

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

BELLES-LETTRES AND THE ARTS.

THE
LADY'S BOOK

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Evening Dresses

THE LADY'S BOOK.

JULY, 1834.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1834.

FIRST EVENING DRESS.—Robe of *bleu-raymond* satin; a low *corsage*, plain behind, but disposed in drapery folds in front, which is formed in the stomacher-shape by a lappel descending on each side of the breast, and turning back round the bust in the pelerine form. The lappel and the bust of the dress are both bordered with blond lace, and the former is ornamented with a knot of gauze riband, the ends of which descend upon the shoulders. The sleeves are of the double bouffant form; the lower bouffant is extremely small; it is shaded by a row of blond lace, which falls over it. The border of the dress is embroidered in detached bouquets in silk to correspond. The *ceinture* tied in short bows, and long floating ends, is of the rich riband called *Luxor*. Head-dress, a turban of white and blue gauze; it is of a moderate size, the folds are disposed with much lightness and grace; a bandeau of gauze riband placed immediately over the forehead passes under the turban at the sides, and terminates on the left side in long ends which float over the neck. A white ostrich feather, tipped with blue, rises from the bandeau, and completes the trimming.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.—Satin under-dress of a peculiar shade of gray; the *corsage* is cut low, sits close to the shape, and is bordered with blond lace, which stands up round the top. A deep blond lace flounce encircles the border of the dress. The open robe is of blond; the *corsage* is plain; the sleeves of the single bouffant form over satin, are terminated by *manchettes* of a round shape, and surmounted by *mancherons*, which, as well as the sides and border of the dress, are of a very rich pattern. Knots of fire-coloured gauze riband decorate the sleeves, and the sides of the robe. The hair is divided on the forehead, falls in loose curls at the sides of the face, and is combed up tight to the summit of the head, where it is arranged in a cluster of light bows, in which a sprig composed of coloured gems is inserted. A bandeau, composed also of coloured gems, is brought from the sprig round the forehead. Necklace and ear-rings *en suite*.

From the London Court Magazine.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Velvet and satin pelisses are at present in a decided majority in carriage dress. Those of satin of dark colours, closed down the front, or on one side, by knots of satin riband, are very generally adopted. They are for the most part made with double pelerines, which entirely conceal the body. In some instances the pelerines and front of the dress are cut at the edge in *dents*. This is not a new fashion, but the manner in which the *dents* are cut is novel. Sleeves are in general made wider from the elbow to the wrist, and terminate in a deep tight cuff, which is frequently covered with a *manchette* of embroidered muslin, *tulle*, or blond. Some of them terminate in a point which rises high upon the sleeve. Several of those of em-

broidered *tulle* are trimmed round the upper part with a narrow and very light *ruche*. The brims of morning bonnets have increased in size, as has also the bavettole at the back of the crown. Those of plain velvet are at this moment most in request: the most general style of trimming is a simple rosette of riband.

Morning dresses of Cashmere are coming much into favour; they are of the robe kind, with plain high *corsages* that lace behind. A cravat of glazed taffeta riband turning twice round the neck, and passing under the *ceinture*, is frequently adopted with a dress of this kind.

Caps are indispensable in morning costume. They are composed either of blond or *tulle*; those of the most simple form have a low caul, with the trimming disposed *en aureole*, very short at the ears, but high over the forehead. A more novel shape has a caul of plain blond or *tulle*, sewed into a small round piece; the front is trimmed with two narrow rows of *tulle* or blond lace placed very low; they are surmounted by very small *coques* of satin riband of a light colour; the ears descend very low, and sit close to the face.

Robes of the half-pelisse kind, that is, open in front, and made with shawl bodies of a three-quarter height, are much in favour in half dress. Those of velvet and satin appear to be in equal request. Close robes, though not so much worn, are nevertheless fashionable; they are made with half-high bodies. We observe that several are trimmed with black real lace mantillas; and when that is the case, the long sleeve is always ornamented with a *manchette-parement* of lace to correspond. A very deep black lace flounce generally encircles the bottom of the skirt.

Black and gold silks, and satins, are much in favour in full dress. Some of the most elegant are figured in bouquets of gold flowers. Those which are made with low *corsages* descend a little in the *demie corsur* style on the bosom. The body is pointed, but slightly so, and profusely trimmed with blond. There are generally three rows round the back and shoulders; they fall over the sleeve to the upper part of the *manchette*, which is of the Medicis kind. A black and gold *cordeliere* encircles the waist, and falls low over the under dress, which is frequently of blond, embroidered up the front a *l'echelle* in a very rich pattern. Some of the prettiest ball dresses are of embroidered *tulle*; rose, citron, and blue, embroidered in silk of the same colour, are particularly fashionable. There are also several worked in coloured flowers upon a black or white ground: those of the former, however, are not much seen in ball dress, but are a good deal employed for grand *soirees*.

Robes trimmed with flowers are still more fashionable than those that are embroidered; they are disposed *en tablier*, or ascend in a bias direction from the bottom of the robe on the right side, nearly to the *ceinture* on the left. Several robes, both of gauze and *tulle*, are lined throughout with satin, but the greater number are worn over satin slips. Several are looped on

one side in such a manner as to display the under dress.

Although there is a good deal of variety in head-dresses of hair, yet we observe that low ones are in a majority. Several are adorned with a diadem of gold enriched with precious stones, brought low upon the forehead. Others are trimmed with two *gerbes* of flowers. The one is placed on the tuft of curls on the right side, and rises in the style of a feather. The other placed on the left side, drooping over it and mingling with the curls. In some instances the hair is disposed in plaited braids, which fall low and doubled at the sides of the face; but this fashion is very partially adopted, curls being much more general. Fashionable colours are rose, azure, blue, geranium, violet, *souci*, orange, and various shades of green, brown, and gray.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

The weather is at last sufficiently fine to permit our *elegantes* to appear in the Tuilleries gardens. The majority of the married ladies are in satin or velvet pelisses; and unmarried ladies in round dresses with high bodies. Several have a round pelerine of the same kind trimmed with fur. Where a married lady is seen in a robe, which is rarely the case, she adds a shawl and boa, or a large Palatine fur tippet without the shawl. Velvet and satins are the materials in favour for hats and bonnets; black has rather declined in estimation; orange is still in request. Several of the prettiest promenade hats are of that colour, trimmed with a bouquet of small red flowers placed on one side.

An attempt has been made by some fashionable *modistes* to bring very rich but heavy broad-figured satin ribands into favour for the trimming of hats and bonnets. This innovation has not succeeded; plain satin ribands of moderate breadth are employed by some celebrated milliners; but in general the trimmings are of gauze riband, with feathers for hats, and flowers for bonnets. The brims of hats increase in size; a new shape that has just been brought out at Herbaud's has the brim deeper than any that has appeared this season; very wide over the forehead, and long at the ears. The crown is high, and very little smaller at top than bottom. The inside of the brim is trimmed with riband and blond lace. The crown may be adorned with feathers, flowers, or ribands; but, whatever the trimming is, it is placed far back, and two ends of riband which make part of it fall upon the shoulder. Some of these hats are rendered *demi capote* by a *lavolet*, which, instead of being gathered, is disposed in equal plaits, and sometimes falls into the neck. These hats are placed far back. The carnival has been peculiarly brilliant; the balls and *reunions* given on account of it have been numerous and splendid. Open dresses predominate. Some are of velvet or fancy satin trimmed with agrafes of coloured gems, which attach knots of riband. The under dress is of satin covered with blond or trimmed with blond flounces. Other robes are of *velours epingle*, with an under-dress of *gros de Naples* trimmed with lace. A good many are of crape, lined with *gros de Naples*, and ornamented with bouquets of flowers. The under-dress is of white satin. Round robes are mostly of light materials, as *tulle* or crape; some of the prettiest of the former are worn over white satin. The skirt of the *tulle* dress is disposed in three very deep folds on each side, which descend to the bottom of the skirt, and are retained by a bouquet of convolvuli. The centre of the skirt is trimmed with four rows of the same flower of different colours. The *corsage* draped *a la Sevigne*, and the sleeves of the triple *bouillon* form; one of the *bouillons* retained by a flower. The sleeves of ball dresses are of two kinds; those of two *bouffants*, which are certainly smaller

than they were last year; and those with three *bouillons*, the first of which, a little larger than the others, is lined with satin and falls like a sleeve; the two others are single; they form puffs, and are confined by a flower or a knot of riband.

Head-dresses of hair are in the *juste milieu*, between high and low; two plaited braids upon the temples are still very fashionable. Instead of a *Ferrière*, a diadem of fancy jewellery, or of gold and cameos, is placed upon the forehead. Flowers are also in great vogue, particularly those light and beautiful wreaths called *guirlandes a nœuds*. Fashionable colours are rose, ruby, lilac, orange, pale blue, dark green, a new and brilliant shade of light green, and citron. This last colour, which used to be adopted only by ladies of a certain age, is this year worn even by the youngest married ladies.

We have copied from the Court Journal a description of several of the dresses worn at the last drawing room of the Queen of England.

HER MAJESTY.—An elegant dress of white net, embroidered in silver, over rich white satin; train of sky velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with ermine; the body and sleeves richly ornamented with diamonds, and blond. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds, necklace and ear-rings en suite. The whole of British manufacture.

PRINCESS LIEVEN.—Dress of white satin, embroidered in silver; train of sky-blue terry velvet, trimmed with silver lama. Head-dress, plume of feathers, lappets, and brilliants.

DUCHESS DE DINO.—A superb blond dress over a rich white satin slip, with corsage a pointe, elegantly trimmed with a profusion of blond, ornamented with diamonds and turquoises; mantille en blond; manteau of rich blue figured satin a dentelle, elegantly trimmed, with garniture en rouleaux to correspond. Head-dress, rich ostrich plume, diamonds, turquoises, and blond lappets.

THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.—A very rich blond dress, and train of gros blue velvet, trimmed with silver, blond mantille and sabots. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF CAWDORE.—A manteau of perruche figured satin, lined with white silk, and trimmed with swansdown; petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in gold. Head-dress, white ostrich feathers; ornaments, emeralds and diamonds.

COUNTESS OF SURREY.—An elegant dress of black blond over a rich gray satin; manteau and bodice of black velours epingle, lined with black satin tulle, and surrounded with a garniture of gold lama and real gold lace; stomacher handsomely embroidered in gold lama; mantille and ruffles of black blond lace. Head-dress, panache of ostrich feathers, and black blond lappets.

VISCOUNTESS TORRINGTON.—A white crape dress over a rich white satin slip, with corsage a pointe, elegantly trimmed with a profusion of rich blond lace; mantille en blond; manteau of rich blue figured satin dentelle a colonnes, elegantly trimmed, with garniture to correspond. Head-dress, rich ostrich plume and diamonds, and blond lappets.

LADY VERE CAMERON.—A rich white embroidered crape dress over a white satin slip, with corsage a pointe, profusely trimmed with blond lace; mantille en blond; manteau of rich white figured poplin, trimmed with garniture en ruban, satin, and tulle en neu. Head-dress, rich ostrich plume, diamonds, and blond lappets.

LADY RAMSAY.—A rich white satin dress, with an elegant blond flounce; body ornamented with emeralds and diamonds, sabots and mantille of magnificent blond lace; train of rich emerald Genoa velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with a garniture of rich

blond. Head-dress, a superb plume of feathers, blond lappets, and a profusion of diamonds.

BARONESS DE BLOME.—A superb blond dress over a rich white satin slip, with corsage a pointe, profusely trimmed with blond to correspond; mantille en blond; manteau of rich white figured silk, trimmed with garniture en rouleaux de satin blanc. Head-dress, rich ostrich plume, diamonds, and blond lappets.

HON. MRS. DUNCAN.—Dress of brocaded white satin, with handsome court tucker and ruffle of broad blond, and gold cestus: train of violet velvet, lined with white satin, and handsomely trimmed with gold lama. Head-dress, feathers, rich court lappets, and ornaments.

HON. MISS JERNINGHAM.—Dress of white satin, covered with embroidered crape a colonnes, in gold and silver; pointed body, mantille of blond, and blond sabots; manteau of rich brocade satin mais, embroidered with different colours, lined and trimmed with gold and silver bands. Coiffure a la Pompadour, with lappets in blond; orne de ruby et diamonds.

HON. MISS MITFORD.—A white tulle dress, handsomely trimmed with blond lace, over a rich white satin petticoat; manteau of a magnificent blue figured satin, richly trimmed with blond lace and gauze ribands. Head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers and blond lappets; ornaments of turquoise and gold.

MRS. FITZGERALD.—A velvet aeroplane dress, embroidered in bouquets of gold and silver flowers, with bows of violet and gold riband, fastened with diamond studs; a rich violet Genoa velvet manteau, embroidered in gold flowers and lined with satin; blond mantille and sabots. Head-dress, white feathers, lappets, and suite of diamonds; cestus to correspond.

MRS. SHAW LEFEVRE.—A rich white satin dress, superbly trimmed with a deep flounce of blond and silver rouleaux; train of amethyst velvet, lined with satin; garniture of silver lama: corsage and sleeves, trimmed, with mantille and sabots of blond; amethysts and diamonds. Head-dress, couronne of feathers; amethysts and diamonds to correspond.

MY CHILD.

BY H. C. DEAKIN, ESQ.

My child is like the dew-drop—
O, beautiful and bright;
O, beautiful and bright's my child,
As any ray of light.

Its eye is like the sunrise,
So sparkling through its jet;
Its cheek—its ruby cheek is like
Its red rays when they set.

Its laugh, like running river,
Aye warbles as it flows,
And its light step's like the arrow
That quivers ere it goes.

Its locks are like the tresses
On the gold laburnum tree,
And my own dear child's caresses
Are all, all, all for me.

I smile when it is with me,
I weep when I'm alone,
For its voice is like its mother's—
Her own sweet blessed tone.

Thou mother of my bright one,
Where are thy morn and even?
Canst thou hear thine own babe's prayer breathed,
For thee who art in Heaven?

The silent stars are round thee,
Their urns are full of light;
But our own child, when it prays, love,
Than they is far more bright.

Led by the light of God, Mary!
An exile far from me,
Thou ledest me this amulet
To bind me still to thee.

Its little smiles, like spells, love,
Around my heart entwine,
And they teach to me, where dwells, love,
The sweetest smiles of thine.

Then, look upon our baby,
Our beautiful and blest,
And from out thine ark of glory,
Let thy spirit on it rest.

THE PIRATE BOTHWELL TO HIS BARK.

Ho—spread thy white wings to the breeze,
Thou terror of the deep!
Swift o'er the high and heaving seas
In gallant bearing sweep;
And far and wide, from strand to strand,
Thy Master's might make known,
Whose sceptre is his own good brand—
Thy quarter-deck, his throne.

The past—the past—the perish'd past!
What gloomy clouds up-roll
Thick from its ruins to o'ercast
The Hope-deserted soul!
Why must the shades of buried Time
Still haunt our altered life,
Till goded on by Care to Crime,
We drown them in the strife?

An outcast from my home, to bear
An execrated name,
Deem they *this* spirit to Despair
Can stoop from all its Fame?
So let them deem—till, with my sword,
Upon the crimson'd flood,
My answer shall be darkly scored
In characters of blood.

Fame yet shall long and loudly speak
Of Bothwell and his slaughters,
To blanch full many a rosy cheek
'Mong Scotland's lovely daughters;
For many a pale and panting lip
Shall bear a wild tale back,
From many a sacked and shattered ship
That crossed my ravening track.

With womb of fire, the thunder-cloud
Scowls grimly overhead,
Till, bursting from its lurid shroud,
The red death-bolts are sped:—
Meet type for thee, my own brave bark,
Bearing thy fiery crew,
To fix their foes with deadly mark,
And ruin round them strew.

Then spread thy white wings to the breeze,
Thou terror of the deep!
Swift o'er the high and heaving seas,
In gallant bearing sweep;
And far and wide, from strand to strand,
Thy Master's rule make known,
Whose sceptre is his own good brand—
Thy quarter-deck, his throne.

GIULIETTA;

A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY L. E. L.

THE crimson shadows of the evening, mantling over the sky, and mirrored on the ocean, steeping the marble villas on the coast with their rich hues, and giving the pale orange-flowers a blush not their own—how welcome were they after a day so sultry as that which had just set over Genoa! The sea-breeze came fresh, as if its wings were cool with sweeping over snowy mountains, or those islands of ice of which northern voyagers tell, but softened ere it reached the land by the thousand odours which floated from the shore.

But there was one eye to which the glad sunset brought no light, one lip to which the evening wind brought no freshness, though the heavy arm-chair had been drawn to the window, and the lattice flung back to its utmost extent. The Lady Giulietta Aldobrandini was far beyond their gentle influences; yet a few more nights, and hers would be the deep, unbroken sleep of death. It was hard to die, with such ties as bound her to life. She gazed on the three lovely girls, who watched her lightest look, and felt how bitter it was to know that in a few more days they would be motherless: she had supplied their father's loss, but who could supply hers? She had been commending them to the care of their uncle, the Cardinal Aldobrandini, who had undertaken the charge of those who would so soon be orphans; but her heart yearned to say yet more, and she signed to them to leave the room. The cardinal watched with moistened eyes their graceful figures disappear amid the shower of scented leaves, which, as they passed, they shook from the flowering shrubs, and his lip quivered as he said, "And how may I supply a mother's place to those most ill-fated children? Is there no hope, Giulietta?" and, even as he spoke, his own conviction answered, "There is none."

The countess replied not to his question touching herself. She knew that it was asked in vain, and she had yet much to say. "Two of them will cumber you but little; Constanza and Bianca are of calm and gentle natures; from infancy they have felt sorrow lightly, and their affection is half habit. I feel within my dying soul a steadfast conviction that life to them will be as an unbroken stream, whose tranquil course no fierce wind has ever ruffled. But my name-child, my Giulietta, she, whose eyes fill with tears, and whose cheek reddens at the slightest emotion, whose strong feelings and whose timid temper require at once so much caution and yet so much encouragement—for Giulietta's future I tremble. God forgive me, if my youngest has been my dearest! but they have not known it; I knew it not myself till now."

She sank back exhausted; and for a moment Aldobrandini was too much moved to reply. He was a man in whom all earthly affections were reputed to be dead. Cold and stern in manner, rigid in conduct, severe in judgment, he knew no interests but those of the church which he served. His talents were great, and his influence in Genoa almost unbounded; for his bitterest foe—and the successful have always enemies—had no hold on a man who had no weaknesses. But, where the desert seems most bare, be sure the sun has burned most fiercely; and the young and enthusiastic Giulio Aldobrandini had given little indication of the future cold and impassive prelate. He was the younger son, and the beautiful Giulietta was the betrothed of his brother. It was said that the bride looked somewhat pale, and it was deemed a harsh

deceit which had sent the younger Aldobrandini to a distant convent. Time passed as rapidly as time ever passes, be the change what it will upon its path; and when Aldobrandini returned to his native city, he looked wan and worn, but it was with toil and vigil that had brought their own reward: for, in those days, ability and energy found a ready career to power and honour in the church. It may be believed that Aldobrandini would not have exchanged the waking certainties of his ambition for the realization of all his once-romantic fantasies; but, for a moment, the flood of years rolled back, the woman he had once so loved was dying at his side, and feeling became but the more bitter from the consciousness of the vanity of indulgence.

"Giulietta," at length, he said, in a low and broken tone, "years have passed since you and I spoke of the future as of a thing in which we took interest together. Then we spoke in vain: not so now; for let the remembrance of our own youth be the pledge how precious another—your—Giulietta shall be in my sight."

The countess extended her emaciated hand towards him. Aldobrandini remembered it when its perfect beauty had been a model for the sculptor; he took it tenderly. Could it be the rigid and ascetic priest whose tears fell heavily on the dying Giulietta's hand? The lady was the first to recover herself. "Aldobrandini," she whispered, "I trust her happiness wholly to you." The girls now re-appeared in the garden, the cardinal himself beckoned them in, and, with a few brief but kind words, took his departure to the city.

Deeper and deeper fell the shades of melancholy over that sea-side villa. Day by day, those youthful sisters became more conscious of the approach of death. Their voices took a lower tone; their steps were more subdued; and their laughter, once so frequent, was unheard. At length, the worn eyes of the countess closed for ever; but their latest look was on her children.

Dreadfully did the rest of the summer pass away; and, when the leaves fell from the garden, and the bleak sea-breeze swept through the desolate lattices, it was with a feeling of rejoicing that the two elder sisters heard that they were to leave the villa, and pass the next year in the convent of Santa Caterina; after which their home would be the palace of the cardinal. But Giulietta left her mother's late dwelling with reluctance: it seemed almost like another separation. She visited and re-visited every spot which she could remember that the countess had once loved, and parted from it with many and bitter tears, as if it had been an animate object conscious of her regret. But youth is as a flowing stream, on whose current the shadow may rest, but not remain; sunshine is natural to its glad waters, and the flowers will spring up on its banks; thus, though still preserving the most tender recollection of the parent whom she had lost, Giulietta's spirits gradually recovered their tone, and some very happy hours were spent in the convent.

A year in youth is like a month in spring; it is wonderful what an alteration it makes; the germ expands into a leaf, and the bud into a flower, almost before we have marked the change. On the cardinal's return from Rome, where he had made a long sojourn,

he was surprised to perceive how the three Aldobrandinis had sprung up into graceful womanhood. Constanza, the eldest, was nineteen, and Giulietta seventeen; but the sisters had never been parted, and he resolved that they should together take up their residence in his palace.

It was early in a spring evening when the Aldobrandinis arrived at their uncle's dwelling. It was an old and heavy-looking building. Constanza and Bianca, as the massy gate swung behind them, on their arrival in the dark, arched court, simply remarked that they were afraid it would be very dull: but Giulietta's imagination was powerfully impressed; a vague terror filled her mind, which the gloom of the huge and still chambers through which they were ushered did not tend to decrease. At length they paused in a large vaulted room, while the aged domestic went on, to announce them to the cardinal. Giulietta glanced around; the purple hangings were nearly black with age, and so was the furniture, while the narrow windows admitted shadows rather than light. Some portraits hung on the walls, all dignitaries of the church; but the colour of their scarlet robes had faded with time, and each wan and harsh face seemed to turn frowning on the youthful strangers. A door opened, and they were ushered into the presence of their uncle. He was standing by a table, on which was a crucifix and an open breviary, while a volume of the life of St. Chrysostom lay open on the floor. A window of stained glass was half screened by a heavy curtain, and the dark panels of carved oak added to the gloom of the oratory. The sisters knelt before him, while gravely and calmly he pronounced over them a welcome and a blessing. Constanza and Bianca received them gracefully and meekly, but Giulietta's heart was too full; she thought how different would have been the meeting had they been but kneeling before parents instead of the stern prelate. She bowed her head upon the breviary; and her dark hair fell over her face while she gave way to a passionate burst of tears. Next to indulging in the outward expression of feeling himself, the cardinal held it wrong to encourage it in another. Gently, but coldly, he raised the weeping Giulietta, and, with kind but measured assurances of his regard and protection, he dismissed the sisters to their apartments. Could Giulietta have known the many anxious thoughts that followed her, how little would she have doubted her uncle's affection?

The light of a few dim stars shed a variable gleam amid the thick boughs of a laurel grove, too faint to mark the objects distinctly, but enough to guide the steps of one who knew the place. The air was soft and warm, while its sweetness told of the near growth of roses; but a sweeter breath than even the rose was upon the air, the low and musical whisper of youth and of love. Gradually, two graceful forms became outlined on the dark air—the one a noble-looking cavalier, the other Giulietta. Yet the brow of the cavalier was a gloomy one to turn on so fair a listener in so sweet a night; and his tone was even more sad than tender.

"I see no hope but in yourself. Do you think my father will give up his life's hatred to the name of Aldobrandini, because his son loves one of its daughters, and wears a sad brow for a forbidden bride?—or, think you, that yonder stern cardinal will give up the plans and power of many years, and yield to a haughty and hereditary foe, for the sake of tears even in thy eyes, Giulietta?"

"I know not what I hope," replied the maiden, in a mournful, but firm voice; "but this I know, I will not fly in disobedience and in secrecy from a home which has been even as my own."

"And what," exclaimed the cavalier, "can you find to love in your severe and repelling uncle?"

"Not severe, not repelling, to me. I once thought

him so; but it was only to feel the more the kindness which changed his very nature towards us. My uncle resembles the impression produced on me by his palace: when I first entered, the stillness, the time-worn hangings, the huge, dark rooms, chilled my very heart. We went from these old gloomy apartments to those destined for us, so light, so cheerful, where every care had been bestowed, every luxury lavished; and I said within myself, 'My uncle must love us, or he would never be thus anxious for our pleasure.'"

A few moments more, and their brief conference was over. But they parted to meet again; and at length Giulietta fled to be the bride of Lorenzo da Carrara. But she fled with a sad heart and tearful eyes; and when, after her marriage, every prayer for pardon was rejected by the cardinal, Giulietta wept as if such sorrow had not been foreseen. Her uncle felt her flight most bitterly. He had watched his favorite niece, if not with tenderness of look and tone, yet with deep tenderness of heart. When her elder sisters married and left his roof, he missed them not; but now it was a sweet music that had suddenly ceased—a soft light that had vanished. The only flower that, during his severe existence, he had permitted himself to cherish, had passed away even from the hand that sheltered it. It was an illusion fresh from his youth: his love for the mother had revived in a gentler and holier form for her child, and now that, too, must perish. He felt as if punished for a weakness; and all Giulietta's supplications were rejected: for pride made his anger seem principle. "I have been once deceived," said he; "it will be my own fault if I am deceived again."

Yet how tenderly was his kindness remembered, how bitterly was his indignation deplored, by the youthful Countess da Carrara!—for such she now was—Lorenzo's father having died suddenly, soon after their union. The period of mourning was a relief; for bridal pomp and gaiety would have seemed too like a mockery, while thus unforgiven and unblesed by one who had been as a father in his care. At her earnest wish, they fixed their first residence in the marine villa where her mother died.

"And shall you not be sad, my Giulietta?" asked her husband. "Methinks the memory of the dead is but a mournful welcome to our home."

"Tender, not mournful," said she. "I do believe that even now my mother watches over her child, and every prayer she once breathed, every precept she once taught, will come more freshly home to my heart, when each place recalls some word or some look there heard and there watched. It is for your sake, Lorenzo, I would be like my mother."

They went to that fair villa by the sea; and pleasantly did many a morn pass in the large hall, on whose frescoed walls was painted the story of *Cenone*, she whom the Trojan prince left, only to return and die at her feet. On the balustrade were placed sweet-scented shrubs, and marble vases filled with gathered flowers; and, in the midst, a fountain, whose spars and coral seemed the spoil of some sea-nymph's grotto, fell down in a sparkling shower, and echoed the music of Giulietta's lute. Pleasant, too, was it in an evening to walk the broad terrace which overlooked the ocean, and watch the silver moonlight reflected on the sea, till air and water were but as one bright element.

And soon had Carrara reason to rejoice that he had yielded to his wife's wish; for, ere they had been married three months, the plague broke out in Genoa, with such virulence as if, indeed, a demon had been unchained upon earth. "The spirit of your mother, my sweet wife, has indeed been our guardian angel," said the count, as he watched a fresh sea-breeze lift up the long dark curls, and call the crimson into Giulietta's cheek. Still, though safe themselves—for, though the distance from Genoa was but short,

their secluded situation and the sea-air precluded all fear of infection—still an atmosphere of terror and we was around them, and their thoughts were carried out of their own sweet home by dim and half-told tales of the dangers around them. And, among other things, Giulietta heard of her uncle's heroic conduct: others fled from the devoted city—but he fled not; others shut themselves up in their lonely palaces—he went forth amid the dead and the dying; his voice gave consolation to the sick man, and his prayer called on Heaven for mercy to the departed soul. Giulietta heard, and in the silence of her chamber wept; and, when her tears were done, knelt, and gave thanks to God for her uncle.

For the first time, hope arose within her, and she said to herself—“He who walks now even as an angel among his fellow men, cannot but forgive the errors and the weakness of earth.” She went to meet her husband with a lightened heart; but, as she met him on the terrace, she saw that his brow was clouded, and his first words told her that important business would oblige him to go for a week to an ancient castle on the verge of the state, as his neighbours were disposed to question his boundary rights. It was but a day's, a summer day's journey, through a healthy district; and yet how sorrowful was the parting! Alas! how soon the presence of beloved ones becomes a habit and a necessity! but a few weeks with them at our side, and we marvel how ever life was endured without them. The young countess touched her lute—it had no music; she gathered flowers—they had no sweetness; she turned to the fairy page of Ariosto—but she took no interest in his knights or dames; and at length the day was spent ere she had finished pacing the hall, and imagining all the possible and impossible dangers that could befall Carrara.

She was walking languidly on the terrace early the following morning, when a hum of voices caught her ear; one name riveted her attention: a horrible conviction rushed upon her mind. She called a page, who at first equivocated; but the truth was at last owned. The cardinal was stricken with the plague. She signed to the page to leave her, and sank for a moment against one of the columns. It was but for a moment. She withdrew her hands from her face: it was pale, but tearless; and she left the terrace for her chamber with a slow but firm step. Two hours afterwards, the countess was sought by her attendants, but in vain; a letter was found addressed to their master, and fastened by one long, shining; curl of raven darkness, which all knew to be hers.

Leaving the household to the dismay and confusion which such a departure occasioned, we will follow the steps of the countess, who was now on the road to Genoa. She had waited but to resume the black serge dress, which, as a novice of St. Caterina's, she had worn, and in which she knew she might pass for one of the sisters who had vowed attendance on the sick; and, during the hour of the *siesta*, made her escape unobserved. Giulietta had been from infancy accustomed to long rambles by the sea-shore, or through the deep pine-forests; but now, though her purpose gave her strength, she felt sadly weary; when, on the almost deserted road, she overtook a man who was driving a small cart laden with fruit and vegetables. She accosted him; and the offer of a few piastres at once procured a conveyance to Genoa, for thither was her companion bound.

“The plague,” said he, “makes every thing so scarce, that my garden has brought me a little fortune; it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.”

“And are you not afraid of the infection?” asked the seeming Sister of Charity.

“Nothing hazard nothing win. A good lining of ducats is the best remedy for the plague,” returned the gardener.

“Holy Madonna,” thought Giulietta, “shall I not encounter for gratitude and dear love the peril which this man risks for a few ducats?”

The quarter where stood her uncle's palace was at the entrance of the city, and to reach it they had to traverse the principal street. How changed since last the countess passed that way! Then it was crowded with gay equipages and gayer company. She remembered the six white mules with their golden trappings, which drew the emblazoned coach of her uncle along; and how she leant back upon its purple velvet cushions scarcely daring to glance amid the crowd of white-plumed cavaliers who reined in the curvetings of their brave steeds, lest she should meet Lorenzo da Carrara's eye, and betray their whole secret in a blush. Now not one living creature walked the street, and the sound of their light cart was like thunder. She was roused from her reverie by observing that her companion was taking an opposite direction to that of the palace; and requested to alight, mentioning her destination.

“To the archbishop's! Why you will not find one living creature there. The good cardinal would have all the sick he could find brought to his palace, but they fell off like dried leaves; and when he was struck with the plague himself none ventured to approach it; for we all agree that the air there must be more deadly than elsewhere, since it has not even spared his eminence. So, if it is there you are bound, Madonna, we part company; but it is just tempting Providence.”

Giulietta's only answer was to offer the gardener a small sum for her conveyance; but to her surprise he refused it. “No, no, you are going on a holier errand than I; keep your money; you will want it all if you stay in this city, every thing is so dear.”

A sudden thought struck Giulietta. “I do not ask you,” said she, “to venture to a spot which seems marked for destruction; but if I meet you here to-morrow will you bring with you a small supply of provisions and fruit? I can afford to pay for them.”

“I will come, be sure,” replied the man; “and the saints keep you, maiden, for your errand is a perilous one.” He watched her progress till she disappeared round a corner in the street. “I wish,” muttered he, “I had gone with her to the palace; at all events, I will be here to-morrow; she is, for all her black veil and pale face, so like my little Minetta. Ay, ay, if this plague lasts, I shall be able to tell down her dowry in gold;” and the gardener pursued his way.

When Giulietta arrived at her uncle's palace, she paused for a moment, not in fear but in awe, the stillness was so profound; not one familiar sound broke upon her ear. The doors were all open, and she entered the hall; pallets were ranged on each side, and on one or two of the small tables stood cups and phials; but not a trace appeared of a habitant. On she passed through the gloomy rooms; every thing was in disorder and out of place: it was indeed as if a multitude had there suddenly taken up their abode and as suddenly departed. But Giulietta hurried on to her uncle's sleeping apartment; it was vacant. Her heart for the first time sank within her, and she leant against the wainscot, sick and faint. “I have yet a hope,” exclaimed she, and even as she spoke she turned to seek the oratory. She was right. The crucifix stood, and the breviary was open on the small table, even as they were the first time she entered that room: and on a rude mattress beside it lay her uncle. She sank on her knees, for he lay motionless; but, thanks to the holy Virgin, not breathless; no, as she bent over him, and her lips touched his, she could perceive the breath, the precious breath of life: his hand too! it burnt in hers, but she could feel the pulse distinctly.

Giulietta rose, and threw herself before the crucifix. A violent burst of tears, the first she had shed, relieved her; and then calmly she prayed aloud for strength to go through the task which she had undertaken. The

room was hot and oppressive; but she opened the window, and the sweet air came in fresh and reviving from the garden below. She bathed her uncle's temples with aromatic waters, and poured into his mouth a few drops of medicine. He opened his eyes, and turned faintly on his pallet, but sank back, as though exhausted. Again he stretched out his hand, as if in search for something, which failing to find he moaned heavily. *Giulietta* perceived at once that parching thirst was consuming him. From the balcony a flight of steps led to the garden; she flew down them to the fountain, whose pure, cold water made the shadow of the surrounding acacias musical as ever. She returned with a full pitcher; and the eagerness with which the patient drank told how much that draught had been desired. The cardinal raised his head, but was quite unconscious; and all that long and fearful night had *Giulietta* to listen to the melancholy complainings of delirium.

The next day she went to meet the gardener, who had waited, though, as he owned, in hopelessness of her coming. How forcibly the sense of the city's desolation rose before *Giulietta*, when she remembered that her ignorance of the hour proceeded from there being no one now to wind up the church-clocks!—Again she returned to the unconscious sufferer; but little needs it to dwell on the anxiety or the exertion in which the next three days were passed. On the early morning of the last, as she watched over her uncle's pillow, she perceived that there was a slight moisture on his skin, and that his sleep was sound and untroubled. His slumbers were long and refreshing; and when he awoke it was with perfect consciousness.—Dreading the effect of agitation, *Giulietta* drew her veil over her face, and to his inquiry of "was any one there?" she answered in a low and feigned voice.

"I am faint and want food; but who, daughter, are

you, who thus venture into the chamber of sickness and death?"

"A stranger; but one whose vow is atonement."

"*Giulietta!*" exclaimed the cardinal, and the next moment she was at his side; and both wept the sweetest tears ever shed by affection and forgiveness. Eagerly she prepared for him a small portion of food, and then, exerting the authority of a nurse, forbade all further discourse, and, soon exhausted, he slept again.

The cool shadows of the coming evening fell on the casement, when *Giulietta* first ventured to propose that she should send a letter by the gardener to *Lorenzo*, and desire that a letter might be sent to convey her uncle to their villa.

"My sweet child, do with me as you will," said the cardinal; "take me even to the house of a Carrara."

"And no where could you be so welcome," said a stranger entering, and *Giulietta*, springing from her knees, found herself in the arms of her husband. "I knew, *Giulietta*, I should find you here, though your letter told me but of prayer and pilgrimage."

And what now remains to be told? The cardinal accompanied them to the villa, where his recovery was rapid and complete: and the deep love which he witnessed in that youthful pair made him truly feel how great had been *Giulietta's* devotion to himself. The plague had done its worst in Genoa; and men were enabled to return to their habits, their occupations, and their duties, things ever inseparably connected.—The cardinal from that hour treated *Lorenzo da Carrara* as a son; and their family union was happy as self-sacrifice and enduring affection could make it. In the picture-gallery, there is still preserved a portrait of the countess in her novice's garb; her cheek pale, her graceful form hidden by the black serge robe, and her beautiful hair put out of sight; and the count, her husband, used to say that "she never looked more lovely."

SUMMER SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

O ye hours, ye sunny hours!
Floating lightly by,
Are ye come with birds and flowers,
Odours and blue sky?

Yes, ye come, again we come,
Through the wood-paths free;
Bringing many a wanderer home,
With the bird and bee.

O ye hours, ye sunny hours!
Are ye wafting song?
Doth wild music stream in showers
All the groves among?

Yes, the nightingale is there,
While the starlight reigns,
Making young leaves and sweet air
Tremble with her strains.

O ye hours, ye sunny hours!
In your silent flow
Ye are mighty, mighty powers!
Bring ye bliss or woe?

Ask not this—oh! seek not this!
Yield your hearts awhile
To the soft wind's balmy kiss,
And the heaven's bright smile!

Throw not shades of anxious thought
O'er the glowing flowers!
We are come, with sunshine fraught,
Question not the hours!

THE WEEPER.

BY MISS GOULD.

Saw ye the mourner reclining
Where the damp earth was her bed,
And the young ivy-vines, twining,
Mantled the house of the dead?

Heard ye the voice of the weeper
Rise with the herald of day,
Calling aloud to the sleeper,
Bidding him hasten away?

Felt ye her wild notes of sorrow
Thrilling your bosoms with pain?
Dark is the wanderer's morrow—
So she must not slumber again!

Dim is her glimmering taper;
Fast she's sinking to rest;
Soon shall the evening vapour
Gather unfelt, o'er her breast.

Sorrow too long has been wearing
String after string from her heart;
Now, her own finger is bearing
On the last thread that can part!

Cold was the draught she has tasted;
Pale are the lips it has passed;
Now every sand-grain is wasted;
Death has released her at last!

She, who so lately was weeping,
Wounded, despairing and lost,
At rest is now quietly sleeping;
Life's troubled waters are crossed!

A STORY OF MODERN SCIENCE.

BY LORD MORFETH.

IN the neighborhood of one of the largest provincial towns in England, lived a small master manufacturer, a widower, whose only child was his daughter Mary, the pride of her township, the delight of her father's heart, and the especial delight of one other beside her father, as will appear in the due course of this history.

The tradesman of whom I am speaking, Mr. Warwick, was, perhaps, more in high repute than favour among those with whom he associated, or whom he employed; he was exact and trustworthy in his dealings, grave and uncommunicative in his manners: he was fond of keeping his own, which was one of the few expressions he was wont to lavish upon his hearers; he stood by his bargains, and to his rights; and neither the king nor his workmen would have found it easy to get more than their strict dues from him. But whatever may have been thought of his social qualities, in the limited range of his domestic character he was kind and tender; he had loved his deceased wife most affectionately, yet not so as he now loved his beautiful and cheerful Mary.

Upon one fine evening in early spring, when Mr. Warwick had gone out to attend a periodical meeting of his trade, Walter Carroll, his foreman, the day's work being over, and the gray dusk just closing in, stood at the threshold of his master's door, and Mary stood, too, very near; and the weather was clear and still, and it had all the freshness of the season, all the charm, and even all the melancholy of the hour.

There apparently had been a pause for some time, which at length was broken by Mary.

"No, Walter, good can never come out of this concealment: it is a great fault; with such a father as mine is to me, it is a great sin. I must tell him all."

"Nay, Mary dear, if you do, it is all over with us. I know your father well: he loves you very fondly, it is true, but though he is your father, Mary, he is a proud man; he thinks that people should always keep their places, and if he suspected that I had dared to look up to his daughter, it would be an awful day for us."

"But I cannot bear this weight on me any longer; it makes every thought in my head feel so tight. Let me speak to him, or it will be the death of me, Walter."

"Then, my kind angel, give me but a little bit more time, I know I shall be able to work up my way; I am young, strong, and willing; I trust in God, and I love you, Mary: never doubt, there shall come a time when I may claim you openly, and even your father will not grudge you to me."

"Hush, Walter, there are James and Hugh Boyland coming from their work; I will step in while they pass: I never can bear the sight of these men."

"Are you coming this way home, Master Walter?" said one of the two slouching and sinister-looking men, who now swung by along the path before the house with a gait which bespoke, or at least assumed, recklessness and defiance.

"Not yet awhile; I have something to look after."

"Ay, I believe you, and more, too, than old Skinfint has given to your keeping—eh, Walter?"

"My affairs are in my keeping; let me recommend you to look to your own."

"Nay, man, never speak big at us; though you do call yourself foreman here, we are not of the stuff to be domineered over by any white-faced fellow of your kidney; we can let pride down a peg or so, can't we, Hugh?"

"Come, James," here put in the said Hugh, who was at all times of a less disputative and more practical turn, "we must be sharp, and can't afford to be dawdling here all night; leave him to sulk in his own company."

"Are they gone?" said Mary, timidly peeping out at the door, as their swarth forms darkened in the fast deepening twilight. "Oh! Walter, it makes my heart cold to hear you talking with these men."

"Why should you mind my talking with them, dear?"

"I cannot help it; you know what things all the world says of them."

"What!—I suppose you mean—about the hospitals. Now, Mary, you must remember that every Resurrection-man is not a Burker; and I cannot but say that when the state of the law throws such temptation into the way of needy men, it has much to answer for as well as they."

"And does my Walter stand up for such practices?"

"Now do not fly off in a pet, angel; why, I will tell you, I once thought it my duty to mention it even myself to your father, but I was sorry that I did, for he only asked me what such things were to him; they were good workmen, and that was all he had to do with."

"Well, do not let us talk more upon the horrid subject. Oh, Walter! how comes it that you are so unlike all about you?—if people only knew how good, and gentle, and true-hearted you are, they would a little excuse me for"—

"For what, dear Mary?"

"Walter, it is not like you to ask; you know I love you truly."

"Bless you for the word; and I love you in my heart of hearts."

"You do!" thundered in Mr. Warwick, close behind him; "this, then, was the reason why Hugh Boyland told me I was wanted at home. You scoundrel and black villain, out of my sight! out of my service! If you are not gone quickly, I'll knock the life out of you!" and to the abuse and the threat, he added a blow.

"Walter, Walter," cried Mary, "remember he is my father."

"You have spoken in time, Miss Warwick," replied Walter. "Yes, sir, I am gone: you may have some right to complain, but young hearts will no be hindered; and I knew how you would receive the intelligence, in whatever mode it might first reach you. But I will not be the cause of quarrel between parent and child; if I am out of the way, you will not be unkind to her, sir, will you? I pledge my word that without your permission I will enter into no correspondence with her in my absence, and I will no return till— Well, sir, I see my sight offends you; o, God's blessing be on your roof!" He turned from them, and was soon lost in the darkness.

Between the father and daughter thus left alone together, there was silence for some little time; at length Mr. Warwick said, in a slow still voice, "Go in, you—I had rather not talk with you yet; I will walk up the street for an hour to cool myself, and then return to you."

A little way behind Mr. Warwick's house was a walk through a rugged grove or thicket, arched along the steep and rocky bank of the river, which, while it fed several water-mills, and consequent ministered to purposes of trade and civilization, reined itself

all the savage wildness of a mountain torrent, rapid, chafing, and deep; it might be fancied to convey a warning, by its unceasing foam and brawl amidst sooty forges and the clink of workmen, that the triumphs and the benefits of human industry and skill have their limits, and that Nature in her utmost subserviency to Art is still sovereign in Creation.

Probably without analysing so nicely the reasons of their choice, the lovers had always preferred this path to any other: it had the recommendation of comparative solitude; its natural beauty would not be unheeded by minds which had more than the ordinary refinement of their station; and it was now endeared to them by the first avowal, and all the after confidences of a pure and fervent, though clandestine passion.

About a quarter of an hour after the close of the interview lately described, Walter Carroll was leaning against the trunk of a large gnarled oak, which stood by the side of this path at the point where it issued out upon the highest point of the rocky bank, which there rose to a very great height perpendicularly above the stream; after listening for some time to its hoarse rushing, as to a sound which harmonised well with emotions vague, hurried, and gloomy, his ear turned to a tread which came timidly along the path, and made him exclaim instantly, "What you, again, my darling Mary!"

"Thank you, thank you," she cried, "that is what I came for. The last time you spoke to me, you called me Miss Warwick, and I could not part upon that."

"Why then, my Mary, I was, perhaps, thinking more of the father's blow than of the daughter's truth."

"Oh! you must forgive him, Walter; I came to tell you so; you know he was sorely tried; I almost think, when I remember what he has been to me from my cradle till within the last half hour, that God will not forgive me."

"I see, then, you repent of having allowed me to look so high; you would have every thing between us off and over."

"Walter, you deal not fairly with me; more than all to tell you this have I now come here, with much risk, much blame; but, before we lose sight of each other—and that, in this bad world, is no such slight matter—I could not rest without telling you that, though I will never leave my father's house without his consent, though I applaud your noble promise, made even while you were smarting under insult, good and generous Walter, not to keep up any stolen intercourse with me, (may I be pardoned for having led you into this momentary breach of it!) still, in absence or in sight, in sorrow or in joy, in life or in death, Mary will remain your true and faithful love, yours alone, and yours always. And now I must not be missed at home; go and prosper, dear—dearest Walter!"

"One kiss, my own Mary."

She gave it; and immediately started back, and said, "Did you not hear something move among the young trees?"

They listened; but all seemed still. "I had only ears and eyes for you, Mary," said Walter, after the pause; "but there can be nothing. Let me at least see you to your own door for the last time."

"As you value my peace," answered Mary, "do not even stir from the place where you now are till I can have got back.—Promise."

"Go, my angel; and may our God in heaven guard you!"

Mary immediately left him, and darted along her path homeward with so quick and light a foot, that, upon reaching the entrance of the thicket within which she had met her lover, she came close upon two men engaged in deep and apparently somewhat mysterious conference: the encounter of all the parties was so

sudden, that they each seemed in some degree startled and confused. One of the men was the first to speak.

"Why only think now! is it you, Miss Mary?"

"James Boyland!" she replied, rather faintly; "and you too, Hugh! it is a pleasant evening.—I will pass on, if you please."

"I say, Miss," said James, "where have you left Walter Carroll this nice dark night!"

"Why do you ask that?" she answered, very hurriedly; "why should you want to know?"

"No offence, Miss; good night, and service to you. I say, Hugh," added James, as she bounded off along the well-known track, at least twice as rapidly as before, "I'll lay you a full-grown stiff one to any empty coffin that he's not many paces off!"

"Very like; suppose we look," responded Hugh.

When Mary reached her home, it was a great relief to her to find that her father had not yet returned thither. She had passed through much in the last hour, and now, in the first moment of inaction, she hardly felt able to bear up against all she had at once to undergo—grief, remorse, love, fear, and hope; yet not so much any of these, as that exhaustion of body and spirit which results from the variety as well as intensity of conflicting emotions, and which condenses, yet confuses them all. She wrote a few hasty lines, in which she expressed herself with maidenly modesty, frankness, and firmness, respecting her lover; dutifully, penitently, and re-assuringly towards her father. These she left upon his table, and then retired to solitude at least, to prayer, to meditation, if not to rest.

Nature will, however, have her dues, and how capricious and despotic a power is sleep! how it loves occasionally to triumph over all probabilities, not only the accidents of time and place, or the operation of the senses, but the play of the passions, and the moods of the mind. Amidst the most enchanting scenery, the most exquisite music, the most exciting oratory—while the eye and ear are delighted, while the soul is captivated by genius, or exalted by piety, or racked by misery, it will come, in malice or in mercy, an officious intruder or a welcome guest, and if it have the softness of down, it has the strength of adamant.

In other words, Mary Warwick woke very late, and she again viewed it in the light of a respite, that the first dreaded interview with her father could not take place till the business of the day was over, as she well knew that from his prescribed round of occupation he never upon any account swerved. When it did arrive, she found that she had miscalculated its character; he met her, and no frown was gathered on his brow, no reproach was glanced from his eye, he did not even so much as allude to the subject which must of necessity have been so fully present to the minds of both; the look with which he surveyed her was grave, but compassionate, and the words which he addressed to her were spare indeed, but kind in tone and import. His daughter keenly appreciated this behaviour, and began to measure the depth of her own fault by the extent of his forgiveness.

Several days passed along in which no new circumstance of any interest occurred. Mary spent many of her solitary hours in the grove and under the tree we have had occasion to mention. After these, she would certainly seem pensive and absent; but at other times, in the discharge of her ordinary household duties, and the society of her father, to whom she felt anxious to pay redoubled attention, and who, in return, seemed manifestly touched and softened by these evidences of her undiminished filial attachment, she appeared to have regained the composure, if not the cheerfulness, of her former bright and sunny nature.

The first check to this comparatively even and fast-improving disposition of mind she received from a

piece of intelligence which was usually conveyed to her. One evening she was sitting by, when one of the "operatives" in Mr. Warwick's employment had come to speak to him upon business; in fact, there was some apprehension of a "strike" among the workmen; and while they were engaged in discussing the matter, the man observed, "You see, sir, it takes us at a great disadvantage, for, what with the absence of Walter Carroll"—

There was a deep sigh in one place—a significant "hush!" in another.

"And both the Boylands being gone, too,"—

"The Boylands gone!" cried Mary; "and when did they go?"

"We missed them all the same night, Miss Mary; and where they have gone, no man knows."

"Have mercy upon us!" seemed to be muttered by Mary's lips. She added, "Be sure, William—you, father, too, promise me—let me hear directly if you know any thing about the Boylands."

"Why, my girl," answered Mr. Warwick, "what is your head running on? But I must talk this affair over with William Bracy, so you had better wish me good night."

"Good night!—Father, give me your blessing to-night."

The next communication was destined to convey a still more fatal shock. She was sitting with her father in the same way upon the next evening, when an attorney and constable from the large county town, about fourteen miles off, were shown into the apartment.

It would at no time have been according to the tenor of Mr. Warwick's disposition to receive a domiciliary visit of authority with any great mark of deference, and he now requested, with some appearance of discomposure, to be made acquainted with the motives of this intrusion.

"We are come, sir," said the attorney, "to request you will accompany us to —, where two men, whom we understand to have been in your employment, of the name of Boyland, are under arrest upon a most serious charge."

"They have murdered Walter Carroll!" exclaimed Mary, and fell back upon her chair.

"How comes the young lady to have so clear an insight into the nature of their offence?" put in the attorney.

Mr. Warwick replied, "You are not called upon, sir, to take any notice of what falls from my daughter; private occurrences have taken place of late in my family which have much shaken her nerves; she shall retire, and then"—

"Nay, father," said Mary, rising recovered and collected, "I am ready to do what must be done, and to say what must be said: I will go with you, sir."

"My dear child, you could be of no possible use; I really cannot allow it."

"On the contrary, sir," here again interposed the attorney, "Miss Warwick seems to know more of the matter than any one else; and I feel myself bound to convey her with us. I am sure, sir, you must yourself feel too keenly for the interests of justice to interpose any obstacle. We are most anxious to gain all the possible information that can be gathered upon the subject without loss of time, as the judges are now in the town, and such is the state of public excitement and alarm, that it becomes most desirable, upon every account, to bring on the trial during the present assizes."

Nothing farther was to be said. Mr. Warwick and his daughter accompanied the attorney to the county town, and their depositions were taken before the magistrates, who were still prosecuting their inquiries at that late hour of the night. Before they broke up, it was finally determined to put the prisoners on their trial immediately.

It was at an early hour on Friday morning that the judge, a grave and eloquent functionary, entered the thronged and expecting court. On each side of him the benches were filled with county magistrates, medical practitioners, and even many of that softer sex who often lose their natural repugnance to details of blood and horror in the sense of strong excitement. A woman would instinctively shrink more than a man from entering the cell of a maniac or a felon; but place her once within it, and she will explore the working lineaments, and hang on the broken accents, with a far more eager and intense curiosity. Immediately in front of the judge were already placed the two Boylands, strongly fettered, with an expression of countenance in which nervous anxiety seemed to blend and almost lose itself in haggard stupor. In the semi-circle beneath sat the gentlemen of the bar, wearing by far the most unconcerned appearance in the whole assemblage, though, perhaps, less so than upon ordinary occasions. In the rear stood the motley group of those who occupied their scanty place by no other privilege than the superior strength or dexterity with which they had floated in at the head of the thick mass which still besieged the door of the court-house, and held angry parance with the javelin-men who guarded it.

Before, however, the few formal preliminaries had been achieved, deep silence reigned within and without; there was that excitement in the case, and that execration of the crime, which awed curiosity into stillness, and suffering into submission.

The trial proceeded. Now a trial, perhaps the most interesting thing of all others in any adequate case to hear, is frequently tedious and unsatisfactory to read, when the necessary length and repetition are unrelieved by the imposing effect of all the exterior circumstances, and by the interest of those nice minutiae in the behavior of parties, which are food for ocular observation exclusively. Under this apprehension, I think I should do well to content myself with presenting to my reader a brief summary of the statement delivered by the judge in summing up the evidence, which had spread over several hours in anxious and interesting inquiry.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I feel it needless to mention that the case, upon which you have bestowed so much attention, rests upon what is commonly called circumstantial evidence; no direct proof of the charge has been brought to bear upon the prisoners; it will of course be for you to decide whether the combined facts infer that degree of certainty which can alone justify a verdict against them. The first person examined was the porter of the hospital; he identifies the body, as brought to him by the two prisoners, exhibited by him to the chief surgeon, and afterwards recognised by numerous persons as the corpse of Walter Carroll. We have here the offence of body-stealing brought home to the prisoners, who are likewise stated by the same witness to have been long addicted to the same practice, and to have frequently supplied the school of anatomy with subjects clandestinely, and I need not say, illegally obtained; this is not the place or the occasion which could tempt me to palliate any breach of the law; nor am I inclined, on the other hand, either with respect to the prisoners at the bar, or indeed any offenders, to aggravate the guilt of such mal-practices, as the state of society, and of the law itself, may perhaps have gone far to engender. However this may be, hitherto we meet with nothing to produce any suspicion of that fouler crime for which these men are indicted, save the existence of a possible motive to it being established in their instance—a motive, it is true, which we should scarcely have permitted ourselves to impute, or even imagine, were it not for the horrible experience of our own latter days. You have next heard the very clear and scientific evidence of the chief surgeon, who states that his attention

was immediately attracted by the appearance of the body; he gives his reasons for being positive that it had never been interred, and that death must have been occasioned either by throttling or possibly by drowning; this alternative is rendered more remarkable by part of the evidence which subsequently occurs. The constable is then called, who upon the information communicated to him by the two previous witnesses, arrested the prisoners in the street; there is something awfully striking in the observation which James Boyland addressed upon this occasion to his brother Hugh. 'Murder! Hugh—which?' I should be most anxious to avoid pressing any thing against these unfortunate men more strongly than the necessity of the case would seem to warrant; it appears, however, that in the hurry and shock of the moment, this exclamation was uttered. We have next a large and quite a sufficient body of proof to identify the body sold by the prisoners as that of Walter Carroll; we have upon this point the deposition of more than one of the fellow-workmen of the deceased—of the master who employed him—and of the unfortunate young woman, whose story is so pathetically blended with these proceedings. There follows a long chain of evidence, detailing the circumstances which took place previously to the deceased being seen for the last time; we have it stated by a female neighbour of Mr. Warwick, that she was standing in her door-way upon the fifth instant towards dusk, that she observed Carroll talking to Mary Warwick, as very often happened, she added; that the two Boylands passed by, and some high words ensued between the prisoners and the deceased. Gentlemen, I attach no importance whatsoever to this circumstance; if the deceased met his death by the hands of the prisoners, you may be assured that it was a very different, it was a more sordid, if not a more criminal, motive than rancour or revenge which ministered the temptation. If we were to look to such causes for the origin of this dark deed, far more cogent ground of suspicion would lie against Mr. Warwick himself, for it appears from the evidence of the same old gentleman, as well as from the testimony of the father and the daughter themselves, that Mr. Warwick having accidentally overheard enough to persuade him that a clandestine, though to all appearance an otherwise honorable, attachment subsisted between his daughter and the deceased, under the irritation—I may say, the natural irritation of the moment, although he now speaks of the circumstances with a regret which does his heart credit, gave utterance to some very violent reproaches, and struck a blow at the deceased. I thought it my duty, indeed, to make a particular inquiry respecting the nature of that blow, but I was given to understand that it did not seem to produce any sensible effect at the time; far less could it have subsequently occasioned death. Here it might occur that the injury which Mr. Warwick imagined himself to have received in the very tenderest point to the heart of a parent, may have led him to the perpetration of a more deliberate and effectual mode of vengeance. With this possible view, not only did I myself strictly question those in his neighbourhood and employment respecting his principles and character, which seem to be in high repute for regularity and probity, but we heard very minutely stated what took place upon their separating that evening. Mr. Warwick dismissed Carroll from his service, forbidding all correspondence with his daughter, and the deceased strictly promised that he would keep up no intercourse with her during his absence. Whereupon Carroll walked away.

"But here another conjecture presents itself, with a far greater show of likelihood to the mind. The deceased had just been detected in a clandestine intercourse with the daughter of his employer; he had been dismissed from his employment with disgrace and insult; he had been forbidden to meet, he had

bound himself not to correspond with the woman he loved; in the state of mind with which he must have turned from that threshold, is it impossible, is it improbable, that he should have been tempted to commit suicide? I see by the depositions which have been placed before me, that the prisoners have never varied in the statement which they made before the magistrates, and which they have repeated to us, that they discovered the body upon the same evening in the river, some way below the town, and that they could not resist the temptation of an object of sale ready found to their hands. I will fairly own that I should at once have admitted this solution of self-destruction, had it not been for the witness last called, Mary Warwick. She gave her evidence under circumstances, and in a manner, full of such gentle candour, and such subdued wretchedness, that authorise a strong reliance upon the truth of what she said; it appears that she again met the deceased upon the same busy evening; that they agreed together, while abandoning, in accordance with the previous promise, all immediate intercourse, to look forward with hope to its future renewal under better auspices; that his last words to her were expressions of piety and cheerfulness; that she left him standing at a particular spot, which she describes as well known to her, under an old oak tree, on the brink of a steep bank or cliff above the river; that immediately after quitting him, near the entrance of the same wood, at a distance of about three hundred yards from the oak, she suddenly came upon the prisoners; that she heard them express an expectation that they should find the deceased near at hand; that she went forward on her return to the village, and that they moved on in the direction of the spot where she had left the deceased. Here, gentlemen, the case closes. In my recapitulation of the evidence, as each successive fact suggested the opportunity, I have endeavored to point out to you the different conclusions that might be consistent with the testimony to which you have listened. The duty to make the application lies now solely with you. I will not trust myself with any further comment, and I here leave the momentous decision in your hands."

The jury begged leave to retire; at the end of ten minutes they returned into court, and stated that they were agreed upon their verdict.

The officer of the court asked, "How say you, gentlemen of the jury, is Hugh Boyland guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

The same question and answer were exchanged with respect to James; the officer entered the verdict upon the parchment before him, then half turning round, as if to ascertain whether the preparations of the judge were complete, he addressed to the prisoners the usual question whether they had any thing to say, or knew of any thing why sentence of death should not be passed upon them. They repeated, hardly and doggedly, their asseverations of innocence.—Proclamation enjoining silence was then made, after which, the judge put on his black cap, and thus addressed them:—

"Prisoners at the bar, you are now, upon evidence which had left no doubt of your guilt upon my own mind, convicted by the jury of a crime, which I know not how adequately to characterise. In the records of depravity I should be at a loss to find its parallel; it combines, in a degree hitherto unprecedented, all that is most mean with all that is most ferocious in our nature—the deepest villainy of a civilized condition with the darkest cruelty of savage life. Gain has made worse cannibals than hunger. Deeds which, I should have fondly hoped, would hardly have occurred to the license of fancy, we learn, by the terrible experience of the two last years, have been reserved to be the shame and stain of a Christian community—of

an enlightened era—of the British nation. The evil is growing to a frightful head; old men and young children, the crippled and the infirm, the destitute and the delicate, dare not trust themselves either in our rural lanes or in our city thoroughfares; upon the cold pavement, at the social board, in the proffered bed, the unsuspecting victims have found their doom: many a hearth still misses from its accustomed circle those who have gone forth and do not return, while all the casual accidents of life give rise to the most torturing apprehensions. Miserable men! for guilt so enormous, the law has wisely, nay, I had almost said humanely, provided that the punishment should be as speedy as exemplary, and in a case like the present it becomes doubly important to allay, as far and as soon as we may be able, the alarm and horror which have so widely crept over society. Of that other world, which lies beyond the cognizance of this frail tribunal, I will not here trust myself with speaking; to your spiritual attendant, and to your own hearts, I leave the awards of eternity. Shrink, shrink deep into yourselves, while you consider how before them fades into mere nothingness even that awful sentence, which I, your earthly judge, must now pronounce upon you. That sentence is, that you may be now taken hence to the place from whence you came, and thence on Monday next—on Monday next," repeated the judge, with as much emphasis as he could command, and with an effect which seemed to rouse even the prisoners from their sullen apathy, "to a place of execution, and that you be there severally hanged by the neck until you are dead, and that after your death your bodies * be delivered to the surgeons to be dissected and anatomized according to the statute—and may the Lord of his infinite goodness have mercy on your guilty souls!"

Within ten minutes the prisoners had been removed, the comments interchanged, the carriages called, the witnesses dispersed, and the judge (I tell it not in disparagement of his humanity or sensibility, but as an instance of the manner in which the most formal common-places of life will jostle with its darkest miseries and wildest horrors,) was seated at dinner in a company which had long been waiting for him, between a prosing lord-lieutenant and a punning magistrate.

Why should I dwell upon the painful preparations for the necessary catastrophe? From the few hours of life allotted to the condemned culprits I turn for a moment, ere I close my melancholy tale, to their desolate and heart-broken victim. After the trying scenes of the court-house, and the powers of self-command there put forth by Mary Warwick, the re-action was too strong for her exhausted frame and withered spirit; her father had been extremely anxious to take her back to their own home upon the evening of the trial, but neither then, nor during the following Saturday and Sunday, was she in any manner able to leave the lodgings which they occupied in the noisy street opposite the gaol of the assize town. She felt herself better on Monday morning, and after having attempted to swallow a scanty breakfast, she was about to tell her father, whose assiduity and tenderness towards her seemed to increase every instant, that she thought herself equal to the journey, when her attention was attracted by his fixed and earnest gaze through the window of their apartment. She rose and went beside him, when her feelings sustained a deep and harrowing shock at the sight she there encountered: the gate of the prison was open, a vast crowd was gathered in the street, and a kind of procession was moving slowly towards a large wooden structure which appeared in the distance. The

thoughts which shot through her mind induced her to kneel down, and with closed eyes and clasped hands to pray for grace to be able to forgive the murderers of her peace and love. When she again raised her head, her father was standing before her with a countenance violently, and even wonderfully, agitated.

"Where is my hat, Mary?" he exclaimed; "give it me instantly!"

"Here, dear father: what is it you would be about?"

"Mary, you remember the night when you last saw Walter Carroll?"

"Oh—oh!—do not talk of it."

"Do you remember that we parted in anger?"

"Alas! yes, father."

"Mary, we met again that night."

"Father!"

"Mary, those men are not guilty of murder."

When Mary recovered from the deep fainting fit which immediately followed the utterance of these words, and lifted her head slowly from the floor upon which her whole length still lay prostrate, and opened her eyes dimly, and then sent them inquiringly round the room, she perceived that she was alone; then came recollection, and with it a shock that at once shot activity along her limbs, and numbness through her soul; but this she soon shook off, too, and rushed into the street.

The judge had risen that morning from his breakfast, and had ordered round to the door the carriage which was to convey him to the next town upon the circuit, when he was told that a young woman, apparently in great distress of mind, requested to see him upon business the most urgent.

"I do not know," said his lordship, "what it can be about; but admit her.—Miss Warwick!" for Mary had already forced her way in, and was kneeling at his feet.

Pale, haggard, panting, she just gathered breath to articulate, "The Boylands are innocent!—Quick, my lord, quick!"

"Pray rise, and explain yourself:—why, it was upon your evidence?"

"I know it;—I am a guilty wretch!—I could not bear you to think my Walter had committed suicide; but he did—you nearly guessed it, my lord—he threw himself into the water.—Oh, quick!"

"Young woman, you have indeed much to answer for! Where is my marshal? let him go to the under-sheriff directly, and desire him to delay the execution for an hour: this must be inquired into. Tell my brother I must see him.—Where is Mr. Warwick?"

"—Well, what now?"

"An express, my lord, from the under-sheriff!"

"And why this?—let me see.—I have delayed the execution till I receive instructions from your lordship. Mr. Warwick has just appeared at the foot of the gallows, and acknowledged himself the sole murderer of Walter Carroll!—What does it all mean?"

Mary answered him faintly, "It means that I am now alone in this world. Be thou with me, O my God!"

She still knelt, and the judge did not bid her rise.

Mr. Warwick did eventually suffer in the stead of the Boylands. He made a full confession before his death, from which it appeared that, irritated and stung beyond all control by suddenly coming upon the stolen interview, and witnessing the parting embrace of the lovers, he had sprung upon Walter as soon as his daughter had left him, and pushed him at once from the cliff upon the edge of which he stood, into the torrent beneath. If the catastrophe has confirmed the expression of the murdered Walter, "that every Resurrection-man is not a *Burker*," I anxiously hope that the alteration of the law which has just taken place will prevent those who are not yet, from becoming so.

* I give this part of the sentence for the benefit of antiquarians.



BYRON'S MONUMENT TO HIS DOG.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

"NEAR THIS SPOT
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF ONE
WHO POSSESSED BEAUTY WITHOUT VANITY,
STRENGTH WITHOUT INSOLENCY,
COURAGE WITHOUT FEROCITY,
AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF MAN WITHOUT HIS VICIES.
THIS PRAISE, WHICH WOULD BE UNMEANING FLATTERY
IF INSCRIBED OVER HUMAN ASHES,
IS BUT A JUST TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
BOATSWAIN, A DOG
WHO WAS BORN AT NEWFOUNDLAND, MAY 1803,
AND DIED AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY, NOV. 18, 1808."

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of wo,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in Heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive Heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
Thy nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 30, 1808.

SONG.

THE HOME-BOUND BARK.

'Tis the winter deep!
And the sea-fowl sweep
Afar o'er the gloomy tide;
And the wild waves dash,
'Neath the signal's flash,
Where the foamy tempests ride.

And dark and drear,
On the seaman's ear,
Hangs the vulture's ravening cry;
Like the startling breath
Of some fiend of death,
In wait for souls that die.

The sails are rent—
The stout mast's bent—
And the helm and bowsprit gone;
And fast and far,
'Midst the billowy war,
The foundering bark drives on.

The shriek and prayer,
And the wan despair,
Of hearts thus torn away,
Are seen and heard
By the ravening bird,
In chase of his drowning prey.

Oh! many a sire,
By the low red fire,
Will wake through this night of wo;
For those who sleep,
'Neath the surge's deep,
'Ten thousand fathom low.

And many a maid,
In the lonely glade,
For her absent love will mourn;
And watch and wail
For the home-bound sail
That will never more return.

Mourn not for the dead,
On their sandy bed,
Nor their last long sleep deplore;
But mourn for those,
In their home of woes,
Who weep for evermore!

THE BLOOMSBURY CHRISTENING.

MR. NICODEMUS DUMPS, or, as his acquaintance called him, "long Dumps," was a bachelor, six feet high, and fifty years old—cross, cadaverous, odd, and ill-natured. He was never happy but when he was miserable (pardon the contradiction;) and always miserable when he had the best reason to be happy. The only real comfort of his existence was to make every body about him wretched—then he might be truly said to enjoy life. He was afflicted with a situation in the Bank worth five hundred a year, and he rented a "first floor furnished" at Pentonville, which he originally took because it commanded a dismal prospect of an adjacent church-yard. He was familiar with the face of every tombstone, and the burial service seemed to excite his strongest sympathy. His friends said he was surly—he insisted he was nervous; they thought him a lucky dog, but he protested he was "the most unfortunate man in the world." Cold as he was, and wretched as he declared himself to be, he was not wholly unsusceptible of attachments. He revered the memory of Hoyle, as he was himself an admirable and imperturbable whist-player, and he chuckled with delight at a fretful and impatient adversary. He adored King Herod for his massacre of the innocents; for if he hated one thing more than another, it was a child. However, he could hardly be said to hate any thing in particular, because he disliked every thing in general; but perhaps his greatest antipathies were cats, old women, doors that would not shut, musical amateurs, and omnibus cads. He subscribed to the Society for the Suppression of Vice for the pleasure of putting a stop to any harmless amusements; and he contributed largely towards the support of two itinerant methodist persons, under the amiable hope that if circumstances rendered many happy in this world, they might perchance be rendered miserable by fears for the next.

Mr. Dumps had a nephew who had been married about a year, and who was somewhat of a favourite with his uncle, because he was an admirable subject to exercise his misery-creating powers upon. Mr. Charles Kitterbell was a small, spare man, with a very large head, and a broad good-humoured countenance. He looked like a faded giant, with the head and face partially restored; and he had a cast in his eye which rendered it quite impossible for any one with whom he conversed to know where he was looking. His eyes appeared fixed on the wall, and he was staring you out of countenance; in short, there was no catching his eye, and perhaps it is a merciful dispensation of Providence that such eyes are not catching. In addition to these characteristics, it may be added that Mr. Charles Kitterbell was one of the most credulous and matter-of-fact little personages that ever took to himself a wife, and for himself a house in Great Russell-street, Russell-square (Uncle Dumps always dropped the "Russell-square," and inserted in lieu thereof, the dreadful words "Tottenham-court-road.")

"No, but uncle, 'pon my life, you must—you must promise to be godfather," said Mr. Kitterbell, as he sat in conversation with his respected relative one morning.

"I cannot, indeed I cannot," returned Dumps.

"Well, but why not? Jemima will think it very unkind. It's very little trouble."

"As to the trouble," rejoined the most unhappy man in existence, "I don't mind that; but my nerves are in that state—I cannot go through the ceremony. You know I don't like going out.—For God's sake, Charles, don't fidget with that stool so, you'll drive me mad." Mr. Kitterbell, quite regardless of his uncle's nerves, had occupied himself for some ten minutes in describ-

ing a circle on the floor with one leg of the office-stool on which he was seated, keeping the other three up in the air and holding fast on by the desk.

"I beg your pardon, uncle," said Kitterbell, quite abashed, suddenly releasing his hold of the desk, and bringing the three wandering legs back to the floor with a force sufficient to drive them through it.

"But come, don't refuse. If it's a boy, you know, we must have two godfathers."

"If it's a boy!" said Dumps, "why can't you say at once whether it is a boy or not?"

"I should be very happy to tell you, but it's impossible I can undertake to say whether it's a girl or a boy if the child isn't born yet."

"Not born yet!" echoed Dumps, with a gleam of hope lighting up his lugubrious visage: "oh, well, it may be a girl, and then you won't want me, or if it is a boy, it may die before it's christened."

"I hope not," said the father that expected to be, looking very grave.

"I hope not," acquiesced Dumps, evidently pleased with the subject. He was beginning to get happy. "I hope not, but distressing cases frequently occur during the first two or three days of a child's life; fits I am told are exceedingly common, and alarming convulsions are almost matters of course."

"Lord, uncle!" ejaculated little Kitterbell, gasping for breath.

"Yes; my landlady was confined—let me see—last Tuesday: an uncommonly fine boy. On the Thursday night the nurse was sitting with him upon her knee before the fire, and he was as well as possible. Suddenly he became black in the face and alarmingly spasmodic. The medical man was instantly sent for, and every remedy was tried, but—"

"How frightful!" interrupted the horror-stricken Kitterbell.

"The child died of course. However your child may not die, and if it should be a boy, and should live to be christened, why I suppose I must be one of the sponsors." Dumps was evidently good-natured on the faith of his anticipations.

"Thank you, uncle," said his agitated nephew, grasping his hand as warmly as if he had done him some essential service. "Perhaps I had better not tell Mrs. K. what you have mentioned."

"Why, if she's low spirited, perhaps you had better not mention the melancholy case to her," returned Dumps, who of course had invented the whole story, "though perhaps it would be but doing your duty as a husband to prepare her for the worst."

A day or two afterwards, as Dumps was perusing a morning paper at the chop house which he regularly frequented, the following paragraph met his eye:—

"Births.—On Saturday the 18th inst., in Great Russell-street, the lady of Charles Kitterbell, Esq. of a son."

"It is a boy!" he exclaimed, dashing down the paper to the astonishment of the waiters. "It is a boy!" But he speedily regained his composure as his eye rested on a paragraph quoting the number of infant deaths from the bills of mortality, but the right one did not appear, and Dumps was obliged to be present at the christening, which was fixed for the next Friday six weeks.

Monday was a fine day, Tuesday was delightful, Wednesday was equal to either, and Thursday was finer than ever; four successive fine days in London! Hackney coachmen became revolutionary, and crossing sweepers began to doubt the existence of a First Cause. The *Morning Herald* informed its readers that an old woman, in Camden Town, had been heard

to say, that the fineness of the season was "unprecedented in the memory of the oldest inhabitant;" and Islington clerks, with large families and small salaries, left off their black gaiters, disdained to carry their once green cotton umbrellas, and walked to town in the conscious pride of white stockings, and cleanly brushed Bluchers. Dumps beheld all this with an eye of supreme contempt—his triumph was at hand. He knew that if it had been fine for four weeks instead of four days, it would rain when he went out; he was lugubriously happy in the conviction that Friday would be a wretched day—and so it was. "I knew how it would be," said Dumps, as he turned round opposite the Mansion House at half-past eleven o'clock on the Friday morning.—"I knew how it would be, I am concerned, and that's enough;"—and certainly the appearance of the day was sufficient to depress the spirits of a much more buoyant-hearted individual than himself. It had rained without a moment's cessation, since eight o'clock; every body that passed up Cheapside, and down Cheapside, looked wet, cold, and dirty. All sorts of forgotten and long-concealed umbrellas had been put into requisition. Cabs whisked about, with the "fare" as carefully boxed up behind two glazed, calico curtains, as any mysterious picture in any one of Mrs. Radcliffe's castles; omnibus horses smoked like steam-engines; nobody thought of "standing up" under doorways or arches; they were painfully convinced it was a hopeless case; and so everybody went hastily along, jumbling and jostling, and swearing and perspiring, and slipping about, like amateur skaters behind wooden chairs on the Serpentine on a frosty Sunday.

At length he arrived at No. 14 Great Russell-street. Everything indicated that preparations were making for the reception of "a few friends" in the evening. Two dozen extra tumblers, and four ditto wine-glasses—looking any thing but transparent, with little bits of straw in them—were on the slab in the passage, just arrived. There was a great smell of nutmeg, port wine, and almonds on the staircase; the covers were taken off the stair-carpet, and the figure of the Venus on the first landing looked as if she were ashamed of the composition-candle in her right hand, which contrasted beautifully with the lamp-blacked drapery of the goddess of love. The female servant (who looked very warm and bustling) ushered Dumps into a front drawing-room, very prettily furnished with a plentiful sprinkling of little baskets, paper table-mats, china watchmen, pink and gold albums, and rainbow-banded little books on the different tables.

"Ah, uncle!" said Mr. Kitterbell, "how d'ye do? allow me—Jemima, my dear—my uncle—I think you've seen Jemima before, sir?"

"Have had the pleasure," returned big Dumps, his tone and look making it doubtful whether in his life he had ever experienced the sensation:

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Kitterbell with a languid smile, and a slight cough; "I'm sure—hem—any friend of Charles—hem—much less a relation is"—

"Knew you'd say so, my love," said little Kitterbell, who while he appeared to be gazing on the opposite houses, was looking at his wife with a most affectionate air; "bless you." The last two words were accompanied with an interesting simper, and a squeeze of the hand, which stirred up all Uncle Dumps' bile.

"Jane, tell nurse to bring down baby," said Mrs. Kitterbell, addressing the servant. Mrs. Kitterbell was a tall thin young lady, with very light hair, and a particularly white face—one of those young women who almost invariably, though one hardly knows why, recall to one's mind the idea of a cold fillet of veal. Out went the servant, and in came the nurse, with a remarkably small parcel in her arms, packed up in a blue mantle trimmed with white fur.—This was the baby.

"Now, uncle," said Mr. Kitterbell, lifting up that

part of the mantle which covered the infant's face, with an air of great triumph, "WAO do you think he's like?"

"He! he! Yes, who?" said Mrs. K., putting her arm through her husband's, and looking up into Dumps' face with an expression of as much interest as she was capable of displaying.

"Good God, how small he is!" cried the amiable uncle, starting back with well-feigned surprise; "remarkably small indeed."

"Do you think so?" inquired poor little Kitterbell, rather alarmed. "He's a monster to what he was—ain't he nurse?"

"He's a dear," said nurse, squeezing the child, and evading the question—not because she scrupled to disguise the fact, but because she couldn't afford to throw away the chance of Dumps' half-crown.

"Well, but who is he like?" inquired little Kitterbell.

Dumps looked at the little pink heap before him, and only thought at the moment of the best mode of mortifying the youthful parents.

"I really don't know *who* he's like," he answered, very well knowing the reply expected of him.

"Don't you think he's like *me*?" inquired his nephew, with a knowing air.

"Oh, decidedly not!" returned Dumps, with an emphasis not to be misunderstood. "Decidedly not like you.—Oh, certainly not."

"Like Jemima?" asked Kitterbell faintly.

"Oh dear, no; not in the least. I'm no judge, of course, in such cases; but I really think he's more like one of those little interesting carved representations that one sometimes sees blowing a trumpet on a tombstone?" The nurse stooped down over the child, and with great difficulty prevented an explosion of mirth. Pa and ma looked almost as miserable as their amiable uncle.

"Well!" said the disappointed little father, "you'll be better able to tell what he's like by and by. You shall see him this evening with his mantle off."

"Thank you," said Dumps, feeling particularly grateful.

"Now, my love," said Kitterbell to his wife, "it's time we were off. We're to meet the other godfather and the godmother at the church, uncle—Mr. and Mrs. Wilson from over the way—uncommonly nice people. My love, are you well wrapped up?"

"Yes, dear."

"Are you sure you won't have another shawl?" inquired the anxious husband.

"No, sweet," returned the charming mother, accepting Dumps' proffered arm; and the little party entered the hackney-coach that was to take them to the church. Dumps amused Mrs. Kitterbell by expatiating largely on the danger of measles, thrush, teeth-cutting, and other interesting diseases to which children are subject.

The ceremony (which occupied about five minutes) passed off without any thing particular occurring. The clergyman had to dine some distance from town, and had got two churchings, three christenings, and a funeral to perform in something less than an hour. The godfathers and godmother, therefore, promised to renounce the devil and all his works—and all that sort of thing—as little Kitterbell said—"In less than no time;" and, with the exception of Dumps' nearly letting the child fall into the font when he handed it to the clergyman, the whole affair went off in the usual business-like and matter-of-course manner, and Dumps re-entered the Bank-gates at two o'clock, with a heavy heart, and the painful conviction that he was regularly booked for an evening party.

Evening came—and so did Dumps' pumps, black silk stockings, and white cravat, which he had ordered to be forwarded, per boy, from Pentonville. The depressed godfather dressed himself at a friend's counting-house,

from whence, with his spirits fifty degrees below proof, he sallied forth—as the weather had cleared up, and the evening was tolerably fine—to walk to Great Russell-street. Slowly he paced up Cheapside, Newgate-street, down Snow Hill, and up Holborne ditto, looking as grim as the figure-head of a man-of-war, and finding out fresh causes of misery at every step. As he was crossing the corner of Hatton Garden, a man, apparently intoxicated, rushed against him, and would have knocked him down had he not been providentially caught by a very genteel young man who happened to be close to him at the time. The shock so disarranged Dumps' nerves, as well as his dress, that he could hardly stand. The gentleman took his arm, and in the kindest manner walked with him as far as Furnival's Inn. Dumps, for about the first time in his life, felt grateful and polite; and he and the gentlemanly-looking young man parted with mutual expressions of good will.

"There are at least some well disposed persons in the world," ruminated the misanthropical Dumps, as he proceeded towards his destination.

Rat—tat—ta-ra-ra-ra-rat—knocked a hackney-coachman at Kitterbell's door, in imitation of a gentleman's servant, just as Dumps reached it, and out came an old lady in a large toque, and an old gentleman in a blue coat, and three female copies of the old lady in pink dresses, and shoes to match.

"It's a large party," sighed the unhappy godfather, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and leaning against the area-railings. It was some time before the miserable man could muster up courage to knock at the door, and when he did, the smart appearance of a neighbouring green-grocer (who had been hired to wait for seven and sixpence, and whose calves alone were worth double the money), the lamp in the passage, and the Venus on the landing, added to the hum of many voices, and the sound of a harp and two violins, painfully convinced him that his surmises were but too well founded.

"How are you?" said little Kitterbell in a greater bustle than ever, bolting out of the little back parlour with a corkscrew in his hand, and various particles of saw-dust, looking like so many inverted commas, on his inexpressibles.

"Good God!" said Dumps, turning into the aforesaid parlour to put his shoes on which he had brought in his coat-pocket, and still more appalled by the sight of seven fresh drawn corks, and a corresponding number of decanters. "How many people are there up stairs?"

"Oh, not above thirty-five. We've had the carpet taken up in the back drawing-room, and the piano, and the card-tables are in the front. Jemima thought we'd better have a regular sit down supper in the front parlour, because of the speechifying, and all that. But, Lord! uncle, what's the matter?" continued the excited little man, as Dumps stood with one shoe on, rummaging his pockets with the most frightful distortion of visage. "What have you lost? Your pocket-book?"

"No," returned Dumps, diving first into one pocket and then into the other, and speaking in a voice like *Desdemona* with the pillow over her mouth.

"Your card-case? snuff-box? the key of your lodgings?" continued Kitterbell, pouring question on question with the rapidity of lightning.

"No, no!" ejaculated Dumps, still diving eagerly into his empty pocket.

"Not—not—the *mug* you spoke of this morning?"

"Yes, the *mug*!" replied Dumps, sinking into a chair.

"How could you have done it?" inquired Kitterbell. "Are you sure you brought it out?"

"Yes! yes! I see it all," said Dumps, starting up as the idea flashed across his mind; "miserable dog that I am—I was born to suffer. I see it all; it was the gentlemanly-looking young man!"

"Mr. Dumps!" shouted the green-grocer in a sten-torian voice, as he ushered the somewhat recovered godfather into the drawing-room half an hour after the above declaration. "Mr. Dumps!" every body looked at the door, and in came Dumps, feeling about as much out of place as a salmon might be supposed to be on a gravel-walk.

"Happy to see you again," said Mrs. Kitterbell, quite unconscious of the unfortunate man's confusion and misery: "you must allow me to introduce you to a few of our friends:—my mamma, Mr. Dumps—my papa and sisters." Dumps seized the hand of the mother as warmly as if she was his own parent, bowed to the young ladies, and against a gentleman behind him, and took no notice whatever of the father, who had been bowing incessantly for three minutes and a quarter.

"Uncle," said little Kitterbell, after Dumps had been introduced to a select dozen or two, "you must let me lead you to the other end of the room, to introduce you to my friend Danton. Such a splendid fellow!—I'm sure you'll like him—this way."—Dumps followed as tractably as a tame bear.

Mr. Danton was a young man of about five-and-twenty, with a considerable stock of impudence, and a very small share of ideas: he was a great favourite, especially with young ladies of from sixteen to twenty-six years of age, both inclusive. He could imitate the French horn to admiration, sang comic songs most imitatively, and had the most insinuating way of saying impertinent nothings to his doating female admirers. He had acquired, somehow or other, the reputation of being a great wit, and, accordingly, whenever he opened his mouth, every body who knew him laughed very heartily.

The introduction took place in due form. Mr. Danton bowed and twirled a lady's handkerchief, which he held in his hand, in a most comic way. Everybody smiled.

"Very warm," said Dumps, feeling it necessary to say something.

"Yes. It was warmer yesterday," returned the brilliant Mr. Danton.—A general laugh.

"I have great pleasure in congratulating you on your first appearance in the character of a father, sir," he continued, addressing Dumps—"godfather I mean."—The young ladies were convulsed, and the gentlemen in ecstasies.

A general hum of admiration interrupted the conversation and announced the entrance of nurse with the baby. A universal rush of the young ladies immediately took place. (Girls are always so fond of babies in company.)

"Oh, you dear!" said one.

"How sweet!" cried another, in a low tone of the most enthusiastic admiration.

"Heavenly!" added a third.

"Oh! what dear little arms!" said a fourth, holding up an arm and fist about the size and shape of the leg of a fowl cleanly picked.

"Did you ever?"—said a little coquette with a large bustle, who looked like a French lithograph, appealing to a gentleman in three waistcoats—"Did you ever?"

"Never, in my life," returned her admirer, pulling up his collar.

"Oh, do let me take it, nurse," cried another young lady. "The love!"

"Can it open its eyes, nurse?" inquired another, affecting the utmost innocence.—Suffice it to say that the single ladies unanimously voted him an angel, and that the married ones, *nem. con.*, agreed that he was decidedly the finest baby they had ever beheld—except their own.

The quadrilles were resumed with great spirit, Mr. Danton was universally admitted to be beyond himself, several young ladies enchanted the company and

gained admirers by singing, "We met"—"I saw her at the Fancy Fair"—"Can I believe Love's Wreath will pain?"—and other equally sentimental and interesting ballads. "The young men," as Mrs. Kitterbell said, "made themselves very agreeable;" the girls did not lose their opportunity; and the evening promised to go off excellently. Dumps didn't mind it: he had devised a plan for himself—a little bit of fun in his own way—and he was almost happy! He played a rubber, and lost every point. Mr. Danton said he could not have lost every point, because he made a point of losing:—every body laughed tremendously. Dumps retorted with a better joke, and nobody smiled, with the exception of the host, who seemed to consider it his duty to laugh, till he was black in the face, at every thing. There was only one drawback—the musicians did not play with quite as much spirit as could have been wished. The cause, however, was satisfactorily explained; for it appeared, on the testimony of a gentleman who had come up from Gravesend in the afternoon, that they had been engaged on board a steamer all day, and had played almost without cessation all the way to Gravesend, and all the way back again.

The "sit-down supper" was excellent; there were four barley-sugar temples on the table, which would have looked beautiful if they had not melted away when the supper began; and a water-mill, whose only fault was, that instead of going round, it ran over the table-cloth. Then there were fowls, and tongue, and trifle, and sweets, and lobster salad, and potted beef—and every thing. And little Kitterbell kept calling out for clean plates, and the clean plates didn't come; and then the gentlemen who wanted the plates said they didn't mind, they'd take a lady's; and then Mrs. Kitterbell applauded their gallantry; and the green-grocer ran about till he thought his 7s 6d was very hardly earned; and the young ladies didn't eat much for fear it shouldn't look romantic, and the married ladies ate as much as possible for fear they shouldn't have enough; and a great deal of wine was drank, and every body talked and laughed considerably.

"Hush! hush!" said Mr. Kitterbell, rising and looking very important. "My love (this was addressed to his wife at the other end of the table,) take care of Mrs. Maxwell, and your mamma, and the rest of the married ladies; the gentlemen will persuade the young ladies to fill their glasses, I am sure."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said long Dumps, in a very sepulchral voice and rueful accent, rising from his chair like the ghost in Don Juan, "will you have the kindness to charge your glasses? I am desirous of proposing a toast."

A dead silence ensued, and the glasses were filled—every body looked serious—"from gay to grave, from lively to severe."

"Ladies and gentlemen," slowly continued the ominous Dumps, "I"—(Here Mr. Danton imitated two notes on the French horn, in a very loud key, which electrified the nervous toast-proposer, and convulsed his audience.)

"Order! order!" said little Kitterbell, endeavouring to suppress his laughter.

"Order!" said the gentlemen.

"Danton, be quiet," said a particular friend on the opposite side of the table.

"Ladies and gentlemen," resumed Dumps, somewhat recovered, and not much disconcerted, for he was always a pretty good hand at a speech—"In accordance with what I, I believe, the established usage on these occasions, I, as one of the godfathers of Master Frederick Charles William Kitterbell—(here the speaker's voice faltered, for he remembered the mug)—venture to propose a toast. I need hardly say that it is the health and prosperity of that young gentleman,

the particular event of whose early life we are here met to celebrate—[applause.] Ladies and gentlemen, it is impossible to suppose that our friends here, whose sincere well-wishers we all are, can pass through life without some trials, considerable suffering, severe affliction, and heavy losses!"—Here the arch-traitor paused, and slowly drew forth a long, white pocket-handkerchief—his example was followed by several ladies. "That these trials may be long spared them, is my most earnest prayer, my most fervent wish (a distinct sob from the grandmother.) I hope and trust, ladies and gentlemen, that the infant whose christening we have this evening met to celebrate, may not be removed from the arms of his parents by premature decay (several cambrics were in requisition;) that his young and now apparently healthy form, may not be wasted by lingering disease. (Here Dumps cast a sardonic glance around, for a great sensation was manifest among the married ladies.) You, I am sure, will concur with me in wishing that he may live to be a comfort and a blessing to his parents. (Hear, h. ar! and an audible sob from Mr. Kitterbell.) But should he not be what we could wish—should he forget, in after times, the duty which he owes to them—should they unhappily experience that distracting truth, "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child"——, Here Mrs. Kitterbell, with her handkerchief to her eyes, and accompanied by several ladies, rushed from the room, and went into violent hysterics in the passage, leaving her better half in almost as bad a condition, and a general impression in Dumps' favour: for people like sentiment after all.

It need hardly be added that this occurrence quite put a stop to the harmony of the evening. Vinegar, hartshorn, and cold water, were now as much in request as negus, rout cakes, and *bon-bons* had been a short time before. Mrs. Kitterbell was immediately conveyed to her apartment, the musicians were silenced, flirting ceased, and the company slowly departed. Dumps left the house at the commencement of the bustle, and walked home with a light step, and (for him) a cheerful heart. His landlady, who slept in the next room, has offered to make oath that she heard him laugh, in his peculiar manner, after he had locked his door. The assertion, however, is so improbable, and bears on the face of it such strong evidence of untruth, that it has never obtained credence to this hour.

The family of Mr. Kitterbell has considerably increased since the period to which we have referred; he has now two sons and a daughter: and as he expects, at no distant period, to have another addition to his blooming progeny, he is anxious to secure an eligible godfather for the occasion. He is determined, however, to impose upon him two conditions; he must bind himself, by a solemn obligation, not to make any speech after supper; and it is indispensable that he should be in no way connected with "the most miserable man in the world."

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

LORD ERSKINE was distinguished through life, for independence of principle, for his integrity, and for his scrupulous adherence to truth. He once explained the rule of his conduct, which ought to be generally known and adopted. It ought to be deeply engraven on every heart. He said—"It was the first command and counsel of my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice of this paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice. I have found it on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

MEMOIR OF A GENTLEMAN

WHO WOULD NOT DO FOR GALWAY.

I AM descended from a line of traders, and by birth as genuine a cockney as ever listened to Bow-bells. My mother's nounge was passed in St. Mary Axe, and my father was a dry-salter in Tooley-street. He was third of the same name that there had dwelt and prospered. They were a thrifty and punctilious race: and it was a family boast, that, for seventy years, a bill bearing the acceptance of Daniel Dawkins had never been in the hands of the notary. There is virtue in a good name, 'tis said, and theirs was current for ten thousand.

I was an only child, and from the cradle evinced an indolent and dreamy temperament, which was ill adapted to withstand the worry of trade, and all the annoyances entailed on traffic. I hated trouble; hardly knew the difference between pearl-ashes and pearl-barley; could never comprehend tare-and-trett; and had, moreover, literary propensities. How one in whose veins the blood of the Dawkins circulated, could be so deplorably uncommercial is a puzzle; but I was, I suppose, "foredoomed my father's soul to cross," and an unhappy tutor ruined me beyond recovery.

My Gamaliel was a Scotch gentleman of unblemished lineage, remarkable for soiled linen and classical research, who had emigrated from a highland valley with an unpronounceable name, to hold a secondary situation in a city academy, where the progeny of Love-lane and Little Britain received the rudiments of polite letters. The extra hours of the gifted Celt were, for the consideration of ten pounds' annual fee, "to be paid quarterly, and in advance," devoted to my accomplishments. Never had man a more profound contempt for trade and traders than he at whose feet I was indoctrinated. He turned his nose up at the wealthiest grocer in the ward; and was barely civil to a tobacconist who had a villa at Pentonville; and was, moreover, first favorite for an aldermanic gown. Such delinquency could not be overlooked, and for his heretical opinions touching commerce, he was eventually ejected from Tooley-street. But, alas! the mischief was done—the seed was already sown; and, as after-experience proved, none of it had fallen upon the wayside.

"In brevity I shall emulate the noble Roman," quoth Jack Falstaff; and so shall I, so far as the autobiography of my youth is concerned. I abominated business—was an admirer of the Corsair and Lalla Rookh—was generally given to inflammatory poetry—wrote fugitive pieces, and vainly endeavored to get them a corner of the periodicals—quarrelled with my parents—was supported in my rebellion by a romantic aunt—and when my disinheritance was actually in legal train, was saved by my parents' quitting this world of care, which they did within one short month, by the agency of a typhus fever and two physicians.

Thus was I thrown upon the world at two-and-twenty, with thirty thousand pounds. Need I say that I abjured business-instantly, and that the honored name of Dawkins disappeared from the list of dry-salters? For some years, none led a more peaceful and literary life; and though this may appear a solecism, nevertheless it is positively true. The rejection of my early fugitives had chilled the metrical outbursts of my imagination. I had almost Cowper's sensibility—the *lethalis arundo*, as my Scotch tutor would term it, was deep within my bosom—I swore I would never lucubrate again; never again perpetrate

a stanza; and, like Mr. Daniel O'Connell's, I presume that my vow was duly registered in heaven.

This sunny portion of my life was, alas! but transitory. Mine, sir, is a tragic tale. I date the origin of my misfortunes on board a Margate steamer, and this melancholy epoch I shudder to recall. Was there no tutelary sprite, no suspicious spinster, to whisper a cautionary advice? No; without a single fear, I embarked on the Nereid steamer; and as the papers stated, "left the Tower-stairs with a select party, and a band of music," on Friday, the — of June, 182—.

I must here observe, that my blue-stocking aunt, who had actually come out in Leadenhall-street with one small and admired volume, called "Pedrilla, a Tale of Passion," had been latterly urgent with me to enter into matrimony. "Something told her," she would say, "that the name of Dawkins was not doomed to be forgotten, like that of Wood, and Birch, and Bagster—men of taris and turpentine might perish; while, could I but procure a talented companion, could I but unite myself to a congenial soul, God knows what the result would prove!—a gifted progeny might honor me with their paternity; little Popes and diminutive Landons would thus be given to the world, fated to be glorious in their maturity, and lisp in numbers, from their very cotts."

The company on board the Nereid were generally known to me. They were exclusively *Easters*; and there were beauties from the Minorities, and nice men from Bishopsgate Within and Without. I was no swain, and as anti-gallican in my dancing as Bob Acres. The old women admitted, that though a good catch, I had no spirit: the young ones "admired the money, but disliked the man;" and as I did not form one of the *Coriphees*, who were quadrilling upon the quarter-deck, I was likely enough to be left to meditative solitude.

But there was another person who appeared to hold no communion with the company. One lady seemed a stranger to the rest. Accident placed me beside her, and thus she became more intimately my *compagnon du voyage*.

She was certainly a fine looking woman: her face was comely, but somewhat coarse; her hair and brows black as the raven's plumage; her nose rather too marked for a woman's—but then her waist and hands were unexceptionable. She evidently possessed a sufficiency of self-command; no *mauvaise honte*, no feminine timidity oppressed her. She looked bravely around, as if she would assert a superiority; and accepted my civilities graciously, it is true, but with the air and dignity of a duchess. She was from the start no favorite with the company, and there was no inclination evidenced by any of her own sex to make approaches to familiarity. The cockney beaux looked upon her as a fine, but formidable animal; and to me, unworthy as I was, the honor of being *cavaliere serviente*, was conceded without a contest. Indeed, at dinner, my fair friend proved herself too edged a tool for civic wit to touch upon. When, with ultra-elegance, an auctioneer, whose assurance was undeniable, pressed "the *Hirish lady to test a roast fole*," she obliterated the accomplished appraiser, by brusquely replying, "that no earthly consideration could induce her to eat *horse-flesh*."

And yet to this woman I was irresistibly attracted. I sat beside her on the deck, and I ministered to her coffee-cup; and when the Nereid disembarked her crew, and a stout, red-whiskered, do-no-good-looking

gentleman presented himself upon the chain-pier, and claimed his "gentle cousin," a pang of agony shot across my breast, and for the first time I felt the curse of jealousy. And yet, God knows, she was not the person from whom "little Popes" might be expected: her tender pledges would be better qualified for rangers and riflemen than denizens of the world of letters. But marriage is decreed elsewhere, and mine had been already booked.

"What is in a name?" observed somebody. I assert, every thing. Will any body deny that "Drusilla O'Shaughnessy" was not sufficient to alarm any but a Shannonee? Such was the appellative of the lady, while her honored kinsman favored me with an embossed card, on which was fairly engraven, "Mr. Marc Antony Burke Bodkin, Ballybroney-House."

On minor matters I will not dilate. It appeared that Miss Drusilla O'Shaughnessy had come to London, in hopeless search after a legacy she expected in right of her great uncle, Field-marshal O'Toole; that the Field-marshal's effects were undiscoverable, and no available assets could be traced beyond certain old swords and battered snuff-boxes; and consequently Drusilla, who had been an heiress in expectancy, was sadly chagrined. Furthermore, it appeared that Mr. Marc Antony Bodkin formed her escort from Connemara, and being a "loose gentleman,"* and a loving cousin, he "bore her company."

If ever the course of love ran smooth, which I sincerely disbelieve, mine was not the one. I shall not attempt a description of the progress of my *affaire du cœur*; for I suspect that I was the wooed one, and that Drusilla had marked me for her own, and Marc Antony aided and abetted. He, good easy gentleman, was formed for Cupid's embassies. He "could interpret between you and your love," as Hamlet says; and to one with my sensibilities, his services were worth a Jew's eye. If woman ever possessed the cardinal virtues united, that person was Drusilla. She was what Marc called "the soul of honor;" yet she had her weak points, and he hinted darkly that myself had found favor in her sight. As a thing of course, I muttered a handsome acknowledgment; a rejoinder was promptly returned, *per same conveyance*, as my father would have said—and before six days I was made the happiest of men, and levanted to Gretna with the lady of my love, and formally attended by that *fidus Achates*, Marc Antony Bodkin.

What a whirligig world this is! I recollect well the evening before the indissoluble knot was tied, when I strolled into the little garden at Newark. My thoughts were "big with future bliss," and my path of life, as I opined, strowed knee-deep with roses of perennial blossom. I heard voices in the summer-house—these were my loved one's and her relative's. To use his own *parlance*, the latter, in the joy of his heart, had taken a sufficiency of wine "to smother a priest;" and as the conversation was interesting to the parties, and mine was not the stride of a warrior, my approach was not discovered by either. The conclave, however, had terminated, and though but the parting observation reached me, it is too faithfully chronicled on my memory to be forgotten—"The devil is an *omniscient*, no doubt; but he has money galore, and we'll make him do in Galway!"—As he spoke, they rose, and passed into the house without observing me.

What the observation of Marc Antony meant, I could not for the life of me comprehend. Part of it

* No attempt is made here to insinuate aught against the morality of Miss O'Shaughnessy's protector. "A loose gentleman," in the common *parlance* of the kingdom of Connaught, meaneth simply a gentleman who has nothing to do; and nineteen out of twenty of the aristocracy of that truly independent country may be thus honorably classed.

was spoken, too, in an unknown tongue. Was I the devil? and what was an *omniscient*? Dark doubts crossed my mind; but they vanished, for Drusilla was more gracious than ever, and Marc Antony squeezed my hand at parting, and assured me, as well as he could articulate after six tumblers of hot *Fariatoh*, "that I was a lucky man, and Drusilla a woman in ten thousand."

Well, the knot was tied, and but for the *aclet* of the thing, the ceremony might have been as safely solemnized at Margate. On the lady's side, the property was strictly *personal*. Her claim upon the estates of the defunct field-marshal was never since established, for the properties of that distinguished commander could never be localized. Marc Antony had been a borrower from the first hour of our intimacy: and on the morning of her marriage, Drusilla, I have reason to believe, was not mistress of ten pounds—but then, she was a treasure in herself, and so swore Marc Antony.

The private history of a honey-moon I leave to be narrated by those who have found that haven of bliss which I had pictured, but never realized. If ricketing night and day over every quarter of the metropolis, with the thermometer steady at 90; if skirmishing from Kensington to the Haymarket, and thence to Aetley's and Vauxhall, with frequent excursions to those suburban hotels infested by high-spirited apprentices, "and maids who love the moon;"—if this be pleasure, I had no reason to repine. In these affairs "our loving cousin" was an absolute dictator, and against his decrees there was no appeal. To me, a quiet and nervous gentleman, Marc's arrangements were detestable. What he called life, was death to me—his ideas of pleasure were formed on the *keep-moving* plan—and to sleep a second night in the same place would be, according to his theories, an atrocity. I found myself sinking under this excessive happiness; and when I ventured a gentle protest against being whirled off in a thunderstorm from the "Star and Garter" to the "Greyhound," I received a cross fire that silenced me effectually. From that period I submitted without a murmur; my days were numbered; another month like that entitled the honey one, would consign me to my fathers; the last of the Dawkinses would vanish from among men, and a mural monument in Saint Saviour's record my years and virtues. But accident saved my life, though it annihilated my property.

Years before I led Drusilla to the altar, a Connemara estate, which had belonged to her progenitors, and had been ruined in succession by the respective lords, was utterly demolished by a gentleman whom she termed "her lamented father." The property had been in chancery for half a century, and advertised for sale beyond the memory of man; but as it was overloaded with every species of encumbrance, no one in his senses would have accepted the fee-simple as a gift. But my wife had determined that Castle Toole should be redeemed, and rise once more, phoenix-like, from its embarrassments. It owed, she admitted, more than it was worth twice told—but then, *sure*, it was the family property. *There*, for four centuries, O'Tooles had died, and O'Shaughnessys been born; and if she could only persuade me to repurchase it with my wealth, she would be the first lady in the barony. To Marc Antony this project was enchanting. Ballybroney had been roofless for the last twenty years, that being about the period when the last of the "dirty acres," which had once appertained to the mansion, had slipped from the fingers of the Bodkins; therefore, to establish himself for Castle Toole, would suit my kinsman to a hair. In short, the battery was unmasked; and whether overpersuaded by the eloquence of my wife, the arguments of her cousin, or driven to desperation by a life of pleasure,

I consented in due time; and having accompanied my honored counsellors to Dublin, found no competitor for Castle Toole—proposed for the same—paid a large sum of money, and was declared by the legal functionaries a gentleman of estate, and that, too, in Conmemara.

