” for the children count the days to the day of the treat, and they make seats on the ground of the hop-poles piled together, and there they sit with their merry young faces, with a large piece of cake in their hands, which if it fall would endanger their toes, but every mouthful the danger is sensibly diminished, and they drink their wine, and present their duty to their kind employers, the rest of the children striving industriously to make them laugh during the operation, and sometimes succeeding, and then calling out “for shame,” with well assumed gravity. It is a grotesque group, their varied and indescribable costume which neither the Editress of the *Belle Assemblée* or *Adrienne de M*— ever dreamt of, which hardly seems to distinguish

the softer from the rougher sex; the jacket, the round frock of almost all imaginable hues, ages, and sizes, and then the bonnets of all colours, from the straw to the dandy grey russet, from the pink to the London smoke; but I must give this part of the picture up, there being no words yet discovered for the multifarious costume; but all wore the livery of happiness that day, however, for smiles which gradually deepened into obstreperous laughter was the order of the day.

“It is a sad heart that never rejoices,” said one care-worn looking mother.

“It is not every day that Monie kills a cow,” said another.

But I questioned if Monie's cow killing or his pig-killing ever brought to light so many happy faces as did “the middlings” up at Stoney Hill. Look, there is one fair girl leaning her head upon her hand, and a gentlemanly farmer-looking, or rather squire-looking young man standing by her side, picking hops for her and her mother, the latter looking displeased and feverish, and captious, and disagreeable as she can look. She never *can* be angry that that young man should be so condescending; she is though, and she inwardly wishes him at Jericho, to which place he appears not to have the slightest intention of repairing; he sees a sort of a kind of a charm in Ellen's face which he has been for many years dreaming and thinking of, and if her mother was a Gorgon, or an incarnate demon, or anything else, equally agreeable and companionable, he would not budge a step; he has been there all the time of the hopping, and though I verily believe he hinders more than he helps, as her mother says, yet he will not take the hint. He stands just opposite to Ellen, and sometimes looks at her fair hair, and sometimes at her blue eyes, the colour of the bell upon the hill, but much brighter than the gold, and sometimes he thinks he never saw such a mouth, and never even imagined such teeth. In short, William is in love, —William Western the rich Squire's son is in love with Ellen the Hopper. Well, such things will happen, have happened ever since Adam and Eve first saw each other, and I am sure I cannot tell how it is to be prevented; girls will be provokingly handsome, though they are poor, and young men will admire them though they are rich, and if any one will suggest a plan of prevention, they will do rich fathers and poor mothers a most essential service. The pickers said, Squire Western's son might be a very learned young man, but he was a very bad hop picker, for he threw away the poles before they were half picked; besides he scattered them all about the bin, and played up old gooseberry! and not being at all aware how this latter was to be accomplished, we conclude, it is to throw the hops out of the bin instead of in and to look all the time into the eyes of a very pretty girl, sighing occasionally, and touching her hand whenever the opportunity offered. He was there until they called off at night, and so early in the morning that any one would have imagined he had never been to bed, but Ellen's mother had had enough of this sort of courting; whether her daughter had or not it is not my business to enquire, the evening after the Middlings she was sent home, and told to send her younger sister in her place.

Now Ellen's home was several miles in the country, and Ellen's father was a thatcher, and likely to be at home or near home. William Western never having been consulted as to this arrangement, he came the next morning as innocent "as a baby" and took his accustomed place, ever and anon casting his eyes to the right and to the left, straight forward, and sometimes he turned round, but Ellen was not there, that was as sure as fate, and he fancied he saw a very malicious grin on the mother's face, and he felt strongly, very strongly tempted to smother her with hops, or any thing else equally benevolent, but still he picked on, and at length Mrs. Coleman, Ellen's mother, observed jocosely, "that hopping was very pleasant employment." William assented, and picked on, in a perfect fever of vexation and disappointment, but as master Cupid or his kind mamma would have it, Mrs. Coleman went away for some minutes, and at that identical juncture up came Ellen's younger sister, and being directed by Ellen to the bin she came towards it. William saw at a glance it was Ellen's sister; he was also sagacious enough to guess the truth, for which it must be confessed he was not displeased with Mrs. Coleman, for he admired discretion in parents, particularly when it enabled him to see Ellen without standing scorching in the sun and soiling his spatter-dashers with the mud and the bine.

"Good morning, my dear," said William, willing to lose no time in gaining the requisite information; "Come from home this morning, dear?"

"Yes, Sir," with a curtsey.

"Well, how did you leave your sister Ellen?"

"Quite well, Sir."

"You have walked a long way child, sit down."

"Only from S—, Sir."

"Oh, indeed! Well, I must be off to lunch; good bye, dear."

"Good bye, Sir."

And William hurried away, anxious that Mrs. Coleman should imagine he had not seen Ellen's sister, and he was but just in time, and Mrs. Coleman greeted her child kindly, and bid her rest; and only asked how Ellen got home, and how father was, and a few more domestic questions; and the young child, in the simplicity of her heart, imagined all was right; and Ellen's mother chuckled over William's disappointment and sudden disappearance, when her back was turned, and worked away again as happy as a bird. And William laughed too as he ordered his horse, and taking a hasty luncheon, prepared to mount; and he was soon on the road to S—, blithely and fleetly as the wind; and he soon found the dwelling of Coleman the Thatcher. It was a white cottage, with a towering thatch, giving the lie to the Proverb that "shoemakers' wives go the worst shod;" an air of comfort and cleanliness was diffused over the useful and ornamental little garden; it was alone; and William paused a moment after tying his horse to the garden-palings, to recollect what excuse he was to make for calling. Oh! he would say he came to tell her her sister had reached the hop-garden in safety, and that her mother was well; which, having left her the evening before,

taking into due consideration the mutability of all human good, whether it be health or life, was very thoughtful and kind of young Squire Western; and very condescending too, considering he was a Squire, and Ellen was a Hopper. William tapped at the door with his knuckles; it was opened, and the blushing and beautiful Ellen, fair as a Poet's dream, stood before him. "I have come," said he, and he was proceeding when Ellen put her finger to her lips in a hurried manner, and said somewhat contemptuously, "I see you have, Sir."

"Your mother and sister are quite well," said he, astounded at the unexpected reception, for it never entered into his wise head to fancy that Ellen's father was at home.

"I know they are," said she.

"Who is that?" said a gruff voice from the cottage, which to William's horror and dismay, he found came from the cottage.

"Squire Western, Father," said Ellen, as well for his information, as her father's. Now William had never calculated upon this event, for as his intentions were not very clearly defined to himself, of course he was not ready to put another in possession of them; so bowing to Ellen, and wishing her a very good morning, he mounted his horse, and was off, just in time for Coleman to catch sight of the hind-quarters of his horse. Coleman was not without very strong suspicions of the truth; for as Ellen was very beautiful, such occurrences were not very unlikely; but he gravely sat down to finish his dinner, and cast occasionally an anxious glance to his fair child, as she, willing to appear extremely unconcerned, made all sorts of blunders, such as upsetting the beer, putting bread in her plate and a potatoe beside it on the cloth, spilling the vinegar, and overturning the salt. At length the dinner concluded, Coleman made a short and thankful prayer to his Maker, in which for the first time he asked a blessing for his Ellen, his fair pet lamb; he asked preservation from all evils for her, and he did it with an emphasis which brought tears from Ellen's eyes, and one struggled in her father's eye, and at length mingled with her's, when he kissed her before his departure. "The Lord shield you from temptation, my precious child!" said he, "you would not, I know you would not break your father's heart, and your poor mother's too. Good bye, child, I leave you in good hands," and the Thatcher went to his work convinced his child would not deceive him, and he was right; Ellen loved her father and mother better than anything in the world, and though she would have rejoiced had William been "in life's low vale," like herself, to have received and returned his love, she endeavoured to dismiss him from her mind, and plied her work industriously. The next day, but earlier, before the Gothic dinner-hour, William was on his road to the cottage. Ellen saw him approach, and went into the little garden to receive him; her heart beat, and her cheek was red and white by turns; and her trembling hand and tongue told William plainly as tokens could tell, that he had not indifference to fear. He accosted her warmly, and preste her unresisting hand to his lips. "My

sweetest Ellen," said he, "I have come to tell you how I love you."

"And why?" said Ellen, as calmly as she could; "why have you given yourself this needless trouble?"

William opened his fine eyes to twice their usual size.

"Needless trouble!" said he, "do you mean you were already aware of my sentiments?"

"No Sir, I did not mean so. I meant that as you are a gentleman, and I am a poor girl, that you had much better not throw your time away upon me; there are plenty of ladies who would no doubt listen to you with pleasure, (and she added tremulously) without shame, without the danger of losing their characters, which you Sir ought to know, a poor girl who listens to you even thus, is in danger of."

William Western appeared struck. "Tell me," said he, "of one only half as beautiful as you are, with your wisdom, and I will address her directly."

"You cannot admire wisdom, Sir," said Ellen, picking a chrysanthemum to pieces as she spoke.

"Why not, Ellen?"

"Because if you admired wisdom, you would not act so foolishly."

"Is it foolishness," said he warmly, "to love, to admire one of the fairest creatures my Maker ever formed? Is it foolishness to delight in hearing her voice?"

"If I was all you say, Sir, your conduct is selfish at least; you risk my peace of mind and happiness to please your own ear and eye."

"Ellen," said he, "I confess I loved you at first because you were beautiful; but for your sake I will struggle against a passion which you consider unwise. I will not selfishly risk your character for the universe, now I have discovered that your good sense equals your beauty. Adieu, Ellen, I will not even ask you to remember me, though I believe in my soul I shall never be able to drive you from my heart." William again pressed her hand to his lips, mounted his horse, and departed. But he could not ride from his thoughts, they still pursued him like uneasy dreams, or phantoms of an insane imagination; he could not sleep, he could not eat, a slow fever filled his veins, life was a burthen to him. And how did it fare with Ellen? Ellen had acted properly and conscientiously, and those who do so will find a recompense in it, the value of which is not easily estimated. She knelt down with her parents at night and in the morning, and rose from her knees refreshed and comforted. Was not this infinitely better than suffering the stings of a wounded conscience? being obliged to avert her face, when a blessing was prayed for her? being unable to meet her parent's eye, and their approving smile. Oh! infinitely, infinitely, a broken heart is better than a wounded conscience; and I almost fancy the former seldom occurs without the latter. Ellen could have been very happy in William's love, would have gloried in returning it, but prudence said no, and she had been taught to listen to prudence as the handmaid of religion. About this time she had an offer, and an eligible one, from the steward of a neighbouring nobleman, and when

her mother urged her to accept it, and begged to know her reason, she answered with tears, "Merely, mother, because I cannot love him."

"Do you love any one else?"

Ellen burst into tears, and entreating her mother would not ask her, she left the room, and Ellen's work often drops unheeded from her hands, while her eyes are fixed on the spot where William last stood; his words, his looks are recalled, and Ellen sighs deeply to think she will see him no more; but then "it is right," she says, and she struggles with her feelings. One day she was sitting thus, her work had fallen on the sanded floor, and the kitten was industriously unwinding her cotton, her eyes took their accustomed direction, and there, "Merciful goodness!" exclaimed she, there indeed stood William; she started and rubbed her eyes, for she feared she was dreaming, feared her imagination had at length gone to the very stretch of probability, and that this was only a more forcible picture of fancy's creation; but he moved, he approached, and in another moment he stood by her side, and caught her in his arms, or she would have fallen. "Ellen!" "Mr. Western!" was all that passed for a minute, and while they are collecting their scattered faculties, I will endeavour to account for his coming. He had left her, determining to struggle against a passion which was never likely to meet his father's wishes, who was continually planning matrimonial alliances for him which had gold and rank, and sometimes worth and beauty to offer. William tried to listen, and tried to say yes, and tried to think in the affirmative too, but Ellen always flitted by lovely and virtuous, and wise as he had last beheld her; and the matrimonial alliances melted away like a Summer exhalation, and William strong in mind and body, pined day after day, and he became thin and ill, and looked hectic, and at last the father began to look on seriously at him day by day, and fancied the hectic was spreading like a plague-spot, and at last he could bear his anxiety no longer, and he said, "William, I have no one on earth to care for but you. Are you ill? are you unhappy? tell me, and if there is anything in this world which my money can procure for you, only name it, and it is yours?" William then opened his heart to him, and added that the dread of destroying his hopes and plans had been his only reason for endeavouring to struggle against his love, which he now found was as deeply seated as life itself. A shade passed over Mr. Western's brow; he was disappointed, but he could not allow his pride a hearing when his affection was appealed to, and William had his father's consent to bring Ellen home as his wife forthwith. His horse was soon ordered, but it struck him he would just enter a public-house in S—, where he was not known, to ascertain how Ellen was. "Who lives at the white thatched cottage on S— green!" said he to a labouring man in the public room.

The man took his pipe from his mouth as cool and phlegmatic as a Dutchman, and answered, "Coleman the Thatcher, zur."

"Has he any family?"

"Yes, zur, a mighty fine wench one on 'em is too."

"Fine! what do you mean my friend?"

"Oh! so very much like a lady, zur; the neighbours says as how she's a going to be a lady too. She's a going to be married to the over-looker up at the Limes yonder."

"Who says so?" said William trembling with suppressed emotion.

"The neighbours do say so."

"The neighbours are asses," said William in a rage.

The man looked at him greatly surprised, but added coolly, "Many like they be, zur. I only knows as how they says so. Maybe you knows more about it nor me, or the neighbours all put together; they did say somethin about a young Squire coming arter her, but that was nothin more nor smoke; mayhap this is the same."

But this information quickened William's movements, and full of doubts and fears he presented himself before her cottage-door, and was received as I have recounted.

"I am told," said he, "you are going to be married?" Ellen shook her head. "Tell me you are not," said he, "tell me with that ingenuous tongue, which cannot utter falsehood."

"I am not going to be married," said Ellen.

But he was not long in persuading her to change her opinion in his favour; and her parents, now he came as an honourable wooer, had no objection of course to make, but rejoiced warmly in their child's good fortune; and Ellen became the happy wife of William; and her parents removed to a small farm near the Squire's, and Ellen has hop-gardens of her own now, and in the hopping season does not scorn to pick again at the same bin with William, and he looks into her face and smiles, and tells her she is as fair in his eyes, and as dear to his heart, now she has been for years Mrs. Western, as when she was Ellen the Hopper, and her blue and brilliant eyes, and her candid and open brow, first attracted his attention. They give their pickers a supper at the close of the Hopping, and the Squire and his lovely wife make many kind and judicious presents on the occasion, and inculcate by example and precept, that even on earth virtue seldom goes unrewarded.

Northfleet.

MARY.

AN IRISH BULL AT SEA.

It is one of the peculiar traits of a sailor's character to be very fond of pets at sea. Perhaps the more generous and finer feelings natural to the breast of man, which makes him love the being that looks up to him for support and protection, find their vent in this way, when debarred by the wide sea, from bestowing their care and attention on the gentler sex, the natural object of man's affection and solicitude.

To a hungry tar, who has been several months living on salt provisions, a roasted dove is naturally a very tempting morsel, yet it is no uncommon thing to see many of these poor birds, who, chased by the greedy hawk, from the distant land, take

refuge in the rigging, brought from aloft in Jack's warm bosom to share, not form a part of his meal.

A man of war's-man's allowance appears liberal, yet the fact is their biscuit seldom holds out "till the serving-day, yet no sheep, goat, kid, or other pet ever sought a morsel from Jack's generous hand in vain. It was quite amusing to see the Captain's cow, (when they were cleaning her pen of a morning) go regularly round every mess on the main deck, to receive her customary contributions.

This amiable weakness in Jack's character, no doubt from congenial feelings in the officers, is never checked by them, on the contrary they are ever ready to indulge the men in any whim of the kind, even at the expence of their tables, let them be at the time (as the sea phrase goes,) *ever so hard up*. I remember our kind hearted captain, now Admiral Thompson, when commanding His Majesty's ship *Revenge*, 76 guns, blockading Navarino, after the action, when there was no live stock on board for several months except the last of the sheep we had brought out from England, a fine fat familiar fellow of a South-Downer, called by the sailors "Curly Jack" giving the said well-conditioned *mouton* a reprieve *sine die* at the request of the "ship's company," as a score or two of soft-hearted louts please to call themselves, although at the time his steward was hard set to make out an entertainment for the captains of several ships who were invited to dine that day at his master's table.

The young midshipmen of the same ship were also pretty deeply infected with this mania for pet keeping, and the gun-room mess could consequently boast of rather an extensive managerie of its own. One day the messenger boy being sent below at seven bells, (viz., half-past eleven, A. M.) to desire all the young gentlemen to bring up their quadrants "to take the sun" (an invariable operation at sea) being a stranger to the duty, could not perfectly pronounce the name of the instrument but stood at the gun-room door stammering out the first syllable saying "If you please, sir, the first lieutenant desires all the young gentlemen to go on deck with their quad—quad—quad something, gentlemen!"

"Oh, quadrupeds," cried a young wag.

"Yes, Sir, quadrupeds, Sir," replied the boy, to the infinite amusement of the *Middies* present.

"Now wouldn't it be a prime lark," cried another urchin, "to take him at his word, and muster all the quadrupeds on deck; what a precious row Bully Huff, (a nick-name enjoyed by our first lieutenant) will make when he sees our exhibition of quadrupeds on the poop. There are Gordon's dog *Jenny*, Cat, Mordman's tame hare, Ommany's rabbits, the squeaking guinea pig, all—"

"Ah faith, up with every soul of them," cried paddy French "not forgetting Matson's doves."

To those acquainted with naval discipline, I need not add that the joke was carried no further, except the bestowel ever after of the *sobriquet* of the *Quadruped* on poor Paddy French as the honoured father of an *Irish bull at sea*.

W. M. R.

NOTES DURING A SHORT RESIDENCE IN PARIS.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

No. II.

March 12.—The churches of Paris deserve the particular attention of the traveller. I never pass near one without entering, and am generally well repaid by any little trouble I may have met with in my way. The Church of St. Gervais, near the *Place de Griève*, I visited to-day, and found a curious old picture, painted in compartments, the centre one of which represents the Crucifixion, by Albert Durer, bearing date A.D., 1500; and another in a chapel on the opposite side by Perugin, painted in 1496. The production of Albert Durer's pencil is hung too high to have a good effect. It is on too small a scale to bear the elevation. If it were removed from its present position into one of the chapels it would be far better placed than it is at present. I must confess I have been somewhat disappointed in the statues with which many of the churches are decorated; plaster casts are well enough in their way, but fine old ecclesiastical edifices like this of St. Gervais, require ornaments of a better description: it is not right to mingle tinsel with silver. In the Chapel of St. Joseph is a fine group, larger than life, representing the descent from the Cross. It is as handsome an edifice as any I have seen in Paris.

The Church of *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, venerable from its antiquity, having been erected by Chilbert, is now in a most miserable state of dilapidation. It has suffered from the fortunes of war and the frolics of fanaticism, and paid the penalty for political opposition to the public opinion. Its beautiful portal, still rich in the remains of Gothic sculpture, has received beneath its arches the vilest and the best of princes, who bowed before the altars of the Deity with rancour and deceit in their hearts, or were the dupes and the victims of traitors. Its bell gave the signal for slaughter on the awfully memorable massacre of Saint Bartholomew; and at the period of the great revolution the people congregated within its walls, and beneath its portico to seek shelter from the destructive fire opened upon them from the arcades of the Louvre by the faithful Swiss Guards. During the revolution of 1830 this edifice again suffered partially, and on the 13th of April, 1831, ecclesiastical folly completed the work of destruction. Scarcely could France be said to have subsided into calmness after the changes brought on by the revolution of the 29th of July, when the present Archbishop of Paris, a violent Carlist, ventured to brave the popular opinion, by celebrating a mass in this church for the repose of the soul of the Duke de Berri on the anniversary of his assassination. The people became enraged at the insult thus offered to their power, they burst open the doors of the church, put the priests and the Carlist congregation to flight, tore down the altars and the monuments; destroyed many of the fine paintings that intestine commotions had hitherto spared, and left it a miserable memento of political indignation. They are now beginning to repair some of the altars—most of the monuments however are gone for ever

The mischief of the day did not end here; the palace of the Archbishop was ransacked, all his books thrown into the Seine, and his treasures dispersed in every direction. The prelate paid dearly for his daring spirit, for notwithstanding all his denunciations the sovereign people refused to rebuild his habitation, and even the Pope, it is said, would not, as the Americans have it, "go the whole hog" with the irritated diocesan. The Archbishop paused exactly at the point he ought to have advanced: he blustered for a time and then sunk into quietude, like a gust of wind that has spent all its fury upon the air. He ought to have tried the effect of excommunication, and left the *grande Nation* to settle matters as they could with the See of Rome.

The unpopularity of the Archbishop was thus rather increased than diminished. The French people had tact enough to see that he was too noisy to be dangerous, and the Chambers of Peers and Deputies laughed at all the claims for the redress of his grievances which he presented. The prelate seems to be at war with all the authorities; it is a warfare in which he is certain always to come off only second best, and on every failure he is so fond of letter-writing, that he *pastoralizes* all the clergy in his diocese with an interminable account of his provocations and his wrongs. It must have been vexatious enough for Monseigneur to see his most valuable books sold on the quays for a franc each, but when he knew that it was owing to his political spirit that this lamentable destruction of his property took place, I must say that I think he had better have been silent upon the subject.

March 13.—*Bibliothèque Royale*.—I know not where a morning can be better spent than at this library. We had every thing shewn to us that was rare and curious without the trouble of writing to Governors, and waiting for the enquiries of petty officers, as to whether it would be right and proper to allow you a glimpse of coins, medals, prints, or manuscripts. In all public exhibitions here we meet with persons of all classes—the *sovereign people* elbow the aristocracy with impunity, but a better behaved group than we found collected here to-day could not be met with. I was amused the other day by a servant who had tarried out some two hours longer than was expected on some mission he had been desired to execute, for without waiting for any remark to be made respecting his prolonged absence he began to excuse himself by stating that he was grieved he had been so long, but having met his young friend Mdlle. Celestine, who had not seen the present *Exposition*, he had accompanied her thither, therefore he begged to offer his apologies to Madame. What could be said on such an occasion! Gallantry is certainly peculiar to the French, and a pretty waiting-maid demands as much attention from her liveried beau as her mistress would expect from the gentlemen in her own circle. There is perhaps too much of the spirit of independence amongst the domestics here, yet, strange as it may seem, they are mightily proud of a fine livery. An instance of this occurred the other evening. We were at a *Soirée* at the residence of Madame St. R——, whose relative, the

Countess D——, has an attendant out of livery. The garçon of Madame St. R—— was requested by Monsieur to shew this person some little attention, not to leave him with the other servants to perambulate the streets; but it was refused most pointedly, and in a manner that prevented Monsieur from insisting on his request being obeyed. "Pardon me, Monsieur," said the garçon, "he is not in livery, therefore I do not know who he is; I cannot tell whether he is trustworthy." In Paris, where robberies are so frequent, this precaution could not be blamed.

But I am digressing. The *Bibliothèque*, whose exterior is plain and unprepossessing, contains some of the most valuable treasures of the French metropolis. Engravings of every class, from the humblest effort of the artist to the most finished specimens of the several schools are to be found here. There is something adapted to the taste of each visitor, and not a few were this morning employed in looking over volumes of caricatures. This seems to me to be a perverted taste, when there are so many splendid specimens of the old and modern masters to engage the attention: *Chacun a son goût*, and tastes vary as much as fashions. The old portrait of King John is curious. Some portraits appear, like man, to be heirs of immortality. With all due deference to the guardians of this establishment, this portrait appears to me to be ill situated; it ought to occupy a more prominent situation; to suspend a relic like this from a rafter looks something like placing a monarch *à la lanterne*. If there was no such thing as a *guide-book* what an interesting account might be written! Oh! for the times gone by, when this library was the very altar of erudition! Then, in the *Tour de la Librairie* of the Louvre, lights gleamed from thirty chandeliers, and a silver lamp over the pale face of the anxious student, who revelled in the luxurious delight of turning over the pages of about a thousand volumes. It was not then the age of penny publications; and illuminated letters shed a brilliancy over the beautiful caligraphy upon vellum. It was not then as it is now, an almost countless collection of volumes, the seed was then merely undergoing the process of vegetation, but Time has brought it to maturity.

The maps here are curious and ancient. One of China, executed on a very fine species of canvas, is particularly interesting as a specimen of the knowledge and ingenuity of that singular nation at a time so far distant. The antiquarian will behold with delight the "Inscription en Chinois et en Syriaque de l'an 781 de J. C. constatant l'arrivée des Missionnaires Syriens et la Propagation du Christianisme à la Chine dans les 7 et 8 Siècles de notre Ère." The beautiful bronze group known by the name of the French Parnassus stands in one of the galleries of this library; nothing can be more exquisite than this specimen of Tillet's skill, but the vanity of Louis XIV. too nearly approached the ridiculous by allowing himself to be represented as the Apollo of the group. But patrons must be baptized with flattery, and are always willing to stand sponsors to themselves; and where there exists the power to bestow honours and riches, there will always be found plenty of aspirants ready to administer to the idlest wish

and the most overweening ambition. The two magnificent globes that are the principal ornaments of one of the galleries on the basement story are well worthy of attention; but even here the adulation of the sycophants of the age interferes to break the charm, for the inscription on the terrestrial globe kindly informs us that it was constructed to exhibit the countries Louis le Grand *might have conquered*—had the power been given him to do so, ought to have been added in a parenthesis. In another gallery the cameos and intaglios are of the most magnificent description, but look very like some of the counters in a jeweller's shop. The chair of King Dagobert appeared to me to be anything rather than like a desirable *fauteuil*—"uneasy sat the King that wore the crown," but it is venerable for its antiquity, as is also the armour of Francis the First for its preservation. The Zodiac of Denderah may be very valuable, but it "had no charms for me." I was much more interested in examining the splendid missals and invaluable manuscripts—the *Telemaque* in the hand-writing of Fenelon, and the billet doux of Henry the Fourth to the fair Gabrielle.

We made but a flying visit to the *Bibliothèque* to day, Mrs. * * * having appointed to go with us to the *Palais de Justice*. The *Hall des Pas Perdus* is an immense and beautiful portion of this building. The fine monument to Malesherbes is the only piece of sculpture that ornaments it, but during the three days of July the beautiful bas-relief that decorated the base was destroyed by the reckless fury of the maddened populace. Fond as the French are of every thing in the shape of decoration, it seems wonderful that even in their passion they should destroy aught that tended to beautify the public buildings of their metropolis. But in the height of political rage they would seem to have lost sight of their own interest, for putting up a statue one day and pulling it down the next, is something like buying and selling, and living by the loss. We visited the Court of Cassation and the *Cour Royale*. In the former a counsel was advocating the cause of his client with much eloquence and more quietness of manner than is general with the French pleaders. But the whole appearance of this Supreme Court of Justice was too republican-looking for an arbitrary government, for such in fact is that of France. In one corner, to shew the respect of the *sovereign people* for their lawgivers and their laws, two idle fellows, of the lazzaroni tribe, were sleeping, like a brace of swine, curled over each other; but as they were a portion of the great fountain from which the laws spring, and of the true rabble order, of course they were privileged to defy every thing like decency. The lower order of the Parisians are the very scum of the French nation: I speak of both sexes, for with all their national pretensions to politeness they never lose an opportunity of tacitly insulting the English. The old leaven of hatred and malice is still cherished within their bosoms, and by the aid of their eternal "Pardon Monsieur," or "Madame," they escape a horse-whipping, or a roll into one of their own ever-flowing, dirty kennels. One fellow stretched at half length upon the ground near the door as we left the *Cour de Cassation* put forth one of his legs

evidently with the intention of tripping us up as we passed by him, and amusing himself and his fellows at our expense. However, we perceived the movement in time, I gave the garçon a gentle salute, by way of returning the intended civility, with the toe of my boot, which made him draw back his feelers and look furious, but a removal of my chapeau and "Pardon Monsieur," made amends for all the mischief, and he bore kicking as well as any cur I ever met with.

In the *Cour Royale* propriety and decency seemed to be better observed. I only visited the chamber in which the appeals for civil actions are heard, and the case before the Court was that of an Englishman, who had appealed from a decision given against him respecting the payment of some monies for apartments. As is generally the case here he lost the cause, and had to pay one third more rent per month than he had agreed to do, because he had no written document to shew. The *Sainte Chapelle* being under repair, we found it impossible to obtain admission, and therefore were obliged to content ourselves with that which was open to us. I was sorry to see the arcades of this edifice crowded with little *boutiques*; what have the lighter articles of commerce to do with law? A bookseller is here seen *vis-a-vis* to a dealer in shoes; the lawyer may have the means of purchasing light literature, but alas for the poor shoe-seller, if he depends upon having the clients for customers, he is in a bad case, for they generally go barefooted.

The *Palais de Justice* is certainly a noble edifice; its noble hall, portico, flights of stairs and decorative statues render it worthy of the nation. But from being the scene of regal revelries in the olden time it has degenerated into becoming the terror of the culprit—from resounding with the joyousness of mirth, it now fraternizes more freely with vexation of spirit. The *Conciergerie*, which may be termed a portion of this edifice, is consecrated to eternal fame by the atrocities which were committed within its walls, yet its blood-cemented towers still frown upon the river, and seem as if they would defy the destroying hand of time, as they have already done the spareless fury of anarchy.

March 14.—I visited this morning at an early hour the beautiful little *Chapelle Expiatoire*, erected on the spot where the remains of King Louis XVI. and his ill-fated consort were interred after their execution. It was a fine and holy feeling that dictated the building of this edifice on the very spot where the martyred found repose—a spot consecrated to calamity. Entering an enclosure surrounded by trees, we approach the outer entrance to the enclosed raised court of the chapel, and ascending a few steps the edifice is seen exactly in front. The earth with which this terrace is raised above the level of the outer enclosure was brought from the spot where hundreds of the victims of the most sanguinary revolution on record were buried; thus the chapel seems to be consecrated to the memory of the sovereign and his slaughtered subjects. The chapel itself is chastely elegant. In outward appearance it resembles an ancient mausoleum; one lamp burns constantly before the altar of a simply elegant form, and the

effect of the whole is solemnity without gloom. On either side is a flight of steps leading to the subterranean chapel, winding behind the statues of Louis and Marie Antoinette, which are sculptured in white marble, and the only monumental effigies admitted within the walls of this edifice. Arcades, the summit of which form a kind of balustrade around the raised terrace, form two sides of the building, and connect the entrance court with the Chapel; they have the appearance of a row of ancient monuments, and add to the solemnity of the scene. It is one of the neatest and most elegant little chapels in Paris.

March 15th.—*Mi-Careme*. From the Boulevard St. Martin to the *Champs Elysées* all the population of Paris appear to have congregated together, and one vast moving mass of masques and spectators—a sea of heads—alone meets the eye. This is the *fête* day of the washerwomen from the environs of Paris, and a more motley group than the masquers who drove about in vehicles of every description could not easily be met with. The day was cold and showery, and some of the half-naked dames who displayed their bare necks and arms, and tawdry finery for the admiration of the gaping crowd, I should fear would feel a twinge of the rheumatism for a month or two to come. Making mid-lent a period of festivity—revelling and rioting in the high time of penance and mortification of the spirit and the flesh—mixing up the frivolities of fashion with the deeper austerities of religion as they do here, seems to me a perfect enigma, and one not easily to be solved. I witnessed the hasty flight of a few from the Boulevards to the nearest Church, whither they repaired between what might be termed the pauses of the procession, to murmur a short prayer, and hastened back to view the return of the merry masquers. An open carriage and four filled with masques, one a complete black bruin, drove repeatedly up and down the Boulevard, scattering *bon-bons* around most liberally; this was followed at a slower pace by a non-descript vehicle containing a group of devils as hideous and horrible as the most enthusiastic ranter would wish to pourtray to his trembling auditors. If his Satanic Majesty's suite be not better looking, nor better dressed than these, their earthly representatives were, I cannot say much for the style and elegance of the Infernal Court. However amusing all this folly may be to the Parisians, playing the fool by day-light seems to be quite out of character. But the same spirit seemed to pervade all ranks and classes. In almost every carriage one or two children dressed in costume were to be seen smiling at the scene around them, and inviting attention to their own display of finery; and many manikins paraded along the *pavé* attired in the skins of every animal but the one they ought to have chosen. The fable of the Ass habiting himself in the hide of the Lion more than once recurred to my remembrance as I was jostled by a Bear and his leader proceeding to exhibit for the amusement of the crowd. These sights are very well once in a way, but their continual repetition must be worse than tiresome.

In the evening, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C—n, the pretty Countess D—, and a French gentleman, we attended the Bal Masque at the

Theatre Francais. It being the last ball of the season it was very fully attended. Decorations of every nation under Heaven blazed on the breasts of chevaliers and cavaliers, who did not wear costume, and many a bright eye beamed from beneath the dark silken shroud that concealed the features upon the long line of gallants that passed and repassed them unintermittingly during the evening. The stage and pit of this beautiful theatre were thrown together and formed a vast temporary *salle de danse*, and was most brilliantly illuminated. The favourite costume of the gentlemen was that of a postillion, and not a few were *bien poudre*. Mr. Manners Sutton, the *Canterbury* that is to be, was among the group: he seems to be on very good terms with himself, and is considered to be one of the handsomest men in Paris. It appeared strange to meet with soldiers on duty in every part of the theatre; two guards and sometimes more were posted at every avenue, so that it was impossible to go from the pit to the salon, or to ascend to either flight of boxes without passing an armed guard. So much for the liberty of the people—but the name is sufficient, and France would not do with any thing but a military government. "*Liberté—Ordre Public*" stares me in the face in every direction, but after all it is but the shadow of Freedom, the substance has fled from the nation—perhaps for ever. Louis Phillippe must find that his ambition has not smoothed his pillow: the *Monarch* of the Palais Royal, with its boutiques, and its Cafés, and the solid remuneration it afforded its owner, was a far better possession than a gilded throne that totters to every breeze. Peace be with France—the *grande nation* will not get a better King, let the Fieschi party try what they will.

I looked over several new publications this morning, among which were three *livraisons* of the *Pomologie Francaise*, by Poiteau. It is one of the finest works of the kind I have met with, and the plates boast a superiority of colouring and design to all other publications of a similar description. The work must, as a matter of course, be almost interminable, but in execution it is inimitable. Count Fédor Golowkin's beautiful novel of "*La Princesse D'Amalfi*," which Madame D'Ayala has translated most elegantly into the Spanish language, afforded me great pleasure. It is one of those simple, unpretending, single volumes which one can read without fatigue—at once amusing and instructive.

The fashion of publishing every work in three volumes has I think been carried too far. To fill up a certain number of pages, let the imagination be ever so languid, is necessary to insure the sale of a work of fiction, and what is the consequence? Too frequently the earlier pages are listlessly looked over; the incidents are "few and far between;" and the volumes are consequently thrown aside and condemned to sleep on the couch of oblivion. Such are the effects resulting from the forcing process:—Genius, like fruit, wants the flavour if it is not allowed to ripen according to the season.

We think our five shilling volumes remarkably cheap in England, but in France they put us to shame. M. Barba, Rue Mazarine, has issued a pro-

spectus of a Cabinet Collection of Literature, comprising many of the first French authors, and translations of Scott, Cooper, Marryat, &c. at the almost incredible price of *one franc* the volume in duodecimo. From the specimens I have seen, I should consider it to be one of the most valuable series of works that has for many years issued from the press, and certainly the cheapest that I have heard of. M. Barba's publication deserves the support of all classes, as he offers a good collection of standard works at a very reasonable outlay.