In my eyes, the value of the purchase was not enhanced by a personal investigation. It had its capabilities, it is true; the house being a ruin, might be repaired; and as the lands were in their primeval state, it was possible to reclaim them. Still, when one looked at a huge dismantled building of that mixed class in architecture between a fortalice and a dwelling-house, with gray-flagged roof, lofty chimneys, embattled parapets, and glassless windows, it was ill calculated to encourage an English speculator in Irish estates. On every side a boundless expanse of barren moorland was visible, with an insulated portion of green surface on which the castle stood, and a few straggling trees remained from what had once been a noble oak wood. That some savage beauty did exist in wild highlands, a fine river, and an extensive lake, is certain; but to me, the scenery and the place was dreary and disheartening. In vain, therefore, did my friend Marc Antony dilate upon its advantages. The river boasted the best salmon-fishing in the country—What was it to me, who had never angled for a gudgeon? The mountains abounded with grouse—Who but a native could escalate them? The bogs were celebrated for game—And would I devote myself, like another Decius, to be engulfed, for all the wild ducks that ever wore a wing? But then the *Blazers* were only a few miles distant, and their favorite fixture was on the estate. Really the proximity of that redoubted body produced a cold perspiration when I heard it. *The Blazers!* the most sanguinary fox-club in Connaught—a gang who would literally devastate the country, if it did not please Heaven to thin their numbers annually by broken necks and accidents from pistol bullets. Yet, with me, the Rubicon was crossed—Castle Toole was mine with all its imperfections, and I determined to exert my philology to endure, what it was impossible to undo.

To restore the decayed glories of the mansion, you may well imagine, was a work of trouble and expense. It was done, and Drusilla slept again under the roof-tree of her progenitors. Hitherto I had indulged her fancies without murmuring, and some of them were superlatively absurd. I hoped, and believed, that when the hurry of re-establishing the ruin I had been fool enough to purchase was over, the worry and confusion of my unhappy life would terminate. While the repairs proceeded, we resided in a small house in a neighboring village, and were not much annoyed by unwelcome visitors. But no sooner was the castle completed, and the apartments reported habitable, than the country for fifty miles round completed, as I verily believe, to inundate us with their company. A sort of *saturnalia*, called the house-warming, I thought destined to continue for ever; and after having endured a purgatorial state for several weeks, and the tumult and vulgar dissipation had abated, swarms of relations to the third and fourth generation of those that loved us, kept dropping in, in what they termed the *quiet friendly way*, until “the good house Money-glaze” was outstripped in hospitality by my devoted mansion. Although ten long miles from a post-town, we were never secure from an inroad. Men who bore the most remote affinity to the families of O’Shaughnessey or O’Toole, deserted the corners of the earth to spoliute the larder; and persons who, during the course of their natural lives, had never before touched fishing-rod or fowling-piece, now borrowed them “for the nonce,” and deemed it a good and sufficient apology for living on me a fortnight. Pedlars abandoned their accustomed routes; friars diverged a

score of miles to take us on “the mission;” pipers infested the premises; and even deserters honored me with a passing cult, “for the house had such a name.” All and every calculated on that cursed *ceade fealteagh*. An eternal stream of the idle and dissipated filled the house—the kitchen fire, like the flame of Vesta, was never permitted to subside—and a host of locusts devoured my property. I lived and submitted, and yet had the consolation to know that I was the most unpopular being in the province. I was usually described as a “dry devil,” or a *dark*,* “dirty little man;” while upon Drusilla blessings rained, and she was admitted to be “the best sowl that ever laid leg below mahogany.”

I was weary of this state. Marc Antony was in regular possession of an apartment, which was duly termed by the servants “Mr. Bodkin’s room.” Summer passed, and so did autumn and its host of grouse-shooters. I foolishly hoped that, considering the locality of Castle Toole, my locusts would vanish with the butterflies; but the only difference a rainy day made was, that the visitor who arrived never dreamed of departing till the morrow, and the number by no means abated. Some heavy bills came in, and I seized that opportunity of remonstrating with Drusilla. I told her my health was breaking; my fortune unequal to my expenses; that common prudence required a certain limitation to our irregular hospitality; hinted that, though an occasional visit from Mr. Marc Antony Bodkin would be agreeable, yet that an everlasting abode would rather be a bore. I would have continued, but my lady had listened, she thought, too long already. She fired at the very idea of retrenchment; and as to Mr. Marc Antony Bodkin, we were, it appeared, too much honored by his society. He, a third cousin of Clanricarde, condescended to take my place, and entertain my company. He rode my horse and drank my wine, neither of which feats, as she opined, nature had designed me for doing in proper person; in short, by Herculean efforts on his part, he enabled me to hold my place among gentlemen. As to the paltry consideration of his residence, what was it?—“God be with the time, when, as her ‘lamented father’ said, a stranger remained for eighteen months in Castle Toole, and would probably have lived and died there, but that his wife discovered him, and forced the truant to abdicate; and yet,” she added, proudly, “none could tell whether he was from Wales or Enniskillen; and some believed his name was *Hamerton*, while others asserted it was *Macintosh*. But,” as she concluded, “when her kinsman Mr. Bodkin was turned out, it was time for her to provide a residence,” and she flung from the room like a Bacchante, making door and window shiver.

Well, you may pity or despise me as you will; from that day my wife assumed the absolute mastery, and I calmly submitted. The house was now a scene of wild and unrestricted extravagance. Tenants ran away, cattle were depreciated, and worse still, claims made upon the property that had never been foreseen, and in nine months I was engaged in as many law-suits. I must have sunk beneath these calamities, but a domestic event gave a new turn to my hopes. No heir had yet been promised, when happily it was whispered that this blessing was not an impossibility.

Of course, from that time, the least contradiction would have been death to my dear Drusilla. She never reigned lady-paramount till now, and her will was absolute. Relatives trooped down in scores, and Marc Antony was doubly cherished. Notwithstanding my nerves thrilled at their arrival, the *Blazers* were honorably feasted; and, at the especial request of Mrs. Dawkins, on that occasion I determined to make a

* “Dark,” in the kingdom of Connaught, is frequently used synonymously with “unsocial.”

character. I really was half a hero; presided at the head of my own table like its master, gave divers bumper toasts, and sat out the evening until I was fairly *hors du combat*, and tumbled from the chair. Drunk as I was, I recollected clearly all that passed. As but a couple of bottles a man had been then discussed, my early fall appeared to create a sensation. "Is it a fit he has?" inquired an undersized gentleman, with an efflorescent nose, who had been pointed out to me as a six-bottle customer. "Phoo!" replied my loving cousin, "the man has no more bottom than a chicken. Lift him; he has a good heart, but a weak head. *He'll never do for Galway!*"

Every day from this period I became more unhappy and contemptible. My blue-stocking aunt, who, for reasons unnecessary to explain, had been since my marriage, totally estranged, was now officially informed that the name of Dawkins would be continued. She had the true leaven of family affection in her, and my past neglect was pardoned, and the kindest letter returned to my communication. One passage of her epistle ran thus—"Though I felt acutely at your selecting a wife without even consulting one of whose attachment you must be well convinced, I forgive all, from the personal description you give of your consort. May the heir of our line be like his mother, is my prayer! For, oh, Daniel, my predilection for dark beauty is the same, and my conviction unalterable, that even

—Genius a dead loss is,
Without dark brows and long proboscis."

Poor woman! no wonder she thus considered: a sergeant in the Guards, with a countenance of the true Kemble character, had, in early life, almost turned her brain; and Tooley-street was kept in an uproar, until he was fortunately drafted off to join the Duke of York upon the Continent, and there, in due time, rested in the bed of glory.

It is a lamentable thing for a man of sensibility to wed a woman whose conduct he considers irreconcilable to his ideas of what female delicacy demands—and such was my case. Drusilla not only assumed the mastery within doors, but she extended her sway to the farm and the horses. One day at the head of a hundred paupers, she was planting trees; the next, with Marc Antony Bodkin, making a radical reform in the stables. On these occasions, arrayed in a man's hat, with her limbs cased in Hessian boots, she looked, as Tom said, "knowing." I occasionally was permitted to attend, as a sort of travelling conveniency to hang her cloak upon; and I never returned without suffering some indignity from strangers, or personal disrespect from herself. It was death to me to hear her addressed in the coarse language of the stable, and allusions made to her altered figure, which appeared too vulgar even for the servants' hall; and when a fellow of forbidding countenance, with a scarlet coat and white unmentionables, whom the rest of the gang distinguished as "Long Lanty," crooked up the bottom of her dress with his hunting-whip, exclaiming, "Bone and sinew! what a leg for a boot!" I could have knocked the ruffian down, had I been able, although for the exploit I should be taxed with my false delicacy, and the usual wind-up, "*It will never do for Galway!*"

Shy from my cradle, and accustomed to city formality, I was not likely to become at once habituated to Irish manners. But in Connaught there was laxity of form—a free-and-easy system of society, that exceeded all belief, and to a distant person like me was intolerable. People on a half-hour's acquaintance called you by your Christian name; and men whom you had never even heard of, rode to your door, and told you coolly they "would stay a fortnight." Introductions in Connemara, I believe, are reckoned among the works of supererogation. If I took a quiet ride, expecting

upon my return to meet none at dinner but my wife and the eternal Marc Antony, I probably found half a score already seated at the table, and might learn the appellatives of perhaps a couple of the gang, by the announcement of "Mr. Dawkins, Tom the Devil," "Mr. Dawkins, Smashall Sweeney."

I remember upon the day on which I was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of the above gentlemen, in the course of the evening they differed about the color of a race-horse, and, after bandying mutual civilities, concluded by interchanging the lie direct and a full decanter. The latter having grazed my head, induced me to abscond immediately; and when I recorded to my loving helpmate the narrow escape from demolition I had just experienced, instead of tender alarm and conjugal sympathy, her countenance betrayed irrepressible disappointment and surprise. "And have you, Mr. Dawkins, really deserted your company, and that, too, at a period when two gentlemen had disagreed? Do return immediately. Such inhospitality, I assure you, *will never do for Galway.*" I did return; but I had my revenge, and dearly it cost me, though neither of the rascals were shot upon my lawn. *Smashall* rode off my lady's favorite mare in mistake, and sent her back next morning with a pair of broken knees—and *Tom the Devil* set fire to his bed-curtains the same night, and nothing but a miracle saved the house. Every thing in the apartment, however, was consumed or rendered unserviceable.

As I became more intimate with my wife's relatives, I found that nothing but the lamp of Aladdin would meet their multifarious demands. Castle Toole, like the cave of Abdullah, was the certain refuge of all gentlemen who happened to be in debt and difficulty. All that came here were, what is called in Connemara, "upon the borrowing hand;" and when the sum appeared too large to be forthcoming in cash, nothing could be more accommodating than their overtures.—They would make my acceptance answer; they would *wish it at sixty-one days; but if it obliged me particularly*, they would contrive to extend it to three months. It was, of course, a matter of mere form; it would be regularly provided for; it would, "upon honor!" If, after this, I hesitated, I did it on personal responsibility; and sooner than be perforce upon my own lawn, I actually suffered myself to be made liable for some hundreds. When I complained bitterly of these applications to my wife, I received the usual comfort, "Dear me, how narrow your ideas are! If my uncle Ulric had asked you for the money, it would have been a different affair. And so, all he wants is the accommodation of your name! Ah! if my 'lamented father' was alive, how he would be astonished! Many a time he and poor Ulric assisted each other. Indeed, the dear old man used to mention an amusing anecdote. They once purchased a pipe of port, paid for it with a two months' bill, and when the time expired, the wine was drunk, and the note protested. They had consumed so much from the wood, that it was not worth while to bottle the remainder. Do, Mr. Dawkins, at once oblige my uncle Ulric. Get rid of these narrow ideas. Believe me, *they will never do for Galway.*"

There was another thing that added to my miseries, and yet to my honored helpmate it was a subject of unmeasured pride. It so happened, that the geographical position of my ill-omened estate was nearly on the boundaries of Galway and Mayo—counties no less remarkable for their extent, than the truculent disposition of the inhabitants. From time immemorial, my lawn was the chosen *fixture* for determining affairs of honor; and hence, more blood had been shed there than on any similar spot in Christendom. If the civil authorities were so ungentlemanly as to interrupt the combatants, the latter merely crossed the adjacent

bridge, and finished the affair to their satisfaction. It is right, however, to say, that the magistracy seldom interfered; and if a functionary was forced out by some mean-spirited relative, though the fears of the lord-chancellor might deter him from refusing his intervention, he still contrived to miss the road, cast the shoe, be run away with, or meet some happy casualty, that one of the parties might be defunct, and the survivor in a place of safety, before he, and the justice, appeared upon the battle-ground. Hence, not a week elapsed but my nerves were tortured by the arrival of a shooting-party, and probably further agonized by hearing Mr. Bodkin hallooing to the butler, "Michael, (*sotto voce*), *devil speed ye, Michael!* the mistress desires ye to keep back dinner till the gentlemen have done, and to present her compliments, and say that she expects the company of the survivor."

All this was horrible to me;—in the evening to be suddenly disturbed with pop! pop! and an outcry; or awakened before daylight by my lady's maid opening the curtains with a curtsy, to know "where the dead man would be *stritched*." It was, moreover, a desperate tax upon my finances: vagabonds, known and unknown, lay for weeks together in my house, while their broken bones were being reunited—not a month passed but there was some dying man in the state-room—doctors came and went as regularly as the post-boy—and once in each quarter, the coroner,* if he had any luck, impanelled a jury in our hall.

Nor were we less tormented with the *Blazers*. We always had a lame horse or two in the stables; and from the time cub-hunting commenced, till the season ended, of that redoubted community who hazard

—"Neck and spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine,"

we never boasted fewer than a couple on the sick-list. Once, when an inquest was holding in the house, a *Blazer* in the best bedroom, a dying earth-stopper in the gate-house, and four disabled horses "at rack and manger." I insinuated what a nuisance it was to have one's house made a "*morgue*," and the offices a hospital.—"Do, Mr. Dawkins, have done," exclaimed my lady; "if you have no humanity, pray conceal it. Believe me, your feelings *will never do for Galway*."

But Drasilia had her reward. What though we kept a lazaretto for lame horses, and a general wake-house for gentlemen of honor who left the world without sufficient assets to procure a grave, our lights were not hidden, nor our charities unrecorded. There was not a man shot, or an arm broken, but my lady wife was dragged neck and crop into the columns of the *Connaught Journal*—as for example:

"THE LATE CAPTAIN MACNAB.—*Further particulars.*—When the lamented gentleman fell, his second, Mr. Peter Brannick raised the body in his arms. Life, however, was totally extinct, as the ball had fractured the fifth rib, and passed directly through the pericardium. In its transit, the fatal bullet shattered a portable tobacco-pipe which the deceased invariably carried in his right waistcoat-pocket. The body was immediately removed upon a door to Castle Toole, where every attention to the remains of a gallant soldier was given by the accomplished mistress. Indeed it is but right to say, that this estimable lady superintended in person the laying out of the corpse. At midnight three friars from Ballyhownis, and a number of the resident clergy attended, and a solemn high mass was celebrated in the great hall. The reverend gentlemen employed upon this melancholy occasion have expressed their deep sense of the urbanity of the lady of the mansion.

* In Connaught, this useful officer is paid by the job, and the number with which he occasionally *debuts* the country is surprising.

"We understand that, at the especial request of Mrs. Dawkins, the body will remain in state at Castle Toole, until it is removed to its last resting-place, the family burying-ground at Carrick Nab."—*Connaught Journal*.

"The friends and relatives of Mr. Cornelius Coolghan will be delighted to hear that he has been pronounced convalescent by Dr. M'Greal. A mistake has crept into the papers, stating that the accident was occasioned by his gray mare, Miss Magarahan, falling at a six-foot wall. The fact was, that the injury occurred in attempting to ride in and out of the pond of Ballymacraiken, for a bet of ten pounds. As the village inn was not deemed sufficiently quiet, Mr. C. C. was carried to the hospitable mansion of Castle Toole. It is needless to add, that every care was bestowed upon the sufferer by the elegant proprietress. Indeed, few of the gentler sex so eminently combine the charms and amiabilities of the beautiful Mrs. Dawkins."—*Ibid*.

Well, I submitted to my fate with more than mortal fortitude. I saw that in rashly marrying one in taste, feeling, and sentiment so totally my opposite, I had wrecked my happiness for ever, and that I must submit. My pride would sometimes fire at the slights I suffered from my very underlings, and the cool contempt of those locusts who lived only upon my bounty. I was reduced to utter dependency, and yet I never murmured a remonstrance. Presently, my wife took possession of my banker's book;—yet I did not rebel—for my nerves were weak, my spirit humble;—fate made my own conduct punish me, and I had philosophy to bear it patiently. But one thing reconciled me to much misery—it was a darling hope—a cherished fancy—this was left when all besides had fled, and I clung to it with the tenacity of a wretch who seizes the reed to support him while he drowns. That hope, that sole dependence, was in my unborn child; on that being haply I might lavish my love—and when nothing else remained on earth whereon to rest my affections, I turned to a visionary thing, a creature not in existence, as an object on which to fix my heart. You smile; but ah, remember I had not nerves and feelings like the multitude. I am a poor helpless wretch, unfitted to withstand the villainy of mankind, and struggle through a world where the boldest will often blench, and the wisest hold their course with difficulty.

At times I felt a misgiving in my bosom, and pangs of jealousy tortured me. I saw much culpable familiarity between my wife and her relative; and for some trifling cause, she and I, for some time past, had not occupied the same apartment. Could she forget herself and me so far! Oh, no, no, she could not! She would not do a being like me, who submitted to her command, and sacrificed every thing to her fancy, so base, so cruel an injury! I never harmed a worm willingly; and surely she would not wrong one so totally her thrall—her worshipper, as I!

I considered that between the parties there existed a near relationship, and national habits and early intimacy might warrant what was certainly delicate, but still might not be criminal. God help me! At times my brain burned—my senses were almost wandering; and had this state of torture long continued, I must, ere now, have been the inmate of a madhouse.

The time of her trial came, and at that awful hour, I am told, women like to have their husbands near them, for those they love can sometimes whisper hope, and rouse the drooping courage of the sufferer. But I was specially excluded from the chamber of the patient, although constant messages passed between the lady and her kinsman. The trial ended happily—a boy was born; the servants flocked round me to offer their rude congratulations: but the nurse cast on me such a look of mingled pity and contempt as almost

struck me lifeless. I asked affectionately for my wife—I inquired tenderly for my child. "It is a fine boy," said a young, wild, light-hearted creature, the housemaid; "it has the longest legs I ever saw—and its hair is as red as Lanty Driscoll's jacket!"—Heavens! red hair. It was killing—murderous. Then was I the wretch my worst fears had whispered, and a child was born—but not to me.

The day the most eventful of my life, if my wedding one be excepted, at last arrived, and had it been nominated for my undergoing the extreme penalty of the law, it could not have brought more horror with it. I felt the fulness of my degradation. I was a miserable puppet, obliged to pretend a blindness to disgrace, of which my conviction was entire; and, automaton as I was considered, and little as my looks or feelings were consulted, the deep melancholy of my face did not escape my conscience-stricken partner. She became pale and agitated, while, with affected indifference of manner, she taxed me with rudeness to my company, and more especially to herself. "What would the world say, if on this 'high festival,' when the heir of Castle Toole was to be presented to his relatives, I should appear liker a monk at a death-wake, than a happy parent? Lord! Mr. Dawkins, this moping is so unmanly. Here will be the O'Tooles and the O'Shaughnessys, Blakes and Burkes, Bellevs and Bodkins; they will feel it a personal insult. If you encourage these humors, I assure you, Mr. Dawkins, you will never do for Galway." Before this jobation ended, carriage-wheels grated on the gravel, and men, women and children commenced and continued pouring in, as if another deluge had begun, and Castle Toole was an ark of safety.

While the house was crowded within, the space before it appeared to be in the possession of a numerous banditti. The tenants, of course, had flocked thither to do honor to the christening. For their refreshment a beeve was roasted whole, and beer and whiskey lavishly distributed. I never saw such a scene of waste and drunkenness before, although I had hitherto believed that my residence was the *veriest rack-rent* in the world. In every corner pipers played, women danced, men drank, and swearing and love-making was awful. There, while dinner was being served, I had stolen forth to vent my agony unnoticed. I am not gifted with that command of nerve which can exhibit hollow smiles while the bosom is inly bleeding. To affect gaiety so foreign to my heart, I felt, would break it; but the desperate misery that I endured would spur the dullest soul to madness. I viewed the rude revelry with disgust. I was the master of the feast, but the savages barely recognised me. Generally they spoke in their native language; and though I did not exactly comprehend all they said, I heard enough to assure me of my utter insignificance in their rude estimate of character. Under a gate-pier, two old women were sitting; they did not notice me, and continued their discourse.

"Ally astore—did ye see the child? They say it's the picture of Mare Bodkin."

"Whist, ye divil!" was the rejoinder, as the crone proceeded with a chuckle: "it has red hair; any how; but Neil an skil a gau man, (I have no skill in it,) and ye know best."

But the further humiliation of assisting at the ceremony was saved me. In the hurry consequent upon the general confusion, the post-bag was handed to me instead of my lady wife, who lately had managed all correspondence. Mechanically I opened the bag, and a letter, bearing the well known direction of my aunt, met my eye. That under circumstances it should have reached me, appeared miraculous; and, seizing an opportunity, I examined its contents in private. My kind relation had received my detail of misery; and in reply, she implored me to abandon the scene of my

degradation, and share her fortune, which was more, she said, than sufficient for us both. My heart beat with conflicting emotions—all unworthy as she was, I could not bring myself to abandon Drusilla thus. I actually hesitated, when curiosity prompted me to peruse a letter which was addressed to her, and marked *immediate*. Its contents were these—

"DEAR MADAM,

"I by this post have received the two writs as expected. I settled the Ex. against Mr. M. A. B. and he may come to town any time till further notice. With respect to those against Mr. Dawkins, it is as well to let things take their course. He is a gentleman of retired habits—and a little confinement, particularly as he don't hunt, will be quite immaterial. I received the bullocks, but, as cattle are down, there is a balance still due.

"A Dublin wine-merchant has just handed me an Ex. for 613*l.*, and insists upon accompanying me to Castle Toole. I have therefore named *Wednesday*, on which day you will please to have the doors closed. As the plaintiff may again be officious, I would recommend his being *ducked* when returning; and a city bailiff, whom you will know by his having a scorbatic face and yellow waistcoat, should for many reasons be corrected. Pray, however, take care the boys do not go too far, as manslaughter under the late act is now a transportable felony.

"The sooner Mr. D. renders to prison the better. Tell your uncle Ulic I have returned *non est* to his three last; but he must not show. You can drop me a line by bearer when you wish Mr. D. to be arrested; and after we return *sulla bona* on Wednesday, I will come out and arrange matters generally.

"Believe me, dear madam, truly yours,"

"JOHN GRADY,

"Sub-sheriff, Galway.

"Mrs. Dawkins.

"Castle Toole.

"P.S. What a blessing it is for poor Mr. Dawkins, that he has such a woman of business to manage his affairs. He is a well meaning man, but he'll never do for Galway. J. G."

Had I been ten times over the tame wretch I was, I could not be insensible to the deep treachery of this worthless woman, who had ruined my property, and would now incarcerate my person. In spite of remonstrances upon its apparent inhospitality, I abandoned the "impious feast," and while my absence was neither missed nor regarded, I stole from the accursed spot, and by bribing a wandering stocking-man, was enabled to make my way to the coast, and procure a fishing-boat to place myself beyond the power of arrest. The same bad luck appeared to follow me; the drunkenness of the scoundrels threatened to interrupt my escape, and even place my life in peril. When I reach England, I will seek reparation for my injuries; and though all besides is gone, I shall at least endeavor to liberate myself from a worthless woman who abused a weak and too confiding husband.

Alas! what a stream of misfortunes will sometimes originate in a trifle. A Margate steamer entailed a life of suffering upon me. My fortune vanished, my wife deceived me—laughed at by my friends, and ridiculed by my enemies; from all these complicated misfortunes, I have learnt but one simple fact, alas!—*That I should never do for Galway.*

The largest waves of the Ocean proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour; yet it is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave. The form of the wave only advances, while the substance, except a little spray above, remains, rising and falling in the same place.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.

[The following is a description of the residence of one of the English Nobility:]

Few, if any, of the town mansions of our nobility are upon so grand a scale, in point of extent—few, if any, are so admirably adapted, in all their accessories and appointments, for the splendour of a magnificent *fete*—for the accommodation of a numerous host of princely and noble guests—as that of the Marquess of Lansdowne, in Berkeley square.

Lansdowne House—formerly Shelburne House—which, with its grounds, occupies the entire south side of the Square, was built, about the year 1765, for the Earl of Bute, by whom it was sold, in an unfinished state, to the Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquess of Lansdowne, and father of the present peer, for the sum of 22,000*l.* The architects were Robert and James Adam, men not slightly celebrated in their day. The house, opening towards the east, is fronted with white stone, and ornamented with Ionic pillars, and a pediment just observed peeping above the rich foliage by which it is surrounded, and thus producing a very grateful effect to the eye. The ornament of the frieze, it may be added, is taken from that of the Temple of Concord, at Rome.

The external proportions of Lansdowne House have been thought somewhat heavy; but, if so, the interior offers abundant compensation, as, in convenience, comfort, and elegance, it would be with difficulty surpassed.

The site of the mansion being more spacious than usual, it admitted of a noble suite of rooms on the principal floor, and also on that above. On occasion of a grand party, however, the lower suite of rooms alone, is sufficient for the accommodation of two thousand persons.

It may be desirable to state the dimensions of some of the chief apartments:

THE HALL OF ENTRANCE

Is 28 feet by 27. To the right and left are ancient statues in niches. In the frieze of the Hall a centaur and patera are introduced alternately; the former being the crest of the family.

THE LIBRARY,

Originally fitted up as one of the lateral drawing-rooms, is 24 feet by 37. Over the mantel-piece, is an antique *bas relief* of Chalcas. Here are two spiral tripods; and, ranged on the tops of the book-shelves, or cases, are sixteen or eighteen antique busts. Between the windows, at the end of the room opposite the entrance, a bust in Porphyry of the Emperor Vitellius.

THE DINING ROOM,

In the Doric order (with the capital antique, but the ornament in the frieze now) is a truly noble apartment; 24 feet in width, by 47 in length. Simple in its appearance and style of decoration, this room is enriched by numerous works of art, in sculpture; amongst which may be mentioned—a Sleeping Nymph, one of the latest productions of Canova—a Pugilator—Germanicus—Young Emperor—Plotina, as Fortune—Apollo—Bacchus—Claudius—Cicero—Trajan; with busts, of the heroic size, of Isis and Antinous, as Osiris.

THE FRONT DRAWING ROOM,

21 feet by 22, has a beautiful ceiling, painted by Cipriani. Here is a very fine portrait of Rembrandt, by himself; and another of Canova's master-pieces—his celebrated Venus.

THE DRAWING ROOM,

Corresponding in size with the Library already mentioned (24 feet by 37) contains some fine enamels, by

Bone and Mass, from the ancient masters; and also a few choice paintings:—the Prodigal Son, by Guercino—Olivarez, and portrait of himself, by Velasquez—Christ in the Garden, by L. Carracci—Hope, by Gerard—Holy Family, by Schedoni—Girl with a Muff, and Girl's Head, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE GALLERY.

This must be pronounced, the glory of Lansdowne House! It is in all respects a magnificent apartment. Forming the north, or right hand side of the mansion, from the entrance, it consists of a parallelogram, 38 feet in length by 30 in breadth, and two circular ends, each 30 feet in diameter. The beautifully polished floor is inlaid, in a costly style, from a design by Sir Robert Smirke. The walls are of pale pink; the coved ceiling, apparently supported by pilasters of scagliola marble, is carved and gilt in pannels, relieved with pale pink. Entering from the Library, the fireplace is, centrally, on the right. Opposite to the fireplace are three upright windows; beneath which is a noble Brescia slab, of from twelve to fifteen feet in length.

On the slab are three antique busts—Minerva in the centre—with candelabra between; and four tripod candelabra at each end. The chimney piece is supported by Egyptian figures; over it, Osiris, in Paragon marble, from Adrian's villa. It has also branches, &c. for lights. At the sides are antique groups, and busts on pedestals. In each of the circular ends of the gallery are five niches (inclusive of the entrance) for statues. Near the Brescia slab is an antique marble chair. The statues are all Roman antiques:—Hercules, and Marcus Aurelius, from the Frascati Road, nine miles from Rome—Mercury—Cupid and Psyche, found at Adrian's villa—Diomedes, found at Ostia—Theseus, from Adrian's villa—Juno, in a sitting position—Amazon, from the Frascati Road—Juno, standing—Busts of Venus and Mercury, Colossal Minerva, &c.

The principle on which this "festive hall" is lighted, on public occasions, is grand and imposing. At each end of the parallelogram is a large expansive fan light, on the outside of which are placed from seventy to eighty Argand lamps, with powerful reflectors behind, which cast their rays with intense force into the space beneath. These, assisted by about two hundred wax lights in the interior, produce an illumination splendid and dazzling almost beyond belief.—Filled with moving forms, resplendent in themselves with the light of life and beauty, of grace and loveliness, the scene is that of an enchanted palace!

The large Drawing-room, up stairs, was formerly appropriated as a picture gallery; but, since the removal of the Marquess's fine collection of paintings and other works of art to his Lordship's seat at Bowood, in Wiltshire, it has been rarely used. Nor need its relief from occupation be wondered at, when what we have before stated is remembered—that there is space enough below for the accommodation of two thousand persons!

HOSPITALITY.

The voice of inspiration has enjoined hospitality as a duty. The dictates of nature concur in pronouncing it a virtue. In the simplicity of ancient times, it flourished as a vigorous plant, beneath whose spreading branches the traveller found shelter from the noon-day sun and the midnight storm. But nations in their approach to refinement have been prone to neglect its culture. They have hedged it about with ceremonies, and encumbered it with trappings, till its virtues faded or its roots perished. Like the stripling shepherd it hath drooped beneath the gorgeous armour of royalty, while it would fain have found among the smooth stones of the brook the strength it needed.

MINERALOGY.

In examining the dazzling beauties that lie beneath the surface of the earth, we may there find objects to rival, in our admiration, the plumage of the humming-bird and the rich tints of the gayest butterflies and flowers. Among them are to be numbered, Gold, Silver, the precious gems, Marble, Jasper, and an almost endless variety of minerals. This name is given alike to all inanimate productions of the earth; from the most valuable to the most worthless. We have little occasion to descend into the mines, from which specimens are obtained, since they are much more conveniently studied when arranged in a cabinet. Let us, then, proceed to examine them methodically; for, exclusively to select and admire those which, at first sight, please the eye, would be not only uninteresting, but confusing.

Minerals consist of Earths, Alkalis, Metals, and Acids, either simple or variously combined; and some inflammable substances, such as Coal, Amber, and Sulphur. Many of these being manufactured into various articles in common use, are already familiar to the reader: such as Gold, Iron, Copper, Tin, and several other metals; Alabaster, of which vases are formed; and Marble, which is fashioned into slabs and chimney-pieces, and affords the material which grows into beauty under the chisel of the sculptor; besides these, the Sulphuric and Muriatic Acids, which form a part of many minerals, are constantly used, under the names of oil of vitriol and spirit of salt.

A knowledge of these substances, has, since the earliest ages, engaged the attention of the learned; and, in later years, has even exercised the imagination of the poet:—

Dull-ey'd Naptha pours his pitchy streams,
And Jet, uncolour'd, drinks the solar beams:

Silvery Selenite her crystal moulds,
And soft Asbestos smooths his silky folds;
His cubic forms phosphoric Fluor prints,
Or rays in spheres his Amethystine tints.

Gay-pictur'd Mochoes glow with landscape dyes,
And changeful Opals roll their lucid eyes;
Blue lambent light around the Sapphire plays:
Bright Rubies blush, and living Diamonds blaze.

Chemical investigation makes us acquainted with the properties of minerals; separates them into their elements, and enables us to distinguish one species from another, by ascertaining its composition. But as it would require a considerable knowledge of chemistry, and a great deal of time, to analyse every specimen, before it is placed in a collection, it is desirable that a collector should, so far as it is possible, become acquainted with the outward appearance and some other properties of minerals, which are called their external and physical characters. Under this term are comprised their external form and colour; their structure; fracture, or appearance when broken; hardness, transparency, or opacity; lustre, taste, smell, elasticity, weight, or specific gravity; magnetism, electricity, and phosphorescence. No doubt, most of these terms are clearly understood by our readers; but some of them may require a little explanation.

By specific gravity, is meant the weight of any substance compared with the weight of an equal bulk of distilled water; which, as the standard of comparison, is called *one*. Thus, if the weight of a cubic inch of water be called *one*, then the weight of a cubic inch of gold will be *nineteen*; of lead, rather more than *eleven*; of iron, above *seven and a half*; and their spe-

cific gravities are said to be 19, 11.3, 7.6, &c.—the specific gravities of minerals being written, for convenience, with decimal fractions.

Some minerals, which contain a large proportion of Iron, attract the magnetic needle when presented to it; those which attract one end and repel the other, are said to have polarity.

In a few minerals, electricity is produced by friction; as in Amber and the Topaz, which, after being rubbed for a minute on woollen cloth or baize, will attract small scraps of thin paper and filaments of thread or wool; in a still smaller number, it may be excited by the simple application of heat.

A phosphoric light is emitted by some minerals when heated.

An intimate acquaintance with these characters, assists us to compare one mineral with another, and to perceive in what respects it agrees with, or differs from, those which we either know from personal experience, or the descriptions given of them in Mineralogical works.

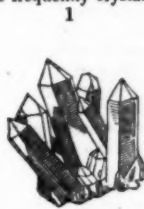
Minerals may be divided first into five classes; namely:—

1. EARTHY MINERALS.
2. ACIDIFEROUS EARTHY MINERALS.
3. ALKALINE SALTS.
4. METALS, AND THEIR ORES.
5. INFLAMMABLE MINERALS.

Each of these divisions contains one or more families, which are a collection of species, different in some respects, yet resembling each other in a few of their principal characteristics.

EARTHY MINERALS.

In the first class, the Silicious Earth, SILICA, and those minerals of which it constitutes the greater part, occupy a distinguished place. In its purest state, it is called Quartz; and is often somewhat granular, but more frequently crystallised in six-sided prisms, terminated by six or three faces,



forming a pyramid. When the prisms are long and transparent, they are termed Rock Crystal (Fig. 1): very brilliant groups of these, some colourless and others faintly tinged with orange, are found in Dauphine, and among the Alps. There is no necessity, however, to go quite so far to obtain

them, as very good specimens are brought from the Cornish Copper-mines. The Cairn Gorms, of a dark brown colour, from Scotland and Siberia, and the beautiful yellow Rock Crystal of Brazil, are varieties of Quartz; and also, the violet-coloured or purple crystals, so well known by the name of Amethyst (Fig. 2); to which gem the ancients attributed the miraculous power of counteracting the intoxicating quality of wine; for which reason, Pliny says, "it is good to wear a ring, or other ornament, made



of this stone, when you wish to drink freely." This advice, Pliny, of course, addressed to those of his own sex. The Amethyst is now deemed by its wearers to possess a charm, very different from that attributed to it by the learned, but too often erroneous, author of antiquity.

Original.

SCRIPTURAL SKETCHES.—NO. IV.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

Raising of the widow's son.

THE moon was up, and bathed in splendour bright
High gilded dome, and battlement, and tower,
And rained her light, like silver, on the waves
That calmly slept, of Galilee's blue sea.
The balmy breeze laden with fragrance bland,
From myrrhine shrubbery and citron groves,
And exhalations of the spicy earth,
Came in refreshing waves to bathe the limbs
And feast the sense with odorous perfume.

Immersed in gloomy thought the widow sat,
Nor saw the splendours of the vaulted sky,
Nor felt upon her burning brow the breeze
That whispering through the tendrils of the vines
Clustering around its lattice, came to cool
And vivify her sorrow-shaken frame.
A dimly-burning lamp threw its pale light
Upon the paler features of the child;
Her son, the comfort of her widowed years,
Sole pledge of mutual love, lay on his couch,
The gathering tears slow-rolling from his eyes,
O'er which the death-film gathered—for the fate
Of her who gave him being—who had watched
His helpless infancy with anxious eye,
And whose infirmities demanded now
A kindlier care than the grudging charities
Of a cold, harsh, unsympathetic world.

"Mother!" "My son!" and o'er his couch she stood
In infinite despair. The glassy eye,
The pupil o'er its orb distending wide,
The painful breathings of his brawny chest
And the mysterious lividness of death
Brooding upon his features pale, proclaimed
The mournful hour of dissolution near.
Her withered arms the weeping widow threw
Around the neck of her departing son,
And mourned in agony, while heavy sobs
Shook every fibre of her tottering frame:
And he essayed, while in the lamp of life
The light still flickered, with a soothing voice
Her wounded spirit to bind up and heal.
"God stay thy sorrows mother! and raise up
A friend unto thee, who with filial care
Shall cherish thee, and smooth life's rugged path
Till thou shalt slumber in the peaceful tomb."

As o'er his dying couch the widow stood,
She pressed her shrivelled lips to his, and felt
Them cold and clammy, saw his soft blue eyes
That beamed so fondly on her, pale and closed
In death's deep slumber, ne'er to open more,
And heard the bursting of that tender heart
Whose every pulse beat warm with filial love.

Youth is life's spring-tide; and although its hopes
Be crushed beneath the iron heel of wo,
They germ again, and the bruised spirit stands
In elasticity erect and firm.

Not so with age: the wintry storm of grief
Shakes the last leaf from hope's lone arid bough,
Poisoning with simoom blast the fount of life;
And then the wounded soul, brooding in tears
O'er utter desolation, falls alone.
She was alone, childless, and friendless, and she bent
Her head in sorrow, and the passionate wail
Of lamentation rose upon the air.

"Art thou, my beautiful! for ever gone,
Who stanch'd the current of my widowed tears,

Who shed a light life's wintry storms upon,
And stood the pillar of my failing years:
Oh! art thou gone! thou gentle-hearted one!
My first—my last—my loved—my *only* son!

"Yes, thou art gone!—and as a princely prize,
Is won thy manly beauty by the grave;
And sealed for ever are thy death-glazed eyes,
O'er which the golden tresses gently wave;
Gone are the roses from thy forehead fair,
And paleness reigns, and deathly dampness there.

"Oh! I had hoped, that thou, my son, would close
These dying eyes, and weep my final doom,
When this lone widowed heart, oppressed by woes,
Be gathered to its resting place—the tomb;
And sometimes visit the sequestered spot,
Where sleeps thy mother's dust, by all the world
forgot.

"But like unripened fruit, before its time,
Thou'rt hoarded in the granary of death,
Fall'n in thy beauty ere thy manhood's prime—
How would I joy to yield this labouring breath!
And lay beneath the turf my weary head
With thee, my son, amid the silent dead!"

Morn broke, and with it came the glorious sun,
Flushed, as it were, with vigour from repose;
His fiery axle on the mountain tops
Shed its red beams, illumining in gold,
In purple, and in crimson, the fair clouds
Floating like banners opened to the breeze,
And studding, as with gems, the dewy shrubs,
That spread their vivid petals to his rays.
The purling streams meandering thro' sweet groves,
Seemed with their borders of rich green enclosed,
Like silvery pictures edged with velvet round;
Amid the dew-bespangled boughs, the birds
Of golden plumage glanced their mellow throats
Attuned to melody—the earth, the sky,
Shrub, flower, and tree, and every insect smiled
With a redundancy of life and joy.

Dark to the mourner was the glorious morn,
With its bright sunshine and prismatic hues:
Dreary and void, the wide, the fertile earth
With its gay prospects—herbage, fruits, and flowers:
The light that cheered her darksome soul was out,
The sun that gave beauty and life to all
Earth's fairy prospects, had for ever set;
And destitute and lonely, wrapt in grief,
She looked upon the features of the dead
With earnest gaze, before the funeral shroud
Enwrap him from her, and the cofined corpse
Be carried out to its eternal home.

The corpse was coffined, and is borne along
In slow procession to the city gate.
The sorrowing mother bent beneath the weight
Of years and wo, in sable garments clad,
Totters along beside the sable bier;
And, as at every tread, the heart-wrung tears
Course down the channels of her furrowed cheeks,
A voice of melody steals on her ear,
Thrilling each shattered nerve, "Woman! weep not!"

The bier stood still: the widow's eyes grew dim,
Sight, strength, sensation left her; to the ground
The widow sunk, bewildered and amazed.
Sensation came. Her son, clothed with his shroud,
Bent over her, and the Eternal God,
Who holds the keys of hell and death. With smiles
Of heavenly sweetness beaming on his face,
He changed the fount of tears to one of joy,
Presenting to her, her lamented son,
Restored to life—to her embrace maternal!

CADDY CUDDLE.

On the second anniversary of their wedding-day, the Honourable Charles Caddy, and Lady Letitia, his high-born and beautiful wife, entertained a large party of guests at Caddy Castle. Until a few months previously to this event, the old building had been left nearly desolate, for a period of eleven or twelve years: a few domestics were its only inhabitants, except old Squire Caddy Caddy, its unfortunate owner, who had lost his wits, and was confined in one of its comfortable turrets, under the care of a couple of stout and wary keepers.

The castle had recently been put in order for the reception of the Honourable Charles Caddy, a distant relation of, but next heir to, the lunatic, who was entrusted with the care of Caddy Caddy's property. He came down to Caddy Castle, with a determination of making himself popular in the neighbourhood; and began by giving invitations to all the gentlemen and ladies of respectability, within a circuit of several miles. A number of his own personal friends, and those of Lady Letitia, had followed them, shortly after their departure from town, to spend the Christmas holidays at Caddy Castle; so that the ancient edifice was by far more gay than it had ever been, even during the time when the once jovial Caddy Caddy was lord paramount in the halls of his ancestors.

Among the guests assembled in honour of the day, was Mr. Caddy Cuddle, a quiet elderly bachelor, of small fortune, related, on his mother's side, to the Caddy family, who had been one of Caddy Caddy's most intimate associates, in former times. By order of the medical gentlemen who attended on Caddy Caddy, Mr. Cuddle, as well as all his old friends, had been denied access to the lunatic, from very proper motives, at the outset of his confinement. Caddy Cuddle's cottage was eleven miles distant; the Castle had lost its chief attraction; and this was the first time he had been near it for several years.

In his younger days, Caddy Cuddle was of a very active and enterprising spirit; he shared the perils of his father's three last voyages, and would, in all probability, have made as good a seaman as old Herbert Cuddle himself, had it not been for the solicitude of his mother; who, losing her other two children rather suddenly, persuaded young Caddy that a life of ease, with sufficient to satisfy the desires of a moderate person, was preferable by far to the dangers attendant upon a chase after Fortune, on the perilous ocean. Caddy then amused himself by studying the learned languages; and, at length, as some of his simple neighbours said, had got them so completely at his fingers' ends, that it was a pity his parents had not made him a parson.

He was simple, kind, and innocent of evil intentions, as it was possible for a man to be; but it was his misfortune, owing to his ignorance of that most useful of all sciences, a knowledge of the world, to touch the feelings of his host rather smartly, on several occasions, during the discourse that took place, over the bottle, among the guests at the Castle. Cuddle was naturally taciturn; but two or three extra glasses of wine produced their usual effect upon such a temperament, and rendered him too loquacious to be pleasant. The happiest hours of his life, were those which he had passed, above a dozen years before at Caddy Castle; and he repeatedly alluded to his unhappy friend, poor Caddy Caddy—the feats they had performed, the jokes they had cracked, the simple frolics they had enacted, and the songs they had sung together, over their ale and tobacco, in the good old days.

The Honourable Charles Caddy felt particularly

annoyed at the fact of his lunatic relation's confinement in the Castle—which, perhaps rather in bad taste, he had made the scene of festivity—being thus abruptly revealed to his fashionable visitors; but he was too well-bred to display the least symptom of his feelings. Watching, however, for an opportunity, when he might break in upon Cuddle's narratives, without palpably interrupting him, the Honourable Charles Caddy, adroitly, as he thought, started a subject, which, he imagined, would be at once interesting to his neighbours, and turn two or three of his metropolitan friends from listeners to talkers.

"I have been looking over the common, this morning," said he, "and it occurs to me, that, in a neighbourhood so opulent as ours, races might be established without much difficulty. The common would afford as pretty a two-mile course as any gentleman could desire. If such a thing were set on foot, I should be happy to lend it all the support in my power. I would take leave to offer a cup, to commence with; and I think I could answer for a plate from the county members. Indeed, it surprises me, rather, that the idea has not before occurred to some gentleman in the vicinity."

"Cousin Caddy, it has!" exclaimed Cuddle; "our respected friend and relation, up stairs, gave away a dozen smock-frocks and a bundle of wagon-whips, for seven successive years; and would, doubtless, have done so to this day, had not his misfortune deprived him of the power. The prizes were contested for, regularly, on the second day of the fair—which then took place on the common—immediately after the pig with the greasy tail was caught; and the boys had eaten the hot rolls, sopped in treacle; and the women had wrestled for the new gown; and"—

"Women wrestle!" exclaimed one of the Honourable Charles Caddy's friends.

"Mr. Cuddle is quite correct, sir," replied young Tom Horner, who had lately come into possession of a snug estate in the neighbourhood; "I have seen them wrestle in various other parts of the county, as well as on our common."

"Never heard of such savages since the day I drew breath! Egad!—never, I protest!" said the gentleman who had interrupted Caddy Cuddle.

"Why, it's bad enough, I must admit," said Horner; "but I think I heard you boast that you were a man of Kent, just now, sir; and, as I am told, the women of that county play cricket-matches very frequently. Now, in my opinion, there is not a very great difference between a female match at cricket, on a common, and a feminine bout at wrestling, in a ring. In saying this, I beg to observe that I mean no offence."

"I take none; I protest I see no occasion—no pretence for my taking umbrage.—I am not prepared to question the fact!"—added the speaker, turning toward his host; "not prepared to question the fact, you observe, after what has dropped from the gentleman; although, with permission, on behalf of the women of Kent, I take leave to declare, that I never heard of their indulging in such an amusement, before the gentleman mentioned it."

"Well, sir," said Caddy Cuddle, who had been very impatient, all this time, to blazon the generosity and spirit of his friend, Caddy Caddy; "I was going on to state, that, after the gold-laced hat was grinned for through a horse-collar; the pig was caught, and so forth—the expense of all which pastimes Caddy Caddy bore;—the wagon-horse-race was run, for the whips and frocks."

"A wagon-horse-race!" said the gentleman of Kent;

"I beg pardon; did I hear you correctly?—Am I to understand you as having positively said—a wagon-horse-race?"

"Certainly, sir," said Tom Horner; "and capital sport it is: I have been twice to Newmarket, and once to Doncaster; I know a little about racing; I think it a noble, glorious, exhilarating sport; but next to the first run I saw for St. Leger, I never was half so delighted with any thing, in the shape of racing, as when Billy Norman, who now keeps the west gate of Caddy Park here, exactly sixteen years ago, came August, won the whips on the common."

"Indeed!" simpered the gentleman of Kent, gazing at Tom Horner, as though he were a recently imported nondescript.

"Billy, on that occasion, rode most beautifully," continued Horner; "he carried the day in fine style, coming in, at least, seven lengths, behind all his competitors."

"If I may be allowed," observed the gentleman of Kent, "you would say, before."

"Not at all, sir; not at all!" exclaimed Caddy Cuddle; "draught horses are not esteemed as valuable in proportion to their speed: in the wagon-horse-race, no man is allowed to jockey his own animal; the riders are armed with tremendous long whips; their object is to drive all their companions before them; he that gets in last, wins; and so, sir, they slash away at each other's horses;—then, sir, there's such shouting and bellowing; such kicking, rearing, whinnying, galloping, and scrambling, that it would do a man's heart good to look at it. Poor Caddy Caddy used to turn to me, and say, as well as his laughter would let him—'What are your Olympic games—your feats, and fine doings at the tombs of your old Greek heroes, that you prate about, compared with these, cousin Cuddle?'"

The Honourable Charles Caddy smiled, and bit the inner part of his lip with vexation: he now tried to give the conversation another turn, and introduced the chase; thinking that it was a very safe subject, as Caddy Caddy had never kept a pack of hounds. "I feel very much inclined," said he, "anxious as I am to forward the amusement of my neighbours, to run up a kennel; beyond the rookery, at the north end of the park—where there is very good air, and a fine stream of water—and invite my friend, Sir Harry Parton, to hunt this country, for a couple of months during the season. One of my fellows says, that there are not only numbers of foxes in the neighbourhood, but what is still better, a few—a very few—of those stags, about which we have heard so much. I think I have influence enough with Sir Harry to persuade him; at all events, I'll invite him; and if he should have other existing engagements, I pledge myself—that is, if such a step would be agreeable—to hunt the country myself."

"Our respected and unfortunate friend, cousin Caddy," said Cuddle, "had a little pack of dogs"—

"A pack of dogs, indeed, they were, Mr. Cuddle," interrupted young Horner; "five or six couple of curs, that lurked about the Castle, gentlemen, which we used sometimes to coax down to the river, and spear or worry an otter; and, now and then, wheedle away to the woods, at midnight, for a badger-hunt, after drinking more ale than we well knew how to carry. I was a boy then, but I could drink ale by the quart."

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed Caddy Cuddle, "those were famous times! 'Tis true, I never went out with you, but I recollect very well how I enjoyed poor Caddy Caddy's animated descriptions of the badger-hunt, when he came back."

"Oh! then you hunted badgers, did you?" said the gentleman of Kent to Tom Horner, in a sneering tone, that produced a titter all round the table.

"Yes, sir—we hunted badgers," replied Tom; "and capital sport it is, too, in default of better."

"I dare say it is," said the gentleman of Kent.

"Allow me to tell you then, sir, that there is really good sport in badger-hunting, it is a fine, irregular sort of pastime, unfettered by the systematic rules of the more aristocratic sports. The stag-hunt and the fox-chase, are so shackled with old ordinances and covert-side statutes, that they remind me of one of the classical dramas of the French: a badger-hunt is of the romantic school;—free as air, wild as mountain breezes;—joyous, exhilarating, uncurbed, and natural as one of our Shakspeare's plays. Barring an otter-hunt, (and what's better still, according to Caddy Cuddle's account, who has been in the North Seas, the spearing of a whale,) there are few sports that suit my capacity of enjoyment, so well as badger-bagging.—Just picture to yourself, that you have sent in a keen terrier, no bigger than a stout fitchet, or thereabouts, to ascertain that the badger is not within; that you have cleverly bagged the hole, and stuck the end of the mouth-line in the fist of a patient, but wary and dexterous clod-hopper; (an old, lame, broken-down, one-eyed game-keeper, is the best creature on earth for such an office;)—and then, what do you do?—Why, zounds! every body takes his own course, with or without dogs, as it may happen; hunting, yelping, hallooing, and beating every brake for half a mile, or more, round, to get scent of the badger. Imagine the moon, 'a sweet huntress of yon azure plain,' is up, and beaming with all her brilliancy; the trees beautifully basking in her splendour; her glance streaming through an aperture in an old oak, caused by the fall of a branch, by lightning, or bluff Boreas, and fringing the mallow-leaf with silver; the nightingale, in the brake, fascinating your ear; the glow-worm delighting your eye;—you stand, for a moment motionless;—the bat whirs above your head; and the owl, unaccustomed to the sight of man, in such deep solitudes, flaps, fearless, so near as to fan your glowing forehead with his wings;—when suddenly you hear a shout—a yell—two or three such exclamations as—'There a' ees!'—'Thie's he!'—'At 'un, Juno!'—'Yonder 'a goath!'—'Hurrah!'—'Vollow un up!'—'Yaw awicks!' and 'Oh! my leg.'—You know by this, that 'the game's a foot';—you fly to the right or left, as the case may be, skimming over furzy brake, like a bird, and wading through tangled briar, as a pike would through the deeps of a brook, after a trout that is lame of a fin. You reach the scene of action; the badger is before, half a score of tykes around, and the yokels behind you.—'Hark forward! have at him!' you enthusiastically cry; your spirits are up;—you are buoyant—agile as a roe-buck;—your legs devour space—you!"

"My dear fellow, allow me to conclude," interrupted Caddy Cuddle, "for your prose Pegasus never can carry you through the hunt at this rate. To be brief, then—according to what I have heard from my never-to-be-sufficiently lamented friend, Caddy Caddy—the badger, when found, immediately makes for his earth: if he reach it without being picked up and taken, he bolts in at the entrance; the bag receives him; its mouth is drawn close by the string; and thus the animal is taken.—But, odds! while I talk of those delights, which were the theme of our discourse in the much-regretted days of Caddy Caddy, I forget that time is on the wing.—I suppose no one is going my way."

"I am," replied Tom Horner, "in about three hours' time."

"Ay, ay! you're younger, friend Horner, than I have been these fifteen years," said Cuddle; "time was, before Caddy Caddy lost his wits, when he and I have sat over midnight together, as merry as crickets; but since his misfortune, I have become a very altered man. 'Prima nocte domum claude.'—that has been my motto for years past. Mrs. Watermark, my good housekeeper, is, I feel convinced, already alarmed; and it would not become me positively to terrify her:

besides, I am not on very intimate terms with my horse, which I borrowed from my friend, Anthony Mutch, of Mallow Hill, for this occasion: the roads, too, have been so cut and carved about, by the Commissioners—doubtless, for very wise purposes—since poor Caddy Caddy's time, that I had much ado to find my way in the broad day-light; and these spectacles, I must needs say, although I reverence the donor, are not to be depended on, so implicitly as I could wish. Let me see—ay—'tis now twelve years ago, from my last birth-day, since they were presented to me; and, believe me, I've never had the courage to wear them before. I hate changing—especially of spectacles; I should not have put them on now—confound them!—had it not been for Mrs. Watermark, who protested my others were not fit to be seen in decent society."

"Under the circumstances you have mentioned," said the Honourable Charles Caddy, "I must press you to accept of a bed. Pray, make the Castle your own; you will confer an obligation on me by remaining."

"Cousin Caddy," replied Cuddle, rising from his seat, and approaching his host, whose hand he took between both his own; "I rejoice to find so worthy a successor of poor Caddy Caddy, master of Caddy Castle. It would be most pleasing to me, if it were possible to remain; and, I do protest, that I positively would, were it not for the feelings of Mrs. Watermark—a most worthy and valuable woman—who is now, perhaps, sitting on thorns on my account. But I feel so grateful to you—so happy in your society, that I will actually quaff another bumper, previously to taking my stirrup-cup; yea, and truly, were honest Jack Cole—old king Cole, as we used to call him, in Caddy Caddy's days—were Jack here, with his fine bass voice, I would actually proffer a stave or so—say, for instance, the Dialogue between Time and the Drinkers—if Tom Horner would chime in, as he used to do when a boy, here, in this very room, with honest Jack, poor Caddy Caddy, and myself, in times past.—Honest Jack! most excellent Jack! rare king Cole! would he were here!"

"I should be sorry, cousin," said the Honourable Charles Caddy, "to have omitted, in my invitation-list, the name of so respectable and staunch a friend of our family, as Mr. Cole, of Colebrook. If I do not mistake, he sits immediately below my friend Wilmot, at the next table; I regret that I have not had an opportunity of making myself more known to him."

"Jack! honest Jack!" exclaimed Cuddle; "old king Cole, here, and I not know it!—Little Jack, that's silent as the grave, except when he thunders in a glee!—Where cousin? Oddsbird! eh!—Jack, where are you?"

"Here am I, Caddy," replied a diminutive old gentleman, with a remarkably drowsy-looking eye; "I thought you were not going to accost me."

The deep and sonorous tone in which these words were spoken, startled those who sat near old Cole: they gazed at him, and seemed to doubt if the sounds they had heard really emanated from the lungs of so spare and puny a personage. Cuddle crossed his arms on his breast, and exclaimed, "And is it, indeed, my friend Jack Cole?"

"Don't you know me, when I speak even?" growled old Cole, "or d'ye think somebody has borrowed my voice?"

"'Tis Jack himself!" cried Cuddle; "honest Jack! and I did not see him!—These glasses I cannot help stigmatizing as an egregious nuisance."

"Well, Mr. Cole, what say you, will you join us?" inquired Horner.

"No sir," replied Cole; "sing by yourself; one ass at a time is bad enough; but three braying together are insupportable."

"The same man—the same man as ever," exclaimed Cuddle, apparently very much pleased;—"begin, orner;—you know his way;—he can't resist, when

his bar comes. He had always these crocheffs,—begin, my boy; I will pledge myself that he falls in with the stream of the tune."

Horner and Cuddle now commenced the glee; and, as the latter had predicted, Cole, after closing his eyes, throwing himself back in his chair, and making sundry wry faces, trowled forth the first reply, and afterwards, all the other responses of old Father Time, in the following verses:—

"Whither away! old Father Time?

Ah! whither dost thou run?"—

"Low—low,

I've a mob to mow;

My work is never done."

"Tarry awhile with us, old Time,

And lay thy scythe aside!"

"Nay!—nay!

'Tis a busy day;

My work it lieth wide."

"Tell us, we pray thee, why, old Time,

Thou look'st so pale and glum?"

"Fie!—fie!

I evermore sigh,

Eternity, oh! come!"

"Art thou, then, tired, old Father Time?

Thy labour dost thou rue?"—

"Long—long,

Has it been my song—

'Could I but die like you?"

"Tell us, then, when, old Father Time,

We may expect thy death?"

"That morn

Eternity's born,

Receives my parting breath."

"And what's Eternity, Father Time?

We pray thee tell us now!"

"When men

Are dead, it is then

Eternity they know."

"Come, fill up thy glass, old Father Time,

And clog its sands with wine?"

"No, no;

They would faster flow,

And distil tears of brine!"

Caddy Cuddle, at the conclusion of these verses, took possession of a vacant chair, by the side of old Cole, and soon forgot that there was such a being as Mrs. Watermark in existence. He quaffed bumper after bumper with honest Jack;—an hour passed very pleasantly away in talking of old times;—and Cuddle wondered to find himself slightly intoxicated. He immediately rose, took his leave rather unceremoniously, and went out, muttering something about "eleven miles," and "Mother Watermark." In a few minutes, he was mounted, and trotting toward the park gate which opened on the high road. "A fine night, Billy Norman;—a fine night, Billy;" said Cuddle, as he rode through, to the old gate-keeper; "pray Billy, what say you? Don't you think they have cut the roads up cruelly, of late years?—Here's half a crown, Billy.—What with planting, and enclosing, and road-making, I scarcely know the face of the country; it's as puzzling as a labyrinth.—Good night, Billy!"

Cuddle, who was a tolerably bold rider, for a man of his years, now struck his horse rather forcibly with his heels, and urged him at once into a brisk hand-gallop.

"He hath a spur in his head," said Billy Norman to himself, as Cuddle disappeared down the road; "I hope nought but good may happen him; for he's one of the right sort, if he had it."

The roads were dry and hard, the air serene, and Billy stood listening, for a few minutes, to the sounds of the horse's feet; he soon felt convinced, by the cadences, that Caddy Cuddle was increasing rather than diminishing his speed. The beat of the hoofs became, at length, barely audible; it gradually died away; and Norman was going in to light his pipe, when he thought he heard the sounds again. He put his hand behind his ear, held his breath, and, in a few moments, felt satisfied that Caddy Cuddle had taken the wrong turning, and was working back, by a circular route, toward Caddy Castle again. As he approached nearer, Norman began to entertain apprehensions that Cuddle's horse had run away with him, in consequence of the violent pace, at which, it was clear, from the sound of its feet, that the animal was going. Norman stepped off the pathway into the road, and prepared to hail Cuddle, as he passed, and ascertain, if possible, what really was the matter. The horse and his rider came on nearly at full speed, and Norman shouted, with all his might—"Hollo! hoy! stop!"

"I carry arms! I carry arms!" cried Cuddle, urging his horse forward with all his might.

"Zauns!" exclaimed Norman, "he takes I for a highwayman!—He must ha' mistook the road, that's certain; the horse can't ha' run away wi' un, or a' 'uldn't kick un so.—Sailor, you be out o' your latitude."

The circle which Caddy Cuddle had made, was about two miles in circumference: he went precisely in the same direction again, without, in the least, suspecting his error; and having, as he thought, mastered four miles of his road homeward, and given his horse a tolerable breathing, he began to pull up by degrees, as he, for the second time, approached the little rustic lodge of Caddy Park, from which he had issued at his departure. Norman again hailed him, for he felt tolerably satisfied that Caddy carried no other arms than those with which Nature had endowed him. Caddy now knew the voice, and pulled up:—"Who's there?" said he; "A friend, I think: for I remember your tone.—Who are you, honest man?"

"Heaven help us, Mr. Cuddle!" exclaimed Norman, "Are 'ee mad, sir, or how?"

"Why, nipperkins! Norman, is it you?"

"Ay, truly."

"And how got you here?—I thought nothing had passed me on the road. Where are you going, honest Norman?"

"Going!—I be going no-where," replied the gate-keeper; "I be here, where you left me. Why, doant'ee know, that you ha' been working round and round, just like a horse in a mill!—And after all this belter-skelter work, here you be, just where you were!"

"Hang the spectacles, then!" said Cuddle; "and confound all innovators!—Why couldn't they let the country alone! I've taken the wrong turning, I suppose?"

"Yess, I reckon 't must be summat o' that kind: there be four to the right, out o' the strait road, across the common; the three first do bring 'ee round this way, to'ther takes 'ee home: but, odds! Muster Cuddle! do'ee get off! Here be a girth broke, and to'ther as old as my hat, and half worn through, as 'tis. Oh! you must go back; you must, truly, go back to the stables, and put the tackle in order."

Cuddle seem'd rather loth to return, but old Norman was inflexible: he led the horse inside the gate, which he safely locked, and put the key in his pocket, and then hobbled along, by the side of Caddy, toward the stables. As he passed the outer door of the house, he whispered to the porter his fears for Cuddle's safety, if he were suffered to depart again, and begged that the porter would contrive to let his master be made acquainted with the circumstance of Caddy's ride.

The information was immediately conveyed to the dining-room, and half-a-dozen gentlemen, with the Honourable Charles Caddy at their head, immediately proceeded to the stables, where they found Cuddle, perspiring very copiously, and endeavouring to obtain information for his guidance, in his contemplated journey, from those, who were, from the same cause, as incapable of giving, as Cuddle was of following, correct directions. The Honourable Charles Caddy, in spite of his good breeding, could not help laughing, when he heard Cuddle's account of the affair; but he very judiciously insisted on Cuddle's remaining at the Castle until morning. Caddy vowed that he would acquiesce only on one condition; which was, that a servant should be immediately despatched to his cottage, to allay the fears of Mrs. Watermark; and that such servant should be specially enjoined, not to blab a word of his mishap to the good old gentlewoman. "If he should," said Cuddle, "Mrs. Watermark will be terrified, and we shall have her here before morning, even if she walk all the way."

It was in vain that the Honourable Charles Caddy and his visitors entreated Caddy Cuddle to return to the table; he preferred retiring to rest at once. "You must put up with one of the ancient bed-rooms, cousin Cuddle," said the Honourable Charles Caddy; "but you fear no ghosts, I apprehend!"

"Nipperkins! not I!" replied Cuddle. "If I am to sleep out of my own bed, I care not if you place me in the most alarming room in the Castle. To confess the truth, but this under the rose, cousin, I feel a touch of the influence of Bacchus, and '*dulce periculum est*,' you know, when that's the case."

The bed-chamber to which Cuddle was consigned, still retained its tapestried hangings; and the good man quivered, either with cold, or at the solemn appearance of the room, when he entered it. A very prominent figure in the arras actually appeared to move, as Cuddle sat down in a capacious old chair, at the right-hand side of the bed, to undress himself. After gazing earnestly at it, for a moment, with his stockings half drawn off, he corrected himself for indulging in so ridiculous a fancy: "None of these Pymalioan freaks," said he; "none of your Prometheus tricks, Mr. Imagination of mine: and yet, perhaps, I am accusing you wrongfully, and these mischievous glasses have endowed yonder figure with seeming vitality; I hope I may not break them in a pet before I get home."

Caddy Cuddle was one of those unfortunate beings who accustom themselves to read in bed; and who, from long habit, can no more compose themselves to sleep, without perusing a few pages, in their night-gear, than some others can without a good supper, or a comfortable potation. Caddy discovered two or three old, worm-eaten books, in a small table-drawer, and selected that one which was printed in the largest type, for his perusal, when recumbent. It was a volume of tracts, on geomancy, astrology, and necromancy. Cuddle read it with avidity, and by the time the small piece of candle, with which he had been furnished, was burnt out, he had filled his brain with images of imps and familiars. Finding himself, suddenly, in utter darkness, he laid down the book; and then, turning himself on his back, very soon fell asleep.

No man, perhaps, ever kept a log-book of his dreams; and yet such an article would certainly be more amusing than many an honest gentleman's diary; for there are persons in the world whose waking adventures are as dull and monotonous as the ticking of a clock, while their biography in bed, their nightly dreams, if correctly narrated, would, in some cases, be exceedingly droll; and, in others, insupportably pathetic. The happiest people by day-light, often suffer agonies by night; a man who would not harm a worm, with his eyes open, sometimes commits a murder, and actually endures all the misery of being taken, tried, convicted,

and half executed, in imagination, while he lies snug, snoring, and motionless, beneath a pair of Witney blankets. It is rash to say that any individual is, or, at least, ought to be, happy, until we ascertain how he dreams. A very excellent country 'squire, in the west of England, was once told, by a person of discrimination, that he appeared to be the most comfortable man in existence: "Your desires are within your means;" thus the 'squire was addressed; "your wife is most charming in temper, manners, and person; your affection is mutual; your children are every thing that a parent could wish; your life has been so irreproachable, that you must be as easy in mind as it is possible for a man to be: no one bears you malice; on the contrary, every body blesses you: your house and your park are delightful; you are most felicitous, even in your servants and cattle; you are naturally"—"True, true, to the letter," impatiently interrupted the 'squire; "but what's all the world to a man who, without why or wherefore, dreams that he's with old Nick every night of his life?"

Caddy Cuddle was not much addicted to dreaming; but, on the night he slept in the ancient room at Caddy Castle, he felt satisfied, as he afterwards said, that in the course of a few hours, his imagination was visited with fantasies enough to fill a volume; although he could not recollect, with any distinctness, even one of them, half an hour after he awoke. The moon was shining full upon the window, and making the chamber almost as light as day, with her radiance, when Caddy opened his eyes, after his first sleep, to satisfy himself, by the view of some familiar object, that he was not among the strange creatures of whom he had been dreaming. Perched upon his nose, threatening it with whip, as Caddy saw, and galling it with spur, as Caddy felt, he beheld an imp, whose figure was, at once, more grotesque and horrible than any of those which had flitted before his mind's eye, during his slumbers! The creature seemed to be staring at him with terrific impudence, and jockeying his feature, as though it were actually capable of running a race. Caddy's eye-balls were almost thrust out of their sockets with dismay; his nether-jaw dropped, and he groaned deeply, under the influence of the visible nose-night-mare with which he was afflicted. For more than a minute, Caddy was incapable of moving either of his limbs; but he summoned up resolution enough, at last, to close his eyes, and make a clutch at the fiend, that rode his nose in the manner above described. With a mingled feeling of surprise, mortification, and joy, he found the nose-night-mare to be his spectacles! He had gone to sleep without removing them from his nose; and, by tumbling and tossing to and fro, in his dreams, he had displaced and twisted them, sufficiently, to assume a position and form, that might have alarmed a man of stouter nerves than Caddy Cuddle, on awaking in the middle of a moon-light night, after dreaming of more monsters than the German authors have ever located on Walpurgis Night in the Hartz.

Caddy tried to compose himself to sleep again; but grew restless, feverish, and very uncomfortable: he bent up his pillow, shook his bed, smoothed his sheets, walked several times up and down the room, and then lay down again; determined, at least, to doze. But Morpheus had taken leave of him; and Caddy, at last, resolved on dressing himself, going down to the kitchen, and, as he had tobacco about him, to smoke a pipe, if he could find one, clean or dirty. He attributed his want of rest to not having indulged in his usual sedative luxury, before going to bed; and very resolutely taxed himself with the commission of an egregious folly, for having drank more than he ought. Anthony Mutch's horse, and the Commissioners of the roads, he very copiously abused, while dressing himself: the spectacles were, however, the grand objects of his in-

dignation; but, bad as they were, he conceived that it was necessary to coax them into shape again, and mount them on his nose, previously to attempting, what he deemed, the perilous descent from his chamber, which was on the third floor, to the kitchen below. Caddy, however, was too well acquainted with the topography of the house, to incur much danger: moreover, the moon beamed with such brilliancy, through the glass-dome that lighted the great circular staircase of Caddy Castle, that a man, much more short-sighted than our hero, might have gone safely from the top to the bottom, without the assistance of glasses.

In a hole in the kitchen chimney, Caddy found two or three short pipes; he congratulated himself on the discovery, and immediately filled one of them from his pouch. The Castle was now as quiet as the grave; and no soul, but Caddy himself, seemed to be stirring. He felt rather surprised to see the stone floor of the kitchen, for above a yard from the chimney, covered with embers of expiring logs, while the hearth itself was "dark as Erebus." Caddy Cuddle, however, did not trouble himself much about this circumstance; he had often seen the kitchen in a similar condition, after a frolic, in Caddy Caddy's time; and very gravely lighting his pipe, he deposited himself on a warm iron tripod—which had been standing on the hearth, probably, the whole evening—in preference to a cold oak chair. The kitchen was comfortable, notwithstanding it was dark, (for the embers, as we have already stated, were expiring, and Caddy was without a candle,) and he smoked the pipe so much to his satisfaction, that he determined to enjoy another. Kicking the bits of burning wood together, as he sat, in order to light his tobacco, he, unintentionally, produced a little blaze, which proved rather disastrous to him: as he stooped to light his pipe, he heard a noise, that attracted his attention; Caddy looked about, and, on the spacious hearth, beheld something, that bore a rude similitude to a human figure!

Caddy was rather alarmed; and he uttered an exclamation, which seemed to rouse the object of his fears. It raised itself on its hands, and after staring Caddy full in the face, as he afterwards stated, began to uncoil itself, and, at length, rose, and stood, tolerably terrified, to judge from appearances, gazing at the odd-looking figure which Caddy cut, with his night-cap, spectacles, and pipe, on the large iron tripod. Cuddle now perceived that his companion, although of masculine frame, was arrayed in female habiliments, which were black as the exterior of an old stew-pan. It was Martha Jones, the scullion, a Welsh girl, who, whenever she could, indulged herself with a night's rest, in her clothes, on the warm hearth of Caddy Castle kitchen, instead of a comfortable bed in one of its turrets. On these occasions, she previously swept the embers from the hearth, to the stone floor; as Caddy Cuddle had found them, on entering to smoke his pipe. She was indulged in these and a few other odd vagaries, on account of her excellence as an under-strapper to the cook, who frequently said, that she could and would, do more work in one day, than a brace of the ordinary run of scullions did in a week. Martha possessed a pair of immense muscular arms, which resembled, in hue, the outer leaf of a frost-bitten red cabbage: her cheeks were of the same colour, when clean; and shone, after a recent ablation, as though they had been smeared with bees'-wax and turpentine, and polished by means of a furniture-brush. Caddy Cuddle, in his subsequent description of Martha, said, that her hair was jetty as a black cart-horse's tail; her lips pouted like a pair of black puddings; and her eye, for truth to say, she had but one, was as fiery and frightful as that of a cyclops. Martha's features were, however, though large, remarkably well-formed; and more than one ploughman, in the neighbourhood, already sighed to make her a bride.

After Martha had gazed, for more than a minute, at Caddy Cuddle, who ceased to puff, and almost to breathe from the moment the scullion had first begun to move, she burst out into a loud fit of laughter, in which she indulged for some time; occasionally stirring and raking the embers on the floor together, to create a better blaze, in order that she might enjoy a full view of Caddy Cuddle, who was now quite as ludicrous in her estimation, as she had been terrible in his. Cuddle, at last, waxed wroth; threw his pipe on the floor; thrust one of his hands beneath the breast of his waistcoat; placed the other behind him, under the tail of his coat, which he considerably elevated by the action; and in this, as he deemed, most imposing attitude, asked Martha how she dared to insult one of her master's guests in that manner.—"Stand aside," continued he, "and let me withdraw to my chamber, woman!"

"Ooman!" cried the scullion, ceasing to laugh in an instant, and putting on rather an alarming frown:—"Ooman!—her name is Martha Jones, and no more a—Yes, her is a ooman, though, tat's true; but Martha Jones is her name, and her will be called ooman py nopoty, look you; that is what her will not. Ooman, intee! Cot pless her! To live six long years in the kitchen of Squire Morgan, and one pesides, at Squire Caddy's, with a coot charneter, and her own aunt a laty, to be called 'ooman,' py a little man in a white night-cap! look you, I sall tie first!"

Caddy Cuddle's experience with the woman-kind, as our excellent friend, Jonathan Oldbuck ycleps the fair part of the creation, was very limited: he had read of heroines, in the Latin and Greek authors; spoken to a few demi-savages, when a boy, during his nautical adventures in foreign parts; occasionally chucked a dairy-maid under the chin, when *Bacchi plenus*, in the reign of Caddy Caddy, at Caddy Castle; and had a few quarrels with his housekeeper, Mrs. Watermark. He was of opinion, from what he had witnessed, that a little flattery was of sovereign virtue with the sex; and, in order to escape from Martha's clutches, of which he felt in considerable awe, Caddy Cuddle essayed to soothe and allay the fever into which he had thrown the scullion by calling her a woman, with a few compliments. But, like all inexperienced persons, Caddy Cuddle could not hit the golden mean; he overstepped the mark so much, as to make honest Martha imagine that he really admired her. Caddy was not aware to what an extent his flattery was leading him: he plumed himself on his tact and discretion, when Martha's face began to relax into a smile; launched boldly into hyperbole, as soon as she curtsied at his compliments; and, in order to effect a dashing retreat, by a bold *coup-de-main*, attacked the enemy with a brigade of classical metaphors. The scullion could hold out no longer; she strode over the intervening embers; clutched Cuddle in her colossal grasp; and, in an instant, she was seated on the tripod which he had previously occupied, with the very alarmed little gentleman perched upon her knee.

The nose-night-mare was a trifle, in Cuddle's estimation, compared with what he now endured: he struggled, and roared with all his might; called Martha Jones, "Circe, Canidia, Scylla, Medea, Harpy, Polyphemus, and Witch of Edmonton," without the least effect: she seemed to consider all these appellatives as endearing epithets, and kissed Caddy so vehemently, that he thought his heart would break.

And it was not merely the warmth of the scullion's gratitude or affection—whichever it might be—that so discomposed Caddy Cuddle; Martha, in striding across the blazing embers, had ignited her greasy, and, consequently, very combustible apparel; and although she, in her raptures, seemed to be quite unconscious of the circumstance, Caddy Cuddle felt that the incipient flame had begun to singe his stockings. At length, Mistress Martha herself, became, somehow or

other, cognizant of the fact; and she instantly threw Caddy Cuddle off her knee, shrieked like an infuriated maniac, snatched up the kitchen poker, and flourished it about Caddy's head, threatening him, by her actions, with immediate annihilation; as though he, good innocent man, had been the cause of the combustion.

Luckily for Caddy and the scullion, their *tele-tete* had been so boisterous, as to have alarmed the Castle; and the French cook, with two or three other men-servants, burst into the kitchen at a very critical instant both for Caddy and Miss Jones. A bucket of water, dexterously applied by the coachman, quenched the blazing petticoats, and somewhat allayed the fiery heart of the scullion; who retreated behind a pile of pots and kettles. While Caddy apostrophized the cook, Martha was loud in vituperation; the men-servants were noisy as Bedlamites; and the *cuisinier* himself, a recently imported Frenchman, imprecated, very loudly, in his own language—consigning Caddy, the scullion, coachman, and his fellow-domestics, with all the other English people, past, present, and to come, in one lot, to the care of King Pluto and his sable adherents. Alarmed at the uproar, the guests at Caddy Castle came in by twos and threes, and, in a few minutes, the kitchen was thronged.

The Honourable Charles Caddy had scarcely closed his eyes, when the exclamations, from Caddy Cuddle and the scullion, reached his ears; the lovely Lady Letitia having amused herself by giving him a curtain lecture of some two hours' duration, after they had retired, on his gross and most apparent gallantry to the plainest woman among the visitors at the Castle. He leaped out of bed, or hearing the noise, rather to escape from the dulcet abuse of his beautiful better half, than from any strong feelings of interest or curiosity; and, as soon as he could make himself fit to be seen, hurried towards the place of declamation. There he found Caddy Cuddle, encircled by twenty or thirty people, (who, although they were his guests, and had dined with him, he positively did not know in their night-caps,) exclaiming, prodigiously, against the scullion, and endeavouring, by dint of vociferation, to prove that he was not at all to blame.

The Honourable Charles Caddy soon cleared the kitchen, when he found that nothing of consequence had occurred: the guests and servants retired; and Caddy Cuddle, after making several apologies and protestations of innocence, whatsoever the scullion might say of him, to his cousin, took up a candle, which somebody had left on the dresser, and marched off to the staircase. The Honourable Charles Caddy, who had detained the cook, now inquired who and what the creature of darkness was behind the saucepans; and while the cook was explaining, and Martha Jones was giving a most excellent account of herself, Caddy Cuddle proceeded toward his bed-chamber. As he passed Lady Letitia's door, he knocked, and whispered, through the key-hole, a long string of apologies, in which he was interrupted by the lady's husband; who, after politely marshalling him to his room, made him a most ceremonious and courtly bow, and wished him a very excellent good night.

Caddy paced two or three times up and down the room, lamenting his misfortunes, and inwardly vowing never to quit his cottage for a castle again. He was so anxious not to disturb the household, that he neither stamped on the floor, nor groaned audibly; but rather "stepped a-tip-toe," from the window to the fire-place, and thence to the window again, scarcely breathing as he moved. Finding but little relief from this state of constraint, he threw himself on the old chair that stood on the right-hand side of the bed, and began to recover a little of his usual good humour. He reviewed the circumstances which had happened during the night; and they now presented themselves in so droll a light to Caddy's mind, that he could not help smiling at his

mishaps, and proceeded to unbutton his waistcoat. All at once, the remembrance of the moving tapestry flashed across him, and his eye was instantly fixed on the figure that had alarmed him, previous to his retiring to rest. "Surely," thought he, "it could not have been imagination, for it moveth, even now, most palpably!—or my visionary organs are singularly impaired;—or these new spectacles lead me into very unpleasant errors. Would that I had never accepted them!" He removed the suspected offenders from his nose, wiped them carefully with the tail of his coat, and was going to put them on again, when a tall, stout-built person, slipped out from behind the arras, and advanced, with hasty steps, toward him, exclaiming, "Soho! friend Caddy Cuddle, you're come at last!"

"What, in the name of all that's good, art thou?" exclaimed Caddy, feeling surprised that he was not more frightened;—"who art thou?"

"Don't you know me, Caddy?" said the intruder, laying his hand on Cuddle's arm; who was very much pleased to feel that his visitor possessed the property of tangibility, and was, therefore, no ghost.—"Don't you know me, Caddy?" repeated the figure, in rather a reproachful tone.

"I dare say I should, sir, if you would permit me to put on my spectacles—bad as they are," replied Caddy; "and if you'd step back a yard or two, so as to get, as it were, at the proper focus of my sight:—suppose you take a chair."

The tall man retreated some paces, and Caddy put on his spectacles:—"Now, sir," said he, "we shall see:—Where are you?—Oh! I perceive—Why, bless my soul, sir—is it—can it be? Are these glasses really playing me tricks? or have I, in truth, leaped out of the frying-pan into the fire? You surely can't be my very unfortunate and most respected friend, Caddy Caddy, of Caddy Castle!"

"The same," replied the tall old man, with a sigh: "Caddy Caddy, sir, of Caddy Castle."

"And how the nipperkins did you break loose?" cried Cuddle, rising from the chair, and advancing two or three steps.

"Where now, where now, sir?" said Caddy Caddy, taking a gentle hold of Cuddle's arm: "Where now, friend Cuddle?"

"Where? why, to the door, doubtless! Am I doomed to do nothing but alarm the castle?"

"Alarm the castle!" exclaimed Caddy Caddy; "are you out of your senses? why, they'd lock me up, man, if you did."

"To be sure they would, and that's precisely what I want them to do. My dear sir, I beg pardon; I wouldn't give offence, I'm sure, neither to you nor the people of the Castle; but I can't help it. You must allow me to give the alarm. I cannot submit to be shut up with a madman."

"So, then, you join in the slander, do you?" said Caddy Caddy; "Cuddle, you hurt me to the soul!"

"Well, well, my dear friend, my respected friend, I am sorry I said so; it was but in joke."

"Cuddle," replied Caddy, "I was ruined by a joke: somebody called me a madman, in jest; the rest of the world joined in the cry, though it was a fool who gave tongue; and, at last, they ran me down; proved, to their own satisfaction, that I was out of my wits, for being in a passion with, and turning upon, those who were hunting me. Nothing is more easy than to prove a man mad: begin, by throwing a slur upon his mental sanity; watch him narrowly; view all he does with a jaundiced eye; rake up a score of facts, which occurred a year apart; facts that are really frolics, freaks, whims, vagaries, or what you will, of the like nature; place them all together, and the business is done; you make as fine a picture of lunacy as a man would wish to look at. I assure you, Caddy Cuddle,

I am no more a lunatic than you are, take my word for it; so sit down and tune the fiddle."

"Fiddle! what? where? which fiddle?"

"Oh! they allow me my fiddle; I should go crazy in earnest without that. I left it behind the arras; come!"

"Come! come where?"

"Come and fetch it," said Caddy, dragging Cuddle toward the place from which he had issued.

"Nipperkins, cousin!" cried Cuddle, "go and get it yourself."

"No, no," replied the other, with a knowing look; "If I were to do so, you'd slip out, while my back was turned, and raise the Castle. I've had trouble enough to elude their vigilance, during the bustle, to lose my liberty so easily again. By-and-bye, we'll go down stairs together, and break open the cellar; it's all my own, you know, if right was cock of the walk. I'm for gamocks and junketting, I forewarn you, and we'll have a jolly night of it."

By this time, Caddy had approached the arras, with Cuddle fast in his clutch; he stooped down, and drawing forth an old fiddle and stick, put them into the hands of Cuddle; who, as may readily be imagined, was by no means enamoured of his situation.

"Now," said Caddy, "in the first place, my friend, play Rowley Waters. I have been trying to recollect the two last bars of it for these three years, but I cannot. Do you remember how beautifully my drunken old butler, Barnaby, used to trowl it?"

"Ay, those were merry days, cousin," said Cuddle; "poor Barnaby! his passion for ale laid him low, at last."

"And many a time, before."

"What! was it in time of your sanity? I beg pardon.—Do you remember, then, our finding him, flat on his back, by the side of an untapped vat of the stoutest beer that ever Caddy Castle could boast? Methinks I can see him now, with the gimblet in his hand, with which he had made an aperture in the cask, and sucked the blood of barley-corn, to such an abominable extent—the old beast did—that!"

"Don't asperse him, Cuddle," said Caddy; "he put a peg in the hole before he died. He was the best of butlers; if he always drank a skinful, he never wasted a noggin. But now for Rowley Waters; play up, and I'll jig."

"No, no," said Cuddle, laying down the instrument; "I'll do no such thing; I won't, by Jupiter! that's resolute."

"Well, then, I'll play, and you shall dance."

"Don't make me swear," said Cuddle; "don't, Caddy Caddy! What! raise a riot again? You don't know, perhaps, that I have, already, sinned egregiously; although, I protest, without the least evil intention. Besides, it would produce that very effect which you wish to—Eh! what was I saying? Well, I don't mind if I do give you one tune."

"Thank you, kindly, cousin Cuddle," said Caddy, taking up the fiddle; "but you have raised an objection, which I admit to be of great weight. Oh! cousin Cuddle! Did you want to betray me? I thank you for the hint: we should, indeed, alarm my enemies. You overreached yourself, and saved me, cousin."

"Well, I scorn a lie," replied Cuddle; "such a thought as you suspect did occur to me; for I protest I am not very comfortable in your company, much as I respect you. Go back to your bed; do, pr' thee now, be ruled—oblige me cousin; for your own sake, go."

"Oh! what a thing self-interest is!" exclaimed Caddy; "for your own sake, go, 'quoth he, when it is solely for his! Cousin Cuddle, I shall not; that's a plain answer for you."

Caddy now placed a chair immediately opposite to that one on which he had found Cuddle sitting, on his entrance; he forced the alarmed little gentleman into

his seat; and, in a few moments, resumed the conversation.

"Cuddle," said he, looking very seriously, "as the world goes, I take you to be an honest man, and my friend. Now, I'll confide something to your ear that will perfectly astonish you. The people about me, don't know a syllable of the matter; I kept it snug from them; if I had not, they would have restricted me to one room, instead of allowing me the liberty and use of three. Draw your chair close. About three years' since, I broke loose."

"So I heard," said Cuddle, trembling as he remembered what had been related of Caddy's violence on that occasion. The great staircase of the better part of Caddy Castle, was circular, and surmounted by a magnificent dome, which lighted it completely down to the hall; Caddy had thrown himself over the banisters, and must, inevitably, have been dashed to pieces, had it not been for a scaffolding, which some workmen had erected within the circle of the staircase, for the purpose of repairing some part of the masonry, a few days before. Caddy fell among the people on the temporary platform, and was taken up, apparently, lifeless; but, in the course of a couple of months, his bodily health was restored, his mental malady remaining nearly in its former state.

"You know," continued Caddy, "of my leap; I gave them the slip, then, cousin, in good earnest. I fell a terrific depth, and did the business at once. I recollect the moment of my near approach to the scaffolding, of the erection of which I was ignorant; but, as it happened, it did not frustrate my intentions."

"I feel very ailing, very indisposed, indeed," said Cuddle; "pray, cousin Caddy, permit me to—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Caddy; "you are as well as ever you were in your life; I am sure of it; so hear me out: of course, you heard their account of restoring me to health; but they know nothing of the matter, cousin Cuddle: when I seemed to them to revive, I felt that I was disembodied!"

"Disembodied!" cried Cuddle, staring wildly at Caddy.

"Ay, disembodied, cousin," said Caddy; "and my sole wish, except for liberty, now is, to obtain a disembodied companion, who"—

Cuddle could hear no more. To describe his thoughts or feelings at this moment, would be a task beyond the power of our feeble pen. We shall attempt, only, to relate his actions. He threw himself back in the capacious chair which he had hitherto occupied, but by no means filled; brought his knees on a level with, and as near as he possibly could to, his face; and then, suddenly throwing out his legs, with all the energy he possessed, struck Caddy in the breast with his feet so violently, as, in an instant, to turn him and his chair topsy-turvy on the floor. He exhibited a specimen of that agility for which he had been famed in his younger days, as well in this, as in his subsequent proceedings. Skipping over Caddy and the chair, he flew to the door, and made for the staircase at full speed. It is useless to conceal that Cuddle was dreadfully frightened; he heard Caddy striding after him at a fearful rate; and felt satisfied, by the evidence of his ears, that his dreaded pursuer would very speedily overtake him. People in similar situations adopt plans for escaping, which men, sitting calmly over their coffee, would never dream of. Cuddle knew that he should have no chance in a grapple with Caddy: it was ridiculous to hope for help if he cried out; for, before any one could come to his assistance, Caddy would have sufficient time to disembody his spirit; and his pursuer was evidently an overmatch for him in speed. Cuddle was desperate: he suddenly determined on attempting to evade his enemy by a bold and dangerous manoeuvre. He leaped upon the banisters, which were massive and broad

enough for a man to stand upon with ease; caught hold of the rope, by which the dinner bell, above the cupola, was rung by the porter in the hall below; and threw himself upon it, in a style which would have done honour to a thorough-bred seaman, at the moment the tops of Caddy's fingers touched his heels. We cannot wait to describe the consternation into which the ringing of the dinner bell, at that time of the night, threw all the inmates of Caddy Castle; our hero claims our undivided attention; for his position was most perilous, at least, in Cuddle's own opinion.

Having descended, with moderate haste, for a few yards, he felt, by certain jerks of the rope, that Caddy had followed his example, and was pursuing him down the rope, with such hair-brained velocity too, as he very speedily ascertained, that he was in greater danger than ever. The rope was swung to and fro, by his own exertions and those of his enemy, bumping him against the banisters with considerable force; but the blows he thus received were beneath his notice; he thought only of escaping. Finding that Caddy gained upon him, he contrived, as the rope swung toward the side of the staircase, to catch hold of one of the stout iron rails of the banister; secure in his clutch, he quitted the rope with considerable dexterity, and had the satisfaction, while he dangled, of seeing Caddy slide by him. He now began to roar lustily; but his efforts were needless, for almost every living creature in the house was already on the alert; the watch-dogs were barking without, and the lap-dogs within; the ladies were shrieking; the gentlemen calling the servants, and the latter wondering, and running here and there, exceedingly active, but not knowing what to do or what was the matter. By degrees, the male portion of the inhabitants of the Castle became concentrated in the hall: lights were procured; and while the ladies and their attendants peeped over the rails of the great staircase, in their night-caps, to watch the proceedings of the party below, Martha, armed with the kitchen poker, volunteered to search every hole and corner in the Castle: but her master forbade her on pain of his displeasure; "For," said he, "I feel satisfied that it is a disgraceful hoax of some scoundrel in the house, who shall certainly be ducked if ever I discover him. Is any one absent?"

"All the men servants are here, sir," said the coachman; "and all the gentlemen, too, I think."

"No, they are not," exclaimed Martha, with a ludicrous grin; "where is my sweetheart, can you tell? I do not see him."

"Oh! he's fast asleep, good man!" said the Honourable Charles Caddy.

"I wish he were!—I do most sincerely wish he were!" quoth Cuddle, who had released himself, by his own exertions, from his pendent position, and was now hastening down the lowest flight of stairs. "You may stare, my good host;" continued he, "but to sleep in Caddy Castle is perfectly impossible!"

"So I find, to my cost," replied the Honourable Charles Caddy; "and if I can find out the rascal who"—

"Do not waste time in threats," said Cuddle; "but fly—disperse, in quest of my respected, unhappy friend, poor Caddy Caddy, who has been with me this half hour, and would have disembodied me, if I hadn't given him a kick in the stomach, and put my trust in the bell-rope."

At the request of his host, Cuddle gave a hurried detail of what had taken place between himself and Caddy Caddy; while those domestics, who had the immediate care of the lunatic, hastened up to his rooms. They returned just as Cuddle had concluded, and stated that Caddy Caddy was undressed, and fast asleep in his bed; the doors were locked; and they found every thing about the apartments in the precise state in which they had left them. One of the party

said, that he slept in the next room to Caddy Cuddy, and was quite certain that he should have heard the lunatic if he had merely moved; and as to his having been at large, he protested it was impossible.

It was useless for Cuddle to vow and solemnly declare that Caddy Cuddy had been with him, in the face of this evidence: the gentlemen shook their heads; the men grumbled; the ladies on the stair-case tittered; and their maids pronounced Mr. Cuddle's conduct to be altogether shocking.

"It is a very distressing case," said the Honourable Charles Caddy; "and I protest I never was in so awkward a situation before. I feel bound to apologize," continued he, "to every lady and gentleman in the Castle, for the uproar, which my relation, Mr. Caddy Cuddle, has, doubtless, unintentionally, produced. I am bound to add, in justice to myself, that, upon my honour as a gentleman, I had not the most remote idea that either of my guests was a somnambulist."

"Is it possible that you can allude to me?" exclaimed

ed Caddy Cuddle. "Is my veracity impeached? Am I to be a martyr to our poor mad relation's freaks?—Or, possibly, you will tell me that I ought to doubt the evidence of my own senses."

"I never presume," was the reply, "to dictate to a gentleman on so delicate a point. Perhaps you will allow one of my servants to wait on you during the remainder of the night."

"I'll do no such thing," said Caddy Cuddle: "let the horse be saddled directly. I'll go home at once, and endeavour to make my peace with Mrs. Watermark, from whom I expect and merit a very severe lecture, for so cruelly cutting up her feelings as to stay out a whole night nearly. Cousin Caddy, good b'ye; ladies and gentlemen, your servant."

Caddy Cuddle immediately departed, vowing, *per Joem*, as he went, never after that morning to bestride Anthony Mutch's horse—to dine at Caddy Castle, or any where else out of his own house—or to put on a strange pair of spectacles again.

FORGET ME NOT.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

FORGET ME NOT! Forget me not!

Who has not thought or said it!

By absent friends to be forgot!

Who is there does not read it?

Who is there does not wish to leave

A purse of silken netting,

Or something, as preservative

Against the heart's forgetting?

But some in silence turn away;

Their deeper feelings let not

Their quivering lips have power to say—

"Farewell! farewell! forget not!"

E'en then the pressure of the hand,

The glance of fond affection,

Seem eloquently to demand

Unchanging recollection.

And one, the parting scene to shun,

Will smile in spite of sorrow,

And talk of all that may be done

With some dear friend to-morrow:

Morn comes—and he is gone! from me

'Twere cruel thus to sever;

Not to have seen the last of thee

Would grieve my heart for ever.

Yet, such will leave, as others do,

An amicable token,

Meant to express the fond adieu,

That never has been spoken:

Some gift, which plainly will betray

The heart's instinctive yearning,

To be remember'd when away,

And loved when home returning.

In short, 'tis a "FORGET ME NOT,"

But not the flower we call so,

For 'tis its perishable lot

To be forgotten also.

It is a book we christen thus,

Less fleeting than the flower;

And 'twill recall the past to us

With talismanic power.

It is a gift that friend to friend

At parting will deliver;

And love with his own name will blend

The dear name of the giver.

So pure, so blameless, is this book,

That wise and wary sages

Will lead young Innocence to look

Upon its tasteful pages.

THE MIDNIGHT MAIL.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

'Tis midnight—all is peace profound!

But lo! upon the murmuring ground,

The lonely, swelling, hurrying sound

Of distant wheels is heard!

They come—they pause a moment—when,

Their charge resigned, they start, and then

Are gone, and all is hushed again,

As not a leaf had stirred.

Hast thou a parent far away,

A beauteous child to be thy stay

In life's decline—or sisters, they

Who shared thine infant glees?

A brother on a foreign shore!

Is he whose breast thy token bore,

Or are thy treasures wandering o'er

A wide tumultuous sea?

If aught like these, then thou must feel

The rattling of that reckless wheel,

That brings the bright, or hoding seal,

On every trembling thread

That strings thy heart, till morn appears

To crown thy hopes, or end thy fears;

To light thy smile, or draw thy tears,

As line on line is read.

Perhaps thy treasure's in the deep,

Thy lover in a dreamless sleep,

Thy brother where thou canst not weep

Upon his distant grave!

Thy parent's hoary head no more

May shed a silver lustre o'er

His children grouped—nor death restore

Thy son from out the wave!

Thy prattler's tongue, perhaps, is stilled,

Thy sister's lip is pale and chilled,

The blooming bride, perchance, has filled

Her corner of the tomb.

May be, the home where all thy sweet

And tender recollections meet,

Has shown its flaming winding sheet,

In midnight's awful gloom!

And while, alternate, o'er my soul

Those cold or burning wheels will roll

Their chill or heat, beyond control,

Till morn shall bring relief:

Father in Heaven, whate'er may be

The cup, which thou hast sent for me,

I know 'tis good, prepared by Thee,

Though filled with joy or grief!

PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERING ON HANDKERCHIEFS, WITH SPACES FOR THE INSERTION OF NAMES.



THE HOLY LAND.

In proceeding from Jerusalem to the banks of the Jordan, I travelled in one part through a rocky and perilous defile, and came to a frightful desert of hills, tossed as it were and jumbled together in the wildest confusion by some violent agitation of nature. On one of these, which is of great altitude, or, in the language of the evangelist, "an exceeding high mountain," it is said our Saviour, after being baptized in Jordan, was led and tempted by the devil. There are various caverns or cells dug in the sides of horrible precipices, the abodes of the religious, who inhabited them, but particularly during the period of Lent, after the example of our Lord's rigorous fasting in the wilderness, wherein he set us a glorious example of triumphing over the vanities of this world, and the most powerful temptations of hell. The utter wildness, awful silence, and bleak sterility of this extensive wilderness, where no houses of any description, nor so much as a single tree, was visible to afford shelter from the scorching beams of a meridian sun, or the note of a bird is heard, caused me to sympathize in the wish of the prophet, that I might find some place of refuge. Never did I behold a spot of earth more secluded, or better suited for the votaries of abstinence, or to form the abode of such anchorites as Peter the hermit, or Simon the misanthrope. It was impossible to behold these caverns without being forcibly reminded of that interesting detail given by the great apostle of those unparalleled sufferings endured by the early christians who had set their seals to the word of God, which is the testimony of Jesus, and who, in a state of destitution, were forced to wander in deserts, and to hide themselves from their sanguinary persecutors, in dens which in all probability might have been those identical caves I was now visiting, and who had before their eyes the example of their Lord himself, who despised the shame of enduring the cross. Indeed, after such vengeance had been visited on the Messiah, it was not to be supposed that the least mercy would be extended to those who followed his blessed steps. Whatever opinion, however, we may entertain of that spirit of persecution which had been directed towards the little flock, we must at the same time contemplate with astonishment the exact fulfilment of Christ's declaration. Notwithstanding these persecutions, eternal thanks to the Almighty, the word of God mightily prevailed, the cross of Christ was triumphant, and his prophecy of the growth of the church is ranked among his remarkable predictions.

SMOKING IN GERMANY.

We have more than once pointed out the dangerous effects of smoking, now one of the most universal and vulgar accomplishments among young men. The following observations show the extent to which this vicious and mean indulgence is carried in Germany:—"The propensity of smoking is declared by the physicians to be actually one of the most efficient causes of the German tendency to diseases of the lungs. In point of expense, its waste is enormous. In Hamburg alone, fifty thousand boxes of cigars have been consumed in a year, each box costing about three pounds sterling: one hundred and fifty thousand pounds puffed into the air! And it is to be remembered, that even this is but a part of the expense; the cigar adorning the lip only of the better order, and even among those, only of the young; the mature generally abjuring this small vanity, and blowing away with the mighty meerschautum of their ancestors. This plague, like the Egyptian plague of frogs, is felt every where and in every thing. It poisons the streets, the clubs, and the coffee-houses; furniture, clothes, equipage, person, are redolent of the abomination. It makes even the dullness of the newspaper doubly narcotic; the napkin on the table tells instantly that native hands have been over it; every eatable, and drinkable, all that can be seen, felt, heard, or understood, is saturated with tobacco; the very air we breathe is but a conveyance for this poison into the lungs; and every man, woman, and child, rapidly acquires the complexion of a boiled chicken. From the hour of their waking, if nine-tenths of the population can ever be said to wake at all, to the hour of their lying down, which in innumerable instances the peasantry do in their clothes, the pipe is never out of their mouths; one mighty fumigation reigns, and human nature is smoke-dried by tens of thousands of square miles. But if it be a crime to shorten life, or extinguish faculties, the authority of the chief German physiologists charges this custom with effecting both in a very remarkable degree. They compute, that of twenty deaths of men between eighteen and thirty-five, ten originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking. The universal weakness of the eyes, which makes the Germans *par excellence*, a spectated nation, is attributed to the same cause of general nervous debility. Tobacco burns out their blood, their teeth, their eyes, and their brains; turns their flesh into mummy, and their minds into metaphysics."—*Hamburg Journal*.

POOR RELATIONS.

A POOR RELATION is—the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mole in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet,—the *bono par excellence*.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. ———." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and, at the same time seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. ——— will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret—if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependant; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demennour, that your other guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean, and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture, and insults you with a special commendation of your window curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is un-

seasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. "He is an old humourist," you may say, "and affects to go thread-bare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L———s; or what does she at their house?" She is, in all probability your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentle-woman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. ——— requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant Sir; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

Richard Amlet, Esq. in the play, is a notable instance of the disadvantages to which this chimerical notion of *affinity constituting a claim to acquaintance*, may subject the spirit of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who persists in calling him "her son Dick." But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men besides are not of Dick's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, who, wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed. Poor W—— was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classic and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride; but its quality was inoffensive; it was not of that sort which hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a distance; it only sought to ward off degradation from itself. It was the principle of self-respect carried as far as it could go, without infringing upon that respect, which he would have every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes, because I would not thrud the alleys and blind ways of the town with him, to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holyday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W—— went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion from the society. The servitor's gown, (worse than his school array,) clung to him with Nessian venom. He thought himself ridiculous in a garb under which Latimer must have walked erect; and in which Hooker, in his young days, pos-

sibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depth of collegio shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student slunk from observation. He found shelter among books, which insult not; and studies, that ask no questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studious pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy man; when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity. The father of W—— had hitherto exercised the humble profession of house painter at N——, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some public works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of the young man, the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with our Universities, the distance between the gownmen and the townsmen, as they are called—the trading part of the latter especially—is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W——'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W—— was a little, busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and scraping, cap in hand, to any thing that wore the semblance of a gown—insensible to the winks and open remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or equal in standing, perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not last. W—— must change the air of Oxford, or be suffocated. He chose the former; and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they can bear, censure the dereliction; he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W——, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the High-street to the back of **** college, where W—— kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful, and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him—finding him in a better mood—upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity, or badge of gratitude to his saint. W—— looked up at the Luke, and like Satan, “knew his mounted sign—and fled.” A letter on his father's table, the next morning, announced that he had accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian.

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter, are certainly not attended with any thing painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table, (no very splendid one,) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows a world ago, at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew

to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning. A captive—a stately being, let out of the Tower on Saturdays.—Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above, (however brought together in a common school,) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys*, (his own faction,) over the *Below Boys*, (so were they called,) of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement, (so I expected,) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minister; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remember with anguish the thought that came over me: “Perhaps he will never come here again.” He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigour—when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season—uttered the following memorable application: “Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.” The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—“Woman, you are superannuated.” John Billet did not survive long after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored; and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint, (Anno, 1781.) where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his escutoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.

In the present imperfect condition of society, luxury, though it may proceed from vice or folly, seems to be the only means that can correct the unequal distribution of property. The diligent mechanic, and the skilful artist, who have obtained no share in the division of the earth, receive a voluntary tax from the possessors of land, and the latter are prompted by a sense of interest to improve those estates, with whose produce they may purchase additional pleasures.

SPECIMENS

OF A FREE AND EASY PROSE TRANSLATION OF "THOMSON'S SEASONS."

MERRY, mellow, melancholy Autumn approaches, his countenance overshadowing and changing from "gay to grave" as he moves onward. He is like unto a tipsy sentimentalist over his cups; riotously jolly at the outset—then quietly good-natured, meekly pleasant, until the liquor has thoroughly done its office, and a change ensues. The toper becomes all at once infected with pensive sadness—he is melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe, or a melody of Moor-ditch." The flood-gates of sentiment are thrown open; he discourses of mutability and change; he hazards an opinion that all must die; his voice becomes tremulous with tenderness, and broken and discorded with hic-cough; a Listonian plaintiveness overspreads his countenance, and large drops of sympathetic wo "course one another down his innocent nose," in common parlance, he is "crying drunk." So it is with Autumn.—Nothing can be more mirthful and hilarious than the early part of his career;—nothing more dismally lugubrious than the close. In the former we have the perfection of all Spring planted, and Summer ripened; fields of yellow grain, the stems trembling with their golden fruitage, and teeming orchards basking in the clear September sky; in the latter, the sickly fog—the dead, dull pattering of the rain—the fall of the withered leaf—the wail of the groves over their departing loveliness; coughs, colds, catarrhs, quinsies, together with hosts of intensely blue-devils, that creep into your every thought and incorporate themselves in your every-ration. 'Tis a moping time—but let us not anticipate.

The harvest—the pteuous harvest is over. The produce of the stripped fields is securely lodged in the farmer's storehouse, and the hearts of the holders of bonded corn sink within them. Now comes the agricultural saturnalia—the appropriate season of rustic revelry. Now is the farmer's "harvest home," and jovial mighty feasts, in honor of the happy consummation of the labours of the year, are rife in all the country round. The rafters of the huge barns shake again as the "fun grows fast and furious," and country swains and damsels trip it most vigorously on the "light fantastic toe," or, more correctly speaking, "solid foot." Heavens! what thews and sinews must compose those limbs that withstand the continuous succession of jolts, jerks and dislocations which ensue, when the Paganini of the district rattles away at "The cornrigs are bonnie, O," or the still more boisterous "Wind that shakes the barley." Little reck they for "the foreign aid of ornament;" all they want, like William Tell, is "action, action, action!" and verily they have it; yet, thanks be to their sturdy frames, however plentiful bruises and flesh wounds may be on those saltatory occasions, serious consequences but seldom ensue.

But the season creeps on, and nature sickens. Wan October is almost overpast.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere,
Heap'd in the hollows of the groves, the wither'd leaves
lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow thro' all the
gloomy day."

I have a theory of marriages. There should be none—or few—in Autumn. Spring, when nature puts on "her mantle green," trimmed with flowers, is the ap-

propriate season for the youthful and romantic—the fresh in heart and hope; Summer for the more mature worldly and light-hearted; Winter for the cold and prudent—those who lack additional cash and comfort—from whose vocabulary, "bliss" has long since been expunged, and "convenience" substituted in its place. But in the season of falling leaves and drooping flowers—when the bird has ceased its song; when the earth is filled with fading loveliness, and the sun is dimmer in Heaven, none but the widow and widower—those of blunted or blighted feelings and affections, on whom never more "the freshness of the heart shall fall like dew"—should, as the lawyers say, "join issue" in the season of desolation and decay.

Some people, with heads of lead and nerves of whip-cord, pretend that the changes of season or atmosphere, or the scenes of physical renovation or decay with which they are alternately encompassed, make no sort of difference with them; that they are just as elate in spirit groping through a fog as basking in the sunshine; and that, with the exception of the mere animal sensations of cold, and damp, &c. it is of little moment to them whether they are saluted by the soft south-west, or raw north-east; and as far as the different changes and shades of thought and feeling, called into action by the bursting beauty of Spring, or the decaying beauty of Autumn, that it is mere whim, fancy, imagination. This may be true as regards their own petrified souls and cast-metal carcasses; otherwise it is thoroughly false. If the mind is involuntarily anticipative, and therefore cheerful, in Spring, it is just as naturally and involuntarily retrospective, and therefore melancholy, in Autumn. Did ever man catch himself chuckling over a by-past jest as he walked over the sere, brown fields; or humming a cheerful ditty as he trod the mazes of the withered wood toward the close of October? The moan of the wind, as it whirled the dry leaves from the trees, and the hollow echo of his footsteps as he stalked over them, would soon convince his heart and ear that there was a discord in the strain—that it was not in unison with the mournful melodies of the dying year. No: all that savors of "L'Allegro" seems light and vain—frivolous and heartless, at such a time and in such a place. "Then comes the fit again," to which all are occasionally subject, when the mind turns distastefully from the future to pertinaciously dwell upon the sorrow-checked past. There are moments when the mists of memory are more welcome to the mind than the most radiant visions of hope—when what is to be, no matter how full of promise, is vivid and impertinent in comparison with what has been. Then we smile faintly and sadly over remembered joys, and more faintly and sadly still, over remembered sorrows. But the mind cannot sustain itself in this mood. We agree with the poet, that—

"'Tis in vain
To complain
In a melancholy strain,
Of the days that are gone, and can never come again."

And we hasten homeward, where, if plump partridge, or delicate pheasant, or tender leveret, or other appropriate delicacy of the season, await our coming, a visible change ensues. A mild cheerfulness irradiates the bosom, dispelling the tender melancholy that lately reigned paramount. Our animal—our carnivorous nature, returns; the fumes from the savory wands ascend to the brain, driving thence all thoughts of mortality or decay. A placid gladness steals over us—we eat, and are happy! "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason," &c.

WANDERING WILLIE,

or here awa, there awa.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS.

ARRANGED IN AN EASY STYLE BY THOMAS CARR.

LARGHETTO.

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Here a - wa, there a - wa, wan - der - ing Wil - lie,

Here a - wa, there a - wa, hand a - wa hame.

Come to my bo - som, my ain on - ly dea - - - rie,

Tell me thou bring't me my Willie the same.

II.

Winter winds blew loud, and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie, brought tears in my e'e,
 Welcome now, simmer, and welcome, my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

III.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Waken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

IV.

But oh! if he's faithless, and minds nae his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main,
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, d'jing, believe that my Willie's my ain.

SWEET EVENING.

SWEET EVENING! sweet evening!
 Beneath thy tranquil eye,
 On lonely sea-beach wandering,
 When all is silent nigh—
 How fond the memory ranges
 O'er joys long past and gone,
 And we sigh to think what changes
 Have left us all alone.

Sweet evening! sweet evening!
 Oh once there was a time
 I dreamt not of such sorrowing,
 Nor folly knew nor crime
 The hearts are cold that loved me then
 And long have ceased to love,
 And joys that gaily moved me then,
 Long, long have ceas'd to move.

Sweet evening! sweet evening!
 The spirit and the power
 Of grief however maddening,
 Are soften'd in this hour.
 There's in the deep declining
 Of day's all joyous glare,
 A sense of soft repining
 That soothes our own despair.

Sweet evening! sweet evening!
 Thy curtain closes fast,
 The shades of night are gathering,
 And day hath beam'd its last.
 Oh, when death shall stand before me
 In that hour none can miss,
 May the change that shall come o'er me
 Be as calm and sweet as this!

ST. REMO.

THE mid-watch is set;
 O'er the dark heaving billow
 Night's shadows have met,
 Then awake from thy pillow!
 Let the bell of St. Remo
 Give warmth to thy zeal,
 At the voice of thy patron
 Kneel, mariner, kneel!

From his shrine on the cliff,
 In thy joyance or cumber,
 He pilots thy skiff,
 Though its master may slumber!
 When like weeds o'er the waters
 Storm-drifted we reel,
 The dark cloud he scatters—
 Kneel, mariner, kneel!

Though the mast like an osier
 Be stript in the gale;
 One sign from his crossier
 Can rescue thy sail!
 Then to holy St. Remo,
 Who wakes for thy weal,
 And the sainted Madonna,
 Kneel, mariner, kneel!

From the welkin and wave,
 As we bow to his relic,
 From the mountain and cave,
 Hark! voices angelic:
 "In doubt and in danger
 To guard and to cheer,
 Thy star mid the darkness,
 St. Remo is near!"

THE CHURCH OF THE PETITS-PERES.

ONE summer's day, in 1812, I was crossing, with my husband, the Place des Victoires, adorned at that period with a colossal statue of Desaix. In spite of the defects of this work of art, we remained for some time, admiring the beauty of its expression, and its nobleness of attitude, which seemed so well to express these memorable words:—"Go and tell the First Consul that I die with regret at not having done sufficient for my country and for posterity."

The heat of the weather was excessive; and as we passed before a church situated between the Rue Notre-Dames-des-Victoires and the alley called the Passage des Petits-Peres, my husband proposed that we should enter the church to see some pictures painted by Bon of Boulogne, Carl Venloo, and other masters.

I had some curiosity to visit this church, as a place, where, according to Saint-Foix, some unfortunate monks formerly took refuge when driven by Margaret of Valois, the first wife of Henry IV, from the convent which she had herself built for them, at great expense, in the Faubourg of St. Germain. This princess who was good and pious, but rather eccentric, had induced the monks to come from Italy, for the purpose of singing to her the church service, on airs of her own choice, composed by her own musician. These poor men, who knew no kind of music but psalmody, and who perhaps found the French music much more barbarous than the "canto-fermo" of Italy, did not answer Margaret's expectations; she therefore soon quarrelled with them, and compelled them to seek another asylum.

In time, and after many vicissitudes, the good fathers joined some other monks of their order, and purchased a piece of land contiguous to the mall, for the purpose of building a house and chapel. One of their number, called Brother Fiacre, having foretold to Ann of Austria that she should bear a son, and the birth of Louis XIV having verified the prediction, this circumstance gave the *petits-peres*, or little fathers, as they were termed, great influence at Court. The Queen built them a church and convent. Louis XIII laid the first stone of the church, to which he gave the name of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, "in commemoration," says Dulaure, the learned historian of Paris, "of the fatal victories which he had gained over the Protestants."

It was two o'clock when we entered the church, which, at that hour of the day, was deserted. Beautifully ornamented, it had not that appearance of paltry economy, which, in these times, divests God's temples of all their majesty. The lofty chandeliers of vermeil, and the angels of gold on each side of the tabernacle and the altar, were not bedecked with those ridiculous costumes of stuffs and linens, which, while they bear witness to the poverty of our churches, and the want of religious zeal in those who frequent them, show likewise the necessity of carefully preserving things which could not be conveniently replaced.—This ever reminds me of certain provincial drawing-rooms, where the chairs, candelabras, and antiquated ornaments are always enveloped in coverings, except on days when there is company.

Far from offering the appearance of desolation which marks some of our churches of the present day, this elegant and well-lighted church had its grand altar, and its chapels adorned with natural flowers. Their perfume, mingled with that of the incense and the wax, spread through the atmosphere a sweet and mild fragrance, whose mysterious influence disposes the mind, more than is generally supposed, to religious

meditation. The choir contained lofty stalls of richly carved wood, of a dark colour, and round it were hung beautiful and valuable paintings. The better to examine these in their proper light, we entered at the door on the right leading to the sacristy, whence we penetrated into the sanctuary.

Whilst my husband, a great lover of art, and particularly of painting, was making me notice the effect of a picture representing, I believe, St. Augustine's Conversion, a slight noise behind me induced me to turn my head, and I beheld close to us a handsome old man, with silver locks, who seemed to be attentively examining us. He politely bowed; and, seeing that my husband's look was still fixed upon the picture, "May I ask, Sir, whether you are an artist?" said he, with that particular accent with which an amateur addresses one whom he supposes initiated like himself into the mysteries of art.

"Not quite, Sir," my husband replied; "but I am passionately fond of painting, and I seldom look upon its productions with indifference. I am now admiring a Carl Venloo, which displays a vigour of colouring and an effect not usual in the works of that master."

"Ah! Sir," replied the priest with a sigh—for this venerable personage was the Cure of the parish—"before the revolution, we possessed treasures much more valuable!—Besides the paintings before you this convent, of which I had then the honour to be prior, had many master-pieces of art. Our refectory was hung with the works of La Fosse and Rigaud; we had a splendid library, a cabinet of antiquities, a magnificent gallery of pictures, by the greatest masters, a Guercino, an Andrea del Sarte, Sir, and paintings by Valentin, Pannini, and Wouvermans.—But all was pillaged, sold, and dispersed.—Ah! Sir, the revolution did us a great deal of harm; and a long period must elapse before we can repair our losses."

The tone of voice with which this was uttered, evinced so much regret, and a feeling of such discouragement, that I felt considerable emotion.

"I presume, Sir," said I to him, with a view of turning his thoughts from unpleasant recollections,— "I presume, Sir, that you are an amateur of painting; and that you regret the treasures you speak of, rather as a painter than as the proprietor of them."

"You are right, lady," he replied, with a smile.— "I am fond of painting; and, I confess, that next to our holy religion, which teaches us how to bear up against misfortune, it is to the practice of that art that I owe the only pleasure of my life. I have been fortunate enough to collect some fine specimens of the old masters, which console me for the loss of the others; and as you are fond of art," he continued, "for he saw that we listened to him with interest, "you would, no doubt, like to see my collection. If, therefore, you are not alarmed at the idea of ascending to a garret, I should be delighted if you and your husband would honour my humble abode with a visit. I have some pictures of rare merit, and well worthy of your attention."

As the venerable Cure spoke, he led us gently from the choir. I assured him of the pleasure I should feel in being permitted to see his collection, adding that I was ready to ascend as high as he pleased, even unto heaven.

"Oh! not yet," he replied with a smile of benignant playfulness, "although, be assured, Madam, that it would be very agreeable for me to conduct you thither."

This compliment, which rather savoured of the man of the world, was uttered with so much simplicity of manner, that I could not take it amiss, and it seemed to me nothing more than the expression of a pious wish not at all unbecoming in a priest.

The Cure led the way through a small door, and we found ourselves in the cloisters of the old convent. After crossing several large halls, which still bore marks of devastation and pillage, we ascended from story to story, and wound our way through a labyrinth of tortuous and dreary passages, which sometimes seemed to lead us onward, at others to make us retrograde; as we proceeded, I expressed my surprise to the priest at the singular approaches to his dwelling. "Formerly," he replied, "my apartments were more splendid!—But since the revolution!—However I must not repine, for I consider myself still fortunate in being allowed to occupy a small place in this house, in which I spent my youth and the greatest part of my manhood.—Here I hope to end my days, a consolation of which I was deprived during several long years.—They have offered to make me a canon of St. Denis, but I have not the heart to quit this dove-cot in which I have found repose."

We reached the top of the building, and at the summit of the last staircase were the apartments of the good old man. He opened the door with eagerness, and ushered us into an ante-chamber where stretched canvas, easels, old pictures, and a strong smell of oil and varnish bore evidence of the taste and pursuits of its occupant. We next crossed five or six rooms all adorned with paintings or encumbered with objects of curiosity, such as pieces of carved furniture of singular form, ancient gildings of different kinds, and richly illuminated Missals and other old books of volume. The sight of these things impressed me with a higher notion of the owner's mania, as a collector than of his good taste; for I remarked that among the numerous pictures hung upon the walls, there were very few good ones. With all the minuteness of a true artist, the Cure pointed out to us the beauties of a Schalken, which was really fine. He had cleverly heightened the effect by means of a curtain of red silk; and a vivid ray of light was thrown directly upon the enlightened part of the picture, which represented a young girl bearing a torch. It was truly beautiful. We, likewise, saw a Holy Family by Guercino, and an exquisitely painted Madonna by Stella, which, perhaps, had belonged to the former gallery of the convent. But the Cure did not tell us how it came into his possession, although like all picture-fanciers, he loved to relate how he had obtained such and such pictures,—what others he had given in exchange for them,—and to dwell upon all those particulars, which are so interesting to collectors of works of art. When he came to what he considered the gem of his collection, after taking the usual precautions of cognoscenti, namely, closing one of the window-shutters, and giving a slight inclination to the picture which he placed upon an easel, he said, addressing particularly my husband, as he prepared to remove a curtain of green silk, with which this mysterious master-piece was covered,—

"Here is a gem, Sir; a real diamond, a treasure which the Musee-Napoleon would envy me, if its existence were suspected.—But I will never part with it. It is an invaluable work—it is the original of the *Madonna with lilies*, a Raphael in short."

So saying, with his face bent towards us, and his two hands upon the curtain, he suddenly removed it, and we beheld this splendid composition, in which the prince of painting has represented the Virgin Mary wearing an azure diadem, and in the act of raising a transparent veil which covers the sleeping Saviour.

My husband, to whom the works of the old masters were familiar, having examined the picture with atten-

tion, expressed some doubts of its originality,—that in the Musee-Napoleon having been always considered the original. The worthy man listened patiently to my husband's objections, which seemed rather to please him, because they would, he thought, render the evidence he had to produce more triumphant. As soon as my husband had concluded his account of the picture in the Museum which had been given by Raphael himself to Cardinal Adrien de Gouffier, the Pope's Legate in France, as an acknowledgment of the good offices which the latter had rendered him with Francis I, the Cure, without replying, suddenly turned the picture and made us examine the old wooden panel upon which it was painted. Here we saw some old impressions in red sealing wax, of Raphael's seal, some letters cut in the wood, and the date of 1519, which was the period of the Legate's journey to France.

It would be impossible to give an adequate description of the sparkling look of triumph and delight of the priest-artist, as he pointed out these proofs—incontrovertible in his estimation—of the authenticity of what he termed his treasure. "Well, what do you think now?" said he after a long pause, and with an air which meant, "can any proof be stronger than this!" It became us, therefore, to yield, or appear at least to yield to this evidence, which, however, did not seem to me quite conclusive.

"How is it then," said I, again looking at the picture, "that this work, which really seems to me to contain much of the delicacy of Raphael's pencil, is not only tarnished, but some of its colour rubbed off?"

"Ah! Madam," replied the worthy priest with a groan, "this is another of the effects of the revolution!—And it is a miracle that this picture, already put to an ignoble use, did not perish in the flames like a vile piece of firewood!—The manner in which I discovered and obtained it is singular." And he related the following anecdote.

During the reign of terror, the Cure, who had taken the name of Citizen Fontaine, lived in the Rue de Clery, where he said mass in private, and kept a boys' school, the profits of which enabled him to live in obscurity, without exposing himself to the persecution inflicted at that period upon disguised priests.—One evening he entered the shop of a brazier in the neighbourhood, to buy a small iron stove for his room. It was in the autumn, and the days were beginning to shorten.

Whilst he was driving his bargain with the brazier's wife, a squabbling of children, in a small room behind the shop, attracted his attention, and that of their mother, who ran into the room to silence them. Having distributed a few blows among the obstreperous urchins, she took from them a board, which was the object of their dispute. "This," said she "is always making you quarrel; you shall neither of you have it, for to-morrow it shall serve to light the fire."

The tears and lamentations of the children increased at this threat. "What ails the poor children?" asked the Cure.

"Why, Sir," replied the woman, "they have found in the lumber-room, a board upon which there is some painting, and they use it as a little bench to sit upon. Each of them wishes to have it, and it leads to eternal squabbles among them."

At the word painting the worthy priest pricked up his ears, took up the board in question, and looking at it by the light of the fire, perceived that it was a picture, but covered with dust and dirt. As the panel was of walnut wood, and thick and even, he thought it might do to paint upon, so he purchased it for three assignats of ten francs each, which consoled the children for the loss of their bench.

On his return home, he began carefully to clean his

purchase, and was almost beside himself with joy, as he informed us, when he beheld the graceful features of the Madonna, and discovered on the other side of the panel, authentic evidence, that chance, or rather that Divine Providence, had thrown in his way one of the most perfect of Raphael's productions.

"Thus it was," said the Cure in conclusion, his countenance beaming with delight, "that I saved this wonderful work of art from destruction. And in like manner has my taste for painting often led me to discover upon the bridges and quays, valuable works which otherwise would have been lost, and to which I have been able to give house-room. And do you not think," added he, looking around with complacency, "that they are well placed here?"

I never felt so strongly the power of the fine arts, as when I contemplated the radiant countenance of the enthusiastic Cure whilst he gave us the above account. Formerly at the head of a convent celebrated for the life of ease and luxury of its inmates—exiled during many a long year of trouble, from the house in which he once commanded, and where his life had sped calmly on betwixt the easy duties of his office and the sweets of study—this excellent old man was now happy in a garret, surrounded by objects of the art he loved, and which he had rescued from the depredations of ignorance, and of something still more fatal!

Calling to mind that, in the church, the Cure had insinuated that he was himself an artist, I looked among all the pictures, great and small, to see if I could discover any production of his pencil, but finding nothing that I could reasonably attribute to him, I asked to see some of his own works.

"Oh!" said he, with an air of modesty certainly not assumed, "you may readily imagine, Madam, that I take good care not to exhibit my own trash among the chiefs-d'œuvre which surround us. I love to paint, it is true; but I am only a poor amateur, and my efforts in the art are limited to the mere copying of a few heads."

We pressed him to show us some of these copies, and the obliging old man with evident reluctance, opened the door of a small room, which he called his studio. Upon an easel was the head of a Madonna, not yet finished. The worthy Cure was right; his talents were indeed only those of an amateur;—he was, however, not devoid of taste; the drawing was good, but the colouring very imperfect.

We had already spent an hour in this humble museum, and notwithstanding the entertainment I derived from the observations and anecdotes of the Cure, I was fearful, not only of putting his kindness and extreme complaisance to too severe a test, but, besides, of occupying too great a portion of his time; and I was preparing to take leave of him, when he said, with some appearance of hesitation, "I have still something to show you, but."—Here he stopped, and seemed as if he wished to conciliate two opposite sentiments. I thought, at first, that the struggle lay between the wish to retain us a little longer, and the fear of fatiguing us, and I hastened to assure him that he had made us spend our time too pleasantly not to desire a prolongation of our visit, if he did not consider us importunate. Whilst I was expressing this as well as I was able, the old man eyed me with an expression I could not define;—then his look, directed towards my husband, conveyed a kind of indecision.—At length he took the latter on one side and whispered something to him.

"No, certainly," said my husband, in his usual tone of voice. The Cure again whispered, and my husband replied, "Oh! she has a great deal of courage." Then turning to me, "My dear," said he, "our new friend is going to show us something hideous, and he inquired with paternal kindness, if you were in a state

to bear the sight—I have made him easy on this score, and have assured him that your courage is equalled only by your curiosity."

"I am a woman," I replied laughing and addressing the Cure; "which means, my dear Sir, that I should be glad to gratify the peculiar failing of my sex—that of curiosity."

"Such being the case, my dear Madam," said the Cure, "your wish shall be gratified; and as you love not only to see pictures but to hear the stories connected with them, I will relate a singular one to which this fine picture refers. But sit down, for my recital will be a long one."

I obeyed;—this preamble had excited my curiosity in the highest degree.

Meantime, the Cure placed at a proper distance, just opposite to us, two large boxes, such as are used to inclose and preserve valuable pictures. Having opened them, we beheld two beautiful half-length portraits, large as life.

One represented a handsome young man, with a very agreeable expression of countenance. His brown hair fell in graceful ringlets over his noble forehead. He wore a rich doublet of velvet and satin, covered with pearls and gold embroidery. Upon his broad chest was the large collar of the Golden Fleece, and a diamond clasp fastened over his shoulders the short Spanish cloak which was a necessary part of a gentleman's dress in the sixteenth century. A coronet of rubies surrounded his cap, adorned with a white feather, and which was placed on a table near him.—His air was at the same time mild and imposing; his countenance beamed with dignity and happiness. He seemed like a young monarch who had just taken possession of the throne of his ancestors.

The other portrait was that of a young female, fair and delicate. Her hair was light auburn; her blue eyes denoted deep affection, mildness, and melancholy. Her mouth was small, round, and smiling; but there was sadness mixed up with the gracefulness of that smile, and a slight inclination of the head, which imparted to the whole figure something infinitely affecting and amiable. On her person, the rich and stiff dress worn by the house of Medicis seemed graceful, and not out of keeping with the elastic form of youth. There was a profusion of pearls, rubies, and gold upon her corsage and sleeves; but her beautiful hair was ornamented with natural roses. Other flowers intermingled with chains of gold and precious gems, lay upon a table near her, surmounted with a magnificent looking-glass,—which indicated that she had just completed her toilet; and it might be inferred from the tender expression of her eyes, that she had been adorning her person to please some beloved object.

Whilst I was tracing a connexion between the portraits of this charming couple, my husband, with the eye of one who took more interest in the painting than in the subject, was closely examining the pictures, and exclaiming, "These belong to the school of Titian—perhaps the productions of Pordenone or of Tintoretto!" The Cure, who seemed to enjoy our surprise and admiration, began, in the following terms, the recital which he had promised. I do not vouch for its historical accuracy; I only relate it, as nearly as possible in the Cure's own words.

When the Emperor Charles V was only an archduke, he, in a journey of pleasure to Italy, fell in love with a beautiful lady of that country, whose name, like that of most of his other mistresses, has not transpired. All that is known concerning her, is that she was of noble descent, and that, had she given birth to a son, the Prince would have acknowledged him; she died, however, leaving only a daughter, whom Charles loved most tenderly, and had carefully educated.

At fifteen, this daughter appeared at the Court of Charles Sforza, whom Charles, then Emperor had re-established in the duchy of Milan. Here, her beauty and accomplishments attracted a host of admirers, and among them a young man of the house of Medicis, handsome and amiable, but without fortune.—His family having been driven by factions from Florence, he had entered the service of the Emperor. Although his humble fortune allowed him not to aspire to the hand of so distinguished a lady as the Emperor's daughter, he could not refrain from paying her attentive homage, for which the numerous fetes afforded abundant opportunities. The lady, on her side, felt a reciprocal passion; but though she knew the secret of his birth, she dared not encourage the love she had inspired. She therefore, by a mixture of reserve and affability, endeavoured to reconcile her secret feelings with what was due to her rank.

At this period, Italy was devastated by war.—Rome had just been sacked by the troops of the Emperor, who was irritated at the league which the Pope had formed against him, in conjunction with France, England, and the Princes of Italy, to expel him from the latter country. The youthful Medicis, forced to follow the fortunes of his relative Clement VII, took leave of her who was so dear to him, left Milan in a state bordering on despair, and joined the Pope, then a prisoner in the Castle of St Angelo. To the disgrace of the Christian world, the captivity of the head of the church lasted upwards of six months.—At length, to obtain freedom and peace, Clement accepted the conditions imposed by Charles, and deputed his relative to bear his submission to the Emperor.—Two years after, the young Medicis was appointed plenipotentiary to treat with the Emperor on the subject of the alliance which Clement was about to form with him, and to obtain better conditions for the Roman States in the general peace.

The youthful ambassador proceeded to Barcelona, whither the Emperor had brought his daughter. Here the lovers met for the first time after their long separation, during which they had remained faithful to each other. The lady now found means so to dispose the heart of her illustrious parent, that, either from extreme love for his daughter, or from some political motives which have never transpired, Charles consented to their union. He immediately conferred upon the husband the title of Duke, and restored to him the inheritance of his ancestors, by placing him at the head of the government of Florence.

So great and unexpected a happiness was too much for this amiable pair, whose portraits are before you. They tasted of its sweets without seeming to believe in their reality. Their bliss was beyond their powers of enjoyment—and an unaccountable heaviness of heart seemed to prognosticate that it could not last. This is a striking illustration of the false happiness of this world, and of the folly of human desires.—When we fancy that such or such a combination of events will afford us perfect felicity, we find, on the realization of our wishes, that our souls want energy to bear the bliss it produces;—and this proves that we require other than terrestrial organs to enjoy that which belongs but to Eternity!

The cares of government kept the Duke several hours every day from the presence of his bride, and the latter, during her husband's absence, was overwhelmed with the most distressing forebodings. She was as much afflicted at this daily separation as if it were a real misfortune. Ever anxious, always in a state of excitement, the least noise threw her into an agony of fear. As the hostile party in the state had evinced great repugnance to receive the Pope's nephew as their master, the young Duchess constantly imagined that the poniard of one of the factious was about to be plunged into the Duke's bosom; and

so powerfully was her mind wrought upon by this idea, that she was often observed to start, scream, or groan, according as her imagination conjured up some dreadful picture of assassination.

One day a great noise was heard in the streets, and the unhappy Duchess fancied she distinguished the cries of "Carne! carne! Sanguè! sanguè!" which commonly accompanied popular insurrections in Italy. Wild with horror and alarm, and struck with the idea that her husband had fallen under the murderer's knife, she endeavoured to rush towards the door, but fell senseless into the arms of her attendants.

The circumstance was immediately made known to the Duke, who was just leaving the council. Profoundly affected by such a proof of her love, but deploring its fatal effects, he hastened home. On entering her room, he found the women in tears, the physicians of the palace in mute consternation, and his lovely wife upon the bed, pale, motionless, and to all appearance dead. In reply to the inquiring glance which he cast around him, there was only a more violent paroxysm of tears on the part of the female attendants. He approached the bed, touched the white hands, and kissed the cold cheek of her he adored, called her by the tenderest and most touching names—but she remained insensible to his caresses. Her lips were cold, her bosom motionless, and her heart had ceased to palpitate. The Duke uttered a fearful cry of despair, and fell fainting upon the body of his wife. For a long time, every attempt to restore them to life, was of no avail. On a sudden, one of the Duchess's women thought of an expedient, which was to call with a loud voice close to the ear of her mistress—"Madam, Madam, come to the assistance of his Highness the Duke! He is dying, madam! The Duke is dying!"

These terrible words were successful. The Duchess awoke from the lethargic convulsion which had held her faculties suspended; she opened her eyes, the blood again coloured her cheeks, and her senses returned. She rose from the bed, and with unsteady footsteps approached the Duke, who was just then beginning to recover. Her voice and her caresses soon restored him to life. Joy spread through the palace; but that which the lovers themselves experienced was too pure to be manifested by noisy demonstrations.—Both arose, and circling each other in their arms, descended to the chapel to thank Providence for their miraculous restoration to life. This event, however, by rendering them still dearer to each other, only increased the melancholy disposition of their minds.—Both had a presentiment that they should not live long; and one morning the Duchess spoke thus to her husband:

"Do you not think, dearest husband, that we had better settle our affairs, and prepare in a Christian-like manner, to meet that death which is certainly not far off! My happiness is so complete and so intense that I shall always fear to lose it, until we have carried it to the sanctuary of another world. Let us dispose of our property in favour of the poor, place the government of your dominions in the hands of the elders of the republic, and then, free from anxiety live solely for each other, until it shall please God to call us to him. And if, in his goodness, that be soon, so much the better, my own love, for we are too happy to remain upon earth! Bliss like ours belongs only to Heaven. But that our short lives may not pass without teaching a useful moral to the world, let us leave a great example of the vanity of that which is commonly called happiness. Let us shew to what extent the desires of man, when gratified in this world, render him miserable, since we, who are young, handsome, rich, powerful, loving, and beloved, find not these blessings sufficient to prevent us from desiring death! Let us send for some skilful painter, who shall repre-

sent us in this our day of beauty, surrounded with all the splendour of our rank. Let a hundred thousand crowns be the price of these portraits, on condition that the same painter shall make two other portraits of us six weeks after our death, and faithfully depict us such as we shall then be. Do you consent to this, dearest love?"

The Duke, acted upon by a like melancholy imagination, raised no objection to her singular proposal, which was in accordance with the exaggerated feelings of that age. They sought a painter of sufficient courage and ability to execute the intentions of the Duchess, and the choice fell upon Robusti, surnamed Tintoretto. This celebrated artist accepted the strange commission, and swore upon the Holy Evangelists to fulfil both the first and the last part of it.

The lovely Duchess who, since she had formed her determination, had renounced the splendour of rich attire, once again resumed her bridal robes. She adorned her person with gold and jewels and flowers; she insisted that her husband should also wear all the insignia of his rank and honour. Tintoretto painted them both as you here see them.

Scarcely were the portraits finished, and the preliminary measures taken for the new life the Duke and Duchess intended to lead, than the health of the latter, already feeble, suddenly declined, and her husband feared that her sad anticipations would soon be realized. And in truth, whether it were the result of an organic disease, or the consequences of an excited and overwrought mind, the Duchess died almost suddenly.

Some moments before her death, unable to speak, she fixed a long and tender look upon her husband, extended her trembling hand towards him—and her fingers, already chilled by the approach of death, seemed to make him a mysterious sign.

The Duke was inconsolable. He survived his wife only long enough to pay the last duties to her remains, and take measures for the execution of her dying wishes. He sent for the painter, and made him renew his promise, which Tintoretto religiously fulfilled.—

As the Cure uttered these last words with a penetrating though almost stifled voice, he turned the pictures. Good God, what a sight!—The young Duke and his lovely wife—were two corpses! Those brilliant eyes, so full of joy, of love, of life—were now glazed, sunk and disgusting!—That beautiful nose was destroyed—the naked bony prominence was all that remained!—That mouth without lips and those pearly teeth, grinned hideously!—Those long tresses were falling from the scull, dragging with them the withered roses and the pearls which so lately adorned them!—That beautiful throat, and that neck so graceful, so white, and of such exquisite form—was now a mass of blue flesh in the last stage of decomposition—the earth-worm was crawling from it!—And that looking-glass which reflected in its tints still more livid, more frightful, and more revolting, this dreadful vision—it was death, the whole of death, and more than death!—"Oh! enough! enough! close the box!" "Sic transit gloria mundi," cried the priest, in a severe tone of voice.

LINES

Written on the Banks of Loch Eck, Argyleshire.

BY WILLIAM BENNET.

How tranquilly before me lie
These mountain waters dark and deep,
That o'er the blue inverted sky
With lulling murmurs seem to weep!
How downward points the shadowed steep
Of each rude hill, to where the sun
Gleams through the clouds that o'er him sweep,
And with their mimic gold and dun
Spangle the imaged heaven through which he journeys on!

Lake, that with ripple soft as now
Hast ever laved thy margin green,
And mirrored thus the mountain's brow,
The rock, the tree, the sky serene,—
How many, 'mid this Alpine scene,
Upon thy brink have paused like me,
And with thy charms enraptured been!—
And here, how many yet shall be
Fond wanderers by thy brink, and steep hills wild
and free!

How sweetly, on each verdant spot
O'erhung with rocks and heathbells wild,
From still seclusion peeps the cot
Of simple Gael, lone Nature's child!
How oft upon him there have smiled
The first fresh tints of dawning Morn,
As o'er those hills, so rudely piled,
Her radiant car aloft was borne,
And waked each warbler's voice on birch and waving
thorn!

Loch Eck, how stern thy circling hills,
And yet how mild thy sleep below!
The gushing of a thousand rills
Moves not thy breast with ebb or flow;
But, like a saint who ne'er can know
Again his cares and troubles past,
Of that calm heaven thou wear'st the glów
To which thy smiling looks are cast.—
Wild mountain-lake, adieu!—this witchery may not last!

From Friendship's Offering.

COURTSHIP.

"Oh Laura! will nothing I bring thee
E'er soften those looks of disdain?
Are the songs of affection I sing thee
All doomed to be sung thee in vain?
I offer thee, fairest and dearest,
A treasure the richest I'm worth;
I offer thee love, the sincerest,
The warmest e'er glowed upon earth!"

But the maiden, a haughty look flinging,
Said, "Cease my compassion to move;
For I'm not very partial to singing;
And they're poor whose sole treasure is love!"

"My name will be sounded in story;
I offer thee, dearest, my name:
I have fought in the proud field of glory!
Oh Laura, come share in my fame!
I bring thee a soul that adores thee,
And loves thee wherever thou art,
Which thrills as its tribute it pours thee
Of tenderness fresh from the heart."

But the maiden said, "Cease to importune;
Give Cupid the use of his wings;
Ah, Fame's but a pitiful fortune—
And hearts are such valueless things!"

"Oh Laura, forgive, if I've spoken
Too boldly!—may turn not away,—
For my heart with affliction is broken:
My uncle died only to-day!
My uncle, the nabob,—who tended
My youth with affection and care,
My menhood who kindly befriended,—
Has—died—and—has—left me—his—heir!"

And the maiden said, "Weep not, sincerest!
My heart has been your's all along:
Oh! hearts are of treasures the dearest—
Do, Edward, go on with your song!"

THE MOON.

DEAR object! ever old, yet ever new;
 DEAR object! ever new, yet ever old;
 Why do I love thee with a faith so true,
 Though thou art changeable, far off, and cold?

Is 't that thou'rt like the sex I love so well?—
 For ever varying—never still the same;
 Now full of light, as if but bliss could dwell
 Within a breast of soft reflecting flame—

Now sharp and pointed, like a little shrew,
 Eager to cut, or hang upon a horn;—
 Woman has learnt, O Lady Moon! from you
 To look so beautiful e'en 'mid pet and scorn.

Now naught but cloud and storm are to be seen,
 And all to rack is driv'n—hopes into fears;
 And now, with temper calmed and face serene,
 Thou smil'st us into happiness through tears.

And on the cloud, the storm, the tears are gone—
 'Tis joys and rapture beaming fill our sky:
 We feel we would but live for this alone:
 We feel for this alone that we would die.

DEAR object! ever old, yet ever new;
 DEAR object! ever new, yet ever old;
 Is 't strange I love thee with a faith so true,
 When old, or new, or dark, bright, warm, or cold?

I AM WEARY.

I AM weary—I am weary,
 My heart is dull and cold,
 And nothing looks so beautiful
 As in the days of old.

I used to love the birds, the flowers,
 The silvery stream, the air,
 Which, murmur'ing through the leafy trees,
 Made gentle music there.

I used to love the shining stars,
 And think were I to die,
 To which of those bright worlds above
 Would my freed spirit fly?

The bird's song—is it now less sweet?
 Less pure the blessed air?
 Less brightly shine the stars above?
 Or are the flowers less fair?

No; changeless all;—but *then* bright Hope
 Illumed my onward way—
 Too beautiful to last, its light
 But dazzled to betray.

I am weary—I am weary,
 And now within my breast
 There dwells but *one*—*one* only wish—
 It is to be at rest.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

It was one of the weaknesses of Madame De Stael's mind to wish for the distinction of beauty. She had the folly to say "she would give half her intellectual capacity for the power of *interesting*." In quest of a compliment, she once tried, when in company with Talleyrand and a lady of great beauty, to make him show a preference. But in vain she put such questions as she thought inevitable; he parried all. At last she said, "Now if both of us were drowning, which would you try to save?" "O Madame!" he replied, bowing to her, "you swim so well."

Shame sticks ever close to the ribs of honour,
 Great men are never found after it:
 It leaves some ach or other in their names still,
 Which their posterity feels at ev'ry weather.

There are 7,700 veins in an inch of coloured mother of pearl. Iris ornaments of all colours are made by lines of steel from the 200th to 1,000th part of an inch.

Seest thou not that the angry man loseth his understanding? whilst thou art in thy senses, let the madness of another be a lesson to thyself.

Do nothing in thy passion: why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it; avoid therefore all occasions of falling into wrath, or guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches; but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

Harbour not revenge in thy breast; it will torment thy heart, and disorder its best inclinations.

A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast on the fire, abateth his heat; and from an enemy he shall become thy friend. Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be wroth.

Self-respect only can insure social respect. Who that diaregards his own dignity shall presume to call on others to do homage to it? Respect, like charity, must begin at home.

Youth and ignorance are bold; age and experience, timid; a pity they should always be paired, they are so badly matched.

All travellers pay the fair sex the compliment of having the most humanity; and they return it, by allowing ours the most chivalry.

All great men are ambitious; but all ambitious men are not great.

The hypocrite is hated above all men. He hides his faults and deeds under the fairest colour, and does mischief where others durst not think of it. Dr. Clarke observed a Russian in the cathedral at Moscow while at his devotions, earnestly crossing himself with his right hand, and employed in picking the pockets of another man with his left.

A poet that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine, makes at length excellent vinegar.

The propensity of rich and worthless people, to appear with splendour upon all occasions, puts me in mind of the country shopkeeper, who gilds his boxes, in order to be the receptacle of pitch or tobacco.

He that professes the boasted excellence of ancient times, to the endearments and embellishments of modern life, may be charged with the depraved taste of the Hottentot, who on his return to his native country, shook off the European dress, nauseated European food, and indulged in all the excesses of his country.

The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in every thing, and part with nothing.

A ship is not so long a rigging, as a young girl is in trimming herself against the arrival of a sweetheart. No painter's shop, no flower meadow, no graceful aspect in the storehouse of nature, is comparable to a *noviſſeta*, or Venetian virgin, who is dressing for a husband.

The malecontent is neither well, full nor fasting, and though he abound with complaints yet nothing dislikes him but the present; for what he condemned while it was, once passed, he magnifies and strives to recall it out of the jaws of time. What he hath he seeth not, his eyes are so taken up with what he wants; and what he sees, he careth not for, because he cares so much for that which is not.

There is not so variable a thing in nature, as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory, I have known it rise and fall within thirty degrees.

Perpetual aiming at wit, is a very bad part of conversation. It is done to support a character; it generally fails; it is a sort of insult on the company, and a constraint upon the speaker.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

Love is the epitome of our whole duty; and all the endearments of society, so long as they are lawful and honest, are not only consistent with, but parts and expressions of it.

The greatest pleasure of life, is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, is sleep; and the greatest medicine, a true friend.

In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

He that can please nobody, is not so much to be pitied, as he that nobody can please.

Applause is the spurn of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

Love, like the cold bath, is never negative, it seldom leaves us where it finds us; if once we plunge into it, it will either heighten our virtues, or inflame our vices.

Never join with your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold, and the other buried.

It is safer to be attacked by some men, than to be protected by them.

To hear the discourse of wise men delights us, and their company inspires us with noble and generous contemplations.

Avarice is a uniform and tractable vice; other intellectual distempers are different in different constitutions of mind. That which soothes the pride of one, will offend the pride of another; but to the favour of the covetous bring money and nothing is denied.

Let not the grandeur of any man's station, render him proud and wilful; but let him remember, when he is surrounded with a crowd of suppliants, death shall level him with the meanest of mankind.

He who commands himself, commands the world too; and the more authority you have over others, the more command you must have over yourself.

Passion is a sort of fever in the mind, which always leaves us weaker than it found us.

RECIPES.

ORANGE PUDDING.

- One large orange, of a deep colour, and smooth thin rind.
- One lime.
- A quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar.
- A quarter of a pound of fresh butter.
- Three eggs.
- A table-spoonful of mixed wine and brandy.
- A tea-spoonful of rose-water.

Grate the yellow rind of the orange and lime, and squeeze the juice into a saucer or soup-plate, taking out all the seeds.

Stir the butter and sugar to a cream.

Beat the eggs as light as possible, and then stir them by degrees into the pan of butter and sugar. Add, gradually, the liquor and rose-water, and then by degrees, the orange and lime. Stir all well together.

Have ready a sheet of puff-paste made of five ounces of sifted flour, and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Lay the paste in a buttered soup-plate. Trim and notch the edges, and then put in the mixture. Bake it about half an hour, in a moderate oven. Grate loaf-sugar over it before you send it to table.

PLUM PUDDING.

- One pound of raisins, stoned and cut in half.
- One pound of currants picked, washed, and dried.
- One pound of beef suet chopped fine.
- One pound of grated stale bread, or, half a pound of flour and half a pound of bread.
- Eight eggs.
- A quarter of a pound of sugar.
- A gill of brandy.
- A pint of milk.
- A glass of wine.
- Two nutmegs, grated.
- A table-spoonful of mixed cinnamon and mace.
- A salt-spoonful of salt.

You must prepare all your ingredients the day before (except beating the eggs) that in the morning you may have nothing to do but to mix them, as the pudding will require six hours to boil.

Beat the eggs very light, then put to them half the milk and beat both together. Stir in gradually the flour and grated bread. Next add the sugar by degrees. Then the suet and fruit alternately. The fruit must be well sprinkled with flour, lest it sink to the bottom. Stir very hard. Then add the spice and liquor, and lastly the remainder of the milk. Stir the whole mixture very well together. If it is not thick enough, add a little more grated bread or flour. If there is too much bread or flour, the pudding will be hard and heavy.

Dip your pudding-cloth in boiling water, shake it out and sprinkle it slightly with flour. Lay it in a pan and pour the mixture into the cloth. Tie it up carefully, allowing room for the pudding to swell.

Boil it six hours, and turn it carefully out of the cloth.

Before you send it to table, have ready some blanched sweet almonds cut in slips, or some slips of citron, or both. Stick them all over the outside of the pudding.

Eat it with wine, or with a sauce made of drawn butter, wine, and nutmeg.

The pudding will be improved if you add to the other ingredients, the grated rind of a large lemon or orange.



Jackson, Pinx^t

Wm. & Alden Sc

ISADORE.

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ISADORE; OR, THE GIPSEY GIRL OF THE PYRENEES.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

At the foot of the Nemorosa, a spur of the Montes Morena that stretch across the southern part of Spain, lived Don Sebastian Ararzo de Arica. He was a gentleman of opulence and erudition; and divided his time between literary pursuits and social pleasure, agreeably blending the *utile* with the *dulce*. Although his style possessed neither the playfulness of Villejas, nor the chasteness of Grenada, he was favourably known as the author of two or three romances, and some ballads; and shone among the second-rate writers of his native town as "the moon among the lesser stars."

His mansion, from its sylvan seclusion and the inspiring scenery around, was peculiarly adapted to study;—above it, the cloud-robed mountain—before it, a shelving vale, with the grassy waves of the Alto journeying to pay its silver tribute to the great Guadaluquivir; while the city of Alcala, with its white walls and golden spires, appeared upon the deep blue of the horizon, gleaming in the sun-light like a palace of enchantment. It was truly a spot whence,

Elevando a las cumbres eminentes,
Tu desde alli con delicioso arrobo
Un compendio veras de los portentos,
Que subministra el espacioso globo
Al influxo de acordes elementos.

Its beautiful location, and its vicinity to Alcala, rendered it the favorite resort of the *literati* and *fashionables* of that place. But it was not only in the intelligence of its literary *coteries*, and the brilliance of its fashionable *soirées*, that it took precedence of the other estates in the neighborhood—but also in alms-deeds; for it was the continual resort of the poor as well as the rich. The benevolence of Donna Julia was ever exerted in favor of the unfortunate—her purse ever open to the hand of penury. Her husband was proud and haughty in his manners, and often opposed to the charities of his wife; though less on account of the tax they were to him, than the trouble which the frequent and often vexatious importunities of solicitors occasioned.

The gloomy shades of an evening in March had begun to thicken into night;—dark clouds came down from the mountain, like spirits of the storm;—the sturdy oak bowed—the solid battlement shook beneath the wintry blast;—down came the tempest: hail, snow, and rain in torrents, with the roar of warring elements; while, at intervals, a stream of lightning shot across the heavens, followed by the loud detonation of the thunder. Don Sebastian had committed his *portfeuille* to the *escritoire*, and was indulging himself in the refined converse of his wife, and the playful caresses of his daughter. As the rain and

hail pattered against the windows, and the wind howled with unabated violence, a light and tremulous rap was heard at the door.

"In the name of Heaven!" exclaimed Donna Julia, "who calls in a storm like this?"

"Some of your friends, unquestionably," said Don Sebastian; "I am sure it is not one of mine. You see how much more courtlike interest is than friendship. It pays its respects in all seasons."

"Or rather," returned Donna Julia, "you see how much more urgent necessity is than pleasure; your friends, in consulting their pleasure, consult also their time. Poverty and distress are compelled, without regard to time or circumstance."

While this conversation passed, the servant had opened the hall door, and a child entered, habited in an old black cloak, with a ragged hood drawn over her head, through the tatters of which peered her jet black hair. She was covered with sleet and snow; and her teeth were clattering together with the cold. Hearing the voice of a child, Don Sebastian advanced and beckoned the little sufferer into the hall. She was benumbed with cold, and could articulate with difficulty,

"For the love of God! shelter for mother and myself!"

"And who is your mother, little woman?" said Don Sebastian, his heart touched with pity.

"The Gipsy Leontine," she returned.

"Your mother a gipsy!—out with you. No shelter for gipseys! Out! begone!"

In fact, such is the general turpitude of these wanderers of earth, that they are with propriety excluded from every house.

"Mercy—pity, for the love of Jesus!" said the girl, as she knelt before him. "Shelter my mother from the storm, if not me—she is dying. Pity my dear mother!—save her from death!" and she sobbed aloud.

Donna Julia joined her entreaties to those of the child; and Adelaida, taking hold of her father's hand, begged that she might give the little girl part of her bed. Don Sebastian revoked his command, and the young gipsy was conducted into the parlor. When the heavy cloak had been removed, and the light fell upon her face, never did a child present a more remarkable appearance. Her features were perfectly regular, and singularly beautiful. Her brown cheek was rich as a cleft pomegranate, and finely contrasted with the long, dark tresses that hung around it in natural curls, gemmed with frozen rain drops, flashing like diamonds. Her eyes were black, and their light fell upon the beholder with a wild beauty of expression that made the loom thrill. In her air—her gait—she looked a mountain dryad in all the untutored grace of sylvan majesty.

Donna Julia was deeply interested in the little stranger; Don Sebastian was electrified. While she beheld with the eye of pity and charity, the swollen ankles and lacerated, bloody feet of the houseless wanderer, and administered cordials to recover her from the effects of the cold, thanking the Virgin for the happiness of having thrown in her way so fit a subject for charity,—he, with the eye and enthusiasm of a poet, steadily regarded the being before him: her eye, her shape, and the soul breathing from her countenance; and contemplated a splendid embellishment for a romance, or the burthen of a ballad; and expressed his gratitude to the Virgin for presenting him with a character original beyond the power of imagination to conceive. As Donna Julia was employed in applying fomentations to the bruised feet of the unfortunate child, little Adelaida approached her timidly, and poured into her lap all her macaroni, which the gipsy commenced devouring with an appetite that proved her to have been long fasting.

The entrance of old Ferdinando, the faithful almoner of Donna Julia's bounty, interrupted the kind offices of Donna Julia, and the poetizing reverie of her husband, as the gipsy insisted on accompanying the servant to the spot where she had left her mother. In vain did they urge the darkness and horror of the night, and the certainty of Ferdinando's being able to find her. "She was recovered now from the cold, and must go to her mother, and assist in bringing her." Assisted by a torch-light, Ferdinando and the child continued their way towards the spot; and, after a long search, found the tree beneath which her mother was lying.

Nothing could be more touching than the sight which presented itself: an aged woman, clothed in rags, sick, and, to all appearance, dying—exposed to the wild horrors of a tempestuous night. As the light fell upon her features, sallow even to greenness, they had more the appearance of a putrefying corpse, than a thing of life. She slept soundly, notwithstanding the roar of the storm, and the heavy crash of boughs above her head; it was, however, less sleep than torpid insensibility—the effect of numbness and the cold. The child knelt by her side, and kissing her icy cheek with the utmost affection, called, "Mother! Mother!" The heavy breathing of the sleeper was unaltered. She called again, louder, "Mother! awake!" Her slumber continued. She shook her—but the limbs seemed passive, and exhibited no returning animation. A loud shriek from the distracted girl, like a sibilante pierced the brain of Ferdinando. It roused the sleeping woman; she opened her eyes, fixed them upon her daughter, and faintly uttered, "Oh! Isadore, is it you? Why did you wake me, I was in such a sweet sleep!" and she appeared relapsing into slumber. Isadore again called her, and she raised herself up, but sank back again on the ground through weakness. Isadore then administered a cordial to her, and raising her up, enabled her, with the assistance of Ferdinando's arm, to reach the mansion.

Leontine was put into a warm bed, and had all the attention which benignity could suggest, and opulence procure; but, notwithstanding every effort was made to restore her to health, she appeared to be sinking under the ravages of a rapid decline, which the physician assured them would carry her off in a short time. Although not more than forty, her pale cheek seemed ploughed with the furrows of eighty years. Want—fatigue—exposure—had all marred her features; and upon her corrugated and scowling brow, sorrow and guilt had set their seal. As she lay upon her pallet, acute pain sometimes shot through her chest; then her mouth was drawn convulsively—her face horribly distorted, and the eyes seemed starting from their sockets, in the wild glare of a demon. The presence of her benefactress, however, never failed to soften into a smile her forbidding features, which soon

relapsed in the same ruggedness of aspect, o'er which gloomy thoughts seemed hovering like clouds of darkness. Her language, which was the purest Castilian, and the easiness of her manners, gave evidence that she had been familiar with the scenes of polished life; and the perpetual gloom of her countenance, and the wildness of her expressions in moments of delirium, encouraged the idea that she had been familiar with scenes of horror—perhaps of blood.

Her uneasiness—her sighs—her ejaculations of "Mercy! Mercy! Jesus!"—discovered a deepness of remorse which nothing short of crimes of the darkest stain could excite. Often had Donna Julia hinted the subject of confession to her; but she always took occasion to avoid it, which the more confirmed her in the opinion that Leontine's life had been one of guilt.

One morning, she entered and found her invalid much worse. It was with difficulty she extended her hand to her benefactress; her voice rose scarcely above a whisper, and its low sepulchral tones were inarticulate and scarcely audible; her cheek was pale—livid; the lower jaw hung down from its fellow, giving to the mouth a corpse-like appearance; and the eye, o'er whose disk the clouds of death were floating, was shorn of its radiance—a dim planet, whose sun was expiring.

"Leontine!" said Donna Julia, "Leontine! It is proper to inform you, you are ill—very ill. Have you no wish to seek the comforts which the church holds out, and prepare for death?"

The dying woman made no reply, but uttered a groan so hopeless—so full of despair, that a chill ran through every one present.

"Leontine, does any thing lie heavy at your heart? Make known your sorrows and your sins;—God has left in the church his sacraments for the guilty. Confess to the minister of his mercy, and be fitted for Heaven, for you are dying."

"Great God! dying!" exclaimed she, echoing the words. "Dying!" she repeated with a louder voice; "dying!—covered with guilt, perfidy and blood!" A host of ideas appeared to crowd upon her mind, from which the soul shrunk back aghast, and beneath the weight of which her overpowered reason reeled, and she fell into a fit. A wild horror spread itself over her features; her eyes became lambent with flame; her cheeks flushed with an unnatural redness, like the glowing of heated steel; her pale, livid lips were covered with foam; and she gnashed her teeth with a violence sufficient to grind them to atoms.

Before, she was scarcely able to move a limb, or speak above a whisper; but now, every energy stimulated by delirium, she started and sat upright in bed, and striking her hands violently before her eyes, as if to keep something away, shrieked in a voice alike appalling for its shrillness and horror—"There he comes! Look! 'Tis he! Murder! Murder! His face is flame! Keep him off!"

Isadore folded her hands, and falling on her knees by the bed of her mother, alternately wept and prayed. Father Zaranga, whom Donna Julia had sent for, sprinkled the room with holy water, and knelt down; and the low, sweet tone of his aspirations arose amid the mad ravings of the gipsy, like the still, small voice of Deity amidst the dissolution of elements. As he continued praying, her voice gradually became weaker, and she sank back upon her bed, and closing her eyes, appeared to be relapsing into slumber.

As she lay dozing, the shutter was opened to admit a little air into the room, and the evening sun streamed through the window. "How beautiful! how glorious!" she exclaimed, opening her eyes. "What a glorious sight! Take me—oh, take me," she continued, in a supplicating tone, "and lay me under the trees;" and she pointed to the *arboleda*, which she saw through the windows that extended down to the floor of the apart-

ment. "Take me—oh, take me to the trees, that I may rest! Rest me under the trees."

The evening was mild and dry, and it was determined to carry her thither, thinking that the gratification of her wish might restore tranquillity, and enable her to unburden her oppressed conscience by confession to God. She was accordingly removed, and placed under a large orange tree, the boughs of which, stretching down nearly to the ground, formed a canopy over her. She gazed upon the trees—the leaves through which the chequered light came down, disclosed—obscured, alternately, as the boughs met and parted—upon the clouds that curtained the pavilion of the king of day, and a smile of satisfaction played upon her features. She was amid her accustomed haunts,—

"Her covering the boughs, her couch the velvet grass,"

and the gloomy ideas that had haunted her imagination were forgotten.

Seeing her so tranquil and composed, the good priest took her hand, and pressed the subject of her spiritual concerns with the most affectionate earnestness. It startled the dying woman into reflection; and despair got hold upon her heart—her features—her troubled eye—she looked upon the ecclesiastic with a stare, and wildly cried:

"Talk not of confession! She on whose bosom the burning seal of God's anathema is set, need not confess to man. My heart bears inscribed its sentence in characters of flame! I have been a wanderer upon earth; I have eaten the bread of sorrow; endured hunger and fatigue; burnt with the heat—congealed with the frost. I have suffered—I can suffer—if suffering could purchase pardon;—Pray, I cannot!" After a momentary pause, she continued, in a voice that grew louder at every word she uttered: "I have felt the mountain quake with thunder—seen the oak shivered by the tornado's blast; while black clouds, with lightning streaming from them, sailed across the turbid sky, like spirits of darkness on wings of fire; and in that hour of awe, when heaven seemed coming down in vengeance, I have tried to raise these hands in prayer, stained with the blood of innocence. I could not—dare not—lest a just avenging God unchain the lightning, and let its fires descend attracted by the kindred flame burning within my breast—the glowings of the damned! Murder, like mine, so foul—so black, exceeds the hope of pardon. Were all the dews of heaven united in a stream of mercy, they could not cleanse these bloody hands!"—She started with a shriek of horror, and exclaimed: "Look! There he stands!—bloody! bloody!—with the same dagger to strike me! Blood for blood!—Murder! Tear him away! Murder! Murder!—he has stabbed me!" and with a piercing cry, she sprang forward from the pallet, and fell on the ground, the blood spouting in a great stream from her mouth;—she had broken a blood vessel. She attempted to speak but the blood choked her utterance. She looked upon Isadore, who stood over her weeping, holding her hand, and faintly gasped out, "Is—Isa—Isad—Isadore! you—are—not—my"—and pointing to a little box, "The cask"—the word, unfinished, died upon her tongue; a quivering shook her frame; her mouth twitched convulsively; and the last rays of the setting sun gleamed through the orange boughs upon the dead features of the gipsy: pale, passionless, covered with blood.

Isadore stood over her: not a tear was in her eye, not a sigh escaped her; she stood motionless as a statue, insensible as the dead before her; crushed with a sorrow that forbade tears or exclamation. A sigh at length escaped her, as if the soul, in agony, had been rent from its corporeal companion; a long, loud, piercing shriek, and she fell upon her mother's corpse.

Speechless horror, at the awful death they had witnessed, had bound all present in a spell of mute insensibility; the cry of Isadore aroused them, and their thoughts were abstracted from the dead and employed in interest for the living, whose affection and sensitivities had received such a powerful shock by the solemn and awful bereavement of the evening.

Isadore was alone in the world—without relations, but not without friends. Her gentleness—the unaffected dignity of her manners—the strength of intellect which she discovered; but above all her affection for Leontine and the kindness with which she sought to alleviate her sufferings—deeply interested Donna Julia in her favor; and also the less charitable Sebastian. But there was another circumstance which enhanced this interest. The dying gipsy's last words seemed to encourage the idea that Isadore was not her daughter. This supposition acted powerfully on the sensibilities of Donna Julia, from the pity she felt for the mother from whom, when an infant—perhaps an only child, she had been stolen away—and powerfully upon the imagination of Don Sebastian from his love for romance especially, considering the mysterious death of Leontine. They resolved, therefore, to give her a home and the opportunities of an education from the tutors that attended Adelaida, their daughter.

Isadore was about thirteen years of age when she commenced taking lessons. She pursued study with all the avidity of ambition and strong intellect, sharpened by novelty, and her advancement was as gratifying to her benefactors as it was astonishing to her instructors. Her favorite branches were music and painting, in which she discovered great aptitude. The sketches of her pencil were bold and vigorous, and displayed rather the imagination of a proficient, than the imitative copying of a novice. True they wanted the grace—the exquisite coloring—the fine touches of pictorial elegance, which are to be acquired by practice alone, but in originality of design, and sublimity of conception, evinced the teachings of the great painter Nature; for she had wandered amid her mighty works—the lofty mountain—the abrupt precipice—the seething torrent—the shelving vale, until her soul had warmed with enthusiasm, and bore transcribed the majestic features she had contemplated.

It had not been the intention of Donna Julia to make Isadore a companion for her daughter Adelaida, but a protector during her childhood, as she was her senior by three years. The amiable disposition of Isadore, the meekness with which she bore the favors she had received, her gratitude, and her affectionate conduct towards Adelaida, inclined her strongly to introduce her as an equal into the little *soirées* which Adelaida gave to her juvenile friends. This the aristocratic Sebastian opposed, unwilling to make one equal with his daughter, whose origin if not infamous was obscure. However, pride, in a short time, which had actuated Don Sebastian in resisting the wishes of his lady, soon induced him to comply with them.

There was an exhibition of original paintings in Arcana, and Isadore was persuaded to send a landscape which she had lately finished. The painting was regarded with admiration by all who saw it, and obtained one of the premiums offered upon the occasion.—The applause bestowed upon the genius of his fair *protégée* flattered the pride of Don Sebastian—and the love of ostentation disposed him to recognize the talented Isadore as an adopted child; and while Donna Julia introduced her into the *petite monde* as the friend and companion of her daughter Adelaida, Don Sebastian introduced her into the *grande monde* in a *volumen* of some two or three hundred pages as one of the principal characters of a romance. This notoriety created many enemies to Isadore among the young ladies on account of the rivalry of jealousy; and they affected to look down upon her because she was of obscure

origin, when their conduct at the same time was the impulse of envious bitterness against excellence of character superior to their own. This, together with reflection upon the horrors of her mother's death and the state of dependence in which she was placed, gave to her mind a serious and often melancholy cast, and had it not been that Donna Julia and her daughter were uniformly kind and affectionate, she would have felt very unhappy.

A birth-day company had been given to Adelaida at which all the little dons and donnas of her acquaintance were present. Adelaida had anticipated as is usual on such occasions, much pleasure, especially as she expected her brother home from Salamanca to attend the jubilee, and do with herself the honors of the table, although some six or seven years older. Adelaida, although disappointed of the attendance of her brother, would have been happy—perfectly so—had it not been for the little respect paid to her friend and companion, Isadore. Though many of the young ladies treated her with that kindness and familiarity which was alike due to her for her own merit and for respect to Adelaida; others regarded her with that superciliousness and hauteur, which, although not entirely rude, was calculated to wound her feelings more than rudeness. Isadore repressed her emotions, and the burning indignation which their behaviour was well calculated to excite, and endeavoured to appear cheerful, though the day to her was one of agony.

The amusements of the day were—a short dramatic composition, written for the occasion by Don Sebastian, and performed by youths among the invited guests—a water excursion on the Alto—and dancing at night in the garden. During the first, Isadore spent her time delightfully as in the attention which she paid to the play, she forgot the little unpleasant incidents of the morning. One remark, however, made sneeringly by a pert little mixt opposite to her, caught her ear—“I wonder why Don Sebastian did not introduce the gipsy into his play also.” Isadore turned her eye upon her and regarded her with a serene yet steady countenance, and she shrunk from the gaze of dignified and insulted excellence as the newt flees the sunshine.

The entertainment was an allegorical drama, entitled “Youthful Piety,” something after the manner of the *Opéra*; of the Greek dramatist Zares; and when in the last act, Isadore, Adelaida, and five others of the young ladies appeared upon the stage, personifying the seven cardinal virtues, and crowned “Youthful Piety,” the wonder of the young donna was lessened, but it was very evident from her fallen countenance and grim eye that her envy was increased.

The water fete was pleasant—but nothing when compared with the festivities that took place after night. The garden had been splendidly fitted up for the occasion, and exhibited a scene of oriental magnificence—parterres, kiosks, and fountains sparkling amid a wilderness of sweets. Where the natural foliage of the bowers was not sufficiently luxuriant, wreaths and crowns were handsomely disposed, the whole illuminated by a myriad of lamps of the different colours of the rainbow—forming stars—circles—crescents—animals, and even moral sentences.

The evening was mild and glorious—the sky studded with stars—the round moon in her full splendour—with her mellow light pouring down through the trees, as if Jupiter again descended in a shower of silver. The sound of music—flute—guitar, and castanet, mingling with the soft gush of the fountain and the merry laugh of the full heart, rose upon the air redolent with perfumes from mellow fruit, shrubs and flowers, and died away in faint uttered echoes along the valley of the Alto. Beauty—perfume—music—all blended their enchantments; and every sense was gratified—every sensibility exhilarated.—All was ani-

mation. Some were promenading the embowered walks—some engaged in innocent plays—some on a level shore terrace, were gliding down the *gallopade* or threading the maze of the intricate *minuete*, their light and airy figures appearing and disappearing through the trees like white-robed fairies: while others sat on a kiosk, and thus witnessing the varied happiness of all, participated in the same.

Isadore was a stranger to the joys of the evening. Although she was kindly received by many of the young ladies, and had received polite attention from several of the young dons, and been called out in the dance, she was not happy. The cruel thrust made at her feelings in the remarks of some of the company—the consciousness of her lowly origin—and her dependent condition, which thus subjected her to insolence, threw a shade over her feelings, and her thoughts were with her mother, calling up the remembrance of her affection—her suffering life—her awful death.—It seemed impious to join the loud laugh or mingle in the dance beneath the same trees under which she had expired. She sat in a musing melancholy, almost unconscious of what was passing, when her attention was suddenly arrested by a shriek of terror from some half a dozen of the young ladies, affrighted by one emerging from the shrubbery, and she heard the exclamation—“Oh! I took you for the old gipsy's ghost.” Agony insupportable! Her heart seemed bursting, she buried her face in her hands, and the tears rolled like lava down her cheeks. She would have hidden herself in her mother's grave from the haughty jeers of a hard hearted world.

The dimness of the lamps at length admonished the guests of the lateness of the hour. The music and dancing ceased. The roll of carriages succeeded—the garden retained its enchantments—but the spirits were gone. Isadore and Adelaida were alone—the feelings of the one redundant with joy resembling a gushing fountain—the feelings of the other waveless lake unruffled by the wing of a zephyr.

Adelaida perceived her melancholy, and rallied her about the *amante* who had paid her attention during the evening. Isadore turned a tender gaze as she kissed her forehead, the tears fell upon Adelaida's cheek. Seeing that she was not disposed to converse, she asked her to sing. Isadore complied, and running her waxen fingers over the strings of her guitar in a short prelude, sung with the most touching pathos, the following:—

SONG.

I.

Oh! give me again my sylvan home!

Oh! give me my mountain blue,

Where the light and the free and the innocent roam,

With bosoms all tranquil and true,

Unswayed by the thrall of the ancestral hall—

Where envy and malice and pride never come.

II.

Oh! give me again my sylvan bowers,

Oh! give me my mountain glade,

With its carpet of velvet enamelled with flowers,

And a leafy pavilion made,

Where the boughs of the vine and the myrtle entwine

To shield from the sleeper the dew's nightly showers.

III.

I'll hie me afar from the hall of pride,

Where the pois'n of asps distils

From the slanderous tongue, to the mounts craggy side

Whence leaps down the silvery rill,

Where in sonorous words, the song of the birds

Falls sweet on the ear at the lone eventide.

IV.

Oh! what are the lamps that gild with light
 The princely chamber or hall,
 To the burning stars of the deep blue night,
 Whose beams in smiles fall
 On the rose-covered bed of the wanderer's head,
 Sleeping far from the world, its hate, envy, and spite.

V.

Then give me again my sylvan home!
 Oh! give me my mountain blue,
 Where the ligh and the free and the innocent roam,
 With bosoms all tranquil and true,
 Unswayed by the thrall of the ancestral hall—
 Where envy and malice and pride never come.

As the song ended, the wounded soul of the songstress—like the dying swan's, seemed gushing out in the sweet melancholy tones of her voice.

There was a pause—an eloquent silence sacred to sorrow. The heart of Isadore was full—a brimming chalice, which even a breath would cause to overflow. Her companion, though a child, felt it wrong to interrupt the sanctity of her feelings by a word. She sat silently gazing on the pale countenance before her; and as the light of the lamps fell upon her features, noticed the tears trickling down her face. Isadore presently became more tranquil; when Adelaida adverted to the song she had been singing, and observed the words certainly did not express her sentiments.—Isadore related the occurrences of the evening, and asked if she had not just cause for feeling disgust at the world. "Never," replied the affectionate Adelaida, "while mother loves you so, and while you are so dear to me;" and she threw her arms around her neck and kissed her. A slight motion of the boughs was perceived—a light footstep heard on the grass, and Adelaida was clasped in the embrace of her brother. He had met with an accident on the way that had prevented his attendance at her birthday *fete*, and had but just now arrived.

Fernando was in his twentieth year—of an ardent disposition—noble and generous, yet ungovernable in his passions, and of that wild, romantic turn which like the wand of a fairy, transforms every thing it touches into beauty, and dresses it up in the rainbow robes of elysium. From the character of Isadore in the romance of his father—from the descriptions of her in his sister's letters—her beauty—her talents—her amiability—with the interest which the mystery connected with Isadore threw over all, he was prepared to fall in love with her at sight, if not already in love with her. Hid by the boughs of a limetree, he had gazed upon the features that to him had been the theme of many a thought. He saw them with their beauties obscured yet heightened by a veil of melancholy; the dark sloelike eyes, of whose brilliance he had heard so much, still lovelier by a tear. He had heard her song—sorrowful, yet wild, and sweet as the notes of a seraph. He had heard her speak of her mother—her own orphanage—her dependence—the hauteur and contempt which she had experienced—with a goodness and tenderness of heart that angels might approve—and in language that would have dignified a queen—admiration—pity—love—powerful love, took possession of his breast.

The romantic groves of the Nemorosa and the valley of the Alto, were the evening rambles of Fernando, accompanied by Adelaida and Isadore. Amid the gorgeous scenes of nature, here spreading their enchantment—an enchantment favorable to the expansion of the sublime and tender emotions, the love of Fernando was cherished—matured—confessed.

Weeks glided unconsciously by on the noiseless wings of time. His dream of love was over, and he

returned to Salamanca, leaving the Arcadian bowers of love for the grove of Academus—the soft flute for the retort and crucible. One of the rich curls that clustered around Isadore's neck, and the promise of a regular correspondence, were all that he had to reconcile him to a separation from her who was the very sun of his existence—around which every thought and feeling revolved.

Donna Julia had marked with concern the very particular attention Fernando paid Isadore when at home—the stolen glance—the lighting up of the countenance—the language of the eye—that diamond tablet on which are written the hidden truths of the soul; and knowing the ardency of his feelings, feared that the fondness which he evinced might become a confirmed attachment. Though Isadore was innocent, amiable, and possessed of the most brilliant talents, she could not bear the idea that Fernando, the pride of her maternal bosom, should bestow his affections upon one who was so much his inferior in birth and fortune.

A small packet was sent from Salamanca, by Fernando, to his mother, and a letter to Isadore; but the bearer, misconceiving his instructions, gave both to Donna Julia. Her eyes were lighted up with indignation—she did not unseal the packet directed to herself, but beckoned Isadore to her, and said, "Is this the gratitude you evince for favors. I took you from the most obscure poverty and wretchedness—you have been fed, clothed, and educated by my bounty, and repay all my kindness by poisoning the heart of my only son. As the mother of Fernando, I am entitled to the reading of this letter, and demand it of you." Isadore broke the seal immediately, and returned it to her. As she read, her face became alternately flushed and pale, and tears obscured her sight. All that she had feared was disclosed—their love—their correspondence, and the language, convinced her how strong were the fetters which Isadore had forged. "How misguided," exclaimed Donna Julia, "have I been, to nurture up in my own bosom a viper to sting my happiness to death." And then addressing Isadore, she said, "Shameless ingrate! after battenning upon my bounty, how could you, how dare you artfully steal the affections of my child, and correspond with him without my permission?"

Tears dripped from the long lashes of Isadore's eye—the flush of wounded dignity shot over her brow, and she replied, in a tone slightly tremulous, "You have been my benefactress, my more than mother; whether that and my past conduct will justify your reproaches, is not for me to determine. I have listened to the degrading epithets which you have applied to me, with feelings which, while they forbid anger, crush the soul within me. Yet, thank Heaven, harsh as they are, they have no guilt on my part to add to their poignancy. I merit them not. I shall stand acquitted even before you, though you now do me injustice. For your kindness, accept my thanks—accept my prayers for your happiness. I can no longer remain in a dependence which exposes me to contumely and pain. Naked and unprotected I return to the world, whence naked and unprotected I came." Isadore put a packet into the hands of Donna Julia, moved towards the door, burst into tears, and in a moment was gone.

Donna Julia opened the packet. It contained Fernando's letters to Isadore, and a copy of the answers she had returned, all regularly filed. She read through them, and her heart acquitted Isadore—yes, even esteemed her more highly than before.

To letters containing the most ardent declarations of love she had returned a dignified yet discouraging answer; urged her lowly birth, the opposition of his friends, to whom she would not be the cause of the slightest pain, after their kindness to her; and in her last letter, after using all her former arguments, she had solemnly declared that she never would think of marrying a man who, after the impulse of passion had

subsided, must necessarily look upon her obscure origin as a disgrace; and ended by requesting that Fernando would control his feelings, both for her sake and for his own, as nothing could ever cause her to swerve from her determination.

When Isadore left the house of Don Sebastian, she called upon the good father Zaranga, who had always felt an interest in her, since the unhappy death of her mother. He recommended her to the protection of a respectable family in Alcala, where she opened a room for the painting of miniatures, to which she had lately applied her pencil. Her likenesses were strikingly correct, and soon obtained for the fair limner a patronage alike productive of wealth and fame. Donna Julia had recanted all her unkind expressions, and desired Isadore to return; but she preferred her present condition to one of dependence, and felt happier by being removed from a situation where her heart, full of the most tender affection for Fernando, in an unguarded hour, might have been prevailed upon to listen to his mad proposal of matrimony, and thus have incurred her own reprobation, and the curses of a family whose peace she was bound to hold sacred by that gratitude which their kindness had inspired.

Fernando awaited impatiently an answer from Isadore. What were his feelings when he received a letter from his mother detailing all that had passed, and severely reprimanding him for his conduct. Wrath, sorrow, love, alternately actuated him. His constitution was shaken by a storm of passion, and he was seized with a nervous fever, which for a long time threatened his life. Six months had passed away and Fernando again returned to his father's residence, broken alike in health and spirits; the mere shadow of the gay, buoyant caballero he had been. Such was the enfeebled state of his health, that of himself he had been unable to undertake the journey from Salamanca, but had come in easy stages, under the care of Mauricio de Vellambri, his particular collegiate friend and room mate. In the bosom of his family, under the affectionate treatment of his mother and sister, and with the lively converse of his father and friend, Fernando's health gradually improved; and although his wonted cheerfulness had not returned, he was less melancholy and dejected than he had been.

While he was yet confined to bed, Mauricio rode to Alcala. As he was passing along one of the streets he was struck with the beautiful appearance of a building of white free-stone, with an *arbolado* and grounds in front. The greenness of the grass was gone, and the trees stripped of their foliage by the frost, yet the evenness of the ground, the straightness of the trees, and their regular and beautiful disposition, arrested his attention; and as he surveyed the scene, the light form of a lady promenading caught his eye—erect and graceful as Diana. She was habited in a purple robe of velvet, with a lappel of ermine extending to the skirt, which was trimmed with a broad *guarnicion* of the same fur. A rich *palatine* of ermine lay in folds of snow upon a neck equally fair. Her hat was velvet, of a crimson colour, looped up with blue *cordons* so as to display rich clusters of waving ringlets, that contrasted their glossy jet with the long snowy plumes that wanted in the wind. Perceiving herself the object of his marked attention, the lady left the *arbolado*, the hall door closed upon her, and Mauricio stood gazing after her, like one who was moon-struck.

He inquired, obtained the name of the beauty, despatched his card, and in two hours after stood in the *salon de pinturas* of—Isadore. The room was handsomely fitted up, and hung with paintings, many of which were of her own execution. Mauricio had gone round the room when his eye was attracted by a small painting of a female head lying on the easel. Though unfinished, it was beautiful; the features were regularly formed, and the expression of the countenance

heavenly as a Madonna's. Mauricio regarded it with intense interest; a train of confused ideas were flitting through his brain. Could it be? The likeness resembled his mother. As he examined it, Isadore and her servant entered. He offered a compliment on the painting; the veil that covered it was removed; it was the counterpart of his mother's portrait.

"Yes! it is she—'tis she," exclaimed Mauricio.

"'Tis who?" demanded Isadore, "Knowest thou the original?"

"My own mother, the Donna Antoneta de Vellambri," replied Mauricio.

"Donna Antoneta de Vellambri?" repeated Isadore, with surprise; "Has she a daughter?"

"She had a daughter who, when an infant, was stolen from its nurse," he returned.

A flush shot across Isadore's cheek, her heart fluttered, her pulse beat quick, and with breathless agitation she inquired, "Did the child wear a trinket?"

"My mother's miniature, in a gold setting, studded with brilliants, was hanging around her neck."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Isadore, "Behold the miniature! Behold your sister!" and they were locked in each other's arms.

The miniature from which Isadore had copied the pointing, was the one described, and bore engraved her mother's name. When the agitation had subsided, which such unexpected joy was well calculated to occasion, Isadore put in the hands of her brother, a manuscript in which her mysterious history was more fully developed. The dying words of the gypsy, Leontine, seemed to encourage the idea that Isadore was not her child; and in the last, which trembled unfinished upon her tongue, she desired to refer Isadore to a casket for information respecting her origin and friends. This casket was a small beechen box, inlaid with sandal wood, in which Leontine kept the money and other trifles that were given her by those whom she importuned for charity. Four or five days before Mauricio had come to Alcala, as she was putting something into the casket, it fell from her hands, and by the concussion a secret drawer (of which she had no knowledge) was opened. Within was found the miniature referred to above, and the following confession, in the hand-writing of Leontine, addressed to Isadore:—

"CONFESSION.

"My real name is Aurelia Lavalles. I was born in Pomplona, of respectable parents. When I had attained my seventh year, my mother died, and thus, at that early age, I was cast upon the world, with no other guardian of my infancy than a father, whose pressing duties as a solicitor prevented his paying attention to my education, or even of seeing me for weeks at a time. My instructors were gentle, and little disposed to curb the extravagance of temper which early discovered itself; and thus my passions grew up in all the wild luxuriance of untrammelled feeling—their impulse, my wish—their solicitation, my indulgence.

"I had attained my seventeenth year, when my father proposed my marrying Joaquin Lavalles, a solicitor, and a particular friend of his. Joaquin was a man of pleasing address, but my senior by 16 or 17 years. On account of the disparity in our ages, I felt a repugnance to the match; but more especially because of an affection I entertained for Leon Derpo, a young man of my own age, but much my inferior in respectability. Our meetings were clandestine, as I knew my father would never sanction his addresses to me. Leon was poor, and by marrying contrary to my father's wishes I could expect nothing. Pride, ambition, and the love of display prevailed—I acceded to my father's request, and gave my hand to Joaquin while my heart was with Leon.

"We were married. I was raised to splendour, and

moved in the highest circles of Pomplons; had for a husband one of whom I should have been justly proud—kind, affectionate, attentive—yet blush! ye starry heavens that beheld it. Scarcely had I displaced the bridal wreath from my brow, ere its roses were withered. Forgetting duty, dignity, gratitude, and the indissoluble ties of God and man, I still continued to entertain an ardent and overpowering passion for another. Though revolting, it is not wonderful that a woman who could sacrifice her heart at the shrine of riches, should sacrifice her modesty and peace of mind at the shrine of pleasure.

"There was a little grove in the rear of our residence, which was in the suburbs. This was the haunt of unhallowed love. Here, Leon and myself met in the dusk of the evening, when my husband was from home, which often happened for several days together. There was, at the first, that shuddering which follows crime; that self-loathing and detestation which it excites in a breast not wholly corrupt. In time, such was the depravation of moral principle, such the callosity of feeling, that while my lips yet bore the impress of guilt, I could, with unblushing cheek, look in the face of my confiding and much injured husband. Time passed on, and my leprous heart was a seat of corruption and impurity. Wicked passions as they increase in strength, widen the circumference of crime. Joaquim was uneasy and restless, and his unhappiness firmly convinced me that he suspected my infidelity.

"Five years had passed since our marriage—five years of crime. A young nobleman called upon my husband to engage his services in a suit. He was tall and handsome. I cast an evil eye upon him. His disposition was ardent, and he was caught in the toils I had prepared for him. Our meetings were frequent—Leon and all others were forgotten in the passion which I felt for Alexandre Luis de Vellambi. Neither were our meetings confined to the grove; often did we while away whole evenings of pleasure at my house, when Joaquim chanced to be several days from home.

"One night, as my guilty head lay slumbering upon Alexandre's bosom, a slight noise, like the turning of a door-hinge, broke my slumber. I thought I heard a light footstep, but the room was dark and I could see nothing. Suddenly a blue match blazed in the room, and its ghastly glare shone upon the face of my husband. Like a scowling demon, he bent over me and aimed a poniard at my lover. My arm received the blow, and the weapon was left sticking in the bone. Alexandre, aroused, seized his stiletto—they grappled with each other for the weapon—Joaquim obtained the handle—a moment more and he would have driven it to the hilt. Terrified, frantic, I tore the poniard from my arm with a convulsive grasp—struck deep, and it was buried in the back of my husband—a shriek, and he relaxed his grasp and fell backward. Alexandre snatched the stiletto—it flashed an instant—descended—and the life-blood spouted from the heart of Joaquim. Eternity cannot efface from my mind the ghastly look of the dead; nor obliterate the horror that froze my feelings as I beheld the murdered corpse of a husband, whose unmerited and unexemplified kindness I had rewarded with infidelity and death.

"It was midnight—with the morrow would come detection and an ignominious death. Alexandre was secure; he was unknown to the servants, and could incur no suspicion. My safety consisted in flight. A moment passed—I had put some money in a casket, dressed myself in a servant's worn out garments—took leave of Alexandre—left my beautiful mansion never to cross its threshold again—and the morning sun rose upon me, weary, dejected, and faint from loss of blood, amid the distant Pyrenees—an exile by crime—a fugitive from justice. At a small village about 30 miles from Pomplons, Alexandre was to meet

me once a month. I was always there at the appointed time, but Alexandre never came. I wrote to him—accused him of perfidy, and threatened disclosure if, at the expiration of the next month, he did not meet me. I received an answer. He accused me of having ruined his happiness, by corrupting his heart until he had steeped his hands in crime and blood; and informed me that he never would meet me—that he had joined his hand in wedlock with another—and desired me to visit the village no more, as vigorous measures were taken to discover me.

"Disappointment, rage, and desire of revenge, determined me to sacrifice the life of the man who, after, for his sake, I had jeopardized my life, and become an outcast from society, could coldly cast me from him without a thought. The bitterness of a discarded woman's heart is more terrible than the wrath of the hyena. Though months and years may roll away, her hatred is undiminished; her vengeance slumbereth not until it is appeased. In order to lull Alexandre into a security, which might subserve the plans I might have occasion to adopt, I caused him to be informed that I was dead. Twelve months after this, in man's apparel, I stood in the grove in which he was accustomed to walk. It was night—he passed me—I struck—he fell on the ground weltering in gore, and I hastened away with steps to which joy and fear gave the speed of an eagle.

"My vengeance was incomplete; his child was doomed to death. In the Pyrenees I consorted with gipseys—in their dress, I entered the grounds of Alexandre, and waited for the nurse, who carried the child out in the evening to get the air—toyed with it—took it into my arms—gained the confidence of the nurse, and obtained the child from her while she went to carry a letter from me to her mistress. My intention was to murder it as soon as the nurse was gone. Thrice did I raise the weapon to plunge it into its little breast—I could not, yet was unable to let it escape out of my hands. Undetermined, I entered the wood, and by the obscurity of the night, on a mule, gained my mountain residence. Instead of desiring to injure the child, I contracted a fondness for it. Its affection for me increased. I loved it for the resemblance it bore to its father. And thus for 12 years we continued travellers of the Pyrenees, buried in obscurity, far from the joys from which my crimes exiled us both.

"This paper, Isadore, and the miniature of your mother, on which her name is engraved, will restore you to your family and fortune. You will forgive one who has kept you so long from the world—who had not the resolution to sever herself from you—whose affection has been the last, the only link that has bound her to life. I have instilled into your heart virtuous principles. I have taught you to regard with horror, meanness and guilt; and now that I open to you the secrets of a sinful bosom, to warn you against vice, I pray Almighty God to keep you in the world from the dangers, the sins upon which my soul has been wrecked. When you read this the hand that penned it will be in dust. Let not curses fall upon the unhallowed ashes of your injurer, but regard with pity the unhappy subject of ungovernable passion, and the sufferings of the unfortunate

AURELIA LAVALLES."

Isadore was not now the obscure daughter of a gipsy, dependent upon the charity of others for bread, or upon the labour of her own hand, but the daughter of one of the nobles of Spain, and the possessor of a large fortune; but above all the possessor of that beauty of person and dignity of soul that can ennoble nobility itself. I would not here attempt describing the joy of Isadore and Mauricio, the gladness of Donna Julia and Adelaida, or the heartfelt satisfaction of Don Sebastian, at finding the young gipsy end in one of the noblest—the very termination in his romance. The joy of

Fernando was too much for his shattered constitution; he wept, laughed, and wildly shouted in turns, until he was completely exhausted, and lay in a stupor. After the lapse of a few days, Isadore and her brother paid him a visit. The meeting was tender and affecting, and contributed more to the resuscitation of Fernando's constitution than all the medicinal compounds he had taken. He had fully proved the truth of the sentiment of his favorite poet, Ovid—

"Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis."

But since his heart had become tranquillized, he felt himself improved in strength daily.

The only impediment to the union of Isadore and Fernando having been removed, Fernando pressed his suit; and Isadore, now that she could accept his hand, being his equal in birth and fortune, confessed the deep affection she had long cherished; and the day was appointed for the solemnization of the nuptials.—The church of San Luis, in the *Vice de Honoris*, where Father Zaranga officiated, was the one selected for the ceremony. It was about sunset when they entered the church, and the rays poured through the stained glass in all the colours of the rainbow fell upon the altar, burnishing its golden utensils. The scene was imposing—the blooming bride in her robes of white, lovely as morn smiling on the snowy tops of the Pyrenees; the bridegroom with a countenance like the sun at noon-day; the large company assembled to witness the ceremony; Father Zaranga in his sacerdotal robes, and the *servidores* in their different dresses.

While the voices of the choir and the notes of the organ were dying away, the door of the confessional opened, and a tall venerable priest entered and took his stand before the pair about to enter into this most holy sacrament. He wore a cowl of black silk, under which his hair appeared, white as snow. His countenance was pale and weather-beaten, and his brow and cheek furrowed with wrinkles. His eye was dimmed evidently more by sorrow than age. Father Zaranga gave place to the stranger, who began the ceremony. As it proceeded, his voice faltered, tears rolled down his cheek, and his feelings appeared ready to burst forth in uncontrolled emotion.

The ceremony was at length ended; the benediction pronounced, and the party about to retire. The priest beckoned with the hand, and with a grave voice said, "Children! in the singular history connected with the solemn ceremony you have entered into, you can trace the finger of that God whose judgments are inscrutable, and whose ways past finding out." Henceforward

let the poor learn that meekness and purity are riches of the soul, of far more value than gold and silver.—Let the rich learn humility, and practise that charity which blesses alike the giver and the receiver. Let him who indulges in vice beware and tremble, for rapid is the progress of evil. As the stone from the mountain's brow rolls with accelerated force till it bounds into the deep below, while the curling circlelets lessen and settle around, as it sinks into the deep, so does vice, from honour, fall headlong, darkling with accelerated impetus till it makes the tremendous leap, and the wavelets of eternal oblivion and infamy gather above it. Let us remember that to virtue, God will mete out honour and happiness both in this life and the life to come.

The priest paused, as if to gather strength, and proceeded—"In the sanctuary of God, to God and man, against whom I have offended, I confess. Upon these hands rests blood. God has punished me in my own body, and in my family. With tears of penitence I have worn the stones of the temple of God. Bread and water have been my food for 15 years. These locks have been whitened by the dews of Heaven. These feet have been wearied in pilgrimage; unsandalled have they pressed the stony places of Palestine, traversed by the blessed Jesus. One half of all I had, I have given to God, into whose Church I have been received, an unworthy servant. I feel his anger is turned away from me; in the occurrences of this day—of this evening—I recognize the proofs of his forgiveness." He then exclaimed, "I am Alexandre Luis de Vellambri! Children! behold your father!"

As he ceased speaking, he caught his daughter in his arms, and the voice of nature burst forth in the weeping of a child.

He had recovered from the blow of Leontine, and after the loss of his daughter, and death of his wife, vowed and undertook a pilgrimage to Palestine; leaving his son, Mauricio, under the guardianship of his brother. No intelligence had been received of him since his departure, and he was supposed to have ceased to be numbered with the living. When the transport of joy had subsided, they knelt down in prayer, and the voice of the hoary-headed father rose to Heaven in thanksgiving, in a dulcet voice, in which the soul mingled. He commended his children to God, that they might be kept from evil; and concluded—"Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation." His voice ceased—they raised him from his knees—a smile played over his features—his eyes gazed a moment on his children—then closed—his spirit was in Heaven.

PETITION TO TIME.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Touch us gently, Time!

Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead.)

Touch us gently, Time!

We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, our content
Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are We,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

TO DELIA.

CANST thou forget thy first fond love
When to thy arms again he flies?
In vain from thee he wish'd to rove
And seek for light in other eyes.

Say, does the brilliant orb of day
Repel the thoughtless wandering star,
Though, for a while, it leaves his ray
For other lights in worlds afar!

No:—see he sheds his cheering beams,
As if the truant still were near;
Till circling Time's returning streams
Shall waft it to its native sphere.

Yes; they have rolled: thou art dear to me,
Dearer than fleeting pleasures far;—
Now I return to love and thee—
Thou'lt sure forgive thy wandering star!

THE THREE PALMERS.

It was about the hour of noon on a fine autumnal day, in the year 1193, that three men whom their dresses, and the white staves which they bore in their hands, proclaimed to be Palmers, entered the little village of Ginacia, which is situated about five miles from the city Vienna. They seemed worn with toil and travel, their garments were coarse and wretched even for persons of their description, and they had suffered their hair and beards to grow to an immoderate length. He who seemed to direct the movements of the three was very tall, and displayed a figure of remarkably fine proportions. His limbs seemed of Herculean strength, his eyes were blue and sparkling, and his hair of a bright yellow colour inclining to red. As he strode along, a short distance in advance of his companions, his gait and gestures gave him more the air of a monarch or a conqueror than of a meek and pious pilgrim. Occasionally, however, he seemed to recollect the sacred character which he had assumed, and to make an effort to tame down the imperious expression of his features into something like humility and sanctity. His companions were frequently seen, although with evident deference and respect, to remonstrate with him on his bearing, which he sometimes answered by altering the mode of his behaviour in the manner above mentioned; but more frequently by an obstreperous laugh, by lifting up his brawny hand, which seemed better fitted to grasp the battle-axe than the palmer's staff, or by carolling a stave or two of some popular Provencal ditty.

Another peculiarity was remarked in the conduct of the Palmers as they travelled from town to town, that, instead of soliciting alms, they seemed to be profusely supplied with money, which they expended freely and even lavishly. The tall Palmer too—for so he was designated—took great pains to conceal his features with his hood, and to avoid the castles and palaces of the great, which were the places into which such persons in general were most anxious to obtain admittance. On the present occasion they gave another instance of the strangeness of their conduct, by stopping at the miserable hovel which was the only thing in the shape of an inn or hostelry appertaining to the village of Ginacia, instead of proceeding on to Vienna, where they might procure the best fare and lodging.

They had no sooner arrived at this hovel, than the contents of their wallet proved that they had not been forgetful of the wants of the flesh. A noble goose was produced and placed upon the spit, and the operation of cooking it was sedulously performed by the tall Palmer himself. The host's recommendations of his wines were not attended to; but the travellers produced their own flagons from their wallets, remunerating the host, however, in the same manner as if they had partaken of his vintage.

"By my troth," said the Palmer, as the dinner smoked upon the board, and his blue eyes flashed fire in anticipation of the banquet, "Multon—Doyley—our labour has not been in vain. Holy Palmers, show your piety by your zeal in appropriating the blessings which Heaven has bestowed upon you."

"Reverend Father," said Doyley, in a tone of deprecation, but following nevertheless the example of good feeding which his tall brother had set him, "methinks that your conversation still savours too much of the vanities and indulgences of this sinful world. I doubt not, that should it please Heaven to restore you to all that you have lost, you will cherish as ardently as ever what the good Curate of Neuilly called your three daughters—Pride, Avarice, and Lust."

"Nay, in verity, holy brother," replied the other,

"I have resolved to part with all three; and to give the first to the Templars, the second to the Monks, and the third to the Bishops."

A hearty laugh followed this sally, and the holy men then returned to their repast with redoubled vigour. "Multon, friend!" said the tall Palmer, "we must be wary—we are watched. The Duke, you know, loves me not; and were I to fall into his hands, it would be long again ere I should see the merry land in which I was born. That minstrel who has trod so closely on our heels is a spy, I warrant ye; and his features and accent, however he may try to disguise them, prove him to be English. Nevertheless, we are here with hearty good cheer before us, and reverend pilgrims though we be, the stirrup-cup and the song must not be forgotten. Let us quaff one cup to the Countess Soir—another to the land we are hastening to—a third to the confusion of the Paynims;—and then join me in the lay which we trolled out yesternight."

The cups were quaffed with most laudable alacrity and vigour, and then the three joined in the following ditty:—

"Come fill up the tankard, the wisest man drank hard,
And said that when sunk in care,
The best cure, he should think, would be found in
good drink,
For where can cures lurk if not there?"

Trowl, trowl, the bonny brown bowl,
Let the dotard and fool from it flee:
Ye sages, wear ivy; and, fond fellows, wive ye;
But the bonny brown bowl for me.

Let old Time beware, for if he should dare
To intrude 'midst companions so blithe,
We'll lather his chin with the juice of the bin,
And shave off his beard with his scythe."

While the Palmers were thus piously occupied, they had not observed a minstrel who entered the room, and placing himself at its farthest extremity leaned upon his harp, and gazed intently at them. There was a strange mixture of intelligence and malignity in the expression of his countenance as he curiously scanned the features of the tall Palmer. When the song was concluded, he rose, and, approaching the festive board, made a lowly obeisance. The reverend trio started as if they had seen a spectre. "Ha!" said he who had answered to the name of Doyley, "'tis the spy minstrel!—What would ye with us, man? We are Palmers, with whose reverend characters it would ill accord to listen to the wanton and profane ditties of wandering minstrels."

"Nay," said the minstrel, "I know many a fyfte to which your ears, most holy fathers, might listen, and your cheeks never blush. I can tell you of the exploits of good Christian knights in the Holy Land, of holy Peter the Hermit, of Godfrey of Bulloign, and of brave King Richard of England."

"Nay, nay," said the tall Palmer, "prithe, begone; we have our frugal meal to despatch, our prayers and penance to perform, and to retire early to our humble beds, that we may be stirring betimes in the morning."

"Ye are discourteous churls," said the minstrel, "and ye shall one day remember, to your cost, that ye gave the minstrel neither meat nor drink, and would not listen to his ditty."

Thus saying, the minstrel took up his harp, and with a look of defiance left the apartment.

Although the meal of the Palmers was not quite so frugal, nor their prayers and penances so exemplary

as they wished the minstrel to believe, yet the beds on which they stretched themselves to pass the night, did not belie the humble character which they had ascribed to them. The travellers, however, were well disposed to slumber, and the fatigues of the day's journey, as well as the fumes of the wine cup, combined to transform the three straw pallets which the host had spread out for them in their apartment, into very luxurious couches. The tall Palmer's mind was not inactive, although his body was quiescent. A thousand visions, of a thousand things, presented themselves to the mind's eye of the sleeper. War and tumult, and ignominy, and imprisonment, and triumph, and love, and dominion, occupied by turns his imagination. Once he fancied himself entering a great city amidst the acclamations of assembled thousands—warriors and statesmen and churchmen hailed him as their lord—a fair and well-known face welcomed him with smiles—a disloyal and treacherous brother threw himself at his feet, craving pardon and expressing penitence—and a reverend prelate placed a crown upon his brows, and breathed a benediction on the soldier of the cross. At that moment he thought that the fair lady laid her hand upon his arm; but her touch, instead of being light and gentle, was so heavy and violent that it dispelled his dream; and starting from his sleep, he found himself in the grasp of an armed man. The tall Palmer, however, was not a person to be easily overpowered. As lightly as the lion shakes the dew drop from his mane, did he shake off his assailant, and then clenching his unarmed hand, aimed so tremendous a blow at his steel cask that it felled him to the ground. He found, however, that the apartment was full of men similarly armed, and that his two companions were secured and bound. The intruders, for a moment, shrank back, appalled at the gigantic strength of their opponent. "Tis Diabolus," said one. "Tis he, or that other one whom we seek," returned another, "for no one else could have aimed a blow like that: but close round him; we are surely too numerous, and too well armed, to be daunted by one naked man."

The odds against the tall Palmer were indeed fearful, but he defended himself for a long time against his assailants. At length, however, two men, stealing behind him, seized his hands, and contrived to slip a gauntlet over them, by which they made them fast. The Palmer, then seeing that in the game at which he was most expert, fighting, he was foiled, began to resort to means which he much more rarely made use of, expostulation and remonstrance. "How now, my masters," he said; "what mean ye? are ye Christian men, to assault three poor religious persons who are travelling on their way home from the Holy Land?"

"Nay, nay," said the minstrel, for he was among the number of these unwelcome visitors, "they are no Palmers; and when my lord recovers from the effect of that unchristian blow, he will soon be able to recognise in this holy man a person who has before bestowed his favours upon him."

"Men and Christians!" said the Palmer, "I charge ye, as ye would avoid the malison of Heaven and of Holy Church, let us pass our way."

The threat of ecclesiastical censure seemed to produce some effect upon the grim soldiers; but the minstrel perceived that the person whom the Palmer had stricken to the ground was recovering: "Arise, my Lord," he said; "once more behold this man, and say if the tale that I told thee is not true."

The Duke, for such he was, approached the Palmer, and each, by the glare of the torches, gazed on the other, and beheld the features of the individual to whom, of all mankind, he bore the most deadly hatred.

"Tis Richard of England!" said the Duke; "the betrayer of the Christian cause; the assassin of Conrad of Montserrat; the friend of usurpers and infidels."

"Leopold of Austria," said Richard, "thou art a liar and a coward! Keep on thy case of steel, and unfetter but one of these hands, and then repeat what thou hast now said, if thou darest."

"Bear him to the Emperor at Hagenau," said the Duke, "with his companions. My good Sir Falk Doyley, and my Lord Thomas of Multon, did you think that I would allow you to traverse my territories without paying you the courtesy of a visit?"

"Thou art a traitor, Leopold!" said Lord Multon; "a traitor to God, and to the holy cause which thou didst swear to maintain in Palestine!"

"Away with the King," said Leopold; "if he may be called a King whose brother wears his crown, and who is prisoner to a Duke. Away with him, and let the Knight and Baron bear him company."

The journey from Ginnacia to Hagenau afforded no events with which it is necessary that the reader should be acquainted. Arrived in that city, the princely Richard was immediately thrown into a dungeon; and although he offered the Emperor a large sum for ransom money, that monarch preferred the malignant satisfaction of holding so renowned and powerful a prince in his custody, to the gratification of his darling passion, avarice. With the news of the capture of the far-famed King of England, spread exaggerated reports of the strength of his arm and his personal prowess. It was expected that with his own unarmed strength he would be able to tear down the walls of his prison and to effect his escape. Among those who listened most eagerly and with the greatest impatience to these reports was Prince Arthur, the Emperor's only son. The prince was considered the bravest knight and the strongest man in Germany. The narration of the feats of Richard gave him no small uneasiness, and he ardently longed for an opportunity of trying his strength with the English monarch. He had visited the royal captive several times in his dungeon, and it was by his courtesy that the King was treated with the respect and attention which was due to so distinguished a person, even although fallen into adversity. After the English had, by means of the well-known adventure of Blondel, the minstrel, discovered in whose custody their monarch was, and made large offers for his liberation, the Prince endeavoured to persuade his father to accept their terms, but without success. Besides his sympathy for the unmerited sufferings of his father's prisoner, the chivalrous prince was desirous to see him at liberty, that they might meet each other on equal terms, and try fully and fairly the strength of their respective arms. At length, however, he became so impatient of delay, and so emulous of the King of England's reputation for strength, that he wrung from the Emperor his consent that a day should be appointed on which he and Richard should each give and receive a blow in order to ascertain which of them was the stronger. Richard smiled when he received the Prince's challenge to meet him on this occasion, and expressed his willingness to abide the ordeal.

On the day appointed, the Emperor and Empress, the Princess Margaretta, and the principal persons about the Court, assembled in the great hall of the castle of Hagenau, for the purpose of witnessing this trial of strength. The dark eyes of Margaretta glistened with wonder and delight as the King of England, of whom she had heard so much, but had never yet seen, strode into the hall. His gigantic form, his sinewy limbs, and the haughty, undaunted expression of his features, filled her with apprehensions on her brother's account; and yet there was something in her heart which would not allow her to wish that the latter might be successful. The Prince seemed to entertain no fear for the result: in outward appearance, the combatants seemed pretty nearly matched: the Prince was as tall and muscular as the King; he had sustained the assault of many a celebrated warrior,

and had as yet withstood the blows of the mightiest unmov'd. They were neither of them armed, but were clad in silken tunics, and wore Oriental turbans on their heads.

"Richard of England," said Arthur, "if thou wouldst forbear this trial thou mayest, but acknowledge that thou darest not compete with me, and give me that jewel in thy bonnet in token of that acknowledgment."