March 16th.—The day being wet and unfavourable the galleries of the *Louvre* were our only resource. I lament much that under the present circumstances only a partial view of the old paintings can be obtained, as many of them are boarded over for the purpose of displaying the Pictures in the present Exposition. Such as we were able to see, however, amply gratified our pictorial tastes. The little picture of the Virgin, by Batoni, made me at once break one of the commandments and covet other men's goods: the virgin has a face of such perfect beauty that I can conceive nothing more exquisitely lovely could have ever been met with in nature. Philippe de Champaigne has several very excellent pictures in this collection. "The Apparition of St. Gervais and St. Protas to St. Ambrose," Archbishop of Milan, and its companion painting. The translation of the bodies of these Saints into the Cathedral of that City are very fine specimens of this master. Corregio's "Mystical Marriage of St. Catharine" is one of those gems of art that one cannot prize highly enough or gaze upon sufficiently often, and the Rembrants' and the Reubens' are so plentifully scattered throughout this collection that the eyes get dazzled with the splendid specimens of genius that present themselves on every side, and the mind bewildered with the long list of great and immortal names that are here collectively brought forward to form the taste of the rising generation, and to prove that genius was even brighter in the past than in the present time. In these days, indeed ever since bluff old Hal signed his concordat with his infernal namesake—since Cromwell in his puritanical hypocrisy denounced all the pictorial symbolical signs of religion as the mere garniture of Satan's apartments, and held it orthodox to consider the female saints as no better than nymphs of the *pavé*, portrait painting has usurped the place of the interesting subjects that were heretofore delineated by the pencil of the artist. With the Reformation the art of painting certainly declined in England: the Churches, plain and undecorated, were no longer the sanctuary of art—and the pious ones of the age not only considered that they could pray better within bare walls, but were too economical to allow any decoration even to the lone altar of the Deity, which they had spared in their crusade of hypocrisy.—Let reason once again resume her sway, and the arts will attain their glorious ascendancy. If Religion has nothing to do with painting, painting on the other side may have something to do with Religion. The mind is frequently too languid, and if a pictorial delineation excites the fervency of prayer, and calls up the spirit within us to worship in all the beauty of

holiness, the adventitious aid thus afforded ought not to be despised. It is almost impossible to enter a church without seeing an inscription upon the frames of several of the pictures signifying that they were presented by the City of Paris. To modern artists this liberality holds forth a vast encouragement, and must be productive of good effects. I cannot say that all the paintings thus presented are of the first class, but if the humbler children of genius are thus fostered by a protecting hand they may eventually produce better things. What a lesson do the Parisians thus give to the wealthy Corporation of London! Who ever heard of their presenting pictures, or even of ordering any to be painted, except they think it right to order a King or a Queen out of courtesy, or want a fat Alderman to fill up a vacant niche in the Guildhall? One of the recent Lord Mayors ought to be held forth as an exception, for he was a patron of the arts after his own fashion, and was actually at the head of a *portrait-painting club*, the enlightened members of which paid a weekly sum to a certain Mr. Daub, who did them all in rotation at so much a head. No Raphaels or Titians being likely to spring up from such patronage, I will again resume my slight notices of some of the paintings which fill this beautiful gallery. The French school has some good productions; those of Vernet (Claude Joseph) are numerous, and well worthy the separate chamber that has been appropriated to them. France has produced but few Marine painters, and Vernet, despite of a certain hardness of style, which seems to be indigenous to the *Ecole Française*, is the principal Marine painter that school has sent forth. He was the pupil of Lucatelli, therefore his taste was rather formed by the Italian than the French school.

Eustache Lesueur has no less than twenty-four paintings illustrative of the principal events in the life of St. Bruno. To have a pictorial record of all the good deeds done during an existence below, from the pencil of a Lesueur one would be almost tempted to try a little sanctity—but the Chartreuse has no charms, and we willingly relinquish all the honours of monkish immortality to St. Bruno for our native liberty. Religious and mythological subjects seem to have solely occupied the pencil of this artist. Poussin, the exquisite Poussin, has left numerous specimens of his pencil to grace this *Musée*. How beautiful is his "Moses saved from the waters," and "The Adoration of the Magi." Then there is Gerard Dow, whose imagination was as opposite to that of Poussin as laughter is to tears. The one should be displayed in a state apartment, the other ought to decorate the walls of a cabinet, where one can give vent to mirth, and enjoy the drolleries of the artist. His "Femme Hydropique" is an exquisite *morceau*, and the "Cuisinière Hollandaise" is inimitable. Vandycke, the prince of the portrait painters of his age, has many pictures. Every body knows his style and his merits too well to need a word of remark being necessary on any of his productions. "The Marriage of Cana," by Paul Veronese, is one of my favourite pictures: if all that have been painted on this, or indeed on any other favourite scriptural subject were collected they would form a gallery of

themselves. In all great collections there are always too many repetitions of the same subject, and the eye becomes wearied with gazing on a tale told but with few variations. But what can equal the Holy Families of Raphael? Two pictures bearing that designation are in this gallery, and both equally exquisite. "The Council of Trent," by Titian, is hung in as bad a light as if it had been placed in its position by the Somerset-House Committee. Titian ought to be treated with a little more respect. "The Triumph of Religion," by Rubens, certainly bears out the supposition that it was painted to be copied in tapestry: but the subject is fine, and the execution shows the mighty power of the master. There is a picture executed on the two sides of a slate, which was first attributed to Michael Angelo, and then given to Daniel de Volterre, or *Ricciarelli*, and probably may not have been the work of either. Speculations of this kind have been too common to excite the slightest surprise at any deception that may have been practised, therefore it is now almost worse than useless to dispute the name of the master, if the quality of the picture be good. In Italy it is well known that an *old picture*, very old indeed if you prefer the darkest tint of age to rest upon the colours, can be painted on very moderate terms, at an equally short notice. There are many clever men who have thus administered to the vanity of collectors. I have heard of a Carlo Dolci being thus prepared for the market. It had been spoken of to an English *Mi-Lord*, who was of course very anxious to possess the gem, but as it was not ready a thousand excuses were made for its non-appearance day after day. One unfortunate morning *Mi-Lord Anglais* called at the house of the Abbé *, who was the agent between the two parties, and by a sad oversight of the servant, who was perhaps not aware of the mighty mischief he was doing when he admitted the visitor into the sactum sanctorum of the Abbé, was let into a secret which it was never intended he should have discovered. A poor devil of an artist was busily employed at an easel, on which was placed the identical picture that it was intended the Englishman should purchase, the Abbé directing the artist how to throw in the tints of time. It was evident that both the speculators were taken by surprise, and there was no method of evasion left. All that the Abbé dared say in his defence was that the demand for the ancient masters far exceeded the quantity on hand, and therefore this modern manufacture of old paintings was so far justifiable that it gratified the pride and the tastes of those who were ambitious to possess specimens which could not be obtained in any other way.

Such may have been the origin of this painting. Volterre, however, was innocent of the cheat, if a cheat it be, and the picture is curious on many accounts. It was presented to Louis XIVth by the Prince de Cellemare, on the part of his brother, who was clerk of the Apostolical Chamber, and Vasari gives this history of the tableau in question. Gio della Casa, a Florentine prelate, who was celebrated for his works, wished to write a treatise on painting; previously to commencing his work he was desirous of knowing all the resources of the art. He therefore is said to have employed Daniel

Volterre to model a groupe in clay of David and Goliath, which he afterwards painted on the slate from the opposite sides of the model. At the death of M. della Casa this painting became the property of the nephew of Volterre, who, perhaps, like the Abbé I have just spoken of, thought the name of Michael Angelo would produce more money than that of his uncle. A "St. Margaret," by Raphael, no one could pass by without stopping to admire; it is the very last in the last addenda to the Catalogue of the Musée, and in every respect worthy of the great master by whom it was painted. It would be a work of time to run through a tenth part of the beauties of the collection, and tiresome to catalogue every thing that pleases me, so adieu to the Musée for the present.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

Oh, my own native country, again I behold thee,
Once more do I hail thee fair "Queen of the West,"

Again in the arms of my fancy I fold thee,
And call thee Ma Vourneen "the Isle of the blest!"

The heath on thy mountains hath oft been my pillow,

And there was the step of my boyhood full free,
But years have elapsed, and the foam crested billow
Hath borne me an exile from love and from thee.

Deep, deep are the feelings reflection can waken,
The visions of childhood now throng to my view,
The hopes in despair that long since were forsaken,
I feel are renew'd far more vivid and true.

But yet oh my country, how changed do I find thee,
The voice of affection no more shall I hear,
No heart that I lov'd now remains to remind me
That "Friendship" once shed for the Exile "a tear."

No more do the scenes which in youth so delighted

Retain the fond charm which before they possess'd.

The love which was mine may long since have been blighted

With griefs yet unknown, as my soul is oppress'd,

Alas! my sad heart overflows with emotion

For time hath not chilled the affection it bore,

And for Erin thy sons own a lasting devotion,

When near thee they love thee, when absent adore.

Sweet Isle of the Ocean a charm beams around thee,
Spring seeks in thy vallies her lovely abode,
Where nature smiles glad as when early she found thee,

An Emerald bright from the hands of her God.

With pride then returning, My Country I claim thee,
For where could I find such warm hearts as in thee,

Thy sons and thy daughters, exulting may name thee

"First flower of the Earth, and first gem of the Sea."

Hollywood, County Monaghan.

J. A. J.

THE GRIEVANCES OF WOMEN.

The Metropolitan Magazine for May, contains an article bearing the attractive title of "An outline of the Grievances of Women," in which it appears to us that the writer has formed a wrong estimate of the female character, and we would enlist the attention of our fair readers whilst we endeavour to point out the sophistry of some of the arguments advanced.

For the honour of the fair sex we shall presume this said writer to be one of the "lords of the creation," who, in a spirit of knight-errantry, and with a Quixotic ardour, has undertaken to wield his "grey goose quill," to defend the cause of the fair and to assert their rights. We fear, alas! that he is a sorry advocate. But to proceed.

This knight-errant of the "grey goose quill" adopts as his motto, "Equal rights, equal privileges, and equal laws," whence we infer that women ought to have the same rights and privileges in all relations of life as men—a position preposterous as it is absurd. Were this measure of reform to pass both houses of the legislature, and to receive the royal fiat of our youthful Queen, we should not long remain a nation of men and women—we should very soon be a nation of men and Amazons, and we feel certain that the sensible portion of the fair community never wish to see a state of society like this.

Having said thus much of the motto, we would call attention to the first paragraph of this superb article, a portion of which runs thus:—

"At a period when the divine right of kings is a doctrine no longer tenable; when the power of a dominant aristocracy totters to its foundation; when an imperious priesthood is on the eve of losing its usurped temporal power, and when the right of the people to civil and religious liberty is generally recognized—in the nineteenth century, and in one of the most civilized countries of Europe, half the population is still enslaved!—the women of England—the mothers, wives, and daughters of "free born Britons," are still forced to bend under a yoke more galling than that of the negro—a yoke which enthralls the mind! Degraded, despised, and scorned,—scorned even by those to whom they have given existence—whom they have tended with unwearied care during the helpless hours of infancy—for whom they have suffered so much and endured so many privations—for whom they have laboured, nay, sacrificed themselves. The career of women is, with very few exceptions, marked by disappointment and sorrow, and too frequently closed in hapless despair. Denied the privileges granted to the meanest citizens, trampled upon in every relation of life, retained in profound ignorance of all, excepting religion, that can ennoble human nature, and only instructed in *that* so far as it may render them obedient slaves."

Here is a flourish of fine words without sense or meaning—one kind of *sense* they can assuredly lay claim to, and that is—*nonsense*. It is a foul libel upon humanity to say that "women are degraded, despised, and scorned—scorned even by those to whom they have given existence—whom they have tended with unwearied care during the helpless hours of infancy," and we fearlessly assert the con-

trary of this. Ask the aged mother who has reared a numerous offspring, whether her tender and watchful anxiety has not been repaid?—whether her children from their first attempts to syllable in lisping accents, their childish joy or sorrow,—from the first dawning of their youthful intellect to the time of their entrance into life, have not loved and revered her, aye, and they will love and revere her until the tears of filial affection shall moisten her grave. Now, my fair friends, mark the following sentence, which assails some of your most cherished feelings. “Denied the privileges granted to the meanest citizen, trampled upon in every relation of life, retained in profound ignorance of all, excepting religion, that can ennoble human nature, and only instructed in *that* so far as it may render them obedient slaves.” We know that our fair country-women have too much good sense to fancy, even for a moment, that they are *slaves to religion*. Most of them know and feel the importance of religious duties, whilst myriads of them have hearts glowing with a pure and a sublime devotion. We suppose our sophist would wish to set up the free-thinking ideas of Tom Paine, the specious philosophy of Voltaire, or the ingenious reasonings of Volney, in opposition to the pure and the holy truths of the Gospel. Away with such absurdity, it makes our heart sick to dwell upon it.

Passing over a portion of this rhodomantade, we come to the following sage remarks. “If women are capable of exercising the functions of legislators as well or better than those to whom the execution of such responsible duties is confided it is not too much to presume that they are equally well qualified to fill the lower offices in the state, and ought therefore to be invested with the minor privileges of citizens, which no *man* is thought too mean or too ignorant to possess, and which the more earnest reformers assert to be the right of every one but a criminal. Surely it requires no great genius to fulfil the duties of an overseer, of a member of the vestry, of a parish clerk, of a guardian of the poor, of a Burgess, or of a parliamentary elector? When we see the hands into which these offices and trusts are thrown, we cannot suppose it is from incapacity but from jealousy that women are excluded from them.”

Now, if this be written in a spirit of jocularity, we give our knight-errant some credit for drollery, but if it be meant in sober earnestness, we must say that he is a ninny. Modesty, grace, dignity, mildness, are characteristics of woman—home is her native sphere, there she is enthroned with queen-like dignity, and 'tis there she displays the loveliest attributes of her sex. Just picture to yourselves an elegant, beautiful woman taking part in the vulgar squabbles of a vestry room, or entering the stormy arena of politics, where man and man come together in bitter conflict, and where the rancour of party feeling oft severs asunder the ties of friendship. Where then would be the quiet joys of a domestic home? Our social condition would be changed, and confusion and uproar would reign triumphant. “Home sweet home,” might go unsung—woman's nature would be altered, and her humanising influence destroyed. Man, vexed and troubled in spirit might in vain

seek that generous sympathy which characterise the fond wife or the affectionate sister—the gentle loving kindness of their natures would be swallowed up in an Amazonian spirit. In the season of affliction who pillows the weary head?—woman; in the time of sickness who watches with an ever wakeful eye?—woman. Who can “minister to a mind diseased?” If any earthly being *can*, 'tis woman—lovely woman; her softening grace assuages the pangs of remorse, and her soothing accents fall like balm on the wounded spirit. Why should we then wish to sully these her ennobling characteristics, which such an innovation upon our social system would most assuredly do.

As to women constituting a portion of the senate, the position is too absurd to need a word of comment, and passing over some trite but common place observations respecting the influence of women, we come to the “momentous subject of education.” On this point the writer expatiates at some length, and many of his remarks are both sensible and just. Would that they were not coupled with those levelling propositions against our social system that precede them; they are worthy of better companionship. To enter into an analysis of this subject would run our paper to too great a length, we shall therefore content ourselves by glancing at *music*, “now considered so essential a part of female education,” and for an elucidation of the other branches of education we must refer our fair Readers to the article itself. The writer says, “that the universal and excessive cultivation of music is undesirable,” and objects to its being taught to those who have neither ear nor taste for it, and were this plan to be adopted, he contends that it “would prevent the girl without either ear or taste being compelled as she is now, to labour in dull drudgery at her piano during the best years of her youth.” Many no doubt think differently to this, yet to our minds it seems both sensible and just.

In extracting the following shrewd remarks on the object of the cultivation of music, we shall take leave of this part of the subject:—“Music, however, is frequently not cultivated for its own sake, or even on account of its fashionable reputation, but because it is a means of attracting attention, and thereby procuring a ‘good establishment.’ With this view, a young lady while at school sings and practises, and after her entrée into the ~~world~~ continues to do so for a few years, or at least so long as she retains *hope*. To this object, it must be owned, music is a powerful and useful auxiliary. Excepting a beautiful face, perhaps there is nothing so attractive as an exquisite voice; indeed it is difficult to say which will command the most attention. Besides, if the voice is deficient, or the performance merely instrumental, the bustle that takes place around a piano or harp affords an excellent opportunity for flirtation. The instrument is the general place of assembly for all the idlers. Young men, if they are not positive martyrs to ‘finery’ continue to make themselves busy in placing the lights, arranging the music-desks, &c., and have at the same time an opportunity of admiring a pretty hand or a well-formed figure. Compliments on the performance succeed, which are the prelude to further conver-

sation, while perhaps the really clever and agreeable girl, who is 'not musical' is seated beside a stupid elderly lady without exciting the slightest attention."

When such scenes are of daily occurrence, who can wonder at the predilection in favour of music felt by all manœuvring mothers, who look on their daughter's success in that accomplishment as an earnest of their success in the more arduous business of after life.

But to turn again to the levelling system; in conclusion our knight-errant calls upon his country women to effect their social regeneration by agitation. We call upon them to do no such thing, for agitation is low and vulgar, independent of its being *unfeminine*. We are assured that the sensible portion of our fair country-women are content with our present social system, and desire no change—the well-thinking and right-minded of the opposite sex love, respect, and adore them, and ever will, so long as they retain untarnished that inestimable jewel—that jewel beyond all price, which gives such brilliant lustre to the fair form of woman—VIRTUE!

HOMO.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

Oh! tell me not that Woman's love
Is like a Summer flower,
Springing to life and blossoming,
Then with'ring in an hour?

Oh! tell me not that Woman's love,
Like Morning's golden ray,
But shineth for a little while,
Then flickereth away.

No, no, 'tis bald assertion all,
I'll not believe the tale;
The Clouds shall melt, the Mountains fall,
Ere Woman's love shall fail.

The heart where once the sacred fire
Has raised its holy flame;
Retaineth still its fervent heat
From year to year the same.

Content may lend its honied charms,
Or sorrow freeze her breast,
O'er her fond heart love reigneth, like
The Phoenix o'er its nest.

Oh! Woman's love! dear Woman's love!
It is a sacred thing;
More brilliant than the rainbow tints
Which gild an angel's wing.

LOVE.—To love—to devote the overweening sensibilities of an impassioned heart to an absent and disdainful object, is perhaps a sufficient portion of human misery; but to love, and feel that we have injured the object of our affection—wantonly repelled his devotion and seared up the fountain of his tenderness by a wound of deliberate cruelty, may indeed avail to plant wrinkles on the brow, and scatter grey hairs amid the tresses by which it is overhung!

LITERATURE.

THOUGHTS ON THE LITERATURE OF THE FRENCH.

To the Editress of *La Belle Assemblée*.