"Arthur of Austria," said Richard, "I came not here to prate; and if the Emperor has only exhibited his prisoner this day that he may listen to the vain vauntings of his son, the sooner he consigns him back to his dungeon the better. I am ready, Prince, to bear thy blow, but I lack both wit and spirit to listen or reply to thy tauntings."

"Forbear, forbear, Arthur," said the Princess, "and provoke not this rash quarrel farther; acknowledge the King of England's superior prowess. Surely an unknown knight like thee may, without discrediting thyself, make such an acknowledgment to the most renowned warrior in Christendom."

"Peace, idle girl," said the Prince. "And now, King Richard, look to thyself. Stand firm, or the fame of thy prowess is eclipsed for ever."

Thus saying, he raised his arm, clenched his hand, which seemed massy and ponderous as iron, and aimed a blow at Richard's head, which those who beheld it accompanied with a shriek of horror and dismay. The King, however, received it with his arms folded, his eye wandering carelessly round the hall, and unshaken as the trunk of the oak by the gentle breeze of summer. The shriek was instantly changed into an expression of admiration and wonder.

"Did the Prince strike me?" said Richard, turning round to his opponent. "Give me your hand, young Sir; now fare you well, and may you be more successful in the future trials of your strength."

"Nay, nay, Sir King," said the Prince, detaining him; "this semblance of courtesy suits me not. The proud barons of England must not say that their King disdain'd to try his strength on the Almain prince. Here stand I ready to receive thy blow. Thou wilt not! Then here do I proclaim thee a coward, and no true knight. Thy strength consists in resistance, and not in assault. Thou art fearful to try thy arm on me, because thou knowest that thy blow will not produce an effect even equal to that which I have bestowed upon thee."

The King turned shortly round upon the Prince. There was an expression of determination, but not of violent effort, in his features. He, in his turn, clenched his hand, raised his arm, and darting his blow with the velocity of lightning at the Prince, the latter fell lifeless to the ground.

"He's slain! he's slain!" shrieked the Empress; "the cold-hearted Englishman has murdered my boy!"

All present instantly crowded round the corpse, and every effort was used, but unsuccessfully, to restore to it animation. "It is in vain—it is in vain!" said the Emperor. "Oh Heaven!" he added, clasping his hands, "he was my only son—my only hope." The Empress gazed on the body sternly and silently, then, turning to her husband, "It is the finger of Heaven," she said; "thy wickedness and violence in detaining this King thy prisoner, have drawn down the wrath of God upon us. Release him and let him go, lest a worse evil befall us."

"Now, by Our Lady," said the Emperor, "rather will I let him rive the life from me, as well as from my son. Away with him! Sink him in the deepest and most loathsome dungeon of the castle; and load those proud limbs with fetters, till their cruel and unatural strength be reduced to infantile weakness."

Richard cast a grim look of defiance and triumph on his imperial jailer, and followed his guards silently to his place of durance.

The Emperor's commands were strictly and relentlessly obeyed. The captive King was thrust into a subterranean dungeon, from which the light and the breath of heaven were alike excluded; his limbs were loaded with irons, and neither meat nor drink was provided for him. But the stout heart of Richard Plantagenet was not easily daunted. His guards heard him singing as gaily and as lightly as if his prison were a lady's bower, although the only accompaniment to his music was the dull heavy clank of the footsteps of his jailer as he paced backwards and forwards on the outside of the dungeon.

"Oh lady, lady fair,"

My heart is full of thee;
And no frown but the frown of thy dark blue eyes,
And no sighs but thy own white bosom's sighs,
Can ever work sorrow in me.

Oh lady, lady fair,

'T he Paynim has fled from me;
I have slain the knight who bade me kneel,
I have answered the threats of kings with steel,
But I bend my knee to thee.

Oh lady, lady fair,

A sceptre has pass'd from me,
And an empire been rest—yet still I command
A nobler sceptre—thy own white hand,
And more than an empire in thee."

As the captive concluded his song, he heard his prison door slowly unbarring; and shortly afterwards the jailer entered, holding a torch in one hand, and leading a lady by the other.

Richard started at this apparition, and, gazing on the features of his fair visiter, recognised the Lady Margareta.

"And can your mind find leisure, Sir King, in so dismal a lodging as this, to chant the praises of your lady fair?" asked the Princess.

"The true knight," answered the King, "can always find leisure for such an occupation, especially when his lady fair is so near him as mine was."

As he spoke, he gazed earnestly at the lady, who blushed deeply and hung down her head. The gallant monarch was always ready to make love; and although the subject of his song was a lady between whom and him wide seas and lofty mountains were set, yet he did not hesitate to assure Margareta that it was she, and she only, who occupied his thoughts; and that ever since he had beheld her in the morning, he had forgotten his own sorrows in the contemplation of her surpassing beauty.

"I come to free thee," said the lady: "I come to deserve thy thanks, thy gratitude—I dare not say thy love. Yet, if I unloose thy fetters, thou must take under thy protection the helpless being to whom thou wilt owe thy deliverance."

"Sweetest lady! I will wander to the end of the world with thee—or, better, thou shalt flee with me to merry England. These eyes almost as bright as thine will smile on thee a joyous welcome. Fair damsels and steel-clad barons shall alike bless thee for restoring their monarch to them."

"'Tis now dead midnight," said the lady: "all the inmates of the castle, save the sentinels, are sunk in profound slumber. We dare not attempt to pass through the castle gates, but must ascend to my chamber. A ladder of ropes is fastened to the casement, by which we may safely descend; and then we shall find three palfreys for thyself, for me, and for Rudolph, thy tender-hearted jailer, who dares not stay behind thee."

"Thanks, generous damsel," said the King. "A few hours' hard riding will conduct us to the forest, within whose recesses we may devise means of disguise and concealment, and of finding our way to some

of the ports in Flanders, in all of which there are vessels from England ready and anxious to facilitate the return of their king. But these fetters, lady, must not be the companions of our journey."

Rudolph had, however, provided for that emergency. He speedily unlocked the fetters, and the King of England once more stood up an unshackled, if not a free man. At that moment a hideous outcry pervaded the castle. The word of alarm was heard passing from sentinel to sentinel, and torches were seen approaching in the direction of the King of England's dungeon.

"She's gone—she's fled!" said a female voice which was immediately recognised to be that of the Empress. "I found her chamber deserted, and a ladder of ropes attached to the casement. This ill-omened violence of thine will prove the ruin of our house."

"Peace, woman, peace!" said the Emperor: "let us see if our prisoner be safe.—Ha!" he added, as with about a dozen followers, who brandished their naked swords above their heads, he came within view of the object of his search. "Behold the traitor with that dishonoured minion in his arms. Smite him! slay him! the murderer of your Prince—the betrayer of my daughter."

The myrmidons were not slow in obeying the commands of their master, and advanced towards the unarmed captive. Margareta, who was lying in his arms in a state of death-like stupor, seemed roused by the flash of their sabres, and exclaiming "Save him—spare him!—back—back," rushed between the intended victim and his assassins, and received the weapon of the foremost in her bosom. A dreadful shriek was uttered by every voice; the uplifted swords fell, one and all, to the ground; and Margareta, bathed in blood, sunk at the feet of her father.

"Her heart is pierced! she's dead—she's dead!" shrieked the Empress: "wo to our house, wo worth the hour in which violent hands were laid upon the sacred person of a Christian King: wo, wo to me; my son—my daughter—where are ye?"

The Emperor stood for a moment mute, and still as a statue. The red flush of anger which had inflamed his features, was succeeded by a livid paleness, and the fierce rolling of his eye seemed to be giving place to the glassy glare of mortality. At length, his brow grew black as night, and his lip quivered with a malignant smile, as he asked, in a low and stifled voice:

"Is not the den of my Numidian lion situated opposite the dungeon of the prisoner?"

"It is, my liege," answered an attendant; "the doors face each other, and are separated only by this narrow corridor."

"Thrust back the traitor to his cell then," said the Emperor, "and let loose the beast upon him. That princely brute shall be my avenger."

The Empress caught her husband's arm, and gazed with a look of deprecation in his face. The stern, inflexible expression there seemed to freeze her into silence, and she sunk to the earth. In the mean time, the attendants prepared to force King Richard back to his dungeon; but folding his arms, and with a smile of mingled triumph and contempt on his features, he spared them the effort by walking tranquilly thither. The door of the lion's den was then immediately unbarred, and the furious animal sprang to the entrance. The glare of the torches arrested his progress for a moment, and as he rolled his red eye around upon them, the spectators had an opportunity of observing his dimensions. He was above eight feet in length, and nearly five feet and a half in height. His long shaggy mane extended from the top of the head to below the shoulders, and hung down to the knees. His feet were armed with claws which seemed to be nearly two inches long; and while his right fore-foot was advanced, he lashed the earth with his tail, and

gazed intently into the opposite cell, in which his destined victim awaited his attack. An instant afterwards he uttered a dreadful roar, and sprang towards Richard. He attempted to spring upon him from above; but the King, with his clenched hand, smote him so violent a blow on the breast, that he reeled back in a breathless state, while volumes of smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils. A murmur of approbation and applause, which was gathering on the assembled spectators, was instantly hushed on beholding the still stern features of the Emperor. Again did the animal spring upon King Richard, and again did the latter, with the same Herculean strength, repel the attack. The animal now stood at the door of his den, as if willing, yet fearful, to renew the assault; he stamped violently with his feet, beat his sides with his tail, erected the hair of his head and mane, and opening wide his mouth, displayed his angry teeth, and again set up a tremendous roar. The Emperor and his attendants shrunk back appalled; but what was their astonishment at seeing the King, in his turn, become the assailant, and rushing from his cell, dart upon the incensed animal, and thrust his arm down his throat. For a moment the lion struggled with his audacious assailant, reared and plunged, and seemed to shake even the strong foundations of the castle with his struggles. Then the death-rattle was heard in his throat; his limbs, after quivering for an instant, were stretched rigid and motionless on the ground; and Richard, drawing forth his arm, displayed the heart of the ferocious animal in his grasp.

"God save King Richard!" burst from the lips of every one present. "The right hand of God is stretched over the Soldier of the Cross. The powers of Heaven fight in the cause of Heaven's chosen servants." Such were the exclamations which rang in the ears of the undaunted monarch, while the beaming eyes and agitated features of the spectators testified their admiration and astonishment still more strongly. "The will of Heaven be done!" said the Emperor, approaching his captive. "I have already paid dearly enough, King Richard, for detaining you in my custody, and will not tempt the wrath of Heaven further. Say, is the ransom money ready?"

"Three hundred thousand marks is the sum demanded," said King Richard scornfully. "Is it not, most generous Emperor?"

"Talk not of ransom," said the Empress to her husband, "lest, even while we are speaking, this strong-ribbed castle should totter to its base, and overwhelm us in one general ruin."

"Nay, nay, Madam," said Richard; "the people of England are not such churls as to deny that sum to purchase the freedom of their King, nor do I wish to be indebted to the generosity of the Emperor Henry. The ambassadors from England are now in this city, prepared to pay down two-thirds of the proposed ransom, and to deliver hostages for the remainder. Say, Emperor, shall their demands be acceded to?"

"Even so," said the Emperor; and while his avarice and fear wrung this reluctant consent from his malignity and cruelty, the big drops rolled from his temples down his cheeks, his lips quivered, and his knees trembled from the violence of the internal struggle.

The sequel of this history is too well known to be here repeated. King Richard was set at liberty, and, with his two companions who had acted the part of his fellow Palmers, arrived safely in England on the 20th of March 1194. He was received by his subjects with demonstrations of unbounded joy; his exploits became familiar topics of conversation amongst all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest; and, above all, his adventure with the lion was made the theme of universal wonder and eulogy, and procured for him his popular surname of *Cœur de Lion*.

MINERALOGY.

THE Aventurine Quartz appears filled with particles of Gold, an effect arising from very minute fissures; and the Cat's-eye, of Ceylon, much esteemed in the East, as an amulet of great efficacy, derives its satiny lustre from a fibrous texture. The most elegant of all the species of Quartz, is the precious Opal, which reflects flashes and sparks of the purest and most brilliant colours; on one side a fine rich green seems to grow into gold, and on the other, a sparkling crimson melts into a violet tint. Independently of these, the colour of precious Opal is grayish or yellowish white; the common Opal is of a darker colour, more opaque, and has no brilliant reflections.

In Carnelian and Calcedony, SILICA is united with a small portion of ALUMINA (Clay.) The former is generally red, or milk-white, and occurs only in the form of pebbles, of various sizes, the finest of which come from India; the latter, which is a variety of it, is often blueish or yellowish, with but little lustre, and has, externally, a bubbled or grape-like form, termed botryoidal: it forms the principal part of most Agates; especially of those which fill the cavities of Basalt rocks in the Faroe Isles, Saxony, and Oberstein, in the Palatinate; often in alternate layers of white and brown, or dark gray. Cameos are frequently cut from Agates of this kind: the head being carved in the white Calcedony, and the brown layer forming the back ground.

Chrysopease derives its vivid green colour from the oxide of a scarce metal, called Nickel: it is translucent; that is, it transmits light; but not sufficiently to be called semi-transparent. Blood-stone, or Heliotrope, which was formerly supposed to be an antidote against bleeding, by applying it to a wound, is Calcedony, intimately mixed with green Earth, which imparts to it a very dark colour; the red spots, with which it is frequently variegated, are Jasper;—an opaque quartzose mineral, containing a little ALUMINA or Clay, and offering a variety of colours, (red, ochre-yellow, brown, and sometimes green,) which are caused by the oxide of Iron. It is abundant in several countries, particularly Sicily. Those thin white veins, by which it is intersected, are filled with minute Quartz crystals. Jasper was much prized by the ancients; being considered by them as a precious stone, probably on account of its hardness: it was one of the twelve stones which formed the breast-plate of the high-priest, Aaron. These were arranged in the following order: in the first row, a Sardius, a Topaz, and a Carbuncle, in the second row, an Emerald, a Sapphire, and a Diamond; in the third, a Ligure, an Agate, and an Amethyst; and in the fourth, a Beryl, an Onyx, and a Jasper. The first of these stones is, probably, the dark unburnt Carnelian, called by the jewellers, Sard; the Ligure is not known at the present day; but the name Ligure has lately been applied to a hard crystallized mineral, which considerably resembles the Chrysolite.

Common Flint appears, at first sight, to have little affinity with most of these minerals; yet it is almost pure SILICA, and its hardness equals that of Quartz, which is considerably greater than that of glass; and, as it does not vary in different specimens, it becomes a kind of standard, with which the hardness of minerals may be compared, by scratching one with the other. It is not correct, however, to conclude, that every mineral which scratches glass belongs to the Quartz family, for there are a great many of intermediate hardness: Felspar, for instance, will readily scratch glass, and is easily scratched by Quartz. Others, again, as all the species of Garnets, are much harder than Quartz. That beautiful gem the Garnet, contains a large portion of Iron, in the state of oxide or

rust, which is the cause of its deep red colour, and high specific gravity; namely, about four. The crystals are

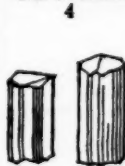


dodecahedrons (twelve-sided figures, of which the faces are rhombic, or lozenge-shaped, a, fig. 3, or else a figure of twenty-four somewhat irregular faces b, fig. 3.) There are frequently narrow planes on the first figure, which appear to have replaced its edges all around; the edges are then said to be truncated; a circumstance which frequently occurs to the crystals of this, and of other minerals. It is proper, perhaps, to observe, that by a crystal,

we do not mean Rock Crystal only; but all regular or symmetrical forms, inclosed by plane surfaces, which simple minerals are found to assume. The word crystal (Krustallos) signifies ice; and was given by the ancients to the colourless transparent Quartz found in the snowy regions of the Alps; "which," says the credulous, and, in this as well as many other instances, incorrect Pliny, "is, indeed, ice; but so permanently congealed by the extreme cold, that it can never again become liquid!" In time, the constancy of the form became remarkable, and the term was applied to all other regular solids.

The crystals, both of common and precious Garnet, are usually embedded in Granite, or some other rock; and the Pyrope Garnet, likewise, which, as well as the precious Garnet, is used in jewellery; and, perhaps, excels it in depth and richness of colour. The latter is found in Bohemia and Saxony; it is supposed to be the Carbuncle of the ancients. Common Garnet, a more abundant variety, is of a dull brown or green colour, nearly or quite opaque, and contains LIME. The Melanite and the Leucite are varieties of the Garnet: the former, which is found at Frescati, near Mount Vesuvius, is constantly black; and the latter, of a grayish white colour, is abundant in some of the Vesuvian lava.

The Tourmaline (Fig. 4) possesses two very singular



characteristics: one is the power of becoming strongly electric, with polarity, on being heated; indeed, more obviously so than any other mineral. If you suspect a crystal to be a Tourmaline, and wish to try its electricity, hold it in a slender pair of pincers, set in a glass handle, over the flame of a wax candle or small lamp; but not so near that it may be blackened by

the smoke. When it is just too hot to touch, on holding it near a very small piece of gold paper, suspended by a silken thread, if it be a Tourmaline, it will attract it; and the same end will, presently after, repel it. The other remarkable circumstance is, that, although the crystals, which are prismatic, and always streaked lengthwise, appear perfectly transparent on looking through them from side to side; yet, if you look at the ends of a crystal, let it be ever so short, it will be found to be opaque. Iolite, another species of the same family, possesses a somewhat similar property: in one direction it appears purplish blue; in another, it is yellowish brown. It occurs in Spain, Bavaria, and Finland. Tourmalines are found in North America, Brazil, and the Island of Ceylon, of a green and dull blue colour, they are brightest from the last-mentioned place. Red Tourmalines, also, have been brought from Ceylon and Siberia; they contain one-tenth part of Soda, and are called Rubellites, from their resemblance to the Ruby.

Original.

DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.

BY N. H. THAYER.

UNGUARDED and alone, in impious meditation sat
The bloody tyrant, while ever and anon—remorseless
—reckless,

With sudden start, and hellish smile, he soiled
Fair virtue's purest emblem, with his unhallowed
mandates.

That foulest dash, numbering the treasured honours of
uncounted years,

Which tore away the wreath from noble brows,
And sealed the fountains of his country's happiness,
He calmly placed upon the fair white page,
And felt no adder coiling round his heart.

But Robespierre's hour had come. Vengeance had
slept—

'Twas not the sleep of death.

The fairest sun.

That e'er o'er France had risen,
Careered in glory through Parisian sky,
Up to his meridian and dazzling throne.
Like to some weeded fair one, who casts away the
emblem of her grief,

And bursts in fresh beauty on the sympathetic group,
So the bright god of that eventful day, cast off his
robe of cloud,

And passed in splendour on.
'Twas ominous that brightness—that pure disk—that
brilliant ray,

That like an anchor thrown on mercy's bosom
Secured from danger and alarm, the tost and agitated
soul.

He had reigned a Scylla,
Through every grade of despotism arose—
Until from power's loftiest eminence, he on his vine-
clad home
Unfeelingly poured down the burning phial of perfect
misery.
Murderer of love—rebel from nature—parricide and
fratricide,
Adulterer, and enemy of God and man,
It was not fit that he should live—

Within his gloomy hall

Tapestried with horror, congenial with his own black
soul,

He sat gazing, and with a grin satanic, on those past
decrees

That had consigned so many unto wretchedness,
And now, as if another thought, a winged thought
from hell,

Lights on his brain—he starts, in madness starts,
And hurls them to the earth—then bending to his task
infernal,

Dips his pen, that fatal pen, and scrawls in agitation—
“Medoc must die!” and as quickly ‘long the tear-damp
wall,

Echoes that well known rap, summoning in human
form, a demon.

“Let Medoc die, before you sun shall set—
I had thought that death had lulled him to eternal
sleep,

That earth-worms revelled on his noble corpse—
Myrmidons away—the block—the block—Medoc
must”

Not on the scaffold die—most fiendish monster—no,
Nor elsewhere, wretch! as soon as thou—
Home, to thy own hell, home!”—and the deadly iron
Sent its leaden messenger, deep to the scorched brain,
Of the staggering, falling, fangless monster.

The wild convulsive shout of joy
Passed on from lip to lip, and brows that had in mi-
sery been robbed,
Bore now the radiant seal of happiness.

He lay in mockery of state,
And round him marched the rushing crowds of Paris,
Wondering, mid intervals of execration, how so harm-
less, and so weak a thing

Could blanch the cheek of valiant man,
And make the knees of veterans to quake.
One there was of venerable mien, an aged man,
Who raised his withering palms to heaven, while tears
of pity

Coursed o'er his furrowed cheek, and faintly uttered
“Yes, Robespierre, there is a God.” The old man wept,
For he was *one* of God.

The pallid look, the laidly feature, brow and eye,
Struck daggers to his soul, thou enemy of his and of
that God—

The murderous worm, his sensitive eternal soul
Was piercing through and through, and legions of
spirits damned,

Were shouting in his ear, “Death is eternal sleep.”
He drew him near, and to the wretch he said “Yes,
Robespierre, there is a God.”

But 'cross his lip there shot a ghastly and revengeful
smile,

And forth came blasphemy for prayer.
And now again the deafening shout—
“Down, down to hell, murderer of my kindred down,
And all the curses of Parisian mothers follow thee!”

A dreadful curse, fresh from the warm lip of one,
whose dark habiliments of sorrow

So plainly showed that she had tasted deep the cup of
general wretchedness.

A dreadful wretch he lived—a dreadful wretch he
died—

Unfit for sympathy of earth—unfit for thought of
heaven.

The last dread scene is over—
Stanching the lacerated heart of France—
Religion, borne on the prayers of millions, descends
from heaven again,

Science smiles, justice resumes her wonted seat,
Anarchy, confusion die—peace and plenty reign,
And happiness and joy walk hand in hand
Throughout the wide domain of Helena's entombed.

THE COTTAGE GRANDFATHER.

WHILE nobles are anxious for honour and state,
The peasants are cheerful and void of debate;
No fame to allure them, no riches to prize,
And all that is wanting contentment supplies.
Their labours with pleasure they daily pursue—
Tho' small their possessions, their wants are but few;
Content in their stations, though simple their fare,
Strangers to ambition, and strangers to care.
Returning from labour, in yonder green glade
Behold aged Damon hath shoulder'd his spade;
While Rosa, his grandchild, with health in her face,
Runs out from the cottage to meet his embrace.
The tales of the day she is anxious to tell,
And gives him a nosegay of cowslips to smell;
Thus all his attention she seems to engage,
The pride of his heart, the delight of his age.
In his old rustic settle, when seated is he,
The sweet little prattler climbs up on his knee;
A glow of delight on her cheek is display'd,
While she tells him the pranks that her pet-lamb has
play'd.

The toils of the day are by Damon forgot,
Contentment and peace are the guests of his cot;
He knows no vexation, with health he is blest.
Each day brings him labour, each night gives him rest.

A SENTIMENTAL ADVENTURE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THERE is a fashion in every thing—more especially in every thing feminine, as we of the Court Magazine are, of all other writers, bound to allow; the very faults of the ladies (if ladies can have faults,) as well as the tenor by which those faults are distinguished, change with the changing time. The severe but honest puritan of the commonwealth, was succeeded by the less rigid, but probably less sincere prude, who, from the restoration to George the Third's day, seems, if we may believe those truest painters of manners, the satirists and the comic poets, to have divided the realm of beauty with the fantastic coquette—*L'Allegro* reigning over one half of the female world, *Il Pensero* over the other.

With the decline of the artificial comedy, these two grand divisions amongst women which had given such life to the acted drama, and had added humour to the prose of Addison, and point to the verse of Pope, gradually died away. The Suspicious Husband of Dr. Hoadley, one of the wittiest and most graceful of those graceful and witty pictures of manners, which have now wholly disappeared from the comic scene, is, I think, nearly the last in which the characters are so distinguished. The wide reaching appellations of prude and coquette, the recognized title, the definite classification, the outward profession were gone, whatever might be the case with the internal propensities; and the sex, somewhat weary it may be of finding itself called by two names, neither of them very desirable, the one being very disagreeable, and the other a little haughty—branched off into innumerable sects, with all manner of divisions and sub-divisions, and has contrived to exhibit, during the last sixty or seventy years, as great a variety of humours, good or bad, and to derive and obtain as many epithets (most of them sufficiently ill-omened) as its various and capricious fellow-biped called man.

Amongst these epithets, were two which I well remember to have heard applied some thirty years ago to more than one fair lady in the good town of Belford, but which have now passed away as completely as their companions, predecessors, coquette and prude. The "words of fear" in question were satirical and sentimental. With the first of these sad nick-names we have nothing to do. Child as I was, it seemed to me at the time, and I think so more strongly on recollection, that in two or three instances the imputation was wholly undeserved; that a girlish gaiety of heart on the one hand, and a womanly fineness of observation on the other, gave rise to an accusation which mixes a little, and very little cleverness with a great deal of ill-nature. But with the fair satirist, be the appellation true or false, we have no concern; our business is with one lady of the class sentimental, and with one, and with one only, of those adventures to which ladies of that class are, to say the least, peculiarly liable.

Miss Selina Savage, (her detractors said that she was christened Sarah, founding upon certain testimony of I know not what value, of aunts and God-mothers; but I abide by her own signature, as now lying before me in a fine, slender Italian hand, at the bottom of a note somewhat yellow by time, but still stamped in a French device of *pensees* and *soucis*, and still faintly smelling of tar of roses; the object of the said note being to borrow "Mr. Pratt's exquisite Poem of Sympathy.") Miss Selina Savage (I hold by the autograph) was a young lady of uncertain age; there being on this point also a small variation of ten or a dozen years between her

own assertions and those of her calumniators; but of a most sentimental aspect (in this respect all were agreed) tall, fair, pale and slender, she being so little encumbered with flesh and blood, and so little tinted with the diversity of colouring thereunto belonging, so completely blond in hair, eyes, and complexion, that a very tolerable portrait of her might be cut out in white paper, provided the paper were thin enough, or drawn in chalks, white and black, upon a pale brown ground. Nothing could be too shadowy or too vapoury; the Castle Spectre, flourishing in all the glory of gauze drapery on the stage of Drury Lane—the ghosts of Ossian, made out of the mists of the hills—were but types of Miss Selina Savage. Her voice was like her aspect, sighing, crying, dying; and her conversation as lachrymose as her voice; she sang sentimental songs, played sentimental airs, wrote sentimental letters, and read sentimental books; has given away her parrot for laughing, and turned off her post-boy for whistling a country dance.

The abode of this amiable damsel was a small, neat dwelling, somewhat inconveniently situated, at the back of the Holy Brook, between the Abbey Mills on the one side, and a great timber wharf on the other, with the stream moving between the carriage road and the house, and nothing to unite them but a narrow foot-bridge, which must needs be crossed in all weathers. It had, however, certain recommendations which more than atoned for these defects in the eyes of its romantic mistress; three middle-sized cypress trees at one end of the court, in the front of her mansion two well-grown weeping willows; the other an address at "Holy Brook Cottage," absolutely invaluable to such a correspondee, and standing in most advantageous contrast with the streets, terraces, crescents, and places of which Belford was for the most part composed; and a very fair chance of excellent material for the body of her letters by the abundant casualties and Humane Society cases afforded by the foot-bridge—no less than one old woman, three small children, and two drunken men having been ducked in the stream in the course of one winter. Drowning would have been too much of a good thing; but of that, from the shallowness of the water, there was happily no chance.

Miss Savage, with two quiet, orderly, light-footed, and soft-spoken maidens, had been for some years the solitary tenants of the pretty cottage by the Holy Brook. She had lost her father during her early childhood; and the death of her mother (a neat, quiet old lady, whose interminable carpet work is amongst the earliest of my recollections—I could draw the pattern now,) and the absence of her brother, a married man with a large family and a prosperous business, who resided constantly in London, left the fair Selina the entire mistress of her fortune, her actions, and her residence. That she remained in Belford, although exclaiming against the place and its society—its gossiping morning visits, and its evening card-parties, as well as to the general want of refinement amongst its inhabitants—might be imputed partly perhaps to habit, and an aversion to the trouble of moving, and partly to a violent friendship between herself and another damsel of the same class, a good deal younger, and a great deal sillier, who lived two streets off, and whom she saw every day, and wrote to every hour.

Martha, or, as her friend chose to call her, Matilda Marshall, was the fourth or fifth daughter of a spirit merchant in the town. Frequent meetings at the cit-

culating library introduced the fair ladies to each other, and a congeniality of taste brought about first an acquaintance, and then an intimacy, which difference of station (for Miss Savage was of the highest circle in this provincial society, and poor Martha was of no circle at all.) only seemed to cement the more firmly.

The Marshalls, flattered by Selina's notice of their daughter, and not sorry that that notice had fallen on the least useful and cheerful of the family, the one that amongst all their young people they could the most easily spare, put her time and her actions entirely into her own power, or rather into that of her patroness. Mr. Marshall, a calculating man of business, finding flirtation after flirtation go off without the conclusion matrimonial, and knowing the fortune to be considerable, began to look on Matilda as the probable heiress; and except from her youngest brother William, a clever but unlucky school boy, who delighted in plaguing his sister, and laughing at sentimental friendships, this intimacy, from which all but one member was sedulously excluded, was cherished and promoted by the whole family.

Very necessary was Miss Matilda at the Holy Brook cottage. She filled there the important parts of listener, adviser, and confidant, and filled them with an honest and simple-hearted sincerity, which the most skillful flatterer that ever lived would have failed to imitate. She read the same books, sang the same songs, talked in the same tone, walked with the same air, and wore the same fashions, which, upon her, she being naturally short and stout, and dark-eyed and rosy, had, as her brother William told her, about the same effect that armour similar to Don Quixote's would have produced upon Sancho Panza.

One of her chief services in the character of confidant, was of course to listen to the several love passages of which, since she was of the age of Juliet, her friend's history might be said to have consisted. How she had remained so long unmarried might have moved some wonder, since she seemed always immersed in the passion which leads to such a conclusion; but then her love was something like the stream that flowed before her door—a shallow brooklet, easy to slip in, and easy to slip out. From two or three imprudent engagements her brother had extricated her; and from one, the most dangerous of all, she had been saved by her betrothed having been claimed the week before the nuptials by another wife. At the moment of which we write, however, the fair Selina seemed once more in a fair way to change her name.

That she was fond of literature of a certain class we have already intimated; and, next after Sterne and Rousseau, the classics of her order, and their horde of vile imitators, whether sentimental novelists, or sentimental essayists, or sentimental dramatists, she delighted in the horde of nameless versifiers whom Gifford demolished; in other words, after bad prose her next favourite reading was bad verse; and as this sort of verse is quite as easy to write as to read—I should think of the two rather easier—she soon became no inconsiderable perpetrator of sonnets without rhyme, and songs without reason; and elegies, by an ingenious combination, equally deficient in both.

After writing this sort of verse, the next step is to put it in print; and in those days (we speak of above thirty years ago,) when there was no Mrs. Hemans to send grace and beauty, and purity of thought and feeling, into every corner of the kingdom—no Mary Howitt to add the strength and originality of a manly mind to the sensibility of a womanly fancy,—in those days the Poet's Corner of a country newspaper was the refuge of every poetaster in the county. So intolerably bad were the acrostics, the rebuses, the epigrams, and the epitaphs, which adorned those asylums for fugitive pieces, that a selection of the worst of them would really be worth printing amongst the Curiosities

of Literature. A less vain person than Miss Selina Savage might have thought she did the Hampshire Courant honour in sending them an elegy on the death of a favourite bullfinch, with the signature of Eurinia.

It was printed forthwith, read with ecstatic admiration by the authoress and her friend, and with great amusement by William Marshall, who, now the spruce clerk of a spruce attorney, continued to divert himself with worming out of his simple sister all the secrets of herself and her friend, and then to pursue them with the most unmerciful ridicule. The elegy was printed, and in a fair way of being forgotten by all but the writer, when in the next number of the Courant appeared a complimentary sonnet addressed to the authoress of the elegy, and signed Orlando.

Imagine the delight of the fair Eurinia! she was not in the least astonished,—a bad and inexperienced writer never is taken by surprise by any quantity of praise; but she was charmed and interested as much as woman could be; she answered her sonnet by another (which, by the by, contained, according to Boileau's well-known recipe, and the practice of all nations, a quatrain too many;) he replied to her rejoinder; compliments flew thicker and faster; and the poetical correspondence between Orlando and Eurinia became so tender, that the editor of the H * * shire Courant thought it only right to hint to the gentleman that the post-office would be a more convenient medium for his future communications.

As this intimation was accompanied by the address of the lady, it was taken in very good part; and before the publication of the next number of the provincial weekly journal, Miss Savage received the accustomed tribute of verse from Orlando, enveloped in a prose epistle, dated from a small town about thirty miles off, and signed Henry Turner.

An answer had been earnestly requested, and an answer the lady sent; and by return of post she received a reply, to which she replied with equal alertness; then came a love letter in full form; and then a petition for an interview; and to the first the lady answered any thing but No! and to the latter she assented.

The time fixed for this important visit, it being now the merry month of May, was three o'clock in the day. He had requested to find her alone; and accordingly by one p. m. she had dismissed her faithful confidante, promising to write to her the moment Mr. Turner was gone, had given orders to admit no one but a young gentleman who sent in his visiting ticket, (such being the plan proposed by the innamorato,) and began to set herself and her apartment in order for his reception—she herself in an elegant dishabille, between sentimental and pastoral, and her room in a confusion equally elegant, of music, books, and flowers; Zimmermann and Lavater on the table; and one of those dramas, those tragedies bourgeoises, or comedies larmoyantes, which it seems incredible that Beaumarchais, he that wrote the two matchless plays of Figaro,* could have written, in her hand.

It was hardly two o'clock, full an hour before his time, when a double knock was heard at the door; Mr. Turner's card was sent in, and a well-dressed and well-looking young man ushered into the presence of the fair poetess. There is no describing such an interview. My readers must imagine the compliments and the blushes, the *fine speeches de part et d'autre*,

* I speak, of course, of the admirably brilliant French comedies, and not of the operas, whether English or Italian, which, retaining the situations, and hardly the situations, have completely sacrificed the wit, the character, and the pleasantry of the delightful originals, and have almost as much tended to injure Beaumarchais' reputation as his own dullest drama.

the long words and the fine words, the sighs and the languishments. The lady was satisfied; the gentleman had no reason to complain; and after a short visit he left her, promising to return in the evening to take his coffee with her and her friend.

She had just sat down to express to that friend, in her accustomed high-flown language, the contentment of her heart, when another knock was followed by a second visiting ticket. "Mr. Turner again! Oh! I suppose he has remembered something of consequence. Show him in."

And in came a second Mr. Turner!!

The consternation of the lady was inexpressible!—That of the gentleman, when the reason of her astonishment was explained to him, was equally vehement and flattering. He burst into eloquent threats against the impostor who had assumed his name, the wretch who had dared to trifle with such a passion, and such a lady-love; and being equally well-looking and fire-spoken, full of rapturous vows and ardent protestations, and praise addressed equally to the woman and the authoress, conveyed to the enchanted Selina the complete idea of her lover-poet.

He took leave of her at the end of half an hour, to ascertain, if possible, the delinquent who had usurped his name and his assignation, purposing to return in the evening to meet her friend; and again she was sitting down to her writing table, to exclaim over this extraordinary adventure, and to dilate on the charms of the true Orlando, when three o'clock struck, and a third knock at the door heralded a third visiting ticket, and a third Mr. Turner!!!

A shy, awkward, simple youth, was this,—“the real Simon Pure!”—bowing and bashful, and with a stutter that would have rendered his words unintelligible even if time had been allowed him to bring them forth. But no time was allowed him. Provoked past her patience, believing herself the laughing-stock of the town, our sentimental fair one forgot her refinement, her delicacy, her fine speaking, and her affection; and calling her maids and her foot-boy to aid, drove out her unfortunate suitor with such a storm of vituperation, such a torrent of plain, honest, homely scolding, that the luckless Orlando took to his heels, and missing his footing on the narrow bridge, tumbled head-foremost into the Holy Brook, and emerged dripping like a river god, to the infinite amusement of the two impostors and of William Marshall, the contriver of the jest, who lay perdu in the mill, and told the story, as a great secret, to so many persons, that before the next day it was known half over the place, and was the eventual cause of depriving the good town of Bedford of one of the most inoffensive and sentimental of its inhabitants. The fair Selina decamped in a week.

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

AMONG the most fashionable materials for morning dress, are the *foulards*, with pink or blue patterns on a *fond ecru*. These *foulards* have a simple and *neglige* appearance. They should be worn with a plain bonnet, and a *colerette* or *pelerine* of cambric or clear muslin.

Pekin, printed in large sprig patterns, is also a very elegant *demi toilette* for the promenade. A white ground, with a coloured pattern, is most admired in *Pekin*.

A very beautiful kind of *Mousselines de laine*, is that with a pistache ground, sprigged with *bouquets* of flowers without stalks. A running pattern of peach blossom on a green ground; *colonnes* and *bouquets* on lilac grounds, are also exceedingly fashionable.

Pou de soie, of the patterns called *gros dentelle* of two colours, is much employed for *pelisses*.

One of the prettiest patterns for printed *Pekin*, is a *bouquet* of small, delicate flowers, on a white ground.

Another much admired pattern consists of roses the size of nature, with green leaves on a black ground.

The *satins cachemire* is infinitely more soft and lustrous than the *satins de laine*. We have seen some with black grounds, sprigged with small rose-buds. Persian and Egyptian patterns, in very vivid colours on white grounds, are also very elegant.

For promenade and carriage costume, nothing is more fashionable than a dress of *chequered silk*, with a large, round *pelerine* of the same.

The newest flowers of the season, either for caps or bonnets, consist of exquisite imitations of those natural flowers which are most commonly known. Roses of every species are worn on hats of any colour. For hats of *paille de riz*, a branch of geranium is a favourite ornament. *Nattier*, of Paris, has produced some exquisite imitations of every variety of geranium.

Among the novelties imported from Paris, within the last few days, we have remarked a *Leghorn hat*, from the magazine of *Madame Lepetit*. It was ornamented with four superb white feathers, arranged in most elegant and picturesque style. The longest drooped over the brim of the hat, and the others were placed more erect so as to be agitated by the slightest breath of wind. Another Parisian novelty was a bonnet of blue *pou de soie*, the front rather deep and edged with *rouleaux*. It was trimmed with figured satin riband, and with a pink flower *en grappe*, as pliant as a feather. In Paris, a bird of *Paradise* feather is not unfrequently worn in a *Leghorn hat*.

Trimmings round the edges of hats, which have been for some time past totally exploded, are again partially revived. Two or three bias folds of *crapelle* are now substituted for *ruches*. They produce a soft and vapoury effect, very becoming to the complexion.

Rouleaux are sometimes placed on the edge of a hat, and also round the top of the crown.

An attempt has been made to introduce sleeves almost tight to the arm, from the shoulder to the wrist. These are called by the French *modistes*, *manches amadis*. Very few ladies have ventured upon them, and there is at present no chance of this fashion being restored to favour. The sleeves which were worn about four years ago, distinguished by the name of *manches a l'imbecile*, are now very generally adopted. Sometimes they are gathered in fulness on a long pointed cuff, and at other times on a small, straight cuff, about three inches broad.

Foulard dresses are usually made very simple. The *corsage* high, draped or buttoned, *jupe* quite plain, and the sleeves wide. *Foulards* with black grounds have sometimes the *pelerines* edged with black lace. The first *pelerine* should come down to the waist, or may be drawn under the waist-band; the second should be round and open.

Cravats of taffetas, or *gros de Naples*, are now superseded by the variety of beautiful ribands just introduced among the numerous novelties of the season. These ribands make beautiful *tours de cou*. They are tied in a bow in front, after being passed twice round the neck. Another less simple, but equally favourite fashion, is to pass the riband twice round the neck, then to tie it in two bows, which are fashioned by a brooch. The ends are drawn through the waist-band, below which they descend a few inches.

In Paris, some few ladies have already appeared in summer gaiters of coloured *gros de Naples*, with shoes of the same. Shoes of black kid or light morocco are, however, preferred. Gaiters of satin, with shoes to correspond, are considered very *recherche*.

There is a deceit in fashion that enchants the heart, disturbs the reason, fills the mind with a succession of disorders, and makes the world a hospital of enthusiasts.

ETHELAIDE STUART.

PERHAPS there is not in the life of man a purer feeling of existence than that which he enjoys when, after a lingering illness, he walks abroad, for the first time, on a beautiful spring day. In that gay season every thing breathes of life, and love, and joy. It is as if the hearts of living things had been frozen up with the ice of winter; for, where all before was hushed and silent, all now is festivity and mirth. And no sooner have the heavens again smiled upon the earth, and the earth resumed its beauty, than there is a wild and tumultuous burst of joyous and ardent feeling from the heart of every living thing. His own heart, grateful in the renovation of existence, naturally expands with every generous emotion: worldly and selfish feelings die within it; and, entering largely into the general joy, it unreservedly goes out, in the mystery of its fulness, to the great Creator, who perhaps rejoices in nothing so much as in the happiness of the creatures which his goodness has made.

Such may be supposed to have been the feelings of Alfred Yorston, when he left Mossburn Cottage, where he had been confined to a sick-bed for several long months. He had struck down the avenue which leads to the Hermitage, and had just come in view of that sequestered pile, when he was accosted by an old female mendicant:

"God bless yer honor!—eh! but, my dear, that bonnie face is pale; was it grief, hinnie, that made ye sae wan an' thoctfu'?" He said—"nae doubt," she continued, advancing nearer to Alfred, and assuming a sort of confidential tone; "young hearts, Maister Yorston, hae their sorrows, an' young een sometimes greet till maybe there's na anither tear to drap, altho' a sweetheart was lyin' i' the deathdraw."

Alfred was surprised to hear his name mentioned by a person whom he had never, to his knowledge, seen before.

"How do I know you, dear? hoo sud I hae kent ye, indeed, for ye are sair changed!—an' hoo sud I hae kent yer uncle, wha's heir yer honor noo is; an' hoo sud I hae kent ane ye wad hae liket weel to hae been nearer an' dearer to ye? Hae nae I aften seen you an' her sittin' thegither, whan ye baith thoct nae een but yer ain wore upon ye?"

"For God's sake, woman! of whom do you speak?" eagerly inquired Alfred; while his breathing became difficult, and his limbs trembled beneath him.

"Of whom do I speak, said ye? Wha sud I speak o', but the bit lassie ye ance liket sae weel—an' wha liket you as ne'er again will she like man? Hae ye sic a short memory, Maister Yorston? Dinna ye mind bonnie Miss Ethelaide—an' hoo she was sent aff to the north lest ye sud make her yer bride?—an' dinna ye mind o' her greetin' on yer bosom, aneath the haw tree, that bonnie mune-licht nicht, till her young heart was a' but broken, an' yer ain na far frae it, when na ane heard it but mysel', and the God that made us a'?"

A deep stifled groan came from the bottom of the unhappy man's heart. He put gold into the woman's hand, and solemnly entreated her, if she knew aught of that lady, to acquaint him of it.

"Me ken ony thing o' the young lady? hoo sud I ken ony thing o' her, pur thing? We're a' sinfu' cratures, yer honor, an' whan a woman's love is thwarted, an' her sweetheart forgets her, ye ken, think ye it a strange thing if a young maiden sud o'en tyne heart a'thegither, an' become reckless o' what may betide her, be it weel or wae?"

"And is this all you know about Miss Stuart?" asked Alfred impatiently.

"Hout! I maybe ken some mair about her; but yer honor is sae hasty. But what signify's speakin' about a thing that'll aune be as it ne'er had been? The lassie's days—ay, Maister Yorston, her hours are number'd; the sand o' her short life is rinnin' fast to a close. See ye that sun wi' its bricht face glowrin' thro' the tall trees?—it'll no set afore it looks upo' the cauld corp o' Ethelaide Stuart."

Alfred turned away, under the supposition that the woman was crazy. The feelings she had conjured up, however, were of such a nature as not to be easily diverted from the current they had taken, even though he had wished to do so. She had distinctly alluded to circumstances long gone by, of which he had thought no one had any knowledge but himself. She had, moreover, adverted to other circumstances, apparently of a more painful nature, of which he was ignorant. Anxious to ascertain the import of the dark words which the woman had uttered, he turned back, in the hope of overtaking her; but she seemed purposely to have eluded his search, for she was not to be found.

Alfred Yorston was of humble but respectable parentage. On the death of his father, who, though a pious and learned man, had never advanced beyond a poor curacy, his mother was invited, with Alfred, her only surviving child, to spend a few months in Scotland, with her brother, a bachelor, who, at an advanced time of life, had retired from business, with the view of spending his remaining years in the peaceful obscurity of his country villa. Mr. Livingston loved his sister and her little boy too well ever to think of their returning to England; so she continued to live in the family with her brother till she died. Alfred, a youth of very prepossessing exterior, had been educated with an eye to the Scottish church, but his delicate constitution was found not to admit of the severe and ceaseless study necessary for an aspirant to the Scottish pulpit; and as it was not thought prudent by his uncle that he should undermine his health in qualifying himself for a profession for which, after all, his extreme delicacy might unfit him, he, shortly after his mother's death, discontinued his attendance at college, and betook himself to such studies and pursuits as his fancy or inclination suggested. Though young, Alfred was by no means deficient in those accomplishments which, though of lesser value, never fail, when united to gentlemanly manners and a cultivated understanding, to render the company of a man estimable in any society. He danced well—sang better than he danced—was well versed in the literature of his own and other countries—and had a natural talent for keeping up the conversation of a little party, whether grave or sprightly: and all this with the most child-like simplicity and good nature. He had, moreover, from his boyhood, imbibed a thorough contempt for, and detestation of, those low and vicious indulgences to which the youth of great cities are unhappily prone. Long, therefore, before he had reached his full stature, Alfred was a declared favorite of the ladies, young and old; and seldom or never did he leave a family circle without sincere wishes on the part of the parents, and as devout, though perhaps more secret, wishes on the part of their fair daughters, to become more intimately acquainted with the handsome young Englishman. At any time the English accent has a wonderful effect upon the ears of Scottish maidens; but when, after the heart-opening and innocent gaiety of a tea party or little dance, it is listened to as the party, arm in arm, walk leisurely homewards, perhaps in the clear moonlight, it may, in truth, be said to possess something like a charm in the female estimation. But though

really beloved by all who knew him, Alfred had continued an utter stranger to what is called "the passion of love." He regarded his young female friends with almost the same feelings which he would have cherished for his own sisters, had they been living. And while suppressed sighs, and unexpressed smiles, and soft glances, and occasionally a fluttering of hearts, were the electrical effects of his entrance into the drawing-room or family parlor; and while these, one and all of them, were often brought to bear upon him, during the winter evenings, even like the besieging of a beautiful city, Alfred, all unmoved by the splendor of so brilliant an array, remained provokingly proof against its overwhelming battery.—Perhaps he had not even been sensible of these little blandishments, or never once thought whence they originated. But such a state of things could not always continue. His pale countenance, with its touch of melancholy; his large, dark, expressive eyes; his finely arched eyebrows; his high, smooth forehead, overshadowed with dark-brown luxuriant curls,—all bore unequivocal testimony that he had both a heart and a soul. Nor was the time distant when both were to revel in all the enchantment, and wildness, and mystery of a passion, the most consuming and destructive known among mortals.

In the pew next to that which Mr. Livingston's family occupied, in the parish church of Goslington, sat a young lady, the immediate descendant, by the mother's side, of a noble Scottish family; whose beauty, in Alfred's eyes, had certainly never been equalled since the fatal affair which terminated long ago in the expulsion from Paradise. There were neither roses nor lilies in this young maiden's face, which, truth to speak, was somewhat slightly freckled; but, for all that, she was really a beautiful creature, with eyes like a turtle dove's, and hair like gold, and a voice like the sweetest sounds of an Æolian harp, and a smile the most touching in the world—sweet, thoughtful, serene, simple, innocent; it came directly from the heart, and therefore to the heart it went, showing how calm and how tender were the thoughts that dwelt there,—giving, as it were, an open manifestation of woman's original loveliness, ere blighted by sin, and reminding the gazer of the last soft bright rays of the setting sun, shed upon a little garden, while the mavis is singing among the hedge-rows, and the balmy air is yet perfumed with the sweet breath of the closing flowers. And when Alfred looked upon this lady he knew a joy which he had never known before—a pure, unmixed, unspeakable happiness;—something which seemed not of this world, and which he felt was too glowing and vivid long to continue. For it was a beautiful and soul-touching thing to hear the soft, pure, fervent voice of this orphan lady, rising up in holy and tender communion with the Great Father of Spirits. And if there was a time when he saw more clearly the perfect beauty of holiness—when he found what an awful thing it is to stand in the sanctuary of the living God—and when, taking up the language of the *erring* but loving disciple, he could say, in the sincerity of an affectionate and subdued heart, "It is good for us to be here!"—surely it was, when, bright in the consciousness of her purity, he saw this beautiful and sinless being prostrated in lowly adoration—her delicate form bending over the front of the pew—her forehead resting upon her clasped hands—and her soul lifted up, in the simplicity of faith,—in the act of presenting unto Him, to whom such an offering is ever well pleasing, the sacrifice of her guileless, affectionate, and innocent heart.

Nor, as Alfred looked upon her, did this gentle being ever seek to turn away, till his gaze became almost cruel in its steadfastness. But still her pretty head would ever and anon revert to its former position; and then she would seem to look long and thoughtfully on

some object immediately beyond Alfred, undesignedly communicating to him, in a language more eloquent than mere words, the truth of the aphorism "that love begets love,"—with her little white hand raised to her soft cheek, and the nail of her marriage finger touching the extremity of her pretty lips, imparting to the small ring, somewhat ostentatiously, but allowably sported (perhaps for the first time) upon that finger, a beauty and a value which it did not otherwise possess,—while the workings of her pure young heart were such as she, herself, only knew. And sometimes he would even detect her soft dove-like eyes resting upon himself—but, of course, quite accidentally; and then she would suddenly avert her sweet face, and perhaps not again look towards him during the remainder of the service. And, no doubt, when it was concluded, they would leave the church, both greatly edified by the sermon which they had—not listened to. And, then, as he walked behind at a respectful distance, perhaps he was treading upon the self-same spots which her little feet had pressed but a few moments before—and this was always something. Nor, emboldened by the distance, did they now pass from each other's view, till they had exchanged a long, lingering look, by the way of observing some intervening object which seemed to have attracted their mutual attention.

About this time Mr. Livingston had gone the way of all living. He had ever tenderly loved his nephew; the good old indulgent man had always encouraged his affection for Etheldaide Stuart; and, now, in addition to his warmest blessing, he had left him in the unfettered possession of sixty thousand pounds.

And the day at length arrived, when Alfred was introduced to Miss Stuart, and touched the fair hand of that young lady, for whom he had long cherished the sincerest affection. Many were the hours which he passed in her beloved society—on the green hills—in the hollow glens—at the river's side, and by the sea-shore; at sunset—at noon-day—in the dowy morn and by the moonlight. But this delightful intercourse seemed to him no sooner begun, than it was suddenly cut off. The lady returned hurriedly to Moray. Alfred had written, but had never heard a syllable from her; and now, almost three years had elapsed since he had parted from her to whom he had solemnly plighted his faith and his troth.

All these circumstances now passed before the mind's eye of Alfred Yorston, as he roamed through the wooded and romantic glen of the hermitage; not in the indistinct glimmer of perspective, but in the very front and foreground of his affectionate though devoted heart.

When he had emerged from the wood, he sat down to rest himself on a mossy bank, where the gowans and the blue-bells lifted up their humble heads, and the wild thyme was fragrant around him. But the day had become gloomy; the birds had ceased singing; and a chill wind was felt coming over the hill from the north-east. As he sat, with his head leaning on his hand, his eyes resting vacantly on the misty glen, and his thoughts dwelling upon the past, he was somewhat startled by something falling on the soft light sod at his feet. It was a young wood-pigeon. He looked up, and saw a large hawk. There it stood, but a few yards above his head, with its broad wings extended in the air, as motionless as the bronzed eagle spread over a concave mirror, and its beautiful eyes fixed piercingly on the quarry that had fallen from its talons, as if it were meditating a descent, even at the risk of its own destruction. A slight movement of its wings was now perceptible; and, uttering a shrill scream, it swooped across the hill, and, gliding upwards, circled round the front of the ivied crags, and pitched on a projecting rock, beside a large bountree bush. Alfred lifted up the dove. Its plumage was ruffled and stained with blood. It gave one or two feeble gasps, stretched

out its unfledged legs, and, after a slight convulsive motion, ceased to breathe.

"Said I not that death was advancin' wi' lang strides!"—It was the old woman who had accosted him in the glen. She stood within the shadow of the planting; an old black velvet bonnet of huge dimensions covering her head, and a tattered gray cloak wrapped about her.

"An' why sit ye here, Maister Yorston, when yer presence may be sair needit elsewhere? Up, then, an' awa' to the port; speer for ane Mistress Fairgrieve, the underriker's wife—they leuve it the tanner's close, stracht fornt the roun' mooth entry. Just gang a bit doon the close, an' turn till yer richt han'—pass by the smiddy, and then ye'll see a door—but that's na it; pass that door, and gang even on till ye come to three steps, and then turn till yer left, an' there ye'll see Mistress Fairgrieve's door i' the corner; ye canna gang wrang."

"And what am I to do with Mrs. Fairgrieve, good woman, when I find her out?" asked Alfred, smiling at the minuteness of her directions.

"Was there o'er the like o' that heard!—that a man sud ask what he sud do, when his sweetheart is either deen or dead?"

"Who?"

"Miss Ethelaide—yer ain Ethelaide—Ethelaide Stuart!" answered the mendicant.

Alfred rose, and advanced one step towards the speaker. "Am I to understand from thy words that the lady whose name thou hast mentioned hath become an erring and sinful creature!—that she is now in the city, the child of poverty and shame!—and that she is now, even now, at the point—speak, woman! for I feel my brain turning."

"O! Maister Yorston, I thought ye had mair o' the fortitude o' a Christian, else had I never mintet sic a thing. It mayna be preceesely as ye say; but that the young ledy is deen, an' abandoned by them that sud be near her—an' that she has been stayin', this month past, in a place that ye wud think unfit for your hands—is a' as true as that your cushy-doo is lyin' dead an' bluidy at yer feet. But bear up like a guid man, an' a brave, for I ken ye are baith"—and the poor old creature, herself overcome, lifted up her voice and sobbed aloud.

"Did you see her?"

"I did no mysel' see Miss Ethelaide; but Mistress Fairgrieve, a decent an' obleegin' body as can be, told me a tale about her, in her ain mooth, this very mornin', as I was gettin' a wheen splinters frae her to mask my tea; an' I just thoct I wauld gang my wa's out to the moss, an' try an' get a word o' yer honor, when I forgothert wi' ye doon by at the hermitage. Ye'll maybe na min' me, Maister Yorston; but I leev'd for mony a year just at the bottom o' yer uncle's park, i' the wee bit cottage on the ither side o' the burn."

From the first dark intimation which Alfred had received from the old woman regarding Ethelaide Stuart she thought which had now been presented to him, stript of all disguise, had again and again forced itself upon his imagination; but he had as often indignantly repelled it, as the highest insult which could be offered to the memory of one for whom he cherished the purest and strongest regard. And, though what he had dreaded seemed to be now but too true, he nevertheless, clung, even with the eagerness of a drowning person—to a vague, indefinite, and sickening hope, that still it *might* be otherwise. So, requesting the woman to call at Mossburn Cottage in the evening, he set off with hurried and irregular steps towards the city.

Alfred, with little difficulty, found out the place to which he had been directed. It was a dark passage or close, entering by three or four steps from a narrow lane. After traversing the little world of misery

which lay dimly known, and, therefore, scarcely heeded, in that noisome close, he came to the spot which he conjectured was that marked out to him as the abode of Mr. and Mrs. Fairgrieve, and rapped gently at the door. It was opened by an elderly female, who, to Alfred's inquiry, whether Miss Ethelaide Stuart lived with her, replied, "Alas! Sir, the young ledy for whom you inquire, has entered into her rest!" Alfred seemed to gasp for breath, while he supported himself upon the lintel of the door; but the next minute he was standing in a room darkened by the closed shutters. Mrs. Fairgrieve had said something, but Alfred heard her not. He stood in the middle of the place, his body bent, his head stretched out, his right hand lifted up, and his eyes strained and dilated as if they had rested upon a spectre. He looked—and he thought he could distinguish what appeared a human figure lying on the bed. He looked again, and he saw a young female pale and ghastly. He looked again, and he saw nothing—a thick darkness passed before his eyes—a death-like sickness had come over his heart—and, staggering forward, he fell with a heavy groan upon the lifeless body of Ethelaide Stuart!

When Alfred awoke from that long swoon, in which he might, in truth, be said to have been with the dead—he opened his eyes, and immediately closed them again, for the blood which had retreated to his heart was returning to his veins, and a noise was in his head like that of the rushing of water, while the cold sweat was dropping from his pallid face. He found himself lying in the same bed where he had seen the dead body of Ethelaide Stuart. In the middle of the floor, supported upon two chairs, lay the corpse, stretched out upon a dead-deal. Mrs. Fairgrieve, with the assistance of her husband, had just finished laying out the body, and they stood at each side, without speaking, stooping down, and looking upon the face of the beautiful dead.

"This is a sad sight," said Alfred, who was the first to break the mournful silence. "Can you tell me any thing about her for whom you have performed these last sad Christian offices?"

"That can I, Sir," answered Mrs. Fairgrieve; and beckoning to Alfred to sit down on a chair at the head of the body, she herself took a seat at the foot, and cleared her voice:

"It is just three weeks this very day, late in a rainy evenin', sin' the deest can' to our dwellin'. It was easy to see, even then, that she had'nt many days to leeve. We agreed at once to tak' her in; for I saw that whatever might be her misfortunes, an' hoover she might be forsaken by her freends, an' whatever mystery there might be in her forlorn situation, she was nae evil-doer. Na—na, Sir, thae bonny, meek, waesome-like een, cou'd never hae belang'd to ane that had a wicket or sinfu' heart. An', besides, the ledy hersel' wad na be persuaded to gang till genteel lodgins, nor let a doctor come near her. We baith had ta'en a likin' to the young ledy—for a ledy I weel may ca' her, Sir; an' I'm sair mista'en if she was na come o' mair gentle bluid, for a bonnier han', an' a sweeter, fairer face, I never lookt upon—an', indeed, if she had been our ain bairn, Sir, we could scarcely hae been mair tender o' her. Lindsay read a chapter o' the Bible to her every night; an' last night, bein' Sabbath, after singing the last four verses o' the sixteenth psalm, we kneel'd doon together at her bed side; an' the guidman prayed long and fervently, that whatever might, thro' the Redeemer, hae an entrance ministered to it abundantly into his everlastin' kingdom. An' when we rose frae our knees, we saw she had been greetin'; but she shuk han's wi' us baith, an' askt us to kiss her, an' smil'd wi' sic a sweet heavenly smile, that we had never seen any thing like it.

"After she had ta'en a cup o' tea this mornin', wi' ha'f a wine biscuit and jeely, it struck me that she was more stoot and lively-like than I had ever seen her; and I was tellin' her, in a cheerful way, hoo weel she looked, and that simmer was comin' in, an' that it might na be long afore she was able to gang out an' tak' the air; but eh! Sir, if ye had seen sic a look as the dear young creature gae me—it gaed strach to my heart, an' I was vext an' I like to greet that I had ever said sic."

"Mrs. Fairgrieve" she said, thae were her very words, Sir, 'it has grieved me to think that I have been the occasion of so much trouble to you and your excellent husband—but it is drawing near a close. From your great kindness to me, you have a right to know something of my situation. I am a native of Moray; my name is, as I have told you, Ethelaide Stuart; my family is one of rank; but I left them clandestinely, and married without their sanction or knowledge. Yes! I was married. My husband was the Hon. Mr.—' An' here a faint blush cam' owre her sweet face—but no matter,' she added, 'his affection for me soon ceased, and within two months after his desertion of me, he was publicly married to another woman. My heart did not break, but it received a shock, against which I have not been able to bear up. I never could dare to return to my family; but sorely have I suffered for the sin which I thus committed. I came to this city in the hope of meeting him, but I found he had gone to London. I cannot regard him as I would have done, but I forgive him—yes! I sincerely forgive him, as I pray God to forgive me. The last time we parted he gave me bank notes to a large amount. All these notes are in my small sealed trunk. I used them not. I give them to you and to your husband and children. It is my last wish that you destroy all the letters and papers in that little trunk, without looking at one of them—and I know you will attend to it. You have often wondered and grieved at my situation; but this lonely apartment has been to me more agreeable than if I had been living in a palace—nor could I have chosen a place more congenial to my feelings. Go, my friend! and bring me a clean bed-gown and cap, for I feel I shall now require them.'

"Her voice becam' weakly towards the end, but I gied her a little jeely an' water, an' it reveev'd her. I took out that same night-gown an' cap, which ye see on the body—it had never been out o' the fald sin' the day it was made—an' as I put it upon her wastest form, my heart was like to break, for I thoct on the words o' one that had compassion upon sinners—that against the day of the buryin' had she keepet this. But when I had sortet her hair a', an' washt her face an' her han's wi' a wat cloth, and braided her yellow hair, she was sae bonny an' fresh like, an' her een werena' sunk as I had seen them; an' there was a bit spat o' red just i' the middle o' ilk white cheek, sae that she looked mair like a bride arrayed for her bridal bed, than ane preparin' hersel' for the grave. She then ask't me what a clock it was; an' when I telt her she said 'It is enough—it will be all over by noon!' She lay doon again, an' I sat by the bed side lookin upon her, wi' her white han' locket in mine; but she seemed restless, and ask't me to read a chapter o' the Bible. At her request, I read the fourteenth chapter o' John's Gospel, 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me!' An' when I had read to the end o' the twenty-seventh verse, she gave a deep sigh, an' I fand a gentle pressure o' her han' on mine. I lookt up, an' saw she had fa'n asleep; sae I laid down the buik, that I might no disturb her, an' leant owre her as I used to do. She had indeed fa'n asleep; but eh! Sir, it was that long sleep frae which there is nae awakening, till we wake to the licht o' eternal day!"

The body was carried out by Mr. Fairgrieve and his

workmen. A silent and mournful procession was instinctively formed. Mr. Fairgrieve preceded the body which was born upon black spokes, by four young men, two on each side, with their heads uncovered. Alfred walked at the head, and Mrs. Fairgrieve followed, weeping, behind. Slowly and sadly did that little procession move up the close; and when it reached the top, which was somewhat darkened by the houses above it, a number of persons had ranged themselves on each side, to get a view of the body as it passed by. A gust of wind blew aside the white napkin that covered the face of the dead. Men took off their hats, and kept in their breath with a holy feeling of awe. Women, anxious to get a nearer view of that dead face, stretched out their heads, and suddenly drew back and wept; while their young ones, with an instinctive dread, clung closer to their mothers, hiding their little faces. A few stifled sobs escaped from feeling hearts, but not a word was spoken; and the bier passed by. The body was raised into the coach which waited in the narrow lane. Alfred stepped in—the undertaker followed—the door was shut—and the coach drove slowly off to the grave.

The last rays of a bright sun were shedding their soft light upon the lowly church, as Alfred who had not entered it since the interment, lingered a few minutes at the gate of its little burying ground. He stood looking upon the church. The days of other years rose up in vivid remembrance before him, when he sat within its sacred walls with one whose memory was ever dear. Passing over the years that had intervened, he thoct of subsequent events—the lifeless body—the coffin—and the grave. As he moved round an angle of the church, he saw a person sitting near the spot which he was approaching. He turned away. She, too, he thought, might be one mourning the loss of a friend that had been ever dear—a mother, or a husband, perhaps, the light of whose affection had been quenched in the dark grave,—and he wished not to disturb the grief of such a mourner. But he looked back to get a glimpse of her. There was something in her figure that struck him. He felt that it was rude and unfeeling; but he could not resist the impulse—and walked directly to the grave. The youthful mourner heard not his footsteps till he was close beside her. She rose—"Gracious God! Ethelaide! Ethelaide Stuart!" gasped Alfred—it was all he could utter. "Mr. Yorston!" faintly exclaimed Ethelaide. It was Ethelaide, indeed—the same gentle and beautiful creature he had ever seen her. Alfred was not superstitious, but a mixture of fear and awe darkened his countenance. But Ethelaide, smiling through her tears, held out her hand. Could he refuse it? He pressed that little hand in both of his, and turned to the marble urn which had been erected—

SACRED TO THE
MEMORY OF ETHELAIDE STUART,
A NATIVE OF MORAY,
WHO DIED 19TH MARCH, MDCCCXIV, AGED 19 YEARS.

"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."

"That was my cousin!" said Ethelaide.

"Your cousin?" echoed Alfred—"blessed be God!"

But she understood not these words, and waited an explanation—Alfred was silent.

"Some other time, I may tell you," rejoined Ethelaide, "the story of my cousin Ethey's misfortunes, so far as I know them; but how she died—or who raised that vase to her memory—I know not."

"Where you are deficient in the narrative, Ethelaide, it may be that I may help you out."

Ethelaide looked inquiringly. "Come, my Ethelaide! let us leave this lonely place, and I will tell

you what I know of your poor sweet cousin." They walked up, arm in arm, to the hill-side, and Alfred *sarcasted*—no doubt more affectingly than I have done, the incidents already narrated. No tears were shed—no vain lamentations were uttered over the sorrows of one whose pure and exalted spirit had fled to a better world; but when Alfred ceased speaking, the head of Ethelinde rested upon his shoulder, and his right arm was around her neck. She looked up—neither spoke; but in that long silent look there was a beautifully mingled expression—of love long cherished—of fear dispelled—of hope now all but realized. It was more than the going out of heart to heart; it was something which would survive the beautiful but frail tabernacle in which it dwelt; something which they felt would exist, when the heart itself had ceased to beat—for it was the full communion of soul with soul, in which, though the tongue is silent, the spirit reveals the mystery of its deepest feelings. Oh! what can purchase moments such as those? They felt that they had been born for each other; that for them there was in reserve a happiness which the heartless and the sensual know not of. The past was forgotten—the future was all before them; and their bounding hearts filled the opening prospect with visions lovely as ever poet's fancy suggested—skies without a cloud—perpetual sunshine—hills ever green, and waters ever clear; losing sight, in the brightness of that dream, of the melancholy reality, that this world, even with all its joys, is but a valley of tears.

LONDON SEASONS.

BY MISS LONDON.

SPRING.—"When conscious beauty puts on all her charms," I really do not understand what people can want who do not find all they wish in London now.

Moore says, that, in the Malay language, the same word expresses women and flowers; if so, it is the prettiest compliment ever paid the sex, not that any one of them will be grateful for it, for who cares for a general compliment more than a general lover. Just, however, at this season, the Malay tongue might be used in London. How many sweet, bright, and lovely faces pass us by! Most women look well in their bonnets; and as for the other sort of flowers, we have them in profusion and perfection—such exquisite violets, such delicate lilies of the valley, such a rainbow world of hyacinths as now fill the rooms with perfume. How often at the end of morning with the fashionable world—afternoon with the more quiet part of the community—and evening with the very respectable indeed—a young cavalier may be seen curbing a horse "impatient of the rein," at the nursery grounds of the King's Road, till a bouquet of the most fragrant exotics is brought out. It does not ask much imagination to read a history of sighs, smiles, and blushes on every leaf. But I have less to say for the spring than for any other season; it has a name which is tantamount to every thing in this world—all know the pretensions of a London spring.

SUMMER.—Nothing can be so pleasant as London in the summer. It is so cool, putting Piccadilly from two to five, out of the question; there is always shade on one side or other of the street, a shade which you doubly enjoy, on the principle of contrast. It is satisfactory to think how hot the people must be opposite: then, though I do not eat ice myself, I can suppose other people doing it. If they do, an eastern poet might gain new ideas about coolness and fragrance, while enjoying the colored coldnesses at Grange's.

Towards the close, flowers begin to pass away; you are not met at every second step in Regent's street by a bunch of moss-roses—a little faded, it is true, allegories by the way of our pleasures, but sweet notwith-

standing. Dark-eyed pinks no longer heap the stands in such profusion; but then the fruit is come in, such fruit as London only can furnish. I confess that I have no simple and natural tastes about gathering it myself. My experiences in that way have been unfortunate. I once picked some strawberries, and disturbed a whole colony of frogs; I once gathered a plum, and was stung by a wasp. I pass over a horde of other miseries, such as stopping in the sun, thorns, dirt, &c., and will only observe, that fruit never looks to such advantage as it does on china, whether Dresden, Sevres, or even Worcester. There are two seasons when Covent Garden will more especially reward a visit,—at the beginning of summer and at the close. Flora holds her court in the first instance, and Pomona in the second. Pass along the centre arcade, and it is lined with trophies of the parterre or of the orchard, and you may look upon the early roses, and grow sentimental about

"The blush that ever haunted early love."

Or become unsophisticated, and go back to the innocent enjoyments of your childhood while gazing on the crimson sided apples. I like, too, Hungerford Market; it gives one the idea of a Dutch picture.—People wear mere bargaining faces; fruit and flowers have their price, but fish were sent into the world, at least into the market, to be cheapened. Every body beats down the price of a fresh pair of soles, or a fine turbot. By the by, Kensington Gardens are just now singularly beautiful: I do not mean the walk *par distinction*; for I am writing of the picturesque, not the social pleasures of London: no; go among the old trees whose depth of shade are as little known as the depths of the Black Forest. The fine old branches will close over your head; the caw of the rooks is heard in melancholy but musical monotony, while their flight ever and anon disturbs the quiet leaves, and lets in fantastic streaks of sunshine on the soft grass. From afar off comes the perpetual and deep voice of the huge city,—that human ocean, whose waves know not rest. After wandering through many a shadowy walk—all darkly green, for there are no flowers—you arrive at the square old palace—associate with William and Mary;—formal, staid, suiting the town portion of a period when "the tangles of Neura's hair," were powdered, and "the silver-footed Thesis" wore high heeled slippers. During this time the sun has been setting; the fine old trees stand still and solemn in the crimson air; the Park is empty; the smoke has rolled away, and rests, like a thunder storm, over the distant buildings. A clear and softened atmosphere is immediately above you; a few light clouds are flushed with lights of fugitive red; a deep purple hue is upon the Serpentine, along which are floating, still as shadows, snowy as spirits, two or three white swans. They alone share with you the silence and the solitude to be found even in London.

"I inquired of Time—To whom, said I, was erected this building which you have levelled to the ground? Time made no answer, but spread his quick wings, and hastened his flight. I then spoke to Fame—O thou, the parent of all that survives! Thou who—She cast her troubled and sorrow-swollen eyes upon the ground, in the attitude of one whose heart is too full to utter words. Wondering and confused at what I had seen, I was turning aside from the monuments, when I saw Oblivion stepping from stone to stone. Thou, exclaimed I, thou must be acquainted with it: ah, show me!—He interrupted me with a voice like deep thunder at a distance—I care not what it has been—it is now mine."

THE RIVAL PEARLS;

OR, THE TRAVELLER MALGRE LUL.

To the better understanding of the following original letters, the reader is informed, that the writer, Count Stanislaus G——, and his sister Severine, were one night, in January 1807, at a ball given by the Countess Amelie Z——ka, at Warsaw. The entertainment was of the most brilliant description; but the enjoyment of the company was more apparent than real, for not only was this city occupied by the French, but scarcely a week had elapsed since the dissolution of the regency, at the head of which had been the good but calumniated Malachowski.

The lovely hostess was on that evening more enchanting than ever. She wore a pearl necklace of great value, the new-year's present of her uncle, Prince Michael S——.

Mademoiselle Severine G. happening to have received one of a similar description, a dispute arose between the ladies as to the beauty of their respective *etrennes*, which Count Stanislaus G. was requested to determine, by going home for his sister's necklace, in order to compare them together.

COUNT STANISLAUS G—— TO THE COUNTESS
AMELIE Z——KA.

"Blonie," January 21, 1807.

"On bended knee, *ma charmante amie*, I entreat your pardon for having conveyed Sophy's necklace to Blonie, instead of to your ball-room. But I shall return to Warsaw this evening, and lay it at your feet. In the meantime, to divert a tedious hour, I will account for having absconded so unceremoniously, as a courier, who will precede me by several hours, has offered to deliver my letters into your own fair hands. I think I know you well enough to reckon on your indulgence, when you learn that I sinned against you solely in the cause of friendship.

"I had taken the necklace out of its case, and put it into my waistcoat-pocket; and my foot was on the step of the carriage, when my chasseur said that a French officer was inquiring for me. I turned back to ask his business, and found that he was the bearer of a letter from my earliest and best friend, Felix L——y, whom I had not seen for ten years, during which he had served in the campaigns of Napoleon, and is now colonel of a Polish Hulan regiment.

"His letter was very brief; it merely stated that he was just arrived from Posen at Blonie, where he had accidentally heard of my being at Warsaw; but could not come on to see me, as a courier from head-quarters had met him with orders to proceed to Thorn without delay. The weakness occasioned by a wound, from which he was scarcely recovered, rendering some hours' rest imperatively necessary, he should not set forward till daylight this morning, and entreated me therefore to come to him, if it were but for an hour.

"At the peril of incurring your displeasure, then, I threw a travelling-cloak over my ball-room attire, and jumping into the carriage, ordered the coachman to drive to Blonie as fast as he could—it would still have been too slow for my impatience had we galloped all the way. But we were not less than four hours toiling through the new-fallen snow, without any light but what proceeded from the carriage-lamps. My companion (for I had insisted on the officer's returning with me in the carriage, leaving his horse to be led back by one of my grooms) had neither left a mistress, nor was going to meet a friend, and therefore slept

* The first stage from Warsaw to Posen.

soundly by my side, insensible to the curses, (pardon the word, fair lady) that I showered every two minutes upon the roads, the driver, and the darkness.

"At last we arrived, and I almost think it would have made you swear to have met with such a disappointment as awaited me. Felix was no longer there! He had left a note for me, desiring me to follow him to Sochazen, which you know is the next post, where General D—— had summoned him to receive further instructions. Here is a perplexity!

"Having come so far, it would be stupid to go back without accomplishing my errand; and yet one of my horses is dead lame, and there is not a post-horse to be had, the French army having put every beast of draught and burden in the country under requisition. The postmaster says he expects the horses which conveyed Colonel S——ky to Sochazen, to return in the course of an hour. So as there is no other help for me, I must have patience. It is the last resource, and that which a man never adopts but on compulsion.

"Adieu, donc, la plus chere et la plus belle!—*a-ee soir.*"

LETTER II.

"Kutno, January 23.

"You will not be more surprised than I am at the date of this letter. Destiny has again made me faithless, and I am inconsolable. What will you think of me, dearest Amelie! And yet, I am an innocent man, 'more sinned against than sinning.'

"The only agreeable part of my adventure was my meeting with Felix S——ky at Sochazen. It would be difficult to say which of us was most happy. Ten years' separation at our time of life is an age; and yet our pleasure was not without its due portion of sadness, at having to part again so soon, and perhaps for ever! I think you must have known my friend at Paris, since he was aide-de-camp to Napoleon, just about the time you were there. He is so much altered by the burning sun of Egypt, and a cut from an English sabre, that at first sight I should not have recognised him. However, it is all so becoming that perhaps it is just as well that you should not have an opportunity of comparing us together, until it will be too late for you to change your mind. When I see you, which will be the day after to-morrow without fail, you shall have a *rechanffee* of his narrative. Heavens! how strangely men are handed about in these times. No one can feel certain in which of the four quarters of the world he may eat his last loaf.

"After being long a staff officer, he now commands a regiment of his own raising. He has been ordered to join Marshal Lamers's division, and assures me that Napoleon will spend the summer at St. Petersburg; particularly if, as is believed, the Turks have really declined war; what is certain is, that the Russian minister Italinsky has quitted Constantinople.

"I flatter myself you and Severine are dying to know how I came to be in this wretched town of Kutno, instead of the Place de —— at Warsaw. You will laugh at my disaster, and so I may as well make the best of it, and laugh myself, in spite of all the vexation I have suffered, and still suffer, at being so long detained from you.

"I spent the whole of yesterday with my friend, and it was late in the evening when we parted; he to go to Thorn, and I—tired as I was, to return to Warsaw.

"As there was no possibility of getting post-horses, S——ky sent to the commissary to let me have one of the carriages in requisition, to convey me to Blonie

where I had left my own. A very respectable britscka, with three strong horses, accordingly drove up to the door. I bade my friend once more adieu, and stepped in.

"Completely exhausted through want of sleep, and excitement, as soon as I became sensible of the solitude of the carriage, it acted upon me as a sedative. Feeling drowsy, I buckled up the apron, and closed the blinds; then wrapping my cloak closer about me, I tucked myself as snugly as I could into the corner, and fell asleep. Luckily my servant had thought of giving me a great-coat, as well as a cloak; but my feet, still decked in silk stockings and dancing-pumps, were forced to seek shelter in the hay with which the bottom of the britscka was filled—I know not whether for the purpose of keeping the occupant warm, or of feeding the horses. My sleep was disturbed, but my dreams were delightful, for I dreamt of you, adored Amelie. As often as I was awakened by a merciless jolt, I immediately closed my sleep-drunken eyes again, and it was ever you who led me back to my lost paradise of love. At length a jolt, more violent than the rest, threw me forward, with my face against the blind, the pain of which awoke me to perfect recollection, and I was confounded by the sight of daylight, for I had calculated on arriving at Blonie before midnight. I opened the blind, and discovered that we were driving into a town, which, to my knowledge, I had never seen before.

"Holla! postilion! where are we? What is the name of this place?"

"Kutno!" he replied, drily, and without stopping. "Kutno!" I exclaimed, in fury, "and what the devil have you brought me to Kutno for?—it was to Blonie I wanted to go—turn about instantly."

"But no—my friend drove on, without appearing to hear me, and soon drew up at the door of an inn. I alighted, for I felt as if I had been broken on the wheel—yet I was sorely tempted to horsewhip the rogue of a driver through every street in the town. He declared that the French officer had directed him to Kutno, at least that he had so understood; and applying the whip to his tired horses, he took himself off with all speed. The innkeeper informed me that the man was a voiturier of the place, and had been pressed into the service of the French about a week before; that he was a sharp fellow, and had apparently taken advantage of the darkness, and of my being neither Frenchman nor soldier, to return home instead of to Blonie.

"This conjecture seemed very probable; but conjectures could not help me. Here I was *plante*, at Kutno, without any possible means of getting back to Warsaw, or even to Blonie.

"The landlord did his best to comfort me with a bad breakfast, and exerted himself to the utmost to procure me a conveyance; but every thing was engaged for the use of the army. I even humbled myself before the villanous voiturier, who brought me into this scrape, and entreated him to take me back upon his own terms, however exorbitant they might be; but he swore again and again, that his carriage and horses had been seized a second time. My host, however, believed this to be a subterfuge, and that the equipage was concealed somewhere in the country, where it might escape new requisitions. I have at last effected an arrangement by means of a French officer of engineers, lodged in the same inn with me, going to Kladowa. I am to accompany him thither; when he promises to resign his conveyance to me, with authority to use it as far as Blonie. To make the matter sure, I have explained the arrangement to the driver, and engaged not to take advantage of the circumstances, but to pay him handsomely for his trouble. What weather to travel in! But go I must, for the landlord, as well as the engineer, assures me, that

unless I keep with the carriage, it will be impossible for me to secure its return here.

"The wretchedness of the country as we go on is indescribable. Bread is scarcely to be had for money. Our liberators make us pay dear for our deliverance.

"This goes by the *estafette*. Happy letter! to touch your hands two days sooner than I can have any hope of doing. More than once yesterday, I was tempted to set off on foot for Warsaw. But reason, in the form of my obliging landlord, suggested the inconvenience, if not the impossibility, of accomplishing forty miles through the deep slough of mud and snow, especially in white kerseyelles and dancing-shoes.

"Adieu, *ma belle et bonne*. Comfort my poor little Severine."

LETTER III.

Posen, January 26.

"I am certainly bewitched—I could now believe every tale of sorcery that Germany ever produced. To-day, that I was to have been at Warsaw, and at your feet, most adorable Amie—this very day, all the evil spirits that delight in tormenting mankind, have combined to bring me to Posen—and what is more, in the character of a prisoner. Don't start at the word, for I am at large again.

"Since the creation of man, there was surely never such a chapter of accidents as transported me from your ball-room hither—a distance of 120 miles.

"I am like one oppressed with nightmare; the more I strive to go forward, the more forcibly am I pulled back.

"All my desires, my impatience, my zeal, my forethought, are of no avail, but to drive me every moment further from the object I have in view; as the storm drives the most skilful mariner back from the haven for which he steers.

"My engineer and I set out yesterday together as agreed, for Kladowa. In this vilest of human habitations was a French commandant, to whom the engineer reported himself, immediately on our arrival. There he found orders awaiting him to proceed instantly to Sempolno. He came back to me with a million of shrugs and apologies for not being able to keep his engagement. Prayers, remonstrances, curses, were all vain. In vain I represented the awkwardness of my situation—my words were spent on ears insensible to all but orders from head-quarters.

"However, while the horses were baiting, the engineer ran to the commandant, and obtained an order, enforced by the accompaniment of four soldiers, empowering us to visit all the stables, in search of another conveyance for me. But it was all in vain—nothing was to be found but an invalid dung-cart!

"Since there was nothing better to be done, I now resolved to go on with the engineer to Sempolno, in order to make sure of his carriage, when he had done with it. At all events, I hoped to obtain a more habitable lodging than in this filthy, squalid village of Kladowa.

"The engineer agreed to my proposal, but still I could not recover my temper.

"We performed our journey in sulky silence, and parted coldly at the end of it. I was more gracious to the driver, and gave him a couple of ducats, in earnest of further liberal payment of his services; in return for which the fellow promised to be ready to set out before break of day. He was as good as his word, and we were off by four o'clock; but we had scarcely reached the top of a hill, three miles from Sempolno, when, on looking back, I saw some French mounted chasseurs, evidently in pursuit of us. My driver, full of fearful presentiments, flogged his beasts, alternately cursing and invoking all the saints in the calendar. His terror seemed to me as superfluous as his efforts to escape the soldiers. They were soon up with us, ordered us to halt, and abused the poor fellow for having,

as they said, withdrawn himself clandestinely from the service of the army; telling him that he would be shot for mutiny. The voiturier knew not a word of French, but there was no misunderstanding the gestures of these heroes, and the poor devil cast most lamentable and imploring looks at me. I interfered, as the soldiers seemed to expect, for they answered me civilly, asked who I was, and whether I had a passport. They deemed it a suspicious circumstance that I had not one, and requested I would have 'la complaisance' to accompany them to the commandant.

"Accordingly with two soldiers trotting before the carriage, and two behind it, we returned to Sempolno. As soon as the commandant was informed of the circumstances, I was declared to be a suspicious person, an enemy of Napoleon, and a prisoner of war.

"My only comfort was to find myself regarded as of consequence enough to be sent to head-quarters, where I hoped to find the means of justifying myself from all imputations of disaffection. In two hours' time I was on the road to Posen, under the guard of a corporal and a subaltern officer, who happened to be going thither.

"We are easily provoked by trifling and unlooked for crosses, probably because we think to conquer them *a force de volonté*, but our powers of endurance increase with those exigencies which defy all hope of successful opposition, and call upon our philosophy to play its part.

"I was now quite as much amused by finding myself in the character of a prisoner on the frontier of Poland, as I had hitherto been annoyed by the minor vexations I had encountered. In fact, the disaster was not in itself so great, and I can imagine you and Severine as much entertained at my adventures as I now am.

"Absence from you is the only real evil I have to complain of. You see what mischief arises out of the rivalry of women. Troy was laid in ashes, and here am I driven, day after day, from post to pillar, with Severine's necklace in my pocket; and all because it pleased you two ladies to dispute who had the finest pearls.

"I am glad to find myself in Posen. I was received very hospitably at the French head-quarters. Apologies without end were made to me for the inconveniences I had suffered from the strong measures requisite for the service. All the national politeness was insufficient, however, to control the general's laughter at my narrative of the circumstances which had transported me from Warsaw to Posen, in the depth of winter, in ball-room paraphernalia, considerably the worse, as well as my person, for five days' travelling, since all this time I was forced to abstain from brushes, razors, and clean linen. My first business, therefore, was to discard my silk stockings and gold buckles, in favour of a more fitting travelling costume, whose military cut, together with my passport, will secure the respect of the commanding corporals of *la grande armée*.

"I have bought a strong horse, and nothing detains me here but the unfinished labours of the tailor and boot-maker. I cannot get away till to-morrow. It is always upon trifles that we poor mortals are most dependent. The hours move slowly, for nothing interests in this whirling turmoil of military life, and I am tired of the unceasing uproar of drums, fifes, and trumpets, the clank of sabres, and the swearing of soldiers.

"P. S. January 28th.—My letter could not go till to-day, as there is a post but twice a week. All is ready. I set out to-morrow in company with some Polish and French officers of my acquaintance. Tell my sister to expect me on Friday."

LETTER IV.

"Magdeburg, April 2.

"Heaven knows, my dearest Amelie, whether my pencil scrawl from Dresden reached you, or whether

you will ever see this. At all events I will repeat the contents of my last, and beg you and my other friends to use their interest with our Regency and the French envoy to obtain my release.

"We had left Posen about three hours, when we were surprised, surrounded, and made prisoners by a party of Prussians, between *Schwersens* and *Kustrzyne*. One of the French officers with me was killed, and another wounded. I was the only one who escaped being plundered, as I was able to explain in German to the commander that I was not a military man, but a traveller, and only by accident associated with my present companions. This was confirmed by my passport, and the declaration which I thought it prudent to make, that far from being a partisan of Napoleon, I was a faithful subject of Prussia; and of nothing more desirous, than to see the French driven out of the country. I told him that several French regiments were to march that day from Posen to Warsaw. He resolved on the spot to change his route for Silesia, but signified to me at the same time, under the actual circumstances, I could not be released.

"After several days spent in traversing the most detestable roads, we crossed the Warta, half starved, and more than half frozen. I supplicated and stormed to no purpose. I took care, however, to conceal Severine's necklace, and my remaining gold, lest the Prussians should take it into their heads to treat me as they had done the rest of my companions.

"The Prussian commandant, whose rank was that of a major, at last proposed to me, since there was no chance of my being released till he could communicate with his superiors, that I should prove my loyalty by serving the king, at least as a volunteer. As a Prussian subject, I could not decline, without laying myself open to suspicions which might prove very disadvantageous to one in my predicament. Therefore, making a virtue of necessity, I consented to do the duty of an adjutant, with the rank of lieutenant.

"But the further we adventured into Silesia, the more I despaired of ever recovering my liberty. What we suffered from frost, snow, and insufficient food, is indescribable. Wherever we went we were compelled to take by force what we wanted. The most pitiable objects, however, were the prisoners whom we dragged about with us. The Poles proudly rejected all my attempts to mitigate their sufferings. I read in their eyes that they considered me as a traitor. This was more painful to me than all the rest, and it was not long ere I felt the effects of their resentment. The major had directed his route towards Glogan, but we did not reach it. One morning, while our detachment, consisting only of two companies, was preparing to march from the village in which we had halted for the night, a troop of French hussars fell upon us.

"Our commander would have resisted valiantly, but they were soon joined by a regiment of infantry. Our valour was vain. We had, in fact, fallen in with the outposts of Vendamme's army. The Prussians fought like devils, and took two of the fieldpieces which had been fired upon us; but the end of the matter was, that we were overpowered, and obliged to yield, with the loss of several men killed, and many wounded.

"To none was this victory more welcome than to our French and Polish prisoners of war. The latter pointed me out immediately to the French general as a Polish deserter, and an enemy of Napoleon, who had not only betrayed and delivered them into the hands of the Prussians, but was bearing arms in the Prussian service. I had nothing to say in my defence; for the major acknowledged me as his adjutant, and the passport granted by the French general at Posen, seemed to prove the accusation of treachery.

"I was plundered of my horse, my watch, and my purse, and compelled to wade on foot through snow

and mud, with the rest of the prisoners to Dresden, where we halted a few days.

"Thus far you should know of my misfortunes, if (as I greatly doubt) you received my letter from thence. From Dresden we were marched to Leipzig, and from Leipzig to Magdeburg, where I have now been about eight days. The inhabitants are very kind and compassionate to us; their own distresses disposing them to sympathize with ours; for they detest the French, and are deeply attached to their unfortunate monarch.

"If the greatest efforts are not made in my behalf, at Warsaw, I shall probably be detained here till the end of the war. My money, which I did so well to conceal, is almost exhausted, and I beg my sister to send me a bill on some banker here for a fresh supply. The French governor of Magdeburg is a pleasant gentlemanly man. I had an opportunity of relating to him the circumstances by which I have become his prisoner. He laughed heartily, but could scarce bring himself to believe me. He happens fortunately to be an intimate friend of Felix L——y, but his good will cannot go the length of setting me at liberty. However, he allows me many indulgences, and, best of all, promises to forward my letters to you and Felix.

"Sometimes a fit of the blue devils comes over me, and I curse the fate which separates me from you; but I never was much given to despondency, and, on the whole, am cheerful enough. My health is excellent, so that you and Severine have no cause for anxiety about me. I shall count the days and hours until I receive an answer to this."

LETTER V.

"Nancy, May 20.

"Hurrah! This, indeed, is advancing in the world. I begin to think that, before I have done, my wandering star will have led me to Paris, and from thence to Lisbon—across the Atlantic, and by the north-west passage over Asia, back again to Warsaw. I no longer hope to retrace my steps, and by-and-by it will not be worth while—returning were as tedious as go on." Had I but one line from you, I think I would be content, tormenting as is my position. Who knows but a letter may be waiting for me at Magdeburg, from whence, in about a week from the date of my last letter, I was despatched with a great posse of prisoners to Mayence. But there was to be no rest to the sole of my foot; no sooner there, than we were shoved on into France. The horde of prisoners to which I belonged, has been split into fifty parts, and sent to all points of the compass. We are like a community of ants dispersed by the accidental tread of a horse's hoof; or a flight of insects borne by the storm-wind into distant lands.

"I shall put these few lines into the post-office close to our barrack, to still any apprehension which might arise from your not receiving an answer to the letter you have surely directed to Magdeburg.

"I can hardly believe that I have not been absent twenty years. How many lands, mountains, rivers, and nations, lie between us! Who can answer that I may not yet become your antipode! Ah! Amelie, what chances lie between the cup and the lip. Suppose you were to die, or (what would be the same to me) suppose you were to become the wife of another—for I never yet heard or read of true love between antipodes.

"Since we poor captive heroes crossed the Rhine, we have been allowed much more liberty than on German ground. I may wander where I will, provided I attend the roll-call.

"I may eat and drink where I please, provided I pay for it. How lucky it was that I had provided myself with so large a sum to meet the chances of Count S——'s Faro bank! The first and only good I ever knew arise from gambling.

"I understand our final destination is at the foot of the Pyrenees, and I shall probably not write again till I am settled, when I hope to be allowed to remain in peace until I obtain my liberty; or, at least, long enough to hear from Warsaw. Yet such is the perversity of my fate, that I should not be surprised if I should have to date my next letter from the Peak of Teneriffe, or the Island of Madagascar."

LETTER VI.

"Acqs, June 27.

"At length I have reached my destination. It is here that I am to wait an exchange of prisoners, a peace, or any other lucky accident that may set me free. My destiny is more endurable than I at first expected. To be removed per force from Warsaw to the frontiers of Spain, is, to be sure, no trifle; but still it is some comfort to stop short of Otaheite and Bengal, though, by all accounts, there is more to see there than on these desert banks of the Adour.

"I never saw a Frenchman in Poland who did not abuse my father-land; now I can repay them to the very smallest fraction of their abuse. What a bare, flat, and beggarly country have I passed through to the extremity of *La belle France*. I begin to suspect that the French government carry on war, in order to people their solitudes; for I have seen almost as many prisoners as natives.

"The little town of Acqs, twelve miles from Bayonne, is half in ruins, but my host prides himself on its antiquity, and the wonderful qualities of its hot baths, in which he persecutes me to boil myself, as if it was not enough to be scorched by the sun. The heat is insufferable, and I am already the colour of a mulatto. The old man, however, has a pretty, amiable daughter, who is a far more agreeable object of contemplation than mouldering walls, were they those of the great Babylon. Don't be jealous, Amelie.

"The prisoners are billeted on the towns-people. We have nothing gratis but lodging; every thing else must be paid for. My money being at an end, I have been obliged to borrow some of Severine's necklace—I hope it will console her for the loss of her jewels, to think that they are converted into food and clothing for her poor captive brother. I have already sold the diamond-clasp, and a string of the pearls, to a jeweller from Bayonne, who comes here in the bathing-season. He could only pay me a part of the money on account, and must go to Bayonne for the remainder.

"I have now the means of living comfortably. I have hired a servant, bought a pony, and am enabled to assist my fellow-prisoners."

LETTER VII.*

"Acqs, July 13.

"*Te Deum laudamus!* We have peace at last; we are all shaking hands, and wishing one another joy of our approaching return to our country and friends. The French talk of nothing but Tilsit, and their god-like emperor;—Cæsar and Alexander, say they, were not worthy to be his aide-de-camps. The mayor of this place pronounced an eloquent harangue in honour of the joyful event, in which he informed his auditors that Tilsit was situated far north, on the borders of Asiatic Tartary; and that the left wing of the conquering army had extended its advanced posts across the eternal ice of the north-pole, where no mortal had ever before set his foot. The good people of Acqs actually shivered with cold at the mayor's vivid description of the white bears and icebergs that their valiant countrymen had encountered.

"I expect every hour to hear that the order for our liberation has arrived. I wish I could hear from you before I set out on my return. That no time may be

* Some letters appear to be lost.

lost after the order arrives, I shall immediately look out for a travelling *caleche*, and have all things in readiness to take the road to Warsaw as fast as post-horses can carry me. I shall take my servant, an honest gascon, with the high sounding name of Themistocles. We have become attached to one another. His only fault is an incurable love of talking: any subject, or none at all, will serve his purpose. I like, however, to be overwhelmed with his torrent of words, when I do not wish to think, and cannot forget myself in sleep.

"As I shall not stop on the way, unless compelled by untoward accidents, there will be no use in your replying to this, or any other letter that I may find time to write on the road. As I have kept a journal pretty regularly, you will learn, not only all my adventures, but all the thoughts, observations, and reflections that have occupied my brain since I crossed the Rhine. You will see, too (in spite of the black eyes of my landlord's daughter,) how constantly, fair Amelie, you have been present to the mind of the truest knight that ever vowed love and fealty to fair lady."

LETTER VIII.

"July 28.

"Take your sky-blue and gold-bound Atlas, most beautiful Countess, and look for the map of Spain, and there for the kingdom of Navarre, and there again for the city of Pampeluna, its capital, situated at the foot of the Pyrenees—for there am I, your devoted Stanislaus!

"I can no longer doubt that I am the sport of the most mischievous and ingenious of all the evil spirits that ever tormented mankind. No sooner do I feel sure of returning to you than something happens to widen the distance between us! The world is at peace, and I am nothing the better of it, since I am compelled in exchange, to wage war with Alcaldes, Regidores, Procuradores, Escribanos, and God knows what plagues besides. Now that I have passed the Pyrenees, *nolens volens*, there is still some chance of my returning to Warsaw, viz Cape Horn, Calcutta, and Constantinople. Trust no more to what I may say of my travelling plans.

"I had just received, and was for the twentieth time reading your letter, with the enclosures from dear Severine, and my uncle Michael, when I was summoned by a gens-d'armes to accompany him to the mayor of Acqs. The mayor conducted me to the *Judge de Paiz*, and the *Judge de Paiz* into a chamber, where there were several people assembled, and amongst them, the jeweller who had purchased a great part of Severine's necklace. I was shown the diamonds and pearls in a case, and asked if I recognised them, and if I had sold them to the man before me. I replied that to the best of my remembrance, the jewels were the same that I had sold to the person in question. The mayor, the justice, and the jeweller shook their heads. I was told that I should be sent forthwith to the jail at Bayonne, and seals put upon all my property till the affair was cleared up. At Bayonne I underwent a new examination, and was questioned with great *naivete* as to the abode of my fellow thieves, when I learned, for the first time, that a Spanish duchess had been plundered some weeks before, on the road to Turin close to the frontiers. The jewels I had sold to the jeweller were found to answer in every respect the printed description of a necklace which had been taken from the duchess. I was then unceremoniously deposited in the jail, while a hint was given to me that I might escape, or at most only be sent to the galleys for life, by turning evidence against my comrades, and by confessing what had become of the remaining contents of the duchess's caskets. My assurances that I was neither thief, nor abettor of thieves, were utterly disregarded, and at the end of a week I was handcuffed, mounted on a mule,

and conveyed between two soldiers to Pampeluna, in order to be confronted with the robbers, my supposed associates, who had been apprehended during my imprisonment at Bayonne. I cannot suppose that my detention will be of long duration—but business goes on slowly in this country; and you would suffer more alarm at my non-appearance at the time I gave you reason to expect me, than from knowing the cause of my delay.

"I am permitted to write, provided my letter passes open through the hands of the police.

"Tell Severine that if I am promoted to a gallows in Spain, it will be her fault. "S. G."

LETTER IX.

"Bayonne, August 14.

"I trust you have not been made uneasy by my last. I was liberated the second day after my arrival at Pampeluna; the duchess herself, to whom the jewels were shown, having declared they were quite different from those she had lost. So I was neither confronted with the robbers, hanged, nor sent to the galleys. Many apologies were made. The viceroy asked me to dinner, and the duchess to her tertullan. But notwithstanding all their civilities the Spanish ground seemed to burn the soles of my feet, and I hastened back to Bayonne. My passport is ready. Themistocles is gone to Acqs for my caleche and luggage, and tomorrow by daylight I shall be on the way to Warsaw unless a new adventure sends me in the direction of Madrid and Morocco. Some sorcerer must certainly be in love with you, and jealous of me; for in the natural world a man does not take the Pyrenees in his way from one street to another, in Warsaw. You may expect to hear of me next at Algiers, if I do not appear before the end of September. Adieu."

"September 30.

"Dearest Amelie—Stanislaus is this moment arrived. He will be with you as soon as he has changed his dress. He has travelled all night, and is covered with dust; but he seems in excellent health and spirits.

"Ever yours,

"SEVERINE G—SKA."

TALLEYRAND.

A SENTENTIOUS manner, frigid politeness, and an air of observation, formed an impenetrable shield round his diplomatic character. When among his intimate friends he was quite a different being. He was particularly fond of social conversation, which he usually prolonged to a very late hour. Familiar, affectionate, and attentive to the means of pleasing, he yielded to a kind of intellectual epicurism, and became amusing that he himself might be amused. He is the author of the bon-mot quoted somewhere by Champfort, where Ruhlere said, "I know not why I am called a wicked man, for I never, in the whole course of my life, committed but one act of wickedness."—The bishop of Autun immediately exclaimed, with his full sonorous voice and significant manner, "But when will this act be at an end?"—One evening, at whist, while he was in London, a lady of fifty was mentioned as having married a footman. Several expressed their surprise at such a choice. "When you are nine," said the bishop of Autun, "you do not count honours."—His manner of story-telling is peculiarly graceful, and he is a model of good taste in conversation. Indolent, voluptuous, born to wealth and grandeur, he had yet, during his exile, accustomed himself to a life of privation; and he liberally shared with his friends the only resources he had left, arising from the sale of the wreck of his superb library, which fetched a very low price, because even in London, party-spirit prevented a competition of purchasers.

Original.

A POETICAL EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED BY A LADY OF NEW JERSEY, TO HER
NIECE, UPON HER MARRIAGE IN PHILADELPHIA.

WELL, my lov'd niece, I hear the bustle's o'er,
The wedding cake and visits are no more,
The gay one's buzzing round some other bride,
While you with grave ones grace the fire side.
Now with your usual sweetness deign to hear
What from a friendly heart, flows most sincere,
Nor do I fear a supercilious smile,
To pay with gay contempt the muse's toil,
For be assured I never will presume,
Superior sense or judgment to assume.
But merely that which long experience brings
To men and women, those capricious things;
Nor shall I once forget how very sage
The advice of aunts has been in every age.
On matrimonial things they all debate,
Wiseacres too, who never tried the state;
And 'twould, I own, appear as truly vain
For me, but to suppose I could attain
New light upon a subject worn out quite,
And which both aunts and authors deem so trite.
But all the nuptial virtues in a class
Of spirits much, and prudence I shall pass;
Good Nature, sense, of these you've ample store,
And economics you have learnt before.
But there are lurking evils that do prove,
Under the name of trifles, death to love,
And from those trifles all the jarring springs,
And trust me, child, they're formidable things.
First then, with def'rence, treat in every place,
The chosen partner of your future days,
For if you show him but the least neglect,
Yourself you rifle of your due respect.
Nor ever let your fondness for him rise,
In words or actions, to the prying eyes
Of witnesses—who claim a right to sneer
At all the honey'd words—my life, my love, my dear.
Nor from your husband should you e'er require
Those epithets which little minds admire;
Such short restraint will constantly maintain
That power which fondness strives to reach in vain;
And give new joy to the returning hour,
When sweet retirement bars the opening door.
Nor do, nor say, before the man you love,
What in its nature must offensive prove;
Home, ever closely, draw the mistress' ties,
For men have always microscopic eyes,
And easily advert to fortunate time
When new reserve made females all divine—
"Would she to Damon or Alexis say
A thing so rude—and am I less than they."
Whene'er your husband means to stay at home,
Whate'er the occasion, don't consent to roam,
For home's a solitary place for one
Who loves his wife, yet finds her always gone.
At least, consult the temper of his mind,
If vex'd abroad, at home he feels inclined,
From public business to relax a while,
How pleasing then the beauty of a smile,
A soft companion to relieve his care,
His joys to heighten, or his griefs to share;
Unbend his thoughts, and from the world retire,
Within his sacred home, and round his cheerful fire.
Nor let him know you've made a sacrifice,
He'll find it out himself, and then he'll prize
Your kind endeavour to promote his ease,
And make a study of your life to please.
Another rule you'll find of equal weight,
When jars subside ne'er recriminate;
And when the cloud is breaking from his brow,

Repeat not what he said, nor when, nor how—
If he's tenacious, gently give him way,
And tho' 'tis night, if he should say 'tis day,
Dispute it not, but pass it with a smile,
He'll recollect himself and pay your toil,
And when he views it in a proper light,
Will in confusion seek to do you right.
Just in his humours meet him—no debate,
But let it be your pleasure to forget.
His friends with kindness always entertain,
And tho' by chance he brings them, ne'er complain;
Whate'er 's provided for himself and you
With neatness served, will always please them too;
Nor e'er upbraid him if he should invite
His friends in town to spend a day or night;
Some ladies think the trouble is so great,
That all such notions cause a high debate,
And Madam pouts and says, "I would not mind
How much to company you were inclined,
If I had things to entertain genteel,
And could but make my table look as well
As Mrs. A. and Mrs. B can do,
I'd be as fond of company as you.
And oft a richer service bribes the feast,
Than suits his purse, and makes himself the jest—
And tho' the good man gains his point at last,
It drains their mirth and poisons the repast.
But you, my dear, if you would wish to shine,
Must always say—your friends are also mine—
The home is yours, and I will do my best,
To give a cheerful welcome to each guest.
Nor are those maxims difficult to cope,
When stimulated by so fair a hope—
To reach the summit of domestic bliss,
And crown each day with ever smiling peace.
Now, if those lines one caution should contain,
To gain that end, my labour's not in vain—
And be assured, my dear, while life endures
With every tender sentiment I'm yours. EMILIA.

Original.

INVOCATION.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

AURA VENI* from the land,
Where the parti-coloured flowers
Rain their dulcet odours bland,
On the air in dewy showers;
Where the gul its sweets is flinging,
Where the purple lotè is springing.

Aura veni from the vines,
Whose curls with purple grapes are braided;
Where the citron orb reclines,
By its velvet foliage shaded;
And their rifled sweets, dear minion,
Bear upon thy downy pinion.

Aura veni from thy home,
By the side of mossy fountain;
From the waving forest come—
From the dell—the viny mountain;
And a soft lethan flower,
From thy watery pennons shower.

Aura veni from the spot,
Where the red pomegranate's beaming;
Where the orange o'er the grot
The alchemy of June is gleaming.
Aura veni breathe in gladness,
O'er this burning brow of sadness.

* Come breeze.



THE ROAD OF THE SIMPLON.

The Simplon is a mountain situated in the chain of the higher Alps, between the Valais and Redmont. At the beginning of the present century, a magnificent road was made over this mountain by order of Napoleon Bonaparte. This road was executed at the expense of the French government and of the kingdom of Italy. It extends from *Glis* to *Domo d'Ossola*, is twenty-five feet wide, and of a very gentle slope through the whole of its course.

The works on the side of the Valais were directed by French engineers, and those on the southern part by Italians, who had much greater difficulties to encounter, being obliged continually to work upon the hardest rocks. This magnificent road, its bridges, and numerous galleries cut through the rock, must rank among the most remarkable monuments of the kind in the world. Add to this the beautiful and wild scenery which Nature has displayed so lavishly in this region, and there can be no wonder that it is a prominent object of curiosity to travellers.

The road begins at *Glis*, and after crossing a covered bridge of uncommon height and beauty over the Simplon, at the distance of a league and a half you reach *Ried*. You next go through a forest of larch trees, and after having proceeded along dreadful precipices, reach the first gallery, which is ten paces long. You now cross the *Kander* over a bridge eighty feet high, and after half an hour's walk you arrive at a few scattered houses called *Persal*, where you may procure refreshments. Beyond *Persal*, the road, which conti-

nues suspended over the brink of the precipice, continues half a league in long windings as far as the bridge of *Oesbach*. You then enter the second gallery which is thirty paces long.

You then leave on your left the glacier of *Kaltwasser*, from which descend four cascades, whose waters are carried across the road, in aqueducts of a beautiful construction, and then fall into the abyss. You then arrive at the third gallery, fifty paces long. At a short distance from this is the most elevated point, indicated by a kind of mile-stone.

On the south side, the road is still more remarkable. A little beyond the fourth gallery, which is eighty paces long, you meet the beautiful cascade of the *Frissinone*; near which is the fifth gallery, and the longest of all, being two hundred and two paces in extent. At no great distance from *Gondo* where there is a tower seven stories high, is seen a cascade that falls from the defile of *Zwischbergen*, in which there is a gold mine. Before the new road was made, merchandise was transported on mules, and, in stormy weather, hundreds of beasts of burden were obliged to stop for shelter during several days at the inn of *Gondo*.

A little below *Gondo*, a small chapel is built, on the confines of the Valais and of Italy. The first Italian village is called *San Marco*; next comes *Isella* or *Dazio*, where travellers are searched. You soon after enter a dreary defile which leads to the little village of *Dwedro*, occupying a pleasant district, though it is

immediately surrounded by barren rocks. You then enter a narrow wild valley, pass over two bridges into the sixth and last gallery, and arrive at Crevola. Here you pass over the Veriola, across a bridge that is a master-piece of architecture and sixty yards long. From thence to Domo d'Ossola it is one league.

Whenever a storm succeeds several rainy days, it is advisable to stop at this place, to avoid the danger of being crushed to death by the stones that fall from the tops of the mountains. The valley is very narrow, most of the rocks are split, and the blocks on the summits, being rendered slippery by the rain, and loosened by the wind, fall along the rocks as thick as a shower of hail. Both in spring and winter this road is extremely dangerous.

LETTER, FROM DEAN SWIFT, TO THE CELEBRATED MRS. DELANY.

NOT PUBLISHED IN ANY EDITION OF THE DEAN'S WORKS.

MADAM—I have had one great, and not very usual, misfortune in my life, which was to come to a kingdom where I was utterly a stranger, when it was too late to make new friendships; every body worth knowing being already bespoken. As to the many friends I left in England when I first came over, they are either banished or dead, or by a tacit agreement we have dropped correspondence, and the few remaining, my ill health hath condemned me never to see again. Another ill circumstance is, that years have not hardened me; and therefore, when I lament my absence from those I love and esteem, I fly for a remedy to ill-nature. I recollect whatever I found amiss in them; one was positive, another was a bad listener; a third talked too much, and a fourth was too silent, and so on. For these reasons, I would give half my goods that I had known you five times more than I did; and had the forecast to watch all your behaviour till I could have found something that was wrong, though it was in the least significant part of your conduct; and upon that one point I would have forced my memory and observation to dwell, as some little cure for the vexation of despairing ever to see you again.

Pray, madam, will you be pleased, in mere mercy, to send me the names and places of abode of your enemies and censurers (for God forbid you should want either.) After which I will desire a commerce of letters with them, whereof you shall be the subject; and then I shall be able to talk ill of you to myself, as well as of other people, without being believed by either.

As you are in doubt whether you would have me sick or neglect you, so, for the sake of those who come to visit you, I might be in doubt whether I could wish your eyes were well or not; because ten thousand may suffer in the first case, and only one in the second. My concern is only that they should give you no pain, whatever they may do to the fine gentlemen twenty miles round; who, ten to one, are such excombs to think they only make you handsomer, without considering that they discover almost every good quality of your mind. I do not remember that I called you a fool; but as to your being a knave, there may be some probability. You have forsaken your friend Mrs. Donnellan; you ran away with five hundred and fourteen hearts, to which you had no other claim than power tyrannical; not to mention that of the Thillala parson; for which all the clergy of the kingdom, and principally myself, look upon you as a mortal enemy to the church. My partiality for you forceth me to congratulate you on your sister's recovery. I hope she is like you in every thing but the hardness of her heart. However, as we gave you the government of this kingdom, we desire you will send her over, as your deputy; to tyrannise in your stead.

Whose fault is it that you lose Mrs. Donnellan? or how can you pretend to lose any thing that you know at any time where to find? And we heartily wish that the distress you complain of on her account, were five hundred times greater than it is. I have visited Mrs. Donnellan but once since her arrival: she is in the family of a person with whom I have no acquaintance, nor am likely to have any; so that she is of no more comfort to me than to you. Dr. Delany is absolutely a country squire; he hath given up his own town-house; I have not seen or heard of him these five weeks; we all think he has acted exceedingly wrong. He hath a fortune to live as he pleases in this cheap country, and grow rich besides. Neither he nor his lady are naturally inclined to solitude, which, however, in the winter season, he must be condemned to, and in evenings the whole year. I extremely disapprove of this monkish way of living. The great and only happiness of Dublin, is the sociable evening meetings, in which it much exceeds London, especially (with submission to your whiggism) since the Queen's death—and indeed out of mere poverty we are dropping them here. There is but one family in all Dublin where I can get a dinner; and that is with Dr. Helsham, which I compass once or twice a month. All other days I eat my chicken alone, like a king, or carry my bread, meat, and wine, to some country parson four or five miles off. But if you come over, I will give you a dinner once a week, whereof your share will cost me eighteen pence, and sixpence for your chair. I am now going to dine—chicken, sixpence; pint of French wine, eight-pence, bread a half-penny; butter for sauce, a penny—total, one shilling, and three-pence half-penny—dressing, nothing.

In London the bill would be, a chicken one shilling and six-pence; dressing three-pence; wine, two shillings and six-pence; butter three-pence; bread a penny; total, four shillings and seven-pence. And would I live in London? And will not you live in Ireland, with so fair an invitation? Well, I hear what you say, but am not convinced. The apology you make in the postscript is, in few words, a compound of falsehood and affectation. You are ashamed, you say, of your blunders; and I cannot observe one. I suppose it is a civil way of reproaching mine; for my ill head makes me always mistake syllables, letters, words, and sometimes half sentences; you may see how often I am forced to interline. Pray God preserve you! I am with true respect, and great esteem,

Madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

Deanery-House, Dublin, August 6th, 1735.

GOOD MANNERS.

THERE are a great many little offences committed against good manners, which people are hardly aware of at the time. It is not polite, for instance, to tease a person to do what he has once declined, and it is equally impolite to refuse a request or an invitation in order to be urged, and accept afterwards. Comply at once; if your friend be sincere, you will gratify him; if not, you will punish him, as he deserves to be. It is not polite, when asked what part of a dish you will have, to say "any part, it is quite indifferent to me;" it is hard enough to carve for one's friends, without choosing for them. It is not polite to entertain our visitors with our own family history, and the events of our own household. It is not polite for married ladies to talk in the presence of gentlemen, of the difficulty they have in procuring domestics, and how good-for-nothing they are when they are procural. It is not polite to put food upon the plate of your guest without asking his leave, nor to press him to eat more than he wants.

Original.

THE ALBUM--A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

*Tis not in mortals to command success.—Addison.

"UNGALLANT!—unmilitary!" exclaimed the beautiful Orinda Melbourne to her yet unprofessed lover, Lieutenant Sunderland, as in the decline of a summer afternoon, they sat near an open window in the north-west corner of Mr. Cozzens's house at West Point, where as yet there was no hotel—"And do you steadily persist in refusing to write in my album? Really, you deserve to be dismissed the service for unofficer-like conduct."

"I have forsworn albums," replied Sunderland, "and for, at least, a dozen reasons. In the first place, the gods have not made me poetical."

"Ah!" interrupted Miss Melbourne, "you remind me of the well-known story of the mayor of a French provincial town, who informed the king that the worthy burgesses had fifteen reasons for not doing themselves the honour of firing a salute on his majesty's arrival: the first reason being, that they had no cannon."

"A case in point," remarked Sunderland.

"Well," resumed Orinda, "I do not expect you to surpass the glories of Byron and Moore."

"Nothing is more contemptible than mediocre poetry," observed Sunderland; "the magazines and souvenirs have surfeited the world with it."

"I do not require you to be even mediocre," persisted the young lady. "Give me something ludicrously bad, and I shall prize it almost as highly as if it were seriously good. I need not remind you of the hacknied remarks, that extremes meet, and that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Look at this *Ode to West Point*, written in my album by a very obliging cadet, a room-mate of my brother's. It is a perfect gem. How I admire these lines,

"The steam-boat up the river shoots
While Willis on his bugle toots."

"Wo to the man," said Sunderland, "who subjects his poetical reputation to the ordeal of a lady's album, where all, whether gifted or ungifted, are expected to do their best."

"You are mistaken," replied Orinda; "that expectation has long since gone by. We have found, by experience, that, either from negligence or perverseness, gentlemen are very apt to write their worst in our albums."

"I do not wonder at it," said Sunderland. "However, I must retrieve my character as a knight of chivalry. Appoint me any other task, and I will pledge myself to perform your bidding. Let your request take any shape but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble."

"But why this inveterate horror of albums?" asked Orinda. "Have you had any experience in them?"

"I have to my sorrow," replied Sunderland. "With me, I am convinced, 'the course of albums never will run smooth.' For instance, I once, by means of an album, lost the lady of my love, (I presume not to say the love of my lady.)"

Orinda looked up and looked down, and "a change came o'er the spirit of her face:" which change was not unnoticed by her yet undeclared admirer, whose acquaintance with Miss Melbourne commenced on a former visit she had made to West Point to see her brother, who was one of the cadets of the Military Academy.

Orinda Melbourne was now in her twenty-first year, at her own disposal, (having lost both her parents,) and mistress of considerable property, a great part of which had been left to her by an aunt. She resided in the city of New York, with Mr. and Mrs. Ledbury, two old and intimate friends of her family, and they had accompanied her to West Point. She was universally considered a very charming girl, and by none more so than by Lieutenant Sunderland. But hearing that Miss Melbourne had declined the addresses of several very unexceptionable gentlemen, our hero was trying to delay an explicit avowal of his sentiments, till he should discover some reason to hope that the disclosure would be favourably received.

Like most other men on similar occasions, he gave a favourable interpretation to the emotion involuntarily evinced by the young lady on hearing him allude to his former flame.

There was a pause of a few moments, till Orinda rallied, and said with affected carelessness—"You may as well tell me the whole story, as we seem to have nothing better to talk of."

"Well, then," proceeded Sunderland, "during one of my visits to the city, I met with a very pretty young lady from Brooklyn. Her name is of course unmentionable, but I soon found myself, for the first time in my life, a little in love!"

"I suspect it was not merely a little," remarked Orinda, with a penetrating glance—"It is said that, in love the first fit is always the strongest."

"No no," exclaimed Sunderland; "I deny the truth of that opinion. It is a popular fallacy—I know it is"—fixing his eyes on Orinda.

At that minute the young officer would have given a year's pay to be certain whether the glow that heightened Miss Melbourne's complexion was a bona fide blush, or only the reflection of the declining sunbeams as they streamed from under a dark cloud that was hovering over the western hills. However, after a few moments' consideration, he again interpreted favourably.

"Proceed, Mr. Sunderland," said Orinda in rather a tremulous voice; "tell me all the particulars."

"Of the album I will," replied he. "Well then—this young lady was one of the belles of Brooklyn, and certainly very handsome."

"Of what colour were her eyes and hair?" inquired Orinda.

"Light—both very light."

Orinda, who was a brunette, caught herself on the point of saying that she had rarely seen much expression in the countenance of a blonde; but she checked the remark, and Sunderland proceeded.

"The lady in question had a splendidly bound album, which she produced and talked about on all occasions, and seemed to regard with so much pride and admiration, that if a lover could possibly have been jealous of a book, I was, at times, very near becoming so. It was half filled with amatory verses by juvenile rhymesters, and with tasteless insipid drawings in water colours, by boarding-school misses: which drawings my Dulcinea persisted in calling paintings. She also persisted in urging me to write "a piece of poetry" in her album, and I persevered in declaring my utter inability: as my few attempts at versification

had hitherto proved entire failures. At last, I reluctantly consented, recollecting to have heard of sudden fits of inspiration, and of miraculous gifts of poetical genius with which even milkmaids and cobblers have been unexpectedly visited. So taking the album with me, I retired to the solitude of my apartment at the City Hotel, concluding with Macbeth that when a thing is to be well done, 'tis well to do it quickly. Here I manfully made my preparations "to saddle Pegasus and ride up Parnassus"—but in vain. With me the winged steed of Apollo was as obstinate as a Spanish mule on the Sierra Morena. Not an inch would he stir. There was not even the slightest flutter in his pinions; and the mountain of the muses, looked to me as inaccessible as—as what shall I say?—

"I will help you to a simile," replied Orinda; "as inaccessible as the sublime and stupendous precipice to which you West Pointers have given the elegant and appropriate title of Butter Hill."

"Exactly," responded Sunderland. "Parnassus looked like Butter Hill. Well then—to be brief (as every man says when he suspects himself to be tedious,) I sat up till one o'clock, vainly endeavouring to manufacture something that might stand for poetry. But I had no rhymes for my ideas, and no ideas for my rhymes. I found it impossible to make both go together. I at last determined to write my verses in prose till I had arranged the sense, and afterwards to put them into measure and rhyme. I tried every sort of measure from six feet to ten, and I essayed consecutive rhymes and alternate rhymes, but all was in vain. I found that I must either sacrifice the sense to the sound, or the sound to the sense. At length, I thought of the *Bouts Rimés* of the French. So I wrote down, near the right hand edge of my paper, a whole column of familiar rhymes, such as mine, thine, tears, fears, light, bright, &c. And now I congratulated myself on having accomplished one half of my task, supposing that I should find it comparatively easy to do the filling up. But all was to no purpose. I could effect nothing that I thought even tolerable, and I was too proud to write badly and be laughed at. However, I must acknowledge that could I have been certain that my "piece of poetry, would be seen only by the fair damsel herself, I might easily have screwed my courage to the sticking place; for greatly as I was smitten with the beauty of my little nymph, I had a secret misgiving that she had never sacrificed to Minerva."

Our hero paused a moment to admire the radiance of the smile that now lighted up the countenance of Orinda.

"In short," continued he, "I sat up till 'night's candles were burnt out,' both literally and metaphorically, and I then retired in despair to my pillow, from whence I did not rise till ten o'clock in the morning."

"That evening, I carried back the album to my fair one, but she still refused to let me off, and insisted that I should take it with me to West Point, to which place I was to return next day. I did so, hoping to catch some inspiration from the mountain air, and the mountain scenery. I ought to have recollected that few of the poets on record, either lived among mountains, or wrote while visiting them. The sons of song are too often fated to set up their household gods, and strike their lyres in dark narrow streets, and dismal alleys."

As soon as the steam-boat had cleared the city, I took out my pocket-book and pencil, and prepared for the onset. I now regarded the ever-beautiful scenery of the magnificent Hudson with a new interest. I thought the Palisades would do something for me; but my imagination remained as sterile and as impenetrable as their eternal rocks. The broad expanse of the Tappan Sea lay like a resplendent mirror around me,

but it reflected no image that I could transfer to my tablets. We came into the Highlands, but the old Thunder Barrack rumbled nothing in my fancy's ear, Anthony's Nose looked coldly down upon me, and the Sugar Loaf suggested no idea of sweetness. We proceeded along, but Buttermilk Falls reminded me not of the fountain of Helicon, and Bull Hill and Breakneck Hill seemed too rugged ever to be smoothed into verse."

"That afternoon I went up to Fort Putnam, for the hundred and twentieth time in my life. I walked round the dismantled ramparts, I looked into their damp and gloomy cells. I thought, (as is the duty of every one that visits these martial ruins) on the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.' But they inspired nothing that I could turn to account in my lady's album; nothing that could serve to introduce the compliment always expected in the last stanza. And, in truth, this compliment was the chief stumbling-block after all. 'But for these vile compliments, I might myself have been an album-poet.'"

"Is it then so difficult to compliment a lady?" inquired Orinda.

"Not in plain prose," replied Sunderland; "and when the lady is a little à l'imbecile, nothing in the world is more easy. But even in prose, to compliment a sensible woman as she deserves, and without danger of offending her modesty, requires both tact and talent."

"Which I suppose is the reason," said Orinda, "that sensible women obtain so few compliments from your sex, and fools so many."

"True," replied Sunderland. "But such compliments as we wish to offer to elegant and intellectual females, are as orient pearls compared to French beads."

Orinda cast down her beautiful eyes under the expressive glance of her admirer. She felt that she was now receiving a pearl.

"But to proceed," continued Sunderland, "I came down from the fort no better poet than I went up, and I had recourse again to the solitude of my own room. Grown desperate, and determined to get the album off my mind and have it over, an idea struck me which I almost blush to mention. Promise not to look at me, and I will amaze you with my candour."

Orinda pretended to hold her fan before her eyes.

"Are you sure you are not peeping between the stems of the feathers," said Sunderland. "Well then, now for my confession; but listen to it 'more in sorrow than in anger,' and remember that the album alone was the cause of my desperation and my dishonour. Some Mephistopheles whispered in my ear to look among the older poets for something but little known, and transfer it as mine to a page in the fatal book. I would not, of course, venture on Scott or Moore or Byron, for though I doubted whether my lady love, was better versed in *them* than in the bards of Queen Anne's reign, yet I thought that perhaps some of the readers of her album might be acquainted with the last and best of the minstrels. But on looking over a volume of Pope, I found his "Song by a Person of Quality."

"I recollect it," said Orinda; "it is a satire on the amateur love-verses of that period: such as were generally produced by fashionable innamoratoes. In these stanzas the author has purposely avoided every approach to sense or connexion, but has assembled together a medley of smooth and euphonous sounds. And could you risk such verses with your Dulcinea?"

"Yes," replied Sunderland, "with *her*, I knew that I was perfectly safe, and that she would pronounce them sweet and delightful. And in short, that they would exactly suit the calibre of her understanding."

"Yet still," said Orinda, "with such an opinion of her mental qualifications, you professed to love this

young lady—or rather you really loved her—no doubt you did."

"No, no," replied Sunderland, eagerly. "It was only a passing whim—only a boyish fancy—such as a man may feel a dozen times, before he is five and twenty, and before he is seriously in love. I should have told you that at this period, I had not yet arrived at years of discretion."

"I should have guessed it without your telling," said Orinda, mischievously.

The young officer smiled, and proceeded.

"I now saw my way clear. So I made a new pen, placed Pope on my desk, and sitting down to the album with a lightened spirit, I began with the first stanza of his poem—

'Fluttering spread thy purple pinions
Gentle Cupid o'er my heart,
I a slave in thy dominions,
Nature must give way to art.'

And I then added the second and sixth verses, substituting the name of my fair one for that of Aurelia."

"What would I not give to know that name!" thought Orinda. "But, in those verses," she remarked to Sunderland, "if I recollect aright, there is no direct compliment to the lady's beauty."

"But there is a very great one by implication," answered the lieutenant. "For instance, the line—'Hear me pay my dying vows.'—What more could I profess than to die for love of her! And a lady that is died for, must of course be superlatively charming. In short, I finished the verses, and I must say they were very handsomely transcribed. Now do not laugh. Is it not more excusable to take some pride in writing a good hand, than to boast of scribbling a bad one? I have known persons who seemed absolutely to plume themselves on the illegibility of their scrawls; because, unfortunately, so many men of genius have indulged in a most shameful style of chirography."

"Well, I viewed my performance with much satisfaction, and then proceeded to look attentively through the album. (I had as yet but glanced over it), to see if any one excelled me in calligraphy. What was my horror, when I found among a multitude of Lines to Zephyrs and Dew-drops, and Stanzas to Rose-buds and Violets, the identical verses that I had just copied from Pope! Some other poor fellow, equally hard pressed, had been before-hand with me, and committed the very same theft: which, in his case, appeared to me enormous. I pronounced it 'flat burglary,' and could have consigned him to the Penitentiary 'for the whole term of his natural life.' To be compelled to commit a robbery is bad enough, but to be anticipated in the very same robbery, and to find that you have burdened your conscience, and jeopardized your self-respect for nothing, is worse still."

"There was one way," observed Orinda, "in which you could have extricated yourself from the dilemma. You might have cut out the leaf, and written something else on another."

"That was the very thing I finally determined on doing," replied Sunderland. "So after a pause of deep distress, I took my penknife, and did cut out the leaf: resolving that for my next 'writing piece,' I would go as far back as the poets of Elizabeth's time. While pleasing myself with the idea that all was now safe, I perceived, in moving the book, that another leaf was working its way out; and I found to my great consternation, that I had cut too deeply, and that I had loosened a page on which was faintly drawn in a lady's hand, a faint Cupid shooting at a faint heart, encircled with a wreath of faint flowers. I recollected that my 'fair one with locks of gold,' had pointed out to me this performance as 'the sweetest thing in her album.'"

"By the by," remarked Orinda, "when you found

so much difficulty in composing verses, why did you not substitute a drawing?"

"Oh!" replied the lieutenant, "though I am at no loss in military drawing, and can finish my bastions, and counterscarps and ravelins with all due neatness, yet my miscellaneous sketches are very much in the style of scene-painting, and totally unfit to be classed with the smooth, delicate, half-tinted pretinences that are peculiar to ladies' albums."

"Now," said Orinda, "I am going to see how you will bear a compliment. I know that your drawings are bold and spirited, and such as the artists consider very excellent for an amateur, and therefore I will excuse you from writing verses in my album, on condition that you make me a sketch, in your own way, of my favourite view of Fort Putnam—I mean that fine scene of the west side which bursts suddenly upon you when going thither by the back road that leads through the woods. How sublime is the effect, when you stand at the foot of the dark gray precipice, feathered as it is with masses of beautiful foliage, and when you look up to its lofty summit, where the living rock seems to blend itself with the dilapidated ramparts of the mountain fortress!"

"To attempt such a sketch for Miss Melbourne," replied Sunderland, with much animation, "I shall consider both a pleasure and an honour. But Loves and Doves, and Roses and Posies, are entirely out of my line, or rather out of the line of my pencil. Now, where was I? I believe I was telling of my confusion when I found that I had inadvertently cut out the young lady's pet Cupid."

"But did it not strike you," said Orinda, "that the easiest course, after all, was to go to your demoiselle, and make a candid confession of the whole: which she would undoubtedly have regarded in no other light than as a subject of amusement, and have been too much diverted to feel any displeasure."

"Ah! you must not judge of every one by yourself," replied Sunderland. "I thought for a moment of doing what you now suggest, but after a little consideration, I more than suspected that my candour would be thrown away upon the perverse little dame! that owned the album, and that any attempt to take a ludicrous view of the business would mortally offend her. All young ladies are not like Miss Orinda Melbourne"—(bowing as he spoke.)

Orinda turned her head towards the window, and fixed her eyes intently on the top of the Crow's Nest. This time the suffusion on her cheeks was not in the least doubtful.

"Well then," continued Sunderland, "that I might remedy the disaster as far as possible, I procured some fine paste, and was proceeding to cement the leaf to its predecessor, when in my agitation, a drop of the paste fell on the Cupid's face. In trying to absorb it with the corner of a clean handkerchief, I 'spread the ruin widely round,' and smeared off his wings, which unfortunately grew out of the back of his neck: a very pardonable mistake, as the fair artist had probably never seen a live Cupid. I was now nearly frantic, and I enacted sundry ravings 'too tedious to mention.' The first use I made of my returning senses was to employ a distinguished artist (then on a visit to West Point) to execute on another leaf, another Cupid, with bow and arrow, heart and roses, &c. He made a beautiful little thing, a design of his own, which alone was worth a thousand album drawings of the usual sort. I was now quite reconciled to the disaster which had given me an opportunity of presenting the young lady with a precious specimen of taste and genius. As soon as it was finished, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, went down to the city, and album in hand, I repaired to my Brooklyn beauty. I knew that, with her, there would be no use in telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and I acknowledge with

shame that I suppressed the fact of my copying Pope's verses. I merely said, that not being quite satisfied with my poetry, I had cut out the leaf; and I then went on to relate the remainder exactly as it happened. As I proceeded, I observed her brows beginning to contract, and her lips beginning to pout. "Well, sir," said she, with her eyes flashing, (for I now found that even blue eyes could flash.) "I think you have been taking great liberties with my album: cutting and clipping it, and smearing it with paste, and spoiling my best Cupid, and then getting a man to put another picture into it, without asking my leave."

"Much disconcerted, I made many apologies, all of which she received with a very ill grace. I ventured to point out to her the superiority of the drawing that had been made by the artist."

"I see no beauty in it," she exclaimed, "the shading is not half so much blended as Miss Cottonwool's, and it does not look half so soft."

"I have observed," said Orinda, "that persons who in reality know but little of the art, always dwell long on what they call softness."

"I endeavoured to reconcile her to the drawing," continued Sunderland; "but she persisted in saying that it was nothing to compare to Miss Cottonwool's, which she alleged was of one delicate tint throughout; while this was very light in some places and very dark in others, and that she could actually see distinctly where most of the touches were put on, 'when in paintings that are really handsome,' said she, 'all the shading is blended together, and looks soft.'"

"To conclude, she would not forgive me; and in sober truth, I must acknowledge that the petulance and silliness she evinced on this occasion, took away much of my desire to be restored to favour. Next day I met her walking on the Battery, in high flirtation with an old West Indian planter, who espoused her in the course of a fortnight, and carried her to Antigua."

Orinda now gave an involuntary and almost audible sigh; feeling a sensation of relief on hearing that her rival by anticipation, was married and gone, and entirely hors de combat.

Mr. and Mrs. Ledbury, who had been taking a long walk, now came in: and shortly after, the bell rang for tea. And when Orinda took the offered arm of Sunderland, (as he conducted her to the table) she felt a presentiment, that before many days, the important question would be asked and answered.

The evening on which our story commences, was that of the 3d of July 1825, and tea was scarcely over at the Mess House, when an Orderly Serjeant came round with a notice for the officers to assemble in uniform at the dock, to receive General La Fayette, who was expected in half an hour.

The guest of the nation had visited the Military Academy soon after his arrival in America. He had there been introduced to Cadet Huger, the son of the gallant Carolinian, who, in conjunction with the generous and enterprising Bollman, had so nearly succeeded in the hazardous attempt of delivering him from the dungeons of Olmutz.

La Fayette was now on his return from his memorable tour throughout the United States. Major Worth, who was in command at West Point during the temporary absence of Colonel Thayer, happened to be at Newburgh when the steam-boat arrived there, in which La Fayette was proceeding down the river from Albany to New York; and he invited the General to stop at West Point, and remain till the next boat. The invitation was promptly accepted, and Major Worth instantly dispatched a messenger with the intelligence; wishing to give the residents of the post, an opportunity of making such preparations for the reception of their distinguished visitor, as the shortness of the time would allow.

The officers hastily put on their full dress uniform,

and repaired to the wharf, or dock as it is called. The band (at that time the finest in America) was already there. The ladies assembled on the high bank that overlooks the river, and from thence witnessed the arrival of La Fayette.

On the heights above the landing place, and near the spot where the hotel has been since erected, appeared an officer, and a detachment of soldiers, waiting with lighted matches to commence the salute; for which purpose several pieces of artillery had been conveyed thither.

The twilight of a summer evening was accelerated by a vast and heavy cloud portentous of a thunder-storm. It had overspread the west, and loomed upon the river, on whose yet unruffled waters the giant shadows of the mountains were casting a still deeper gloom. Beyond Polipel's Island was seen the coming steam-boat, looking like an immense star upon a level with the horizon. There was a solemn silence all around, which was soon broken by the sound of the paddles, that were heard when the boat was as far off as Washington's Valley; and in a few minutes, her dense shower of sparks and her wreath of red smoke were vividly defined upon the darkening sky.

The boat was soon at the wharf: and at the moment that La Fayette stepped on shore, the officers took off their hats, the band struck up Hail Columbia; and, amid the twilight gloom, and the darkness of the impending thunder-cloud, it was chiefly by the flashes of the guns from the heights, that the scene was distinctly visible. The lightning of heaven quivered also on the water; and the mountain echoes repeated the low rolling of the distant thunder, in unison with the loud roar of the cannon.

The general, accompanied by his son, and by his secretary Levasseur, walked slowly up the hill, leaning on the arm of Major Worth, preceded by the band playing La Fayette's March, and followed by the officers and professors of the Institution. When they had ascended to the plain, they found the houses lighted up, and the camp of the cadets illuminated also. They proceeded to the Mess House, and as soon as they had entered, the musicians ranged themselves under the elms in front, and commenced Yankee Doodle; the quick-step to which La Fayette at the head of his American division, had marched to the attack at the siege of Yorktown.

While the General was partaking of some refreshment, the officers and professors returned for the ladies, all of whom were desirous of an introduction to him. Many children were also brought and presented to the far-famed European, who had so importantly assisted in obtaining for them and for their fathers, the glorious immunities of independence.

Even now, while one who was present at this scene is essaying to describe it, her reminiscences are broken by the intelligence that has recently reached our shores of the death of that truly great man, a few hours in whose history she is attempting to rescue from the waves of oblivion. The star has now set which shone so auspiciously for our country at that disastrous period of our revolutionary struggle—

"When hope was sinking in dismay,

And gloom obscured Columbia's day."

Mouldering into dust is that honoured hand which was clasped with such deep emotion by the assembled sons and daughters of the nation in whose cause it had first unsheathed the sword of liberty. And soon will that noble and generous heart, so replete with truth and benevolence, be reduced to 'a clod of the valley.' Yet, may we not hope that from the world of eternity, of which his immortal spirit is now an inhabitant, he looks down with equal interest on the land of his nativity, and on the land of his adoption: that country so bound to him by ties of everlasting gratitude, that

country where all were his friends as he was the friend of all.

Tears suffused the beautiful eyes of Orinda Melbourne, when introduced by her lover, she took the offered hand of La Fayette, and her voice trembled as she replied to the compliment of the patriot of both hemispheres. Sunderland remarked to the son of the illustrious veteran, that it gave him much pleasure to see that the General's long and fatiguing journey had by no means impaired his healthful appearance, but that on the contrary, he now looked better than he had done on his first arrival in America. "Ah!" replied Colonel La Fayette, "how could my father suffer from fatigue, when every day was a day of happiness?"

After Orinda had resigned her place to another lady, she said to Sunderland who stood at the back of her chair—"What would I not give for La Fayette's autograph in my album!"

"Still harping on the album," said Sunderland, smiling.

"Excuse me this once," replied Orinda. "I begin to think as you do with respect to albums, but if nothing else can be alleged in their favour, they may, at least, be safe and convenient depositories for mementoes of those whose names are their history. All I presume to wish or to hope from La Fayette is simply his signature. But I have not courage myself to ask such a favour. Will you convey my request to him?"

"Willingly," answered Sunderland. "But he will grant that request still more readily if it comes from your own lips. Let us wait awhile, and I will see that you have an opportunity."

In a short time, nearly all the company had departed, except those that were inmates of the house. The gentlemen having taken home the ladies, returned for the purpose of remaining with La Fayette 'till the boat came along in which he was to proceed to the city.

Orinda took her album; her admirer conducted her to the General, and with much confusion she proffered her request; Sunderland brought him a standish, and he wrote the name La Fayette in the centre of a blank page, which our heroine presented to him: it having on each side other blank leaves which Orinda determined should never be filled up. Highly gratified at becoming the possessor of so valued a signature, she could scarcely refrain, in her enthusiasm, from pressing the leaf to her lips, when she soon after retired with Mrs. Ledbury.

The officers remained with General La Fayette till the arrival of the boat, which came not till near twelve o'clock. They then accompanied him to the wharf, and took their final leave. The thunder storm had gone round without discharging its fury on West Point, and every thing had turned out propitiously for the General's visit; which was perhaps the more pleasant for having been so little expected.

The following day was the Fourth of July, and the next was the one fixed on by Mr. and Mrs. Ledbury for returning to New York. That morning, at the breakfast table, the number of guests was increased by the presence of a Mr. Jenkins, who had come from the city in the same boat with Miss Melbourne and her friends, and after passing a few days at West Point, had gone up the river to visit some relations at Poughkeepsie, from whence he had just returned. Mr. Jenkins was a shallow, conceited, over-drest young man, and moreover extremely ugly, though of this misfortune he was not in the least aware. He was of a family whose wealth had not made them genteel. He professed great politeness to the ladies, that is, if they had beauty and money, yet he always declared that he would marry nothing under a hundred thousand dollars. But he was good-natured; and that, and his utter insignificance, got him along tolerably

well, for no one ever thought it worth while to be offended at his folly and self-sufficiency.

After breakfast, Mrs. Ledbury asked Orinda if she had prevailed on Mr. Sunderland to write an article in her album, adding—"I heard you urging him to that effect, the other day as I passed the front parlour." "I found him inexorable, as to writing," replied Orinda.

"Well, really," said Mr. Jenkins, "I don't know how a gentleman can reconcile himself to refuse any thing a lady asks. And he an officer too! For my part, I always hold it my bounden duty to oblige the ladies, and never on any account to treat them with hauteur, as the French call it. To be sure I am not a marrying man—that is, I do not marry under a hundred thousand—but still, that is no reason why I should not be always polite and agreeable. Apropos, as the French say—apropos, Miss Melbourne, you know I offered the other day to write something for you in your album, and I will do it with all the pleasure in life. I am very partial to albums, and quite au-fait to them, to use a French term."

"We return to the city this afternoon," said Orinda. "You will scarcely have time to add any thing to the treasures of my album."

"Oh! it won't take me long," replied Jenkins—"short and sweet is my motto. There will be quite time enough. You see I have already finished my breakfast. I am not the least of a gourmand, to borrow a word from the French."

Orinda had really some curiosity to see a specimen of Jenkins's poetry: supposing that, like the poor cadet's, it might be amusingly bad. Therefore, having sent for her album, she put it hastily into Jenkins's hand: for at that moment, Lieutenant Sunderland, who had, as usual, been breakfasting at the mess-table with his brother officers, came in to invite her to walk with him to Gee's Point. Orinda assented, and immediately put on her bonnet, saying, to her lover as she left the house—

"You know this is one of my favourite walks—I like that fine mass of bare granite running far out into the river, and the beautiful view from its extreme point. And then the road, by which we descend to it, is so charmingly picturesque, with its deep ravine on one side, filled with trees and flowering shrubs, and the dark and lofty cliff that towers up on the other, where the thick vine wanders in festoons, and the branches of the wild rose throw their long streamers down the rock: on whose utmost heights still linger some vestiges of the grass-grown ruins of Fort Clinton."

But we question if on this eventful morning, the beauties of Gee's Point were duly appreciated by our heroine, for long before they had reached it, her lover had made an explicit avowal of his feelings and his hopes, and had obtained from her the promise of her hand: which promise was faithfully fulfilled on that day two months.

In the afternoon, Lieutenant Sunderland accompanied Miss Melbourne and her friends on their return to the city. Previous to her departure, Orinda did not forget to remind Mr. Jenkins of her album, now doubly valuable to her as containing the name of La Fayette written by his own hand.

Jenkins begged a thousand pardons, alleging that the arrival of a friend from New York had prevented him from writing in it as he had intended. "And of course," said he, "I could not put off my friend, as he is one of the élite of the city, to describe him in French. However, there is time enough yet. Short and sweet you know!"—

"The boat is in sight," said Sunderland.

"Oh! no matter," answered Jenkins. "I can do it in a minute, and I will send it down to the boat after you. Miss Melbourne shall have it before she quits

the wharf. I would on no consideration be guilty of disappointing a lady."

And taking with him the album, he went directly to his room.

"You had best go down to the dock," said the cadet young Melbourne, who had come to see his sister off. "There is no time to be lost. I will take care that the album reaches you in safety, should you be obliged to go without it."

They proceeded towards the river, but they had scarcely got as far as Mrs. Thomson's, when a waiter came running after them with the book, saying—"Mr. Jenkins's compliments to Miss Melbourne, and all is right."

"Really," said Sunderland, "that silly fellow must have a machine for making verses, to have turned out any thing like poetry in so short a time."

They were scarcely seated on the deck of the steamboat, when Orinda opened her album to look for the inspirations of Jenkins's Muse. She found no verses. But on the very page consecrated by the hand of La Fayette, and immediately under the autograph of the hero, was written in an awkward school-boy character, the name of Jeremiah Jenkins.

TALENT AND CONDUCT.

THERE is an idea prevalent, that want of worldly prudence is one of the most obvious marks of talent; and therefore many persons who wish to be thought possessed of ability, think it necessary to take down a peg in their morality. What a degrading notion is this—what a miserable affectation! Talent without conduct is like a gilded boat unprovided with rudder or compass. It may make a fine show as it leaves the harbour; but whenever it gets into the open sea, it is found unfit for use, and perhaps leads its crew to destruction. On the other hand, nothing can be more worthy of admiration than talent accompanied by upright conduct and pure manners. In the one case the good faculty is worse than useless; while the folly and vice by which it is attended only show the more contemptible from their connexion with so illustrious a quality. In the other instance, the praise of ability at least experiences no drawback. The individual gets the usual credit for his personal worth, and the homage due to his ability besides. But the more general disposition of men is to accord only the more admiration to talent, in so far as it goes hand in hand with virtue.

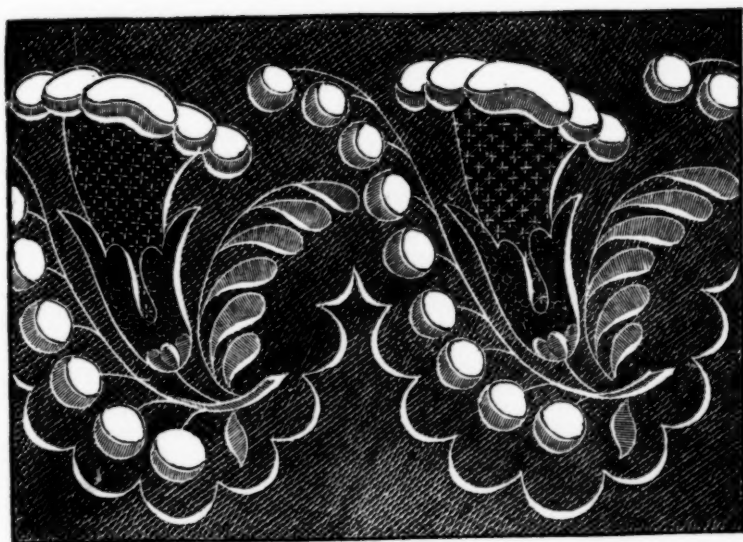
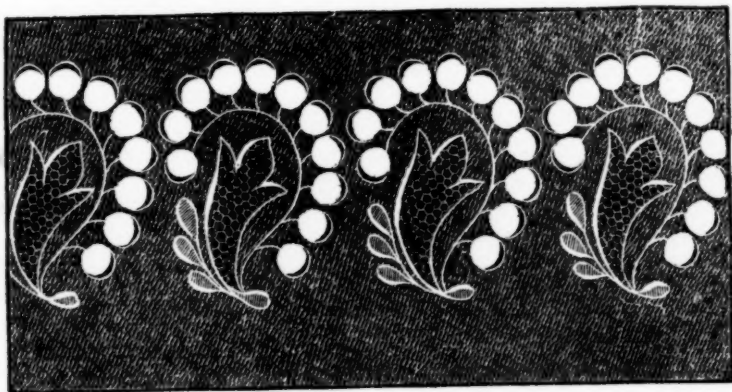
In an age when intellect is so active, and so many persons are constantly seeking to advance themselves by means of literature from the lower walks of life, it is of great consequence that right ideas should be entertained respecting the personal behaviour of men of genius. To suppose that extended powers of mind are likely to produce, or to be accompanied by, a blindness to the ordinary moral responsibilities, is, in my opinion, an absurdity. The more likely event is, that the man of talent is just the more able to appreciate and walk by the best precepts of conduct. It is true, we have some splendid instances of at least the poetical order of intellects, which distinguished themselves by a line of private conduct in no respect estimable. But not only are these mere exceptions; but, in all such cases, the fault might be traced either to some radical defect of character, or to a want of acquaintance with the world. I am here only alluding to the splendid instances where it is impossible to suppose affectation. But, in the great majority of cases, that is the key to the mystery. The truth is, that most vicious habits arise at first from affectation. There is not, I am persuaded, much plain honest sin, resulting from real impulse. The most of it is committed in imitation of something which we think fine. One silly fellow thinks it looks fine to be seen smoking cigars. Accordingly he smokes cigars. There is no trace of a love of tobacco in the

whole vice. He only wishes to be seen with a cigar in his mouth. Another silly fellow's imagination is dazzled by the glories of the table; he accordingly drinks—not at all because he likes drink—but because he thought some other people looked uncommonly fine fellows when they were drinking, and so he must drink too. A third swears because he liked the sound of an oath one day in the mouth of a friend. In the same manner, the most of the instances which are pointed out, of men of talent who have become degraded by their vices, are in reality only pretenders, or little better, setting themselves with great anxiety to ruin themselves into a character for cleverness. Men of that kind are only worthy of pity. They are foolishly losing the good name of honest citizens, in order to gain—nothing. The fact is, that degraded habits are totally inconsistent with the exercise of the higher mental faculties. Instead of the fancy being burnished, as many people suppose, by the use of liquor, it is deadened. Intoxication enchains and blunts the intellectual powers; and a man might just as well attempt to improve his dancing by tying up his legs, as think of writing better by means of a libation to the jolly god. I grant that liquor loosens the tongue considerably, and in general seems to brighten the hours of conversation. But its effect is quite different when the toper comes to paper. He then finds that the steady accurate exertion of mind which is required for composition is out of the question; and after writing a few sentences, which he knows, even in his blind state, to be incoherent and useless, he quits the pen in despair.

The proper end and use of an extraordinary degree of intellectual power unquestionably is the benefit of those who are less gifted. All talent which is not exerted for some purpose of this kind is useless, or worse. Now I am disposed to affirm that no man is truly capable of improving his fellow-creatures to a great extent, or even of supplying them with fanciful effusions that are calculated to *please without injuring*, unless his own personal character be rather above than below the average. The whole thoughts and sympathies of a man bear the complexion of his habits; and whence are we to expect manly thoughts or worthy sentiments, but from the mind and heart that are manly and worthy? Besides, there is much in personal example. I have always observed that the clergyman whose private life is irreproachable, gains far more attention to his precepts, and oftener sees them reduced to practice, than he who has the misfortune to be otherwise. If a reader, for instance, were aware that an historical volume put into his hands was composed by a man notorious in private life for speaking without a regard to truth, would not his mind be haunted by that idea all the time he was perusing it, so as to prevent him in a great measure from trusting, and consequently from deriving any advantage from the work? Again, if the reader were to read a brilliant effusion of feeling or fancy, and be then told that, fine as it looked, it was the composition of a man who in reality had no heart—a cold, haughty, vain person, who plumed himself not only upon his abilities, but upon far more trivial and common-place distinctions—who forgot all to whom he had ever been obliged, even his near relations, on being elevated a little above them in society (if such a person can be really elevated)—would he not throw it away with contempt, and turn for relief to the simple virtues of some ordinary character, where much was neither given nor required?

The general truth unquestionably is, that talent can only be profitably exercised—can only appear properly to exist—when it is accompanied by correct conduct; and, with very few exceptions, those who appear to unite it with the reverse are only empirics, or men who have grasped at the shadow instead of the substance.

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



REFLECTIONS ON THE MARRIED STATE.

"Why should our joys transform to pain?
 Why gentle Hymen's silken chain,
 A bond of iron prove?
 'Tis strange, my *Isleips*, the charm that binds
 Millions of hands, should leave their minds,
 Almost a loose from love."—*Watts*.

MR. LOUIS A. GODEY—Sir, I subjoin some rules for the conduct of married life, which, although they have already appeared, I hope you will introduce into your useful publication; what they may want in novelty will, I hope, be compensated in usefulness. They are the result not merely of nearly forty years' experience of that state, but also of a close observation of different systems of conduct of various married persons, with the consequences of that conduct. M. C. Philadelphia, July 19, 1834.

The maxims and rules for the regulation of the conduct of married people, occasionally published in newspapers and magazines, are liable to strong objections. They frequently imply a highly improper degree of subordination or subservience on the part of the wife, and a correlative superiority or authority on the part of the husband, which are incompatible with that cordiality, harmony, and good feeling which ought to subsist in such a near and indissoluble connexion. These maxims produce a tendency on the one hand, to extend, and on the other to resist authority—the parent of collision and warfare.

These observations apply to parties who are on the whole well-intentioned; but who, acting under erroneous views of rights and duties, fall into error from misconceptions. I have no reference to husbands, of whom, by the way, I have known some (I hope the race is nearly extinct) who treat their wives almost as if they were servants, and rarely address them but in the tone of command—that class whom the poet had in his mind's eye, when he penned the following stanza—

"Ne'er let the cruel fetters bind
 A gentle to a savage mind;
 For love abhors the sight.
 Loose the fierce tiger from the deer;
 For native rage and native fear
 Rise, and forbid delight."

Horace, the prince of poetical philosophers, lays down an excellent rule which applies to all the social relations, and to none more appropriately than to the matrimonial state. "Let my friend," he says, "elevate a balance, and throw my sins and imperfections into one scale, and my good qualities into the other; and if the latter preponderate, let him take me to his bosom; and I shall deal with him in precisely the same manner." How wise a maxim! one of the most important secrets of social happiness. But how frequently is it disregarded! How often do we see a single failing, and perhaps a very venial one, produce lasting discord between the nearest relatives and friends!

Let husbands and wives consider that as they are imperfect themselves, they ought to overlook and forgive all the minor imperfections of their partners, and never allow one or two failings, follies, or vices, to throw into the shade a host of good qualities, as occasionally occurs.

I feel fully confident that the following rules, if as closely followed as human imperfection will allow, will go far to secure happiness. And should only one out of every ten readers profit by them, I shall be richly paid for their concoction.

MAXIMS FOR HUSBANDS.

I. A good husband always regards his wife as his equal; treats her with kindness, respect, and attention; and never addresses her with an air of authority, as if she were, as some husbands appear to regard their wives, a mere housekeeper.

II. He never interferes in her domestic concerns, hiring servants, &c.

III. He always keeps her properly supplied with money for furnishing his table in a style proportioned to his means, and for the purchase of dress suitable to her station in life.

IV. He cheerfully and promptly complies with all her reasonable requests, when it can be done, without loss or great inconvenience.

V. He never allows himself to lose his temper towards her, in consequence of indifferent cookery, or irregularity in the hours of meals, or any other mismanagement of her servants, knowing the difficulty of making them do their duty.

VI. If she have prudence and good sense, he consults her on all great operations, involving the risk of ruin or serious injury, in case of failure. Many a man has been rescued from ruin by the wise counsels of his wife, and many a foolish husband has most seriously injured himself and family, by the rejection of the advice of his wife, fearing, if he followed it, he would be regarded as ruled by her! A husband can never procure a counsellor more deeply interested in his welfare than his wife.

VII. If distressed or embarrassed in his circumstances, he communicates his situation to her with candour, that she may bear his difficulties in mind in her expenditures. Women sometimes, believing their husbands' circumstances to be better than they really are, expend money which cannot well be afforded, and which, if they knew the real situation of their husbands' affairs, they would shrink from expending.

"To sum up all you now have heard,
 Young men and old, peruse the bard:
 A female trusted to your care,
 His rule is pithy, short and clear:—
 'Be to her faults a little blind;
 Be to her virtues very kind;
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
 And place your padlock on her mind.'"

MAXIMS FOR WIVES.

I. A good wife always receives her husband with smiles—leaving nothing undone to render home agreeable—and gratefully reciprocating his kindness and attention.

II. She studies to discover means to gratify his inclinations, in regard to food and cookery; in the management of her family; in her dress, manners, and deportment.

III. She never attempts to rule or appear to rule her husband. Such conduct degrades husbands—and wives always partake largely in the degradation of their husbands.

IV. She in every thing reasonable complies with his wishes—and as far as possible anticipates them.

V. She avoids all altercations or arguments leading to ill humour—and more especially before company.

VI. She never attempts to interfere in his business, unless he ask her advice or counsel, and never attempts to control him in the management of it.

VII. She never confides to her gossips any of the failings or imperfections of her husband—nor any of those little differences that occasionally arise in the married state. If she do, she may rest assured that however strong the injunctions of secrecy be on the one hand, or the pledge on the other, they will in a day or two become the common talk of the neighbourhood.

"Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore,
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel—nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish, what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh:
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away:
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

"Use the man that you wed, like your fav'rite guitar;
Though music's in both they are both apt to jar.
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnnet will feed from your hand;
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command:
Exert with your husbands the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd at your will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind:

'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love."

GARRICK.

GENERAL MAXIMS FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Should differences arise between husband and wife,
the contest ought to be not who shall display the most

spirit, but who shall make the first advances, which ought to be met more than half way. There is scarcely a more prolific source of unhappiness in the married state than this *spirit*, the legitimate offspring of pride and want of feeling.

Perhaps the whole art of happiness in the married state, might be compressed into two maxims—"Bear, and forbear"—and "let the husband treat his wife, and the wife her husband, with as much respect and attention, as he would a strange lady and she a strange gentleman."

I cannot conclude this desultory essay better than by adding the following admirable advices of Julia de Roubigné to her daughter, shortly previous to her death.

"Sweetness of temper, affection to a husband, and attention to his interests, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. These are indeed the texts, from which every rule for attaining this felicity is drawn. *The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the mistress, will not long delight in the wife.* They will shorten even their own transitory reign, if, as I have seen in many wives, they shine more for the attraction of every body else than of their husbands. Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from your conduct. If he loves you as you would wish he should, he would bleed at heart should he suppose it for a moment withdrawn: If he does not, his pride will supply the place of love, and his resentment that of suffering.

"*Never consider a trifle what may tend to please him. The great articles of duty he will set down as his own; but the lesser attentions he will mark as favours; and trust me, for I have experienced it, there is no feeling more delightful to one's self, than that of turning those little things to so precious a use.*

"Above all, let a wife beware of communicating to others any want of duty or tenderness, she may think she has perceived in her husband. This untwists, at once, those delicate cords, which preserve the unity of the marriage-engagement. *Its sacredness is broken for ever, if third parties are made witnesses of its failings, or umpires of its disputes.*"

TO ———.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

Oh! never let doubt find a place in that heart,
Where the tenderest emotions should dwell;
And if malice should e'er a suspicion impart,
Let thy love the intruder repel.
For, believe me, no bird more devoted can be,
In his love-making time, to his bride,
Then I shall thro' sunshine and storm, prove to thee,
Until death the dear tie shall divide.

Let the world's heartless sycophants rail as they may,
Can they weaken affection like ours?
No, as soon might the fly the sweet dew steal away,
Which is kept for the bee in his flowers:—
No, as soon might the vile weed deprive the sweet rose
Of its fragrance and beautiful hue;
Or the dimmest star rival the sun, as he glows
In the tints of his evening adieu.

Be the future with bliss or adversity stor'd,
Thy love shall unweaken'd endure;
Like the ever-bright flame which the magian ador'd,
It shall still be warm, lasting, and pure:
And still all thy fondness on me shall be shed,
While with life thy soft bosom may glow;
Like the mercy of Heaven, on the penitent's head,
It shall bless me in weal and in woe.

SPRING.

BY THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE R. B. SHERIDAN.

FROM yonder copse, yet poor in shade,
And scantily clad in green,
Why burst such notes to charm the glade,
And praise the season's queen?
Each breeze, each flower, that glads the sense,
To us new raptures bring,
But are these warblers tutored thence
To hail the coming spring?

Ah! no, *they* little mark the flower,
They little heed the breeze,
Nor early beam, nor genial shower
Can call such strains as these.
But, with their annual passion moved,
'Tis love that bids them sing,
And still to love, and to be loved,
'Is all they feel of spring!

Shall I, then, life's chill winter fear,
Whose bliss no seasons bound,
Shall I, who love throughout the year,
One hour in grief be found?
A life of love is endless May—
Fortune, I brave thy sting—
For though thou may'st o'ercast my day,
Each night shall still be spring.

THE FORSAKEN.

A Ballad.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY MISS F. DIXON.

ESPRESSIVO.

Oh! woe! I mind the

p

moon sang bright Up - on the wave her quiv'ring flames; The

birds sang love frae haws and hricht, An' aye was by I

daur - na name, The fields are mute, the sang - sters down; The

leaves has left the si - lent tree; In haste a - wa the spring has stowa: . And

colla voce.

my fause love's for - sa - ken me.

morendo.

morendo.

dim.

II.

Forgotten is that minstrel strain,
 Sae lov'd and lost without regret,
 The wave in darkness sleeps again,
 An' why maun I remember yet?
 Oh! gin that lesson I could wrest,
 Frae thy deep hea^t: thou darksome sea;
 An' whare sul I see saftly rest,
 Sin my fause love's forsaken me.

THE HISTORY OF A HAT.

Cosa bella mortal passa e cosa dura.—Petrarch.

I.

It was certainly the prettiest hat in the world—the most elegant, the most graceful, the most coquetish!—It was a hat of lilac gauze, with trimmings of straw round the brim, and a bunch of wild poppies and corn flowers mingled with bows of riband, slightly inclining towards the right, and resting upon the brim!—

And it was, also, the frailest and least profound love possible!—a light sentiment of a light woman—a sentiment of fantasy, with capricious favours and artificial tenderness!—

Now, hear what befell this hat of gauze, and this sentiment of fantasy!

II.

On the 7th of the month of June, 18—, I had dined at the house of Madame de Saint-Clair, who, for three days past had deigned to honour me with her kindness and her *tete-a-tete*. This revelation is painful to me;—but it was absolutely necessary to the understanding of my story. It will be seen, too, in the end, if there be any foppery in my indiscretions.

Be that as it may, this lady (I am compelled further to explain) occupies the *entresol* of one of the houses in the Rue Vivienne. In the *entresol* of the house directly opposite, is the work-room of a *marchande de modes*. There, in the working hours, are assembled the young ladies round a long table;—and there are invented and manufactured—hats. When finished, they are taken down into the warehouse below, which forms a shop, opening to the street. There, they are exposed behind the glass of the show-cases, mounted on long stands of mahogany, which offer, in truth, no bad resemblance, when thus crowned, to certain English ladies who arrive at Paris, from our provinces, towards the month of October.

That evening, I was to go out with Madame de Saint-Clair. After dinner she retired to her chamber, to dress, and left me alone in the saloon.

I am bound to render full and entire justice to Madame de Saint-Clair. Amongst other solid qualities which she possesses, she has especially the eminent merit of being very expeditious at her toilet. However, every toilet takes time; and this, which commenced at seven, could not, in conscience, be expected to conclude before eight. There was, therefore, no resource for me but that of killing as ingeniously as I could sixty minutes, one after the other. You will find that it was an easy task.

III.

I had established myself in a comfortable fauteuil, near the window of the dining-room, which precisely fronted that of the work-room of the *Magasin de Modes*. I could there see, with ease, all that passed in that work-room, without being myself seen. I had effected this by drawing slightly aside, at the corner, one of the small muslin curtains of my window—that of the *modistes* being wide open.

The following, then, is the general aspect which the work-room of these ladies presented, at the moment when, from my commodious observatory, I levelled my glass at them.

There were present eight young and handsome girls—some carelessly reclined, as if half asleep; others standing, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, laughing unrestrainedly, singing, and talking wildly.

As for the various stuffs with which the table was

covered, no one was busy about them—no one seemed to think of them. No doubt these young ladies had just dined;—for these grown-up children it was the hour of recreation and repose—as, for the little boarders, at the convent, after luncheon.

In the midst, however, of these fair girls, so wild and careless, there was one pensive and thoughtful. From the place which she occupied at the upper end of the table, near the casement, and still more, from her air of distinction and superiority, she was easily recognised as the *premiere demoiselle*.

IV.

Here, necessarily present themselves certain considerations, which are by no means to be taken as a digression, but which, on the contrary, result essentially from the subject.

In the first place, this is an axiom:—

There are *marchandes de modes* everywhere: there are *modistes* only at Paris.

A true *modiste*, be it observed, is not a work-woman who fits corsets or makes embroideries, by the day. She is one who works only at her own time—a *modiste* is a poet.

A hat is not, like a handkerchief or a gown, a work of calculation and of patience. It is a work of art and imagination—it is poetry!

It is, however, important to distinguish;—

There are different kinds of hats.

There is, in the first place, the hat made to order—that which is made for customers. That hat, undoubtedly requires talent and skill. To execute it well, however, a *modiste* has need only of observation and cleverness. All that is required, in fact, is to adapt it suitably to the character and physiognomical habits of the person who is to wear it.

That is not the true poetic hat!

But, there is the *impromptu hat*—the hat which should not and cannot fit any other than one head—a head which the artist has never seen, but of which she has, nevertheless, dreamt.

Oh, that hat!—That is indeed the hat of inspiration—the lyric hat!

V.

It was one of these hats that the *premier demoiselle* of our *Magasin de Modes* was in the act of meditating.

One arm, resting on the table, sustained her inclined head; her other arm fell carelessly over the back of her chair. She was in an attitude nearly resembling that of Corinna, at the Cape of Mycenum.

She, too, in fact, like Corinna, was busy with an improvisation. But, assuredly, it was not intended to be a mournful one.

Quite the contrary!

A careful observer of the expressive physiognomy of the young *modiste* might read there all the early symptoms of a poetical creation; and that approaching creation was certain to be of an elegant and graceful character—for, assuredly, at that moment, the thoughts of the young woman were, themselves, smiling ones. The brightness of all her features betrayed her inward satisfaction. Oh, yes! Some fair project gave her the assurance of deep happiness for the close of that evening. The thought which was working in her, under the influence of those precious inspirations, was about to produce itself starred and coloured with all their rays.

This meditation lasted several minutes.

At its close, the modiste turned suddenly towards the table; and seizing, with energy, a large piece of lilac gauze, which lay before her, measured several times its alnage upon her arm, from the forefinger and thumb to the shoulder. She examined it in all ways, turned it, folded it, puckered it several times and in several shapes; and, finally—its dimensions well considered—spreading it on her knee, she suddenly snatched a pair of scissors, and cut right into the gauze.

'Twas done! She had said, "This shall be a hat!"
—It was a hat!

VI.

That the work might be finished before the night, it was necessary to lose no time. There was but one hour more of daylight to reckon upon.

In an instant, recalled to order by the voice of the premiere demoiselle, all the young girls betook themselves obediently to work; each one busying herself ardently with the share which was allotted to her.

To one was entrusted the brim, to another the form—to this one bows, and to that one rolls—to a fifth the lining, and to a sixth the trimmings.

It was a fine spectacle to behold these active workwomen emulating one another in the dispatch of their task—tilting with their long needles and long scissors. For it may not be useless to remark, in passing, that—distinguishing themselves, also in that matter, from the common herd of workwomen, as the cavalry are distinguished from the infantry, by their long sabres and tall lances—the modistes use only scissors and needles of a prodigious length.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, the main works of the hat were brought to a termination.

For, into the construction of a woman's hat—frail, gentleman! as that slight edifice may appear to you—there enter more solid elements than you imagine. The coarse lawn, the thrice-stiffened tulle, the pasteboard, the edging, and wire, which form its skeleton and scaffolding—are not these, truly, carpentry and locksmith's work!

Be that as it may, these different preparations were successively laid before the premiere demoiselle. It is she, the architect—she, the real artist—she alone who is destined to unite them, and form them into a whole. She only who had conceived this hat could give it breath—life—and realize in it her own dream!

On a pasteboard doll, which she held between her knees, the skilful modiste had quickly, by the aid of pins, adjusted to one another the form and the brim of the hat. The long needle concluded the indissoluble union of these two principal parts of the structure. Then, in a few minutes, under the light fingers of the artist, the gauze inclosed and covered the vivified skeleton of the hat, and folded over it in graceful plaits. Some twists of straw were added round the brim and round the form; and a pretty *bavolet** was placed behind, above the border.

All this had been performed with great rapidity, and with incredible energy.

The young ladies, who had, each, finished her particular task, sat watching, with curious and attentive eyes, the interesting labour of applying their various preparations.

The modiste, wholly absorbed in her creation, smiled calmly on its progress.

She raised the hat in air, on one hand, turned it lightly round, examined it under all its aspects, inclining the crown to the right and to the left, and from time to time, with her other hand, pressing the edge of the brim in divers places, rectifying some of the folds of the gauze, and giving, thus, harmony and perfection to the *ensemble* of the work.

* A *bavolet* is a species of head-dress worn by country women.—*Tr.*

VII.

This was not, however, all. The most difficult and most important part remained yet to be done. The point was, now, to place the bouquet. Every one knows that this is the decisive moment; and that on the fixing of the bows, the flowers, or the feathers, depends the whole fate of a hat, however well it may have succeeded up to that point.

The deepest silence reigned in the work-room. A lively anxiety was depicted on the faces of all those young girls, gazing on the hat, which was drawing towards its accomplishment.

But our artist was not abandoned of her inspiration. Under her hand, the corn-flowers and the wild poppies mingled with the knots of gauze, and grouped themselves in an enchanting manner, divinely inclining to the right of the form of the hat, and reposing on its brim.

The last bow fixed, the artist set gently down the frail head-dress at the edge of the table; and with folded arms, leaned back in her chair, to contemplate her work.

A satisfaction not to be described beamed on the features of the young woman; it was evident that she was saying to herself—"I am content; behold my idea expressed!"

But her reverie was not of long duration. Rising and approaching the glass, she called to her one of the young girls.

Then suddenly sprang forward one of the most arch and roguish faces of a young girl ever seen at the Grande-Chaumiere, or at Tivoli. The hat was placed upon her pretty head, to be definitively proved. It was the final trial. Nothing could be better! One burst of enthusiasm filled the work-room. The hat had universal success. Indeed, it became the lovely girl enchantingly. And so pleased was the giddy thing with the head-dress, that she would not part with it; but, holding it to her cheeks, with the ends of her fingers, danced with joy before the glass, in admiration of herself.

She was obliged, however, to give it up—the dear hat!—as soon as the strings were attached to it, it was taken down into the shop, where it was immediately placed in the show-glass, on the first rank, on one of the mahogany stands.

Our beautiful modiste had been busy repairing the disorder which her labour had produced in her dress. She had carefully re-curved her hair—she now took her bonnet and shawl, and went out.

I followed her with my eyes, as far as the Rue Colbert. There stood sentinel a tall and good-looking young man, wearing spurs and mustachios. She took his arm familiarly, and they departed together.

Did I not tell you that she reckoned on some happiness, for the close of that evening?

Her work completed, let us leave her, satisfied with herself, to go where she pleases, with her friend so true to his rendezvous. Assuredly, she has earned her walk and her happiness.

But, what will now be the fate of our hat?

VIII.

Madame de Saint-Clair was a little behind her time. Eight o'clock had struck, and she had not yet finished her toilet.

It was still daylight, the modistes had closed the window of the work-room. I opened mine, and looked out into the street.

At that moment, I observed approaching, from the direction of the Palais Royal, a couple whom I at once singled from the crowd of passers, and who soon attracted all my attention.

They were evidently man and wife, and had been so far about the period of twelve moons, including

that one which, no doubt, had been of honey for them. The husband, a personage of an appearance sufficiently ungainly and slovenly, was apparently a clerk in some office. Having probably spent the whole day stooping over papers and registers, he was in a hurry to reach the boulevard, for the purpose of getting fresh air, and breathing a little. It was, however, by no means an easy undertaking for him. His wife, a charming creature, well formed, well dressed, but certainly the most giddy and curious wife in the world, rendered that task truly arduous and painful. For, that head of her's turned incessantly to the right and left, on her pretty neck, like a weathercock. And then, if she happened to catch sight of the shop of a linen-draper, or Marchand de Nouveautés, it became absolutely necessary that she should approach it and make a pause. It was, however, before the Magasins de Modes that she stopped, in preference to all others. They are, as every body knows, infinitely numerous in the Rue Vivienne, and every one of them was a Calvary, to which the poor husband was compelled painfully to carry his cross.

Thus, they came forward slowly—he pulling with all his might, like a free and generous thill-horse—she not suffering herself to be drawn along without a vigorous defence, and disputing the ground valiantly, foot by foot. It was a regular joust, and of the most obstinate kind.

In this manner, they had arrived under my window, and opposite the Magasin de Modes which faced it.

IX.

I ought to declare, here, that I really make no pretence to more penetration than has been bestowed upon me!—but scarcely had I seen the restless and capricious face of that young woman, before, at one, and the first, glance, I had discovered the secret relations and affinities which existed between it and our hat of lilac gauze. There was, in both, the same coquetry, the same lightness, the same fantasy. Assuredly, at the very first moment, I thought to myself, “behold the foolish head which must have appeared to our modiste when she conceived her foolish hat! And you, Madam,” I added, “you are looking for your head-gear, are you not!—Oh! come quickly, then. It is ready—it is waiting for you.”

Every thing happened just as I had foreseen. In spite of the resistance of her husband, the young wife had stopped before the Magasin de Modes; and, in an instant, she had distinguished, in the show-frame, amongst all the other hats, the one destined for her,—the one which had been created expressly for her.

There, then, at the very door of the shop, a contest speedily arose between the two spouses—very different, in point of gravity and seriousness, from the little skirmishes which had preceded it. The young wife, this time, did not confine herself to looks of admiration and envy. She insisted upon entering the shop—she was determined to try on the hat, and ask the price of it. On his part, seeing the danger imminent, and judging, like a man of sense, that if the threshold of that door were once passed, the cursed hat would not only be tried on, but bought, at the expense, probably, of a whole month's savings, the husband stood firm, and defended his purse, like a desperate man.

Unfortunately, two of the modistes, who happened at this moment to be in the shop, having observed the struggle, readily divined its object. Whereupon, without regard to the law of non-intervention, the malicious creatures came to the assistance of the young wife, by opening the door, the handle of which they saw her grasping and endeavouring to turn. The fight was no longer equal. Without making a scene in the street, there was no escape from entering.—The husband resigned himself to his fate. As he had but too justly apprehended—in a few minutes the purchase

was made, and the hat paid for, with seven beautiful five-franc pieces, all new—which I saw glisten through the glass of the shop-door, and could count gradually, as the unfortunate husband reckoned them mournfully into the hand of one of the marchandes de modes.

I think he was a little consoled and cheered to the endurance of his destiny, by perceiving how slight would have been his chances of success, even if he had endeavoured to struggle longer against the inclination of his wife. It was evident that she had, herself, yielded to a powerful and irresistible temptation;—for, it was not enough for her that she had bought the hat, but she must carry it away on her head. It was necessary to her that the enjoyment of it should commence on the instant. Leaving, then, in the shop, the straw-hat which she had brought with her, and which, though simple and modest, was certainly by no means deserving of disdain, she departed with the new one, all smiling and glorious.

In truth she had a good deal of cause for pride—
for, really, she looked adorable in it!

Her husband himself, it was evident, however great his wrongs from her, could not resist the seduction of this magic head-dress—for, as he pursued his path up the Rue Vivienne, towards the Place de la Bourse, with his pretty wife on his arm, I saw him cast upon her, frequently enough, glances of complacency and reconciliation. I would not answer for it, however, that, in the midst of the disenchantments of the sleeping-room, he did not experience, that night or the next day, a re-action against these good feelings.

However, that is not our affair. We are writing the history of a hat, and not of a household.

This frail head-gear—that we have watched forming, thread by thread, riband by riband, flower by flower—behold it, then, launched into the world, on a very charming head, but endowed with very little more brains than the dolls of our modistes! I pray that, in the keeping of such a fool, no evil happen to this rare child of genius! Let us leave it, in the meantime to seek the boulevard, under the protection of Heaven. Stormy and threatening as it has begun to look, within the last few minutes, we will not doubt that Heaven will have pity on it!

X.

It was almost dark. Being with difficulty able to continue my external observations, I quitted the window, and walked about the saloon.

Half-past eight chimed from the pendule.

“Madame de Saint-Clair has forgotten me,” thought I, “or else her toilet is a little tedious to-night.”

At that moment, one of the doors of the room opened, and Mademoiselle Lise entered, with a candle in her hand.

Mademoiselle Lise, that you may not be ignorant of the fact, is the intelligent and faithful femme-de-chambre of Madame de Saint-Clair. This girl—naturally very crabbed and disagreeable—had, at the present moment, a certain amiable and gracious air which made me tremble—I concluded, at once, that she had come to me with some unpleasant message.

“Madame will not go out, and has been obliged to lie down, by a violent head-ache;—she begs that Monsieur will not wait for her any longer;”—said Mademoiselle Lise, dissembling but awkwardly a malicious smile.

As for me, who am the kindest man in the world, I took in great seriousness the sad news that Mademoiselle Lise had brought me.

“Now, truly,” said I, “this is a very impertinent head-ache, which, wholly unannounced, takes the liberty to enter a lady's room, while she is dressing! Lise, say, I beg of you, to Madame de Saint-Clair, how much I am afflicted at leaving her in the arms of this untimely visitor.”

Thereupon, taking my hat, I departed, not giving the charitable creature an opportunity of long enjoying the pleasure which she might derive from studying, in my countenance, the effect produced there by her embassy.

As I strolled along, by the Rue Vivienne, in the direction of the Boulevard, I explained to myself, in various ways, this unexpected head-ache of Madame de Saint-Clair. I supposed, at first, that, in the violence of a legitimate anger against her dress-maker, she had, perhaps, trodden under foot, and torn in pieces, the new gown which she was about to put on, that evening—which would be quite sufficient to cause the invasion of a very reasonable head-ache. But every one knows that Madame de Saint-Clair is a very angel of patience and mildness. It was, therefore, necessary to refer to other suppositions. I declare ingenuously that I refused to admit any which should bring the least stigma in the world upon that just consideration which the lady enjoys, in the most reputable and best circles of the Rue de Grammont and the Rue Sainte-Anne.

XI.

Thanks to the somewhat rich stock of philosophy which I possess, and whence I draw, in the hour of need, courage against the vicissitudes of life, and consolation for its sorrows!—the strange indisposition of Madame de Saint-Clair had not, at the worst, affected me either a very long time, or beyond a reasonable measure. In fact, I was employing myself in considering the means by which I could pass, as pleasantly as possible, the remainder of the evening without her,—when new events arose, which took that burden off my hands.

Scarcely had I reached the end of the Rue Vivienne—and nine o'clock was striking on the clock of the Palais de la Bourse—when the storm with which the sky had, all the evening, been charged, at length burst decisively forth.

As I entered upon the Place de la Bourse, I was attacked by a fearful gust of wind, which rushed into the Rue Vivienne; lifting up the dust in thick eddies, and making the lamps dance like so many swings. Then came the lightning and the abrupt thunderbursts; and huge drops of rain began to descend.

I turned back, and endeavoured to run as far as the Galerie Vivienne. But the violence of the shower left no time for this; and I was compelled to shelter myself under the first portecochere that I found empty. As chance would have it, this happened to be the very one belonging to our Magasin de Modes; and, consequently fronting the window of the apartment of Madame de Saint-Clair.

There, a few stragglers, surprised like me by the storm, had already come in search of an asylum; and—while the rain fell in torrents, and the kennel rose against the walls—there, came many more. Poor creatures, who seemed to belong to no sex;—strange apparitions, half drowned; who came in like swimmers, with their heads grotesquely hooded in shawls or handkerchiefs, and their gowns or pantaloons tucked up, with little enough regard to decency;—each face more piteous and chop-fallen than the other;—and of the whole of which I would here give a descriptive inventory, were it not that such an episode would retard too greatly the march of our history.

XII.

The hurricane had soon, however, spent itself. The greater number of our shipwrecked companions had already risked themselves on the faith of the stars, and ventured forth upon their route. I was about to depart, myself, when two victims of the storm passed before me, more cruelly ill-used by it than

all the others whom I had just had so much leisure to pity.

At first, I had some difficulty to recognise them;—I could not, however, be mistaken—it was she;—it was he!

Yes! yes!—it was he! It was our excellent and miserable husband, drenched in every part, soaked through to the very bones!

It was she! It was our charming giddy-head, swamped as if she had fallen into the water!

As for her hat—alas! I knew it no more. She had still upon her head some shreds of gauze, some streaming flowers, some dishevelled ribands; but they had neither form nor name. It was a hat no longer—it was no longer anything!

Poor drowned bird! Poor young beauty! Poor trembling linnet! Oh! what would I not have given, in that moment, to press thee to my bosom, to dry thee on my heart, to warm thee in mine arms, to wipe thine eyes and thy garments!

And then, each of us had so much need of consolation! Together, we would have spoken long, and not without tears, of the untimely fate of that hat—dead almost in the moment of its birth, and which only we had known and understood!

XIII.

But a disgrace, which was entirely personal, came suddenly, to divert me from this disinterested and generous pity, and to challenge its share of my regrets and my sensibility.

The young wife had entered into the shop—no doubt to get back her straw hat; happy still, inasmuch as there was yet that refuge left, to shelter her head to her home!

A hackney-coach, which splashed me from head to foot, stopped before the shop. There, whilst I was mentally offering, to those who had bestowed upon me that baptism, the benedictions usual in such cases, I beheld descend gaily from the ominous carriage, and enter, also, into the shop—whom do you think?—The fair *modiste*—who returned, I know not whence!

But, in truth, I had not leisure to reflect long on that subject—nor on the sad spectacle which she was about to witness in the shop, and the pangs which would penetrate the modiste's maternal heart, on beholding the ravages committed by the tempest upon that hat—no doubt the loveliest of all the daughters to which her poetic fancy had ever given birth!

The driver of the hackney-coach—paid beforehand, apparently—had remounted his box, and was about to depart, when he was called from one of the windows of the apartment of Madame de Saint-Clair, by a shrill and squeaking voice, which I, at once, recognised for that of Mademoiselle Lise.

This struck me as singular!

The coachman turned his vehicle, and drew up before the door of the house of Madame de Saint-Clair.

I crossed the street, in haste, and planted myself against the wall, a few paces behind the carriage.

Can you imagine to yourself my surprise when, after waiting several minutes, the portecochere was opened, and I saw emerge from it, lighted by Mademoiselle Lise, and escorted by a very handsome Polish officer—Madame de Saint-Clair, lovely as love, and dressed like an angel, in a low robe of rose-coloured crape, with flowers and ribands in her hair!

Madame de Saint-Clair, supported by the hand of her gallant knight, ascended the coach, with that perfect grace which she communicates to her slightest gestures—to her simplest movements. The Polish officer followed, and placed himself by her side.

“To the Opera!” said he to the coachman, as he closed the door.

And the coach departed—splashing me all over a second time.

XIV.

There was no room for doubt.—I was sacrificed. Madame de Saint-Clair had loved me three days!—The gauze hat had lasted three hours! I returned slowly home—very sad and very wet—making grave and profound reflections on the instability of women's affections—and of their hate!

LETTER OF A FRENCH GOVERNESS TO AN ENGLISH LADY.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

THOUSAND thanks, my very dear Miss, for all your goodnesses: I you assure that I myself feel quite knocked down by your amiability so touching and attending. How you were good for me procure the situation of instructress to the minds tenders of the youth: the child of Miladi Bull, who are confided to my cares, are of a beauty dazzling, and of a nature extraordinarily drawing-towards.

How I am rejoiced that the cares of the tenderness of the mothers have rendered me capable of to instruct the little strangers in every branch of an education exalted; because I feel in myself that I speak and write your tongue well like an English.

Helas! my best friend, some times I am not capable to repress the movements of anger at cause of the stupidity of the child: yesterday I could not arrive to make the little Bull feel any difference for say "*dessus*" and "*dessous*," which are as unlike that possible: I cry—"Ah! how you are beast!" forgetting you tell me that "*Comme vous êtes bete*," mean "how are you stupid!" Miladi Bull hear me, and fling herself into an anger frightening!

These little Bull are engaging to marvel! but as to Miladi, it must that I open the heart for you on this paper friendly. Miladi Bull is quite impolished, ill-honest, starch, and not drawing-towards. She me stops from to sing when that she is present: she me defends from to wear some slippers, or some paper-curls to the hair: and she me forces of be dressed in great toilette at eight hours of the morning. As says our proverb, I myself feel obliged for be "drawn at the four pins" all the long of the day, and for her please I not know "on which foot for dance."

She me say that word "*cabbage*" is in very bad taste, it must say "*greens*" at cause of the colour: we had, the week last, to dinner some cabbage, some peas Prussian, and some cabbage-flower. She ask at me—"Will you some *greens*?" I look to the colour of the peas Prussian, and I say—"I shall prefer some these *blues*." Then she laugh of a manner horribly impolished, but without me tell that which I say bad. Then I thought she had want of some cabbage-flower; and as I could not say "green-blossoms," I say "Will you some *yellow*, Miladi?" She laughed again to the clatters! I pray you, my dear Miss, to me tell that which I have ill said.

Green detestable!—I it hate; it goes bad with my skin brown; and I shall understand never of the meaning! The other day Miladi Bull say—"Run very fast to the *green-house*, and tell Sir John for come to me:" so I put my bonnet, and run almost a half league to the alone house I ever see here painted in green—nothing of Sir John:—I come back and find Miladi mean the "*serre a fleurs*," when she say greenhouse, and not "*maison verte*."

Before yesterday I was read the roman of "Red-Gauntlet" of *Walter* (that man of the genius), when Miladi Bull enter, and making the great eyes, she say—"You not read, you mind child always: bring me two quills and the Canary: you forgot to water the

plants." I regard the flowers, see their blossoms tenders quite past from the ardour of the sun, and their heads elegants leaning with indisposition: I melted all into tears at my negligence; that *Walter* is wick! I pour some water on the souls thirstys and faintings of the flowers, then I look in dictionary for "*quill*:" I find "*plume*," so I run to the library where was Sir John—"Have the complaisance, sir, for give me two quills, and say me where is Canary?" (Sir John is more honest in his manners than Miladi, and always say to me "my dear.") He answer—"My dear, Canary is a large island in the Sea Atlantique, near to the coast of the Afrique. Eh, la! what for Miladi make me a ridicule, for me send to carry large island!"

Miladi goes to a large *Evening* yesterday, and while she herself dress, she me sends for riband for her waist: she not like that which I bring, and say at me—"The riband shall be *watered*; and *quill* this lace on my dress." I take the dress, and think she have want for it to be garnished with *feathers*, as I find "*quill*" mean "*plume*." I sew the lace and add feathers very gentille, and Miladi want riband *watered*, I make it wet with *sponge*, I think for make it fit close the waist of Miladi. Oh, la! she herself throw into an anger frightening again, and say at me that "*quill*" mean "*tuveux*," and "*riband watered*" mean "*ruban moire*." You have more of idioms in your tongue than I no thought.

When I arrive here, the girls dears make me to see a cat and her little. I cry—"O the cat superbe, with her little also! Oh the genteel smalls beasts!" They ask at me—"What will you say by *her little*?" "I wish to say '*ses Petites*' the little child of the cat, my dears loves."

The little Bulls laughs to the tears even, and then say that little cats not named "child" nor "genteels." Sir John say at me—"My dear, you say "*gentille*" in French, that is "*nice*" in English; and my naughty girls laugh because you say "*genteel small beasts*," instead of "*nice little animals*."

To-day we expect some world to dinner, and I myself arranged to marvel, in a gown rose, and capped in a cap of blue tender, garnished with buttons of roses, and teeth of wolf, and ears of hare in satin thought-coloured. I pass near to Miladi Bull, and she say at me, in anger—"What a dash you cut: why you are more like a Merry Andrew or a Jack Pudding than a respectable governess."

I you pray, my dear Miss, for tell who are these gentlemen, Mr. John Pudding and Mr. Andrew, whom she named Gay? and also what she mean by cutting a dash, which I find in the dictionary "*coupant un trait*!" Mon Dieu! elle est drole, cette femme!

At dinner she cut a large rosbif, and I say Miladi—"How you are good dissector!" She laugh (always laugh, that woman there) and say—"Not dissector, but carver."

I do not like her contradict, but I know well that "*carver*" will be in French "*sculpteur*," so I say only, "Thank you, Miladi, I ignoranted that;" and she laugh again.

It was there some of ladies at dinner who ask at me if I love the music? I cry, "Oh yes! I love that dear music to the folly: we had a music charming in the bosom of our family: my sister oldest can touch delightfully; my sister young pinches of a manner extraordinary; and I have a brother who gives of a style astonishing." The lady fixed me, and then clattered with laugh. (Mon Dieu! the Englishes are very unpolished!) Then she say—"What you mean by say one *touches*, another *pinches*, and another *gives*, in speaking of music?"

I answer to her—"We others French say always, '*touch the piano*,' '*pinch the harp*,' or '*the guitar*,' and '*give of the horn*;' my family are all very strong."

"FALLING IN LOVE."

"Julia. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?
"Lucetta. Ay, Madam; so you stumble not unheedfully."
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

"FALLING in love," and "forming an attachment," as different in appearance as the tumbling down of a house and the building one, and yet amounting to the very same thing, are both of them the common mode of expressing or describing the feelings of one sex towards the other. "Falling" in love implies an involuntary action; "forming" an attachment, as cool and collected a piece of business as putting together a child's geographical puzzle-map; and not unlike either, for the soft passion is composed also of all sorts, sizes, and shapes, forming a whole, it is true, but connected by all the incongruities, contradictions, and whimsicalities in human nature. But, that which most bothers those who do not believe in magnetising people is, that one man becomes passionately enamoured of that which to another is positively, not only a matter of indifference, but actually disagreeable; and though the lines of beauty are laid down, as by Burke in his "sublime and beautiful," as a *principle*, it is much to be doubted whether or no those who possess them the least have not their full share of the pleasure arising from them. Of this we have examples daily, against almost all the rules of nature. *Brabantio* says of his daughter, when he finds she has secretly married *Othello*—

"A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blush'd at itself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To 'fall in love' with what she feared to look on!"

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," has given as many receipts for love as Dr. Kitchener has sauces for fish; and Shakspeare seems to have believed in them—

"I therefore vouch again,
That, with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram, conjur'd to the effect,
He wrought upon her."

Feraud, who wrote a treatise on "Love Melancholy," says—"This passion is the strongest in our nature, and is very dangerous unless it be stopped in time; it enters at the eyes, and instantly mounts to the brain; then it descends to the heart, affects the lungs, and speedily inflames the liver, unless extinguished." By this he means, that like a thief he gets in at the window, and runs straight up stairs to the maids' bedrooms, where the mischievous fellow sets fire to the house by knocking down the candle on a basket of linen; and, the devouring element spreading throughout the building, the whole is about to be sacrificed unless the engines are set to work, and a plentiful supply of water be at hand. Thus, according to the author, "Love has eyes."

To those persons who have their "precious sight," it is highly probable that love does enter at the eyes, for he is often seen at the window when he dares not come to the door. But how does he take possession of those unfortunate creatures who are deprived of the light of heaven, many of whom are born blind, and remain so for life? There is a singular contradiction of what Feraud advances in the following story of a youth who was couched at the age of twenty, and whose bandage was removed a few days after by his mistress, to whom he had been long attached.

"I am now," said she, "taking off the binding, though, when I consider what I am doing, I tremble

with apprehension that, although I have from a very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived so strong a love for me, you will find there is such a thing as beauty, which may ensnare you into a thousand passions of which you are now innocent, and tear you from me for ever. Therefore, before I put myself to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love you always professed for me entered into your heart; for its usual admission is by the eyes?" The young man answered, "Dear girl, if I am to lose by sight the soft pantings I have always felt when I heard your voice; if I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love when she approaches me, but to change the sweet and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I knew during the little time I saw; or if I am to have any thing beside, which may take from me the sense of what I had most pleasing to me at that time, (which apparition it seems was you,) pull out those eyes before they lead me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wished for them but to see you; deprive me of them if they are to make me forget you." He showed, in fact, but very little idea of any thing, which had not been received by the ears. Here, then, "Love was blind."

A French author says, with great beauty and simplicity—"Si on me demande pourquoi je l'aimais, je dirai parceque c'étoit elle, parceque c'étoit moi." Every one must feel this, and will allow that it is the *je ne sais quoi*, the *indefinable* something, which entangles our affections, and from which we are, on that very account, unable to escape. Like a fly in a cobweb, we find ourselves overcome by an almost invisible power, and generally an invincible one.

Voltaire, who is seldom serious, and who turns all our best feelings into ridicule, making us often laugh when we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, *tickling us to death*, (as a man did his wife in Paris a few years ago by tying her hands and feet, and tickling her into convulsions,) finely describes true love—"Il ne se connaissait l'amour auparavant que comme un peche dont on s'accuse en confession; il apprit a le connoitre comme un sentiment aussi noble que tendre, qui peut elever l'ame autant que l'amollir, et produire meme quelquefois des vertus."

Addison observes—"The passion of love is the most general concern among men: one common calamity makes them extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other respect." Advice on such a subject, or any thing like opposition, fans the flame, and reminds us of one friend asking another concerning a lady he was about to marry, and on hearing something half uttered to her prejudice, stopping him short with—"Hush, I married her yesterday." The ancients represent Love by two Cupids—*Ερως* & *Αντρος*—like the Siamese youths, mutually dependent on each other; thereby meaning that love cannot exist without reciprocity, and that when one boy dies, the odds are that the other does. This curious phenomenon is a good symbol,—though perhaps the *cameleon* is equally so.

"Hark ye, sir!" says Speed, "though the *cameleon* Love can feed on air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and must have meat."

The holy fathers presented *Cherubim*—those funny little faces with wings and no bodies, which we see in all the Roman Catholic churches—as *spiritual Cupids*, deprived of their mischievous qualities on losing their terrestrial body. I cannot help here re-

lating a very pleasant though ridiculous story of these little chubby fellows fitting round the ark when it landed, and constantly saying, "How d'ye do, Mr. Noah? How d'ye do, Mr. Noah?"—"Pretty well, thank ye," says Noah; "but won't you walk in, and sit down?"—"Can't, thank ye, Mr. Noah—got no bottom, Mr. Noah!"

So long as these little fellows retain their entire shape, they tease all mankind, womankind, and woman-unkind; for, although there are many prudes who affect to keep window and door tight closed, the little rascal is sure to creep in somewhere; and then, like the thief, he plays the devil, and sets fire to every thing.

Whatever Burton may prescribe, or Ferrand ordain, Ovid adds his testimony to the incurability of this passion—

"Nulla medicabilis arte."

And I know no remedy which can be proposed, unless an old woman by way of antidote—*cure* there is none—since even "an oyster may be crossed in love."

After all, we can only say of "falling in love"—if it be a man—why, then, as the French say, "*Qu'il tombe bien.*" If he "*forms*" an attachment, let him "*mind his eye*;" for in this case a ladder is necessary, and he may, if he be not on his guard, knock Cupid from the top to the bottom. If it be a woman (as "*forming*" an attachment is supposed to be the more proper mode of expressing "*a preference*," as it is called)—since we must not say they "*fall* in love," let them take care they do not *slip*, or, as Lucetta says, "*stumble unheedfully.*"

"Il est plus dangereux de glisser sur le gazon que sur la glace." H.

NEWSPAPERS.

WE are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their *gazettes* was most probably derived from a small coin peculiar to the city of Venice, called *Gazetta*, which was the common price of their newspapers. It has also been said to be derived from the Latin *gaza*, which would colloquially lengthen into *gazetta*, and signify a little treasury of news.

Newspapers then took their origin in that principal land of modern politicians, Italy; and under the government of that aristocratical republic, Venice. The first paper was a Venetian one, and that appeared only monthly. It was the newspaper of the government. The Venetian *Gazetta* was afterwards adopted by other governments, and for one solitary government gazette we see what an inundation of newspapers has burst upon us in different parts of the world. Mr. Chalmers, in his life of Ruddiman, gives a curious particular of these Venetian gazettes. "A jealous government did not allow a printed newspaper; and the Venetian gazetta continued long after the invention of printing, to the close of the sixteenth century, and even to our own days, to be distributed in *manuscript.*" In the Maghabechean library at Florence, are thirty volumes of Venetian gazettes, all in manuscript. Mr. Chalmers discovers in England the first newspaper. "It may gratify national pride," he says, "to be told that mankind are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, for the first newspaper. The period of the Spanish armada is also the epoch of a genuine newspaper. In the British museum are several newspapers, which had been printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English channel: during the year 1588. It was a wise policy to prevent, during a period of general anxiety, the danger of false reports, by publishing real information. The earliest newspaper is entitled—'The English Mercurio,' which, by authority, was

imprinted at London by her Highness's printer, 1588." These, however, were only extraordinary gazettes, and not regularly published; and it appears that even in this obscure origin they were skilfully directed by the policy of that great statesman, Burleigh; who, to inflame the national feeling, gives an extract of a letter from Madrid, which speaks of putting Elizabeth to death, and describes the instruments of torture on board the Spanish fleet. The first newspaper in the collection at the British museum, is marked No. 50, and is in Roman, not in Black letter. It contains the usual articles of news, like the London Gazette of the present day. In that curious paper there is intelligence, dated from Whitehall, on the 23d of July, 1588.—Under the date of July 26th, there is the following notice: "Yesterday the Scots' ambassador being introduced to Sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her Majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the King his master, containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her Majesty's interests, and to those of the Protestant religion. And it may not here be improper to take notice of a wise and spirited saying of this young Prince, (James, who was then twenty-two) to the Queen's minister at his court; 'That all the favour he expected from the Spaniards was, the courtesy of Polypheme to Ulysses, to be the last devoured.'" The aptness of King James's classical saying carried it from a newspaper into history.

In the reign of Queen Anne there was but one daily paper, the others were weekly. Some endeavoured to introduce literary subjects, and other topics of more general speculation. Sir Richard Steele, then formed the plan of his *Tatler*. He designed it to embrace the three provinces of manners, of letters, and of politics. The public were to be conducted insensibly into so different a track from that to which they had hitherto been accustomed. Hence politics were admitted into his paper. But it remained for the more chaste genius of Addison to banish this disagreeable topic from his elegant pages. The writer of polite letters felt himself degraded by sinking into the dull narrator of political events. From this time newspapers and periodical literature became distinct works.

RECIPES.

SAVOY BISCUITS.

Grate some lemon-peel, divide the yolks from the whites of twenty eggs; work the yolks well, and add one and a half pound of sugar to them. Add half the whites, whipped strong to the mixture, and gradually, as you keep stirring, fourteen ounces of flour; add the grated lemon-peel.

With the large screw funnel lay out the biscuits on paper; sift fine sugar dust over them; bake them.

PATIENCE BISCUITS.

Whip up ten whites of eggs, adding eleven ounces sugar in powder, and fourteen ounces flour, with rasping of cedratys. With the large screw funnel lay them out the size of a halfpenny, and bake them.

CASE BISCUITS.

When the paste is run out, sift over the biscuits coarse sugar; put them in the oven, and as the sugar dissolves, give your *paper* case to each, a shape. A square is usual.

BROWN BISCUITS.

Mix brown pulverised bread with the flour: for the rest see *Savoy Biscuits*. Bake them in moulds, with eight sheets of paper under them.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

SEPTEMBER, 1834.

THE BOWER OF PAPHOS.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

Χαίλα δὲ δροσίστα, καὶ ἡ μελίβρυτος ἱεὴν
Ἦύσε ἀρμόϊν, κεντός ἐρη Πάφου.
Τούτοις πασὶν ἔην καταδαμαναμαὶ ὀρμασι μούνοις
Θαύρομαι, οἷς εἴπες μελίχρος ἑδίασι.

PAULUS SILENTIARUS.

Paphos was a town of Cyprus, called by the inhabitants "The Happy Isle." In Paphos was a temple of *Venus*, known to all the world. The religion of the Paphians was love and its delights.—*Chrestogiton*, a deposed *Arcton*, returns from banishment, and finds a young Christian and her father—falls in love with the maid, and embraces her religion—*Melacoma*, who had unjustly succeeded to the archonship, is repulsed on approaching the Christian maid—he dooms her, her father, and his old rival to death by wild beasts in the amphitheatre—*Chrestogiton* preaches the Christian religion to the Paphians in the amphitheatre, and kills the lion which is let in—triumph of the Christian religion.

THE day-god, off Drepanum's height,
Still lingered o'er the happy isle,
And Paphos' gilded domes grew bright
Beneath his last and loveliest smile;
Bright came the opaled sun-beams down
Upon each mountain's golden crown,
Tinting the foliage of the trees—
The purple billows of the Ocean,
Swept by the pennons of the breeze,
Were curling with a gentle motion,
As if, in sunny smiles, their waves
Were welcoming to Tithonus' bed,—
Far down amid the coral caves,—
The weary god; while round his head
The crimson curtains of the West
Were drawn, as down the watery steep
His flashing car descended deep.
Amid the golden sands to rest.

How throbs the pulse of those who roam—
How glows the breast with rapture, burning
With thoughts of kindred and of home,
When to that sacred spot returning!
Although the exile's foot may tread
The flowery soil of fairest isles
That dimple ocean's cheek with smiles,
And stainless skies gleam o'er his head:
His native land,—though icebergs frown,
In one eternal winter, down
Upon its cold and barren shore,
Or though the red volcano's tide,
In waves of death, its plains sweep o'er,—
Is fairer than all earth beside.

Once more on Cyprus' sunny strand
The exiled Chrestogiton stood,
And hailed his own, his happy land—
The blooming Eden of the flood,
The fertile land of fruits and flowers,
Where everlasting summer strayed,
Chasing the rosy-winged hours;
And, 'mid her own sweet myrtle bowers,
Young Love, with flowing girdle, strayed.

The flood-tide of a bosom, swelling
With Nature's tender sympathies,

Was gushing from their holy dwelling;
And all his soul was in his eyes,
As rose on his enraptured view
The azure summits of the hills,
With the bright wealth of pearly rills,
Leaping from their palm-clouded side,
Like moonbeams from Heaven's urn of blue,
Poured on the ocean's flashing tide.
The beauty of the palmly shore,
With pavement of the rosiest shell,
The grandeur of her sea, whose roar
Brought music on its waters' swell—
Her blue-eyed maids with golden hair,
Streaming like sunlight on the air;
Her temple and the mighty fanes,
In honor of the ocean-born,
And all those early joys and ties
Shrined in the heart's deep memories,
Came o'er his soul like breath of morn;—
And in the beauty of those plains,
That e'en the Gods had deigned to bless
With presence of their holiness,
He all his burning wrongs forgot—
That far from this delightful spot
By his ungrateful country driven,
Like the spurned sea-weed upwards cast
By its inconstant element,
The sport of every wind of heaven,
He had his cheerless youth's prime past
In cold and withering banishment;
While he, his hated rival, swayed,
In all the pomp of power arrayed,
The Archon's sceptre, o'er a clime
By treachery won, maintained by crime.
Yes; in that holy hour, when Heaven
Mingled in unison with Earth,
His country's wrongs were all forgiven;—
'Twas still the land that gave him birth,
And though his hopes of fame were blown
Away by faction's noisy breath,
And though the Archon's helmet shone
On Melacoma's tyrant head,
He felt in his own isle e'en death,
With all its darkness—all its dread,
Was better than to tread alone,—
A wanderer under alien skies,—

A foreign solitude, unknown,
And void of beauty to his eyes.

The rays his parting axle sent,
As sunk the sun beneath the sea,
Had blended with the firmament;
And from her azure-coloured throne,
Beaming in mild tranquillity,
The star of Love in beauty shone
O'er Love's own happy isle. The breeze
Shook colours from its dewy wings,
Gathered from date and myrtle trees,
And music from a thousand strings
Of soft-toned lutes went to the skies,
Perfumed with smoking sacrifice
From earth's most precious offerings.
The maids of Paphos, all were there
With lovers, at the altars praying,
Or else in grotto's dim recesses,
With waxen fingers gently playing
With their luxuriant silken tresses—
Or through the balmy boughs were straying,
In snowy robes, like sprites of air;
And with the host of votaries,
Gathered beneath the holy skies—
And with the burning altars' glare
Of frankincense, seemed the whole grove
A temple and a dream of love.

As Chrestogiton strayed among
The beauties of that holy place,
Where Nature's lavish hand had flung
Her gorgeous gifts, as if to trace
An image of Elysium there,
One of the gayest, richest bowers,
That ever spread its painted flowers
To the soft-wooing summer air,
Broke on his vision—with a maid
Enshrined within its sweets, and fair
As snow-flakes in mount Athos' shade.
The lustre of her aloe-like eyes,
Darting from out their fringe of jet—
Her dimpled cheek's vermilion dyes
Where lillies had with roses met—
The ebon darkness of the curls
Parted her virgin forehead o'er,
Bound by a snowy bandelet—
Proved her not one of Paphos' girls;
With the bright drapery of her train,
Gleaming upon the moon-lit shore,
She looked like Venus from the main,
When, rolling in her car of foam,
She came from her young crystal home.
Within that bower of green-turf made,
An altar rose, with flowerets strown
Upon its velvet shrine, whence came
From glimmering taper-lights a flame,
And on the glowing features shone
Of her who meekly knelt and prayed,
As on a rude-formed cross she bent
Her weeping eyes, in which were blent
Love, Hope, and holy wonderment.
The balbal in his wonted shade,
When her meek voice arose in prayer
Like holy incense on the air,
Listening, forgot his serenade,
Though a his chaste rose did then unveil
Her breast before him, and each stem
Inclined its flowery diadem
To hearken to his amorous tale;
The very boughs forbore to stir,
Enraptured by the accents sweet—
And the loud waves, the tide awoke,
Hushed into silent reverence, broke
In gentle ripples at the feet
Of the adoring worshipper.

And who is she, that starry one,
With ebon hair and streaming eyes?
From what calm region of the sun,
Basking all pure 'neath cloudless skies?
And who is he, that's bending low
In prayer beside her, whose breast cover
The ringlets of his locks of snow?
It is not—cannot be a lover?
Why these strange rites in Love's own bower,
When other breasts feel all Love's power?
Who is the maid? What foreign tone
Utters the language of his isle?
What strange—what sacred mystery,
That thus the soul from earth doth wile
Within that rude-formed cross can lie?
Who the strange God, to whom alone
They pray, whose everlasting throne
Stood fixed in uncreated light,
Ere the day's flashing orb of gold
Came from the womb of chaos' night;—
The God omnipotent, who rolled
The chariots of the crystal spheres
To circle round their course of years;
Made the green earth at his command
Arise with all its mounts sublime,
And from the hollow of his hand
Poured the immeasurable sea,
And bade its waves' eternal chime
Hymn his own vast immensity?

Oh! purer far than sunbeams stealing
Into a dark, sea-hidden mine,
Its buried treasury revealing
Where gold and pearls, and jewels shine,
Is the first dawning of those beams,
That truth and faith from heaven reflect
Upon the darkened intellect,
Obscured by clouds and pagan dreams!
The earth-clogged soul, that dimly burned
With an uncertain, flickering ray,
As lights in sepulchres injured,
Shut from the genial air of day,
Like the rapt Phoenix, fans the fires
Of faith, and in the flame expires.