MADAM,—

Some observations in your number for January, 1838, on the "French Modern Literature," by M. C—, have induced me to offer the result of my own inquiries on this subject, though I can scarce flatter myself you will deem my remarks worthy a place in your valuable periodical.

In the first instance I must disagree with your correspondent in thinking, that the works of modern French novelists are held up to more severe reprobation than they deserve from us, nor can I refrain from coinciding in the generally received opinion, that much of the demoralization and irreligion so painfully striking in the French character, are to be attributed in a chief degree to the pernicious style of their modern novels. How, I would ask, can the waters be pure if the cistern be poisoned? How, would I ask, can it be expected that virtue will be revered and cherished in the mind which has become not only *familiarized* with but *enamoured* of vice by constantly regarding it in the gilded and alluring attire with which it is bedecked, by the ephemeral herd, who, misusing their own leisure, by suffering their imagination to run riot, and their hand to trace the progress of its idle wanderings, too fatally also fill up the leisure of thousands, and by their specious sophistry gradually succeed in perverting the judgment, sulling the thoughts and undermining the principle of good implanted in the nature of man by a Beneficent Being, who in leaving him a free agent to choose between right and wrong, intended to make him feel the degree of importance he holds in the scale of Creation?

I have lately visited *La Belle France*, and having little to employ my time, I determined to devote a large portion of it to the examination of its modern Literature, principally in its most widely diffused branch—works of fiction. Novel after novel did I take from the loaded shelves of the public libraries, and each did I return with a deeper feeling of disgust,—nay, even of loathing, for its impurity, and livelier regret that such fatal poison should be permitted to circulate through the veins of a brave and a great nation. Let us only examine, in proof of my remark, the foundation stone on which French authors, both male and female, generally raise the fabric of their structure.—Opening scene.—A Château in some blooming Province, or an Hotel in Paris. A young couple have just been united after a betrothment from the cradle. The husband, generous, confiding, and all tenderness—the wife all beauty, *spiritualité*, and seemingly endowed with every feminine virtue. A few months glide on, each day fraught with more happiness than the last.—Second scene.—A male friend of the husband's introduced, he sees the bliss of this earthly paradise, and wishes 'twere his own. But the wish does not stimulate him to form such another for himself by seeking a second Eve. No! the one his friend possesses is the only one who can give him happiness, and from the first moment of his introduction he has re-

solved she shall be his! Then commences a well planned system for undermining the social bliss of the envied pair. First the soft whisper, "*that Heaven had made him such a wife!*" then the insidious hint, the pretended fear, that he who possesses the treasure is incapable of appreciating its value—that she mistakes the homage paid to her beauty for affection,—that such a soul as *his* cannot be capable of feeling the passion of love! Gradually does the mind of the victim yield to the speciousness of such like sophistry; vanity overclouds reason, and thus does she fall into the snare so artfully spread to entrap her! But, *remorse* does not follow dereliction from the path of virtue and honour—*concealment* is the only thought of either! "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte,*" and the boundary of virtue once passed the heart yields but with little resistance to the indulgence of its darling passions; till vice becomes a habit and ceases even to raise a blush.

Let us take another foundation for a French novel; we shall see a lovely, innocent young creature brought up in a remote Province, under the superintendence of a virtuous mother. She is introduced into Parisian society ignorant of its hidden snares and gilded vices. One, every way her equal, loves her passionately, and she with all the devotion of first love in woman's heart unreservedly returns it; but *his* is not the pure, the hallowed love which leads its votaries to a union of heart and soul at the Altar of their God. When he has secured her affections he avows some insurmountable barrier to their union, then leaves her; if not shipwrecked in Virtue, at least blighted in heart. She is forced into a *marriage de convenance*; her husband is unkind or careless, and she is wretched. The lover re-appears; renews his protestations; she smiles again; the world sees nothing to disapprove of in the attentions of a *petit maître*, and all goes on smoothly! *belle moralité!!!*

The first work sent me from the French library was "*Zéline*," by Paul de Kock. The impulse of the moment was to return it unopened, for I had often heard of the open grossness of the author, but a second thought told me to judge for myself; accordingly I waded through nearly two of the volumes, and certainly did meet with many pages very beautiful, but finally I dismissed the work with unspeakable loathing. That one specimen, though I have been told *Zéline* is the least revolting of his productions, was quite enough.

However, at the end of six months, when I had nearly exhausted my catalogue, I arrived at the conviction that the works of Paul De Kock were after all perhaps the least dangerous of all the trash I had read, because the vices he held up to view were glaringly disgusting—the adder which feigns sleep in your bosom, is more dangerous than the one which hisses in your path. Irreligion and immorality displayed in their naked deformity are invariably revolting and loathsome to youth: in nine instances out of ten the book which openly discloses them would be thrown aside in the impulse of that instinctive respect which the unsullied mind feels for itself; but when vice and licentiousness are skilfully gilded over they glide imperceptibly into the human breast, and there too often find a nest.

It would require a quarto volume to give quotations from the works in question; besides, my pen would refuse to translate the gross absurdities and sickening sentiments and false morality everywhere displayed; suffice it to give the name of a few, with a slight sketch of the plot of each. Let us examine one of Balzac's:—"Le Lys de la Vallée," its hero a youth of apparently amiable qualities; a lady, who is the *Lys de la Vallée*, makes a deep impression on his heart at a ball. He wanders about the Province till he discovers traces of her—finds she is a wife and a mother. This information does not induce him to fly her society, but suggests to him the plan of becoming the friend of the husband, that he may obtain the wife! at the same time he carries on an intrigue with an English lady of rank, in the delineation of whose character M. de Balzac does certainly not entitle himself to much gratitude from my fair countrywomen. The *Lys de la Vallée*, though faithful to her marriage vows, commits a thousand extravagant follies, and scruples not to receive the assurances of his love for her, nor indeed to acknowledge her affection for him. Tortured with contending emotions, and suffering all the keen pangs of jealousy on finding herself comparatively neglected for her English rival, she dies of a broken heart.

"*Jacques*," par George Sand, written in the style of Madame Cottin's very worst novels. The heroine is introduced to us, as most heroines are, beautiful, amiable, and accomplished, but *poor*. At seventeen she is married from choice to a man of large fortune, who possesses every good quality, and who has only the very pardonable defect of being 30 years of age, and moreover gifted with a proud sensitive mind. Shortly after their marriage she allows herself to be persuaded that he does not love her as ardently as he ought; that the disparity of years between them is too great to admit of congeniality of mind—in short, that he has lived too long in the world to be capable of the enthusiasm of feeling which she is told and has read constitutes the charm of love! He soon perceives the change in her sentiments towards him, and also arrives at the conclusion that she has made a dreadful sacrifice in marrying a man at the advanced age of thirty! He moreover sees that a mutual passion has sprung up between his lovely young wife, and a handsome youth, who is on a visit at his house. He *heroically* resolves to sacrifice every thing to their happiness; for this purpose he quits his home, his child, his country, but he previously employs means to ascertain from the lover that he would marry the inconstant fair one did any fatal accident occur to him on the journey—in short he meditates, and finally accomplishes self-destruction! Could fatuity be carried to a more extravagant length?—and this is the hero for whose character and judgment your respect was sought!

Pass we on to another of this lady's productions—"André."—What just delineation of character, what poetic ideas and simple beauty of style here more than ever awaken our regret that this gifted writer should also belong to the Jean Jacques Rousseau school! Geneviève and André, the very children of poetry, simplicity, and nature, love each other with all the beauty of holiness with

which Poets imbue the master passion. André is the son of a proud, old, obstinate Marquis, and Geneviève a poor "*Fleuriste*," and this says enough as to the insurmountable barrier to their union. The character of Geneviève is beautifully simple and pure, nay more, *poetic*. André is a scholar, gentle, affectionate, and kind, but weak and wavering; he loves the poor orphan *Fleuriste*, but will not take a decided step to make her his wife. The father hears of the attachment, and on his son's persisting in not renouncing it he drives him pennyless from his presence. Geneviève supports him; she is still innocent; but slander is busy with her name, and her health of body and strength of mind wither beneath its pestilential breath. Why André does not at once marry her is inexplicable! He has taken shelter under her humble roof, and she supports him by her untiring industry; but no, the very moment after your sympathy and your pity have been most warmly awakened in her behalf, the heroine ceases to deserve either, though unfortunately she retains both! and here lies hid the poison!—they are ultimately married, but Geneviève dies.

"*Rose et Blanche*," par Jules Sand. Characters drawn and sustained with extraordinary powers; incidents novel in the extreme, but the same deplorable ground work.

"*Virtu et Temperance*," par M. Jacob; its title gives fair promise; change it to the opposite views, and you will then not be disappointed in its perusal.

"*Scenes des Mœurs et des Caractères*," par Madame Augustin Thierry: something good, I thought, might be expected from the wife of so great an author! Let us take the first tale. Three sisters brought up under the careful superintendence of a virtuous mother, yet all three, in contradiction to every feminine principle of even common delicacy, madly in love with one individual! With such heroes and heroines to call forth their sympathies, how, I would again ask, can the French novels of the present day be considered in any other light than a slow, subtle poison instilled into the minds of those who are doomed to read them? It should be remembered "that evil communications corrupt good manners." Perhaps the tendency would not be so dangerous were the faults and crimes met with in these works described as the result of bad education or debased principles; but where, as is the case in this instance, we are taught that virtue must succumb to vice, and reason yield to passion,—that human nature is powerless to resist temptation, then do such works become pernicious; and the mind which is fed by them must sooner or later become corrupt. Scarcely an exception can I make to the numerous novels I perused, save those from the pen of Dumas, Victor Hugo, or Chateaubriand. The works of the former are at once classical and historical. In "*Isabelle de Bavière*" the greatest fault we find is the introduction of too many characters, too many incidents and too many horrors; vices there are, but none painted to allure, none decked with the attributes of virtue. Then again his "*Impressions de Voyages*," where can a more happy style be found? where more fluency of language? more pleasing, and at times beautiful

similies? How delightful to take up our knapsack and our staff and wander with him from one Canton of far famed Switzerland to another! To see all things and all people as he sees them *en couleur de rose*! Let us enjoy his gay happy conversation,—let us, if we dine ill at noon promise ourselves a hearty supper at night fall—if our bed be of straw to-night let us enjoy in anticipation as well as in reality the one of down we may hope to meet with at the next village, and thus render both the present and the future happy. From a thousand beautiful passages I give the following:—

"Nous continuâmes ainsi notre route, au milieu de tous les fantastiques enchantemens de la nuit, sans perdre de vue un instant la muraille de neige, vers laquelle nous avançons, et de laquelle nous arrivaient (quoique nous en fussions éloignée encore de près de six livres) des rumeurs inconnues et plaintives, produites par la chute des avalanches des glaciers. De tems en tems à droite ou à gauche un brusquement plus rapproché nous faisait retourner la tête: c'était quelque cascade jetant son écharpe de gaze, au quelque bois de sapins, dans les aîmes desquels passait la brise, et qui se plaignent, les unes aux autres dans une langue qu'il faut comprendre ceux qui l'habitent, les choses en apparence les plus inanimées ont reçu comme nous de Dieu, des voix pour se rejouir, ou pour pleurer; des accents pour louer ou pour mandire. Ecoutez la terre pendant une belle nuit d'été—écoutez l'océan pendant une tempête!" How beautiful the idea, that all things in nature has a voice whereby to express its pain or its pleasure!

We have heard Victor Hugo decried as the head of "*L'Ecole romantique*." If all of this author's works resemble his "*Bug Yargal*," we congratulate France in possessing such a head, for any school! Bug Yargal is translated into English under the title of the "*Slave King*," and who that has read it but must acknowledge it equal to the very best of Cooper's works. I name Cooper because I consider him of the same school. Then his "*Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*," how beautiful! perhaps a little too imaginative, but we may forgive its exaggeration when we consider the end for which it was written—namely, to induce the French Government to abolish the penalty of Death!

We must not forget the divine La Martine; his "*Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*" must be as undying as our Milton's "*Paradise Lost*." If we could quarrel with him it would be that he has too much redundancy of language, that his phrases are rather too much laboured; he is unwilling to leave a subject whilst he has a thread with which to weave a sentence. Something of this defect is observable in his meditations amongst the ruins of Balbeck, which I transcribe at length.

"Seated upon some fragments of cornices and capitals, which served us for benches, we quickly dispatched the simple repast of travellers in the desert, and for some time before retiring to rest we conversed together about the grand spectacle we had just seen. The fires had died away but the full moon had risen and illumined the clear canopy of Heaven, penetrating through the crevices of a large white stone wall, and the open work of an arabesque window, which was on that side of the court next the

desert. Our conversation gradually ceased, and we became absorbed in meditation. What reflections occurred to our minds at that time, in that place, so far removed from the living world! in that world of the dead, in the presence of so many evidences of past and unknown ages; evidences which overturn the petty theories of human philosophy! What then was stirring in our minds, or in our hearts, in reference to our system, our ideas, and perhaps, alas! to our individual recollections and sentiments, God alone knows! Our tongues could not have told, nor dared they venture to profane the solemnity of that hour, or even of our thoughts: *we were silent!* Suddenly a soft and plaintive strain, a slow modulated murmur stole through the arabesque ogives of the ruined wall of the Bishop's house. This vague and confused sound swelled higher and higher, until we distinguished it to be a chaunt from the united voices of choristers: a monotonous, melancholy strain, which rose, fell, and died away; and was alternately revived and re-echoed. It was the evening prayer, which the Bishop was chaunting with his little flock, in the skeleton of that which had once been his church; viz., a heap of ruins piled up by a tribe of idolaters. We were totally unprepared for this music of the soul, whose every note was in fact, a sentiment, or a sigh from the human breast. How little did we expect it in this solitude, in the bosom of the desert, issuing as it were from mute stones, strewed about by the combined influence of earthquakes, barbarous ignorance and time. A hallowed emotion inspired us, and we joined with religious fervour in the sacred hymn, until the last sighs of the pious voices had died away, and silence again reigned over the venerable ruins."

I must not close my remarks without a slight observation on the classical, the profound and melancholy, though somewhat egotistical Châteaubriand, whose, "*Genie du Christianisme*," "*Les Martyrs*" &c., must be hallowed in every nation into whose tongue they are translated. But even this great author's lighter works are not altogether unexceptionable. *Réné*, *Celuta*, *Atala*, all are the victims of passion, and although they atone for their errors by a life of repentance, yet would it not have been better that youth should not be taught, that such *beings* can err. The beauty of language and sentiment of one and all of these productions cannot be surpassed; open a volume at any page and some beauty or sublimity will strike you.

His "*Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise*" is generally allowed to be a misnomer; it may be considered rather as an introduction to his long talked of translation of Milton's "*Paradise Lost*." I opened its pages in the expectation of enjoying a "*feast of reason*." I was all on the qui vive to learn what so great a man thought of the works of our modern authors; the title would certainly lead one to suppose that M. Châteaubriand intended giving a review on our works, both of the present day and the past; yet there is little mention but of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, and a few words on Scott and Byron; the following passage, in speaking of the death of the latter, is very beautiful, although there be somewhat of egotism in it, despite the apparent humility.

"J'ai précédé Lord Byron dans la vie, il m'a précédé dans la mort; il a été appelé avant son tour; mon numero primait le sien, et pourtant le sien est sorti le premier. Byron aurait dû rester

sur la terre; le monde me pouvait perdre sans s'apercevoir de ma disparition, et sans me regretter.

"Tout ce que j'ai vu passer, ou tout ce qui a passé autour de moi, depuis que j'existe, ne se peut dire. Que de tombeaux se sont ouverts et fermés sous mes yeux! Cent fois par le soleil, ou par la pluie, au bord d'une fosse ouverte dans laquelle ou descendait une bière; avec discordes, j'ai entendu le râlement de ces cordes, j'ai ouï le bruit de la première pelletée de terre tombante sur la bière; à chaque nouvelle pelletée le bruit creux s'assourdissait et diminuait. La terre en comblant la sépulture, faisait peu-à-peu monter le silence éternel à la surface du cercueil."

With four such authors as the last named may we not hope that France will soon see a new school of fiction spring up, and that their works, to say nothing of the extensive encouragement given to the translation of our own, comparatively speaking, pure literature, must in time purify the country from the scourge which at present threatens to drive virtue and religion from the domestic hearths of La Belle France.

AMELIA W—N.

EXTENSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

Mr. Alexander Vattemare (who was formerly known in London as Mr. Alexander, the celebrated Ventriloquist, and who is now performing at the Colosseum) has been labouring for the last fifteen years to establish a system of exchange of duplicates of books and objects of art between different countries. He has now come over to the British Metropolis to petition our Houses of Parliament on the subject. In order more fully to explain his views we translate his petition to the Chamber of Paris, presented and granted last year. Mr. Vattemare has brought with him to this country the most splendid collection of autograph letters from almost all the Continental Powers to himself on the subject. Also a very curious collection of drawings, valuable from the noble artists whose pencils have furnished specimens of twenty-three different nations, in the skill of pictorial embellishment. Of these we believe ere long an exhibition will be formed. The indefatigable exertions of this enthusiastic Frenchman to spread knowledge and establish a friendly intercourse between literary men deserve encouragement and assistance; and as his theory is one which may be easily carried into practice, we trust it will meet that attention from our national liberality which a plan so conducive to the general good of mankind deserves.

Petition to the Chambers to pass a law to authorize the establishment of a general system of Exchange of the Duplicates of Books and objects of Art contained in the Collections, Museums, and Libraries of France, for the Duplicates of similar institutions in the different States of Europe.

All the great establishments for the promotion of science and art, whether Museums, Collections, Galleries, or Libraries, founded by the munificence of various Governments, possess, besides the treasures which they display to view, others, whose very abundance renders them useless—namely, duplicates precious and costly, which the hand of the saven consigns with regret to dust and oblivion.