As Appianus' holy tongue
Dwelt on the nature of the soul,
Its earthly fall—its destiny
Eternal in the starry sky,
The wondering Chrestogiton hung
Upon his lips, while sunbeams stole
In feeble light across his mind,
Where broken images of thought
Lay—truth and error undefined;
And as the hoary patriarch sought
The knowledge of the God to give
Omnipotent—boundless—unconfined—
In whom all creatures move and live,
The heathen inspiration caught
From the pure fervour of his breast;
And casting all the gods away,
Panders of sinful lust and crime,
Deities but of yesterday;
For him existing from all time,
The one true deity confessed,
And poured the penitential flood,
Kneeling devoutly at the cross
Of him who shed his sacred blood;
While on the soul's warm altar came
From Heaven the consecrated flame,
Consuming all its earthly dross,
Commingled with the sacred ties
That link to purity his mind
The image of Florentia lies,
'Mid thoughts of God and Heaven enshrined;
But yet the softness o'er him stealing,

As Appianus' matchless child,
 With sunny brow, and aspect mild,
 Raises to him her modest eyes,
 Has nothing of that sensual feeling
 That guilty bosoms feel below,
 But is a glow of tenderness,
 Such as an angel's breast might know,
 For those of deeper holiness.
 Their's is a dream of love and heaven,
 Pure as the sleeping thoughts that speak
 In smiles upon an infant's cheek,
 A unison of soul, where even
 All thoughts and feelings that arise,
 Are mirrored in the other's eyes;
 And many an eve, as day declines
 Upon the mountains of the west,
 Brightening the amber-coloured vines,
 That on their emerald bosoms rest,
 And many a stilly night, when stars,
 Like gay sultannas of the skies,
 Glide o'er the vault in living cars,
 Seated beneath the canopies
 Of rosy bowers, they pour the tone
 Of prayer to the eternal throne
 Of the great God of heaven and earth,
 While all around on heathen shrines
 The offering of pollution shines,
 And the loud revelry of mirth,
 And lewdness and unholy prayer
 Like pestilence, rise upon the air.

And many are the crowds that come
 And gather round the christians' bower,
 To hear their supplication some,
 And the strange god's vast love and power;
 But more to gaze upon the maid,
 In whom far lovelier charms had met
 Than ever blessed their vision yet,
 In beauties gorgeously arrayed;
 And listen to her silver voice,
 As on the air in praise it floats,
 Pure as a seraph's hallowed notes—
 Bidding the broken heart rejoice.
 As oft she turned to heaven her eye,
 Her breast with pious rapture swelling,
 And gazed upon the jewelled sky,
 Her spirit's home, and future dwelling,
 Etherealized in look and frame,
 Heaven in her aspect, she became
 The star of their idolatry.—
 Some new-created goddess, bright
 In her primeval purity,
 Descended from the realms of light.

At length came one with brow of pride,
 And lordly step pre-eminent,
 And at the wondering christian's side
 In humble supplication bent.
 Why flash the maiden's eyes with ire,
 Like globes of jet in liquid fire?
 Why mounts the warm blood to her brow?
 Why stream the blushes o'er her cheek,
 Lighting, with their indignant glow,
 Features so mildly soft and meek?
 What curls that placid lip with scorn,
 Red as the blushing rose of morn?
 'Tis the quick gush with lightning fraught,
 Insulted virtue's countenance
 Shielding by its electric glance
 From lewdness and unholy thought—
 And he arose—wrath in that eye
 Where softened down, the fires of love
 Shone in the mildness of the dove,
 And wrath upon that adder tongue,
 On which persuasion's witchery
 In passion's tender accents hung;

And frowningly away he strode,
 Muttering dark threats of chains and blood.

The lingering blush—the latest ray
 Has faded on the cheek of day:
 Amid the myrtle boughs, the dove
 Has folded her soft wing to rest—
 And the pure stars, those lamps divine,
 That light the regions of the blest,
 In their blue vault all glorious shine—
 And the resplendent star of love
 More brilliantly than all the rest.
 It is the hour of love alone
 So silent and so soft—the calm
 Pure air is redolent with balm—
 And o'er the blissful region night
 Is bending from her starry throne,
 To witness and impart delight.
 Where are the blooming maids whom love
 Assembles nightly in the grove,
 To people her rose-scented bowers?
 Where are the groups of votaries
 That strew, in pious sacrifice,
 The altars o'er with fruits and flowers?

The amphitheatre is bright
 With the resplendent rays that come
 From many a lamp of starry light
 Depending from its fretted dome;
 And on its crimson seats recline
 All Paphos' sons and daughters fair,
 Braided the tresses of their hair
 With the sweet myrtle-tree and vine,
 In one vast circle gathered there.
 What is the expected sight that binds,
 Amid that crowd-encombered place—
 Each voiceless lip, as in a trance,
 Engrossing their attentive minds,
 And fixing every anxious glance
 On the arena's empty space?

A trumpet sounded, and the breath
 In every listener's breast was hushed,
 As if it were a blast of death,
 By which each power and sense was crushed;
 As upward rolled the tapestry,
 Forth came three christians, doomed to pour,
 Victims beneath a lion's feet,
 Their life-blood the arena o'er—
 A punishment both just and meet
 For those whose daring blasphemy
 Would the great deity revile
 Presiding o'er the happy isle.
 Florentia, in all meekness bent,
 Her head upon her lily hand,
 And silencing the thoughts that rose,
 Of her far distant father-land,
 Where the majestic Tiber flows,
 To heaven her aspiration sent
 For resignation and for grace
 To stay her soul in its distress.—
 Her father's, and her lover's too,
 Whose piety and tenderness,
 Pure as the morning's early dew,
 Held in her heart a brother's place.

Few were the words the old man spoke
 As o'er his prostrate child he stood,
 Like, in the forest solitude,
 Sheltering its vine, the parent oak,
 From the mad tempest of the north;
 But Chrestogiton's accents broke
 Like inspiration wildly forth—
 "Paphians! it is not long since here,
 E'en in this amphitheatre
 In which I now a victim stand,

Your myriad tongues, in joyful cry,
 Hailed me the conqueror, whose brand
 Had lit the path of victory
 And freed from tyranny your land;
 Then all the eyes that now look down
 In anger, and the brows that frown
 So awfully, with smiles were bright,
 And every feature wore delight
 As pressed my head the laurel crown.
 My powers, e'en from my early youth,
 Were always to my country given;
 In warm devotedness and truth
 I ever in her cause have striven,
 And laboured for the common good—
 What have I reaped for all my pains
 But heartless—base ingratitude?
 You bound the very limbs with chains
 That, on your reeking battle plains,
 Poured the red tribute of their veins,
 And hurried *him* far from your land,
 To wither in a foreign grave,
 Upon a wild, sea-beaten strand,
 Whose valour did your country save—
 And to the man, whose perjury
 Had blackened all my spotless fame,
 And stamped my name with infamy,
 His country's blighting curse and shame—
 Yes, on the wretch, whose love of sway
 Would make his murdered father's neck,
 To mount to power, a stepping-stone,
 Gave every good I called my own,
 Fields, power, patrician wealth a prey,
 The crafty spoiler's name to deck

Smile in thy conscious villany,
 Thou demon of the evil eye!
 In bitterness of vengeance smile!
 With heart far blacker than thy beard,
 Thou, Melacomas, roam'st this isle,
 Glutting thy murderous eyes with blood,
 Than whom no deadlier monster reared
 His bristly crest amid the wood.
 What hast thou made this happy clime?
 The loveliest spot beneath the sun!
 A theatre of lust and crime,
 Where all unholy deeds are done.
 I can forgive the private wrong,
 The ills that I have suffered long,
 My chains and exile pardon all;
 But cannot bear to look upon
 The shackles of my country's thrall,
 Her degradation and her fall.

Thy virtues are a robe of sin,
 Assumed to hide the crimes within;
 False is thy feigned piety,
 E'en as the rosy-coloured flush
 That lights the deadly siroc's blush,
 A pestilence of blasphemy,
 Strewing thy darksome way with death.
 When the foul poison of thy breath,
 In all its witchery and art,
 With guilty lust and heathen rites,
 Could not corrupt this maiden's heart
 Who bows her face with tears besprent
 Like a wet rose by tempest bent,
 Denied thy sensual delights;
 And, for thy utter baseness spurned,
 In all the pungency of ire,
 Thy breast with flame of vengeance burned,
 And thou didst doom the maid to die
 For her unholy blasphemy;
 And 'gainst her hoary-headed sire
 And me, pronounced the same decree,
 Gilding thy turpitude and shame
 And murder, with religion's name,

As if through thee the gods had sent
 The delegated punishment.

Who Paphians! are the deities
 To whom your thousand altars rise
 Smoking with victims, flowers and fruits,
 Follies and vice personified,
 And mimic gods with attributes
 Of wickedness and lust and pride,
 Monstrous conceptions of weak minds
 And hearts impure that error blinds.
 These are thy gods, oh Paphians! these
 The deities to which we pay
 Th' oblation of our blood to day;
 But ere this mangled body lie
 To bestial fangs a bleeding prey,
 To her best good, in death e'er true,
 I would another service do
 To my poor country ere I die.
 Your gods are but another name
 For lust, impurity and shame;
 Instead of these false deities,
 I now the one true GOD proclaim
 The LORD of Heaven, Earth, Sea and Skies—
 The mighty spirit—the pure sense
 From centre to circumference
 Of all creation spreading wide,
 Pervading and supporting all
 That woke to being at his call,
 Th' omniscient God—from whose keen eyes,
 The thickest darkness cannot hide,
 Before whom every bosom lies
 Unbarred with all its mysteries,
 Truth—vice, humility or pride—
 The God whose justice soon will bring
 To judgment, every secret thing,
 And measure out the joy or pain,
 While vast eternity shall roll,
 Due to the doings of the soul—
 The spirit by which we act and think,
 That subtle and mysterious link
 In the great Godhead's mighty chain.

Casting the deities away
 Of idle superstition, take
 For guidance and support, the God
 At whose loud voice and awful nod
 The mountain tops with terror quake.
 He is a jealous God; his sway
 The world shall own till every shrine
 Crumble beneath his car divine,
 And every graven image placed
 To heathen gods, be overthrown
 Their groves a melancholy waste,
 Their altar-seats with grass o'ergrown.
 Yield to him now and sweetly prove
 The conqueror mild, a "God of love;"
 Yield nor provoke his burning ire,
 'Till in a curse, that all mankind
 Shall dread to look upon, you find
 Your conqueror a "consuming fire."
 Think ye, the innocent blood ye shed,
 Unseen of him in whom we trust,
 Will mix with this arena's dust—
 These limbs beneath the lion's tread
 Be crushed—the quivering flesh be riven—
 Our God is looking down, oh dread
 The awful malison of Heaven:
 For the dark deed of vengeance done
 You will by tears or blood atone.
 Dare not his wrath, can ye outvie
 The thunders of his panoply?
 At a faint whisper of his breath,
 The messenger of vengeance speeds
 In his swift car of fiery death
 With the winged lightning for his steeds;

Or should he bid the earthquake rise
The minister of punishment,
The solid earth, in piecés rent,
Is hurled in atoms to the skies;
Or should he call, upon the shore
Rushes the sea with maddening roar,
Sweeping before his angry waves
Your towers, your proud Acropolis
Shrouded in foam to the dark graves
That yawn within his deep abyss,
Leaving your Eden of the flood
A voiceless ocean-solitude.

He ceased, and every bosom there
Was pulseless, as his final prayer
Rose holly upon the air.
Anon the trumpet's piercing clang
Sounded the death-note, and each bar
Grating the ear with its harsh jar,
Was drawn; and forth the lion sprang
With threat'ning foot and naked fang,
A monster huge of giant strength
As ever from Getulia came,
Lashing his sides' tremendous length
With his mad tail and flowing mane:
From his *apetum** living flame
Shot streaming like the lightning's train
As o'er the sand he wildly bounded
Uttering his loud and bellowing roar
Like ocean's rush upon the shore,
'Till the whole theatre resounded.
And Chrestogiton fearless stood
With brow unblanched couching his lance,
Its flashes caught the lion's glance,
And as his quivering lips reveal
The pointed fangs, he leaped—the blood
Has crimsoned o'er the christian's steel,
And sluices with its colored rain
The lion's breast and tawny mane.
The thunder of his awful cry
That rung through every list'ner's brain
Equalled the lightning of his eye
As forward did he spring again.
Fierce was the shock—deadly the close
That on the listening air arose—
Soon prostrate, bleeding on the sand,
Beneath the monster's pressure lies
The christian gasping, in his hand
The iron of his broken lance—
A moment gleams its lightning glance—
Another—and the lion's heart
Is pierced by its long barbed dart—
The blood spouts forth—he falls—he dies.
And on each other's necks the three
Unite in thanks to Heaven, while rise
From heathen lips in the same hour
Praises to the true deity,
The christian's God of mighty power.

Hid is the temple 'neath the sand
That gleamed on Paphos' golden shore,
The pride and wonder of the land;
Her altars flame with flowers no more
But on her fallen and crumbled shrines
The mournful moonbeam palely shines,
And other fanes as fair and grand
Have passed away, and every stone
That reared their piles is overthrown;
Still, onward speeds the truth divine
Lighting with its benignant ray,
From either pole unto the line,
The regions that in darkness lay;
And every mount and viny plain
Is smiling 'neath Messiah's reign.

* The concave mirror in the eye of the lion.

His sceptre shall the nations own
And reverence his almighty word,
Till the whole earth with one accord
Acknowledge his eternal throne;
And every isle that decks the sea
Shout the Redeemer Deity.

THE CONSIGNMENT.

FIRE, my hand is on the key,
And the cabinet must ope!
I shall now consign to thee,
Things of grief, of joy, of hope.
Treasured secrets of the heart
To thy care I hence entrust:
Not a word must thou impart,
But reduce them all to dust.

This—in childhood's rosy morn
This was gaily filled and sent:
Childhood is for ever gone;
Here—devouring element
This was friendship's cherish'd pledge;
Friendship took a colder form:
Creeping on its gilded edge,
May the blaze be bright and warm!

These—the letter and the token,
Never more shall meet my view!
When the faith has once been broken,
Let the memory perish too!
This—'twas penned while purest joy
Warmed the heart and lit the eye:
Fate that peace did soon destroy;
And its transcript now will!

This must go! for on the seal
When I broke the solemn yew,
Keener was the pang than steel;
'Twas a heart-string breaking too!
Here comes up the *blotted leaf*,
Blistered o'er by many a tear.
Hence! thou waking shade of grief!
Go, for ever disappear!

This is his, who seemed to be
High as heaven, and fair as light;
But the visor rose, and he—
Spare, O memory! spare the sight
Of the face that frowned beneath,
While I take it, hand and name,
And entwine it with a wreath
Of the purifying flame!

These—the hand is in the grave,
And the soul is in the skies,
Whence they came! 'Tis pain to save
Cold remains of Sundered ties!
Go together, all, and burn,
Once the treasures of my heart!
Still, my breast shall be an urn
To preserve your better part!

SONNET.

Bright Morning's up again—a thousand throats
Welcome her rising: gladness fills the air.
The high-poised lark scatters its hymning notes,
Like far-off bells that Sabbath-tidings bear;
The cattle herds are roaring here and there:
Through Nature's temple floral incense floats
Odorous upon the gale—all living share
Sweet scents, sweet sounds anew, and prospects fair;
While happy hearts are springing from repose
Flush'd with Aurora's hues;—alas; for those
Whose night was past fanning the brow of death!
Whose waking hour but desolation shows!
Who for the last time saw dear eye-lids close—
O what to them is Morning's bubbling breath?

VERREX.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

Che fan qui tante pellegrine spade?
 O diluvio raccolto,
 Di che deserti strani
 Per insondar i nostri dolci campi?—*Petrarca.*

Who can wonder that the arts should have been nursed and fostered in the lap of Italy?—that poetry, painting, music, (etherialised essences of all that is noble in the external frame of nature,) should emanate from a land so fertile in the elements of beauty and sublimity?—a land where skies, seas, lakes, rivers, forests, alpine heights, and pastoral valleys, unite in the formation of landscapes, soft as the luxurious dreams of Claude, or startling as the severer fancies of a Salvator;—a land where the realities of life assume a more romantic guise—whose atmosphere is redolent of “sweet coming fancies”—whose very language is a language of love!

The descent from that rugged rampart of Switzerland, the St. Bernard, to the valleys of Piedmont, is as the unfolding of a tale of romance; of which the initiatory page, the Val d’Aosta, may be said to “foretel the nature of a magic volume.” The precipitous majesty of its mountain bulwarks, piled up to the gathering clouds like monuments of Titanic ambition; the shrubby underwood interspersing an infinite variety of verdure among stern gray crags, lichen-bearded with the hoariness of centuries; here a *chalet* of pine-logs niched among abutting rocks—there a solitary tower, a dark remnant of the fierceness of the feudal ages—or on some jutting summit, a monumental black cross—a sign and warning to the traveller that danger lurks in the lonely fastness, that the imprecations of the assassin and the shrieks of the murdered have resounded among those gloomy ravines—all tend to depress the mind elevated by the first prospect of the sublimity of the scenery. Overpowered by the voiceless eloquence of solitude, the wanderer of the Val d’Aosta rejoices when the spires of Chatillon rise before him on the shores of the Dora; or when Verrex, with its convent walls and ruined battlements, stands forth in melancholy isolation amid the rude defile. Among the simple but uncouth peasantry of that secluded valley, the *kropfger* or *gozzuto* exhibits his goutous excrescences; and every thing concurs to hasten the step of the traveller through the mountain gorge to the fair and fertile plains beyond—to the land of the mulberry, the olive, and the vine—the waving cornfields and verdant plantations of Lombardy.

During the opening year of the present century, however, the silence of the Val d’Aosta was broken by the bray of trumpets, the trampling of war-steeds, the roaring of the mighty tide of an usurping army. France sent forth her republican hosts to plant their iron lances among the olives of Italy;—the eagle, still a fledgeling among the insignia of modern nations, seemed to gather new vigour from congenial alpine breezes;—and the king of Sardinia who, as master of the frontier fortresses, has been said to hold the keys of the Alps at his girdle, soon learnt with dismay, that not even the potent alliance of Austria—not even the majestic rampart raised by nature in defence of his kingdom—was sufficient to secure his territory against the invasions of a captain who had pointed the way over glaciers and precipices and overwhelming snows, and been cheerfully obeyed. The artillery of Marmont and Gassendi, having passed the St. Bernard dragged in hollow trunks of trees, was already tra-

versing the valley; Lannes, with his cavalry, had taken possession of the town of Aosta; and intelligence soon reached the head-quarters of General Melas that five thousand Austrians, stationed at Chatillon for the defence of the pass, had fled in disorder, with the loss of their guns and ammunition. Nay, the first consul himself was now halting at the hospice of St. Maurice, to take breath ere he pounced upon the predestined prey, extended in the valley at his feet!

It was on the night of the 19th May, 1800, that Bonaparte, inspired by the tidings of these preliminary successes, and excited by his preparations for descending the mountain on the morrow, was on the point of retiring for a few hours’ repose; when his sleeve was twitched by one of the brethren of St. Maurice, who, in spite of the attempts of General Marescot to repel his approach, persisted in demanding from the first consul a few moments’ audience for a young stranger, his countryman.

“A stranger!” cried the impatient general, wearied out by his exertions of the day. “He chooses his time ill. Let him wait till daybreak.”

“The hour, I admit, is an untoward one,” replied the ecclesiastic meekly. “But the Marquis Alderoni has ridden hard from the Austrian lines; and, moreover, his mule dropped under him as he was ascending the mountain.”

“The Austrian lines!” cried the first consul: “why not speak out at first?—Recluse as you are, our good brother and host—surely, even the chronicles of Holy Writ might have informed you that a friend from an enemy’s camp is doubly welcome?”

“The marquis waits your command,” said the monk, beckoning a person in the crowd to approach; and the first consul, having hastily dismissed a little knot of the *etat major*, who were waiting their latest orders for the morrow’s movements, was about to withdraw to a distant window, when murmurs of “Assassin!”—“Sardinian bravo!”—“Swabian ruffian!” reached his ears from the group of staff officers who were quitting the room. “Fear nothing!” said Bonaparte, laughing at their vehemence, “our stars have better care of us. There are too many good sabres unsheathed just now, to leave us to the mercy of a Piedmontese poniard.” And seizing the light with which his domestic, Constant, had been about to precede him to his chamber, he suddenly flared it with an utter disregard to the courtesies of life in the face of the young stranger. The result of the examination was favourable. The French general prepared to accost the intruder, by whose highbred calmness of look and attitude he stood rebuked, with a degree of courtesy far from habitual to his lips.

“Am I to understand that I address the Marquis Alderoni?” he inquired, conceding to the claims of a foreigner a title then in disuse.

The stranger bowed haughtily.

“And as a friend to the republic of France?”

Alderoni hesitated; involuntarily assuming an air of defiance.

“As an overt enemy to the country I have the honour to serve,” reiterated Bonaparte, galled by the

contemptuous bearing of his visiter, "or as a covert traitor to his own!"

The stranger started convulsively: but recovering himself as if by a powerful effort over his feelings replied in a firm, distinct, and measured voice—"As an avowed and determined traitor to his own."

"And to what, my lord marquis," replied the republican general, in a tone of bitter irony, "am I to pin my faith in asseveration of your word!—Are we to be upon honour in our negotiations?—or, having thrown off the mask which most men are sturdy to maintain, will you with consistent frankness inform me, to the last *livre* or *scudo*, the amount chargeable to the French government for the purchase of a magnificent of Savoy?"

"Monsieur le consul," replied Alderoni, throwing back his cloak, as if to prove himself unarmed, and at the mercy of the interrogator, "I come hither neither to bandy taunts with the generalissimo of a conquering army, nor to affect a chivalrous tenderness for the honour of a name and fame of six centuries' nobility, unworthily represented in my person. Bound on a quest like mine, it were idle to play the hero. I am no longer champion of my father's house, my native country, my hereditary prince; but a spy and deserter, seeking service with the enemies of my sovereign. I have said it!—Nothing you can urge in scorn or railery will add to the degradation of such a position. In policy, if not in generosity, desist therefore from your irony. A powerful motive brought me hither: do not create one yet more powerful to drive me from your presence."

"I cry you mercy, my lord, and wait your pleasure for further explanation," cried the *petit corporal*, covering his confusion with a prolonged pinch of snuff. "Premising only, that as my brave companions yonder are waiting my retirement to rest, as their supper signal, you will be pleased to render your communications as succinct as may be consistent with your dignity. Plain Italian—plain dealing. Say out, sir!—what are you prepared to do for us?—What remuneration claim you for your services?"

"The troops of the republic have received a sudden check," said Alderoni. "The advanced division under General Lannes, was yesterday repulsed with considerable loss in an attack on the fortress of Bard."

"'Tis false!" cried the first consul, stamping till the stone floor rang with his violence.

"I have outstripped the courier bearing the intelligence but by a single hour," said Alderoni, coldly. "A despatch will reach you before daybreak;—let us *then* resume our conference."

"Repulsed!—repulsed by the fortress of Bard," involuntarily ejaculated Bonaparte, the probabilities of such a dilemma having already suggested themselves to his foresight. "And should your report prove authentic, what assistance have you to offer?"

"The counsel of one who has been for months past enrolled in its garrison. This stronghold of the Val d'Aosta would defy the military skill of Vauban himself, unaided by a guide familiar at once with the resources of the fortress and with the"—

"Bah!" cried Bonaparte, interrupting him. "I undertake to promise that the plan of attack, devised ere we quitted Paris, will eventually leave nothing but the stones of the fort heaped up as a monument to Austrian vigilance and Sardinian valour."

"So thought the brave Lannes!—Yet already the French troops are struck with consternation; while their officers loudly regret the precipitancy with which the passage of St. Bernard was achieved."

"Again I say 'tis false!" cried the first consul, with rising choler. But as he spoke, Junot, entering the hall, placed a despatch in his hands, and communicated in a few coarse but expressive words the evil tidings he had extracted from the courier.

"That cursed fortress!—Who would have thought of finding a lion by the way, amid this pitiful sheepfold of Piedmont!" cried Bonaparte, running his eye over the papers he was unfolding. "Sir marquis, this news more than confirms your prognostications. No time is to be lost:—in a word, are you prepared to provide us with a plan of the fortress of Bard, and with secret information sufficient to place our brave General Lannes in possession of the citadel?"

"I am!"

"And the guerdon of your intelligence?"—

"A guarantee for the immediate evacuation of the Ursuline convent in the town of Verrex, now occupied as the head-quarters of the third division of the republican army; and a safe conduct for two persons a male and female on the route to Lausanne."

"The Ursuline convent of Verrex!" exclaimed Bonaparte, in a tone of sovereign contempt; "some daughter of the illustrious house of Alderoni is probably cloistered in its holy dove-cote!—Humph!—The captains of France, long unused to the spectacle of the veil and wimple, may, I admit, exhibit somewhat too ardent a curiosity on the subject: beauty, even under the Ursuline hood, offers a perilous temptation to the best disciplined soldier."

Alderoni answered not a syllable; but the cold, beaded drops rose visibly on his forehead.

"You offer, however, a heavy mulct," resumed the general, "to preserve the lips of these ladies of your line from sacrilegious contact. One might have fancied that the stainless honour of the family of Alderoni would receive more blemish from the recreancy of its signor and lord, than from a stray smile or so bestowed by some noble votress on our gallant heroes of the republic."

"In a word," cried the marquis, unable to endure this bantering, "do you or do you not accede to my proposition?"

"Without reference to the council of war, I am not prepared"—the first consul was beginning.

"You *are* prepared!" fiercely interrupted Alderoni; "prepared by the despotic impulses of a will that bears no encroachment on its authority. To the point, Monsieur le Consul!—Here are plans of the fortress, which, ere morning, it shall be my task to complete." And, taking a roll of paper from his bosom, he unfolded it for the examination of Bonaparte, whose practised eye was instantly caught by the masterly execution of the draught, as well as by the unexpected particulars revealed in its unfinished details.

"Ay, ay—this looks workmanly and well!" exclaimed he to the young stranger, by whose fine person and spirited demeanour he was unconsciously interested. "By noon to-morrow, should no unforeseen accident delay me in my descent, I shall reach Aosta, and lay your plans and proposals before Generals Marmont and Victor."

"No," cried Alderoni, in the dogged tone of a desperate man; "I quit not this chamber without a definitive reply. My heart, my soul, my life, are periled in my errand."

"I might, perhaps, remind the noble marquis," answered Bonaparte, with a sneer, "that he quits this chamber at my bidding, and sanctioned only by my safeguard; but I scorn to have recourse to intimidation. In a word, sir, your negotiations are ended. Attend me to-morrow at daybreak; and let these plans be completed in time for the courier who precedes us to Chatillon!—Holla! Bourrienne!—See this gentleman accommodated to-night with refreshment and writing materials, and to-morrow with a mule capable of keeping pace with those of my staff."

After another transient glance at the papers, the first consul bestowed a peremptory token of dismissal on his new ally. The marquis seemed about to remonstrate; but, suddenly checking himself, bowed with

an air of haughty humility, and was about to quit the chamber; when, overcome by excess of fatigue and excitement, he staggered and fell senseless on the threshold.

"How is this?" cried Larrey, who was instantly summoned to minister to his assistance: "call you this a swoon!—I find a gash in the chest such as might pin the stanchest veteran in our lines to a truckle-bed! What the plague set this mad-headed fellow a-gadding with the dressing scarcely firm on such a wound?"

"Let him be carefully looked to," said Bonaparte, retiring from the inquisitive group, after possessing himself of the papers; "his life is worth more to us just now than those of any ten picked officers of our line."

Amadeo, Marquis of Alderoni—the object of the first consul's solicitude—was born a cadet of one of the most ancient houses of Piedmont. His boyhood had reaped some distinction from an appointment as page of honour to attend to the court of France Madame Maria Teresa of Savoy, bride of the Comte d'Artois; but the corrupt court of Versailles afforded a bad school of morality to a light-headed and hot-hearted youth; and, ten years afterwards, the young marquis, at the age of one-and-twenty, had already acquired renown as the most graceful libertine at the court of Turin. Proud of so honourable a distinction, it was his boast that he had already quaffed the cup of pleasure to the dregs—that his heart was inaccessible to new pleasures, his mind to new impressions; nor, till the young Countess of Moncalda, his distant kinswoman, appeared at court, did he believe it possible that aught could renovate his exhausted feelings, or allure him anew to the gorgeous dullness of the Hotel de Carignan and the monotonous lounge of the Corso. A single interview with the lovely Teresa decided his destinies. She was all curiosity to behold the scion of her father's house, whom she had so often heard described by her maiden aunts as the most dangerous of his sex; and he all wonder that the stars should have decreed the possession of a creature so bright and beautiful to the ugliest, most bigoted, and most forbidding among the chamberlains of His Majesty of the Anchovias. Profiting by the established custom of the court of Savoy, Alderoni instituted himself *cavaliere* in ordinary to his interesting relative; although no man could be less fitted by nature or education for the discharge of an office (a last relic of the fanfaronades of chivalry) which necessitates the closest contact with the coldest courtesy, the language without the passion of love. The thing was impossible! Alderoni, and for the first time, loved in right earnest, wooed in right earnest, and succeeded in his wooing with an earnestness any thing but right. The gentle Teresa lent her unsuspecting lip for a single moment to the intoxicating cup of illicit passion, only to drink for the remainder of her days those draughts of bitterness—those atoning tears—wrung by repentance from the human heart;—like honey drops gathered by bees from the poisonous flowers of the savannah.

The Conte di Moncalda, originally of Spanish extraction, but inheriting vast estates in Sardinia as well as the highest favour of Victor Emanuel, partook unfortunately of the vigilant jealousy and tenacious sense of honour of his Castilian ancestry. Ever on the watch, he found it an easy task to detect the two young and imprudent lovers who were bringing disgrace upon his name; and a glorious retribution to hold them up to infamy. In Catholic countries, the impossibility of divorce may be supposed to redouble the anguish of a degradation of this description. But with some minds revenge is sweeter than redress. If the adulterous wife cannot be put away and branded with legal shame, she may be incarcerated for life in a religious prison, with the canker of her unhallowed passion eating slowly into her heart. Moncalda having

received such satisfaction at the point of his sword as his triumphant rival had to offer, experienced far greater in an order from his liege lord and master, condemning the countess to imprisonment for life in the Ursuline Convent of Verrex, adjoining his family estates; and the Marquis Alderoni recovered from a severe wound to find himself exiled from court, and his Teresa—the young, the beautiful, the beloved Teresa—buried for life in the loathsome grave of a Piedmontese convent!

Could he but have secured a parting interview—could he but have wept for one short hour at her feet, imploring pardon for all he had made her suffer, beseeching her pity for all he was about to suffer in his turn—could he but have imbibed one single draught of love, of eternal remembrance, of intense and passionate communion, from those soft eyes that had been to his heart as the dawning of a new day—he fancied he might have been patient under his sentence. But to know that a destiny worse than death had interposed between them; that he should never look again upon the fair face he had stained with tears; never again hear the music of that voice which had murmured such enchanting promises of happiness; never again sun himself in those smiles which were now withering behind the grate of a convent!—She to be imprisoned in a gloomy cell, and arrayed in a vest of serge!—she, whose atmosphere was the palace—whose appropriate attire the jewelled robe of state—whose presence so fitted to adorn and be adorned by the pomps and privileges of magnificence!

Immediately on his departure for Turin, Alderoni hastened in disguise to the wretched town of Verrex, to gaze upon the stern walls dividing him for ever from the object of his tenderness. There, overshadowed by the mountain heights, overlooking the shallow stream of the Dorea and the plantations skirting the glacis of its dismantled fortifications, there stood the fatal pile:—*there*—hidden behind that dreary wall, on which the fruitless sunshine was gleaming as in mockery, wept Teresa—the idol of the court of Savoy, the joy of the united houses of Alderoni and Moncalda, the degraded paramour of a banished libertine!—From the shade of those lime-tree groves many a glance of agony did he turn towards the fatal turrets, shuddering when the harsh sound of the convent bell announced the expiration of the dreary hours. Alas! what availed the progress of time in that cold, that desolate solitude?—What availed the approach to eternity for *him*—for *her*?

But this could not last. The appearance of a stranger in the secluded town of Verrex soon attracted notice among the peasants, all vassals and dependants of his enemy; and the herdsmen, when at noon they brought their cattle to refresh themselves in the waters of the Dorea, gazed suspiciously upon one who wore their own rude garb, but neither spoke the dialect of Piedmont nor answered to their uncouth salutations.

Alderoni now forsook his native land. The French revolution had already broken out; and an imputation of liberalism operated almost as strongly as the personal interest of the indignant Moncalda to procure his sentence of banishment. He had no longer a home, no longer a country; and the roving life to which he thenceforth accustomed himself, did but harden his heart against all natural ties—all human associations. Every gentler feeling of his nature was concentrated in that one dark spot of the Val d'Aosta;—all else was desperation, and horror, and madness.

At length a gleam of mingled hope and apprehension broke in upon his destiny. A republican army invaded Italy; triumphed at Montenotte, at Arcole, at Lodi; and the humiliation of Piedmont seemed to inspire a sensation of triumph into the gloomy mind of the son she had driven forth to shame. What might be the result of the establishment of a Cisalpine re-

public? Would not the iron gates of its cloisters be wrenched asunder—all political crimes absolved—all prisons of state opened?—Not yet! The King of Sardinia sued for an ignominious peace; and the treaty of Campo Formio restored tranquillity to Italy.

Two years, however, had scarcely elapsed, when General Bonaparte, now promoted to the consulate, again displayed his banner on the frontier. Europe heard with amazement that the troops so recently triumphant on the scorching sands of El Arisch, were about to confront the eternal snows of the Alps; and the exiled Alderoni derived a new source of irritation from the certainty that even the remote solitude of the valley of the Dorea was about to become the cause of invasion. Agonized by conjectures of all the horrors following in the rear of a conquering army, he did not for a moment hesitate to fly to the defence of a spot possessing so sacred a claim upon his services. Long before the arrival of the first consul at Lausanne—the winter quarters of the army of reserve—Alderoni was serving under a feigned name as a cadet of artillery in the fortress of Bard.

No human predilection clings closer to the heart than the love of country. Whatever chasm the convulsions of passion may produce to disunite us from the land of our ancestors—the land in which we drew breath—an anchor is fast in the earth which enchains our bosoms to its influences. Even Alderoni, who for years had been cursing the names of Piedmont and of its sovereign, no sooner beheld his native soil menaced with foreign invasion, than he experienced a contraction of those unseen ties by which it was united to his heart. But it was national pride rather than patriotism which inflamed his feelings. He was infatuated with the persuasion that no foreign force could overcome the strength with which nature had engirdled the Piedmontese frontier;—that it was with the feeble and enervate power of Genoa the arm of the French republic had so successfully wrestled;—but that to Aosta and its valley, the glaciers and intricacies of the surrounding mountain passes afforded invincible security. He looked down upon the waters of the Dorea, as they rippled at the base of the conical rock on which the fortress of Bard stands, giantlike and menacing—those waters which bathed the walls of Teresa's prison—and longed to endow them with the power of whispering to the recluse that all was safe; the hosts of the French republic were probably already perishing among the snows of St. Bernard, victims to the fool-hardiness of their braggart general.

What, therefore, was his amazement—what his consternation—when tidings of the investiture of Aosta by Lannes and his division were spread by the courier bound to the head-quarters of Melas! What his horror on learning that General Victor had taken possession of Chatillon—reached the town of Verrex—nay, actually established his quarters in the Ursuline convent! Fugitives were hourly pouring in from the valley, with exaggerated accounts of the acts of spoliation and violence practised by the French troops. There was no longer any hope!—Heaven and earth seemed to favour the conqueror;—nature had no obstacle sufficient to impede his progress. One only consideration, however, engrossed the mind of Alderoni.—TERESA!—Teresa, exposed to the insolence, the worse than insolence, of the ruffians whose existence was traced to the leaven of blood and dust created by the outrages of the French revolution. There was madness associated with such a picture!—But a soft and supernatural vision suddenly irradiated the scene. Amid the ruin of his country and the destruction of its social institutions, there was hope for *him*.—Teresa might be restored to the light of heaven—to his arms—to love—to happiness. No! there could not be treachery in the act which purchased such a triumph, and preserved the victim of his passion from the embraces of

a lawless conqueror—from the depths of a dungeon! He paused not for a moment's consideration. Life and death were in every instant that flitted past; another hour and it would be impossible to escape from the fortress; nay, even after having fled its precincts, even after having attained the enemy's lines, it was only by a desperate and fatal conflict with a French trooper that he was enabled to assume the uniform which carried him unmolested to Aosta.—Great Heaven! the first consul had not yet passed the mountain!—and circumstances had transpired during his momentary pause at Verrex, impelling the quick blood like fire through the veins of the fugitive!—Such was the impulse which gave him strength to reach the Hospice of St. Maurice;—such the origin of that exhaustion which left him senseless at the feet of Bonaparte.

No sooner did the first consul reach Aosta, than the evil tidings of the preceding night were confirmed to him by the testimony of Generals Loison and Vatin. A fresh movement had taken place; attended with a severe loss on the part of the French, and an universal conviction that the passage of the valley of Aosta was fatally impeded by the strength and vigilance of the fortress of Bard. On the examination of the plans of Alderoni, their unfinished state and inexplicit nature rendered them of small account; and Bonaparte, instead of resting for the night as he had purposed at Aosta, advanced at once to Verrex, for a conference with Victor and Monnier. Among the stormy emotions and varying interests of the hour, the wounded stranger of St. Maurice and his connexion with the Ursuline convent was forgotten; nor was there anything in the present aspect of the head-quarters of Victor to recall to mind the original destination of the building. The little community having retreated to one of its turrets, under guard and guarantee from the general their unwelcome inmate, the remainder of the convent was now converted into a depot of military stores; the chapel into a military stable; and the peaceful quadrangle was filled with artillery carriages, and artificers working at their reparation.

At an early hour of the following morning the charger of the first consul stood pawing the ground under the gateway, surrounded by a crowd of anxious petitioners, kept back by the impatient sentinels on duty, or now and then dispersed by the exits and entrances of officers of superior rank. But a scene of still deeper interest was passing in the chamber above:—pale, haggard, wild, the young Piedmontese noble was engaged in earnest conference with Bonaparte, to whose brow further tidings of the resistance of Bard imparted a glare of gloomy ferocity. Alderoni had with difficulty gathered strength to pursue his purpose. But, thanks to artificial excitement, he was once more by the side of the first consul; who now pointed out to him half reproachfully, half ironically, the defects of the plans which he held in his hands.

"It is too late for any but personal instructions," faltered the marquis. "But could I reach the fortress, I might still point out the path to victory. With prudence and discrimination, the town might be passed during the night;—the adjacent rock of Albaredo affords a *point d'appui* hitherto unattempted.

"Forward, then!" cried Bonaparte, who had little sympathy with physical weakness.

"Your pardon!" exclaimed Alderoni. "My conditions must first be accomplished. Let this convent be forthwith evacuated, and then!"

"Bah!" exclaimed the general; "think you that the commissariat of the republican army is to be dislodged to gratify the peevish whim of some dainty lady countess of the house of Alderoni?—Accompany me, however, to Bard; prove to me the efficiency of your aid, and, on the faith of a soldier, by day-dawn to-morrow your wishes shall be accomplished."

Alderoni shuddered. "One word more!" said he;

"I may not survive to witness the event. There is an individual beneath this roof with whom I would fain demand a brief interview ere we depart."

"*Mille diables!*" cried the general, half disgusted, half amused, by the insinuation of the young soldier. "These nuns of St. Ursula run strangely in your head!—Speak, sir," he continued, addressing the marquis, but beckoning an aide-de-camp who waited at the door; "with whom do you desire a conference?"

"The Countess Moncalda."

"Ahi, ahi!—no nun, then, but a state prisoner?—your sister?—mistress?—no matter! *Labedoyere!* inform the lady abess—the old woman in the flannel gown yonder in the turret—that the first consul of France demands an interview with the Countess Moncalda. *Monsieur le marquis*, you have leave to devote ten minutes to your friend."

But Alderoni gave no heed to his injunctions. Heart and soul were stirring within his bosom in the utmost fervour of excitement. The dreams of hopeless years were on the point of realization. Yes! he was about to see her once more—still living, perhaps still loving—to luxuriate in the tones of her breathing voice—and wake to new life under the tenderness of her gaze. She who had sacrificed all to him—for whom he had sacrificed every thing in return, would soon be beside him;—her warm hand clasped in his;—her sighs mingled lip to lip with his own. He noted not the presence of the first consul. The whole world might have been there and he would have seen, heard, felt nothing but Teresa;—nothing—nothing but Teresa! A step was audible in the corridor.—He started. The door turned slowly on its hinges, and a veiled figure slowly traversed the room.

"Citizen general," said a sweet but hollow voice, "I am here in obedience to your commands. I am the Countess di Moncalda."

"Teresa, Teresa!" exclaimed Alderoni, rushing forward, "it is I—your kinsman—your lover—who have ventured every thing to secure this interview. Speak to me, dearest!—Behold me at your feet again; say that all is atoned, all forgotten, all forgiven!—Teresa, speak to me!"

"Hush!" said the same mild mournful voice; "these are not words or accents for the abode of holiness. When we parted, Amadeo, you left me nothing but my tears!—But God is merciful!—they have not been wept in vain. See!" she exclaimed, throwing back the veil among whose rable folds her pale attenuated face glimmered as with the ghastly whiteness of marble, "see—see what grief has done, and what repentance promises!"

"Teresa!" cried the marquis, pressing the hem of her garment to his lips, without daring to raise his eyes a second time to her wasted countenance, "why should one reproachful word mar the blessedness of this hour?—Our sufferings are over!—To-morrow I return to bear you from this hateful place. A safe conduct from the first consul will enable us to reach France. Teresa, our destiny is accomplished!"

"May Heaven forgive our past transgressions!" faltered the countess, shuddering as she strove to extricate herself from his embraces; "but dream not that I will tempt its wrath by living the life and dying the death of an adulteress!—Enough!—Persist no further in your bootless supplications; but rather tell me what chance has united the interests of my cousin Amadeo with those of the enemies of Piedmont?"

"You—*you* are the cause of all!—For you I have forsworn allegiance to king—country—honour—reputation. With you I was willing to become an outcast. Behold, Teresa!—behold this scroll, the price of this cruel interview;—'tis the plan of the fortress of Bard, which, for the vain delight of looking once more upon your face, I have sworn to deliver into the hands of the enemies of my country!"

"Perish so vile an evidence of our family dishonour!" cried the countess, snatching it from his hands and tearing it in pieces. "Rather let us die, Amadeo; die miserably—die honourably—than tarnish your fair fame by the baseness of treason. Even my husband perils his life in defence of the banners of Savoy."

"Rash woman!—what is it you do?" cried Bonaparte, seizing her arm. "For you, a devoted heart has abjured every duty, every earthly compensation; yet your selfish coldness would reject the sacrifice!—Ha! how is this!" cried he, as a loud discharge of artillery suddenly shook the convent to its base, and volleys of answering musketry resounded among the hills.

"The Austrians! the Austrians!" cried innumerable voices. A detachment of three thousand men under General Ebersberg, unaware of the arrival of the first consul with his reinforcement, had in truth attempted to surprise the town, and were already in possession of the bridge; nor was it till after a severe conflict, and with tremendous slaughter, that they were driven a second time into the mountain recesses towards Ivrea.

Yet notwithstanding the delay and fatigue arising from this unexpected movement, that very evening the first consul, supported by his favourite brigade, was on his march with a view to resume on the following day the attack on the fortress of Bard. The stratagem by which the French artillery was eventually enabled to pass the town unmolested by the batteries, and the subsequent destruction of the fortress, are matters of history; but it is matter neither of history nor interest to the world in general, that the body of a nameless individual interred in the darkness and stillness of midnight in a remote corner of the Ursuline cemetery, by order of Bonaparte, was that of a Piedmontese soldier who died, sword in hand, defending the gateway of the convent.

A black cross, half hidden among the weeds, still points out his grave to the curiosity of the traveller. But religious scruples, even in that season of disorder and devastation, forbade them to dig the grave of Teresa di Moncalda beside that of her lover. She rests in the cloister of the conventual church of Verrex, under a slab simply inscribed with her initials, and the ordinary legend of *Requiescat in pace!*

ADVENTURE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

In the height of the dry season, when in the torrid regions all animated nature pants with consuming thirst, a party of the woodcutters, English and Irish, went to hunt in the neighbourhood of a lake, called Pies Pond, in Beef Island, one of the smaller islands of the bay of Campeachy. To this pond the wild cattle repaired in herds to drink, and here the hunters lay in wait for them. The chase had been prosecuted with great success for a week, when an Irishman of the party, going into the water during the day, stumbled upon an alligator, which seized him by the knee. His cries alarmed his companions, who, fearing that he had been seized by the Spaniards, to whom the island belonged, and who chose the dry season to hunt and repel their unwelcome neighbours, instead of affording assistance, fled from the huts which they had erected. The Irishman, seeing no appearance of help, with happy presence of mind quietly waited till the alligator loosened his teeth to take a new and surer hold; and when it did so, snatched away his knee, interposing the butt-end of his gun in its stead, which the animal seized so firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hand and carried off. He then crawled up a neighbouring tree, again shouting after his comrades, who now found courage to return. His gun was found next day dragged ten or twelve paces from the place where it had been seized by the alligator.—*Literary Gazette.*

ENTRANCE TO THE PEAK CAVERN.

THIS is the most striking and remarkable amongst the numerous caverns of Derbyshire; it is situated in a deep glen, part of the valley in which the town of Castleton stands. On each side, and near the end of this glen, two large faces of rock rise to a vast height: the summit is crowned by Peveril Castle, one of the most ancient and curious in England, which stands close to the edge of a perpendicular precipice two or three hundred feet above the mouth of the Cavern.

The arched entrance is very regularly formed, being above forty feet high, and not less than one hundred and twenty feet in width; and, from the point represented in our plate, the Cave extends in a direct line nearly three hundred feet, with an effect singularly impressive.

It is here tolerably light, and persons employed in the manufacture of twine inhabit the small dwellings shown in our view, carrying on their work in the Cave without experiencing the heats of summer or the colds of winter season; occasionally acting as guides to the visitors of this romantic spot.

Beyond the first turning is a gentle declivity, and at the distance of about four hundred feet from the mouth, a door prevents the farther progress without a guide. The Cavern now gradually contracts to a low passage almost full of water, and the visitor passes under the rock in a small boat to a cave more spacious than the former, called the Grand Saloon, said to be above two hundred feet wide, and one hundred and twenty feet high. The only light in this part is obtained from candles purposely carried by the guide, the faint glimmering of which imparts a degree of horror to the darkness of the scene; but upon a proper disposition of numerous lights, the perfect shape and size of the cavern may be easily discerned. A steep ascent leads to a projecting rock, called the Chancel, where a rustic choir produce a remarkable echo: afterwards the cave becomes low and narrow. Its total length is said to be two thousand two hundred and fifty feet; a stream of water runs through the Cavern which is crossed several times, and after heavy rains is sometimes impassable.

Many singular cavities are shown, each having its particular name, and all noted for some peculiarity of feature.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE following letter from the Sidney Papers, vol. i. page 8.h, evinces that Sir Henry Sidney, father of Sir Philip believed all the lesser morals grew out of the greater ones; and that where the heart is correct, and the principles good, the exterior graces would be the sure result. It is well known that his son truly profited by his advice, for he combined the qualities of soldier, scholar, poet, and courtier, with those of the man of humanity, and the real fine gentleman.

LETTER.

"I have received two letters from you, one in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part; and will you to exercise that practice of learning often, for that will stand you in most stead in that profession of life that you were born to live in. And since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be empty of some advice which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow.

"Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak by continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray; and use this as an ordinary, and at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign

you, earnestly; and the time I know he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health.

"And mark the sense and matter of what you read, as well as the words: so shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow with your years. Be humble and obedient to your master; for unless you frame yourself to obey others, ye, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men; there is nothing that winneth so much, with so little cost. Use moderate diet; so as after your meal, you may feel your wit fresher, and not duller; and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, yet sometimes do; lest, being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in your person, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, but, otherwise, lathome.

"Give yourself to be merry. For you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing when you be most merry. But let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man: for a wound given by a word, is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with a sword. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry. Detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly; and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamedness, than of your sad friends for bold pertness. Think upon every word that you speak before you utter it; and remember how nature hath ramified up, as it were, the tongue with the teeth; yea, and hair without the lips; all betokening reins or bridles against the loose use of the tongue. Above all things tell no untruth. No, not in trifles. The custom of it is naught; and let it not satisfy you that for a time the hearers take it for a truth; for after, it will be known as it is to your shame. For there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar.

"Study and endeavour to be virtuously occupied; so shall you make such an habit of well-doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, even though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of through your mother; and think that only by virtuous life, and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice, and sloth, you shall be counted *tabes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and I fear too much for you. But if I find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food.

"Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God,
"H. SIDNEY."

FIRST LOVE AND SECOND.

As Moore is an authority on this subject, we would recommend to the attention of the ladies the following brief extract from some of his observations in the *Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, which he has just published; he agrees with another poet, "That in natures of this kind (the warm and enthusiastic), a first love is almost always but a rehearsal for the second; that imagination must act as a taster to the heart before the true 'thirst from the soul' is called forth—and that accordingly out of this sort of inconstancy to one object is oftentimes seen to spring the most passionate and even constant devotion to another."

STORY OF A STUDENT.

Creative Art,

Whether the instrument of words the use,
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,
 Demands the service of a mind and heart,
 Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part
 Heroically fashioned—to infuse
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,
 While the whole world seems adverse to desert;
 And O! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
 Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
 Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
 And in the soul admit of no decay,
 Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness,
 Great is the glory—for the strife is hard.—*Wordsworth.*

I AM about to record the strugglings of a life spent in that strife, but unrewarded by that glory.— True, my years have been few, too few for the attainment of a serene and lofty fame; yet few as they have been, their number is completed, for another will not elapse before this wasting frame shall have become “dust for oblivion.” The tide of life is ebbing fast through my young pulses—earthly hope and enterprize are extinct within me, and thought itself is changed to saddening retrospection; yet should I be uncandid did I say that self-reproach makes part of my despondency—yet should I be ungrateful did I leave earth complaining of its woes, and thankless for its pleasures. But there is one mood of mind in which I am made to feel shame, remorse, and self-contempt: it is that in which I am haunted by the fear that I do not in truth possess that genius which should alone have caused or justified the enthusiasm with which I devoted myself to the pursuit of fame. The martyr, who, in the midst of death-flames, should begin to doubt the divineness of the cause for which he suffered, could only estimate the misery with which I yield to the suspicion that the shrine on which I have sacrificed health, home, and all the world's untasted joys, contains no heaven-descended spirit, but an idol formed by my own vanity. But this distrust of my own powers, though terrible, is only occasional, and there are moments, not a few, in which I entertain the proud conviction that, had time and strength been given me, I would have won a crown and throne among the living kings of thought and song.

I was born in an Irish provincial town, which afforded excellent opportunities for education. My parents were poor and humble shop-keepers. I was their only child: my mother's pride, my mother's sorrow. Of those early days when life is almost wholly animal, I recollect little more than my boisterous delight in boyish sports, my awe of my stern, cold father, and my fondness for my indulgent mother; but since I indeed became a living soul, since thought and self-sentience dawned, memory has been a faithful chronicler. My father sent me to school betimes, intending that I should only receive instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and that when this meagre education should be completed, I should be apprenticed to some trade or business. It was long before I was reconciled to the inroads which school hours and school books made upon my childish amusements; but so soon as I had experienced the nobler excitement of mental conflict, I became the most ardent student in the academy. My father never praised or fondled me, but his parental pride was flattered by my reputation for talent, and in order to give it a wider scope, he permitted me to learn Greek and Latin, and subsequently modern languages and science. But he had not relinquished his original design of putting me into business; he only postponed the execution of it until I should have acquired the

last and highest of our collegiate honors. Meantime, study had with me become a passion; and the desire of fame grew up in my heart strong, silent, and unbending as a tree. I had felt the “spur of the old bards to mighty deeds;” I had vowed my soul to the service and the search of truth; and my body I had devoted to be the slave and instrument of its divine guest, the soul. But my desire of fame was not a selfish and sole-thoughted passion for personal aggrandizement; it was composed of the best affections of our nature: love of parents, of country, of mankind. My heart throbbed warmly at the thought that I might be the destined discoverer of truths that should be benefactions to future ages, but dearer still was the hope of winning a fame that might be worthy to make part of my country's glory; that when she should be taunted with the fewness of her philosophers and bards, mine might be among the honored names with which she would reply to the reproach. I could not indeed expect to witness more than the commencement of such a fame, but it is the peculiarity of this mysterious and unfathomable passion, that it places its hopes, though earth-bound, beyond the grave, and kindles brightest at thought of praises which will fall unheeded on the “dull cold ear of death.” Yet no man ever found a durable renown, whose claims were not at least partially recognized during his lifetime, and I was scarcely aware how much I was animated by expectancy of this foretaste of glory, and by anticipation of the triumphant wonder with which my parents would witness my success. Youthful dreams—bright visions! how often have they been dispelled by the harsh voices of reality and want; how often have I wooed them back and fondly cherished them! but now they have for ever vanished, they have heard death's coming footsteps, and are fled beyond recall.

I was now about seventeen, and had hitherto led a life as tranquil and happy as I could desire. The little apartment which I called my own, was neatly and even elegantly fitted up, and furnished with choice books, which my mother's bounty had enabled me to purchase. In this loved retreat I studied night and day, seldom leaving it, except for the purpose of enjoying my dear mother's society. Every evening when the shop was closed, my father went abroad in search of recreation, and I descended, to pass an hour or two in my mother's cheerful parlor. Here we discoursed gaily or sadly of things past, present, and to come; and often enlivened our discourse by singing together some of the beautiful airs of our country. But this sweet life of enjoyment and hope was soon to terminate. One day, as I was retiring after dinner, my father said abruptly,

“I have apprenticed you to Mr. ———, the woollen draper; indeed I should have done so long since; but I expect that you will immediately prepare to give up your bookish nonsense, and enter on your new situation.”

I stated my invincible repugnance to this mode of

life, and attempted to remonstrate against being forced to enter on it; but he interrupted me with vehement anger, vowing that I should adopt the business he had chosen for me, or leave his house and provide for myself, as he would no longer support me in idleness. Silently indignant I withdrew, and shutting myself in my quiet sanctuary, began to contemplate for the first time the stern and chill realities of life. I felt that I was no longer a child to be nourished by the toil of others; the time was come when I must bear my portion of the primal curse, and eat the bread of my own labour. Yet I could not resolve to brave the living death that was proposed to me. To forego my burning desire of fame, and submit to years of dreary toil with no higher aim than that of making a little money—to be compelled to learn the textures, prices, &c., of broad-cloths, while my soul was thirsting unquenchably for knowledge—such a lot I could not for an instant bear to dwell upon. I could not blame my father, but I determined not to deceive him; and as I found myself unfitted for a business life, I resolved not to sacrifice my time and his money by entering on any apprenticeship whatever. I had just formed this resolution when my mother entered. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and her voice faltered as she said, "Surely, dear John, you will not disobey your father?"

"Nothing could grieve me more than doing so, but what he commands at present, is an impossibility to me."

"O, my poor child, do not say so! Your father has solemnly sworn, that if in one week you do not consent, you must leave this house—and you know how resolute he is."

"Well, in that at least I can obey him," I said, proudly, though my breast heaved and my eyes brimmed. I know not what hardness or strength of heart enabled me to resist my mother's entreaties, but when she found me inflexible, she implored me to make choice of any of the learned professions—divinity, law, medicine—and promised to obtain my father's consent. But neither did the professions tempt me. The first was too sacred to be entered on from inferior motives, and the others would too much engross that time which my ambition had secretly dedicated to higher uses. My poor mother was dismayed, and a faint sound of displeasure was in her voice as she asked, "What do you intend to do?" I had not conceived the difficulty of answering this simple and natural question, and I blushed painfully as I reflected that the disclosure of my plans would subject me to the imputation of madness. I therefore attempted to quiet my mother, by telling her, what was indeed the truth, that I intended going to Dublin, where, by the exercise of my talents, I hoped to be able to maintain myself for a few years, after which I would be better able to choose a walk of life fitted to my capacity. I had, in fact, determined on going to Dublin, and there commencing my literary labors. I proposed to myself a life of more than anchorite seclusion, and austerity in food and clothing; and I did not doubt that, by daily sacrificing a small portion of my time in tuition, on some such occupation, I should be able to supply my few wants, and yet reserve all my energies for the slow and toilsome march to fame. I did not then know how much of time and labor the world sometimes exacts in pay for mere subsistence. My father did not speak to me until the time he had appointed for receiving my consent. He then summoned me to his presence, and demanded my decision. I replied respectfully, but firmly, that my habits and inclinations were invincibly averse to business. He then scoffingly wished me success in the honorable career I was about to run, and telling out twenty guineas, he handed them to me, saying sternly, but I thought also sorrowfully:

"Headstrong and disobedient boy, try how long you will be able to maintain yourself on this sum, then try how long your talents will take to earn even that pittance, and you will soon discover that a business life is fittest for one who is not born to an independence. The sooner you purchase this experience, the better for yourself, therefore leave my house to-morrow, and never again enter it until you are convinced of the folly of your disobedience."

Next morning I quitted the parental roof, never again to become a dweller under it. My little fund had been privately augmented by my mother, and I had with me an excellent wardrobe, so that I felt secured from want for at least a year, and that year I resolved to dedicate to my first work. On arriving in Dublin, my first care was to procure a cheap and quiet lodging. In this I succeeded, and quickly establishing myself in my new residence, I commenced my long projected poem. Nothing could so effectually have taught me humility as did this attempt. Thoughts and images, which in the mistiness of my own imagination had seemed sublime, lost their majesty, and sank into common-place when clothed in my uncouth style; and I saw, but without dismay, that it would be long before I could fashion for myself a grand harmonious utterance like that of the ancient sons of song.

Were I an acknowledged child of genius, I might here relate many of my mental experiences, for, in that case, they would be highly interesting; but I feel the difference which exists, and which ought to exist, between the biography of an obscure, and that of a celebrated man, and shall, therefore, suppress the details of my hours of composition. The scantiness of my income compelled me to adopt the most rigid frugality. I lived almost entirely upon bread, fruit, and vegetables, and often (shall I confess it?) when the chill and cheerless meal was served, I caught myself sighing after the delicacies with which my tender mother used to tempt my fastidious appetite. But far, far more did I miss that mother's tenderness, when sickness visited me, and that was frequently, for I was of a very delicate constitution. But these considerations had no power to check my enthusiasm. When they recurred, I banished them with these few words of Chateaubriand, which I often and fervently repeated: "What are privations, what is death itself, if our name but descend to posterity—and if, two thousand years hence, its sound should cause one generous heart to beat in the cause of liberty?"

I was in the habit of taking a long walk into the country very early every morning, and it was always during these excursions that I originated those poetical conceptions, which, during the day and night, I labored to embody. One morning, about six months after my arrival in Dublin, I went out for this purpose, taking with me some money, with the intention of purchasing a work which I ardently desired to possess. It was seldom, indeed, that I could permit myself such an indulgence, and I had long since discovered that even the student cannot be reconciled to poverty, when he feels that mental, as well as sensual pleasures, are circumscribed by want of money. As I was walking along Sackville street, my eye was caught by a mail-coach bearing the name of my native town. An unutterable yearning to look again upon my dear mother's face filled my heart; the money which I had with me would defray the expenses of the journey—the coach was about to start—I could not resist the impulse of filial love, I stepped upon the vehicle, and in a few seconds found myself rapidly travelling towards my birth-place. Looking back upon all the circumstances of the visit to my mother, I cannot but believe that it was some mysterious prompting that urged me to it on that particular day. It was late and dark when I arrived, but it was, I knew, the best

time for seeing my mother alone, as the hour approached at which my father generally closed the shop and went abroad. Meantime, I wrapped my cloak around me, and muffling the lower part of my face in its folds, I walked up and down, gazing fondly on my dear mother, who was as usual busied in the shop. As I stood in the shadow without the door, I could hear some of the customers, who were neighbors, inquiring for me, and attempting in their own style to comfort my mother, whose tears flowed at my name. They promised that I would soon see my folly and return, unless, indeed, I should fall into the wicked ways of the great city, and then there was no saying, &c. All, however, agreed that it was cruel in my father to cast me off for a first offence; but here his entrance from the back parlor suspended the conversation, and the gossips dispersed, one of them saying as she passed me in the darkness, "Ah! I doubt he is a wild boy; no good could he be thinking of when he refused the decent trade his father offered him." I continued to hover near the house until I saw my father close the shop and go out. I then knocked gently, and making myself known, was soon clasped in my mother's arms. We sat together until my father's return, when, as I did not wish to be seen by him, my mother brought me to my former apartment, and left me, promising to see me in the morning, and to call me in time to return next day by the Dublin coach. About an hour after midnight, however, I accidentally awoke. A bright full moon was shining into the apartment, and its silver brilliance fell on the face and form of my beloved mother, who was kneeling and praying by my bedside. The moonlight showed me that she wept fast and freely, although no sound of sorrow passed her lips. Stretching out my hands to her, I murmured, "Dearest mother!" but, taking my hands in hers, and pressing them to her lips, she whispered, "Hush, my child, sleep, for you have need of rest;" then holding my hands, and bowing her head upon them, she continued in the attitude of prayer. I gazed upon her in unspeakable reverence and love, until sleep insensibly surprised me, and, owing to the fatigue I had undergone, several hours elapsed before I again awakened, and in that half-conscious state which precedes a gradual waking from a profound sleep, I felt an indefinable sense of misery, a strange presentiment of impending evil. Without unclosing my eyelids, I knew that my mother had not quitted the posture in which I had last seen her. Her hands still clasped mine, her lips still pressed them; but the hands were cold—the lips had no breath. In an agony of alarm I started up. The gray twilight of dawn enabled me to distinguish her kneeling and moveless figure. I called on her in tones of love and terror; but no motion, no reply. Hoping that she slept or had swooned, I raised her tenderly in my arms, but her tears were dried—her sorrows and prayers were ended—she was dead! She had perished by the swift stroke of apoplexy, and I had slept tranquilly while the only heart that loved me was stilled for ever!

Grief for my mother's death served to soften my father's displeasure against me; and during the very few years that he survived her, he occasionally sent me money and other presents. At his death, I inherited the small sum arising from the sale of his effects; these pecuniary aids enabled me to devote several years to study and composition. During this period I began several works, and completed some, but never attempted to bring any of them before the public. I looked upon them rather as exercises that would prepare me for the production of glorious works, than as compositions entitling me to any share of present fame. I naturally distrusted the efforts of such extreme youth. (I was scarce twenty-one,) and I would not, if I could, have risked my hope of reputation by publishing any of them. But I could no longer continue to toil for a

remote object; my funds were almost exhausted, and I must earn money or starve. In this emergency, I wrote a short article and sent it to a London periodical, for seldom does my luckless country possess any of these ready resources of indigent genius. After a considerable delay, my suspense was terminated by the return of the article, accompanied, however, by a complimentary note from the editor, stating that its rejection was unavoidable, as it avowed political principles opposed to those supported in his periodical; but hinting that the same power and taste expended on papers purely literary, would insure their insertion. Simpleton that I was, I had overlooked the obvious necessity of silence on obnoxious topics. I resolved, however, to profit by the lesson in future, but it came too late for my urgent wants, and I was unwillingly obliged to offer one of my poetical works for sale. I resolved to part with it for any sum, however small, that might relieve my present necessities, annexing only the condition that it should be published anonymously. The first publisher to whom I offered it, declined without reading it, saying coldly that he did nothing in that line. The next perused it carefully, and pronounced it the work of a strong but immature genius, adding, however, that even had it been far superior he could not risk the expense of publication. The poem had been so long written that I could judge of it dispassionately, and I freely admitted the justice of the bookseller's opinion. Encouraged by his friendliness, however, I informed him of the necessity that could alone have induced me to think of publishing it. I begged him to furnish me with some literary employment, however humble, that would procure me present relief. "At present," he replied, "I cannot think of any. At another season, I might give you orders for political pamphlets, though I doubt whether your philosophic mind could stoop to render them such as would generally please and obtain an extensive sale." I was about to leave him in despair, when he hesitatingly mentioned that he believed he could procure me a situation, which, though it was beneath my talents, might possibly be acceptable in my present circumstances. I eagerly accepted this offer of his services, and was in a few days engaged as clerk in a newspaper-office, at a salary of forty pounds per annum. This, together with occasional contributions to magazines, afforded me a comfortable livelihood; but my time was completely sacrificed—my genius so much dissipated and frittered away, that I was as far removed from the possibility of producing any great original work, as if I had been employed from morn till night in measuring broad cloths. Daily I became convinced that of all men he is most miserable who is wholly dependent on literature as a profession. He, whose very subsistence must be purchased by the daily labors of his pen, can never attain that concentration of spirit so necessary to genius, nor, transcendent as may be his talents, will he ever win an immortal fame. But I must now hasten to a part of my narrative chequered by events and feelings more generally interesting.

One evening, about dusk, I was as usual in my office. It was the eve of publication, and I was busily engaged at my desk, when a small slip of paper was laid before me. Glancing hastily over it, I saw that it was an advertisement for insertion in the next day's paper. The advertiser desired a situation as governess, and professed competency to teach the various accomplishments indispensable to modern female education. Communications were to be left at the office. I looked up at the bearer, who I felt assured was the advertiser. Her appearance strongly excited my curiosity and interest. She seemed scarcely sixteen, and had an air of utter artlessness and inexperience. Glossy golden ringlets fell in profusion round a face and neck of singular beauty and fairness, but her eyes were strained with weeping, and her hurried manner indi-

cated terror and distress. She had on a deep coarse bonnet and a common gray cloak, such as are worn by females of the lower order; but an accidental motion of her arm displayed the dress she wore beneath, which was extravagant, rich, and showy. Puzzled by these incongruities, but still more interested by her loveliness and evident embarrassment, I offered to send or bring her any communication, if she would favour me with her address; but she eagerly exclaimed, "O, not for the world!" Then checking herself, she said she could not think of giving me that trouble, but would herself call in a day or two. When she left me, I saw her tripping along the street with the speed and lightness of a fairy; while ever and anon she glanced hurriedly around, as if fearful of being followed or discovered. The day after the advertisement appeared, a letter was left by a livery servant, addressed to the advertiser. So anxious was I to see her again that I feared to leave the office for a moment, lest she should call during my absence; and every female form that approached made my heart palpitate with expectation. At length, when evening was deepening into twilight, the lovely little stranger came. Before she had time to ask a question I handed the letter to her, which she received with the fervent ejaculation of "Thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" Opening it impatiently, she began to read, but the brilliant flush of joy soon faded from her cheeks, her lip quivered, and she burst into tears. Deeply affected, I ventured to express my sympathy, and suggested that, by repeating the advertisement she might meet with something more satisfactory than the present proposal. Restraining her tears, she answered, "Ah, yes, let it be repeated. The present situation would not do. I need not apply for it." She then inquired the cost of the advertisement; indeed, she seemed scarcely sure it would cost any thing, and availing myself of her evident inexperience, I named a price scarcely half the real one, purposing to supply the deficiency myself. I was delighted that I had done so when I saw how much she was appalled even by the small sum which I demanded. She paid it, however, in silence, and left the office. As it was now my time for returning home, I could not resist the impulse to follow her, and if possible discover her residence. Accordingly I kept as close to her as I could do without attracting her observation. In this manner we passed through several crowded streets, until we came to one comparatively private. Here the unprotected girl was accosted by two gentlemen, who peered admiringly under her bonnet, and seemed disposed to enter into conversation with her. She evidently quickened her steps in order to avoid them, but finding it impossible to distance them, she darted into a shop which was still open. I saw, however, that her persecutors continued to watch for her re-appearance, and resolved to offer her my protection. For this purpose I entered the shop, where I found her trembling violently, and pale as death. With respectful earnestness, I urged her to accept my escort, which she did, though not without reluctance. We walked on for some time in silence, which was at length broken by the fair unknown herself. "I know not, kind stranger, why I should so much dread letting you see the poverty of my present abode, and I am sure I may rely on your concealing your knowledge of it, and of me, when I assure you my happiness, perhaps my life depends on my concealment." I eagerly assured her that her confidence should not be abused, and representing the danger of traversing the streets at such an hour, obtained permission to bring to her any letter that might follow her advertisement. We had now arrived at a poor cabin in one of the city's most miserable outlets. It was the lodging of my beautiful and mysterious companion. She did not invite me to enter, but begged that so soon as I should have any intelli-

gence for her I would come there and inquire for "Charlotte."

This little adventure kindled my youthful imagination, and, short and slight as had been our acquaintance, I was already enthusiastically enamoured of this fair and helpless being, who, though almost a child, was so strangely friendless and forsaken. I felt boyishly proud of the protection I had afforded her, and, for the first time in my life, I longed for wealth and station that I might share them with her. Methinks I see the self-sufficient sneer with which the "world's true worldings," will regard my pure and honourable love for one of whom I knew so little, and that little so questionable and suspicious. But no dark doubt of her purity ever flitted across my soul, filled as it was with that ancient-world passion—love. Her sweet and cherub countenance was ever present to my eye and heart; and he who could dispute its testimony must have been fashioned of other clay than I. I had no thought, no plan for the future; I only felt that I loved with my whole mind, and heart, and soul. I only knew that if I could not win her love I must be for ever wretched. I watched, anxiously as she could have done, for an answer to her second advertisement, but none appeared, and with a heavy heart I went to communicate the unwelcome intelligence. On arriving at the house, I raised the latch, and found myself in a kitchen, in which two or three dirty little children were at play. I inquired for Charlotte, and one of them threw open the door of a side apartment which contained a mangle, baskets of clean clothes, &c., indicating that the house was tenanted by a poor washer-woman. Charlotte was standing at a table in the centre of the room, engaged in ironing some caps—The costly dress in which I had first seen her had been laid aside, and she was now attired in a plain wrapper of coarse brown stuff. She welcomed me gratefully, and invited me to sit down, but my intelligence seemed to convey the bitterest disappointment. I endeavoured to prolong the conversation, as an excuse for prolonging my visit, and not knowing how to begin, I reverted to her then occupation. "It was," she said, "wholly new to her, and she feared her hostess would soon be weary of so unprofitable a servant." Although she did not confess so much, I learned to suspect, that if she failed of procuring a situation, she would soon be destitute of food and shelter. I advised a repetition of the advertisement, to which she assented. A letter was the result, and early in the forenoon I went to deliver it to her. I found the mistress of the house alone. Charlotte was absent. "She had," she said, sent her to the hedge, to watch some clothes, which were drying; "but, indeed," she added, "I cannot keep her much longer. Very few would have let her in as I did, when she came here in the darkness of the night, crying for shelter. God forgive me! I thought she was nothing good, when I saw how she was 'dizzened out like a play actress. But, poor thing! I never saw any harm with her since she came here, and I would not turn her out if I could help it; but I can hardly get bread for my own children; and now her money is done, and though she is willing to work she is of no use to me; for, indeed sir, she has not the strength of a cat: would you believe it, she fainted yesterday at the wash-tub." The poor woman would have run on for hours, endeavouring to excuse to herself and to me her intended inhospitality; but I pacified her by a small present, which I promised to repeat in case she treated her guest kindly, and telling her that I had a letter, which I was sure contained good news, I persuaded her to go take Charlotte's place, and send her home to receive it. I had not waited long when Charlotte arrived, breathless and brilliantly rosy from haste and expectation. But the perusal of this second letter seemed even more afflictive than that of the former. Letting the paper fall from her hands, she

sank upon a seat with a look of utter hopelessness, that it was terrible to witness in one so young. She did not conceal from me the cause of her disappointment and despair. Having resolved to exchange her time and talents in return for mere maintenance and protection, and determined not to reject any situation, however lowly, in which these could be afforded her, she had not anticipated the possibility of failure. Her ignorance of the world's ways had prevented her foreseeing the necessity of references and testimonials as to character; hence her dismay, on finding, from both letters, that these were absolutely required. Testimonials of any description, she could not, she said, procure without incurring the certainty of a discovery, which she dreaded more than death; even her real name, she confessed she dare not assume. I saw, at once, that under such circumstances she would find it impossible to procure any honourable occupation; and I shuddered at the peril of her situation. Though I could not penetrate the mystery that enveloped her circumstances, yet I felt in every nerve the magic of her looks, her tones, her tears; my love grew brighter as her fate grew dark. I longed to lift her from the thorns of life, and bear her over its dreary waste, safely sheltered in a husband's arms. Awed by the venerable presence of misery, I had not yet dared to speak of love, but the respectful fervor of my manner, and the sympathy I manifested for her misfortunes, had I saw, impressed her in my favour, and disposed her to regard me with confidence. I could not commence my suit in a place where we would be every moment liable to interruption. I wished rather to breathe my vows "full in the smile of the blue firmament," and telling Charlotte that I wished to converse with her on a subject important to my happiness, I with much difficulty obtained her consent to walk with me that afternoon. At the appointed hour I returned for her, and found her equipped, with her usual attention to disguise. The evening was a glorious one, and we rapidly and in silence traversed the streets that lay between us and the quiet of the country. As we passed along one of the squares, Charlotte grasped my arm convulsively, and bent down her head as if in terror. I saw that the object on which her eye had rested, before it was so suddenly withdrawn, was a phaeton which was slowly approaching us. In it were seated a handsome, but bold and showy looking woman, who seemed to be about forty or forty-five years of age, and a man some ten or fifteen years younger. While they were slowly passing, I felt Charlotte shudder, as if in an agony of affright; she then gasped out, "Did they see me? Do they look back towards us?" Turning to observe them, I saw that they had not noticed us, and told Charlotte so.—She then drew a long relieving breath, but murmured passionately, "Oh, that the grave would hide me from them—from wretchedness!"

As soon as we had left behind the stir and tumult of the city, I began to describe my love with all the eloquence of fervid passion. Charlotte heard me in silence; but not, alas! the silence of a loving and beloved maiden. Low moans stole through her pale, closed lips, and heavy sobs shook her slender frame. Distressed and bewildered by a grief which seemed alike remote from affection and from indifference, I could only articulate, "Charlotte, Charlotte! do you not, can you not love me?"

At this question she suddenly looked up into my eyes with a rapt and devotional expression. "O what a heart would mine be if it did not love you! Yes, my guardian angel, my protector, my friend—my only friend, I do indeed love you!"

A thrill of rapture ran through my pulses at this impassioned avowal, and I exclaimed triumphantly, "Then are we one, henceforth and for ever; another sun shall not set before our hands shall ratify the

union of our hearts! Say, dearest, shall this not be so?"

"O no, no, no, I may not, must not, be your wife! Fate has stored no such happiness for me."

I tenderly remonstrated with her on the inconsistency of her words, and pictured glowingly the efforts that I would make to better my lot, when she should be the sharer of it. A strange, sad conflicting of love and fear was visible on her countenance while I spoke; but she made no direct reply, only ejaculating, as if in prayer, "Almighty arbiter! can it be thy will that I should cast away this blessing—that I should myself dash down the cup of happiness?"

From her broken exclamations I learned to fear that there was some hidden impediment to our union, and I implored her to tell me if this was the case—but tears and sobs were her only reply. At length, when we drew near the city on our return, she became suddenly calm, like one who has formed a resolution on which the future must depend. "John," she said, "I can no longer endure this miserable strife. I fear that I have taught even your unsuspecting heart to doubt me. I have therefore resolved to confide to you the whole of my short, sad history; but to-night I am unequal to the task. To-morrow I will write to you, and if when you have read my letter, you still desire our union, I shall have nothing left to wish for."

Next day I received the promised letter. It began abruptly. "My true name is Charlotte Ormond. My earliest recollections are of a school in the south of Ireland, in which, until about two months ago, I passed my life. When quite an infant, I was placed there by my mother, who continued regularly to remit my school pension, but never visited or wrote to me. My youthful imagination delighted in decorating this unknown mother with all the loveliest attributes of humanity.—I loved to make my young companions describe their respective mothers, and from each I stole some grace or charm wherewith to deck my visionary parent.—Night and day I prayed and pined to see my mother; in her all my hopes and affections centred, and often have I envied some little ragged urchin, when I have witnessed the maternal caresses bestowed on it. Alas! alas! I have since found my own. And what a mother! to avoid her I would flee to the ends of the earth—to the depths of the sea—to the gloom of the grave. The only information that my governess could give me concerning her was, that when she left me at school, about twelve years before, she was a beautiful woman, in the prime of life, and called herself Mrs. Ormond. Since that time the remittance had been sent regularly, often from provincial towns in various parts of the United Kingdom, but in winter they came chiefly from London. From this, and some peculiarities of dress and manner, which she had noted in their sole interview, my governess conjectured that my mother was an actress, though she had never been able to discover any of celebrity who bore that name.

"About two months ago this long expected parent came to remove me from school. She had, she said, withdrawn from the stage, and intending to reside privately in the neighborhood of Dublin, wished naturally for the society of her daughter. I hung enraptured on every word and every glance of my beautiful mother, and though to me there seemed something strange and startling in her manner, I carefully combated this impression, and imputed it to my own ignorance of the world. Though I shed some regretful tears on leaving my young companions, yet regret was soon lost in glad anticipation. And when I found myself seated beside my mother in her elegant chariot, I was conscious only of tenderness and joy. We arrived at our new home (a neat villa within a few miles of this city) on the third day of our journey. Here I was allotted a sumptuously furnished apartment, and my mother's confidential waiting-woman, Catharine,

was appointed to attend me and superintend my toilet. I often remonstrated against the gaudy adornments that were heaped upon me, but with a laughing tyranny which I could not resist, I was compelled to wear them. Every day my mother drove me to town in her phaeton, and every day seemed to add to the number of gentlemen who attended, and escorted us. Two or three times a week my mother gave splendid suppers, but at these few, very few of her own sex were present; indeed, her associates were almost all gentlemen. Of these Sir Lawrence Harwell paid me the most assiduous attention; but there was a boldness, a presumption in his manner, which made me receive his addresses with unqualified disgust and terror. Indeed, the society in which I now found myself was well calculated to inspire such feelings. Levity and profaneness ruled the conversation of the guests.—And the hostess—but in what words can a daughter paint a mother's moral deformity? How shall I describe my horror when veil after veil fell from my eyes, and I looked clearly on my mother's dishonour. She sedulously encouraged the addresses of Sir Lawrence, and frowned severely on me whenever I ventured to treat him with disdain in her presence. Though this grieved me, it did not lessen my respect for her, as I considered it pardonable in her to desire so wealthy an alliance for me; but I was soon cruelly undeceived. One day when Harwell had teased me out of patience by his importunate professions, I exclaimed petulantly, 'Sir Lawrence Harwell, spare yourself and me a repetition of these scenes, for I solemnly assure you that I would not marry you if you were monarch of the world.' I do not remember the words in which the wretch replied, but their import aroused in me a passion of indignation, such as I had believed myself incapable of experiencing. I commanded him instantly to leave the house, and declared that I would prevent the possibility of his return, by informing my mother of the deep baseness of his designs. 'Your mother, my pretty baby,' scoffed the fiend, 'will feel very slightly obliged by your communication. However, I see that she has sadly neglected your education. And I shall, as you desire, relieve you of my presence; but to-morrow I shall hope to find you more tractable! a little maternal advice will improve you amazingly. But I vow we must have you on the boards. That melo-dramatic air is divine, and would make your fortune.' Appalled and terror stricken I fled to my own apartment, and, locking myself into it, tried to reflect upon the scene that had just occurred. But in vain. I could not follow out any train of thought; my mind was a chaos, through which one sole bright ray penetrated—a hope that the atrocious Harwell had belied my mother. When, therefore, she knocked at my door, I gladly admitted her, and throwing myself into her arms, sobbed out my agony on her bosom.—But never shall my pen or tongue repeat the conversation that ensued. It was such as left me convinced of the utter, the unimaginable depravity of her whom I must call my mother. I never loved her since—I can never love her more! The violence of her threats left me no hope of safety but in flight, and flight I found impossible. Two days had elapsed, during which I was permitted to remain undisturbed in my own apartment; but on the third my mother entered. All traces of anger were banished from her fine features, and with a congratulatory and exulting air she informed me that Sir Lawrence had commissioned her to make me an offer of his hand. The very thought of passing my life with such an abandoned man, filled me with a sick, unutterable loathing, and forgetting my fears of my mother's violence, I solemnly asseverated that I would rather die. The words had no sooner passed my lips, than she smote me again and again, with frantic fury, then hissing into my ears a horrible malediction, she vowed that she would her-

self drag me to the altar. In a misery verging on delirium I continued to lie, stretched on the floor, as she had left me, and had the means of self-murder been within my reach, I feel—I fear that I should have used them. Towards evening Catharine came to wait on me. She had, she said, been ordered to adorn me for the reception of Sir Lawrence's first visit to me as his intended bride. Thinking I read compassion in the woman's voice and manner, I implored her to aid me in escaping from a fate so horrible. She long resisted my passionate entreaties, but at length promised to aid my escape in case she could do so without herself incurring suspicion. But in order to procure a possibility of this, it was, she said, necessary that I should gradually assume a semblance of consent.—This was my first lesson in deceit; but necessity makes apt scholars, and I soon learned to veil my abhorrence with false words and smiles. The vigilance of my persecutors, however, was not lulled, and I saw the appointed time approach without bringing any opportunity of escape. Sometimes too, I was haunted by a fear lest Catharine's seeming sympathy might be only part of a deep-laid scheme to compass my unhappiness. The fatal day appointed for my marriage came.—Catharine continued to feed, but had not yet fulfilled my hopes. She urged me to keep up the deceit, and I obeyed her, yes—obeyed her, even while my cruel mother decked me for the sacrifice. But I escaped—praised be Heaven! I escaped before it was consummated. Catharine procured me the slight disguise of a course cloak, which I had only time to cast over my gay bridal garb, when the long sought opportunity of escape occurred. Youth and terror lent me speed, and I had nearly reached the city when darkness set in, its friendly shroud enabling me to pass even the hated Harwell unnoticed. I wandered long through the city's thousand obscure lanes and alleys, before I could summon courage to seek a night's shelter; at length, alarmed by the lateness of the hour, I succeeded in obtaining my present refuge. The following day was that on which I first saw you.

"And now, generous and kind friend, if you can resolve to wed your heart to me, who may at any moment be torn from you, I shall no longer scruple to link your fate with mine. I know little of the laws of man, but I believe that they endow the parent with absolute power during the child's minority; and if during mine my mother should discover me, I should be lost to you for ever. Better than this that we should now part, that I should bear my misfortunes alone, and leave you to the peace in which I found you. If you share in this conviction, let yesterday's meeting be our last, but do not quite forget the lone castaway, whose latest breath will utter prayers for you."

The intense interest with which I perused this little narrative, was only equalled by my delight on finding that it contained nothing which should delay or prevent my union with Charlotte. I did not observe that her story furnished no adequate cause for those exclamations which had led me to fear that some duty opposed our marriage. This discrepancy between her written and spoken words eluded my notice, until recalled by succeeding events.

In a few days we were married, and I brought my young bride to my humble lodging. I cannot here delight the romantic and imprudent by describing our wedded life as an unalloyed elysium. We were indeed in full possession of those rarest and purest elements of happiness,—harmonious accordance of temper and disposition, and calm repose on the affection of each other, but we were not therefore insensible to the vexing power of minor evils. For the sake of a miserable pittance, I was obliged to leave my Charlotte for the greater part of every day utterly alone, and when I did return to her, instead of being able to enliven our evenings by gay or tender converse, I was

obliged to devote myself to the literary drudgery which served to eke out our precarious subsistence.—Nor was Charlotte an idle dependent on my toil.—Mistress of her needle and pencil, she devised a hundred fanciful little elegancies which amused her solitude, and by the sale of which (though miserably ill paid) she augmented our income. These small earnings she loved to devote to the purchase of some dainty or luxury wherewith to cheer our evening repast, the hour of re-union after our daily separation. Her winning playfulness had intense captivation for one, like me, unused to female society, and each day developed in her some new grace of manner or charm of character that added, if that were possible, to my affection. My mild, cold dream of glory had faded before the healthier excitement of labouring for the happiness of a beloved object, and when, during my hours of study, my gentle wife silently pursued her household avocations, I felt that the "light whisper of her footsteps soft," was a more spirit-stirring music than ever echoed from the trump of fame. For several weeks after our marriage Charlotte seemed quite happy. I never entered my home that I did not find her gaily singing at her work. Though I could not help suspecting that this was an affectionate artifice to quiet my regret at leaving her so much alone, it yet was evident that she was content and cheerful. All my reasonings, however, could not banish what I considered her exaggerated fears of detection. She never went out, except in cases of absolute necessity, and then veiled and disguised herself as closely as ever.—The effect of such confinement on a naturally fragile frame was soon visible. Her soft young cheek "grew sick within the rose's just domain," and the hollow cough which has knelled away so many precious lives, became frightfully frequent. Then I felt the sharpest sting of poverty: I could not bear my drooping bird to the pure climes of health and renovation, but must sit calmly by and see her pine to death in her lone cage; I vainly tried to make her accept of such recreations as were within our reach. The mere idea of going to any place of amusement made her shiver and turn pale, and on the few occasions on which she went abroad to procure materials for her industry, such were her panting haste and trepidation, that her health was injured rather than benefited. But I soon became aware that it was not disease alone that was preying on her life. Some new and solitary sorrow was seated in her eyes, and the lightest tread, the softest knock, made her suspend her breath, and strain her sight as if for the appearance of some terrific phantom. One evening, on my return from the office, I ran up stairs as usual to her little drawing-room, but had nearly stumbled over the prostrate figure of my wife, who lay in a deep swoon a few paces within the door.—On her recovery she imputed her indisposition to mere physical weakness, but, from this time forward, I observed she always bolted the door of our apartment during my absence. Her caution arose, she said, from the carelessness of the persons below in leaving the street door open, and thus exposing her to the intrusion of any one who chose to enter. One evening, about twilight, I was on my way home, at an hour somewhat earlier than usual, when I saw Charlotte at a distance of several paces from me. I could not mistake her well-known dress, her light and graceful step, though I wished to dispute even the testimony of my senses, when I saw her addressing earnestly and with animated gesture, a gentleman who was walking with her. At the corner of a street diverging towards our lodging, her companion was about to leave her, when she laid her hand on his arm with a detaining movement, prolonged the conversation, then darted rapidly homewards. I followed, but though she could not have preceded me two minutes, I found her quietly seated by the fire, all traces of her recent excursion

banished. Resolved to watch the development of this mystery in silence, I did not mention what I had seen, but, for the first time, I felt unkindly towards her, and my manner must have betrayed the feeling, for often during the evening I caught her eyes fixed upon me with an expression of relenting fondness that half vanquished my rising doubts of her integrity. The following evening we were sitting together, silently occupied, I in writing, Charlotte in drawing, when a handsome, well-dressed man, of about thirty years of age, entered our apartment unannounced. He addressed me with an air of fashionable effrontery,

"You are, I presume, the ——?"

I assented.

"And that young lady, in what relation does she stand to you?"

"She is my wife."

"Are you very sure of that, young sir?"

"Perfectly. But by what right do you presume to investigate her affairs or mine?"

"By the indisputable right and title of a husband; for know, young gentleman, that if you believe yourself married to this girl, she has egregiously deceived you. Let her, if she can, deny that she was my wedded wife before she ever saw your face!"

I looked to Charlotte, expecting her indignant refutation of this dreadful charge, but she had none to offer! Pale, convicted, guilty, she sat, like a felon, awaiting doom.

And addressing her, the intruder continued, "But, in consideration of your childish years, I shall overlook the past if you will now return to your duty. Come then, my fair fugitive, my—nay, I should say your—carrriage waits to bear you hence."

But with a wild shriek of abhorrence, Charlotte fled at his approach, and sought refuge behind my chair. The strange scene proceeded, but, stunned as I was by the certainty of Charlotte's guilt, I took no part in it.

"Be it so, then, my fair dame! but, since you will not accompany me on my continental tour, I shall defer it, in order to have the pleasure of procuring you a safe and cheap passage to New Holland. British law recognizes such a crime as bigamy, my pretty runaway."

The wretched Charlotte had not yet spoken, but she now said slowly and in hoarse and feeble accents, "Monster, I no longer fear you. You have destroyed my peace—you have poisoned my happiness—you have broken my heart—you can do no more."

"I shall try, nevertheless. Therefore, most gracious wife, adieu. Trust me, we shall meet again."

For many minutes after his departure, the silence of our apartment was unbroken, save by the weak, troubled breathings of the unhappy Charlotte. At length she attempted to take my hand, but I repulsed her sternly and coldly, and, burying my face in my hands, yielded to all the bitterness of the belief that my hopes of love, though fairer, had been false than my hopes of fame. The unfortunate then fell at my feet in penitential humbleness, but I could not trust my fortitude to look upon her, and she continued her pleadings, interrupted only by her sobs, and fatal, convulsive cough. "Oh, John, beloved John, have you no forgiveness for her who has loved, and still loves you so fervently and well? Listen to the whole truth, and do not pronounce a sentence harsher than that I look for from my heavenly Judge. The letter which I wrote to you was true in all particulars but one. I was momentarily expecting Catharine to give me freedom, when she entered my room hurriedly, and said that Harwell had arrived, accompanied by the clergyman who was to perform the ceremony—that he desired to see me immediately, and that flight was now impossible. I resolved to cast myself on the protection of the clergyman, but Catharine assured me that this would be of no avail, as he was a person wholly

devoted to Harwell's interest. But if, she said, I could submit to undergo the ceremony, and thus quiet all suspicion, escape would then be easy, as she knew that Harwell and my mother had some business to transact, which could not be completed till after the marriage. Fear and her arguments prevailed. I was led to the drawing-room, where, half-insensible, I heard some words muttered over me, and repeated others, the import of which I scarcely knew. The hated ring (which I soon after flung away for ever) was then placed on my finger, and I was told that I was married. Shortly after I withdrew, my mother and Harwell remaining together. Then it was that Catharine fulfilled her promise, and I fled. And now, dear husband, (for so I will ever call you,) now you will understand the mingled joy and anguish with which I listened to the avowal of your pure and ardent love; but, believe me, I did not at first intend to deceive you. Even when I began that lying letter I meditated a full disclosure of my situation. I believed that my enforced marriage could not be binding in the sight of Heaven, and I hoped that you might also think so. But my courage failed when I contemplated the possibility of losing you for ever by this confession, and I adopted the deceit which made you mine. I know that you may justly doubt the truth of even this statement, from one already convicted of falsehood, but words uttered with death-breath may surely be relied on." They were relied on, and long before the dear penitent had concluded her recital, she was restored to my confidence, and pillowed on my bosom. She continued to explain the events of the last few days.

One evening, on her return from making some little purchases, she was followed and traced home by Harwell, who forced himself into her presence, but who, to her great surprise, instead of upbraiding her for her desertion, addressed her in terms of adulation, and urged her to accompany him on a tour of pleasure which he was about to make. Having discovered that what she most dreaded was my being made acquainted with his claim, he, on her refusal to accompany him, or even to receive his visits, threatened to make all known, and legally enforce her return to him. It was on the evening of this threatening visit that I found her in the deep swoon, into which she had fallen soon after he had left her. Hence her precautions for preventing any subsequent intrusions on her solitude, and hence too her alarm at every sound that might indicate the approach of a stranger. The evening before the present, however, meeting him accidentally, she, of her own accord, accosted him and earnestly besought him to bury in oblivion their ill-omened marriage, and leave her to the lowlier lot which she had chosen. His manner left her in doubt as to the effect of her entreaties, but the event showed that his revengeful feelings were excited by her unconquerable aversion, and made us feel that he would spare no effort to compass our separation, and her destruction. Though I felt that poor Charlotte was my wife, in the eye of justice and of Heaven, I yet feared that human law would not consider her as such. My marriage with her could, I knew, be easily substantiated, and if, as was likely, Harwell could also prove his, every thing was to be dreaded from his malignity. This, together with alarm at her hourly increasing illness, prevented my thinking of Charlotte's sole fault, that of deceiving me. Mental suffering had so fatally aggravated her disorder, that she was soon confined entirely to bed. Finding it impossible to leave her alone in such circumstances, I resigned my situation, and devoted myself entirely to tendence on her while she waked, and to writing when she slept. I had sufficient credit to obtain for her all that she required, and, in such a case, I did not scruple to incur debt; for, should I lose her, I

should have time enough, and too much, to defray it, and, should my cares be blessed by her recovery, all after privations would seem light to us both. Fear of the threatened prosecution, however, disquieted every moment of our lives, and Charlotte's deepest slumbers were haunted by visions of trial and disgrace. But, when several days elapsed without bringing any new calamity, we began to hope that Harwell would fear to invite public notice to a transaction in which he had played so disgraceful a part. On calm reflection, I saw good reason for believing that the marriage had only been a mock ceremony, intended to delude and betray the innocent Charlotte. The unprincipled character of her mother, the profligacy of Harwell, and, above all, his conduct on his first visit to Charlotte, after her marriage with me, so unlike that of an injured husband, served to confirm me in this conjecture; and, eager to obtain proof of it, I resolved to seek an interview with the woman who had favoured Charlotte's escape. For this purpose, I went to Mrs. Ormond's villa, the situation of which Charlotte had often described to me. But my disappointment was keen on finding that she had left Ireland. I learnt, however, that she had dismissed Catharine (who now lived in Dublin) some time before she went. This Catharine, I, with some difficulty, discovered, and her testimony banished all lingering dread of Harwell's threatened vengeance. He and his vile accomplice had quarrelled on pecuniary subjects soon after Charlotte's flight, and Catharine then learnt, for the first time, that the pretended clergyman had been one of Harwell's minions in disguise, and that, even had the ceremony not been otherwise informal, it would have been nullified by the fact that Harwell had already been, for many years, the husband of an English-woman of fortune. It was, therefore, evident that his threats had been employed only in order to terrify Charlotte into his power, but mighty love had shielded her from a fate so terrible, and she was now mine beyond the power of any earthly rival. But this blessed certainty came too late for happiness. The young sufferer's strength waned slowly, but steadily, and when at last death, the "pale unrelenting," claimed his dedicated bride, she received his chill caress without a murmur or a moan.

The ancient cemetery of Clontarf contains the dust that once was beauty. Since my Charlotte's golden head has rested there, no sun has risen that has not seen me kneeling by her green and quiet grave, nor could earth offer me a hope so dear as that of swiftly joining her in that "dark paradise."

I continue to write, but no longer with the aspiration for the desire of fame. The springs of hope and health are broken, and the unelastic spirit longs wearily for its last repose. I write that I may pay my debts, and leave the world with a conscience void of offence towards men—but unable to imagine or paint fictitious woes, while my heart is heaving under the pressure of its own, I have penned this record of too true a tale.

FABLE FROM THE POLISH.

NEAR a dew-drop there fell a tear upon a tomb, whither a beautiful female repaired every morning to weep for her lover. As the sun's golden disk rose higher in heaven, his rays fell on the tear and dew-drop; but glanced with double brilliancy on the pearl shook from the tresses of Aurora. The liquid jewel, proud of its lustre, addressed its neighbour—"How darest thou appear thus solitary and lustreless?" The modest tear made no answer; but the zephyr that just then was wantoning near them, paused in its flight, brushed down with its wings the glittering dew-drop, and folding the humble tear of affection in its embrace, carried it up to heaven.

Original.

THE REWARD.

"But, Maria, we are not all possessed of as many attractions as you are; so you need not be surprised that we think a really good offer is not to be trifled with. However, don't be too confident of marrying who and when you please, for Henry Trask seems quite in danger from that little Miss Prentiss, who is taking such a desirable place among the belles;—you may lose him after all."

"Really, Sarah, you talk as though Henry Trask were a declared and accepted suitor; he is no lover of mine, I assure you;—Miss Prentiss is welcome to his heart and hand."

"Nonsense! just as though all the world could not see how you regard each other. What if you have not plighted mutual troth? Eyes will tell tales which the tongue has not revealed. But I must go—good morning."

The giddy girl withdrew, having undesignedly planted a thorn in the heart of the haughty Maria Everett. Left to her own reflections, the latter began to take a survey of facts—it was even so: Henry was devoting too much attention to Ellen Prentiss. And who was she? An obscure girl, wholly unconnected in the world—probably of disgraceful origin. Should she win the heart of one of whom herself had been proud as an admirer? No; that girl should sink to the degradation from which she had been raised.

Unfortunately for Maria, she was under the influence of an unprincipled, designing woman, who had been her governess, and was now her *confidant*. To her she communicated this new vexation, and besought her aid.

"Never mind," said the woman, "it is well known the girl was picked up among the lowest classes, and it is very easy to make people think she belongs where she was found. You shall not be troubled long with her."

And who was Ellen Prentiss, upon whose head such vengeance was to fall? She was—but I began with the middle of my story; let me go back a little.

It matters little what station in society was originally occupied by the family of which William Murray was a younger member, nor in what circle the affectionate and accomplished Ellen Hermon might have claimed a place. All that need be known is, that, through a series of misfortunes which had befallen his family, William found himself, on entering manhood, possessed of little more than an unsullied reputation, correct moral principles, and every desirable mental endowment and acquisition; and that Ellen was in no degree inclined to withhold her hand from one to whom she had already given a heart of which he knew the value, though his once happy prospects were now wholly blasted. They were married. England had been their home, and England they loved still; but as the contest, during which America had achieved her independence, was now closed, and many inducements to emigrate were presented within her widely extended and fertile territory, they had resolved on making it their future abode; and not many months from the period of their union they were located in New York. Here Murray commenced a retired mode of life, expecting, by self-denial and industry, rather than any uncertain speculation, eventually to secure a competency. Unconnected with the gay and fashionable world, rich in the possession of his own dear Ellen, his happiness seemed likely to be as permanent as it was pure and tranquil. Two or three years had thus passed away when he was summoned to England, to settle an estate which had unexpectedly

fallen to him by the will of a deceased relative. Both himself and his wife well knew that even a temporary separation would be to them a most unwelcome event; still, being satisfied of its expediency, they acquiesced, with the hope of soon dwelling together again in improved circumstances. But when the husband and father bade adieu to a beloved companion, and cherub daughter, who was just beginning to delight him with her infant prattle, he first knew how closely they were entwined about his heart.

When Mr. Murray first arrived in New York, his finances were exhausted; and the expense of fitting up a tenement, and of supplying his domestic necessities, had nearly consumed what he had been able since to acquire. He was, therefore, compelled to leave his wife and child with only a partial provision for their support during his absence, intending to remit an additional supply should his stay be prolonged. Of this, however, the self-denying wife told him to take no thought, for her needle could easily supply the deficiency. Interested in watching the unfolding powers of her little Ellen, cheered and amused with her childish gambols, and always employed either in her maternal duties, or in efforts to provide for herself the means of subsistence, Mrs. Murray endured the absence of her husband with more cheerfulness than she had dared to hope for. Not long, however, after the departure of the latter, his landlord, hearing of his absence, began to feel some anxiety respecting the payment of his rent—presuming that "the young fellow had some wild project in his head, and would never come back." "Certainly!" he said, "he must have some better security than the old uncle's guineas."—He, therefore, signified to the unprotected wife his wish to have his house vacated. Mrs. Murray instantly paid the worthy man, who was "only doing justice to himself," the arrears then due, and made preparations for changing her residence. She obtained a still more humble abode, and, with only a trifling sum of money in her possession, quietly resigned herself to her situation. It was her design, in addition to informing her husband in England of her present residence, to leave her address with their former landlord, that, in case her letters failed of reaching him, he might easily find her on his return to New York.

Little Ellen was now nearly three years old, and, in disposition and person, the perfect miniature of her mother. Doubtless that fond mother already began to anticipate the delight with which the returning father would witness her infantile improvements—for improvements are made during even a brief period of human existence in its budding state, sufficient to interest more indifferent observers than a parent; and every day and every hour add something to the acquisitions of the young being just beginning to exercise its physical and intellectual faculties.

Mrs. Murray was in an obscure neighbourhood; she knew nothing of those who lived in her immediate vicinity, and was unknown to them. A few weeks after her removal, Ellen was one day heard to cry piteously, and was occasionally seen at the door with an appearance which indicated the want of attention. As the day wore away, she continued crying at intervals, until the unusual circumstance induced a neighbouring woman to go to the house. The child was weeping over, and endeavouring to arouse a *dead mother*. The woman was satisfied, on questioning her, that her mother had not risen at all that day; to all appearance she died many hours before—perhaps during the night. Others were called in, the body prepared for

burial, and, on application to the proper authorities, was, the following day, committed to the grave. A female in humble life, who, among many of her own class, went to see the corpse and the child, proposed "to take the poor little thing" for her own—"it is a pity she should be sent to the poor-house," said the kind hearted woman; "if she were my baby, I should want somebody to have her that would love her." As no competitor appeared, and no knowledge of the deceased woman or her friends could be obtained, the little one was readily committed to her charge, with such of Mrs. Murray's effects as remained after defraying funeral expenses.

The child soon became attached to her new mother, though she long grieved for her "dear mamma." As she called herself Ellen, the name was still continued to her, but she could not tell that of her parents. Very little could be learnt from her except that "Papa had gone away over the water." A miniature was found in Mrs. Murray's possession, which was judged to be her own, and the considerate woman who had taken Ellen, obtained that also, thinking it might one day be the means of restoring her to her relatives, if she had any.

Mr. Murray's stay in England was somewhat protracted, and, before he was ready to embark for America, he began to feel considerable uneasiness at having no intelligence from his wife. Communications between the two countries were, however, less frequent at that time than the present. He knew letters were liable to be lost or detained,—hope buoyed up his spirits, and now, having successfully closed his business, he returned to New York, happy in the expectation of placing his beloved Ellen in a station of which she was every way deserving.

Disappointed and alarmed at not finding her where he expected, at their former dwelling, he sought the owner of the house, but without gaining any information respecting her. The landlord acknowledged the cause of Mrs. Murray's leaving his house, seeming to feel some compunction when he learned that Mr. Murray had returned in possession of a handsome fortune. The distracted husband was indefatigable in his endeavours to discover his lost family. Month after month passed away, and he obtained no intelligence of their retreat. He became convinced that his wife must be dead—but how, when, and where did she die? The thought of what she might have endured was intolerable. And then his child—was that dead too? or, if alive, into what hands had it fallen? perhaps it was worse than dead.

But it is impossible to imagine the utter desolation of feeling to which he was abandoned. The paroxysms of intense agony which, at times, almost deprived reason of her empire, were preferable to the uninterrupted continuance of the self-consuming sorrow which usually sat upon his countenance. Sometimes a trifling discovery or circumstance would enkindle in his heart a ray of hope that he was speedily to be re-possessed of his long sought treasure. The suspense he must endure before the necessary inquiries could be made, and the wretchedness these inquiries would return upon him ten-fold increased, were enough to drink his very life-blood, and paralyze every faculty. Still the possibility of one day finding, at least, his daughter, sustained his otherwise sinking energies, and determined him, instead of wasting, to endeavour to prolong his existence for her sake. He so far restrained his sorrow as to engage moderately in business, and, though he rather avoided society, those who came in his way were treated with urbanity and real kindness. The distressed and destitute were objects of his peculiar attention; and, during his fruitless efforts to gain some intelligence of his wife or child, these were often presented before him. His own bereavement had mellowed every feeling into compas-

sion for the woes of humanity. - There was a luxury in administering to the necessitous. It was his greatest solace to do to others as he would that they should do to him. Thus lived Mr. Murray, and thus he probably should end his life. His story was soon forgotten by most who had known its details; and that portion of the community which had been interested and considerably excited by a knowledge of his aggravated loss, soon resumed its wonted state, like ocean's surface which closes over the transient abyss, leaving no vestige of the wreck it has engulfed.

The woman who had adopted Ellen Murray provided for her as well as her limited means would admit. She was allowed the advantages of a common school, and taught to perform the labours suited to her age. Mrs. Prentiss, the foster mother, was satisfied that the child had no mean origin, and she used to flatter herself that she would, at a future time, find friends, and "hold up her head in the world as it was right she should." But soon after Ellen was old enough to be useful, by assisting the good woman in obtaining a maintenance, she was again left without a friend, without a home. The death of her second mother compelled her to seek a situation at service. She never felt this to be a degradation, for all her recollections were of a life of labor and dependence. But when she witnessed the interchange of affection between parents and children, brothers and sisters, no wonder if she sometimes sighed as she thought that nobody loved her, and none sought her love. Her amiable disposition and quiet habits gained her the good will of those she served;—she soon found employment in respectable families, constantly adding to her stock of knowledge and experience whatever she judged would be a useful acquisition. Her manners were likewise improving; for, native gracefulness of person and sweetness of temper, improved by the abiding influence of a mother's example in early childhood, ensured an assimilation to the refinements of genteel society, whenever she should be placed within its precincts. Without advancing beyond the limits of her station, silently and unconsciously to herself, she acquired the ease and polish of her superiors, and, at sixteen, was as well fitted to grace the drawing-room as three-fourths of its occupants. When about this age, Ellen attracted the notice of an elderly lady, who was on a visit at the house where she then lived. Having no children, Mrs. Bond was inclined to take into her family a young female whom she could adopt as a daughter, if found deserving. She had never met with one whose appearance accorded so well with her designs as did that of Ellen; and, learning that she was an orphan, she proposed to give her employment and a home. Ellen was not blind to Mrs. Bond's peculiarities, but she discerned through them all a benevolent spirit, a heart that could feel for a stranger; and, unused as she was to the voice of affection, the hope of living with one who would care for her, induced her to accept the proposal, though she was not aware of the extent of the benefit intended her. Nor was she disappointed. Both the old lady and her husband felt themselves soothed by her gentle manners,—they perceived that her assiduities added to their comforts,—they were grateful, and reciprocated her kindness. She was ere long invested with all the privileges of the parlour, and afforded every advantage for mingling in society. The circle with which Mrs. Bond's family was connected was highly respectable, he having long been known as a man of wealth and influence. When it was known that Ellen was regarded by them as a daughter, the most fashionable of their acquaintances were not unwilling to admit her among their associates.

Henry Trask was a distant relative, and had always maintained a friendly intercourse with the family, which certainly had not been remitted since Ellen became an inmate. Her desolate situation, without a

relative in the world that she had knowledge of, excited his sympathy; he admired her amiable disposition and deportment; and whenever, in consequence of his relationship to her new-found friends, it became a matter of etiquette for him to attend her abroad, he did so with pleasure; still he had never thought of her but as an orphan—having, from this very fact, and her own personal merit, a claim upon the kindness of all.

It was at Mrs. Bond's that he first met Maria Everett, an occasional visitant at the house, who was likewise an orphan, but of a high family, and mistress of a fortune. It was Ellen Murray (for she had always borne the name of her foster mother) that Miss Everett was about to sacrifice. In doing this, she was actuated more by selfish than malicious feelings; that is, she would not have objected to Ellen's enjoying the good opinion of society, had she not imagined her to be an obstacle in the way of her own happiness. Selfishness, however, which could resort to such cruelty, is no less revolting than pure malice. The goodness was the principal agent in accomplishing Maria's designs. A detail of the means employed is unnecessary. Intimations were thrown out that if the truth were known, Ellen Prentiss would not appear the amiable being she had been thought,—hints were put in circulation respecting her probable origin, &c. None who repeated these charitable sayings knew whether they were entitled to credence, but their effect was soon visible in the reserve with which Ellen was treated by her acquaintance. She was surprised and grieved, but, little imagining the cause, concealed her uneasiness, and pursued her usual course.

Her residence among the lower classes of society had made her acquainted with their wretchedness, and the most efficient methods of benefiting them. Having a liberal allowance for her own expenditures, she was able to afford them pecuniary relief, which she always bestowed personally. Taking advantage of her frequent visits to the obscure and distressed, sometimes made in the evening, with a servant lad as an attendant, those who would injure her reported that she frequented improper houses; and, to establish this, false messages, desiring her presence, were more than once sent to her, which led her into places where she received only abuse. Still she never suspected it was not a trick of those who inhabited these dreadful abodes.

Henry Trask was one day speaking in favourable terms of Ellen, in conversation with Miss Everett, who replied—

"Miss Prentiss appears quite interesting, but"—

"But what?" said Trask.

Her embarrassed manner led him to infer that she did not like to explain herself, and he changed the conversation. The remark, however, reminded him that Ellen had latterly been received among her acquaintance with less cordiality than formerly. Inquiry made him acquainted with the prevalent opinion respecting her, and this was communicated to his relative, Mrs. Bond. All eyes were now turned upon Ellen—every movement was watched. Who, with neither wealth nor family to sustain them, could maintain a standing against the united force of suspicion, jealousy, and envy? And, in poor Ellen's case, a knowledge of her early life served to confirm the surmises and reports wantonly put in circulation. It has been intimated that Mrs. Bond had peculiarities. One of these was a scrupulous attention to all the formalities and precautions which finished prudery could require. The slightest imprudence in one of her own sex, she regarded as unpardonable; and nothing could, in her view, ever wipe away the odium attached to even a suspected reputation. True, she erred on the right side, and only extended to an undue extreme sentiment which should be regarded as an indispensa-

ble safeguard to virtue. But this severity was unfortunate for Ellen. The information conveyed to her by Mrs. Bond, of the light in which she was regarded abroad, was received with something like fortitude; but when that lady hinted her own fears that there was a cause for these suspicions, the heart of the orphan was crushed. Finding it impossible to establish her innocence, the idea of living upon the bounty of those who had ceased to regard her with entire confidence, was revolting. Obscurity and privation seemed preferable to reserve and distrust.

A note was one morning found in her room, expressing the warmest gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Bond for their former kindness, declining to burden them longer with the presence of one in whom they could not confide, and saying that she took the liberty of retaining her plainest clothing for present use, closed with a farewell. Ellen had disappeared—nor could any inquiries elicit her retreat.

This unexpected step was sincerely regretted by those who had taken her under their protection; for, though they had harbored doubts as to the purity of her character, the hope that it was without cause predominated; and, in proportion to this hope, was their affection heightened by a sense of the wrong which, if innocent, she was suffering. However, as intercourse with those whose esteem she had lost, must subject her to painful mortifications, they could not condemn the desire to avoid them. Various conjectures were formed as to her fate, but her name was soon forgotten by the gay and the busy—by most except Maria Everett. She could not stifle an occasional regret when reflecting on the ruin she had wrought. Yet she had expressed so much compassion for the "poor girl," that her own agency or interest in the mischief she was occasioning, was never suspected. Her object was accomplished; and it probably would have been without the disgraceful artifice to which she had resorted. She became the wife of Henry Trask. External circumstances conspired to render their prospects of earthly bliss the brightest. They seemed destined to tread a path upon which even the favorites of fortune might look with envy. But Trask knew little of the being upon whom he had placed his best affections. Her undisciplined mind, and a temper unaccustomed to control, proved effectual barriers to domestic peace. Time passed on, and, with its progress, the husband's heart and presence were increasingly alienated from his home. At one time, passing his wife's room, when she was not aware of his being in the house, he overheard a conversation between her and her *confidant*, in which the part she had acted relative to Ellen Prentiss, was developed. His respect for her had long been diminishing—now he was thoroughly disgusted, he almost hated the author of such barbarity. Reproaches on his part produced only chagrin in his wife. She was vexed at the exposure of her conduct, but not humbled. Her unsubdued spirit disclaimed concessions or conciliatory measures. Every feeling of affection having now been driven from his heart, the disappointed, irritated husband sought companions and recreations abroad. The hours which should have been sacred to domestic enjoyments, were spent in places of public resort. Who cannot anticipate the result? Loss of property and respectability followed in the train of gambling—intemperance, and their kindred vices. The deserted wife too late discovered that she had planted her own pillow with thorns. Friends, who had clustered around her in the bright days of prosperity, were dispersed by the dark clouds gathering in her horizon. Mutual eriminations had resulted in the separation of herself and the woman to whose influence was to be imputed, in a great measure, the unamiable traits in her character. Without the least effort to gain friends, or prepare for the future exigencies into which she

might be brought, she abandoned herself wholly to self-reproach and despair. Her splendid domestic establishment had been exchanged for a contracted room in a boarding-house, and here she sought to bury herself and feast upon her own misery.

One night, on the return of her husband to their lodgings, at an unusually late hour, she perceived a favourable change in his appearance. Instead of the almost ferocious manner with which he often came into her presence, his demeanour denoted a subdued spirit. He was silent, and seemed thoughtful and sad, passing the remainder of the night in restless wakefulness. The wife's sensibilities and solicitude were awakened, and when, in the morning, he evidently lingered in the room, and, as he left it, bestowed upon her a look of almost tenderness, she experienced the full tide of returning affection—for woman still loves even when conscious that she has suffered and inflicted wrong. Hope was permitted to banish every other feeling. Her husband had opened his eyes upon the course he was pursuing, and was ready to retrace his steps to comfort and respectability, were her delightful thoughts. In imagination, she was happy in his love, and she began to be impatient for his return, that, by kindness, she might encourage his amendment. That day the corpse of Henry Trask was brought home to his distracted wife. A messenger had previously informed her of his having fallen in a duel, the result of a gaming-house quarrel the preceding evening, which, according to arrangement, was now *honourably* adjusted.

Mrs. Trask, from that moment, forgot his ill treatment of herself, dwelling only upon his past affection, and accusing herself as the cause of his ruin. She was left in a wretched condition, penniless, helpless, without friends, a prey to the most agonizing reflections. A gentleman, who had lost his wife several years previous, and had lodgings in the neighbourhood, on learning from his landlady something of her history, and that she would like a private residence in the country, offered to furnish the means for her removal, and comfortable subsistence one year, delicately prohibiting the least intimation which would betray the donor. The money was conveyed to the wretched woman through the landlady, and, in a short time, Mrs. Trask's place of residence was known only to a few, including the person through whom she received the charity which had enabled her to leave New York.

On settling herself at B—, her natural haughtiness of spirit, not yet conquered, induced her to desire effectual concealment from all former acquaintance, and she assumed the name of Lincoln, by which she must at present be designated. She here cherished a state of feeling which was fast paralyzing every mental and bodily energy. Her wasted form, haggard features, and agonized expression of countenance, bore alarming testimony to the corroding effects of grief, disappointment, and remorse, as in her case unmitigated by hope, unaccompanied even by the excitement which suspense creates, and aggravated by entire seclusion from society. In this seclusion, however, were raised up for her friends more valuable than those she had lost.

Mr. Horton, the clergyman of B—, adorned his high and holy calling by a life of uniform piety and active benevolence. In his indefatigable exertions to discharge the sacred duties of his office, he was greatly aided by the congenial spirit and labours of his wife, who considered it her peculiar province to cheer and assist the distressed, and to acquaint her husband with any new opening for usefulness which might invite his attention. She was not long in learning enough of Mrs. Lincoln's apparent circumstances to be assured that she had a claim upon their sympathy, and immediately obtained Mr. Horton's assent to a joint call upon the stranger. Their reception was not very encourag-

ing. Mrs. Lincoln maintained a painful reserve in regard to her history, merely saying that she had experienced severe trials and reverses, and betrayed an embarrassment and uneasiness which, in one evidently accustomed to the world, could not easily be accounted for. But these messengers of mercy resolved to persevere in their endeavours to win her confidence, and administer balm to her wounded spirit. For, whether her evident wretchedness was caused by guilt or affliction, or both, she was one to whom they were commanded to exhibit the instructions and consolations of His holy religion, who came to seek and save that which was lost.

Repeated calls, made both separately and together, appeared to have awakened in the forlorn woman a feeling of tenderness and gratitude, yet the constraint in her manner was not overcome. Returning one afternoon from a walk, during which she had dropped in to utter a word of kindness to the stranger, Mrs. Horton said to her husband—

"There is something in Mrs. Lincoln's appearance which I cannot account for: she seems as though my presence awakened unpleasant recollections; it is often painful to witness her confusion when I approach her."

"Perhaps you resemble some friend she has lost," replied Mr. Horton.

"It may be—and certainly I have often thought that her face is not a new one to me."

At the succeeding interview she was received by Mrs. Lincoln with evident cordiality, but with increasing perturbation. Mrs. Horton was endeavouring, as usual, to soothe and profit the object of her benevolent visit, by presenting such topics as might be applicable to her case, whatever was the cause of her distress, when the unhappy woman, unable longer to restrain her feelings, convulsively exclaimed—

"Oh! madam, you know not that the wretched being to whom you offer consolation has inflicted upon you the most cruel injury. The name by which I am here known is assumed,—your attentions have been bestowed upon the widow of Henry Trask."

Mrs. Horton was petrified. Confused recollections rushed upon her mind—and, in the care-worn, sunken countenance before her, she discovered some traces of the once fascinating, high-minded Maria Everett. An explanation ensued:—

"From the first moment that I saw you," said the self-condemned woman, "I was impressed with the idea that you were Ellen Prentiss;—subsequent interviews, with the information I gleaned from others, confirmed my suspicions. For some time I dreaded a recognition of my own person; but your kindness has won my heart, and I have longed to make a full disclosure of my guilt and my sorrows."

She then related the particulars already recorded, and concluded with saying—"And now I can only expect that you will abandon me to the desolation I deserve, and cease to cherish the viper that has stung you to the heart."

"Not if I hope for forgiveness from above," was the meek reply; "your history, instead of inclining me to desert you, has excited a stronger desire that you may be restored to happiness, and a proof of confidence in me creates a sense of obligation. But my feelings have been too strongly excited to allow of prolonging this conversation. I will see you again soon."

And, indeed, in Mrs. Horton we have found the lost orphan, Ellen. On leaving Mr. Bond's family she took lodgings in a distant part of the city, and, by her capability in sewing and the nicer departments of female industry, was able to procure a maintenance without returning to the humbler grade from which she had been removed. Having learnt the evanescent nature of all earthly pleasures, and the instability of earthly friends, she sought and obtained enduring happiness and an abiding friend in intercourse with the Father

above. Her character thus became, in the highest sense, ennobled and refined.

At a summer residence in the country, where she had gone with a family who invited her to accompany them, as much from kindness to her as to be accommodated with her services, she was thrown into the society of Mr. Horton. A person of less discrimination than he possessed, would not have been long in discovering that she was eminently fitted to be a help-met in his labours of love. Soon after their marriage he removed to B——, where the tempest-tossed, desolate orphan found a happy home, and ample opportunity for executing the dictates of a benevolent heart. The facts with which she had now become acquainted relative to Mrs. Trask, awakened no feeling of resentment; and, in her efforts to convince her of this, and to remove that consuming melancholy of which she was the subject, Mr. Horton cordially coincided. Their kindness not only inspired her with the most unbounded gratitude and respect, but gradually overcame her reserve, till she felt somewhat like ease in their presence. She felt that they were friends. Her haughty, unyielding spirit was subdued; the assumed name was discarded—and as much of her history, as propriety dictated, was made known to those who sought her acquaintance.

As the means with which she had been furnished for defraying her expenses were nearly exhausted, she felt the necessity of some exertion to support herself, and began to acquire a knowledge of useful employments. About this time, the gentleman, on whose bounty she had been living, having occasion to pass near B—— on a journey, left his direct course that he might make inquiries respecting her situation, and, if advisable, continue his assistance. Having called at her lodgings, he introduced himself as an acquaintance of Mrs. ——, the person who had been the almoner of his beneficence. A brief conversation led him to conclude that her retirement had not been unprofitable; and the warm terms in which she spoke of the clergyman and his wife, induced him to call upon them, judging that he could obtain full satisfaction as to the propriety of a further appropriation for her benefit, and, at the same time, commission them to communicate what he should bestow. The object of his visit at the parsonage procured him a cordial reception, while he seemed as much gratified by an interview with its inmates, as previous encomiums had prepared him to expect. Indeed, the apparent interest with which he observed Mrs. Horton could not have been heightened by long acquaintance, and the emotions occasioned by the childish glee of a little girl two or three years of age, who was gliding about the room, showed that he was or had been a father. On hearing the child addressed by the name of Ellen, he started, gazed alternately at her and the mother, and, for a few moments, seemed absorbed in his own reflections. Then rousing himself, he said a domestic scene like the present was to him painfully interesting, for it reminded him of a treasure he had irrecoverably lost, and added, "the name Ellen awakens a thousand dear and agonizing reflections." Observing an expression of sympathy in the countenances of those to whom he addressed himself, he continued—"It is now many years since I re-visited England, my native country, on business, leaving a wife and child in New York. When I returned, my wife had removed from the house in which I left her, and I was unable to discover her residence; even to this day the most indefatigable search has afforded no intelligence of her or my daughter. They were both named Ellen. Since I have been sitting here, I have almost fancied that the identical beings were before me, so strongly am I reminded of what they were when I gazed upon them for the last time. Their images, borne away on my heart, unobliterated by any subsequent meeting with the beloved

originals, still live in my memory. I forget the changes which time effects, and often find myself, as now, looking for my child in that little prattler, not realizing that, if alive, she must be a woman."

Mrs. Horton listened with increased emotion—she scarcely breathed. Her husband watched her movements in silence, feeling himself inadequate to participate in a task of so delicate a nature, and such thrilling interest as the one for which she was evidently preparing herself—but his eye said, "my heart reads yours—may God sustain you." With considerable composure, she at length asked the stranger what would be the age of his daughter if yet living?

"Twenty-six."

Suppressing somewhat the tumult within, she crossed the room, and, taking from her bosom the miniature which had been her precious charge from childhood, inquired whether he recognized it? He did not move—he uttered not a word—but, gazing on the object before him, his eyes became fixed, as it were, in death. With the assistance which he summoned, Mr. Horton was able to sustain his agitated wife, and ere long restore their guest. The latter, slowly recovering, looked upon them inquiringly. Mrs. Horton, in a few words, communicated all she knew of herself. Mr. Murray feebly extended his arms, and wept upon the neck of his long lost daughter.

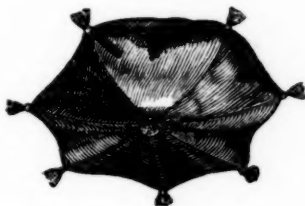
"That miniature," said he, as he was one day viewing it with a look which told how dear the original had been to his heart, "was designed to have been my solace during my absence from your mother; had it not, by an oversight, been left with her, I should now want the assurance which it gives me, that my child is indeed restored to my arms."

As Mrs. Horton could direct her father to the neighbourhood in which she had lived during her childhood, he took her with him to New York, hoping to learn some particulars respecting the death of his wife. After many laborious inquiries to no purpose, he discovered the sexton who interred Mrs. Murray, and succeeded in bringing the circumstance to his recollection. The old man named a few facts corroboratory of Mrs. Horton's account, and added, "maybe I have a paper which she left. I kept it a long time, thinking some friend of hers might appear who would value it." And he soon produced part of a letter, designed for Mr. Murray, in which, though it bore the impress of time, he readily traced a hand-writing as familiar as was the image of her by whom it was executed. The substance of its contents has been anticipated in relating what transpired between his departure for England and her death. This imperfect fragment was an invaluable treasure to him, especially as it removed the mystery which previously hung over her disappearance. He had not before doubted the integrity of her conduct; but now the whole was explained—and, being satisfied that he was in possession of every circumstance which the present life would disclose, his mind was comparatively at rest, no longer harassed by suspense and uncertainty. Becoming one of Mr. Horton's domestic circle, he found a quiet, congenial home, and for many years enjoyed that happiness which, a short period before, he regarded as irrecoverably lost. The poor and afflicted, as well as the objects of his natural affection, were benefited by his ample fortune. From a regard to propriety, as well as to afford his daughter the gratification of returning good for an intended evil, he placed at her disposal the means of providing every comfort for the unfortunate woman who had been the cause of her severest trials, as she was, though undesignedly, the occasion of her present happiness. Mrs. Trask's constitution had been so impaired by the immoderate indulgence of sorrow, acting upon a temperament naturally irritable, and accompanied by a rebellious, self-tormenting spirit, that no means could restore

her health. Many and protracted were the sufferings which finally laid her in the grave—a self-immolated victim to supreme selfishness and unregulated passions.

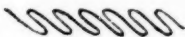
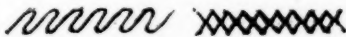
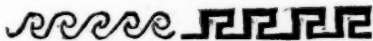
And think you not that, when she bent over that bed of death, with the tenderness of a sister, relieving the anguish and soothing the troubled spirit of the sufferer, pointing to the only source of rest and hope—think you not that in thus recompensing a fallen, helpless enemy, the injured orphan, for every sorrow which had wrong her own heart, found a rich, an imperishable REWARD?

THE TOILET.



A PINCUSHION IN GORES.

Take some thick new silk, and cut out twelve or fourteen pieces in the shape of gores or long triangles. Half of these are for the upper and half for the under side of the pincushion. Sew them all together on the wrong side, and then sew the top to the bottom, leaving an opening for the stuffing. Stuff it hard with bran. Then sew up the opening. The points of the gores must all meet in the centre, the broad ends going to the outward edge, on which, at the end of every seam, you must put a little tassel or bow, and also one in the centre. The tassel may be made of tufts of ravelled silk. These pincushions are generally for the toilet, and are made large.



A BRAIDED RETICULE.

Cut out two pieces of new cambric muslin, or fine cambric dimity. Each piece must be a quarter of a yard wide, and a quarter and a nail in depth to allow for the case at the top. Have ready a pattern for braiding, drawn with a pen and ink on a slip of thick white paper, and baste it under the muslin, not too close to the edge. Take a piece of narrow worsted

braid of any colour you like, (but scarlet, black, or dark blue will be the most durable,) and having wound it in a ball, stitch it neatly with sewing-silk on the muslin; taking care not to draw it too tightly so as to pucker it, and be sure to follow the pattern exactly. Then sew together the two sides of the bag, make the case at the top, and run in a white cotton cord.

When this bag is washed, it must not be scalded or boiled, as hot water will take the colour out of the braid. You may make a very pretty reticule of small-figured blue or pink gingham, ornamented with white cotton braid.

Braiding is a sort of work that can be done very expeditiously. The above are some of the easiest patterns.

PECULIARITIES OF AUTHORS.

THE habits and peculiarities of authors in almost every branch of literature have, in many instances, been sufficiently ridiculous. Rousseau, for instance, could write only when dressed in the highest style of refinement, and with crow pens, on tinted or gilt paper. Dr. Samuel Johnson was almost the only author of the last century who could write at any time and under any circumstances. In recent times, and in the present day, we find the greater proportion of authors free of the peculiarities which were fashionable among their predecessors; occupying half their time with some ordinary pursuit, and taking up the pen in most cases in the intervals of business. The chief composers of music were in general still more affected and impassioned in their feelings than the authors of the last century, and were apparently unable to compose, unless under great excitement. It is seen from a recent article in the *Harmonicon*, that Gluck, in order to warm his imagination, and transport himself in idea to Aulis, or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with a piano before him, and a bottle of champagne by his side, he wrote his two *Iphigenias*, his *Orpheus*, and other works. Sarti, on the contrary, required a spacious dark room, dimly illuminated by a lamp suspended from the ceiling; and it was only in the most silent hours of the night that he could summon musical ideas. Cimarosa, it seems, was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently, in the course of a single night, he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends. Cherubini was also in the habit of composing when surrounded with company. If his ideas did not flow very freely, he would borrow a pack of playing cards from any party engaged with them, and fill up the *pips* with faces caricatured, and all kinds of humorous devices, for he was as ready with his pencil as his pen, though certainly not equally great with both. Sacchini could not write a passage except when his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gamboling about him. Paisiello composed in bed; and it was there that he planned *Il Barbiere de Seviglia*, *La Molinara*, and other *chefs-d'œuvre* of ease and gracefulness. Zingarelli would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the fathers of the church, or in some Latin classic. Haydn, who was lofty in his conceptions, required a peculiar, but a harmless species of excitement. Solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II., and which, he said, was necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the choir. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work.

THE SABBATH EVENING.

I.

The breeze was light, the air was balm,
 The sun was sinking to his rest,
 And pure and peaceful was the calm
 Which lay on Nature's tranquil breast.
 Wafted on wings of gossamer,
 Bright clouds were floating in the air,
 And the warm sun's enamoured glow
 Hung nestling on their breasts of snow.
 Beneath their thin transparent veil,
 The silver moon rose faint and pale,
 Half seen, half hid in purple haze,
 And shrinking from the rival blaze
 Which shot a thousand burning dyes,
 Ruby and sapphire o'er the skies.

II.

And lovely was the scene displayed,
 Beneath that beauteous canopy,
 In fair, though simple, garb arrayed,
 Harmonious to the gazer's eye.
 No mountains towering high to heaven,
 Round whose tall heads the lightnings roll,
 No barren rocks by tempests riven,
 Spoke awe's stern language to the soul;
 But peace and plenty seemed to dwell
 In that sequestered quiet dell.
 I stood upon a verdant mound,
 With beech and clustering hazel crowned,
 And far surveyed the prospect round.
 O'er yellow fields of ripening corn
 Skirted with green luxuriant thorn,
 O'er waving wood and swelling hill,
 And many a gentle nameless rill,
 I gazed in silence—all was fair—
 But fairest one dear village shone:—
 There was my home, my birth-place there,
 There all I loved to muse upon.
 Embosomed deep in bowering shade,
 Which many a godly elm bestowed,
 Or scattered down the varied glade,
 Each humble cottage smiling stood.
 And at my feet the temple lay,
 Within whose walls I knelt to pray,
 The morning of that summer's day.

III.

It was the day when labours cease;—
 The day of holiness and peace,
 Which gives the peasant of the soil
 Sweet respite from his weekly toil,
 The joys of tranquil ease to know,
 And bless the hand from which they flow.
 How oft amid the cares of life,
 Its noise, its business, and its strife,
 Does that sure hope of Sabbath rest,
 Calm the tired limb and throbbing breast!
 How oft has meek Contentment's child,
 Found the lone hour of toil beguiled,
 So cheerily it passed away,
 In thinking of the Sabbath day!
 For then his simple soul is free
 For exercise of piety,
 Fervent in hope, subdued in fear,
 And unassuming as sincere.
 And then, oh then, 'tis his to prove
 The precious joys of home and love,
 Joys dear to every child of earth,
 But sweetest by the rustic's hearth!

For some delight in slothful ease,
 Some follow Wealth, or Glory's call—
 The peasant's luxuries are these,
 His only wealth, his pride, his all.

IV.

And this had been the welcome dawn,
 And now the wished for joys were given—
 Each cottager that happy morn
 Had paid his grateful vows to heaven;
 By the shrill bell's harmonious peal
 Assembling in the house of prayer,
 His past offences to bewail,
 And seek the mercy proffered there.
 And now beneath the setting sun,
 The Christian's course of duty run,
 Blithe mirth and harmless frolic meet,
 And through the peaceful village street.
 Beside his jasmine-tufted door
 See yon gray patriarch, reading loud
 Some moving tale of sacred lore,
 The wonder of the listening crowd.
 His wife is sitting at his side—
 His children climb their father's knee—
 Oh, where can happiness abide!
 Unless in such a home it be?
 Can Guilt, I cried, can envious Pain
 Pollute a scene so fair as this,
 Or here does Innocence remain—
 Sweet Innocence, and tranquil bliss?

V.

Why fell yon volume to the ground?
 Why droops the sire? why crowd they round?
 That sire had once a daughter fair,
 With laughing eyes and flaxen hair,
 Blithe as the merry bounding roe,
 And spotless as the virgin snow.
 And now she sleeps the tomb within,
 Victim of treachery and sin!—
 Perchance a passage in the book,
 Perchance a word, or tender look,
 Recalled the memory of his child,
 E'en so she spoke, e'en so she smiled!

VI.

Sweet Innocence!—oh! 'tis a name—
 A lingering, flickering, flying flame,
 A vision earth shall never see,
 A shadow of futurity!
 And Happiness! a gorgeous prize,
 Hung dazzling still before our eyes,
 And ever seen and ever sought,
 And often grasped, but never caught!
 For this the warrior wades through blood,
 For this he braves the stormy flood,
 And danger's thousand shapes defies,
 But still the faithless tempter flies.
 The votaries of Fame and Health,
 The slaves of Pleasure and of Wealth,
 All seek the port which none may gain.
 All toil for bliss, but toil in vain,
 And waste the narrow span of life
 In fond pursuit and endless strife.

VII.

Yet well I ween that Patriarch gray
 Has trod a surer path than they—
 And well I ween when life is o'er,
 The phantom Hope shall cheat no more,
 But Heaven's own happiness shall prove
 The Christian's blest reward above.

Oh! high and glorious is the meed,
 And peaceful are the ways which lead
 To that sure haven! joy shall come
 A welcome guest to Virtue's home,
 For she can scatter rose and gem
 On sorrow's thorny diadem.
 Then how can man be led astray,
 So mild a mistress to betray;
 And at his soul's immortal price
 Buy Misery, the child of Vice?

VIII.

Musing I stood;—and as I spake,
 I marked with pensive eye
 Beside me in the tangled brake,
 A wild-flower clustering high.
 Its dark and glossy leaves were spread
 In graceful arches round my head,
 The twisted thorns among,
 And scarlet fruit and purple bloom,
 With rich festoons of sweet perfume,
 The glittering branches hung.
 Oh, who with steadfast gaze could view
 That tempting loveliness of hue,
 Nor feel as very children do?—
 Yet many a step which once was light
 Upon the village green,
 But for that fruit which shines so bright,
 Might still adorn the scene.
 And many a brother who was fair
 And pure as aught forgiven,
 But for the smiles which Sin can wear,
 Had been a saint in Heaven!

The sun had sunk behind the hill—
 The village revelry was still:
 When through the churchyard home I went
 On solemn thoughts intent

Among the silent dead,
 And felt, that in that very spot,
 —A little time—it matters not,
 Hours, days, or years—and I shall be
 To others what *they* are to me,
 And in as cold a bed!—

Upon that awful mystery
 Of life and death I pondered,
 And my weak spirit wondered
 How things like these should be.

IX.

I sat upon a rustic seat,
 And in the rank grass at my feet,
 Within a flow'ret's germ,
 There lay a little worm:
 And in a silken cell,
 The little worm did dwell,
 Clothed in a scaly shell,
 Without a sound or breath,
 As motionless as death.—
 Once in another form,
 That cold and torpid worm,
 Among the leaves around,
 His food and pasture found.
 And in another form,
 That cold and torpid worm
 Translated to the skies,
 All beautiful shall rise,
 Soaring on purple wing,
 Companion of the spring.

X.

The silent lesson did restore
 My wavering faith which shook before;
 And shadowed in the insect's span,
 I read the fate of man.

Like him we live—like him we come
 To the same cold and narrow home.—
 And oh! when I arise like thee,
 Blessed insect! may it be
 Soaring on a wing as bright,
 To the realms of endless light.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL STATUE
 OF A DEAD CHILD.

I saw thee in thy beauty! bright phantom of the past;
 I saw thee for a moment—'twas the first time and the
 last;
 And tho' years since then have glided by of mingled
 bliss and care,
 I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair!

I saw thee in thy beauty! thou wert graceful as the
 fawn,
 When, in very wantonness of glee, it sports upon the
 lawn;

I saw thee seek the mirror, and when it met thy sight,
 The very air was musical with thy burst of wild de-
 light!

I saw thee in thy beauty! with thy sister by thy side—
 She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride!
 I looked upon thy mother—there was triumph in her
 eyes,
 And I trembled for her happiness—for grief had made
 me wise!

I saw thee in thy beauty, with one hand among her
 curls—
 The other, with no gentle grasp, had seized a string
 of pearls;
 She felt the pretty trespass, and she chid thee, though
 she smiled,
 And I knew not which was lovelier, the mother or the
 child.

I saw thee in thy beauty! and a tear came to mine
 eye,
 As I pressed thy rosy cheek to mine, and thought even
 thou could'st die!
 Thy home was like a summer bower, by thy joyous
 presence made;
 But I only saw the sunshine, and I felt alone the shade!

I see thee in thy beauty! for there thou seem'st to lie
 In slumber resting peacefully; but, oh! the change of
 eye—

That still serenity of brow—those lips that breathe
 no more,
 Proclaim thee but a mockery fair of what thou wert
 of yore.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy waving hair at rest,
 And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast:
 But thy merry dance is over, and thy little race is run;
 And the mirror that reflected two, can now give back
 but one.

I saw thee in thy beauty! with thy mother by thy side,
 But her loveliness is faded, and quelled her glance of
 pride;
 The smile is absent from her lip, and absent are the
 pearls,
 And a cap, almost of widowhood, conceals her envied
 curls.

I see thee in thy beauty! as I saw thee on that day—
 But the mirth that gladdened then thy home, fled with
 thy life away.

I see thee lying motionless, upon th' accustomed floor—
 My heart hath blinded both mine eyes—and I can see
 no more!

THE VEILED LADY OF AJMERE;

A TALE OF HINDOSTAN.

BY JAMES BAILLIE FRASER.

THE spectacle was over—the pageant at an end. Elephants and camels with all their gay trappings, and the multitude of horses with their glittering riders, were no more seen; the spearmen, and the mace-bearers, and the troops, and all the gleaming satellites of Indian pomp and state, had disappeared; and the scene, which had so lately teemed with life and motion, was abandoned for a while to comparative solitude and repose.

Evening—an Indian evening, with all its gorgeous splendour, had succeeded the hot and dusty though brilliant day: the sky was pure and serene, save in the western horizon, where the sun had almost set behind a mass of golden clouds. The noble group of mountains which tower over the city of Ajmere, crowned by the rocky and castellated table of Taragush, lay bathed in a rich flood of his departing light, checkered by the shadows of the deep ravines which divided and furrowed them. Beneath, lay the fair lake of Unna-Saugar, like a sea of liquid gold, veiling with the reflected glories of the western sky the mysterious magnificence that lies hid under its deep waters,* and giving back, instead of those buried palaces, the bright temples and royal pleasure houses, whose pure white marble glowed in the dying beam; while the deep verdure of the mangoe-trees, and the lighter foliage of the graceful tamarind, formed a contrast with these dazzling edifices, on which the eye rested with delight.

The boats, that during the pageant of the day, had flaunted in gilded pomp, with flag and streamer, on the bosom of the lake, still sparkled in the shadow of the massy *bund*† which restrains the waters at its lower end, and on which the royal palaces are built; and hundreds of the imperial attendants hovered around the august pavilions, like the glittering insects that swarmed in the subbeams under every tree. Groups of Indian females with their gay draperies and graceful forms, thronging to the shore, performed their ablutions or bore away portions of the clear element, and added a softer interest to the scene. All was in perfect harmony—all deeply imbued with that peculiar and almost indescribable spell of fairy splendour, of soft-dreaming luxury, which throws its charm over the haunts of Indian pomp, and lends its influence even to the less exalted and common-place scenery of that bright but degraded land.

Invited by the comparative coolness of the hour, Mr. B——, a young medical gentleman of high professional skill, who had but just arrived from Surat, to join the embassy of Sir Thomas Roet, came forth from his tent, which had been pitched at a little distance under the shade of some noble mangoe-trees, to feast his eyes upon a scene which even in the blaze of heat and the horrors of dust-clouds had excited his admiration. Leaving at some distance the group of attendants who are wont to follow the footsteps of every man of consequence in that land of obsequiousness, Mr. B——

* The natives believe that the palace of a mighty rajah, the pillars of which were of gold and silver, and the rest of its materials of a corresponding character, was overwhelmed by this lake, and still lies hid at its bottom.

† Dam or mound.

‡ Ambassador from James the First of England, to Jehangeer Padshah, the Great Moghul, son and successor of Akber the Great, in 1675.

proceeded a little way along the margin of the lake to gain a better view of the picturesque group of mountains to which we have alluded—perhaps, to catch a closer peep at a fair assemblage of Brahmence and Rajepoutine girls, who were lingering on the shore, and gazing through the folds of their *duputtas*, with not less interest than his own, at the unusual garb and appearance of the stranger.

While thus occupied, and lounging musingly along, as our young physician turned round the base of a rocky fragment on the shore, he was well nigh startled by the sudden approach of a person in the native garb;—but the dress and attitude of the intruder instantly banished the slight alarm which his unexpected presence had produced. The man was plainly habited; but the crooked silver stick he bore, proclaimed him to be the *Chokedar** and confidential messenger of some person of condition; and the low obeisance which accompanied his *salaam*, no less than the hands joined in supplicatory gesture, with which his address was prefaced, betokened his errand to be one of peace and of respect.

“Who are you, friend—and what may you want with me?” inquired the Englishman, as the *chokedar* stood before him, waiting to be questioned.

“Thy slave is the servant of one whose name may not be uttered,” was the reply; “and he comes to the feet of the great Frank physician.”

“And should I be the person you mean, I would know what ye require of me?”

“If my lord will permit his slave to represent—he comes to solicit the assistance of the presence,‡ in a case of great distress. There is one deprived of health who requires immediate aid; and thy slave has been sent to show the way. The blessing of Allah will attend upon my lord, and his reward will also be great.”

“But who is this nameless patient? and whither is it required that I should go? Willing though I may be to give my aid to the distressed, I can do nothing without more information; and prudence forbids that I should trust myself in the hands of a stranger who withholds his name, and rank, and place of abode.”

“My lord, thy slave would represent that the command is express to declare neither name nor place of abode; for life and death depend not less on secrecy than on despatch. But let my lord be assured that no evil, but good is intended. The life of his slave is in the hands of my lord—but his head would be the forfeit of his disobedience. While my lord lingers, the angel of death advances. Let him be pleased to consent, and delay no longer;” and the accent and attitude of the messenger were those of earnest entreaty.

“Strange!” thought the Englishman. “If it were any person of rank or consequence that requires my aid, why should he hesitate to tell his name? Yet truly, secrecy, even among ourselves, is full often required of medical men—and in this land of mystery and intrigue is it likely to be less so? Who can say what reasons for concealment may exist? Suppose a female in the case!—if it were a woman now!” and his heart beat at the thought; for our young phy-

* Stick or mace bearer.

‡ *Huzoor*, the presence, a usual term of respect to superiors, to whom in Hindostan the simple pronoun is never applied.

sician, an enthusiastic admirer of the softer sex—black, brown, or fair, so they were but lovely—had, moreover, a strong spice of romance in his nature; and a bright idea instantly struck his brain. "A woman!" exclaimed he, mentally pursuing this new train of thought—"a female patient!—perhaps her illness may be more than that of the body!—more deeply rooted than it may be safe to own! It is not the first time a young physician has been called in to allay the throbbing of a pulse which beat with other fires than those of fever!—may not this same illness be but a pretence to obtain an interview?"—and the slight glance which the young man cast over his handsome person, and the rising flush upon his cheek, as the fancy crossed his brain, betrayed the human vanity which, like a weed among flowers, reared its head among many better feelings.

Reluctant as we should be to give an unfavourable impression of our countryman, we fear it must be confessed, that the compliance of the young physician with the chokedar's solicitations, was influenced as much by this romantic fancy, as by his wish to alleviate distress, regarding the nature of which he began, somewhat unreasonably, to entertain a doubt. Not that we would insinuate this sudden resolve to be the creature of vanity alone: it was rather the impulse of that love of enterprise and ardour of temperament, which had originally prompted the young man to seek so distant, and at that time so little known a land, and which had woven out of a plain appeal to his humanity and skill, an imaginary and gallant adventure. But it was enough; and without further consideration he announced his readiness to accompany the messenger—"I will but inform my servants," he said, "of my intended absence, and then accompany you."

"Good, my lord," replied the man: "the palkee is at hand—thy slave will have it prepared."

"The palkee, too!"—then all seems indeed to have been arranged"—mused the doctor, as he returned to where his own chief hircarrah was standing, and mentioned to him that a sudden professional call might occasion a prolonged absence, at which he need not be alarmed.

In a few minutes more, he returned to the spot where he had left the chokedar; and the man instantly led him to a little hollow among some ruins where was concealed a native palkee or litter with a full suite of bearers. If a momentary feeling of doubt had crossed the Englishman's mind at the rashness of the resolution he had taken, it gave way on beholding what he conceived to be a proof of the good faith intended towards him; for the palkee was obviously the conveyance of a person of consequence, and the bearers, though plainly appointed, appeared to be particularly well matched, and of the best class. Placing himself with confidence therefore in the litter, the curtains were drawn, the palkee lifted on the men's shoulders, and he felt himself borne along at a rapid rate.

Notwithstanding the engrossing succession of thoughts and speculations that crowded on his mind, the Englishman failed not to attempt some observation regarding the road by which he was thus carried; but his utter ignorance of the general localities, and the imperfect view of objects which he could manage to obtain by peeping through the curtains of his litter, frustrated his efforts to any good purpose—he could only make out, that the way was long and tortuous, winding among broken ground and rocky hillocks, or occasionally through a tope or grove, a garden or a cluster of ruins; and this continued for a full hour, after which his eyes only fell on walls and houses. But the light had by that time so utterly failed, that vision was useless; and, doubtless, the secrecy which seemed to be the object of his conductor forbade the assistance of torches, although the frequent stumbles

and false steps of the bearers gave expressive hints of the painful roughness of the path they were treading.

To pretend that during this long and tedious progress, the heart of our young physician was neither visited by suspicions nor alarms, would be to aver what were equally vain and untrue; for when the first flush of excitement was over, and he was left in the comparative inaction of the palkee to his own reflections, certain misgivings did assuredly arise in his mind, and he began to blame himself as a fool for his easy credulity. "Yet," thought he, "there cannot surely be a doubt that illness or intrigue is at the bottom of this affair; for it is utterly improbable that any thing can be meditated against my person. A stranger, and an Englishman—what can I have done to provoke enmity?—and one, too, of the suite of a friendly ambassador—*psha!* impossible!—no evil can be designed—if there was, what need of all this protracted *farce?*—no, whatever be the motive for so extraordinary a proceeding, it cannot be one that will affect my safety." Yet still, when he called to mind the customs and feelings of the country—when the extreme jealousy with which the natives of Hindostan regard every thing connected with their women, crossed his thoughts, he felt that *intrigue* at least could not be without its perils. But he was fairly embarked in the adventure; there was no receding—"returning were as bad as to go o'er."—And therefore, gallantly resolving to make no opposition where opposition must be fruitless, but to exert the keenest observation and the most jealous caution in all his conduct, he abandoned himself to fortune and his guides.

During another quarter of an hour, the palkee continued to make its way among buildings, the walls of which still more completely excluded the faint twilight, although it served to show their ruinous condition; but after threading a variety of narrow and much obstructed passages, the bearers halted and set down their burden before a narrow door-way. In the momentary pause which took place between the springing of the Englishman to his legs and the answering of the chokedar's signal from within, the former could but just discern that they were in a little lane between high but shattered brick walls, and that every thing near them bore a mean and squalid aspect.

Nor did appearances greatly improve when the door opened, and they were thus admitted into a sort of court, the interior of which was encumbered with rubbish and rank herbage. A brick-paved pathway in the centre led to an open verandah, not less desolate than the rest; but the chokedar, leading the way with courteous gesture, guided his charge by an archway which had been closed by an old matted screen. This led to a long passage, and the darkness which reigned here being dispelled by a torch, lighted by one of the attendants, the Englishman could see that the further end was closed by a *purdeh* or curtain of white and red cotton cloth.

With another respectful but expressive gesture, and maintaining profound silence, the chokedar now besought the young physician to wait while he went forward and gave some secret signal. The young man's anxiety was stimulated by all these formal preparatives; curiosity was roused to its height, and the last lingering quail of doubt had yielded to eager impatience, ere the *purdeh* was gently drawn aside. The chokedar beckoned him forward, but remained beyond the mystic screen as it closed; and our physician found himself in a very small court with only one other person, a closely veiled female, who had given him admittance.

Even the thrill which ran through his frame at this apparent realization of his fancied good fortune, did not prevent his casting a rapid glance around him at the place which he had thus entered. The scene was changed; the ruin and dilapidation which reigned

without had no place here. The court, neatly paved and kept, was surrounded by little apartments, the entrances of which were closed by *purdehs*, like that which had given him admittance; and an air of comfort and care was everywhere perceptible. Quickly turning, however, from inanimate objects, his gaze fell with more intentness upon the person of the female beside him, and he was meditating in what manner to address her, when she anticipated his intention, by inquiring, with a respectful obeisance but in eager tones—

"Is my lord a physician?"

"I am so, lady," replied he.

"Oh thou hast tarried long," said she. "And time and illness press:—let us delay no more."

"Is it thou, then, who has called me hither," said the Englishman, in an accent which betrayed somewhat of the disappointment he felt at a denouement which destroyed his visionary hopes. "But why this mystery?—why was the nature of the case, like the name, concealed from me?—thus preventing me from providing myself with what might be necessary."

"Was not my lord informed that his assistance was required to succour the sick? For that office a great physician must surely be at all times prepared."

"So much was indeed told me," replied the Englishman, "but neither the age, sex, or condition of the patient was made known:—nay, I had cause—I believed"—he hesitated—"in short I could not be fitly prepared for what the case may be found to require."

"Stranger," replied the female, "we people of Hindostan trust not our secrets to the mouths of menials, nor breathe even to the wind of heaven what concerns our women. Know that thy aid has been sought for to-night on no common occasion: the life at stake is no mean one, nor shall the reward of success be trifling. A young and beautiful lady lies here struggling with the angel of death: we trust that thy zeal and skill may scare the destroyer away, and restore the drooping rose-bud to health and beauty."

Again did the heart of the young man thrill—"It is youth and beauty then!" was his inward ejaculation; but his lips only uttered, "I am ready—lead me to the sick chamber—I will at least do my utmost to revive this drooping flower."

"Follow me then," replied the female: "speak not; seek not to do more than thou art bidden:—be discreet, and thy reward is sure:—be rash or foolish, and the consequences may be fatal."

The Englishman had no time to ponder on the alarming hint contained in the last words of his guide, for, pushing aside another screen, she introduced him through a short passage into a still larger court, which was laid out with all the formal refinement of Eastern taste. Parterres of roses and jessamine and other gay flowers, adorned its sides; a basin of pure water occupied the centre, and a fountain threw up jets-d'eau to cool the air, breaking the reflected star-light with its glittering spray. Of this area, one end was occupied by a building sustained on pillars of dazzling whiteness and graceful form; their fluted and tapering shafts springing from branches of lotus-leaves, the flowers of which were represented by their capitals—all cut out of that pure marble which gives beauty to so many royal palaces and mausoleums in Hindostan. The archways between these pillars were fitted up with *purdehs* of crimson and green, all which, save one or two, were dropped so as to close the spaces. The other sides of the square were formed by arcades of inferior beauty and materials, and each arch gave entrance to a small apartment. That these were not unoccupied was obvious, from the streams of light which issued from more than one among them, although the entrances were for the most part closed by screens or curtains resembling those in the other court.

There was full time afforded the young Englishman

to note all these particulars; for his guide, having reached the steps which led to one of the open archways of the building, requested him to remain until she should have announced his arrival. "But move not, nor speak," said she, "as you value your own safety and that of others."—In another moment he was alone, his heart bounding under the influence of all the powerful emotions inspired by so peculiar a situation. It was not then in Hindostan as in these latter days:—the very slight intercourse which had at that time taken place between Europeans and Indians—between Christians and Mussulmans or Hindoos—had not produced that limited familiarity which circumstances have since compelled between people of dissimilar habits, nor that jealous caution with which a subjugated people must for a long time contemplate their conquerors. To have reached the centre of the remote Indian empire, the court of the Great Moghul himself, was in those days an enterprise of no mean importance—an achievement to be laudably proud of: but to become so immediately the hero of an adventure—to be introduced so strangely and mysteriously into that dangerous and forbidden place, that object of Christian curiosity—the harem of an Eastern Ameer—for such, and no less, in spite of its external squalidity, did the luxury and retirement of its interior proclaim the place where he stood to be—this to an ardent imaginative mind was excitement of so intoxicating a character, that the young man stood gazing around him, with glowing cheek and beaming eye, as one who felt himself just entering the regions of enchantment.

The clear pale light of the stars fell silently on the spot where he stood; the silence interrupted only by the far-off hum of the city, or a slight occasional whisper, which no less than the tell-tale streams of light seemed to announce that the chambers around were by no means tenanted. But now and then a stifled moan which smote the ear, reminded the young physician of the pain and suffering in that sumptuous dwelling—of the fair young creature for whom his aid had been solicited.

He had not long remained alone, when earnest whispers were heard within the building; and the stern, impatient, though subdued tones of a man's voice, rose with startling emphasis upon the quiet air, in harsh contrast to the accents of female remonstrance with which they were mingled. They jarred upon the young Englishman's ear, for they boded no good to the little airy castle in which he still indulged, spite of his better judgment; but there was short time to weigh their import, or conjecture their meaning, for another low moan stole painfully from the interior of the place, the voices dropped into silence, and the female re-appearing, beckoned her charge to approach. The young man followed her through the archway into an arcaded verandah, where the glimmering light of a few small lamps enabled him to observe more than one veiled female form; but the rise of a curtain left him no further time for inquiry, for it disclosed a scene which absorbed his whole soul and sense.

He had entered an apartment of no great dimensions, but fitted up with every refinement of eastern luxury and even magnificence. The marble pillars and walls were adorned with gold and azure: the archways were closed with curtains of brocaded silk. Silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil, shed a softened ray through screens of fine muslin. The floor was covered with the finest mats of Bengal, on which was spread a cloth of spotless white. Only on one side was the apartment open to the air, and from thence the fragrance which reached the sense, told of the beds of roses which it must have swept ere it reached this favoured retreat. But the eyes of the young Englishman were speedily directed to more interesting objects. On a *dewan*, or dais, somewhat elevated above the rest of the apartment and at its upper end, under a canopy of silver-

knotted muslin, was placed a *charpae*, or Indian couch, of rich enamel-work. The gauzy drapery, which should have fallen around this place of repose, to exclude from its occupant the troublesome insects that buzzed around it, had been drawn, doubtless to admit the fresh air; but the eye of the Englishman sought in vain for the person of that occupant, for before it stood two veiled women, holding between them a shawl which precluded all view. At each side, but removed to some distance, stood a female form, holding a fan of a gigantic and ornamented palm-tree leaf, with which she agitated the air; and close to the head of the *charpae* were two others, who drove away the insects which approached the invalid.

Perhaps, however, the object which principally if not most pleasingly fixed the Englishman's regard, was the figure of a young man, who was standing by the side of the couch as he entered, and who threw upon him a glance in which impatience and restrained wrath were singularly blended with an expression of anxious curiosity. It was not without some uneasy feelings that our physician gazed upon the fair but youthful form, the noble but lowering features, the corrugated brow and the compressed lips, of the person who so unexpectedly arrested his attention: for to meet a man within the forbidden spot to which he had attained, by no means entered his calculations. It was the fierce haughty glance and proud air, rather than any peculiarity of dress or equipage, that proclaimed exalted rank, and hinted at the danger of unauthorised intrusion; nor, for a moment, could he deem himself in safety: but a gesture of his female guide appeared to recall the stranger to himself; the hand was withdrawn from the grasp of the jewelled *khunjur*, and the respectful salute of the Englishman was barely acknowledged by a haughty inclination.

An earnest though whispered remonstrance from the female, was replied to on the part of the lofty stranger, for a while by impatient words alone; but her importunity seemed at last to prevail, and she turned to the Englishman and addressed him in the same low tones.

"Physician of the Franks, thy patient is here—thy aid is sorely needed, therefore delay not to afford it—or if anything further be required, declare it, that it be provided."

"Produce then the patient," replied the Englishman, "let me see the lady."

"May God forbid!" replied the female, "why shouldst thou see her?"

"And canst thou suppose it possible for a physician to prescribe for a patient whom he has not seen, and with the nature of whose illness he is unacquainted?—it is impossible!"

"We know not how far the powers of my lord extend," returned his guide; "but they are said to be such, that if he but speak the word and give the remedy, the sick shall recover, though they were distant five hundred coss."

The Frank smiled—"This is indeed faith," thought he.—"Those who told thee so," he said, "have deceived thee, lady—such power is not in man—were it thus, what need you to have brought me hither?—To be of use I must see the patient, learn her symptoms—and even then, the event is in the hands of the Almighty."

"Ah, something of this was feared, and therefore wert thou brought hither. But in Hindostan it is not thus: physicians here seldom see their female patients. Shame, indeed, on the woman who uncovers herself before the eye of man, and that man not her husband! But our physicians have failed, and all our trust is in thee. Yet let me tell thee further of the case, and perhaps this disgrace may still be spared. The lady who lies on yonder couch, is young—very young—yet she is likely soon to be a mother; but we deem not that her hour of trial is come, nor is her affliction

such as may denote it; for her skin is hot and her mouth parched with fever, and her head racked with pain. How sayest thou?—is not this enough?—canst thou not now prescribe?"

"I tell thee no, lady!" replied the Englishman, with something of impatience in his tone; "what thou hast now said, renders it still more imperative on me to see and judge before I dare decide, or can even guess at what may be required. Either let me see the patient, or dismiss me to my dwelling, before my absence cause alarm, and search be made for me."

It appeared that the last words had a strong effect upon the female; for, turning to the young stranger, who during this dialogue had cast many a fierce glance at the Englishman, she again addressed him with earnestness. The wrath which clouded his countenance was by no means mitigated, as it seemed, by her appeal; but it also appeared that she possessed the art of restraining the rising passion, for after a few impatient expressions he ceased to speak; and at a signal from the female, the veil which had hitherto concealed the couch was dropped, disclosing the form of her who lay there. The Englishman approached a pace, but a furious gesture of the young man arrested his steps—"Back, dog of a Frank!" was his no less furious exclamation, as the ready hand once more grasped the dagger-hilt. But again the female interfered, and the youth grinding his teeth with passion took his seat upon an embroidered cushion at the head of the couch.

The eyes of the Englishman were now permitted to rest upon the form before him. The countenance was still veiled, but in spite of the rich draperies which enveloped her person, deep gaspings and restless tossings of the limbs betrayed the fever which burned in the sufferer's veins. A thrill of genuine compassion, mingled with that indefinable emotion which agitates the heart of man at sight of female suffering, forced an exclamation of sincere pity from our young physician, the tones of which seemed even to soften the jealous fierceness of the youth; for, addressing the intruder for the first time, he said in broken tones—"In the name of God, stranger, save her, and great shall be thy reward!"

"My lord," replied the Englishman, "thy servant is ready to do his utmost;—and he bent towards the couch to take the hand of the invalid. But again did the storm cross the young man's brow; again did the hand gripe the ready dagger, and "Dog! touch her not, on thy life!" burst in thunder from his lips.

But the Englishman's indignation was at length kindled, and drawing himself up with a proud yet respectful air, he fixed a steady look upon the burning cheek and fiery eyes of the young man, who seemed to feel its influence, as he addressed him.

"Twice, sir, has it pleased you to insult me, unmeritedly with a term, which, in your language as in ours, is vile. How I came hither, and for what purpose, must be known to you; certainly it was not for my own pleasure or with my own will, for long did I hesitate to obey your messenger's summons. I have been brought hither it appears to prescribe for a sick lady. Every country has its own ways: those of Hindostan are different from ours, but I can only follow those in which I have been bred. With us, Franks, physicians never prescribe without feeling the pulse and seeing the countenance of the sick, and unless this be permitted me, I cannot and I will not act. Suffer me therefore to proceed in my own way, or dismiss me at once to my friends."

The fury of the young man was excited by this unreserved declaration, to so high a pitch as to threaten some violent explosion; but the calm bearing of the Englishman operated on it like a spell—as the eye of man is said to cow the spirit of the most savage animals.

"How slave!" he exclaimed, "an unclean infidel behold and touch the wife of!"—

An energetic movement of the female, who abruptly interrupted his further speech, probably prevented some indiscreet disclosure; and the Englishman, whose interest in the fair object of this discussion, had, after the first burst, somewhat tempered his indignant displeasure, resumed the discourse in more conciliatory tones.

"If it please you, sir, to reflect but a moment—what can a stranger as I am, in your power too, purpose or imagine against your honour or that of this lady!—what can prompt me to the conditions I have proposed, but a desire to be of real service?—of what use can it be to me to raise your anger by such proposals, or to see a face and touch a hand which I never can see or touch again? If the honour of the English name be insufficient to guarantee my honourable intentions, or if I should in the smallest point deceive you, are not the means of punishment in your hands? Is not the ambassador, under whose orders I am, at hand, to receive your complaints, should cause be given by me. My life and my honour are thus in your power if I betray your trust. But reject not the means which the Almighty has sent you of saving, perhaps, the life of this fair flower whom you love so much."

Perhaps neither the temperate remonstrance of the Englishman, nor the earnest entreaties of the female, might have been sufficient to soften the jealous prejudices of the young Mussulman, had not a groan and an ejaculation from the poor sufferer herself opportunely interposed in aid of their well-meant endeavours.

Listening as she doubtless had been to the discussion which passed beside her bed of pain, her reluctance to exposure—a reluctance which will often induce a female of Hindostan to prefer death itself to such degradation—deadened by anguish of mind and body, she murmured out, "Oh, mercy, mercy!—I die, I die!" The faint despairing tone in which these words were uttered seemed like the prelude to the catastrophe they announced.

"It is well, then," said the youth, in hurried accents:—"see—look upon her—touch her—save her—but be discreet—be wise, or you die!"

The female approached—the veil was withdrawn, and the oppressive coverings removed. "Relieve her from these things, and give her air, if you value her life," said the young physician, as he approached, and bent an earnest eye upon the flushed yet beautiful countenance of the young creature thus exposed to his view. And never surely was there a combination of youth and beauty and helplessness more calculated to interest a feeling heart, than in the fair and drooping flower of Hindostan, for whom his aid was now solicited. Her slight fairy form denoted a very tender age:—in Europe she might have passed for sixteen: but the precocity of an Indian climate, no less than her interesting situation—for it was now, indeed, sufficiently obvious, as the attendant had declared, that the poor girl must soon be herself a mother—gave the semblance of maturer age to a far earlier time of life: she had barely seen her thirteenth birthday. The fastidious taste of northern lands might condemn the amber tinge of her complexion; and yet the "pure and eloquent blood," which rushed through every vein at each emotion of her youthful heart, produced a glow which contrasted happily with the dark lucid eyes that illuminated her speaking countenance, and the jetty locks which adorned a head fit for the model of a Grecian Venus. The *n'hut*, or nose jewel, the frontlet of pearls, the emerald ear-drops, and the costly necklace which adorned her person, afforded a more mournful contrast with the feverish glitter of those full black eyes, and the morbid restlessness of disease which agitated her limbs. It was a painful thing to witness so much suffering in one so young, so fair, and, as it seemed, so highly born. Our Englishman felt it so, and addressed his mind with energy to alleviate her

distress. The pulse was felt, the eye and the tongue examined, without further opposition; and in compassion to the feelings of the Eastern husband, and the prejudices of those around him, he waived a further and more minute examination, which strict adherence to medical practice might have prescribed, but which the information already gained enabled him to dispense with.

"Had I but known all I now know," said he, "I might have been better prepared. Something may, indeed, be done immediately, but a messenger must be despatched to my tent for certain indispensable requisites: in the meantime, I shall wait, if it please you, to watch the effect of what must now be administered."

The zeal of the Frank physician, no less than the delicacy of his conduct, conciliated even the Eastern husband's jealousy. A messenger was despatched with due directions, and the young Englishman could not avoid being struck with the significant smile which his regret at the imagined distance to his tents, and consequent loss of time, called forth from the attendants. We pass the unreasonable scruples which the young man betrayed, at permitting the invalid to swallow the draught prepared for her untasted by her new physician, and the good-humoured readiness with which he complied with this unpleasant form. The relief which followed its exhibition produced a decided effect upon the stranger's demeanour, and inspired a degree of confidence which augured well for the future. But the visit and the scene experienced a very sudden and unexpected interruption.

The messenger had not long returned, and the anxious inmates of the sick room were awaiting the effect of those further measures which the Englishman had conceived it expedient to adopt, and the invalid had just fallen into a quiet doze, when suddenly they were alarmed by a noise in the outer court; the scuffling of men and the cries of women were next heard, and the young man started to his feet. "How now, fellows?—what disrespect is this?" exclaimed he—"Allee Buxsh!—Meer Hussein! Dogs! what means that noise?" But the demand remained unanswered, and the clash of steel and several heavy blows increased the hubbub and alarm. Plucking his dagger from his waist, the young man rushed to the entrance of the inner court, while the females clustered shrieking round the couch of their exhausted mistress; but in a moment he re-appeared, retreating before a number of armed men, distinguished by blue girdles and turbans twisted with blue. "Yah Allah!" exclaimed the female who had acted so principal a part, "we are undone—we are discovered. Allee Yar!—oh, Allee Yar!—have mercy!"

Such is the sanctity of the harem in Asia, that the men who had unwittingly advanced thus into its very centre, though exasperated by resistance and heated with action, paused and gave back when they recognised the forbidden precincts, and stood with their eyes cast on the ground, not daring to raise them to the females into whose presence they had so rudely intruded. But their leader was not to be so easily daunted. "It is the Khan's orders—it is the Padshah's will!" said he, solemnly: "wo to him who shall shrink from obeying them! In the name of the Padshah and the Khan, seize the Prince!"—"Back, villains!—to hell with ye!" shouted the Prince, for such and no less he was; "back with ye, dogs—the first who advances shall die!" But the command of their leader was more regarded than the threat of the unfortunate Prince; for they knew that the star of his destiny was sinking, and the power of the Khan was at the full: so, forming themselves to enclose him, they advanced; yet such was the hereditary reverence of the Moghuls for the blood of Timour, that not an arm was raised against him, even when, like a lion in the toils, he threw himself, khunjur in hand, upon the

armed crowd with fatal impetuosity. One poor wretch received the weapon in his body, and the gushing blood covered his murderer; and, ere the rest could close around him, another lay writhing and sorely wounded on the floor; but his arms were seized, and he was secured before further mischief could be done. All passed with a rapidity which would have mocked prevention or control. The shouts of the Prince, and his blood-stained aspect as he stood powerless in the grasp of his captors, aroused the unhappy invalid to a miserable consciousness: starting from the couch, she made one step towards her lover, shrieking "Ai Feeroze!—ah, my beloved lord!" But her strength failed, her head swam round, and she fell in strong convulsions into the arms of her women.

At this sight, the Englishman rushed forward. "If ye be men," said he, "leave the place—leave this unhappy lady—see, she is already dead."

"And who may you be?" demanded the leader of the band, "that dares to interfere with the followers of Mohubut-Khan* in the execution of their duty?" and the scimitar flashed in his hand.

"Hold, Allee Yar Beg," exclaimed the principal female, interposing—"you have done enough; the Prince is in your hands; your orders are fulfilled; your master's daughter is dying; stain not your hands with the blood of the Frank Hakeem; your lives will answer it—it is Noor Buxh that warns you, whom ye know for your master's sister!"

"And is it well for my lord's sister to be found thus leagued with those who have insulted him?" replied Allee Yar, in a surly voice. "But let this meddling Frank beware—let him, if he can, save the daughter of Mohubut-Khan, but let him see that he lose not his own head by indiscretion."

"Stay—hold!" exclaimed the Prince, as they sought to drag him away—stop, on your lives, slaves! Good and true-hearted Englishman! my only remaining friend! remain here—preserve that broken flower—preserve the wife of Sultaun Feeroze. He is in the tiger's clutch, and the dungeon, the cord, or the poison cup, may end his days, or ever a week be past; but his royal grandfather may one day awake from his dream, and your reward for this day's work will be sure." A gesture of fervent devotion was all the reply which time or opportunity permitted; for in another moment the Prince was hurried from the place; and the Englishman, heart-struck at the scene, addressed himself to save, if yet it might be possible, the fair lily which had suffered so rudely in the storm.

Shattered and broken in truth it was; but the spirits of youth are buoyant, and its constitution, more pliant than when hardened by years, bends to the stroke that would destroy a maturer plant. The consequences were exactly those which were to be looked for—a painful, but scarcely a premature, delivery ensued; but its dangers were averted by the skill of the sympathising Englishman. The precautionary measures which his prudence had suggested were of much avail in the sequel; and in spite of the disastrous events of the evening, a prospect appeared of saving both mother and child.

But anguish of mind is often more fatal than sickness of body; and our doctor sought the means of removing the mental, no less than the corporeal, distress of his interesting patient. He soon discovered that the Prince was the victim of a political faction. The English ambassador was at the time high in favour with the emperor, and he conceived the plan of interesting that gentleman in the safety of the unfortunate pair. The origin and progress of the intrigue was easily discovered from the old lady who was aunt to the beautiful invalid.

* He was a nobleman at one time in great favour at the Moghul court of Jehangeer Padshah.

It appeared that Sultaun Feeroze, the son of Sultaun Khosroo, who was the third son of the emperor Jehangeer, having, in the course of a youthful frolic, obtained a sight of Guleyauz, the young and lovely daughter of Mohubut-Khan, then the most powerful noble of the court, was so captivated by her beauty, that though she was then little more than a child, he languished to obtain her. To attempt this otherwise than by marriage, would have been an affront which even the grandson of the Padshah dared not conceive towards a noble so great as Mohubut-Khan, and to such a marriage neither the emperor nor her father would have given their consent; so when the Khan was called away from court by the wars in the Deccan, the young Prince contrived to carry off the lady, and hid her in a retreat, which was discovered by her aunt too late to prevent the ruinous consequences of so rash a step. The Khan, already his father's enemy, swore vengeance against the son; but absence, and strict concealment had hitherto averted the storm, and the young and lovely bride remained safe in the retired but luxurious abode which the Prince had provided at Ajmere, until this fatal evening. It appeared that the servants of the Englishman, alarmed at his prolonged absence, or moved by curiosity to discover its cause, had traced him to the Prince's house, and, conceiving him to be beset by some hidden danger, had applied for a force to search the place. The dependants of Mohubut-Khan, ever on the watch to promote their master's views, very soon discovered or suspected the truth. The rest is already known.

Soothing the trembling mother and miserable wife with hopes of a husband's deliverance, the kind-hearted physician hastened to the camp which he was surprised to find close by; for there was no longer any motive for misleading him by a circuitous route. The English Ambassador very readily entered into his views; nor did he find the Emperor obdurate to the voice of mercy pleading for a grandson, against whom he had no positive cause of displeasure, whatever might be the errors of his father; and Jehangeer prided himself too much upon his title of *just*, to compromise it even in the opinion of a foreigner and a Christian.

The suit was urged, too, at a happy moment—that is to say, at an advanced period of a feast, where the emperor had somewhat forgot his dignity, and the Mussulman the law of his prophet, in copious libations of the forbidden juice of the grape. "*Cabool*—I grant thy petition," was the gracious reply; "and in return, thou wilt command, for the royal use, some more of that delicious liquor, which it is not for the king to name." Sir Thomas bowed respectfully low, to conceal the smile which rose to his lip at this singular commutation of a grandson's life for a butt or two of the bright nectar of Xeres, of which the emperor had become somewhat remarkably fond. But the Prince was saved for the time, and the lovers reconciled. With his subsequent history we have not here to do; nor would we hazard inflicting pain upon our fair readers, or disturbing our own equanimity, by searching the dark catalogue of crimes which most commonly close the career of Eastern princes, for a confirmation of our doubts or our fears.

USE OF FORKS.

AN intelligent foreigner has stated, in his work on Great Britain, that an Englishman may be discovered any where if he be observed at table, because he places his fork upon the left side of his plate; a Frenchman by using the fork alone without the knife; and a German by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian by using it as a toothpick. Holding the fork is a national custom, and nations are characterised by their peculiarity in the use of forks at table.

INTERVIEW WITH A GREAT TURK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF VIVIAN GREY.

WHEN I was in Egypt, the great subject of political speculation was the invasion of Syria; not that the object of the formation of the camp at Alexandria was generally known; on the contrary, it was a secret; but a secret shared by many ears. Forty thousand well disciplined troops were assembled at Cairo; and it was whispered at court that Abdallah Pacha of Acre might look to himself, a young and valiant chief, by the bye, whom I well know, but indulging in dissipation, extraordinary even in the Levant. I was exceedingly anxious of becoming in some manner attached to this expedition; and as I was not without influence in the proper quarters, there appeared little probability of my wish not being gratified. With these views I remained in Egypt longer than I had intended, but it would seem that the invaders were not quite as ardent as their intended volunteer, for affairs at Alexandria progressed but indifferently. Orders and counter-marches, boats pressed on the Nile for the passage of troops from the capital, which were all liberated the next day, many divans and much smoking; but still the troops remained within pistol shot of the citadel, and months glided away apparently without any material advancement.

I had often observed that although there was on most subjects an excellent understanding between the two Pachas, Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim, a degree of petty jealousy existed between them on the point of their mutual communications with foreigners; so that if I happened one morning to attend the divan of the grand Pacha, as Franks styled the father, I was sure, on some excuse or other, of being summoned the next day to the levee of the son; I was therefore not surprised when, one day, on my return from paying my respects to the divan at the citadel of Cairo, I found a Nubian eunuch in attendance at my quarters, telling me that Ibrahim Pacha was anxious to see me.

I accordingly repaired without loss of time to the sumptuous palace of that chieftain: and being ushered into his presence, I found the future conqueror of Syria attended only by his drogoueman, his secretary, and an aid-de-camp.

A pipe was immediately brought me, but Ibrahim did not smoke himself. After the usual compliments, "Effendi," said Ibrahim, "do you think the English horses would live in Egypt?"

I was too practised an observer of the Turkish character, to suppose that English horses were really the occasion of my summons. The Turks are very diplomatic, and are a long time coming to the point. I answered, however, that with English grooms, I was of opinion that English horses would flourish in any climate. A curt, dry, uninteresting conversation about English horses, was succeeded by some queries which I had answered fifty times before about English pistols; and then came a sly joke or two about English women. At length the point of the interview began to poke its horns out of this shell of title-tattle.

"If you want to go with the army," said his Highness, "'tis I who am the person to speak to. They know nothing about those things up there" (meaning the citadel.)

I answered his Highness that I had attended Divan merely as a matter of ceremony, and that I had not interchanged a word with the grand Pacha on the subject of the expedition.

"I supposed you talked with Boghaz?" said Ibrahim. Boghaz was the favorite of Mehemet Ali.

"Neither with Boghaz, nor any one else. Your

Highness having once graciously promised me that I should attend you, I should have thought it both impertinent and unnecessary to apply to any other person whatever."

"Tahib!" exclaimed his Highness, which meant that he was satisfied. "After all, I do not know whether the army will march at all. You have been in Syria?"

I answered in the affirmative, a question which had often been addressed to me.

"Do you think I could march as far as Gaza?" inquired Ibrahim with a smile.

This was a question of mockery. It was like asking whether the Life Guards could take Windsor. I therefore only returned a smile, and said that I did not doubt the enemy would agree to settle affairs upon that condition.

"Tahib! well I think I can march as far as they speak Arabic!" this was a favourite phrase of his Highness.

I answered that I hoped if I had the honour of attending his Highness, the army would march till we could see another Ocean.

"It is all talk, up there," replied Ibrahim; "but my life is a life of deeds."

"Words are very good things sometimes," I replied; "that is, if we keep marching at the same time."—"God is great!" exclaimed Ibrahim; and looking round to his officers, "the effendi speaks the truth; and thus it was that Redschid beat the Beys."

Ibrahim alluded to the Albanian campaign of the preceding year, when the energy of the grand vizier crushed the rebellious beys of the ancient Epirus.

"What do you think of Redschid?" he inquired.

"I think he is worthy of being your Highness's rival."

"He has always been victorious," said Ibrahim; "but I think his sabre is made of gold. That will not do with me."

"It's a pity," I observed, "that if your Highness find time to march into Syria, you had not acted simultaneously with the Albanians, or with the Pacha of Scutari."

"May I kill my mother but it is true: but up there they will watch, and watch, and watch, till they fall asleep."

The truth is, the orientals have no idea of military diversions; and even if they combine, each strives to be the latest in the field, in order that he may take advantage of the other's success or discomfiture. Mehemet Ali, at an immense expenditure, had excited two terrible revolts in European Turkey, and then waited to invade Syria until the armies of the Porte were unemployed. The result with some will justify his policy; but in the conquest of Syria, the truth is, Ibrahim himself used a golden sabre, and the year before the contingents of the pachas, whom he was obliged to bribe, were all busied in Europe.

The night previous to this conversation, the style of the military oath of the Egyptian army had been altered; and the troops, instead of swearing allegiance to the Sultan, had pledged themselves to Mehemet Ali. The grand pacha was so nervous about this change, that the order for it was countermanded twice in four hours; however, what with gratuities to the troops, and the discreet distribution of promotion among the officers, every thing went off very quietly. There was also a rumour that Mehemet Ali intended immediately to assume the title of CALIPH.

This piece of information is necessary to explain the following striking observation of Ibrahim Pacha.

"Effendi, do you think that a man can conquer Syria, who is not called a Caliph? Will it make 40,000 men 80,000!"

I replied, that I thought the assumption of the title would have a beneficial effect at foreign courts.

"Bah! before the Yahoors hear of it, I shall be at Damascus. Up there, they are always busying themselves with forms. The eagle in his flight does not think of his shadow on the earth!"

THE CHILD-ANGEL.

A DREAM.

I CHANCED upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical thing of a dream, the other night, that you shall hear of. I had been reading the "Loves of the Angels," and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures; and, I remember, the last waking thought, which I gave expression to on my pillow, was a sort of wonder, "what would come of it?"

I was suddenly transported, how or whither I could scarcely make out—but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither—not the downright Bible heaven—but a kind of fairy-land heaven, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to sport and air itself, I will hope, without presumption.

Methought—what wild things dreams are!—I was present—at what would you imagine?—at an angel's gossiping.

Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely of its own head, neither you nor I know—but there lay, sure enough, wrapt in its little cloudy swaddling bands—a Child Angel.

Sun-threads—filmy beams—ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered around, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes: which, when it did, first one, and then the other—with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dims the expanding eyelids of mortal infants—but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaces—what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my seeming—O the inexplicable simpleness of dreams!—bowls of that cheering nectar,

Which mortals *caudle* call below;

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants, stricken in years, as it might seem, so dextrous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth, to greet with terrestrial child-rites the young Present, which earth had made to heaven.

Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full sympathy as those by which the spheres are tutored; but as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes muffled; so to accommodate their sound the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And, with the noise of those subdued soundings, the Angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions, but forthwith flagged, and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven, (a year in dreams is as a day) continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but, wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, anon was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering, (still caught by angel hands) for ever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigour of heaven.

And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and it was to be called *Ge-Urania*, because its production was of earth and heaven.

And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces; but it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang up in angelic bosoms; and yearnings (like the human) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

And with pain did then first those Intuitive Essences, with pain and strife to their natures, (not grief) put back their bright intelligences, and reduce their ethereal minds, schooling them to degrees and slower processes, so to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination (as must needs be) of the half-earth-born; and what intuitive notices they could not repel (by reason that their nature is to know all things at once) the half-heavenly novice, by the better part of its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding; so that Humility and Aspiration went on, even-paced, in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium.

But, by reason that Mature Humanity is too gorous to breathe the air of that super-subtile region, its portion was and is to be a child for ever.

And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlieus of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came; so Love, with Voluntary Humility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adopted.

And myriads of years rolled round, (in dreams time is nothing) and still it kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood, and is the Tutelar Genius of Childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

By the banks of the river Pison is seen, lone-sitting by the grave of the terrestrial Mirzah, whom the angel Nadir loved, a child; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A pensive hue overcasts its lineaments; nevertheless, a correspondency is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw above; and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is as a shadow or emblem of that which stains the beauty of the terrestrial. And this correspondency is not to be understood but by dreams.

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love, (such power had parental love for a moment to suspend the else irrevocable law,) appeared for a brief instant in his station; and, depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared, and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same Babe, who goeth lame and lovely; but Mirzah sleepeth by the river Pison.

THE RADICAL.

I HAVE spoken of the preservation of life and health: next comes knowledge, to consummate the general happiness. All have curiosity—all have pleasure in getting knowledge, and that equally. If all are equal and alike in these natural constitutional wants, or in the circumstances of being susceptible of them, they are exactly alike, and equal in right to their supply; that is to say, in having a right to what things are appropriate and necessary to the satisfying of these wants. If in whatever is beyond human control, individuals suffer pain, human morals are not exonerated without going the whole length of our efficiency to make all comfortable by a supply of their natural requirements; and a government is not perfect nor just that has neglected, or while it neglects, any means in its power to institute or employ to prevent their suffering from such wants.—Social security must be based upon palpable advantage to the majority.

MINERALOGY.

Those whitish and reddish grains, nearly opaque, in Granite, the common paving stone of London, are Felspar; the grayish ones, more transparent, are Quartz; and the dark shining particles are called Mica. In larger masses of Felspar, which is an abundant ingredient of many rocks, the laminated or crystalline structure is more distinct: you may perceive, that wherever it is broken, the surface of the fracture is shining, and almost perfectly flat; it is, therefore, said, that it may be cleaved, or it possesses a cleavage, which is parallel to two opposite faces of the primitive crystal. This crystal is an oblique prism; and it may be cleaved or split in two other directions, parallel to the remaining faces, but not with the same ease (See Felspar, fig. 5.)

5



may be measured very exactly; and thus the species to which the mineral belongs may be ascertained. It is true, that when the crystals are large, and tolerably perfect, there is no need of resorting to this mode of determining it; but they are very often imperfect, extremely small, or heaped together in great confusion. In some minerals, cleavage can be obtained only in one direction: such as the Topaz; and such is Mica, commonly called Muscovy Talc, and Muscovy glass, from its appearance and locality. One might, indeed, mistake the large transparent plates for glass, if set in a window-frame, though they are not always quite colourless. Mica is used for the windows of the Russian ships-of-war; being a very elastic substance, it is less liable to be broken than glass. Perfect crystals of Mica, are small and rare; they are six-sided prisms

6



so like "the silver moon-light," certainly entitles it to rank among the precious stones, while the Cat's-eye is admitted as one. It is found in Ceylon and in some of the Swiss Alps. The desert coast of Labrador affords us another beautiful stone, now called the Labradorite. It can by no means be compared to Opal in brilliancy; yet the dark blue, green, and various shades of orange and flame-colour which it reflects, in certain lights, render it much more pleasing than its dark gray colour would, at first sight, lead us to expect. The Labradorite should be cut into small slabs, and polished, to show it to advantage. Felspar and Mica both contain potash or pearlsh.

The Lapis-lazuli, or Azure-stone, which is brought from Persia and Great Buharia, may always be known by its beautiful and constant blue colour, exactly similar to the ultramarine blue, which is prepared from it by grinding and washing. It is used for ornamental purposes, although its granular texture prevents it from receiving a high polish.

GRACE.

THERE is in the manner of some females a certain familiar, yet distant ease, which instantly seizes our admiration and esteem, and, of all other accomplishments, leaves the most powerful and permanent effect

upon the mind. It is generally styled dignity of manners; but, incapable as it really is of any determinate definition, we may still define it more intelligibly, or rather comprehend it more clearly, by resolving it into one of the qualities of Grace.

In the pictures of Corregio, Guido, and Raphael—indeed, by all our sculptors and painters, ancient and modern—Grace has uniformly been classed into two species, the majestic and the familiar; the former they have usually expressed in their attitudes of Minerva, and the latter in those of Venus. Xenophon, too, in his choice of Hercules, has made the same distinction in his personifications of Wisdom and Pleasure.

As the harsh dialect of the Greek may not strike the female ear so melodiously, nor in some instances, perhaps, so intelligibly, his masterly description in the following lines may be read as a translation:

"Graceful, yet each with diff'rent grace they move
This striking sacred awe, that softer winning love."

Nor has the father of the sublime, in his inimitable portrait of our venerable first parents, shown that he was insensible to these different species of grace, but the majestic, so peculiarly becoming to female manners, it seems, he has considered as a necessary requisite in completing his beautifully-descriptive character of Eve:—

— "Her heavenly form,
Angelic, but more soft and feminine;
Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air
Of gesture or least action;
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.
Speaking or mute, all comliness or grace
Attend thee; and each word each motion forms."

In this well drawn picture of primeval ease and simplicity, every requisite to command our admiration and esteem may be read in the most legible characters. The original, although viewed in mere semblance through the dim mirror of ages, like the sun in the firmament, may yet impart some rays to our amiable sisters. Ancient as the model may appear, I will venture to assure them, that it may yet correct their modern manners. When I recommend this species of majestic grace as the most commanding trait in their external behaviour, I would caution them against that studied reserve which they oftentimes assume in its stead. This never fails to disgust even the blindest of our sex; to the discerning, it is more frightful than deformity itself. But the kind of reserve I would recommend is more the result of a refined understanding—a mind which feels conscious of its own worth, and at the same time conscious of the surest method to secure that worth in the opinion of others. As grace is the mere operation of the passions, and receives its shape from them, it is more the effect of nature than of art. Its influence upon the external behaviour can never therefore fail to please; and while it pleases, it will always secure the female character from the overbearing advances of sycophants and flatterers, who, I am sorry to say, they too often suffer to dangle in their train. Our love, too, should always be tempered with respect; for we generally respect those females the most who awe us by their chastity and command us by their self-reverence.

"Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast,
What peremptory, eagle-sighted-eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow
That is not blinded by her majesty?"

LA BOUDOIR;

OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

"I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad; like life, made up of smiles and tears:
Contemn them not—what one dislikes, some other one
May favour. Please you select therefrom."—*Dream of Arady.*

CURIOUS PARTICULARS RELATING TO MARRIAGE.

The intervention of a priest, or rather ecclesiastical functionary, was not deemed in Europe indispensable to a marriage, until the Council of Trent, in 1409. The celebrated decree passed in that session, interdicting any marriage otherwise than in the presence of a priest, and, at least, two witnesses. Before the time of Pope Innocent III., (1118,) there was no solemnization of marriage in the church, but the bridegroom came to the bride's house, and led her home to his own, which was all the ceremony then used. Banns were first directed to be published by Canon Hubert Walter, in the year 1200.

STRONG POTATOES.

It was noticed by a gentleman who frequently dined with an old maiden lady, that among the usual vegetable accompaniments to her animal food, he never saw any potatoes. At length, he ventured to inquire respecting their absence. "Why, to tell you the truth," replied the lady, in a mysterious under-tone. "I have banished that vegetable from my house long since. When my servants ate potatoes, they did nothing but quarrel; they are now the most peaceable domestics in the world, because I have forbade the use of potatoes!" On the gentleman expressing his admiration, the lady continued: "Why, what is the cause of all the rebellion in Ireland? Potatoes. What makes the Irish such a passionate, head-strong people? The immoderate use of potatoes. And if Government is desirous of tranquillizing that unhappy country, they must set up a temperance society, and entirely forbid the use of potatoes!"

MORAL PIGS.

A gentleman, in passing through a country town, stopped to change horses at an inn in the centre of the market, which was then being held. While waiting, he heard a bargain in progress for a fine pig, the owner recommending him as "one of the best moral pigs as ever was sold in the world!" "Why, farmer," said the gentleman, "what the deuce do you mean by moral pigs?" "Why, bless your honour," replied honest John, "moral pigs, you see, are pigs as 'e'll eat their allowance any day, and do credit to their owners."

Why are half-a-dozen tailors' apprentices like certain vegetables?—Because they are cabbage-plants.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

It happen'd in a healthful year,
(Which made provisions very dear,
And physic very cheap.)
A Doctor sore oppress'd with want,
On business turning out so scant,
One day was seen to weep;
A neighbour asked him why so sad?
And hoped no dangerous illness had
To any friend befall:
"O, no, you quite mistake the case,"
Sigh'd Bolus; "Sir, this rueful face
Is 'cause my friends are well!"

A NOVEL STAGE EFFECT.

Actors hit upon strange things for effect, sometimes, but we think the following instance of extravagance was never surpassed. Mr. Moss, an actor at the Dublin Theatre, was performing the character of "Lovegold," in the comedy of the "Miser," and, in order to give, as he thought, a fine effect to the part, when he was frantic for the loss of his money, he ran to the front of the stage, and snatched the harpsichord-player's wig off, exclaiming, as loud as he could—"You have got my money! you have got my money! and I'll keep your wig till you return it!" The gentlemen of Ceceilia's band instantly put their hands on their heads to secure their wigs, and immediately quitted the orchestra. The poor man whose bald head had been exposed, and the sight of which got the ridiculous player a thunder of applause, could get no satisfaction from Moss for the insult, for he called it a theatrical joke.

A REASON FOR CELIBACY.

Says Thomas to Mary, "I can't for my life,
Discover the reason you are not a wife."
Says Mary to Thomas, "No wonder at all,
She can have little merit whose fortune is small."

LA BELLE SAISON.

There is a precious moment for young people, if taken at the prime, when first introduced into society, yet not expected, not called upon to take a part in it; they, as standers by, may see not only the play, but the character of the players, and may learn more of life and of human nature in a few months, than afterwards in years, when they are themselves actors upon the stage of life, and become engrossed by their own parts. There is a time, before the passions are awakened, when the understanding, with all the life of Nature, fresh from all that education can do to develop and cultivate, is at once eager to observe, and able to judge, for a brief space blessed with the double advantages of youth and age. This time once gone, is lost irreparably: and how often is it lost—in premature vanity, or premature dissipation!

PUMPS AND WATER-WORKS.

A Member of Parliament had lately to present a petition from one of the Water-works' Companies.—Just as he was about to enter the House, he was met by a witty Director of the Company, who expressed his surprise at seeing the Member in boots. "You are not going to present a petition from the Water-works in boots!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I am," replied the Member. "Why, dear me," rejoined the Director, "I should have thought when the subject was water-works, you would certainly have worn pumps."

A LIVING TOOTHPICK.

A modern traveller says, that he has frequently seen on the banks of the Nile, a bird about the size of a dove, or perhaps rather larger, of handsome plumage, and making a twittering noise when on the wing. It has a peculiar motion of the head, as if nodding to

some one near it, at the same time turning itself to the right and left, and making its *conge* twice or thrice before its departure, a mark of politeness he never met with before in any of the feathered tribe. He was told that it was called *Suksaque*, or Sucksack, and that tradition had assigned to it the habit of entering the mouth of the crocodile when basking in the sun on a sand-bank, for the purpose of picking away what might be adhering to his teeth. This being done, it gives the crocodile a hint of its wish to depart; the reptile immediately opens its jaws, and permits the animated toothpick to fly away.

MONEY HAS WINGS.

A young dashing lordling recently visited Paris with a considerable sum of money, which he was determined to spend before his return. Upon his arrival in the capital of *la belle France*, he waited upon a banker, and, after stating his intention, inquired how long six thousand pounds would last him in Paris.—“Why,” replied the banker, “if you visit the gaming table, it may last you three days; if you do not, it will last you six weeks.”

LOVE.

Thy word, O Love, bade light and beauty be,
And chaos had no form till touched by thee!
Thy voice endears to man the humble home,
Fair is the desert if with Love we roam;
Where barks the fox, by golden broom o'er-hung;
Where coo's the fern fowl o'er her cowering young;
These gloomiest rocks acclaim, with greeting stern,
To thee the uplands bow their feathery fern;
Shaking the dew drop from his raptured wings,
The waking thrush salutes his mate and sings;
With amorous lays the glad lark climbs the sky,
And heaven to earth pours down his melody,
But in thy name when erring mortals sin,
A plague, a canker, darkens all within;
Sad is the day, and sleepless is the night,
And the rose poisons like the aconite;
The rural walk that pleased when life was new,
Where pendant woodbines grow, as erst they grew,
Can please no more! the mountain air is dead,
And nature is a book no longer read!

GRATITUDE EXTRAORDINARY.

An obscure cobbler once returned thanks through the newspapers, to the persons connected with the fire offices for saving his stock, during a conflagration.—This caused considerable laughter, when a person observed, that he supposed the poor fellow's stock was his *awl*.

MY FIRST LOVE.

(From the Note Book of a Dandy.)

In my early youth, I was so much in love with a little beauty with a round face and a blue eye, that I was actually on the verge of perpetrating matrimony! I was, certainly, suffering under some sort of enchantment; for I found myself one fine morning, escorting the fat Viscountess —, and her dashing daughter, up a private staircase of a fashionable jeweller, to see duly fitted to her taper finger a certain plain gold ring, entitling her to the possession of a set of old family diamonds, which the magic-wand of the jeweller had engaged to convert from buckles, breast-knots, a stomacher, and a watch-chain, into a *riviere*, a pair of girandoles, and a *parure* of wheat-ears. The first visit to the jeweller's, I own, was enchanting. Laura blushed her acceptance of a few hundred pounds' worth of bracelets, bandeaux, and brooches; and smiled as she placed upon my finger, in return, an emblematic gold serpent with a diamond eye, intending to mark me her's to all eternity. But, alas! on a

second and third visit, I found that both the Viscountess and my future bride had eyes scarcely less penetrating and guileful than those of my serpent; and Laura insisted so vehemently upon new plate, and was so peremptorily enamoured of a gold repeater, that I fancied the tall young gentlemen behind the counter were slyly laughing at my pullet-pecked air! To show my courage, I resisted a further attempt at a gilt tea-service; and at my sixth visit, grew so sulky at her ladyship's proposal that I should exchange my mother's favorite pearls for a pair of Indian bangles with diamond claps, that she began to “*Sir*” me, in the presence of the courteous jeweller. Now, I never could stand being *Sirred* by a woman above the rank of a chambermaid; so I took huff, and forgot to hand Laura into the carriage. Our quarrels (Heaven be praised!) went on, till the match went off! And, now, I am a determined bachelor!

ITALIAN OPERA IN CHINA.

We know but little of the manners, customs, and amusements of the Chinese, but it would seem that they are not so backward in the “march of intellect” as some persons suppose. What will our readers think when we tell them that we have actually read a play-bill, announcing for performance Paer's celebrated opera of *Agnese*, at the “Italian Theatre at Macao.” This is such a perfect curiosity, that we shall lay it before our readers. “*Italian Theatre at Macao*.—The Musical Society will begin to perform on Friday, 26th June, with Paer's celebrated opera, semi-seria, in two acts, entitled, “*L'Agnese di Fitzhenry, o, el Delirio Parental*.” The principal actors are, Signora Teresa Schieroni, Signor Domingo Pizzoni, Signor Joaquin Bettali, Signor Gius. Mayorge, Signor Pino, Signor Gerate; and Leader of the Orchestra, Monsieur Theophile Panel. N.B. The Society has employed all the means in its power to engage the musical men here to touch in the orchestra; but the excessive price they asked has not allowed it to have them. However, the Society has engaged some of the best musicians, and hopes that the ladies and gentlemen will excuse if the orchestra is not so numerous.” With what success these enterprising Italian vocalists have performed we are not aware.

THE HOME OF THE CONTENTED.

Shady groves and curling rills,
Walks where quivering moonbeams play,
Screen the world-sick breast from ills,
Lull the cares of noisy day,
Leave all hopes and fears behind,
Give up Pleasure's splendid toys;
All you wish, you here will find,
Peace and Quiet's calmer joys;
But if passion haunts you still,
If in love with pomp and power,
Tranquil vale and murmuring rill
Cannot charm the heart an hour!

GOOD AT A GUESS.

“Paddy,” said Lord C——, to an Irish labourer who was employed in mending a street, through which the young lord was passing in his cab. “Paddy, when will you get this street finished?” “How did you know my name was Paddy?” exclaimed the Hibernian. “Why, I guessed it,” rejoined Lord C——. “Then guess when the street will be done.”

THE ITALIAN WOMEN.

The Italian women are remarkably fond of personal ornaments. The coral of Genoa is of a superior kind, and forms a prominent article in the display in the street of the goldsmiths, where all imaginable kinds of rich and tasteful ornaments are laid out, more for the

use of the lower and rural classes than the affluent and proud. The Italian girls are passionately fond of costly ear-rings, bracelets, &c., often quite unsuited to the quality of their attire; where gold is beyond their means, silver is worn, even when labouring in the fields, beneath the rays of a burning sun, that prematurely takes away their freshness and attraction. The festival days are those of their pride; coral, which is cheap, and of excellent quality at Genoa, and pearl, are profusely worn. In many of the cantons of Switzerland, the peasant-bride glories in her vast stock of linen, to the gradual hoarding of which previous years have perhaps been given; the piles of snowy whiteness are often sufficient to serve a family of Brobdignag for a whole year, without washing.—From the floor, almost to the roof, rises the goodly array, gazed at from day to day with exquisite complacency; and it is a frequent boast, that for two years the household has no need to have recourse to the waters of the lake or stream.

The Tuscan or Genoese beauty does not, like her countrywomen of the south, forget the external purity of linen and vesture on her own fine form, or on the walls of her home; but she will expend all her little portion, even thirty or fifty pounds, in a splendid necklace or chain, that is worn to the dying hour.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night? Ah, no: the hour is ill,
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together, still,
Then it will be good night.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood,
Then it will be good night.

To hearts which near each other move,
From evening close to morning light,
That night is good, because, my love,
They never say good night.

A CHARACTER.

Miss Teresa T—— is a most loquacious lady. Ladies are not generally given to talking, but talking is given to them. For some years I have known Miss T——, and I verily believe that her *rattle*, like the snake's, increases every year. To my surprise, she lately informed me that she had paid a visit to the Dumb Asylum: I sincerely hoped she had taken a lesson in "expressive silence"—what was my amazement, when she informed me that she had learned to talk with her fingers! She has a predilection for lace boots, brooches, and buckles, for no other reason, I believe, than because *they have tongues*. She is a disciple of Mr. Irving, and is very anxious to have the gift of the "*Unknown Tongue*." "*Bid me discourse*," is her favourite song; and, proud of her eloquence, she boldly declared that no *belle* without a *clapper* would ever be tolerated by the world. Indeed, I verily believe that she would take a trip to the *Mouth of the Nile*, if she thought she should find a tongue in it.

THE MARCH OF MIND.

Passing through Kent, the following handbill was presented to us:—Mr. W. W—— respectfully informs the inhabitants of ——, and its vicinity, that he has commenced the business of chimney-sweeping, fire defender, and smoke-jack cleaning, and assures the public that he sweeps the largest chimneys himself, and does not trust to his boys, as sweeps generally do in ——, and other places, *but is determined to raise the business from that obscurity and contempt which is now practised and carried on by others.*" After this, who will say that mind is not marching with rapid strides?

THE WILL.

The following curious and interesting circumstance occurred lately in France:—Monsieur ***, a gentleman of handsome fortune, and a bachelor, died rather suddenly, and as no will could be found, three nephews (with whom he had held but little intercourse) laid claim to the property, as heirs-at-law. On the first news of his illness, a young man, a distant relation of the old gentleman and who was entirely dependent on him, had hurried up to Paris, in order to render him every care and attention in his power. An orphan, brought up and educated by Monsieur ***, he had ever regarded him as a second father; and, indeed the latter had always said it was his intention to provide for him. He arrived, however, too late to take a last farewell of his respected friend ere death had closed his eyes for ever. Finding himself thus at once blighted in all his worldly prospects, deprived suddenly of his protector, whose apparent unkindness and neglect had left him in a forlorn and destitute situation, it might naturally be supposed that the bitterness of his feelings would have found vent in murmurs of reproach; but grief for the loss of one whom he ever cherished in the light of a parent appeared alone to absorb the faculties of this exemplary young man, and he retired to a distant province to mourn in secret the loss of his only friend. In the meantime the nephews take possession of the property. A very valuable collection of pictures, forming a part of the personalities, are immediately exposed for sale, and the names of the most distinguished artists figuring upon the catalogue, a vast concourse of amateurs flock together on the occasion. The first day's sale goes off admirably, realizing immense prices—the three nephews, who are present, rejoicing in the event, with mutual congratulations and glee, exult in their good fortune; the second day's sale begins; the same success; at length as the attendants are taking down from the wall a picture to be put up for the next lot, a small portfolio falls from behind it to the ground: disregarded, it is on the point of being thrown aside, when, out drops a paper, on which the word "Will, &c." written in very discernible characters, cannot fail of attracting general observation. The auctioneer pauses—calls the attention of his audience—and informs them that the auction must be suspended for a while, as he is compelled to call in the proper authorities to take cognizance of the affair. The *Juge de Paix* is sent for—the will opened and read—when, lo! the young man is therein named *sole heir* to all the property, and becomes at once possessed of upwards of 40,000 francs a year, besides large personal property; whilst the avaricious and undeserving nephews, now crest-fallen and dismayed (whose doleful countenances, in which astonishment and disappointment seem struggling for the ascendancy, would form a subject not unworthy the pencil of Hogarth) are left to condole with each other on the failure of their premature rejoicing, their selfish triumph.

MONEY will not purchase prudence, and without prudence the greatest wealth will bring the greatest poverty. He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies. Keen are the pangs of hunger, and sad is the spirit of him who is sinking into an early grave for the want of the common necessities of life; but no less keen are the mortifications and cares of him who, nursed in ease and luxury, is thrown by circumstances into dark perplexities, which his mental indolence cannot unravel, and who is reduced even to an apprehension of the want of those luxuries which are to him more than life.

THE MINSTREL BARK.

A Ballad.

COMPOSED BY J. BIRD—THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY E. LODER, ESQ.

ANDANTE.

p *mf*

dim.

Oh! sweet the starbeam wakes A - long the si - lent sea, And sweet the light car

pp

takes its fearless course and free; But sweeter is the lay, The lay that list'ning

beau - ty hears, When on its shining way The minstrel bark ap - pears. But

pp *cres.*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a ballad titled "The Minstrel Bark". The score is written for voice and piano. It begins with the tempo marking "ANDANTE." and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 2/4 time. The score consists of several systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and moves to mezzo-forte (*mf*). The second system includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The third system contains the first line of lyrics: "Oh! sweet the starbeam wakes A - long the si - lent sea, And sweet the light car". The fourth system starts with a *pp* (pianissimo) marking. The fifth system contains the second line of lyrics: "takes its fearless course and free; But sweeter is the lay, The lay that list'ning". The sixth system contains the third line of lyrics: "beau - ty hears, When on its shining way The minstrel bark ap - pears. But". The piano part in the sixth system includes a *pp* marking and a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The score ends with a double bar line.

sweet - er is the lay That list' - ning beau - ty hears, When

on its shining way The minstrel bark appears, The bark ap -

pears.

II.

Low breathing gales prolong
 The Lute's impassion'd sighs;
 As love inspires the song,
 And softer love replies:
 And care deep slumb'ring lies,
 While glide the moments on;
 Alas! that all we prize,

Should be so dearly won, Should be so dearly won.

SALON OF THE LATE GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

I AM a man without much amiability, gallantry, or politeness; in truth, I am hardly civilized. My friends, or they who term themselves such, call me "the peasant of the Danube." I generally prefer the faubourgs to the city, La Courtille to the Boulevard des Italiens, and melo-drama to tragedy. I detest soirees, particularly those in high life. I have never perfectly understood what is meant by a soiree. Is it a tumultuous assemblage of men and women with great pretensions, at a house whose master had, with equal pretensions, invited them there?—a miscellany of envy, contradiction, ambition, jealousy, and hatred—a mob clad in silks, Indian shawls, and flowers—a mob so perfumed as to give you a head-ache—a dancing, singing, laughing, and chattering mob, more tiresome, and, in my opinion, much more disgusting, than the muddy and greasy assemblage in shirt sleeves and casquettes, who danced yesterday in the public streets? Is that a soiree? Or is it rather a silent and sinister meeting of men dressed in black from head to foot, seated in rows on either side of tables covered with green cloth, pouring handfuls of gold upon beautiful rose-coloured cards, and pitilessly losing the fortunes of their wives—who, standing behind with bent bodies, turgid veins, and straining eyes, shudder as they look on; or staking upon the cast of a die, the dowers of their daughters, who are in another room dancing, as mute and pensive, they listen to the tender pleading of some handsome fop with mustachios and a pointed beard—a specimen from the sentimental *jeune France*, who seduce and ruin credulous girls, by talking St. Simonism and writing sonnets? Their poor wives, models of domestic economy, and their sweet and gentle girls, so neglected and so credulous; how I pity them! And yet their husbands and fathers think themselves honest men!!!

After all, if I were obliged to make a choice, I should prefer the soirees at which people play. Gaming is something. It is now a grave and serious occupation in this bustling metropolis—where every thing is carried on by gaming;—where the stakes may be either oil or public loans, brandy or three per cent. consols; and where one stakes his conscience against a place, another his country against a title. Yes, I should prefer the drawing-room of the gaming party! What pleasure to play at night by the glare of perfumed candles with beautifully glazed cards, by the side of lovely women, who bet on your side, and whose warm breath, tranquil or precipitate, as may be, fans or rudely brushes your hair—lovely women who, with a charming smile, say, "Thank you," when you win, quarrel with you when you lose; for the fair sex cannot command their temper at cards.

Poor youth! Politics and play wear it out, ruin it, and render it cross, querulous, and thin as an old countess of the Regency. Look at that apartment in the sixth story. It is a garret with a sky-light, inside which the rain penetrates every time it falls on the outside. A painted bedstead, an old-fashioned chest of drawers, a trunk, a table, and two rickety chairs compose its furniture. It is inhabited by a poor student whom a rich father has ordered to live and learn upon a hundred francs a month. Look at him; he is dressing to go to a ball. See, he is drawing on upon white cotton stockings, silk socks with open clocks; and over the latter he puts thread ones, and a pair of boots over the whole. Well! he will go on foot; and in the porter's lodge he takes off his boots and thread socks and puts on a pair of shoes, which he will carry in the pocket of his cloak. His purse is not empty, for it contains two five-franc pieces. He might have had a coach, but he prefers being able to

play. He will lose, and, in his way home, will be robbed of his cloak and shoes.