There is not a large city in Europe which cannot

reckon up a considerable number of such duplicates. The Library at Munich contains 200,000; that at Jena, 12,000; at Petersburg, 54,000; and at Vienna more than 30,000 (amongst which are a large number of works printed between 1457 and 1520) are buried in storehouses. There are moreover in the last-named city 25,000 duplicates incumbering the entomological sections of the Brazilian Museum. In short, for the longest enumeration would still be incomplete, we should find everywhere by the side of collections dedicated to study and public curiosity, others hidden from view: Libraries, of whose existence we are ignorant; and unknown museums whose treasures are removed beyond the reach of science, and lost to all; and thus Museums, Collections, and Libraries are placed out of the pale of that progressive and generalizing advancement which marks the present era. Science bounds over the barriers which Politics raise among nations, all its cultivators are brothers; for them there is no distinction of country, no political prejudices; they extend from one end of the world to the other; the discovery of one becomes a victory for all; and, thanks to this fraternity of talent, to this confederation of intelligence, science day by day attains a higher elevation, and extends the domain of mind.

Scientific establishments on the contrary are stamped with a special and exclusive character. Every Library, faithful image of the country that formed it, abounds in its own natural productions, and after all, wants the most important foreign works; whilst a similar principle heaps them up elsewhere, and condemns them to a similar inutility. It is the same with museums and large collections. In these however, sacred depositaries of everything possessed of life and motion, are united the contributions of the whole world, and science cannot be regarded as perfect without presenting a complete series of the objects of her contemplation. But in all these collections, those peculiar to its own country multiply and accumulate, and this exuberance of local wealth only renders the poverty that sits beside it more striking.

Hence arise immense disadvantages; rarity gives certain objects an ideal, and sometimes a false importance; whilst on the other hand their multiplicity completely takes away the value of others, the great mass of which can find no place in the cabinets of the collectors. False systems spring up out of incomplete series of imperfectly known facts. But above all (and it is there that the greater evil calls more imperatively for the remedy) innumerable materials are lost to science—innumerable subjects withdrawn from our contemplation.

Duplicates are entombed as being dead things of no price! The man who hides and hoards his gold is justly reproached for the act; he commits a robbery on labour; he abstracts a capital from circulation which would multiply and fertilize. Abstractions injurious to knowledge are equally culpable and disastrous; but there are means to check at once this state of things, and the inconvenience they give rise to; and much more than that, to derive from those useless and despised duplicates a source of increased wealth, which the restricted munificence of a Parliamentary grant could never afford.

These means are to be found in a system of exchange, and I solicit its adoption and application. I demand that every Museum, every Collection, every Library should be permitted to exchange such of its duplicates as are decidedly useless, for others belonging to other establishments, whether in France or elsewhere. A Journal published in Paris should contain a general catalogue of such duplicates. Every

Public Institution would there find a description of those objects which it may wish to obtain, and in that Journal it might announce in its turn, a list of those articles it could furnish in exchange.

To facilitate those exchanges and give them a fixed and regular basis, the value of every duplicate should be declared, and the good faith of men of science, as well as the controul they would mutually exercise over each other, would guarantee the fairness of that valuation. The results would be immediate and wonderful.

In a few years our Libraries would be enriched by these exchanges; they would restore to mutilated works the volumes whose loss at present we deplore in vain, and which the catalogues will have disinterred. Precious manuscripts will open to us new and unknown sources of history. Thus it may be that we shall no longer envy Breslaw the possession of the most precious of Froissart's Manuscripts; Munich, that of the fifth volume of the MS. of the romance *Des Quatre Fils Aymon*, the four first of which are in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris; nor Brussels the duplicate MSS. which exist in the Burgundy Library. What treasures might we not obtain from the King of Sardinia in exchange for the title-deeds and charters of the Duchy of Savoy, which lie at Dijon in the garrets and archives of the Department?

Thus, without a farthing cost to the Revenue, our Libraries would become Universal Libraries. The Library of the Arsenal possesses three copies of a Bible, printed by Faust; the estimated value of each of which is said to be 12,000 francs (480*l.*) One of these in exchange would procure the Library many works which it might never acquire by any other means. There, as in a vast Encyclopædia, the works of all times, countries, and languages in the world would be assembled. Every people, every epoch, would then have its representative; Science, History, Philosophy, Literature, would then appear under their native mien. There, thought in all its forms, intellect in all its manifestations would be unfolded, and that Museum which Europe admires and envies would unroll to wondering eyes a general view of all scientific facts. The collections will be complete, all branches of science will go hand in hand, and traversing uninterruptedly the immense scale of being, the genius of another Cuvier may endow the world with a magnificent summary of the Creation. Might we not obtain in exchange, one of the two Mammoths of the Museum at St. Petersburg? Analogous advantages await other institutions, where other treasures are heaped together, and collections formed by private individuals from a love of science, especially numismatic collections, would find the only possible means by which they can be completed in the system of exchange.

Enlightened guardians of the public property, will the Peers and Deputies reject an easy and certain means of multiplying our riches? Will they refuse to apply to Science a principle which the experience of our age acknowledges as the very life of commerce and social wealth? Will Government reject an idea allied to the direction it has given to historical labours and political economy?

By travelling through Europe I have laid, as it were, the foundation of a general system of exchange. I have obtained from learned foreigners, from Directors of Public Establishments, from Ministers, and sometimes from Sovereigns, the assurance that the project will be realized as soon as France shall have set it in motion.

As to the means of carrying it into effect however, I shall for the present adopt a prudent reserve; it

is not for me to anticipate the wisdom of Government.

I confine my wishes to the enactment of a law to authorize the exchange of our duplicates, and a treaty to regulate this new species of barter, this intellectual commerce between the Governments of Europe; this peaceful treaty, which will agitate neither the passions nor the interests of men; yet will it not be inglorious, for the monuments that are raised to science, rise also to the glory of their founders.

(Signed) ALEXANDRE VATTEMARE.
ELECTEUR DE SEINE d'OISE.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S MEMOIRS AND REMINISCENCES OF FRANCE.

EDITED BY FRANCIS HERVÉ, ESQ.

1 Vol. Saunders and Otley.

Madame Tussaud has too long been celebrated as an artiste, not to make us eager to peruse the long-promised volume of her reminiscences; and we only lay it down with regret that "more had not been added." Her residence at, and intimate knowledge of the French Court, at its most interesting period, leaves no doubt of the authenticity of the anecdotes with which the work abounds. Great praise is due to the talented editor, Mr. Hervé, for the entertaining manner in which he has thrown his materials together; but instead of occupying our space with criticism we will hasten to lay before our readers extracts that will be far more amusing, and let the work speak for itself:—

COURT OF VERSAILLES.—During the interval of the dances, whilst the fair were reposing from the fatigue of pleasure, then was the moment for the accomplished courtier to display the powers of his art, in an age when compliment, wit, and repartee were considered as qualifications indispensable for those admitted within the precincts of the royal saloons; all essayed their utmost efforts to outshine each other in the delicacy of their flattery, and in every finesse of gallantry; thus, while the lady listened to her *sai disant* adorer, her countenance glowing with delight, would bespeak the tale to which she lent an ear, ever calculated to raise her in her own estimation, whilst the attitude and gesticulation of her elegant admirer alone would proclaim the theme of his eloquence. Groups such as these then filled the drawing-rooms; and those who breathed the soft balm of adulation were themselves as gratified as could be their fair and susceptible auditors, whilst an expression of joyous feeling beamed from every feature, and "all went merrily as a marriage bell." Alas, poor deluded beings! how little did they think, that the splendid suite of apartments, with their gilded cornices and painted ceilings, filled with beings on whom every artificial aid had been lavished to endow them with grace and elegance, clothed in drapery, glittering with embroidery and jewels, in a few short months would be polluted by the vulgar tread of the lowest wretches which the dregs of Paris could disgorge, of ruffians of the coarsest mien, who, with bare and blood-stained arms, vociferating their hideous yells, bellowing from room to room, with horrid oaths and imprecations, calling for revenge upon the royal inmates of the palace, turned that which had so late been a scene of revelry and pleasure, into one of brutal riot and slaughter: yet such was the fact; the burdens upon the people, and the bondage in which they were held, by the nobles,

became insufferable; the string was too tightly drawn, and at length it snapped, and no powers then could re-unite the rebel cords, once set free; anarchy followed, and, too late, the oppressors saw their error, and that they had carried their tyranny one point too far.

Amongst the visitors to Madame Elizabeth, was often Louis the Eighteenth, then called Monsieur Provence; but as he carried his excess of politesse to a degree which savoured too much of gallantry to be consistent with his exalted character, according to Madame Tussaud's notion of things, he received from her a rebuke, which, although sixty years since, remains still forcibly impressed upon her memory. It so happened, that his royal highness and she met on the staircase together, when he was disposed to carry his complimentary politeness to too practical an extreme, and she judged it high time to give him a slap on the face; which so covered the prince with confusion, that when questioned by Madame Elizabeth, on his entering her presence, as to the cause of his apparent embarrassment, his hesitation in replying at once displayed that he was not so perfect at subterfuge and repartee at that period, as he has since proved himself to be; and notwithstanding all his evasive answers, the princess afterwards discovered the cause of his discomfited appearance, and, for the future, his royal highness restricted his expressions of politeness and regard towards Madame Tussaud within more moderate bounds.

However the King hearkened to the advice of prudent men, experienced financiers, and able calculators, who ever counselled a diminution of expenditure; yet all their remonstrances lost their effect when he encountered the queen, whose captivating influence soon neutralized that of any other counselor; her soft persuasive tones, breathed, as they were, from the lips of beauty, accompanied by all her fascinating powers, ever vanquished; and a stronger mind than that of Louis might have yielded to the witchery of such charms as those possessed by Marie Antoinette: and if the reader should imagine that a blind partiality for her royal mistress had induced Madame Tussaud to present an extremely flattering and highly-coloured portrait of the queen, let us but refer to the description of our own countryman, and there we shall find, in the words of Burke, as much of encomium expressed, as could be conveyed in a volume from the pen of ordinary writers. Speaking of Marie Antoinette, this elegant author says, 'Surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision! I saw her just above the horizon decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy.' By the syren voice of such a being, were the better feelings of the unfortunate Louis ever subdued; and, after all his entreaties that the queen would renounce or diminish the gorgeous fêtes and entertainments she was giving proved in vain, with a despairing air he would exclaim, 'Then let the game go on.'

One spectacle which Madame Tussaud remembers whilst at Versailles, must have been highly interesting, consisting of monks from the convent of Maturin (*vielle rue du Temple*), who, in procession, came to the palace to solicit money for the purpose of ransoming the French subjects who were detained in slavery at Algiers. The costume of the fathers was a loose white gown, with a red cross and black cowl. They generally received money from almost every house; they were never accompanied by many of

the unfortunate beings who had already been released from the bondage and privations which they had long endured, during their detention under the Dey of Algiers; their appearance was such as was calculated to excite the deepest sympathies of the human heart. They were dressed like sailors, and still wore the chains upon them with which they had been loaded whilst in captivity; their beards had been suffered to grow, which gave them a venerable appearance increased by their bended bodies, which had been borne down by the weight of the manacles which they had been compelled ever to drag with them, as they pursued their weary toil. It was in order to convey a true picture of their sufferings, that they carried with them their fetters as they slowly moved along with the melancholy procession through the streets of Paris and Versailles; but to such a degree was the compassion of the humane excited, that an application for alms was seldom made in vain. The miserable objects, who had already been rescued from slavery, had an air of premature age indelibly stamped upon their countenances, produced, no doubt, from excess of labour, insufficiency of food, and exposure, in a hot climate, to the burning rays of a nearly vertical sun. But the French were then, as now, ever ready to succour distress, when they were not under the influence of the infuriating effects of political fanaticism; therefore, when they saw before them the harrowing effects which slavery had wrought upon those who were redeemed from its horrors, to alleviate their condition, and to terminate the miseries of those still lingering in captivity, the sympathies of the public were powerfully excited, and their mite was cheerfully contributed for the relief of the sufferers. Ultimately they were conducted to the church, and at the foot of the altar were relieved of their chains.

THE FRENCH COURT.—But let us turn awhile from those scenes of revelry, from those gorgeous assemblies, where wealth was lavished with a reckless hand, where profusion and luxury abounded, even to satiety; where the cup of pleasure was quaffed till its votaries were bewildered with delirium of enjoyment; and let us behold the source from whence came the means to supply those costly banquets. And what do we see but an impoverished country,—a peasantry in the last stages of deprivation and misery, by the people being so oppressively and injudiciously taxed, that the cultivator, on whom the burden principally fell, could scarcely, even by his hard-earned labour, obtain a miserable sustenance, the major part of his produce being absorbed by the exactions of the state! An English author, who travelled in France at that period, states, that he has seen a plough drawn by a wretched horse, a cow, an ass, and a goat, whilst a peasant, without shoes or stockings, guided it, as a half-naked urchin was endeavouring to whip his team forward.

The first event which may be cited as the sanguinary commencement of the Revolution, Madame Tussaud but too well remembers. The Duke of Orleans (the father of Louis Philippe) and Monieur Necker were the great favourites of the people. The former had been threatened with exile to his estate of Viller Cotterets; and the dismissal from the ministry of the latter had greatly incensed the public; and they began to assemble in the streets, Palais Royal, &c., on Sunday, the 12th of July, 1789. *Vive Necker!* and *Vive le Duc d'Orleans!* were alternately shouted, and at last it was suggested that they should proceed to M. Curtius's museum of wax-works, and demand the busts of their two favourites.

The idea was no sooner propounded than executed; and the mob rushed in, *en masse*, to the exhibition room of M. Curtius, on the Boulevard du Temple, No 20, requiring the busts of the idols of the people; which request was immediately granted. They then requested that of the king, which was refused, M. Curtius observing, that it was a whole length, and would fall to pieces if carried about; upon which the mob clapped their hands and said, "Bravo, Curtius, bravo!" The time was not fitting to refuse every demand, however unreasonable, to such persuasive petitioners, whose appearance was certainly such as plainly indicated they were not to be denied.

Having obtained the busts they desired, and elevated them upon small pedestals, they placed them on their heads, and, covering them with crape, paraded them through the streets; but when arrived at that part of the Rue St. Honoré, near the Place Vendôme, they were encountered by a detachment of a German regiment, called *royale cravate* (commanded by the Prince de Limbesc), which instantly rushed upon the people, wounding several, and, amongst others, a private of the French guards, whose regiment had, but a few days before, been engaged in a dispute with the Royal Germans. The former, being close at hand, in barracks, in the Place Louis XV., and being as much attached to the people as they detested the Germans, fired upon the latter: whereupon the Prince de Limbesc retreated into the gardens of the Tuilleries, and there charged the people, who were quietly walking and enjoying their usual Sunday promenade. An old man was the first who fell a sacrifice. The utmost confusion ensued, and the garden was speedily cleared, whilst the troops surrounding Paris collected in the Champs de Mars and the Place Louis XV.

Madame Tussaud well knew the three consuls; she was sent for to the Tuilleries to take the likeness of Napoleon when he was first consul, and was desired to be there at six o'clock in the morning. Accordingly she repaired to the palace at the time stated. She was ushered into a room, where she found the renowned warrior, with his wife and a Madame Grand-Maison, whose husband was a deputy and partisan of Napoleon's. Josephine greeted her with kindness, conversed much and with extreme affability; Napoleon said but little, spoke in short sentences, and rather abruptly. When she was about to put the liquid plaster upon his face, she begged he would not be alarmed, adding an assurance that it would not hurt him. "Alarmed!" he exclaimed, "I should not be alarmed if you were to surround my head with loaded pistols." Josephine begged Madame Tussaud to be very particular, as her husband had consented to undergo the operation to please her; for whom the portrait was intended.

Some time after, Napoleon came to Madame Tussaud's, and brought with him Massena and one of his aid-de-camp, for the purpose of having their likenesses taken; and alluding to the latter, bid her take great pains with his portrait, observing, that it was a complete head of Christ, the features of the aid-de-camp bearing much resemblance to the representations of our Saviour. Napoleon appeared to take great notice of what he saw, but made few remarks.

Massena was a man whom Madame Tussaud describes as not having anything at all striking in his appearance; about the middle height, and rather thin than otherwise. He was very highly esteemed, on account of his military talents, which he displayed in the most masterly style, when opposed to Suwarrow; whom he totally defeated, which misfortune the northern veteran never recovered. Massena was

considered the greatest plunderer amongst the French generals; and, having become rich, and wishing to enjoy his fortune, he was sent contrary to his wish, to take the command of the army of Portugal, against Wellington, where he neither cared to expose his person, or to exert his talents, only desiring to live in quiet and luxuriate in wealth; he died in 1817, at Paris, and his riches were divided amongst his family.

We must for the present close our extracts, but at some future period may again return to this amusing volume.

THE ROBBER.

A TALE; BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU,"
"THE GIPSEY," "ATTILA," &c.

Three vols.—Longman and Co.

One privilege of genius, though by no means a necessity—is its versatility, and another, the most valuable, its mastery over whatsoever subject it touches. Numerous great writers of many countries, and many times, afford memorable examples in point, and in classing Mr. G. P. R. James with those gifted spirits whose productions will doubtlessly delight "the reading world" to the end of time, we do but render justice to an author, over whose enchanting pages we are wont to hang with intensest interest. Those panoramic pages now bring vividly before our eyes Spain and the Pyrenees, the witty, profligate, manœuvring court of *le Grand Monarque*, old Germany, &c., &c., with its powerful, magnificent barbarian hordes, (the northern locusts that devastated Rome) the gallant exploits of England's chivalry, both in the ancient and in the modern day, and the no less gallant deeds of the *preux Chevaliers* of France, the lives and counsels of some of our eminent British statesmen, and the policies and wars of two of Britain's kings.* At one time we hawk with our own great Henry, or are present at that memorable meeting between the two first princes of the (then) civilized world, in the field of the cloth of Gold; at another we converse familiarly with the great Henry of our Gallic neighbours, and even know him, like a friend, by the cut of his countenance and clothes, and by his white plume; anon we are wafted to the Netherlands, there to sympathise with every fluctuating fortune of fair Burgundian Mary; and now the hopes, the fears, the sorrows, and the joys of domestic English lovers—some tender pair of gentle blood, upon whom fate frowns, though not for ever, excite our warm admiration, and sympathising interest. Having thus endeavoured to establish Mr. James's claim to the versatility of high genius, the power with which he treats his various themes, will be at once allowed, but he has yet a prouder distinction, his writings are *pure*; occasionally we may detect in them a strong expression, or an

opinion to which every individual may not feel inclined to assent; but, free from the insane ravings of the Republican school, the startling atrocities of the *décousu*, and the dubious morality of a class of right-and-wrong-confounding fictions, now coming exceedingly into vogue, Mr. James's novels may be placed with safety in all hands, and read aloud in all social circles; his morality is not doubtful, his religion is cheerful as that of a Christian ought to be, his perception of the beautiful in nature and art is keen, and vividly expressed; he views and loves them with a poet's heart, and their glories soften and enoble his nature, whilst he gazes and writes, even as the golden radiance of the setting sun colours all objects with its warm and lovely hue.

Mr. James has been charged (we think by a German critic of high repute) with little knowledge of human character, and the heart, the spring of human actions, which fault we apprehend will not be found in "The Robber." Of this new tale the *dramatis personæ* stand out from the canvass in clear colours, and bold relief; exceedingly good is the contrast afforded by Alice Herbert, the sweet, gentle, yet decided heroine; Sir Walter, the excellent old country gentleman; Langford, the high-minded hero; Lord Danemore, the nobleman of wicked yet wounded spirit; his proud, fiery son, the needy, title and property-hunting Sir Henry Heywood: the rascally and pettifogging lawyers, Scrope, Waller, and Whistler; the infamous Bolland, the stern, mysterious Bertha, the hapless Mona, the personification of all enduring love; the half-witted man, who is shrewder than a score of saner souls, and though last, not least, the Robber himself, the uncompromising captain of a band of rude, selfish, cold-blooded villains, who as little understand the motives regulating his proceedings, as a herd of cattle does those of its driver. Franklin Gray is a man with just enough of humanity in him to excite our interest, and just enough villany to prevent all sympathy in his fate, which is just as it should be; for we do contend, that the morality of those narratives is exceedingly doubtful, wherein the best feelings of human nature are made to be enlisted on the side of the guilty and depraved. We refrain from sketching the story of *The Robber*; it is slight—even we think somewhat unfinished in a few of its minor details, but so powerfully worked up, so full of startling incident, fine sentiment, beautiful description, and ceaseless, stirring intense interest, that we confidently predict its great, and lasting popularity. Its title, at the first glance, seems ominous of something common-place, and in the hands of a vulgar-minded writer, "The Robber" would most assuredly have been made a Newgate Calendar story—a tale of Turpin and Tyburn, of Ben Baggs, and Blackheath—of Jack Ketch and the new Drop. But we bid our readers turn to the volumes, and see what a beautiful old English story—what a tale of domestic life and feelings—what a romance of the wild, the wood, and the isolated country mansion Mr. James has given them; true, it is about Robbers also, and yet, in the whole course of the story, nobody is hanged, though several worthies unattached to Gray's band, most richly deserve a halter.

* "The History of Edward, the Black Prince," by Mr. James, necessarily combines the lives of our English Edwards,—II. and III. This work, though shabbily treated by one of our leading weekly literary journals, deserves every commendation for the research and labour each page displays, the care with which it is evidently written—its general correctness, and the fine chivalrous spirit which pervades it.

From one opinion hazarded by our gifted novelist, we feel bound to dissent.

"Retreat," he says, speaking in his own person, "so as to be able to defend yourself, whenever the dastardly hounds, who are encouraged by your retreating, pass the bounds which they themselves neither know, nor care for, and enter the space, where you are justified in tearing them to pieces."

What space this may be, and to what circumstances such a licence is attached, we protest we know not,—bearing in mind that command from the highest Authority that we "*resist not evil*," but even when smitten on one cheek, turn, for the sake of peace, the other to the smiter; and were the "tearing to pieces" system, acted upon for each deed of cruelty, and injustice, under which every human being is made to groan at times by his fellow men, *what* would eventually be the state of the world? Mr. James, we are certain, is the last man to "*justify*" general anarchy and slaughter, and we willingly believe, he either wrote this solely objectionable passage without consideration, or under some keen, passing sense of private wrongs, which rendered him for a moment oblivious of the public.

We proceed to give a few extracts from his very interesting volumes:—

The Robber and his Band.—"Well," exclaimed Gray, impatiently—"what then? I heard the pistol fired," he said, seeing the man hesitate, "so tell the truth."

"Well," said Hardcastle, "well," and as he spoke, he turned somewhat pale, "well, then, Wiley fired you know, and brought him down, and we pulled him under the beaches, and took what we could get. We have not divided it yet, but it seems a good sum."

"As his companion had been detailing the particulars of their crime, the changes which had come over Wiley's countenance were strange and fearful. He had watched with eager anxiety the countenance of Franklin Gray, who sat nearly opposite him at the other end of the table; but being able to gather nothing from those stern dark features, he ran his eye rapidly round the faces of the rest, and after several changes of expression, resumed, as well as he could, the look of cunning and daring impudence which he had at first put on. The entrance of the boy Jocelyn, with some plates behind him however, made him give a sharp start and look round. Franklin Gray fixed his eyes upon the boy, and waved his hand, and Jocelyn immediately went round to the other side of the table.

"Hardcastle," said their leader, "I shall find some means of punishing you. As for you, Wiley—"

"You shall not punish me, Captain Gray," interrupted Wiley, knitting his brows, and speaking through his teeth, "you shall not punish me; for by — if you don't mind what you are about, I'll hang you all!"

Franklin Gray sat and heard him calmly, keeping his eyes fixed upon him with stern, unchanging gaze till he had done speaking. He then looked round once more, saying—"You hear!" and at the same moment, he at once drew a pistol from under his coat;—every face around turned pale but his own; and Wiley started up from the table, but before he could take a single step, and while yet with agony of approaching fate upon him, he gazed irresolute in the face of his leader—the unerring hand of Franklin Gray had levelled the pistol and fired.

The ball went right through his head; the unhappy

man bounded up two or three feet from the ground, and then fell dead at the end of the table. Franklin Gray sat perfectly still—gazing through the smoke for about a minute; and through the whole hall reigned an awful silence. He then laid the pistol calmly down on the table before him, and drew forth a second.

"Hardcastle crossed his arms upon his breast, and looked him full in the face, saying 'Well, Captain, I am ready.'

"You mistake me," said Gray, laying down the pistol on the table, with the muzzle turned towards himself; "my friends, if I have done wrong by the shot I have fired, any of you that so pleases, has but to take up that pistol and use it as boldly as I have done its fellow. What say you—am I right or wrong?"

"Right! right!" replied every voice.

"Well, then," said Gray, putting up the weapons again, "some of you take him down; and you, Doveton, and Marcham, hark ye," and he spoke a few words to them apart, "take Hardcastle with you," he added, "that shall be his punishment," so saying he turned, took up a lamp that stood near, and quitted the hall.

Franklin Gray mounted the steps in the tower that we have mentioned, slowly and sadly, paused half way up, and fell into deep thought. His reverie lasted but a minute; he then proceeded, and reached the room where the fair being whom he called Mona, was anxiously watching for his coming. Her eyes questioned him, but he made no reply in words. He threw his right arm round her however, and rested his face upon her bosom for several minutes with his eyes shut; then pressed her to his heart, kissed her cheek, and said—

"Come, my Mona, come and see our babe sleeping."

The following beautiful song will probably find ere long, some modern Lulli to "marry it to immortal music."

"The dew is on each leaf and flower,

The sky is full of light;

Beauty and brightness marks the hour,

That parts the day and night.

Wake up! wake up! my own sweet love,

Raise up those beaming eyes,

To find an answering look above,

An image in the skies!

The lark! the lark!—thine own sweet lark,

Pours forth his thrilling lay;

And all that's cold, and all that's dark,

Fly from the porch of day.

Wake up! wake up! my own sweet love, &c.

There's music ready for thine ear,

There's perfume on the breeze;

Wake up, and add to all that's dear,

What's dearer than all these!

Wake up! wake up! my own sweet love, &c.

We have not space for the page of sentiment which follows concerning those trivial things, (as a sound, a perfume, or a shadow) which vividly awaken at times, the memory of the past, but it is beautiful, and the many will acknowledge it true.

Justice Whistler.—"What is life, my dear Sir," said Justice Whistler, who was somewhat of a wag, and generally displayed his talent for raillery upon any one he saw in mortal terror, or great anguish of mind, such as young prisoners, brought before him for capital offences, or their friends and relations,— "what is life, my dear Sir, but a succession of

serapes? * * * * * The great art of life is to get out of our serapes cleverly. Now let us see how you will manage to get out of this; ha! ha! ha!—and he laughed most uncomfortably close to the ear of his two fellow justices."

Modern Improvements.—"Forges, and manufactories of various kinds, have since blackened and enlivened that part of the country: but at the period of which I speak, the great Demon of civilization had not gone forth, with a smoky chimney in one hand, and steaming kettle in the other, equalizing and vulgarizing the whole earth."

The satire is just,—let *Utilitarians* wince under it as they may; to the poet, the painter, and the poor man, the glorious beauty of nature is wealth, and how can they regard with friendly feelings those who destroy it?

We close our notice of Mr. James's most interesting tale, by again warmly recommending it to the perusal of our Readers.

THE PALMER'S LAST LESSON, AND OTHER POEMS;

BY CALDER CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF "LAYS FROM THE EAST."

Houlston and Hughes. Strand.

The author of the above volume is already well known to our readers as a very sweet and graceful poet, and the volume before us is not likely to disenchant the witching spell his poetry has thrown round them. The longest, and that from which the volume derives its title, is the one we however like the least; it is in minor lyrics that Mr. Campbell displays his poetical powers to the most advantage. To enumerate those we most admire would be no easy task, where in truth all are beautiful. "Gathering Dew," a "Song of the Affections," and Lines on leaving India, are entitled to particular notice. We regret, however, that such poems as "*The Mandrake*," and "*A Chimera*," should have stained the fair pages of this little work. Tales of seduction are always in bad taste, but the Chimera is too horrible to be tolerated! It is built on a bad foundation, "*Frankenstein*," but is still more revolting; surely Mr. Campbell must have eaten *pork* for his supper (as is related of Fusili when he wished to paint horrible images) and composed the Chimera under the influence of nightmare! In future we recommend "acorn cups of fairy dew," and a wafer-biscuit to be substituted for the poet's evening repast, when he intends to waste the "midnight oil" in composition! Let Mr. Campbell worship the beautiful and sublime when he invokes the Muse, and he cannot fail of affording delight and satisfaction both to himself and his readers.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

1. "Original Music;" the words of the Songs written expressly by Mrs. C. Baron Wilson; the music composed for the Pianoforte by Charles Danvers Hackett. 1 Vol. D'Almaine and Co., Soho-square.

2. "Guinness's New Caledonian Quadrilles." Duff and Co., Oxford-street.

3. "The English Girl;" written by Miss Eliza

Cook; composed by N. J. Sporle. Shade, Soho-square.

4. "The Star of Glengarry;" written by Miss Eliza Cook; composed by N. J. Sporle. Duff, Oxford-street.

5. "The English;" written by Miss Eliza Cook; composed by John Blockley. Cramer and Co., Regent-street.

6. "The Voices of the Free;" written by Miss E. Cook; composed by N. J. Sporle. Hollier, Dean-street.

7. "Teddy O'Neale;" Irish ballad; written by Eliza Cook, composed by J. Truss. D'Almaine and Co., Soho-square.

8. "The Post Horn's Note;" written by Miss E. Cook; composed by N. J. Sporle. Falkner, Old Bond-street.

9. "The Warwickshire Hunt Quadrilles;" composed and dedicated to the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Hunt, by J. Blewitt. Purday.

10. "Warwick Castle;" a descriptive fantasia, for the pianoforte, dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. Countess of Warwick, composed by J. Blewitt. Purday.

1. This very elegant volume, dedicated by permission to the Countess of Harewood, is by Mr. Hackett, of Leeds, a composer already well known. The present volume will certainly add greatly to the reputation he has acquired. The instrumental music, which consists of six pieces, embracing quadrilles, waltzes, and a march, is highly brilliant; and the songs, three in number, are very sweet melodies, with appropriate accompaniments; such ballads as are likely to become popular, being within the compass of the generality of lady vocalists in private life; a most desirable point, which seems however to be too often lost sight of by composers in the present day, who study difficulties and elaborate writing more than gracefulness and effect; from such errors Mr. Hackett's music is entirely free. Of the words of the songs written by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, as the title-page imports, two ballads only are from the pen of that lady, and they are so mutilated that their own author would scarce recognize them! The engraver, to add to the blunders he has made in words, has even introduced bad spelling; we never heard of *Nectar*, till we met with it here, and in at least seven instances. "The Smile of those we Love" is full of mistakes of a worse nature—*feigned* beam, for *fervid*; "*gleaming* footsteps," for *glowing*; surely the composer might have corrected his proofs, even from the *sense* of the words, if he had not the MS. to guide him! We wonder how *he* would have liked crotchets put for quavers, if he had furnished music to the author of the words! The volume as a work is elegantly got up, and will, we doubt not, be popular.

2. A very graceful set of Quadrilles, embracing the favourite Scotch airs of, "The Flowers of the Forest," "Gude Wife's Welcome," "Saw ye my wee Thing," "Braes aboon Bonan," "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and "Rory O'More Waltz." Nothing can be more suited to the purpose of inspiring those who "trip the light fantastic toe," the time being well marked and the airs very appropriate.

3 to 8. The whole of these ballads are from the prolific pen of Miss Eliza Cook, a lady who is too constantly before the public not to be well known. As a lyrical writer there is great freshness and originality in Miss Cook's style, and it has a smoothness that makes her poetry, when wedded to "sweet sound," very pleasing. Of the composers of the above songs we need only say, they have all done justice to the words, and given them good effect; that by Mr. Blockley is perhaps our especial favourite of the whole.

9. These quadrilles are descriptive of "going to cover," "breaking cover," "at fault," "the chase," and "the death," terminating with the *Diana Waltz*. More spirited compositions we have seldom seen, besides being full of inspiring melody. Weippert's excellent band first played them at the grand ball at Stratford-on-Avon, and they are now become the fashion in the higher circles. They are particularly effective for the pianoforte, and will be as acceptable in the drawing-room as the ball-room. The first, second, and fourth, are particularly striking; a perusal of them will prove the correctness of our opinion.

10. The title of this work has a most beautiful lithographic view of Warwick Castle, exceedingly well executed, by Madelg, and is the favourite view of the noble Earl and Countess. The introduction, *maestoso*, is animated, and glides into a *scherzando* movement, descriptive of joyous anticipation and welcome to the noble family on their return to their baronial mansion, and the rejoicings of the tenantry. This piece concludes with the Countess of Warwick's Waltz, which we have listened to with the greatest pleasure at Covent Garden Theatre, where it was introduced in the overture to the last popular pantomime. We consider it, and we are not singular, equal to any of Strauss' waltzes, particularly the third part, in a flat major. We have no doubt of its becoming a popular school piece, being brilliant and easy of execution.

FINE ARTS.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

A fourth Number of this exquisite Work has been transmitted to us, which we think, if possible, more beautiful than the three we have already noticed. It is a perfect gem of art, and worthy the subject it illustrates.

We have just seen a portrait of Mr. J. B. Buckstone, in the character of *Jemmy Wheedle*, in the admirable farce of *Weak Points*, drawn by that talented artist, Mr. J. W. Gear; we cannot award higher praise to this production than to say it is equal to his former efforts of J. Lee and W. H. Hammond, in the *Pickwickians*. This gentleman seems to possess a most "happy knack," as the old song goes, not of "cooking up an almanack," but of hitting off the most striking Theatrical portraits of any modern artist we know!

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN.

We have only visited this Theatre once this season, viz., on the night of Miss Helen Faucit's benefit. It is all very well for gratuitous dramatists, like Messrs. Bulwer and Talfourd, to laud the Lessee of this establishment, because his splendid acting (for Macready's acting is splendid) embodies the graceful conception of the Poet, with a power and faithfulness that must win laurels for the author; but persons connected with the press, and the actors of his own establishment have no cause to thank the Manager of Covent Garden for the smallest courtesy or liberality. The empty benches are the best reproach a manager can receive for his meanness to the Press. Miss H. Faucit's night was tolerably well attended, considering there was no novelty put forth for the occasion; the young lady is a most deserving favourite with the public, and her reception on being called for after the play, was most enthusiastic. The *Lady of Lyons*, *Matrimony*, and *John of Paris* were the pieces selected for the evening's entertainment. In the first and second pieces the fair beneficiare sustained the opposite characters of *Pauline* and *Clara*, with high credit to herself, and satisfaction to her audience. The part of *Pauline* is particularly suited to Miss H. Faucit; of graceful pride, mixed with woman's tenderer feelings, she is always a most happy representative, and since the *Duchess de la Valliere* we have not seen Miss H. Faucit to so great an advantage as in the *Lady of Lyons*. Macready was very impressive as the representative of *Claude Melnotte*, and Bartley excellent as the sturdy *Colonel Dumas*. Why an actor like Pritchard should be sent on as a walking gentleman, when there are plenty of sticks on the establishment we know not, and only regret and wonder how men with the least pretensions to talent can submit to such degradation from any manager. In the Operetta, Miss Shirreff introduced A. Lee's beautiful ballad, written by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, "Meet me in the Willow Glen," with great taste and effect. At half-price the pit overflowed, and we sincerely trust would repay Miss H. Faucit for the delight her exertions afforded.

HAYMARKET.

We have had several opportunities of witnessing both Misses Elphinstone and Cooper's performance since our former notice of these ladies, and are sorry to record that our opinion of their talents has not become one jot more favourable. There is a coldness and mannerism about both that completely destroys the illusion of the scene, and a sort of self-complacency in the first-named lady, very far from pleasing. Sheridan Knowles, though an excellent dramatist, is a bad tutor of the art. A new farce by Buckstone, entitled *Weak Points*, was produced on these boards early in May, and has had a deservedly successful run. The piece is admirably cast, and the characters most ably supported, with the exception of that of a servant-maid, sustained by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who vulgarizes the part and overdresses it to the degree of rendering it a complete caricature; servant-maids

in these days know better how to ape "the Lady" than to dress even on a holiday like the May-sweep's Queen! We wonder the author has not taught Mrs. Fitzwilliam better taste!

SAINT JAMES'S THEATRE.

Several novelties have been brought forward at this elegant place of amusement during the past month; among them a piece from the pen of Mr. Mark Lemon, entitled *Love and Charity*, in which Mrs. Stirling sustains three different characters, is well worthy of honourable mention. The introduction of a charity-school girl on the stage, very ably personated by Mrs. Stirling, is certainly a novelty, but we decidedly object to the position in which this lady is discovered on the rising of the curtain; although supposed to be in the honeymoon there is no necessity for such a display of billing and cooing on the stage; "reform it altogether," we say.

The British Legion is another little drama recently produced here; it is one of the most laughable we have seen for a long time. The acting of Mrs. F. Mathews is excellent, and she is ably supported by Messrs. Hooper and Oxberry; and the whole trifle, for 'tis only a bagatelle, is highly amusing and well done.

Of *Cosimo*, another novelty, we cannot speak favourably; it is the most hacknied story that could be produced on the Stage, and not worth the translating, (for 'tis from the French); even Oxberry's acting and Miss Rainforth's singing did not afford one redeeming point to its dulness.

Hero and Leander seems to go on as *swimmingly* as ever for a finale. The heat of this house is intense, and we recommend the manager to adopt, during the summer, the plan of the Haymarket, viz., to open all the box doors between the pieces; it is better to get a stiff neck than be stewed alive. The coldness of the audience may cast a chill on the performers, (for we never saw good acting so thrown away), but it will not ventilate the Theatre. Query? Do the Aristocratical frequenters of St. James deem it vulgar to applaud?—'tis the actor's best stimulus—if he have it not his exertions must languish and his efforts flag.

ADELPHI.

We have been exceedingly charmed with the acting of Mrs. Hooper, in the part of *Margaret Lee*, in Mrs. S. C. Hall's drama of *The Groves of Blarney*. What the part originally was we cannot say, though we have been informed it has been much cut down and curtailed since it left the hands of the talented authoress, but certain it is, that Mrs. Hooper renders it most interesting and attractive. Power imparts to the hero that bustle for which he is so much liked by some of his audiences; but we confess this gentleman is no particular favourite of ours—seen *once* he is seen *always*—the same style invariably accompanying every character he undertakes. The house, on the evening we were present was crammed as usual, and the box-keepers as rude and extortionate as ever. The Adelphi, as regards its servants, is one of the worst managed places of amusement in the metropolis; they are all as self-satisfied and independent as their master, *Le grand Lessee*!

GRAND CAMBRIAN FANCY BALL.

This ball was in every sense of the word a splendid one, for the spacious rooms at Almack's on Monday evening, May 27, were crowded with the distinguished persons in the land, as will be seen by the list. A large party assembled at Sir W. W. Wynn's residence in St. James's-square, where about fifty of the girls belonging to the Welsh School were entertained with cake, tea, &c. It had been arranged that sixty of the boys should also assemble at the president's house; but, owing to a few of them being suddenly taken with the small-pox, it was deemed prudent that they should remain at the school, although they were all dressed in their best clothes, and each having a leek in his breast. The poor little fellows bore the disappointment very well, and as the girls left the courtyard they gave them three hearty cheers. The party at Sir Watkin's house, headed by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, proceeded to the rooms, and the children were arranged in front of the orchestra (which was occupied by Weippert's excellent band, with Roberts, the blind harper, in the centre). A little before eleven o'clock her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester entered the great room, accompanied by Lord Clive, who ushered her Royal Highness to a seat on a raised platform at the upper end of the room. A long train of Ladies and Gentlemen, most superbly dressed, followed, the band playing the National Anthem; after which the children sang the following stanzas, written by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, and adapted to a Welsh air by Mr. Parry (who superintended the performance) in a very sweet and plaintive manner; their healthy and neat appearance created much interest.

"Cambria's distant hills and valleys
Waft your names on every breeze;
Wallia's mountain-spirit rallies
Round such noble scenes as these!
While our voices spread the story
Of your love (tho' weak the strain)
May the *Awen's** early glory
Wake its native harp again.
While our wants and sorrows aiding,
Here you meet round Mercy's shrine,
Lured by Pity's soft persuading,
To perform an act divine.
Fain would we, in artless numbers,
Ere our infant steps depart,
Pay that care which never slumbers,
With the tribute of the heart."

The first set of quadrilles danced, had been arranged for the occasion, and consisted of Welch airs, called "The Powis Quadrilles, in honour of the Duchess of Northumberland.

During the evening the following poetical Address, also from the pen of Mrs. C. B. Wilson, and which had been previously laid before her Majesty by the Duchess of Northumberland, was presented to the Lady Patronesses, and the majority of the company, by Master and Miss Wilson, the children of the Authoress:—

CAMBRIA has claim'd the Minstrel's Song
To plead her helpless Scions cause,
Amid this bright and peerless throng,
Whom MERCY's call together draws!

* "Awen" means poetic genius, or inspiration.

And,—where's the Harp that would not lend
 Its chords to sooth or aid Distress?
 Fair POESY is Sorrow's friend,
 Its woes to feel—its wants express.
 Then wake my Harp! since on that day*
 Which CAMBRIA'S SONS together brings
 Around the festive board,—thy lay
 Has spoke her wants through Music's strings;
 To-night where gentler bosoms beat
 Again thy notes, in CAMBRIA'S name,
 The oft-told story shall repeat
 That kindles Pity's sacred flame!
 And THOU! fair SOV'REIGN of a land
 Each gen'rous feeling marks its own,
 Round whom the Sister Graces stand—
 Meet Handmaids for thy virgin throne;—
 Thou wilt not turn a "dull cold ear"
 When CHARITY invokes the lay;
 But deign with gracious smile to hear
 What humble Gratitude would say!
 It bids me to their PATRONS bear
 Thanks deep, and heartfelt, for the past;
 To mingle with those thanks a prayer
 Such deeds of Mercy still may last!
 It bids me whisper, what *they* feel
 In Poverty's dark vale of woe,
 For all the Christian love and zeal
 'Tis Wealth's blest office to bestow!
 It bids me tell the secret tears
 (Those holiest drops by mortals shed)
 That speak a Mother's trembling fears
 For those her bosom's fount hath fed!
 It bids me tell the fervent prayer
 A Father's lips oft breathe, unknown,
 For those, whose kind and fostering care
 Have planted flowers where weeds had grown.
 And HE, who hears that murmur'd prayer,
 And marks those tears in silence plead,
 Still bids your lib'ral bounty spare
 The "Mite" these Infant suppliants need!
 Stewards for Heaven!—let white-rob'd TRUTH,
 And INNOCENCE of spotless mien,
 Best Guardians of defenceless youth,
 Still shield them through Temptation's scene!
 For, did your gen'rous efforts cease,
 The fount of Blessing would be dry;
 Then, who would whisper hope and peace,
 Or wipe the tear-dim'd Infant's eye?
 But "Charity shall never fail"
 In hearts that beat like yours to-night;
 And distant years shall tell the tale,
 That Mercy's stream is deep—as bright!
 Here, while the sparkling nectar's quaff'd
 From Pleasure's fountain brimming up;
 No bitter mingles with the draught,
 For Charity has filled the Cup!
 While o'er each rose, by Pleasure wreathed,
 In Beauty's blushing chaplet worn,
 PITY her balmy sigh hath breathed,
 And MERCY'S hand remov'd the thorn!
 To-night on many a bosom fair
 The costly gems of Indus glow;
 But oh! a richer gem is there—
 The heart that feels another's woe!
 Then, snatch the wreath from Pleasure's shrine,
 Let Mirth the winged hours employ,
 Speed on the Dance!—Pour high the Wine!
 For Virtue consecrates such joy!

* The Author of the above Lines has written the Ode sung by the children, on the annual festival of St. David's Day, for many anniversaries.

The Duchess of Gloucester and Prince George of Cambridge were the only branches of Royalty who attended, they came at an early hour, and were escorted by many military gentlemen of high rank; and also by the Duchess of Northumberland, Countess of Jersey, Cawdor, Lichfield, Pembroke, Brecknock, Lisburne, and Normanton.

There were present—Duchess of Northumberland and Beaufort; Marchioness of Bute; Countess of Jersey and Brecknock; Duchess-Dowager of Richmond; Ladies Dungarvon, Willoughby d'Eresby, Lady Lucy Clive, Lady Caroline Wood, Lady Dynevor, Lady Glynne, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Williams Wynn, Viscountess Holmesdale, Lady John and Lady Augusta Somerset, Lady Mordaunt, Lady Williams Wynn, Lady A. Murray, Lady King, Lady M. Russell, Lady Harriet Clive, Lady E. Reynell, Lady Folkestone, Lady J. Mackenzie, Marchioness of Chandos, Lady Anna Grenville, Lady Vane, Viscountess Northland, Lady C. Guest, Lady H. Bagot, Lady Musgrave, Lady Yarde Buller, Lady Anne Beresford.

IN MILITARY UNIFORMS.—The Prince Don Livio Odescalchi, and other foreigners of distinction; Major Wallace, Lord Clive, Captain Stevenson, Colonel Wood, Mr. Grant, Count de Sommarez, Mr. Edward Hamilton, Mr. Murray, Hon. W. Bagot, Mr. Hamilton, Colonel Wingfield Stratford, Colonel Edwards, Colonel Powell, Major Lewis, Lord Lytton, Lord Southwell, Viscount Holmesdale, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Beauchamp St. John, Sir F. Vane, Sir F. Gooderick, Sir William Hoste, Captain F. Paget, Mr. Rice Trevor, Mr. Clive, Sir Thomas Butler, Sir C. des Vœux, Mr. Stuart Macnaughten, Capt. Cotton, Sir George Anson, Colonel Milman, Mr. C. Morgan, Sir J. Phillips, Mr. Miles.

IN THE HIGHLAND COSTUME.—Lord Drumlanrig, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Macleod, Mr. C. Johnstone, Sir S. Mackenzie, Mr. Scott, Major Macdonald.

IN RICH POLISH DRESSES.—Lord Loftus, Mr. Warren, Mr. Herbert, Captain Hood, Mr. MacLagan, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

IN THE COSTUME OF SPANISH GRANDEES.—Mr. Alexander, Mr. Moore, Mr. Clifton.

IN THE GREEK.—Lady Louisa Stuart, Lady Stewart Mackenzie, Mrs. Boyd, Misses Rushbrooke, Mr. Octavius Morgan, Major Buller, Mr. Hall, Mr. Sutton, Mr. Owen, Lady Margaret Stuart, Master T. H. and Miss Florence Wilson.

IN THE VENETIAN.—Miss Stanley, Miss Wood, Mr. and Miss Grey.

Also in rich Fancy Dresses—The Hon. Mrs. and Misses Tollemache, Mrs. Spalding, Mr. Orby Wombwell, Mrs. Palmer, Mr. C. Williams Wynn, Misses Wynn, Misses Southwell, Mrs. Bathurst, Mr. and Mrs. Udney, Mrs. Ireland Blackburne, Lawley, Mrs. Warren Jones, Mrs. Varne and Miss Knox, Misses Beauclerk, Mrs. John Round, Mrs. Nassau Sutton, Mrs. and Miss C. Johnstone, Mrs. and Miss Rous, Mrs. and the Misses Coape, Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, Lady Lucy Vaughan, Lady and Miss Bateson, Hon. Miss Smyth, Miss Duffield, Hon. Misses Rice, Mrs. and Miss Irby, Mrs. Angerstein, Mrs. and Miss Milman, Mrs. and Miss Tyrwhitt Drake, Mrs.

Childe, Lady Isabella and Miss Blachford, Mrs. Murchison, Miss Bentinck, Miss Beresford, Lady Charlotte Talbot.

IN COURT DRESSES.—Viscount Burghersh, Mr. Williams Wynn, Mr. Penn, Mr. Holbeck, Mr. Vanwick, Mr. Jerningham, Mr. Micklethwaite.

IN NAVAL UNIFORMS.—Admiral Irby, Captain Parker, Captain Thornton.

As *Charles the Second*, Sir Godfrey Webster was an admirable personification.

Lady Charlotte Guest as *Jenny Jones*, in a high-crowned hat of black velvet, and a dress of striped silk, fantastically decorated, looked lovely; but she had a rival in the person of Mrs. Hall, whose beauty shone resplendently.

On the whole it was one of the most splendid balls the season has produced.

MESSRS. T. AND G. COOKE'S CONCERT.

We have seldom seen a fuller room than on the evening of the 18th May, at the Concert given by the above talented performers; the selection for the evening was most judicious. We would particularise where all was beautiful the madrigal "Shall I waste my Youth in sighing?" the composition of Mr. T. Cooke, Mr. Balfé's song, "Look forth my fairest," and Phillips in "Mad Tom."

Of the lady vocalists Miss M. B. Hawes, in her own ballad of "Thou art lovelier," gave great delight, as did also Mrs. R. H. Bishop in Donizetti's air, "Forse un destin," to which she imparted a delicacy and effect we have never before heard. Miss Masson in "From rosy bowers," certainly exerted herself to the utmost, but more to her own satisfaction than that of the audience we believe; 'tis however a mark of bad taste in certain young gentlemen and ladies who imagine themselves excellent judges of music, to simper and titter during the performance of a song, even though it be not executed according to their ideas of perfection. We just give this hint *en passant*.

Mrs. E. Knight would be more in her place at White Conduit House than in the Concert-rooms of the West End; her style is coarse, and unsuited to such associations as she must meet with in the Hanover Square orchestra. Miss Rainforth gave Lover's "Angels whisper," (which, by the way, was not set down for her in the programme), very chastely; we like her better in a room than on the boards of a Theatre.

Of the instrumental pieces, the "Toy Symphony" met with much laughter and applause; it is indeed the very caricature of music. Mr. Stern-dale Bennett performed a selection from the works of Mendelssohn on the pianoforte, with great effect; His execution is brilliant, yet quiet and chaste.

The oboe solo, by Mr. Grattan Cooke, displayed all the excellence and taste for which that gentleman is so celebrated on this instrument, and Mr. Richardson's fantasia on the flute was truly beautiful; there was a clearness and softness imparted to the performance which is the perfection of flute-playing. The Concert on the whole was excellent, and left us nothing to desire. We trust the ungraceful custom of going in *bonnets* to an evening *Dress Concert* will not be tolerated, we

noticed at least a dozen females so attired! Two gossiping matrons seated behind us were obliged to have recourse to their smelling bottles to avoid fainting at "such an outrage," as they expressed it, "on decency and dear Mr. Cooke!!!"

STRAUSS' CONCERTS.

Who has not heard of this most melodious waltz-composer, and his no less clever band? We attended one of his evening performances at Willis's Rooms, and profess ourselves perfectly enchanted. To be understood or appreciated this band of brother instrumentalists must be heard, for they cannot be described. The effect produced by so comparatively small a number of instruments (about twenty-one we think) is astonishing. In power the Opera orchestra could not equal them, and the novel effects produced by triangles, bells, and castinets, all in perfect harmony, is both pleasing and wonderful. We advise all who are musical to lose no time in hearing the WALTZ BAND.

COSMORAMA, REGENT-STREET.

This pleasing and picturesque exhibition has just re-opened with a set of new views, which surpass in effect, if possible, those formerly exhibited. The Devil's Bridge on the Pass of Saint Gothard, and the Conflagration of the Theatre at Havre, are particularly worth mention; the light reflected from the flames on the sky and water, in the last named picture, is admirable.

TYPORAMA.

A very pleasing model under this title is now exhibiting in the Quadrant, Regent-street. It is moulded of plaister of Paris, and represents what is called the Undercliff, in the Isle of Wight. The distances are accurately given from measurement of the spots, and the whole conveys a good idea of this interesting part of the country. It is the work of a gentleman named Ibbetson, was commenced in 1833, and is only now just completed for public exhibition.

Mrs. James Rae, formerly Miss Prince, the celebrated High Priestess of Terpsichore, has, we see, announced a Grand Ball for her Pupils, on a most splendid scale, to take place during the present month at the Hanover-square Rooms. Strauss' Band, which is engaged for the occasion, would of itself possess an attraction sufficient to crowd the rooms, but when we add that the children of the principal nobility, who are Mrs. R.'s pupils, will display the graceful evolutions of the most Fashionable Dances, and that after twelve o'clock the company, which, from the list of Ladies Patronesses, will be of the first-rate order, will join in the "mazy round," we think no other inducement can be needed to ensure that success which the exertions and liberality of Mrs. Rae so well deserve.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

TO THE EDITRESS OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Rue de Faubourg Saint Honoré,
à Paris, May 24.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

We may say within the last few days that the summer has fairly set in, and our public promenades now present a very gay appearance, particularly the *bois de Boulogne*, which is thronged every morning with fair equestrians and pedestrians. Although both plain and printed muslins are in request, they are not more so than silks; the principal novelties in the latter are *pous de soie chiné* striped in narrow stripes, which are either shaded or divided by very small wreaths, or else by detached sprigs figured in the silk, *gros de Naples glacé* striped in marbled stripes, at a considerable distance from each other; the same kind of silk quadrilled, and striped in large stripes with figured patterns upon the stripes are also very fashionable; large patterns are quite out of favour for figured and damasked silks; the new ones are of moderate size, holding a sort of *juste milieu* between the very large pattern and those of the Lilliputian kind. Nothing can be prettier than the printed muslins; those for morning *négligé* are of small patterns, and rather quiet colours. Those for half dress are of delicate patterns in brilliant, but not glaring colours, the muslin is of the most beautifully clear kind, and its transparency and the beauty of the patterns render these dresses very well calculated for elegant *négligé*; as to the forms of robes for the promenade there is as you will see by the models I send you, very little change indeed. Silks are mostly made in the pelisse style, and a good many are now ornamented with fancy trimmings, which appear now likely to be very fashionable; several are closed down the side by fancy silk buttons, some with and some without tassels depending from them; these ornaments are also employed *en tablier*; others are trimmed down the front, either with one flounce placed in a perpendicular direction or with ties arranged *en tablier*, the flounces being bordered with that narrow, light, soft, silk fringe that we call *effilé*; when these trimmings are used for the skirt of a dress, the *corsage* and sleeves are ornamented *en suite*; the buttons either fasten the *corsage* down the front, or else are disposed in the stomacher style, and are intermixed with the *liais* or *bouillons* of the upper part of the sleeve; when the *effilé* is employed it edges a full disposed *en pelerine* on the *corsage*, and is also added to the *liais* or *volans* of the sleeve.

An embroidered muslin collar, or a lace *fichu* only is worn with a dress of this kind, but with robes whether of silk or muslin a shawl or *mantelet* is always adopted. Shawls of China crape such as I have already described to you, continue their vogue, and those of *filet de soie*, some of which are now made in colours, are also very fashionable; they are trimmed with lace composed of the same kind of silk, and being rounded at the corners, may be worn either as *mantelets* or shawls. Black silk *mantelets* trimmed with lace, though they have been so long in vogue, are still in request, and likely to continue so. They

are trimmed with black lace, always of antique patterns, but of extraordinary breadth and beauty. But of all the envelopes that are adopted, those of muslin afford, perhaps, the greatest variety; some are square, others of the *mantelet* form; a third sort descend in points, and several are disposed in scarfs. A good many are lined with pink or lemon coloured flounces; others are worn without lining, but all are trimmed in one way or other; some with lace surmounted by a rich embroidery; others have a full trimming of embroidered muslin headed by a *bouillon*, and several have no other trimming than a coloured ribbon run through a broad hem round the border; although these last are the least expensive, they are nevertheless adopted by many elegant women, and have certainly a very cool and pretty look.

A very decided attempt is making to bring in the *bibi*, and to a certain degree it will be successful, for it has been adopted by some of our most elegant *merveilleuses*, but I think I may venture to say it will not become general; some are of rice straw, others of Swiss straw, and a few of crape; it is quite of the cottage form, that is to say, the crown and brim are of one piece, but the latter though small, is not close, it is rounded at the corners, and sufficiently open to be very generally becoming; those of Swiss straw are lined with white satin, and have in general, a large knot of white satin ribbon with long floating ends placed at the back of the crown; a few flowers may be placed in the interior of the brim, but a good many are worn without any trimming. Those of rice straw have the crown encircled with a wreath of flowers, which descend *en gerbe*, or else they are adorned with a bouquet of marabouts; the same style of trimming is adopted for crape *bibis*, but they are always finished with a *ruche* of *tulle* round the edge of the brim in the interior. Flowers, or an intermixture of blond lace and flowers, are employed to trim both next the face.

Another style of half dress bonnet that I consider much more becoming, is of a round open shape, with a moderately large brim and horse-shoe crown; it is either pink, blue, or straw coloured *pou de soie* embroidered in *colonnes* or arabesques, or strewed with sprigs in feather stitch, both the *bavolet* and the interior of the brim are also covered with muslin; the crown is trimmed with a full knot of ribbons with long floating ends attached on one side, a few small flowers of delicate hues decorate the interior of the brim. Crape bonnets covered with spotted *tulle* have just appeared; they are equally novel and pretty: they are trimmed either with wild roses or flowers of the double blossomed peach. Silk bonnets begin to be more in favour than they were in the beginning of the season; the prettiest are those of white *gros de Naples*, lined with rose colour; they are trimmed with a bouquet of flowers attached on one side by a knot of white ribbon, with a rose coloured stripe at each edge.

We seem inclined to go from one extreme to another in the size of hats, for several rice straw ones, with comparatively small brims, have appeared; one that has been generally admired, is ornamented with a richly figured white and green ribbon, and a bunch of white grapes; others are decorated



Fashion, Nov. 1838



FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

EVENING AND MORNING WEDDING DRESSES.

STANDING FIGURE.—EVENING DRESS—Tulle robe over white pou de Soie; the skirt is trimmed round the border with a superb flounce of blond lace, the heading of which is disposed in waves intermixed with roses; a sprig of rose flowers attached by a knot of white ribbon with floating ends, is raised a little on one side. Corsage à la Sevigné adorned with blond lace and roses. The hair is disposed in soft braids at the sides, and a twisted knot at the back of the head; it is

ornamented with a wreath of roses which terminates in gerbes of orange flowers.

MORNING DRESS.—India muslin robe, the corsage partially high, and draped in front, is trimmed en pelerine with Mechlin lace. Victoria sleeve decorated with ribbon and embroidery. A flounce of Mechlin lace finishes the skirt. The hair is dressed as already described, but with the addition of the bridal veil.



FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

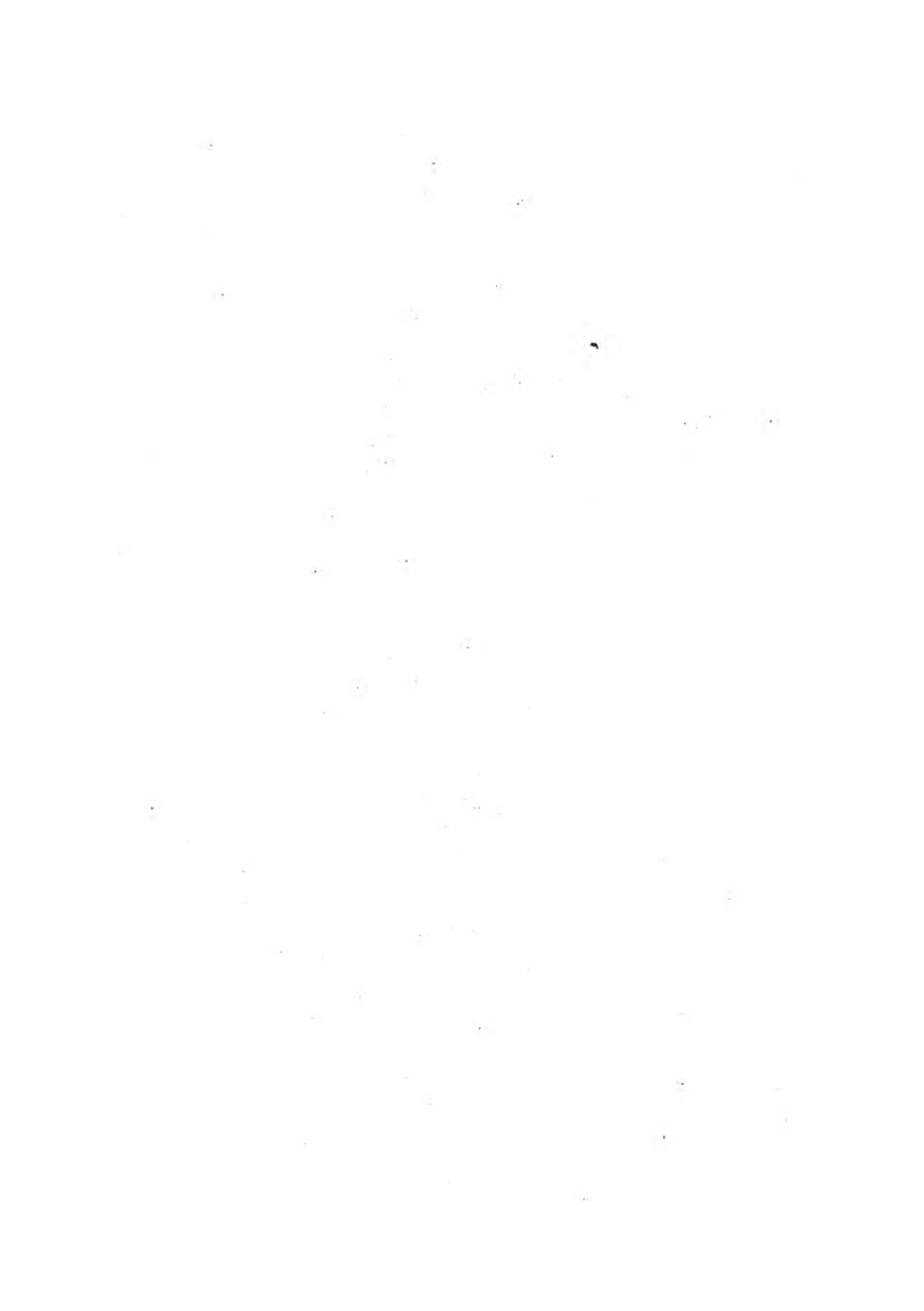
DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

STANDING FIGURE.—MORNING DRESS.—Robe of Indian green pou de Soie, it is made in the pelisse style, with the corsage high and plain behind, rather open on the bosom, and disposed in folds from the shoulder. Victoria sleeve, the volans edged with fancy silk trimming. One side of the front of the skirt is ornamented en suite. Blond lace cap, a small round shape, ornamented with moss roses, and white ribbons.

SITTING FIGURE.—CARRIAGE DRESS.—The robe is foulard of one of the new patterns, a shawl corsage, the lappel is very deep, and trimmed with a double volan, breast knot, and ceinture of pink taffetas ribbon. Demi large sleeve, trimmed with two volans. A single very deep volan terminates the skirt. Hat of the finest Italian straw, a round brim, the interior adorned with roses; straw coloured ribbons, and a bouquet of marabouts decorates the crown.



Fashions for June 1838



with *roses panachées* or with shaded marabouts. I have seen also a good many trimmed with dyed marabouts. Crape hats are also of a small size; those of rose colour, azure blue, and white, are most numerous. Sprigs of lilac, *roses panachées*, and jessamine are the flowers most in favour for trimming those hats; a great number also are trimmed with short a plume of ostrich feathers or marabouts; the latter are in very great favour indeed; I do not remember a season in which they were so much in vogue. The diminution of the brims of hats does not extend to those of Italian straw, generally speaking, for the majority, and a very large one it is, continue to be worn with the brims uncut, and turned up behind; some are trimmed with a branch of nut blossoms attached on one side by a blond lace lappet; several are decorated with ears of ripe corn, and some, but not many, with ornaments composed of organdy; where these latter are employed they are either edged with straw plait or embroidered in coloured spots but the most novel ornament is a head of asparagus *en graine*, the green part is exceedingly delicate, and the little red seeds have a very pretty effect in the play of the ornament; the ribbon is twisted round the top of the crown, and descends in a knot at the side.

Evening dress is now characterized by an elegant simplicity. The prettiest are those of organdy lined with rose coloured grenadine gauze, and trimmed with two flounces; in the hems of each is a rose coloured ribbon, and the upper flounce is surmounted by a bouillon, through which a ribbon is passed. A low *corsage* trimmed in a very novel style, with a bouillon forming a V in the centre, and turning round the top of the back. Some others also of clear muslin were not lined, and had the flounces edged only with very deep *dents de loup*, or three very small tucks terminated by a narrow lace. A few, and in my opinion they are the prettiest, are trimmed with two flounces, each edged with three quillings of narrow *tulle*; the upper flounce was headed by three rows of *tulle en suite*. A low *corsage* trimmed with a lappel, and short sleeves both very full trimmed with *tulle*.

Ceintures with floating ends have once more come into favour; they are of very broad rich ribbon, figured, spotted, shaded, and striped in a greater variety of patterns than I ever remember. The ribbons for hats and bonnets are also of uncommon beauty; some have the edges damasked, figured, or shaded; others have a dead ground quadrilled in satin, and beautifully shaded: those with rings interlaced are also very pretty: the most original are those of grenadine silk; they are transparent, the middles plain, and the sides beautifully flowered.

Caps keep their vogue in evening dress; the last novelty, which I can hardly call a cap, since it is only a very small caul placed very far back upon the head, is composed of either blond lace or *tulle*, and the front formed of two half wreaths of light flowers, which descending on each side of the cheeks droop upon the neck. If the *coiffure* is *en cheveux* it is always dressed very low behind, indeed unbecomingly so, for the knot of hair is placed almost on the nape of the neck. A very

novel style of ornament for these head-dresses is composed of knots of ribbon attached on each side with the ends floating on the neck and shoulders; a few flowers of delicate hues intermingled with the ringlets completes the *coiffure*.

Fashionable colours have not changed since I wrote to you last, but the shades are lighter, and white is more than ever in request.

Adieu! ma très, chère Amie,
Croyez moi pour la vie,
Votre dévouée,

ADRIENNE DE M —.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATE.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Emerald green *pou de Soie* pelisse, the *corsage* half high, is trimmed with a pelerine *en cour*, which is bordered with a *bouillon* of the material of the dress, and fastened up the front with small silk buttons. Two rows of *bouillon* placed close together decorate the skirt; knots of ribbon are placed upon them at regular distances. The upper part of the sleeve has the fullness gaged close to the arm below the shoulder; three rows of *bouillon* descend from thence nearly to the elbow, the sleeve is full from thence till it reaches the cuff, which is rather deep. Drawn bonnet of rose coloured *pou de Soie*, the brim is long, and rather deep, the interior is trimmed with blond and a rose at each side, the edge is finished by a *tulle ruche*, and the crown is ornamented with *coques* of ribbon, and a drapery of *tulle*.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—The robe is lilac *gros de Naples*, lightly figured in black. Square shawl of rose coloured *pou de Soie*, trimmed with very broad English point lace. Rice straw hat, a round and rather open brim, the interior trimmed over the forehead with blond lace laid flat, and a few very small light flowers; the crown is decorated with three ostrich feathers.

WALKING DRESS.—Robe of fawn coloured *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* is half high, tight to the shape, and wrapping a little across it is trimmed with a flounce of the same material, set on rather full, and continued down one side of the front, and round the border. The sleeve *demi large* is ornamented at top with double *biais* set on full. Rose coloured *pou de Soie* bonnet, the interior of the brim is lightly trimmed with *tulle*, and a *gerbe* formed of a single rose with buds and foliage; roses tastefully intermixed with ribbon decorates the crown. Black *pou de Soie* shawl, trimmed with rich black silk fringe.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Under dress of India jaconot muslin, the skirt bordered with Valenciennes lace. Pelisse of the same material, edged with lace, and embroidered *en tunique* in feather stitch. The *corsage* made full, is drawn in at the waist by a *ceinture* of straw coloured ribbon with floating ends. The sleeves of the *demi large* kind are trimmed at the upper part with embroidered *volans*. Bonnet of Italian straw, it is a *demi bibi*, the crown is trimmed with straw coloured ribbon, and a bunch of purple grapes; a few field flowers intermixed with blond decorates the interior of the brim.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1. Gives a back view of the hat of the public promenade dress.

No. 2. DINNER DRESS.—Straw-coloured *pou de Soie* robe, the skirt is trimmed *en tablier* with *ruches* of ribbon to correspond; *corsage* made tight to the shape, and half high, with a *pelerine* lappel, which is trimmed, as is also the centre of the *corsage* with a *ruche*; wide sleeves, the fulness confined below the shoulder, and at the wrist by *ruches*; rice straw hat, the interior of the brim tastefully decorated with flowers and *tulle*, the crown is trimmed with white and rose-coloured figured ribbon, and a bird of Paradise.

No. 3. CARRIAGE BONNET of rice straw, a cottage shape, trimmed with *roses panachées*, blond lace, and white ribbon.

No. 4. HALF-DRESS HAT of blue *pou de Soie*, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a sprig of flowers.

No. 5. CARRIAGE MANTELET AND HAT.—The *mantelet*, which is of the scarf kind, is trimmed with black lace. The hat of rice straw, a round and open brim, has the interior ornamented with quadrilled ribbon, and the crown decorated with ribbon, and a bouquet of flowers.

No. 6. HALF-DRESS HAT of rice straw, the interior of the brim is trimmed in a very novel style with flowers; the crown is decorated with *marabouts*, and white ribbon.

No. 7. EVENING CAP, composed of blond lace and trimmed with pink ribbon and roses.

No. 8. WALKING BONNET of straw-coloured *pou de Soie* trimmed with ribbon to correspond.

No. 9. EVENING CAP.—A cottage shape of blond lace, trimmed with white ribbon and a single rose.

No. 10. CHILD'S BONNET.—It is composed of white cambric, and trimmed with rosettes of the same material.

We cannot render our fair readers a greater service, or aid the cause of female loveliness more, than by recommending to their notice and attention Gowland's Lotion, which for more than eighty years has been justly esteemed as a safe and highly appropriate remedy for every affection of the skin, arising from tenderness or irritability. At this particular season of the year, when exposure to the atmosphere of heated and crowded rooms renders the surface of the skin peculiarly liable to eruption or discolouration it is an invaluable acquisition to the toilet of every lady of fashion. A little book, which accompanies this article, entitled "the Theory of Beauty," will be perused with pleasure and advantage by those who study grace and elegance in outward appearance.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The SUNDAY TIMES charged us last month with taking our ideas from its pages, in an article entitled "Milliner's Fags;" perhaps the Editor is not aware that the article published in his paper entitled "Confessions of an Actress," was first offered to us, and had nearly been published in our work, only Monsieur Tonson found out suddenly it was "not suited to our pages;" in other words he got a better price for it, and hence arose his scruples of delicacy on the subject of its being unsuited to female readers.

READER.—Some verses with this signature, on the "Death of the late King," &c., have too little novelty to suit our pages. Declined.

H. W. M.—"Lines on Hope," dated Minster Thanet, are also declined. We do not, as the sender fears, think that "curtailment would render them less valuable," for we say *curtail them altogether!*

GEORGE.—The vulgar and stupid article, entitled the "Elopement," sent by this Correspondent is declined.

E. A.—A "Poem," by this Correspondent, accepted with pleasure, simply because it possesses both rhyme and reason, two very necessary qualifications for poetry, but which the bulk of our contributors this month seem to consider as of no importance.

G. READING.—If our Correspondent will explain from what dictionary he selected the word *maturative* we will insert the "Cottage where I was born." Why will people take such trouble to coin nonsense?

G. K. M.—This gentleman's cap won't fit our wear!

L. L. D., alias T. H. C.—We must inform this Correspondent we have no other interest to get poems inserted in the Sunday papers than their own merits. He has more time probably than ourse ves, and had better send copies where he desires insertion. We must also decline the thankless task of critically examining his verses—we do not profess to teach dunces to write.

ASPIREUS.—"Lines on Hope" are declined, we refer him to the tenth line of his verses for the reason.

TOBY, CROSSPATCH, JULIO, SYLVA, JUNO, and LYRA, JUN., shall receive early attention.

BRENDA W.—This lady is informed that "Mrs. Berger of Holywell-street" is *not* the Editress of the Belle Assemblée, and as BRENDA requests her communication may if rejected be left in Norfolk-street it is evident she knows the proper address where to send. We will thank her to be more correct in future.

We must again impress on our Correspondents and Contributors that articles sent after the 15th of each month cannot be inserted in the following number.

Several pieces of Music, Drawings, and Works for review, have been received too late to be noticed this month.

END OF VOL VIII.