Poor manhood! You ruin it by play. How cruel! You say it does not love balls or concerts. No wonder. For how can an honest man commit so atrocious an act as to give a ball or a concert to five hundred people in a space in which only two hundred, at the utmost, could move about? Can any one without a bad intention, without a mission of hatred or revenge, convert a handsome drawing-room into a place to stew five or six hundred unfortunate individuals alive? In such a case, I, who abhor a crowd, would fly to the street, where, even when there is a crowd, nobody can prevent me from making my way with my feet and elbows. There, ceremony and respect may be dispensed with; there nothing forces me to hold my hat in my hand to see it crushed a dozen times in a minute. It may be said, "But you should get an opera hat;"—but every body cannot have an opera hat. In the street there is no hypocritical politeness—"A thousand pardons, Madame,"—"Pray, Sir, have the goodness"—"Madame, I am excessively sorry;"—none of this—none of that ridiculous insipidity which, with forced and lying smiles, you scatter before you through a magnificent crowd—noble and rich, it is true, but which trends upon my toes and gives me elbow punches on the stomach just as well as the dirty and unceremonious mob on the boulevards or at the entrance of the theatres.

To be thus ill treated for the sake of looking at a ball, or listening to a concert, is a fine thing truly! And who dances at such balls? Why, marriageable young ladies, with well-clad motionless figures, and superb eyes which express nothing; or young and vain married women, quizzing and talking nonsense, and uttering their absurdities either in a loud or rapid tone, as if they had previously learned them by heart, or in a soft whisper, as a great secret; or fat mammas, with full busts, brown cheeks, and flame-coloured dresses, who talk politics, laugh loud, and drink punch. Who sings at such concerts? Why, men and women from the theatres, whom you would not notice in the street, and yet invite to your parties—brilliant victims of social prejudices, poor pariahs crowned with flowers for your pleasure, whom you applaud and admire, at the same time that you despise them; or amateurs, generally stupid persons; parasites, who live by their throats, as others live by their memory.

If such are your balls and concerts, ladies and gentlemen, you may keep them to yourselves. I prefer going to the opera.

There are other and well-attended soirees, at which there are neither balls nor concerts, and which are less turbulent, less suffocating, but not less insipid than those I have described. These in the days of Madame de Tencin, or Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, would have been called *stove-rooms of wit*. I have only seen one, and I am told that all the others resemble it. People drink tea there, and eat thin bread and butter. It is necessary that every young man should be introduced to these parties; for they are in fashion, and frequenting them brings one into notice. You arrive there at eight o'clock in the evening dressed as nearly in black as you can. In a silent ante-room, you find a tall footman who asks you for your hat and your name—then, raising the curtain which separates the drawing-room from the ante-chamber, makes your name ring, with the full force of his stentorian lungs, in the ears of the assembled company. You then enter, bow—and the ceremony is over. You are paid very little attention to, unless your name be an illustrious one.

It must be confessed that to one who has just left a ball, this kind of party seems a strange contrast. There is no noise in this literary boudoir. A thick and soft carpet, and magnificent bear skins, deaden and destroy the creaking of boots and shoes. Round a splendid tea table, and lounging upon sofas, are the elect of the assembly—poets, painters, journalists, authors, legislators, and lawyers—conversing among themselves in an undertone, or listening, without seeming to do so, to one of the editors of the "Figaro," a tall, ill-dressed man, thin and angular, who alone boldly warms himself with his back to the fire, and the flaps of his coat over his arms. It is a pleasure to hear him talk; for he speaks well. He is a most audacious critic, a wicked wit, and yet a good friend to any one who chooses to set up for an author. But he cuts through the greatest literary reputations in a twinkling, is fond of controversy, pours forth paradoxes, and disputes to his heart's content upon every known system, which he knocks down in a moment, then builds them up again, for the sole pleasure of leaving you in doubt whether he has been laughing at you or not, and to make you debate in your own mind, when he has finished, which is the greatest fool, he or the rest of mankind.

In a corner of the apartment, and near the curtain which was raised on your entrance, you see a large table with a lamp upon it, like the table in a public reading-room. Upon this table are some books, several bundles of journals, and a dozen of caricatures negligently thrown across it. Etiquette requires that you should pay a visit to this table; but you are not to seat yourself at it, as you may easily perceive from there being no chairs round it. Standing, then, you take a book, and turn it over rapidly with the air of one who has read and seen every thing. You then drink a cup of tea, and slowly eat a bit of bread and butter. After this, if you can muster courage, you may listen to the conversation—for courage is requisite, as I know to my cost. I have learned the apartment by heart; I know the number of its pier-glasses—tall and wide, before which you cannot yawn without every one seeing you. I have always observed the piano shut, the harp concealed within its green dress, and the young mistress of the house an object of compassion, from the torture she is obliged to endure twice a week from this crowd of chatterers, who talk politics to her, poor creature, and oblige her, when seated between M. Cornenin and M. Mahul, to declare whether she belongs to the *extreme droite* or the *centre gauche*—each of these gentlemen being ready to take her answer as a personal attack upon himself.

Once more, I have a horror of drawing-rooms, soirees, and the various parties to which winter gives birth. I am worn out at them by fatigue and ennui; they make me ill. Is this my fault? Then go not there, you cross-grained fool. Amen, say I.

There is, however, one house which I would not confound with the others. That house I consider my own. I love it with the sincerest affection—I speak of it with pride;—and all who read this book, should you this winter be asked to some ball where you cannot dance, or to some concert where the singing will be out of tune, endeavour to get the party fixed for a Tuesday; then consign the music and dancing *ad inferos*, and visit instead the house of General Lafayette, in the Rue d'Anjou. There reign liberty, ease, and cordiality—there you have no refinement of forms, no superlative proprieties of manner, no etiquette, no ceremonious introductions, nothing but simple politeness, and kind attentions. Lafayette's drawing-room is like a public saloon—it is a place of universal intimacy, where friends bring their friends, sons their fathers, and travellers their comrades. Every body goes there who likes—enters at any hour, and retires when he pleases. There, natives of all countries,

citizens of all classes, and all the different varieties in human society, meet, mingle, and shake hands. Thither all France and the whole of Europe have sent their deputations. There, Americans come to pay their respects to the friend of Washington; and all the liberals and political outlaws in the world, to salute the High Priest of Liberty.

What savant, poet, historian, or soldier, has returned to his country from Paris, without being able to say, "I went to Lafayette's?" Who dare not go there for fear of being out of his sphere? A dishonest man, or a bad citizen. But who else? Ye princes, Dukes, Marquises, Counts, and Barons, know that Lafayette is a Marquis of the old noblesse—that his wife is an heiress of the ancient house of Noailles; you may therefore visit him without derogation! Ye men of the people, artisans, artists, young men without name or fortune, know that Lafayette is a man of the people—that he signs simply his name of Lafayette; go to his house, therefore, without fear, and he will make you welcome! He will shake hands with the poor as with the rich—with the plebeian as with the patrician; and not with premeditated hypocrisy, like some ex-nobles who ape his manners, but with the sincerest and warmest cordiality. Around this noble old man, delighted with your eagerness to approach him, and proud of the enthusiasm he inspires, you will perceive a motley crowd acting without any other restraint than that imposed by the ordinary rules of society. You will here see all the leading political, scientific, literary, and popular characters of the metropolis, displaying upon the naked and creaking parquet, a medley of splashed boots, silk stockings, uniforms, buttoned great coats, and open lappels;—for do not believe that all who are here come in their carriages, although the street be encumbered with landaus, chariots, calashes, and tilburys, and there be a confusion of coachmen and lackeys at the door, under the doorway, and upon the staircase;—the majority of the guests come in an omnibus, on foot, or the best way they can. What matters it to Lafayette how you come, provided he sees you, and knows you are not there to abuse the people?—for his egotism is his love for the people;—the people first, then his country—himself, when and how you please; of himself you may speak ill at his own house, and he will not be angry.

I love Lafayette, as a son loves his father. Let me be pardoned if there is any impropriety in my manner of speaking of this noble old man; but, whenever I think of him, my heart beats with the most lively emotion. When, at my age of twenty-five, I say to myself, "I am now old in the knowledge of the world, all illusion is fled, and the cup of my disgust is overflowing"—when, with bitter tears of despair, I further say to myself, "to be useful, one must be strong; the weak are not only useless, but they even do harm in these times"—when the past, present, and future, perplex and alarm me—the only thing that can allay these thoughts of sadness, and direful forebodings—the only thing that can bring me any consolation, is the idea of Lafayette. In the evening it visits me, assuages the bitterness of my thoughts, relaxes my mind, and relieves the oppression of my heart. I seize and caress it; call it honour, glory, liberty, country:—I see it before me living, incarnate, made man; tall, majestic, with calm brow and mild look. Its voice speaks to me, grave, eloquent, and sonorous. It says, "Be of good cheer, child! do not afflict thyself thus; happier days will come;" then, calm and beautiful, with outspread hands it seems to bless me, and I fall asleep to dream of Lafayette and Liberty.

The first apartment is his *salle a manger*; simply furnished, as you perceive—the real eating-room of a republican. That individual leaning against the side-board, with a dark complexion, hair beginning to

turn gray, eyes so sparkling and look so intellectual, is the celebrated advocate Mauguin, the Brougham of France. He is relating the events which occurred at the Hotel de Ville, after the 29th of July. Next to him is a person seated, whose look is sad and sombre, whose air is grave and severe—that is Eusebe Salverte. A little beyond the latter, you perceive a Roman face, with an expression of ambition, and beautiful as an antique bust—it is Odillon Barroi. Behind this eloquent orator beams the good and open countenance of the modest Audry de Pyraveau, the intrepid representative who so generously lent his house for the patriots to assemble in during the three glorious days, and thus courageously exposed his life, whilst many of his colleagues, so proud at present, and holding such high offices, carefully hid themselves. That tall, thin individual, with high and square shoulders, and an eagle look, is General Lamarque. His name is stamped in the hearts of the patriotic Poles, by the side of those of Mauguin and Lafayette. Two paces from the brave Lamarque, stands the veteran General Matthew Dumas, short in stature, and bent with age. He wears a green shade to protect his weakened sight. The person near him, with his hands in his pockets, with a countenance beaming kindness, an intellectual look, and a fine healthy appearance—the very picture of content and good-humour—is Chate-lain, chief editor of the *Courier Français*. He is talking to his old friend and indefatigable defender Merilhou, who was once a minister, without being hated by the people.

In the middle of the room is a close group. They who compose it endeavour, by pressing their arms to their sides, to render themselves as slim as possible. All without the group stand on tip-toe, and the words "it is he," are circulated in an under-voice. It is Lafayette, surrounded by his staff of friends—much more imposing and more respectable than any official staff, with embroidery, epaulettes, and passive admiration for the chief, whether he deserves it or not. Do not expect a portrait of this incomparable man—such an attempt on my part would be folly; moreover, his features are become well known, and his virtues belong already to history. On his right stands Dupont de l'Eure, and on his left, Charles Comte.

How many other grand names should I have to mention, how many historical heads could I not draw? But I stop here. Accustomed to give my opinion of the men I name, I should be getting into forbidden ground. There are to be no politics in this book; this is perhaps right, for there is so much of them in every other.

Nevertheless, before I conclude this imperfect sketch, I must freely express one thing. To praise every body who goes to Lafayette's, would be impossible. Is it my fault, if, by the side of Mauguin, Lamarque, Salverte, Cormenin, and Chate-lain, I see so many loathsome, squinting, and disgusting faces? Whence come they? Who brings them? Who told them to come? By what right and in what view are they there? They are hideous spectres, frightful and gloomy apparitions in this noble picture. They constantly surround the general, who, inoffensive and confiding, smiles upon them with kindness. But they betray and laugh at him. It is they who circulate the saying, that Lafayette ought to be more select in the persons he admits to his house; it is they who steal his shakes by the hand, and then say that he grants them to every body. These are painful remarks to commit to writing, but they ought not to create surprise. The general's door is open to all comers; there is no usher to ask names and announce individuals. The power of entering or staying away is entrusted to the conscience of every one; but how few people are there who have any conscience!

Let those, to whom these reflections are addressed,

fit the cap upon their own heads. I have no desire to assist them in this operation. Intriguers of all kinds, vile wretches in power and out, illustrious and obscure—each will surely recognise his own likeness. What further use would there be in naming them? They have long got rid of all feeling of shame; and if I were to point them out to-day, it would not prevent their going again to-morrow. However, to such as would enjoy Lafayette's intimacy, to such as are worthy to understand him and proud to acknowledge it, I would say—"Near Rosny, in Brie, is the old mansion of La Grange; it is there you must go to see Lafayette really at home." Let a more able observer than I go thither, and let me be permitted to envy him his task. I resume mine.

The second apartment is, properly speaking, the drawing-room. You see two sofas, a few chairs, and some pier glasses. Even a tradesman would be ashamed of such simplicity. But look at that charming group of young women and young girls, fair and blooming, whose eyes, so beautiful and so soft, pour-tray their innocent thoughts—they are all called Lafayette. In the midst of them is the lovely Countess Belgioso, an Italian lady, who is dying in France for liberty and her country. The tyrant of Modena has proscribed her husband. Here is also Miss Opie,* the American quakeress, whose head-dress would be laughed at, if ridicule could be combined with the respect which her noble countenance inspires. He who is listening to her so attentively is M. Victor de Tracy, a worthy pupil and competitor of Lafayette's, and Colonel of the Parisian artillery. Apropos of artillery—that young man leaning against the mantel-piece, whose upper lip is shaded with enormous mustachios, and whose face, so strongly marked with premature furrows, bears so profound an expression of melancholy, is Cavaignac, my *ci-devant* captain, the friend of Guinard and Trelat, his companions both in misfortune and in triumph. Around Cavaignac, Thomas, and Marchais, see that crowd of young men, who imitate them by wearing mustachios, and, like them, speak ill of the past and present. Poor, weak, silly boys! drawing-room and *estaminet* republicans, lawyers without briefs, and physicians without patients. They revolutionise from sheer idleness; and the height of their ambition is to see their name in the list of prisoners at the assize court, or upon the prison register of St. Pelagie. To this list and this register, I refer those who wish to know who they are: and I pray to God to deliver us from them; for such people would spoil the very best cause in the world.

It was here I first saw the learned Michael Berr, that Israelite so well known, and so carefully avoided—the reason is no secret—by those very persons who were the most delighted by his erudition. Here it was, that, before the revolution, M. Julien used to show off. This man, who edited the "*Revue Encyclopedique*," was illustrious among the Juliens, and used pompously to call himself M. Julien of Paris; and as if the dinners he gave at *eight francs* a head, and his insipid conversation, were not enough to give him eternal notoriety. Here every Tuesday come two men who have not dined, to sup upon cakes, punch, and tea. One has brown, and the other light hair. They take their stations, one to the right and the other to the left of the door. They are well known to the servants.

Here is the veteran's bed-room. I dare not enter it. There it was that an attentive and select party used to surround, in respect and admiration, him who is now no more. There it was that his penetrating and intellectual sayings fell upon the ears and entered the hearts of his friends. The shade of Benjamin Constant continues to hover over this room. * * *

* We think Mrs. Opie must be here meant.—*Athen.*

Every year, at the close of the session, an affecting scene takes place at Lafayette's. Fatigued by his legislative and political labours, he seeks repose in the country; but before his departure he takes leave of his friends. It is on this day that, with tears in their eyes, they all press round him to receive his adieu, which, the last time it came to my turn to take leave of him, sounded to me like a divine benediction. Never shall I forget that tear which dropped upon my cheek as the venerable old man leant towards me and said in an altered voice, "Adieu, my friend, until we meet again." I perceived upon every countenance a reflection of my own sensations of painful tenderness, like that of a son hearing his father's voice for the last time. What can ye now do against him, ye ambitious egotists, whom his popularity drives to despair? Shall you ever be great, illustrious, and beloved as he is? Which of your names will ever possess the same power as his? Can you offer in exchange for your faults Lafayette's virtues, his services, his whole life? You may believe that he is desirous, and justly so, that his faults should be pardoned; but they were never like yours, faults of the heart; and nobody recollects them or reproaches him with them but you and himself. In vain do you attempt to build your glory upon the ruins of his;—there are but two names in France that will never be forgotten—those of Lafayette and Napoleon.

MEMORABILIA

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A SEPTUAGENARIAN.

"Collecta revirescunt."

LORD GEORGE GORDON.

I. THE fate of Lord George Gordon was singular, and deserves a passing notice. After having produced one of the most awful riots that ever took place in London, in which 700 lives were lost—in which ten or a dozen conflagrations were blazing at one time—in which several private houses and chapels were destroyed, and the Bank of England and the India House escaped partly through a want of system on the part of the rioters, and partly by the decision and energy of George III.—and having escaped punishment for this mighty mass of mischief, he finally died in prison, after languishing long in a rigorous confinement for a libel on the Queen of France. It is probably known to few that he became a Jew, and underwent the painful operation of circumcision.

A SILENT MEMBER.

II. When the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. made his first appearance in parliament, after he had arrived at mature age, public expectation was excited in regard to the display of talents that he was expected to make. But he was a silent member, not having uttered a word. A droll fellow, partly to excite merriment, and partly "to turn an honest penny," bought a few quires of printing paper, cut them up in halves, and folded them nicely, crying out, at the top of his voice—"The Prince of Wales's Speech in Parliament—the Prince of Wales's Speech in Parliament." He sold them at two-pence a piece, always taking care to have the money before he parted with his pretended speech—and was off while the purchaser was unfolding the paper. To the outcry of the latter that there was nothing in it, he replied—"He said nothing—he said nothing."

QUIRKS AND QUIBBLES.

III. An atrocious ruffian many years since murdered his wife in Carlisle in this state, with every circum-

stance of savage barbarity. He had been known to strike her with a loaded whip, and finally destroyed her. He was employed for some days burning her bones, the smell of which and the nonappearance of the woman excited the suspicions of the neighbours, who came to the house to make inquiry, and found some of the half-burned bones on the hearth. He was of course apprehended, tried and convicted with the entire approbation of as numerous a collection of people as ever were assembled at a trial. His counsel made a motion for a new trial on six or seven grounds, of which I remember but one from its singularity. The indictment had been returned a true Bill on the oaths and affirmations of the grand jury, whereas there was but one juror affirmed. It ought to have been, they asserted—"on the oaths and affirmation of the grand jury." The plea was overruled, and the villain deservedly hanged.

INFERNAL ZEAL.

IV. In Praval's Exercises it is stated that some of the soldiers of Cortes made vows to slaughter twelve Mexicans daily, in honour of the twelve apostles!—Can any of your correspondents decide whether this horrible story is true or false?

CURIOUS TEST OF INCONTINENCE.

V. In the Causes Celebres, vol. 3, page 216, it is stated that there was at Rome a certain temple into which women accused of incontinence were brought, and their condemnation or acquittal depended on the opening or shutting of the lips of a marble statue.—Can this be true?

FRAIL TENURE OF LIFE.

VI. The excavations in the neighbourhood of Paris are attended with great danger, and occasional loss of life. Pinkerton, in his recollections, page 21, states that some years since a bridal party having gone to enjoy themselves at a tavern near that city, and having begun to dance on the green before the house, the earth yawned and swallowed up twenty of them.

SIMPLE AND PROMPT MODE OF CONVERSION.

VII. A laird in Scotland, seeing a large body of his clan going to a Roman Catholic Chapel, gave one of them a stroke of a stick, and ordered him to go to the kirk. He obeyed, and the rest followed him. The clan has ever since been staunch Presbyterians.—Boswell's Hebrides, page 218.

JACOBITISM IN PERFECTION.

VIII. The pretender's shoes being very bad, Mr. Kingsbury provided him with a new pair, and kept the old ones as long as he lived. After his death a zealous jacobite gave twenty guineas for them.—Idem, p. 171. M. C.

Philadelphia, July 15, 1834.

(To be continued.)

INJURIES FROM FRIENDS.

THOSE who have their joys, have also their griefs in proportion; and none can extremely exult or depress friends, but friends. The harsh things which come from the rest of the world, are received and repulsed with that spirit which every honest man bears about him, for his own vindication; but unkindness in words or actions among friends, affects us the first instant in the inmost recesses of our souls. Indifferent people, if I may so say, can wound us only in the heterogeneous parts, naim us in our legs or arms, but the friend can make no pass but at the heart itself. On the other side, the most impotent assistance, the mere well-wishes of a friend, give a man constancy and courage against the most prevailing force of all his enemies. It is here only he enjoys and suffers to the quick.

SKETCHES

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MAN OF FASHION.

EVERY rational being must acknowledge the supremacy of fashion over the civilized portion of the world, but few could point out the peculiar principles in human nature most strongly affected by its influence. Pride, ambition, and vanity, are the most conspicuous of those passions we see occasionally produced under its fostering hand, yet these are few indeed in the catalogue of its effects. The powers it exercises are moral and physical—upon individuals and upon society. It existed from the earliest period. A certain style of dress has distinguished all ages and all nations; and different persons have generally followed that costume which their progenitors or predecessors had adopted. It is true that we have no Morning Post of the antediluvian ages, and I am fearful that every number of the Court Magazine published during the reign of Solomon is now out of print; but there is not a doubt that a Beau Monde of some kind existed in the periods to which I refer, and that somebodies and nobodies constituted the world much in the same manner they do at present. We know that Moses and David patronised dancing, but it is doubtful whether they ever heard of Almacks. Although we are told that Miriam, the prophetess, to the sound of timbrels, danced with her maidens for joy that the Egyptians had been drowned in the Red Sea, antiquaries are not certain that they trod the magic mazes of the waltz; and when we read that the royal Psalmist expressed his transport in a similar manner at the return of the ark, few are convinced that he did so in the very appropriate measure of the galopade. The scholar is informed that the Assyrians were partial to music, but there are no existing records to prove that Sardanapalus encouraged the Italian Opera in any part of his dominions. Some dramas, I believe, have been performed there with prodigious effect; indeed it might be said that in that distant part of the world "Semiramide" was first produced. "Medea" is of Grecian origin. "Mose in Egitto" belongs to the Hebrews. These it must be said created some sensation even in those remote times, but whether they produced as much harmony as they do in these degenerate days, has not been very clearly ascertained. It is most probable that when the Roman Empire was in the zenith of its glory and its grandeur, the Emperor Augustus held frequent levees—the Latin historians have almost said as much; but I have diligently perused many hieroglyphic papyri without gaining such information as would satisfy the important query—whether Cleopatra's drawing-rooms were as brilliantly attended as those of more modern date? I would give something to learn who was the Ude of Heliogabalus, and who was the Truefit of Marc Antony; whether Apicius gave better dinners than Sir George Warrender, and if Aspasia arranged her soirees with more effect than the Marchioness of Londonderry. Whatever may be the result of these inquiries, it is certain that fashion was always respected, and that in the time of the more degenerate Caesars, when Constantinople was the seat of their splendour, it possessed an influence which has seldom been more despotic.

There are many other things connected with our reminiscences of distant ages which are worthy of being known. We all know that races were very popular with the Greeks and Romans, yet it is much to be deplored that we are totally ignorant of the names of the officiating Tattersall, and of the Latin "levanters." Not the result of one steeple-chase has come down to us; and after all the trouble which has

been taken to explore the ruins of Pompeii, though so many manuscripts have been perused, and so many monuments deciphered, no mention has been found of their jockey club. A betting-book that had been the property of some Aradian black-leg would now be considered a treasure far more valuable than the *editio princeps* of Homer; and a portrait of some celebrated racer in the Olympic games would be acknowledged more precious than an original Apelles. A fortune would almost be offered for a Court Circular describing Belshazzar's private amusements, and the most lively interest would be excited in all circles, if any one should discover an autograph love-letter of Alexander the Great. But, alas! Time has laid his iron hand on those memorials of human pleasures, and they have crumbled beneath his touch, and mingled with the dust of those who gave them existence.

The moral advantages of fashion are manifold. That it produces a kind, a liberal spirit, among its votaries, the charity bazaars are a sufficient evidence; that it tends in a great measure to the diffusion of universal love, Doctors' Commons can testify; that it infuses into the heart a proper affection for the animal creation, lap-dogs and parrots are efficient witnesses; and that it encourages the most exalted genius, Stultz and Maradan Carson can acknowledge. In the bazaars the effects it produces are extraordinary. The ruling sovereigns of Haut Ton leave their absolute monarchies, and transform themselves into petty traffickers in fancy goods of their own manufacture. It is said that "charity covereth a multitude of sins," and it has been known to do so, but it is scarcely possible that in this instance there can be any moral deformity to conceal. There seems in these matters to be so much of that pure and gentle spirit of humanity, and of that sweet association with the feelings of others which prompt all good actions. Fancy fairs can never be got up for the mere purpose of display, or from the wish to gain admiration. It is true that a lovely woman always looks more attractive when engaged in such generous purposes; and it must certainly be very flattering to find some little trifle she has made, produce more than fifty times its value; but who would be so ill-natured to suppose that there is anything but genuine philanthropy in these proceedings? It is a very pleasing way of disposing of drawings, and little baskets, and many other pretty things made more for ornament than use; and if Lord George should purchase them at an extravagant price, his lordship of course is actuated by liberal feelings towards the poor people for whose benefit the money is to be bestowed, and cannot have any idea of complimenting the beauty of the manufacturer when making his purchases. I wonder how some folks can think differently. The Court of King's Bench is always an excellent authority on all subjects connected with the affections of the fashionable world. All classes during their sublunary existence have to endure their portion of suffering; but here in Doctors' Commons, and in the House of Peers, must the votaries of fashion undergo their trials. And why are they punished? not for warring against their fellow creatures, but for loving them too sincerely. It is true, they never told their love, except to each other; but "the flattering tale" became known to the lawyers, who do not encourage universal happiness, and they consequently put a stop to such St. Simonianism.

A familiarity with animated nature appears to be among the most prominent features in the portraiture of persons of fashion. Domestic animals are not the

only objects of their attention, zoology is cultivated on a larger scale in the Regent's Park, and in the neighbourhood of Kensington. But it has been stated, on somewhat doubtful authority, that the beautiful and distinguished visitors of those delightful promenades are considered greater "lions" than the shaggy denizens of the place. Under the fostering care of fashion, Stultz has become as powerful as the Great Mogul, and Maradan Carson, through the same generous influence, is as great as Diana of the Ephesians. The first seems to possess the extraordinary power of making any man a gentleman, and without the latter no lady, who wished to be thought anybody, could be seen by civilised people. But there are a vast number of clever persons who, although they were not so fortunate as to have been tailors or milliners, have profited equally well from the patronage of the great, as the important personages just mentioned. Among the rest are tutors, governesses, and toad-eaters; the two former very frequently exercise the functions of the latter, while performing their own more immediate duties. The tutor enjoys the enviable privilege of teaching the male sprigs of the family whatever happens to be most agreeable to them. He must be a good scholar, to please the father, and a good shot to please the sons; evince his acquaintance with books to his lordship, and his knowledge of dogs to his pupils; forward the studies of the young gentlemen, to gain the favour of her ladyship, and superintend their love-affairs, to gratify themselves. The governess is honoured with the instruction of the female branches till they are found to be dangerous rivals to mamma, and are married out of the way, or till they are considered to be sufficiently talented to become stars in the gay world. She must be acquainted with every science, intimate with every language, adorned with every accomplishment, and she must possess every virtue under heaven, for the purpose of making each of the fair juveniles committed to her management a wonder and a prodigy. The toad-eater has still more important duties to perform. This individual is of either sex: the female is known by the name of companion or housekeeper, the male is generally some friendly tiger or fire-eater. They possess a great knowledge of human nature founded on continual observation, and know perfectly well the wiles and wishes of those hearts in whose service they are engaged. They are perfect machines, and go with the regularity of clock-work; will affirm anything or deny anything, remember anything or forget anything, as they are required; will fetch and carry like a spaniel, and fight like a dragon, if it is thought necessary. Although you may be no more an Apollo than Sir Lumley Skeffington, it is the business of Mr. Toadée to make you consider yourself a perfect Adonis; and if you should happen to wear less diamonds than the Duchess of St. Albans, it is the duty of Mrs. Toadée to convince you that yours are, as the Macassar Oil says—"the only genuine."

Other effects proceed from the same cause. It is generally considered that the privilege of sanctuary had ceased to exist, but it is very evident that it is not entirely annihilated. Let an offender, no matter how great the offence may be, get shelter within the pale of fashion, and he will be allowed to escape without punishment. No man will lift his hand against him, no woman will frown upon him. He will be considered an innocent man, and welcomed with smiles wherever he goes. Another instance of liberality is evinced in the ordinary dealings of fashion with tradespeople. The foreigner is patronised—the native is not. Although an Englishman may produce goods superior and at less price, the Frenchman is preferred. For what reason? Because he is a Frenchman. To be sure, your countryman must suffer; but we were born to suffer, and fashion should be above all vulgar prejudices. Fashion is a sort of philosopher's stone,

making every thing precious with which it comes in contact. A golden story shadows it—it is hallowed. What is necessary to its existence is *tabooed*, as are articles set apart for religious purposes in the Friendly Islands, and preserved from vulgar use and scrutiny. There is nothing of human creation so mysterious. The influence of the Venetian Council of Three was not more obscure and more absolute than is its power; and the laws of the Medes and Persians were not more sincerely honoured and more strictly observed than are its decrees. Kings are swayed by its supremacy, beauty bends beneath its rule, and the unhonoured by fame or fortune are raised by its fiat above the heads of rank and genius. Things, trivial in themselves, gain from it a value they could never otherwise possess; and riches, unaccompanied by its influence, may almost be said to be unprofitable to their owner, and worthless to the world.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

LET your first care be to give your little girls a good physical education. Let their early years be passed, if possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the free exercises in which they delight. When they grow older, do not condemn them to sit eight listless hours of the day over their books, their work, their maps, and their music. Be assured that half the number of hours passed in real attention to well ordered studies, will make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions than those commonly are who have been most elaborately finished, in the modern acceptation of the term. The systems by which young ladies are taught to move their limbs according to the rules of art, to come into a room with studied diffidence, and to step into a carriage with measured action and premeditated grace, are only calculated to keep the degrading idea perpetually present, that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanour springs from the mind; fashionable schools do but teach its imitation, whilst their rules forbid to be ingenuous. Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women supposed to have finished their education in such establishments. If they marry husbands as uninformed as themselves, they fall into habits of insignificance without much pain, if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves. In the education of young women, we would say—let them be secured from all the trappings and manacles of such a system; let them partake of every active exercise not absolutely unbecoming, and trust to their being able to get into or out of a carriage with a light and graceful step, which no drilling can accomplish. Let them rise early and retire early to rest, and trust that their beauty will not need to be coined into artificial smiles in order to secure a welcome, whatever room they enter. Let them ride, walk, run, dance, in the open air. Encourage the merry and innocent diversions in which the young delight; let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley; let them plant and cultivate the garden, and make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain or the boisterous wind; and, above all, let them take no medicine except when the doctor orders it. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up; but they would not find one of them upon whom they could exercise any power.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

WOMEN

CELEBRATED IN SPAIN FOR THEIR EXTRAORDINARY POWERS OF MIND.

DONNA ANNA DE CERVATON was a most celebrated woman in her day; though she was greatly noted for her extreme beauty, her talents and love of literature caused her to be still more esteemed. In the works of L. M. Siculo, the Latin letters which she wrote to him are preserved, and they would do honour to any author for their style and correctness.

DONNA ISABELLA DE JOYA, who lived in the 16th century was a very learned woman. It is related of her that she was accustomed to preach in a church at Barcelona to an extremely large congregation that flocked to hear her. In the pontifical reign of Paul III. she went to Rome, and in the presence of the Cardinals explained many difficult points of doctrine, entirely to their satisfaction. But what contributed the most to her fame was, that when in that capitol she converted a great number of Jews to the Catholic religion.

LOUISA SIGEA, a native of Toledo, was deeply intimate with philosophy and *belles lettres*; she was likewise very clever in the knowledge of languages, being well acquainted with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac. She wrote a letter in these five different languages to Pope Paul III.

DONNA OLIVIA SABUCO DE NANTES, a native of Alcares, possessed an enlightened mind. She had a knowledge of physical science, medicine, morals, and politics, as her writings abundantly testify. But what contributed the most to render her illustrious, was her new physiological system, which was contrary to the notions of the ancients. She established the opinion, that it is not the blood which nourishes the body. This system, which Spain did not at first appreciate, was warmly embraced in England, and we now receive from the hands of strangers, as their invention, what was, strictly speaking, our own. Fatal genius of Spain! before any thing to which thou givest birth can be deemed valuable, it must be transferred to strangers. It appears that this great woman assigned the brain as the only dwelling for a human soul; in this opinion Descartes afterwards coincided, with this difference only, that she conceived the whole substance of the brain to be the abode of the soul, and he confined it to the pineal gland. The confidence of Donna Olivia in her own opinions was so great, and her determination in vindicating them so powerful, that, in her dedicatory letter to the Count de Barajas, President of Castile, she entreated him to exercise all his authority among the learned naturalists, and medical men in Spain, to convince them that their heresies were inaccurate, and she could prove it. She flourished in the reign of Philip II.

DONNA JULIANA MORELLA, a native of Barcelona, was a most learned woman. Her father, having committed homicide, was obliged to fly his country. He took up his residence at Lyons, carrying with him his daughter, and so great was her progress in literary pursuits, that, at the age of ten years, she dedicated a work, defending public discussions in philosophy, to Margaret of Austria, Queen of Spain. According to the authority of G. Patin, who lived at that period, she had a long dispute with the College of Jesuits at Lyons, when she was only seventeen years old. She was intimately acquainted with philosophy, theology, music, and jurisprudence. She is said to have known fourteen languages. She belonged to the Dominican convent of Avignon.

The celebrated nun of Mexico, **JUANA INEZ DE LA CRUZ**, is well known for her erudition and poetical powers, and requires no eulogy of mine. I will only say, that in my opinion, she is less esteemed for her poetry than for her learning. Many of the Spanish poets have been gifted with extraordinary genius; but no one, perhaps, equalled her in general knowledge.

EVERY NERVE APPROPRIATED TO ITS FUNCTION.

FROM this law of our nature, that certain ideas originate in the mind in consequence of the operation of corresponding nerves, it follows—that one organ of sense can never become the substitute for another, so as to excite in the mind the same idea. When an individual is deprived of the organs of sight, no power of attention, or continued effort of the will, or exercise of the other senses, can make him enjoy the class of sensations which is lost. The sense of touch may be increased in an exquisite degree; but were it true, as has been asserted, that individuals can discover colours by the touch, it could only be by feeling a change upon the surface of the stuff and not by any perception of the colour. It has been my painful duty to attend on persons who have pretended blindness; and that they could see with their fingers. But I have ever found that by a deviation from truth in the first instance, they have been entangled in a tissue of deceit; and have at last been forced into admissions which demonstrated their folly and weak inventions. I have had pity for such patients when they have been the subjects of nervous disorders which have produced extraordinary sensibility in their organs—such as a power of hearing much beyond our common experience; for it has attracted high interest and admiration, and has gradually led them to pretend to powers greater than they actually possessed. In such cases it is difficult to distinguish the symptoms of disease, from the pretended gifts which are boasted of. Experiment proves, what is suggested by Anatomy, that not only the organs are appropriated to particular classes of sensations, but that the nerves, intermediate between the brain and the outward organs, are respectively capable of receiving no other sensations but such as are adapted to their particular organs. Every impression on the nerve of the eye, or of the ear, or on the nerve of smelling, or of taste, excites only ideas of vision, of hearing, of smelling or of tasting; not solely because the extremities of these nerves, individually, are suited to external impressions, but because the nerves are, through their whole course and wherever they are irritated, capable of exciting in the mind the idea to which they are appropriate, and no other. A blow, an impulse quite unlike that for which the organs of the senses are provided, will excite them all in their several ways; the eyes will flash fire, while there is noise in the ears. An officer received a musket-ball which went through the bones of his face—in describing his sensations, he said that he felt as if there had been a flash of lightning, accompanied with a sound like the shutting of the door of St. Paul's. On this circumstance, of every nerve being appropriated to its function, depend the false sensations which accompany morbid irritation of them from internal causes, when there is in reality nothing presented externally; such as flashes of light, ringing of the ears, and bitter taste or offensive smells. These sensations are caused, through the excitement of the respective nerves of sense, by derangement of some internal organ, and most frequently of the stomach.—*Bell's Bridgewater Treatise.*

WHATEVER withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and far from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

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Walking Dresses.

Engraved for the LADY'S BOOK L. A. GODEX Philadelphia.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1834.

Original.

THE DUEL:

A CHAPTER FROM MY OLD JOURNAL.

In the spring of 18— the frigate *United States*, to which I was then attached, was ordered to join the squadron in the Mediterranean as the flag ship. These orders were particularly agreeable to us all; and we set about refitting our ship for sea with the greatest alacrity and good will. The necessary repairs were few, as we had just returned from a short cruise in the West Indies; and the third day after the receipt of our instructions, we had calked our decks—wove a new gang of running rigging—watered ship—got our light spars aloft—and lay moored in East River, all a-sunt, and ready for the reception of the Commodore.

There was in this instance none of the usual delays in sailing. Our commander was a young man, considering the rank he held in the service, and conceiving it, as all others did, a high compliment in being appointed to the command of so important a station, was anxious to deserve by his energy and activity, the confidence reposed in him by the Navy Department. The little left to do, was, on his arrival, promptly executed, and the afternoon of the next day after we hauled into the stream, saw us with steering-sails low and aloft, standing past Sandy Hook light-house.

I am getting, however, rather before my story. The Commodore brought with him, in his barge, a gentleman (a clergyman) from one of the towns on the Hudson, whom I shall, for distinction, call Hamilton, and two fine looking youths, one his son, and the other that of a friend, then an eminent lawyer and senator in Congress, who had procured by his influence the appointment of both as midshipmen; and as they were schoolfellows, and bosom friends, they were, at his desire, ordered to the same ship. The father appeared quite cheerful at the happy auspices under which the two boys were about to set out in life; chatted gaily with them until we were fairly under way—then taking their hands in his—kissed them both—gazed a moment at his son, as if he would stamp his image indelibly upon his memory, and stepped into the boat which was in waiting for him at the gangway, leaving them both in tears. Alas!—little did he think he had parted from his only and darling child for ever.

The young men walked aft upon the quarter-deck, and gazed over the taffereel at the receding boat, in silence. It faded to a speck—vanished—re-appeared for a moment—and again lost itself in the distance.—A weight seemed with it to disappear from their bosoms. They turned, arm-in-arm, to the busy scene around them, and the bustle and activity that pervaded the ship—the pleasing strangeness and novelty of their situation—and the light raillery of the Commodore—soon dispelled from their elastic minds whatever of melancholy had begun to gather there. Restoring to Edward Hamilton, the calm, and rather pensive serenity, for which his face was remarkable; and to Richard—or as he was more familiarly called—Dick

Carson, a gay smile which was rarely absent from his lip, and the laughing glance, which a tear had seldom dimmed, and a contracted brow had never clouded.

We had taken our departure—made an offing—and were securing the ship for sea—and I was employed forward in trimming the yards, and getting the anchors upon the bows, when I heard the Commodore call to one of the quarter-deck midshipmen—"Ask Mr. Jameson to step aft." I went to him immediately. "Let me introduce you to my two young friends," he said, naming them; "as this is their first venture upon salt water," he continued, "I am afraid they will not find themselves very much at home on board ship. I wish, sir, you would take them into your mess, and initiate them in the mysteries of a reefer's life." I of course assented, expressing the pleasure it would afford me to have them join the mess of which I was caterer.—Invited them to the steerage, and after introducing them to their brother officers, pointing out their berths, clothes-lockers, &c., and doing all in my power to make them feel easy in their new situation, excused myself, and returned to finish the duties in which I had been interrupted.

As the interest of my story, if it shall possess any, will rest mainly upon the melancholy fate of these young men, I shall be somewhat minute in my delineation of them. There was but a few months' difference in their ages, but Carson was the eldest, though the smallest, and apparently the youngest of the two. He was but just turned of sixteen, and was one of the handsomest youths I have ever seen.

He was short, but not inelegantly formed, and his free gait and elastic step added strength to the gaiety and good humour which was the predominant expression in his face, and most marked features of his character. His features were small and regular, and the mouth slightly turned up at the corners, with its mischievous dimples, gave a fixed smile to his face.—Whether this was natural, or caused by habit, I could never determine, but it was rarely known to leave it, and it was remarked at his funeral that death itself had not withered it. His eyes were blue, quick, glancing, and brilliant, though usually half shut—not dully, but laughingly, and the small diverging wrinkles at the outer corners, added not a little to their comic expression. For the rest, his complexion was extremely delicate, and the skin around the nose and upper part of the cheeks slightly freckled. His flaxen hair clustered in natural ringlets around his forehead, and those exposed below the hat were much tanned.

The other was taller by the half head, but his form wanted the compactness, and his step the firmness and vigour of his friend. In fact, nature had given him no promise of health or long life. His chest was contracted, and entirely out of proportion with his limbs,

and this, together with a slight stooping of the shoulders, rendered his form ungraceful almost to deformity. But for whatever the architect had left undone here, he was more than recompensed by the surpassing beauty of his nobler part; and none who gazed upon Edward Hamilton's pale and ample forehead, which, bounded by the moist, dark auburn hair, and softly pencilled eyebrows, seemed a temple dedicated to thought. His large hazle eye, in its abstract wanderings—his teeth, with their pearly transparency—or on the finely chiselled, though somewhat irregular features, would have thought to analyze his person, or mark its defects.

Such were these two friends, and still more unlike in feeling than in form. Nor could I lament more their estrangement than I wondered at their intimacy. It was the mingling of sunlight and moonlight. The union of *l'allegro* and *il penseroso*. Was it a proof how the affections may be moulded by circumstances? Or did I, as I sometimes thought, see in their friendship, their enmity, and fate, the finger of God beckoning them onward!

I had got things what sailors call snug, and was resting myself on the stunsail-boom covers, giving some instructions to the old captain of the frigate, who sat on the chest strapping a passivee block, when my new friends again joined me. They were in high glee, laughing—talking—and asking me a thousand questions. Now climbing the rigging—swinging in the foot of the foresail—or running from side to side of the ship, to watch the uncouth gambols of a school of porpoises, that sported beneath the bow.

To a landsman it may seem strange, parting as they were from friends, home, and native land, that their hearts were glad. But none who have been upon the broad ocean, who have looked forth for the first time upon its beauty—its majesty—its immensity—and cleft its blue depths with a flowing sheet, and following sea—I care not if they were leaving all nearest and dearest—but have felt their spirits glow beneath the cheering influence, and the warm current course more gaily through their veins.

It was such an afternoon as seldom smiles upon our American coast. Except the low, huddled masses which skirted the horizon towards the home of the breeze, and were rolling slowly up to meet the sun; seeming to say "You had better douse those flying kites before you turn in, Commodore;" the upper deep was unflashed by a single cloud, and almost rivalled the sea in the depth and breadth of its blueness.—There was just wind enough to keep the foresail bellying full, and make the light booms and royal masts show what stuff they were made of; and just sea enough to break the monotony of the ocean with dots of foam, and make our frigate feel her buoyancy—while the swiftly falling, but unshorn sun threw his slant beams along the wave tops that shaded the hollows of the sea, and painted bright rainbows on the prism sprays that glanced from the bow at her every leap. As the sun went down into the sea (the clouds had risen, and the low line of coast where he dipped was already beneath the horizon) the wildness of their pleasure appeared to subside, and perhaps the occupation of the two youths at that moment—one leaning against the forward swifter, his lips parted and his eyes resting far onward where the sky bent down to the ocean—the other climbing the rattlings with his hat off, his fair hair waving in the breeze, and yellowed by the sunlight—giving vent to his pleasurable emotions in the boyish exclamation, "I see it yet," will better illustrate their different characters than any thing I have said or can say.

Only the Highlands of Navesink were now visible against the sky. They too gradually faded; and as the broad gulf of waters slowly sucked down their base, darkness folded its mantle around their summit.

Hamilton gazed around him a moment in silence, then placing his arm within that of his companion as they turned to promenade the deck, repeated those beautiful and expressive lines from the Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea."

The first lieutenant had, at my desire, placed us all in the same watch, and as ours was the middle one that night, I hinted to them that the articles of war made it death, or worse punishment, to sleep upon duty, and advised them to turn in and get a nap before eight bells,—but no,—the moon had yet to rise, and the stars to rush out,—and they were wondering what the folks were doing at home—and what Ellen was thinking of—and talking of the tricks Dick had played upon the old master of the Latin school—and of their schoolfellows, condemned to duranee vile—and of all their past pleasures and future projects. There I found them when called to my mid watch—pacing the deck, still haunted with the scene. "Ah! Ned," said Carson, as they went to their duties on the quarter-deck, "I am afraid, after all, we shall never see happier days than we did at the Latin school." I doubt not in after times those words were more than once recalled by both.

I was much prepossessed in favour of my new watch-mate, and endeavoured as much as possible to win their confidence and cultivate their friendship.—To this circumstances were favourable, as we were thrown much together both off and on duty. They were both eager to acquire a knowledge of their profession, and would take turns, when the weather was pleasant and the duties of the ship permitted, in walking with me in the weather gangway; for though I was but two years their senior in age, I was more than four in date of warrant, and was not only able to impart information, but to amuse them with a sailor's yarn occasionally. With Carson I soon became intimate. I was myself from the North River, and I soon found our families had been long acquainted.—His sister Helen I remembered very well, a pretty, sweet-spoken little creature, just in her teens. She had been spending a month with us during my last visit at home, and was a great favorite there. I wondered the name and resemblance had not sooner struck me.

I found both had entered the service with uncommon advantages. The utmost care had been bestowed upon their educations, and an intimate acquaintance with history, the dead languages, and those of the living most pregnant with beauty and usefulness, the French and Italian, together with a mass of general information, truly surprising for persons of their years, had matured their minds and prepared them to turn with large and enlightened views from books to the vast museum of nature—to drink at the fountain head of those streams so often tainted in their course by prejudice or ignorance.

A fresh north-wester wafted us swiftly across the Atlantic and along the hallowed shores of the Mediterranean, where the sky and the earth, and nature and art, vie in the luxuriance of their loveliness, and where all that is and all that has been is spread out like a map: the present exciting the mind to its intensest action, and maddening like a mistress; the past like a parent guiding with its councils;—more than two years had worn happily away.

Already the sprouting beard upon the lip, but more the decision which shone out in moments of difficulty and danger, told they were entering upon the confines of manhood. Yet Carson was among his messmates, the same gay and careless boy he came on board. His tenacious memory had treasured up an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, which, together with a rapid inven-

tion and quick perception of the ridiculous, made him the life and soul of the steerage. No excursion of pleasure could be got up without he joined it—no dinner party went off well if his song and pun, and more than all, his hearty laugh was wanting. He was not one of your established jokers, who comes with his wit ready manufactured and his stories selected for the occasion. But he burst in so brim full of fun that he seemed only at a loss which good thing should come out first, and crowded them together as if he feared he should not have time to tell them half. Those on deck were never at a loss to know when Dick Carson was dining in the cabin or wardroom, and as peal after peal came rolling up the hatch, they would gather around it and laugh in sympathy though unable to catch a word. "I don't know what to make of that young gentleman," said our old first luff to me one day as he came up the ladder, with his face flushed and his eyes almost starting from his head with the vain attempt to recover his lost dignity, "I believe he must be a little cracked."

I have seldom known a quiz who was not secretly disliked on board ship. But although there was not one from the Commodore down whom he had not at one time or other held up for ridicule—there was not one who did not like—I may say—love him. It was done so openly—so good naturedly. His very look when he commenced said "You'll not be offended now?" And then he was so careful to avoid all sore points—and his caricatures were so monstrous that the subjects themselves would forget the identity in the absurdity, and join in the laugh. The high estimation in which he was held, and the flattering invitations and kind welcome he received from the convivialists of the ship I fear injured him, for he became during the latter part of the cruise somewhat addicted to the wine cup, which gave a certain wildness and irregularity to his conceptions, and eccentricity to his actions, made me at times half incline to the opinion of old Seldon, that he was in truth "a little cracked."

Time and circumstances had had their effect too upon Hamilton—they had not indeed changed his character—but they had called forth new traits, and strengthened those that were. Mingling seldom in our gaieties, and thoughtful and reserved beyond his years, he chose rather intellectual than the sensual pleasures which he courted perhaps with equal assiduity. Study was with him a habit, and indulgence in the day dreams of the visionary a passion. The fine library attached to the ship gave ample scope for the prosecution of the one, and he soon became familiar with the sciences, both the useful and more ornamental. While a highly cultivated taste for the fine arts, and a spirit nursed by the poetry of the olden time of Italy and England, and imbued deeply with that of heaven, earth, and ocean, endowed him with the right to range, at will, the realms of the bright eyed queen, who

"Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

This turn of mind would alone account for his forming few friendships on board; for aside from his attachment to Carson and myself, he possessed little in common with his messmates. But there were other causes—there was pride—arising from a consciousness of mental superiority, and which made him unwisely prefer the respect to the love of those around him.—And while his face expressed meekness and gentleness, he nourished in his bosom wild hopes of distinction, and passions when excited truly devilish, which vented themselves upon those who aroused them, in biting sarcasm and proud defiance. These were deep faults, it is true, yet I confess they tended rather to strengthen the interest I otherwise felt in him, and when I remember how bitterly he answered them I

would fain forget his failings in the many noble and generous traits by which they were redeemed.

Let the open hand, the frank heart and fearless spirit which applies equally to both finish the portrait.

They had begun anxiously to count the slowly lapsing months and days which must yet separate them from the haunts and friends of their childhood. Each arrival was sure to bring them the envied package, with the kind wishes and anxious inquiries of parents. The substantial token of remembrance from their mates in the shape of the last new novel, poem or annual; and from Helen, the little history of domestic affairs, with always some welcome message to Hamilton appended, and for which he never failed to show his gratitude in a postscript to Carson's letters, frequently of such dimensions as to require an extra half-sheet. The common recollections of the past—the pursuits of the present—and anticipations of the future in which they indulged, were silently adding link after link to the chain that bound their affections together.

"But constancy lives in the realms above."

I never knew the cause of their first difference—some dispute upon duty of so trifling a nature, they were both afterwards ashamed to recur to it. Hamilton was sitting one day in the steerage, when Carson came to deliver an order from the officer of the deck, and the ceremonious "Sir," with which it concluded, was the first intimation I had that they were "off terms," as the saying is. Had I at this time interfered I doubt not a reconciliation would have been easily effected; but such little disputes were frequently happening among the midshipmen, and I hoped like similar ones, a few days would heal this. It would probably have been so, for I could see their hearts yearned to each other, and a kind word or look, and all would have been forgotten. But a foolish pride delayed the necessary advance, until an incident occurred which led to the destruction of their friendship, peace, and lives.

The dissensions that occur among this class of officers take their rise for the most part from trivial and unimportant circumstances, and are not unfrequently extremely ludicrous. I detail this rather as a fair specimen of the many I have witnessed which terminated fatally.

We were lying in the harbour of Malta, and Carson, who had been dining that day in the ward-room, and was somewhat flushed with wine, was promenading the deck with the lieutenant of his watch, apparently in high spirits. Upon the opposite side Hamilton walked alone, and if one might judge from the quick and not very kind glances he occasionally threw in that direction, felt a little indignant that Carson should be able so lightly to shake off a friendship, the breach in which had cost him many painful reflections. The lieutenant shortly went below, leaving Carson, who was a few days the senior officer, in charge of the deck, with directions to send the launch for water, as we were to sail the following day for Smyrna. The boat was accordingly manned, and Hamilton informed that it was in readiness. He either did not or would not hear, and Carson, after some time had elapsed without his paying any attention to the information, said "The launch is waiting, sir, and I wish you to shove off." Hamilton turned quickly to him—"Do you give me orders, sir?" "If that is all you wait for—yes." "Then find some one who will execute them, for I shall not," he returned. The lieutenant, with whom Hamilton was far from being a favorite, hearing the altercation came up, and after reprimanding him in no very gentle terms, ordered him peremptorily to attend to the duty. He was obliged to obey, but went slowly and sullenly enough.

I was present in the *steerage* when he returned.—He came down in a state of high excitement, and after violently throwing down his dirk and tarpauline; knocking down a poor devil of a *steerage* boy, who crossed his path with a dish of soup—and striding fore and aft the apartment to lash himself into a proper mood for the occasion—he gave vent to his feelings—“I have been thinking, Mr. Carson, of what occurred upon the deck this afternoon, and I must say you treated me with very little delicacy.” Carson began whistling Yankee Doodle. “Yes, sir,” he continued, after a few minutes’ pause, in which he had increased his pace to double quick time, “with very little delicacy,—and if you will have it, sir, in a very—very ungentlemanly manner.” “Very good, Mr. Hamilton, I understand you perfectly, and will think on what you say,” was returned with the utmost composure and nonchalance, and he went on with the tune. “Boy,” he thundered, as soon as it was finished, “hand me a pen and ink.” He sat down and wrote a challenge, which he handed to one of his friends, and it was by him presented to Hamilton, who after reading it and exclaiming impatiently, “You act like a fool, sir,” tore it in pieces and threw it from him. “Ha!” retorted Carson, “you may succeed in making my messmates think I am a fool, but you have already convinced these you are a———.” “Stop, sir,” interrupted Hamilton, “You need not say that word, you shall have the satisfaction you desire—and if any other man,” he said, darting around him a look of defiance, “dares to couple my name, even in thought, with the word that rose to your lips, he shall account for it with his blood.”

The fatal acceptance was sent; and from that time forward both were wretched.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, the night before the meeting, and I would dwell upon it as one that brings back feelings most sad and sweet to my remembrance. We had been working our way slowly up among the islands of the blue *Ægean*, with half a dozen craft of as many different nations, which we had taken under our convoy at Malta, and were lying becalmed in the passage between Scio and Ipsara. The yards braced up on different tacks ready for the breeze from whatever direction it should please to come.—The courses hauled up in festoons along the yards—the jib lying in the brails—and the “Old Wagon,” as our ship was nicknamed by the faster sailing vessels of the squadron, heading all round the compass as the light airs came by turns from the land on either hand. It was such a night as they only who have been among the islands of the Grecian Archipelago have seen—and they, full many a one. The moon that had been long gleaming upon the white town of Ipsara, had lifted at length her full circle above the bald ridge of rock that stretches through the whole extent of Scio, and the thousand founts of heaven adding their tiny rivulets of light to her bold silvery stream, steeped in a flood of radiance a scene of beauty near akin to holiness. Northward, lay the land of Sappho—to the south, the interminable deep. Within the shadow of the land, favored by the light breeze there, a Greek mystic, distinguishable only by its snow-white canvas, stole along—a guilty thing upon an evil errand. While our convoy, aware of its character, like timid waterfowl, hovered around us for protection. In the midst, our own ship lay like some charmed monster of the deep, keeping time to the music of the waters—gently rising and falling with the undulating waves that set from the eastward—sure precursors of a Levanter. The violin had ceased its gay tones, and the dancers, and knots of story-tellers had dropped away, one by one, to their hammocks, till the drowsy watch were alone left upon deck.

The rushing sound of the topsails, flapping against the tops and rigging—the faint flash of the water beneath

the bow—and the half-hourly strokes upon the bell, followed by the long cry of the look-outs, broke upon the quiet stillness of the night, and died away to make us feel more sensibly the intensity of the silence. The light fell so brightly upon the clean, bleached deck, as distinctly to define the fitting shadows of the masts and rigging, and was reflected back from a hundred polished eye-bolts and belaying-pins. While between the guns where the bulwarks shielded them from the supposed baleful influence of the moonbeams, lay two hundred rugged forms, pillowed upon each other and lost to sense and motion. It was a scene which might in some measure be transmitted through the medium of the canvas, but I despair of conveying fully in a written description that which owed much of its charm to the very indistinctness of the images that composed it.

Hamilton sat with me in the hammock nettings, and he felt and spoke as they feel and speak, who love all that beauty has touched with her soft fingers, and venerate all on which age has laid his holy hand. It was there, on that evening, when his heart was filled and softened by the scene—and confidence was awakened by our familiar intercourse—that he confided to me the secret he had never breathed but to one. He loved Helen Carson. He told me of their youthful affection as playmates; how their love had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. “And here,” said he, taking from his watch-guard a locket, with a braid of bright yellow hair, “is the token she gave me at parting. But now”—he paused, for the thought of the morrow pressed heavy on his soul; and I saw the large drops glisten in the moonbeams, as they chased each other down his cheeks. I talked long with both that night, and made every effort to reconcile them, but pride came back, and neither would make the first concession. They felt they had passed the Rubicon, and that to return would subject them to the sneers of their companions.

Before the expiration of the mid-watch came the promised Levanter, and the rising sun saw us under double reefed topsails, and courses, attempting to beat up the bay of Smyrna. We soon found our dull and deeply laden convoy were entirely unequal to the task; so making signal for them to bear up, we squared away for the island of Mytilene, and in the space of an hour were safely anchored in the many-winding entrance of the aptly named Pont Olivia. It was at once determined by the seconds (who had been engaged in one or two affairs of the kind before, and were remarkably cool and business-like upon the occasion,) that there could be no time or place better fitted for terminating this “little difference,” as they called it. Here was no danger, among the silent forests of olives and citrons, of attracting a crowd of idlers, or of being disagreeably interrupted by a Pacha’s guard, as sometimes happened in Smyrna. The duelling apparatus was therefore arranged, and as soon as the hands were turned to, after dinner, a boat was procured, under pretence of going on shore to practise at a mark; and I was, by the pressing entreaties of the parties, induced to accompany them. I had once refused to have anything to do with it, but, upon further reflection, concluded to go as a spectator, that I might, should any opening occur, interpose as peace-maker; and I had little fear of a fatal termination, as they were now actuated by pride alone, and Hamilton had assured me, in confidence, that, after receiving Carson’s fire, he would discharge his pistol in the air, and apologize.

A narrow and romantic cove that branched from the main channel, on the right side of the entrance, where the olive-crowned hill, that sloped to the water’s edge, was cleft to its base, was selected for the place of combat, and as it proved, of murder. As we

passed the entrance, the inlet swept round to the right; and when the steep acclivities, that rose upon either side, shut out the shipping and opening from our view, we appeared to be gliding over a sheet of inland water; and so entirely sheltered was it from the wind, that scarce a ripple played upon its surface, and the shrill whispers that came from the hill-top, alone told us the elements were warring without. Its farther extremity was bounded by a low white beach, and beyond a valley wound a considerable distance among the hills; and its rich alluvial bottom sustained a heavier growth of trees than the hill-side, and a richer carpet was spread beneath them. Not a word had been spoken by any of us since leaving the ship, and all around was so hushed, that the harsh grating of the keel, as it forced its way up the pebbly beach, seemed a profanation to its solitude; and the coxswain's cry of "way enough," reverberated among the hills, and was reflected back to us with startling distinctness.

Ordering the men to remain by the boat, we proceeded onward until the thick foliage hid us from their view; and while the ground was measured off, I made one more vain effort to conciliate them. I even proposed, when this had failed, that the seconds should load their pistols with powder only, but they had come, they said, to see fair play, and could not consent to their being *imposed upon*. I could do nothing for them; and, retiring a few rods from the spot, leaned against an olive, and, folding my arms, awaited anxiously the result. It was a most painful thing for me, who felt for each the love of a brother, to see them thus stand opposed, and I would rather, at that moment, have had them both turn their weapons upon me, than against each other. It was the first duel I had ever witnessed, and the strong excitement made my brain fairly giddy. A thousand strange and unbidden images chased each other through my mind;—I thought of Eden—of the death of Abel,—I saw the affectionate boys who came on board at New-York—the happy father, and the gay Helen,—and oh! I thought if it *should* prove fatal, the anguish, the breaking hearts that would follow! I closed my eyes to shut out the scene, and the feelings it called forth; and when I again looked up, they had taken their ground, and awaited the signal.

It had been arranged to place them ten paces distant, with their backs to each other, and at the word "two," they were to wheel and fire. No limit was made in the time of firing, because the first shot is considered so great an advantage among duellists, it was supposed they would fire instantly upon turning. The question "are you ready," was asked, and answered with a stern affirmative. There was a moment of breathless suspense, which was followed by the awful monosyllable. At the signal, Carson, without changing the position of his feet, turned his body so as to present his left side to his antagonist, and throwing his right arm across his breast, fired at random. The report was followed by a convulsive shout from Hamilton;—the blood forsook his cheek—his brow contracted—and his eye gleamed fiercely along the barrel, as his pistol, before pointed in the air, now fell to a level. Another moment, and the fell purpose that flashed across his mind was executed, and Carson, placing his hand upon his bosom, staggered backward. I sprung towards him; but he recovered himself, and with a faint attempt to laugh, cried—"Ah! a devilish good shot for"—His voice was choked by a torrent of blood that gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and he fell flat upon his face. We turned him on his side; a dark red stain was on his shirt bosom, which, before we could raise him from the ground, had spread over his whole vest. The men, who well aware of our errand, had run to the spot on the first report of the pistols, now raised him in their arms, and bore him to the beach.

I turned to Hamilton. He was standing as where I last saw him—his body bent forward—his right arm from which the pistol had fallen, extended, and the rigid features, which had changed their expression from rage to horror, seemed petrified to marble. He was gazing, or rather glaring, at the spot from whence Carson had been removed, and his right foot was literally standing in a puddle of blood, that flowed from a deep flesh-wound in the thigh. He stood utterly unconscious of my approach; and when I took him by the shoulder, to lead him off the ground, he recoiled with a shudder from my touch, and looking wildly in my face, like one who has been awakened from some fearful dream, with a long, low groan, sunk senseless into my arms.

We laid them in the boat, and endeavoured with bandages (we had torn off our shirt sleeves for this purpose) to staunch the blood, while we made the best of our way to the ship. I can scarcely conceive of a more ghastly looking crew than we made up. Our boat (it was the *jolly-boat*) was painted white on the inside, and as well as our summer dresses, was smeared with blood. On one side of the boat lay Hamilton, not yet sufficiently recovered from his fainting fit to be sensible of the objects around him; his second leaning over the gunwale, washing his hands, and occasionally sprinkling water in his face. On the opposite seat I supported Carson in my arms, while his second, with one hand, held a handkerchief to his breast, and with the other cleansed his lips from the gore and foam, that came through his fixed teeth. His head was drooped on his breast—pulsation in the wrist had ceased, and the hollow gurgling in his throat was the only sign that life still lingered. The men were straining every nerve upon their oars, and we were fairly flying through the water, yet it seemed to me an age ere we had passed over the half mile that separated us from the ship; and when it was at last accomplished, and our sad burden lifted over the side, dropping for a time the curtain before the terrible tragedy I had witnessed, there came over me such sickness of heart, and exhaustion of body, that it was with difficulty I dragged myself to my apartment. There stripping the bloody garments from my limbs, I threw myself upon the lockers, and slept long and soundly. It was dark when I was awakened by the boys who came to swing our hammocks. "Thank God, 'tis only a dream," involuntarily passed my lips, as the first vague remembrance of the events of the day returned. But the two vacant berths in front, the gloomy faces around, and the spotted dress which still lay beside me, quickly quelled the burst of grateful feeling. I cast an inquiring look towards the seconds, who sat on the hatch, conversing in low tones together.

"Shocking business," answered one, with a mournful shake of the head.

"Awful—awful," responded the other.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"No, not dead—but we are both *arrested*; and the Commodore swears he will try us by a court martial."

Relieved as much by the intelligence as *disgusted* by their selfish regrets at such a time, I left them, and proceeded to the gun deck, where my poor friends had been removed, for the convenience of dressing their wounds, and as a more airy situation than the steerage. I stopped a moment by Hamilton's cot, who was tossing in his bed, and throwing the clothes from him as fast as his attendant could replace them, evidently, however, suffering more from mental than bodily anguish. Carson I found cheerful, and even gay. Half a dozen officers were standing round him, and the surgeon held his hand to his pulse, watching the fluctuations by a watch that lay on the bed. He welcomed me with a grasp of the hand.

"You see how it is with me," he said, in tones but little removed from a whisper, "and I have richly de-

served it for my folly. However, it's not worth while to cry for spilt milk, or blood either," he added, looking at the bloody fillets on his breast.

I was glad to find him in such good spirits, and said what little I could to encourage him. Among other things, I remember to have said that I hoped yet to crack another bottle of wine with him before the month was out.

"Come, come," he interrupted, "let's have no more of this nonsense. You look as blank while you are saying it as if you were about to have a vial of hemlock forced down your throat. No Jameson," he continued, smiling, "you know as well as I that I shall never hear the exhilarating pop of another Champagne cork, unless, indeed, we crack one now."

"By the by, doctor, suppose you produce a bottle of your hospital, for I'm getting husky."

A glass was given him; he tasted it, but spit it out directly.

"I believe my taste is becoming depraved," he said; "I can't tell Madeira from sherry."

We begged him to be quiet;—"No," he said, "the doctor tells me my case is somewhat precarious, which with him, you know, is equivalent to saying 'you are a dead man;' and I will wag my tongue the little time I have left."

He was soon obliged to stop from exhaustion, and at length closed his eyes, and apparently slumbered. The group that had gathered around him, retired to their duties, or to sleep, and we were presently left alone. He then turned to me. I was sitting upon the side of the cot, occasionally moistening his lips with a sponge of vinegar. I asked him how he felt.

"Much worse," he said.

"Shall I call the doctor?"

"Oh no, no! he can do me no good; and I am glad they are away, for I could not long support the part I have been playing. I will not let those men know that I care for life a groat; but, oh! Jameson, it is hard, very, very hard," he continued, the tears springing to his eyes, "to die so young—so far from home—and such a death,—this, this is the worst of all." And he covered his face, to hide the gushing tears.

I thought it better to let nature take its course, and remained silent, gently pressing his hand, until he drew aside the covering, and renewed the conversation of his own accord.

"You must not let my friends know how I die, Jameson—for it would kill Helen, and my father too, I fear."

He inquired after Hamilton. I told him his wound would confine him but a few weeks at least.

"I am glad of that," he said, "yet his sufferings will be greater than mine. If my forgiveness can make them less, he has it most freely, for I have been more to blame than he."

About eleven he fell into a soft slumber, and I took advantage of it to speak with the surgeon, leaving the boy to watch him, with directions to call me if he awoke before my return. The doctor was in his room looking over a medical work, which he laid by on my entrance; and at my request explained the nature of his wound. I am not sufficiently acquainted with anatomy to explain minutely the course of the ball. It had entered the left side, and, passing through the lungs, came out of the right breast.

"There is no possibility of his recovery," he said; "if he can be kept quiet his life may be prolonged a few days, but he must die at last."

We were still conversing when the boy came running in to say that Hamilton had risen, and gone to Carson's cot. We hurried up the ladder; but the loud sob, and broken exclamations of grief, which were audible even at the distance we stood, made us aware of a feeling of delicacy.

A few minutes after, and a shriek from Hamilton,

and the wild cry, "Oh, God! I have killed him!" made us again rush forward.

Carson was lying on his side, to all appearance dead; and the blood from the wound, which had broken open afresh, flowed freely upon the bed. Hamilton, dressed only in his night-clothes, was bending over him, now grasping his hand, and crying—

"Oh, Richard!—Richard! speak to me once—once—say you are alive!" Then wringing his own hands, and exclaiming, "Oh, my God!—my God! he is dead, and 'tis I have murdered him!"

We bore him back to his cot.—"He has forgiven me—forgiven all!" he said, solemnly, holding up a finger encircled by the ring of his friend; "but God will never forgive me."

I left him, and hastened back, where the doctor was applying powerful stimulants to Carson. We succeeded at last in restoring him to consciousness, but it was only to struggle with death.

"I feel the blood trickling through my bosom!—it burns me!" he cried, gaspingly. "Oh!—oh! give me air!—I want air! Oh! dear—dear doctor! I can't breathe—I shall die!"

We bore him to the port, but he shrank shivering from the mild breeze.—"Oh! it's so cold—it freezes me—take me to the fire!"

A chill had come on. Heaters were hung up by his cot, and hot bricks placed under his feet. Again came the burning fever, and his piercing screams—alternately for water and air—went to the hearts of us all. I rose to get some wine from the table, but his quick eye caught the movement, and springing upright, he caught my arm. "Oh!—don't—don't—don't leave me—to—die!"

His hand let go its hold, and he fell back upon the pillow. There was a slight struggle—a contraction in the sinews of the neck—a quivering of the under-jaw—and all was over. Poor fellow! the remaining duties towards the dead was now all he required.

We buried him without parade at the head of the valley in which they fought. The traveller will see there a small garden, long run wild, which still contains some godly fruit trees, and a few straggling, unpruned vines; and about twenty paces up the hill, the foundation stones of a summer-house, and a broken fountain. Where the gushing stream begins to spread at the base of the hill, and hide itself in the green sward, stands a clump of four lime-trees; I remember them well. It was beneath their shade we dug his grave. No stone was raised to his memory—but he is not forgotten.

Happy! happy it had been for Hamilton could he have slept with him, and been at rest. *But he could not die.* The fever abated, his wounds healed, he rose from his bed of sickness, and again came among us. He came among us, but he was no longer of us. He bore about him a deep and settled melancholy. All taste for his former pursuits was gone—his studies were neglected—and ambition was dead within him. He stalked the decks apart from all—the joyless ghost of his innocent days;—and when the spirit of the storm was abroad, with its muttering thunders, and sheeted lightnings, and others were glad to find a shelter, he sought the tops, and through the long watches of the night, brooded in solitude over his woes, for which he asked neither sympathy nor relief. We all felt for him, and tried every means to wren him from his sorrow, and entice him to join in our diversions in vain. The vulture remorse had clutched her talons in his heart, and held him to the rack of mind.

About this time one of our small vessels arrived, and was sent to cruise among the Cyclades. She had lost her master a short time previous, and I being the oldest midshipman in the two vessels, was ordered to supply his place. I parted with Hamilton as with one

whom I was to meet no more on this side of the grave. Judge, then, of my surprise, when I arrived two months after at Gibraltar, where the frigate and her relief lay, to hear he was not only alive, but fast recovering.

"Oh yes," said the midshipman of the boat that boarded us, "the news that our ship was remanded to the United States, acted like a magic on him; he has been another being since then, and makes more noise than all the steerage put together. If he had not drunk so hard, he would have been a well man before this."

"Drank!" I repeated in astonishment; "does he drink?"

"Ay, indeed, does he, like a fish; and has ever since the C— came into port. He was even then at a large dinner party given to our officers at the garri-son."

Hardly knowing what to think of this strange metamorphosis, I hastened on shore, and joined the festival. My friend had changed indeed. His features were sharpened; the beautiful intellectual expression that still lingered there when I parted with him, was gone; and his high, clean forehead was furrowed by the horseshoe scowl of anguish. But what of that? Could it be hoped such agony as his would vanish, and leave no scar behind? Enough, if the past would cease to harrow up his soul;—enough, if despair would stand from out his forward path,—if he could be once more his former self in feeling, he would again be restored to his friends,—his agency in Carson's death should be concealed, and he might yet be happy. Yet could it be!—an altercation so sudden, so absolute, so unlooked for. Had not the spirit of the merry Carson risen from his tomb, and shrouded himself in the attenuated form of his friend, to play another hoax upon his shipmates, I doubted if my sight was not a liar; and while I took my seat opposite him, and joined in the merriment, I watched him with mingled wonder and anxiety.

The long buried treasures of his mind seemed at once to have been thrown by its convulsions upon the surface, that all might gaze, court, and admire. Again and again, he set the table in a roar, with his anecdotes, told with the racy humour of his friend, and with many a piquant and original embellishment. He applauded the stories of the others—he encored their songs—and his laugh was the longest and loudest in the intervals. He tossed off his bumper with the most jovial, and challenged the six-bottle men to contend for the "whistle." There was a glow upon his cheek—a fire in his eye—and he sat the delight, the envy of the circle. "Was he happy?" Alas! how little they knew of him they envied. It was the meeting of extremes, when grief had run riot. The hand that raised the goblet to his lips, shook like his who has dwindled into second childishness. He laughed as the maniac laughs, in the excess of his misery. The hectic flush upon his cheek flickered like that which plays in heaven when the day is dying; and his eye gave forth the lustrous glitter of the polished stone.

I thanked heaven when this scene of mockery was over, and hastened to lead him, half intoxicated as he was, from the room. It was with difficulty he reached the boat; for, with that gentle exercise, he was obliged to stop every fifty yards to pant for breath, and his heart palpitated as if the blood had been sent through it by the strokes of a forcing-pump. These excesses completely prostrated his constitution. I remonstrated with him, but he only answered me with tears. I spoke of home, and endeavoured to win him from his habits, by holding out the prospect of happier days.

"Home!" he repeated, gloomily; "I have no home. What? go to hear the curses of those I love the best, for all the misery I have heaped upon them? No—never! And yet," he said, after a pause, spanning

with his fingers his emaciated wrist, "could they know all I have suffered, I think even Helen would pity me."

This could not last; the spirit was too strong for the broken frame; and I was told by the quarter-master, who came to wake me a few mornings after, that Mr. Hamilton had been taken with the horrors, (mania-a-potu) and had attempted, during the night, to throw himself out of the port next his cot. I found him comparatively quiet, and he remained so, occasionally talking incoherently, until after breakfast. He did not recognize any of us, and we knew his end was approaching. The first indication that the spasm was returning, was given by his drawing in his breath with a hissing noise. He was evidently in pain.

"Dick—Dick—Dick!" he said quickly, and with an offended air, "come, come, none of your tricks,—quit that—quit it now." "Ha!" he continued, good naturedly, as the pain left him, "do you think I have forgotten when you stuck the pins in the master's chair?" "I have thought of a plan," he went on, after a time: "I'll dress myself in a white frock and trowsers, and put on a pair of false whiskers, and those green goggles of mine, and they'll never know me in the world at home, I'm so altered."

Alas! he would have needed no disguise. The mother who bore him would never have identified her son, in the wasted form that lay there. "Oh! Helen, you cannot think how glad I am to get home again. There," he said, "there's the locket you gave me; I've not lost a single hair. Let me see if you have kept yours as nicely. Ah! that's a good girl. Let go my hand!" he shouted; "don't you see the spots? Oh!—yes—curse—curse,—hold up your little hand and curse me!—It was I who killed Richard!" "What! a coward, did he say?—a coward!—I'll die before he shall say I am a coward!"

He sprang up suddenly, and seized me by the collar. "Never point your finger at me, sir! I'll make you suffer for this, every one of you! I'll fight you all,—you shall rub out that thought with your own blood!"

He sunk back, and tried to hide himself, like a frightened child, under the bed-clothes. "Did you see him," he whispered hoarsely, with his gory hair, and that frightful hole in his side? Look—look—he is there again, and is coming to tear open my bosom with his long skinny hands. Take him off!—take him off!" he screeched, struggling at the same time with his hands and feet, as if to defend himself from the horrible phantom his imagination had conjured up. He jumped from his cot before any of us, who were entirely unprepared for such an effort, could arrest him, and attempted to run across the deck, but he fell amidst ships, and when we reached him he was stone dead. He had burst a blood-vessel—and, I believe, his heart was broken too.

Many years have passed since I stood beside the death-beds of my early friends—since I closed their eyes, and performed the last sad offices of friendship—since I saw the cloths heaped upon their coffins, and heard the solemn consignment of "earth to earth, and dust to dust,"—and in a life pregnant with adventure and vicissitude, I have suffered and enjoyed what, with many, would have effaced the impressions of youth. But while the crowd of comparatively mole-hill events of more recent date, have faded from memory, their sad history stands forth a mountain in the vista of years, undimmed by time—and undiminished by distance.

A BRAVE man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.—Pope.

LOVE FOR WET WEATHER;

OR, THE WOOING OF CORNELIUS O'RIGGE.

A TALE.

"Tell her I'll love her,
While the clouds drop rain."—Modern Song.

LAST night I heard for the second time in my life, the song of which the above are the commencement-words; I had heard "that air before," and the circumstances attendant upon that occurrence, I have now the pleasure of laying before my readers. Captain Cornelius O'Rigge was a dashing young guardsman, tall, thin, and genteel, with a head of hair black as it could be made by art (Dame Nature having gifted the gallant Captain with one of fiery red), and a moustache of the most approved curl; he was an excellent dancer, and could sing like a nightingale; then he had such a winning way with him, he was so eminently gifted with those powers of eloquence, universally known by the appellation of "blarney," that he was well known from one end of Bath to the other by the name of "the ladies' gentleman."

Cornelius O'Rigge was a gallant fellow, showering all his kindness and attentions on the young and old, without distinction; and many a pretty little maiden of eighteen has seen herself forsaken for her grandmother of eighty. Cornelius was a marvellous favourite among the old ladies, and although it was said that he had been overheard making extraordinary declarations at the feet of Miss Prudentia Popkin, daughter and heiress of Lady Popkin, widow of a be-knighted citizen; Cornelius himself was ever anxious to convince the world that he was more regardful of her ladyship, the widow.

Men have strange tastes sometimes, and I have frequently wondered at my friend's preferring Lady Popkin, when it was obvious and evident that the charming Miss Prudentia had something more than a liking for him. It was remarkably wet weather during the time of my friend's courtship of the widow; it was about the middle of January that he first attached himself; the day had been dark, gloomy, and miserable, one of those awful days which make a mirth fit for St. Lukes, or any thing else that is deplorable. Cornelius had been invited to a little musical party, at which Lady Popkin was also present; Miss P. from regard to her health, she said, had refused to make one of the party. I remember hearing that evening a soft-tongued youth sing that pretty air,

"Tell her I'll love her,
While the clouds drop rain!"

Cornelius was sitting by the side of Lady Popkin; during the previous part of the evening he had been sitting absorbed in thought; but as the youth lisped out these honeyed words, he seemed to wake from a trance, and raising his curled head, the eyes of Lady Popkin met his. The effect was singular; Cornelius looked unutterable things, his gaze was fixed upon her ladyship's face; her ladyship blushed and looked down; the song proceeded; the Captain sighed; Lady Popkin endeavoured to beat time with her right foot, but her thoughts were confused; she tried her left foot, but to no purpose; she grew more confused than ever, for my friend Cornelius sighed again, and by and by, his fingers touched her lily hand; that hand resisted not, although the face of her ladyship betrayed the greatness of her heart's emotion; in another moment the hand of Lady Popkin was clasped in that of Cornelius, and the singing youth concluded his ditty.

"O, what a beautiful air!" exclaimed Cornelius.

"It is divine!" sighed her ladyship.

"How sweet must be the passion of love," whispered Cornelius.

"You think so perhaps, because you have never experienced it," said Lady P. "Were you to be once in love, you would soon tire of loving."

"Lady Popkin!" cried the gallant Captain, "surely I do not merit such suspicion."

"I speak according to the world's experience," quoth her ladyship; "I do not mean to say you would prove false to love; but it is the character of your sex!"

"I feel that I could love—for ever!" murmured the Captain, evidently wishing to avoid an argument.

"What a pity 'tis, then, that there is no kind damsel in the world to try your constancy; we must look out for one."

"Nay, my lady," whispered Cornelius, giving his moustache an elegant twirl as he spake, "upon an occasion of such a nature the gentleman should be left to make his own election."

"By all means," replied Lady P., "and now commence your search immediately."

"It may have been commenced ere this," replied the Captain.

"Hey-day!" cried the widow, "I begin to think you have already a lady in your eye."

"In my eye I confess I have," said Cornelius; "in my eye, now, now, and in my heart too."

"Is her name a secret?" cunningly inquired her ladyship.

"I have her in my eye," murmured the Captain, looking tenderly upon the widow.

"Laws, who can it be?" said Lady Popkin, half suspecting the truth, yet wishing not to be thought aware of his meaning. "Laws, who can it be? Is it Miss Figgins? Or the young Arabella Brad? Or Miss Jacintha Jimmies? Or one of the little Mackarels? Or Mrs. Snook's niece? Or the heiress of Old Jumpson, the miser? Or—or—or—"

She would have run over the names of all the young ladies in the room, but Cornelius stopped her; looking languishingly upon her, he repeated, "I have her in my eye."

"Laws, who can it be?" said the widow, *sotto voce*, blushing deep as scarlet, and endeavouring to withdraw her hand, which my friend Cornelius only held the tighter.

"I have her in my eye," he sighed; and the widow said nothing; her fan fluttered violently; her heart also throbbled with the impulse of newly awakened feelings; the Captain breathed a sigh, and murmured again, "I have her in my eye."

His meaning could not be mistaken; the company's attention was all engrossed by the song, which was encored, and the lisping youth was now carolling it for the second time, or they would have beheld my friend's love-making, and the widow's emotion; the song was at last brought to a conclusion, and amidst the applause which ensued, the Captain whispered—

"I never heard such a delightful song in my life."

"Nor I," sighed the sympathetic widow of the good Sir Jonah Popkin.

"Such is my love," said the Captain, with the intention of giving the *coup de grace* at once.

"Ah!" murmured the widow.
The Captain sung—

"O, I could love thee,
While the clouds drop rain!"

The widow patted him on his cheek with her fan: Cornelius felt that he was a happy man!

Thus commenced the wooing of Cornelius and the widow Popkin. He was a faithful lover, always at the side of his ancient fair, and as she was so deeply enamoured of the song, he learnt the whole of it, and was for ever singing,

"Tell her I'll love her,
While the clouds drop rain;"

And the widow said that she desired only such love as that.

"And such love I have for thee!" declared the Captain; and Lady Popkin felt that she was a happy woman!

On the evening of one deplorable rainy day, the gallant Captain was sitting at one side of the fire, which blazed up in Lady Popkin's drawing-room, blowing the German flute, to the tune which the widow loved so well; her ladyship looking her adoration, and Miss Prudentia, seemingly regardless of what was going on, pored over the pages of an old novel; the rain pattered against the windows, and the wind howled mournfully, when a servant entered with a letter for her ladyship, immediately upon seeing which, Miss Prudentia arose, and left the room.

"Open it, dear Cornelius," spake the widow, as she reclined in her easy chair, too comfortable to think of disturbing herself. Cornelius opened the letter, and handed it to her ladyship.

"Dear me," said she, "who can this be from?" and casting her eyes to the bottom of the page, she continued, "*John Jenkins!* now *who* is John Jenkins, and what can his business be with me? What a deal of trouble people give me."

"How happy am I," rejoined the Captain, "that I shall so soon have the honour to take that trouble off your ladyship's hands."

Lady Popkin looked a world of gratitude, and commenced reading the epistle; her features changed as she went on, a cloud then came upon her brow, preparatory to the storm which ensued; starting up from her comfortable seat in the easy chair, she cried, in a voice of thunder, "Where is that ungrateful girl?—Where is the viper that I have harbored in my breast? Where is the"—and then recollecting herself, and that Cornelius O'Rigge was in company, she lowered her tone, and exclaimed, "Did you ever hear of such an ungrateful thing as this in your whole life, my dear Captain?"

"May I be permitted to inquire the nature of the injury, my dear Lady Popkin?" said the Captain, appearing much concerned as he spake.

"My daughter, sir, my daughter; she, whom I have loved and nurtured, whom I have brought up in the way that she should go, now flies off, and wants to be married, forsooth, married to a"—

"My dear Lady Popkin," interrupted her lover, "do not be angry with the young lady, she is but following our steps, and how can we expect perfect happiness ourselves, if we deny it to those who are dependent upon us?"

"She is so young," replied Lady P.

"Her lover does not think her so, and why should we? He, I dare say, offers to take her for better or worse."

"You shall hear what he offers," said her ladyship; and then commenced reading the epistle; it was to the following effect:—

Madam,

Penetrated by a sense of duty to your ladyship, I humbly take leave to disclose to you the whole truth of a circumstance upon which depends all my happiness, nay, almost my life. It is in your ladyship's power to realize a dream of happiness, or plunge two hearts in the deepest misery. Lady Popkin, I will be candid with you; I am honest, and so are my intentions; and will conceal nothing from you. I love your daughter, and my love is returned—[ah! ah! sighed the widow.] That it is not her fortune I covet, you must feel assured when I tell you that two-thirds of it will suffice. I am not an unreasonable man, and hope you will be convinced of that fact. I beseech your ladyship to smile upon our affection, and make your charming daughter mine for ever. In return for which, I shall by night and day, for ever pray for your ladyship's felicity, and have the honour to be, your ladyship's most obedient, and very humble servant,

JOHN JENKINS.

"Well," exclaimed Cornelius, after Lady Popkin had finished reading the letter. "Well."

"Well!" cried her ladyship. "It is not well, sir."

"Now I think that it is," rejoined the Captain, running his fingers through his well-curled hair. "Why should we deny to others that happiness we expect and pray for ourselves?"

"Why, look you, my dear Captain," said Lady P. in an under tone, and drawing her chair close to his. "Why, look you, my dear Captain, for as you are about to become a member of our family, I need not conceal the fact from you, *your* interest is concerned in this, as well as my own."

"I feel that it is," replied the captain fervently.

"Well, then," continued her ladyship, "you must be told that when my poor dear late husband, Sir Jonah Popkin, of blessed memory, departed this life, he bequeathed the whole of his property to me—but to me only in trust for our child, Prudentia—the hussey!—the whole bulk of which, with the exception of a pitiful hundred a year, was to become her's on the day of her marriage."

"I am acquainted with that fact," said Cornelius.

"But," rejoined the widow, "in order that she might not throw away herself upon the first puppy that fell in love with her fortune, her father wisely directed that unless she married with *my* consent, not a farthing of the money should she ever touch. And well it is for us, dear Captain, that poor Sir Jonah acted so sagely; for, long ere this, some skipjack would have seized the girl and the money, and I have been reduced to the beggarly hundred a year."

"Well, and what if you had, my love?" murmured the Captain, in one of his sweetest tones, "let the girl marry, if it so pleases her, and believe me, we shall be happier on your hundred a year, and—*my* ample fortune—than with all Sir Jonah's god."

"Impossible! You cannot mean such a thing, my dear Captain!" said the lady.

"Upon my conscience I do," replied Cornelius, "love and a cottage, dear Lady Popkin, what can be sweeter?"

"O, we'll love together,
While the clouds drop rain," &c. &c.

Lady Popkin grew warm; she arose from her seat, and paced the room; Cornelius took the German flute, and played in his most melting style, but this time his music had no effect upon the heart of the ancient fair. "Captain O'Rigge!" she at length exclaimed, "it is plain enough that our acquaintance must end."

"End!" cried O'Rigge, in real consternation, "sooner shall the world end! Why, why, dearest Popkin, say'st thou that?"

"Tis plain you love me not," said Lady P. and the

tears came into her eyes, "you love me not, and we must part."

"Never, while there's life in this heart!" exclaimed O'Rigge, throwing himself at the feet of the widow. "Never, never."

"We must!" rejoined Lady P. in a tone of killing fortitude; "no man shall reign lord of this heart, who can attempt to crush its first and best desire. Farewell."

Cornelius discovered his error; his fate hung upon that moment. "Stay, stay," he cried, in a tone of tender supplication, "do as you will, dear Lady P., you hold that mastery over my heart, I can dissent from nothing."

"There spoke the gallant Captain O'Rigge again," replied the widow, and extending her hand, my friend Cornelius pressed it to his lips, and bedewed it with scalding tears.

It must have appeared to the reader ere this, that my friend Cornelius was what, in the common parlance of society, is called a "humbler;" he lived upon his wits and his commission, he had no other means of living; whether or not he was sincere in advising Lady Popkin to consent to her daughter's marriage, and giving up her fortune, and what his object was, the sequel will show.

"Pardon my error, dearest Lady P.," cried the enamoured Captain, "do as you please, I will not oppose your wishes."

"You see," said her ladyship, "it is our interest to keep off lovers; besides," and as she spoke, she cast one of her tenderest glances upon the youth, "besides, suppose the tyrant death should, in some few short years, destroy our happiness and my life; would it not grieve thee to lose all thy wealth, and be reduced even to thy present means?"

"Indeed, indeed it would!" sighed Cornelius. There was more meaning in his words than the widow understood.

"Then it is our duty," replied she, "to set apart a provision for the partner of my heart."

"O, dearest lady, you are too good."

"Yet you deserve it all."

"You overpower me, dear lady, I shall expire beneath the weight of obligation. True, as you say, I should feel the loss of such an income, were the tyrant to despoil me of my soul's best treasure; and the tale, no doubt, is a false one, which says the good Sir Jonah, when he made his will, included among the other items your power over Miss Prudentia, which you could transfer to another."

"A happy thought, dear Captain," said Lady P., "the tale is very true. Sir Jonah made his will himself, and in it he declared that Prudentia should not marry without my consent, or my assigns, just as he bequeathed all the rest of his property. A happy thought, indeed; after our wedding is over, dear Captain, I will make over to you the power I possess, and thus the fortune will be secured to you."

"Dearest Lady Popkin," said Cornelius, "I cannot speak my gratitude. Let my tears thank you."

"Sensitive young man!"

"I do not deserve this unexampled kindness."

"O, yes, you do, indeed."

"Indeed, I don't," sighed my friend, "the thought was happy though; for life is so uncertain, our felicity may not last beyond a day! Ah, that thought distracts me. Yet it behoves us to be prepared for the worst; would it not be prudent, dearest lady, to make the assignment at once?"

"Why—as—as to that"—said the widow, hesitatingly.

"No—no. I am to blame," continued Cornelius. "I know not what I say; excess of gratitude for what you have already spoken, did suggest the prudent settlement of an affair which I feel myself quite unworthy of being a party to, but I beseech you, pardon me."

"Your modesty quite charms me, Captain. Upon consideration, it would be prudent to give you present power over the graceless girl; and the giving you which, will be the best testimony I can give of my regard for you."

"Every moment I pass with you heightens my esteem!" cried the gallant Captain, "do not, do not say more, lest I consider you above your sex, and become idolatrous in my devotion."

"Well, well then, dear youth," sighed her ladyship, "I will only entrust this affair to your entire direction; but I do insist that you undertake the guardianship of Prudentia; and, at your peril, come not here to-morrow without a lawyer with you, with the necessary papers of assignment."

"Your ladyship is indeed too, too good. I pray you to consider of it more; let it be delayed for a week."

"No—not one day."

"Yes, for one day only."

"Your modesty, dear Captain, only makes me more firm in my determination; say no more, or I shall be tempted to send for a lawyer this instant, and settle the affair at once."

"I hope," replied Cornelius, humbly, "that I shall never so far offend my dear lady, as to cause her to give me such a sign of her displeasure."

Lady Popkin retired to rest that night very happy and comfortable; and so did my friend Cornelius O'Rigge, but from a very different cause.

The next morning was as wet and miserable as all the week had been; the rain poured down in torrents, and scarcely a pedestrian was to be seen in the streets; nevertheless did Cornelius O'Rigge issue forth from his domicile, enwrapped in military cloak, and with his well-worn umbrella raised above his head, he did defy the pelting of the pitiless storm. Behold him, presently, in the office of Grab and Snabb, Attornies at Law, and the junior partner, Mr. Nicodemus Snabb, a little bustling man of business, in earnest conversation with him. At last, a clerk exclaimed, "The papers are ready, sir."

"Then, Captain O'Rigge," said the little man of business, "I will do myself the honour of accompanying you."

A coach was immediately called, and into it stepped the lawyer and my friend: in ten minutes they were at Lady Popkin's door. At the window stood the charming Prudentia, in all the splendour of youth and beauty. O'Rigge paused for a moment, as he alighted, to contemplate such perfect loveliness; the maiden seemed to check his freedom, by retiring from the window; the Captain then recovered himself, and kissing his hand to Lady Popkin, whom he had not before observed, he skipped into the house.

Presently, Lady Popkin held in her hand the important paper, which was to the following effect, viz: "That Sir Jonah Popkin, having given the guardianship of his daughter, Prudentia, with his property, to his dear wife, her heirs and assigns, she, with a view to the better maintenance of that daughter, by these presents, did assign such guardianship, with all its powers, to her dear friend, Captain Cornelius O'Rigge," &c. &c.

This scene was hastily enacted, the parties signed, and the paper was put into the possession of my friend Cornelius; the next half-hour was passed in compliments and chit chat, and then Cornelius and the man of business departed.

Towards the evening, Lady Popkin thought of breaking the matter to her daughter, and upwards of an hour was spent by her in preparing herself for the explanation of what she had done. Then she rang the bell, and desired the servant who attended the summons to desire Miss Prudentia to come to her. Ten minutes passed, and then Lady Popkin rang the bell again. A servant entered. "Where is Miss Prudentia," exclaimed the widow, angrily, "that she does not come?"

"Please your ladyship," was the reply, "she cannot be found."

"Not found! How! What—what do you mean?"

"Why, my lady, that every room in the house has been searched, and Miss Prudentia is not there. Nobody has seen her since she went out with Captain O'Rigge and Mr. Snabb."

"Went out with Captain O'Rigge and Mr. Snabb?" echoed the widow, "O, Heavens! I am betrayed!"

And so she was; my friend had effected his purpose, and freed his beloved Prudentia Popkin from the tyranny of a cruel parent.

The next day was one of bright sunshine. Sol seemed to be compensating the world for his long absence, when the fair Prudentia was handed, by my gallant friend, Cornelius, to the altar of ——— church, where-at they became man and wife, and mutually promised to "love, honour, and obey each other."

Lady Popkin never forgave my friend, although he declares that he only promised to love her in *wet weather*. "I pledged myself," said he, when she upbraided him, "to adore you only in the words of the song,

"While the clouds dropt rain."

But sunshine has come again, and now I kneel at the shrine of rescued innocence and beauty."

Prudentia is a happy woman, and my friend is a happy man. Will anybody blame him? I think not, and so thinks his lovely wife, Prudentia.

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

THIS consecrated relic of genius stands on the hill of Posilipo, in the environs of Naples. Its recent state is so beautifully described by Eustace, that we shall not, like gipseys do stolen children, disfigure it to prevent recognition.

"Proceeding westward along the Chiaia and keeping towards the beach," says Eustace, "we came to the quarter called Mergyllina. To ascend the hill of Posilipo we turned to the right, and followed a street winding as a staircase up the steep, and terminating at a garden gate. Having entered, we pursued a path through a vineyard and descending a little, came to a small square building, flat-roofed, placed on a sort of platform on the brow of a precipice on one side, and on the other sheltered by a superincumbent rock. An aged ilex, spreading from the sides of the rock, and bending over the edifice, covers the roof with its ever verdant foliage. Numberless shrubs spring around, and interwoven with ivy clothe the walls and hang in festoons over the precipice. The edifice before us was an ancient tomb—the tomb of VIRGIL! We entered; a vaulted cell and two modern windows alone presented themselves to view: the poet's name is the only ornament of the place. No sarcophagus, no urn, and even no inscription to feed the devotion of the classical pilgrim. The epitaph which though not genuine is yet ancient, was inscribed by order of the Duke of Pescologiano, then proprietor of the place, on a marble slab placed in the side of the rock opposite the entrance of the tomb, where it still remains. Every body is acquainted with it—

"Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, ducas."

"But there are authors who venture to assert, that the tomb of which we are now speaking, is not the sepulchre of Virgil. Of this number are the classic Addison and the laborious and accurate Cluverius. The authority of two such eminent persons, without doubt, carries great weight with it, but that weight is upon this occasion considerably lessened by the weakness of the arguments on which their opinion is grounded. These arguments may be found in Cluverius, and Addison merely expresses his opinion without

entering into any discussion. They are drawn from a few verses of Statius.

"In opposition to these arguments, or rather conjectures founded upon the vague expressions of a single poet (a poet often censured for his obscurity,) we have the constant and uninterrupted tradition of the country supported by the authority of a numerous host of learned and ingenious antiquaries; and upon such grounds we may still continue to cherish the conviction, that we have visited the tomb of Virgil, and hailed his sacred shade on the spot where his ashes long reposed.

"The laurel which was once said to have sprung up at its base, and covered it with its luxuriant branches, now flourishes only in the verses of youthful bards, or in the descriptions of early travellers; myrtle, ivy and ilex, all plants equally agreeable to the genius of the place, and the subjects of the poet; now perform the office of the long-withered bays, and encircle the tomb with verdure and perfume."

"The sepulchre of Virgil, it may be imagined, must have long remained an object of interest and veneration, especially as his works had excited universal admiration even in his life-time, and were very soon after his death put into the hands of children, and made a part of the rudiments of early education. Yet Martial declares that it had been neglected in his time, and that Silius Italicus alone restored its long forgotten honours.

"The reader will learn with regret that Virgil's tomb, consecrated as it ought to be to genius and meditation, is sometimes converted into the retreat of assassins, or the lurking place of Sbirri. Such at least it was the last time we visited it, when wandering that way about sun-set we found it filled with armed men. We were surprised on both sides, and on ours not very agreeably at the unexpected rencounter; so lonely the place and so threatening the aspects of these strangers. Their manners however were courteous; and on inquiry we were informed that they were Sbirri, and then lying in wait for a murderer, who was supposed to make that spot his nightly asylum. It would be unjust to accuse the Neapolitans of culpable indifference towards this or any other monument of antiquity; but it is incumbent on the proprietor or the public, to secure them against such profanation. On the whole, few places are in themselves more picturesque, and from the recollection inseparably interwoven with it, no spot is more interesting than the tomb of Virgil."

DEATH.

THE most sensible motive to abate the passions is Death. The tomb is the best source of morality. Study avarice in the coffin of the miser: this is the man who is accumulating heap upon heap, riches upon riches; see a few square boards inclose him; and a few square inches contain him! Study ambition in the grave of that enterprising man; see his noble designs, his extensive projects, his boundless expedients are all scattered, and sunk in this fatal gulf of human projects! Approach the tomb of the proud man, and there investigate pride: See the mouth that pronounced lofty expressions, condemned to eternal silence; the piercing eye that convulsed the world with fear, covered with a midnight gloom; the formidable arm that disturbed the destinies of mankind, without motion or life! Go to the tomb of the nobleman, and there study quality: behold his magnificent titles, his royal ancestors, his flattering inscriptions, his learned genealogies, are all gone, or going to be lost with himself in the same dust! Study voluptuousness at the grave of the voluptuary. See, his senses are destroyed, his organs broken to pieces, and the whole temple of sensual pleasure subverted from its foundations.



THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

This celebrated company was instituted in 1694, being incorporated by charter, July 27, in that year. It is the most important institution of the kind that exists in any part of the world, and the history of banking furnishes no example that can at all be compared with it, for the range and multiplicity of its transactions, and for the vast influence which it possesses over public and national affairs.

This extensive pile covers an irregular area of about eight acres. The exterior extent in front, or on the south side, measures 365 feet; on the west side, 440 feet; on the north side, 410 feet; and on the east side, 245 feet. Within this space are nine open courts, a spacious rotunda, numerous public offices, court and committee rooms, an armoury, &c., engraving and printing offices, a library, and many convenient apartments for principal officers and servants. The principal suite of rooms occupies the ground-floor, and the chief offices being furnished with lantern lights and domes, have no apartments over them; the basement story consists of a greater number of rooms than there are above ground. The site of a portion of the edifice being a marshy soil in the course of the ancient stream of *Walbrook*, it was found necessary to strengthen the foundations by means of piles and counter arches.

An act of parliament was passed in 1694, incorporating certain subscribers, under the title of "*The Governor and Company of the Bank of England*," in consideration of a loan of £1,200,000, granted to government, for which the subscribers received almost 8 per cent. So eager were the public to share some of the advantages of this concern, that the subscription for the whole sum of £1,200,000, was completed in the course of ten days. The charter directed that the management of the bank should be vested in a governor, deputy-governor, and twenty-four directors; thirteen, or more, to constitute a court, of which the governor or deputy-governor must be one. They were to have a perpetual succession, a common-seal, and the other usual powers of corporations, as making by-laws, &c., but were not allowed to borrow money under their common-seal without the authority of parliament. They were not to trade, nor suffer any person in trust for them to trade in any goods or merchandise; but they might deal in bills of exchange, in bullion, and foreign gold and silver coin, &c. They might also lend money on pawns or pledges, and sell those which should not be redeemed within three months after the time agreed. But this has since been little acted upon. No dividend was to be made but by consent of a general court, and that only out of the interest, profit, and produce arising by such dealing as the act of parliament allows. These important privi-

leges have been often renewed to the great advantage of the mercantile interests. The erection of this celebrated bank, according to the declaration of one of its first directors, not only relieved the ministry from their frequent processions into the city for borrowing money on the best public securities, at an interest of ten or twelve per cent. per annum, but likewise gave life and currency to double or triple the value of its capital in other branches of public credit.

CODE OF INSTRUCTION FOR LADIES.

1. Let every wife be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family; the first is the expression of that will which belongs to force; the second, by the power of mildness to which even strength will yield. One is the power of the husband; a wife should never employ any other arms than gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say *I will*, she deserves to lose her empire.

2. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell at a rose, it is to imbibe the sweetness of its odour; we likewise look for every thing that is amiable from woman.

Whoever is often contradicted, feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time, and whatever be her good qualities is not easily destroyed.

3. Occupy yourself only with household affairs, wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance; and do not give your advice till he asks it.

4. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals; neither read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practise virtue yourself, to make him in love with it.

5. Command his attentions by being always attentive to him; never exact any thing and you will obtain much; appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more.

6. All men are vain; never wound his vanity, not even in the most trifling instances. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it.

When a man gives wrong counsel never make him feel that he has done so, but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness; when he is convinced, leave him all the merit of having found out what was just and reasonable.

8. When a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him, if he is abusive, never retort; and never prevail over him to humble him.

9. Choose well your female friends; have but few, and be careful of following their advice in all matters, particularly if inimical to the foreign instructors.

THE BOARDING HOUSE.

Mrs. Tibbs was, beyond all dispute, the most tidy, fidgety, thrifty little personage that ever inhaled the smoke of London; and the house of Mrs. Tibbs was decidedly the neatest in all Great Coram street.

The area and the area steps, and the street door, and the street door steps, and the brass handle, and the door plate, and the knocker, and the fan-light were all clean as, and as bright as indefatigable white-washing, and hearthstoning, and scrubbing and rubbing could make them. The wonder was, that the brass door plate, with the interesting inscription—"Mrs. Tibbs," had never caught fire from constant friction, so perseveringly was it polished. There were meat-safe-looking wire-blinds in the parlour windows, blue and gold curtains in the drawing-room, and spring roller blinds, as Mrs. Tibbs was wont, in the pride of her heart to boast, "all the way up." The bell-lamp in the passage, looked as clear as a soap-bubble; you could see yourself in all the tables, and French polish yourself on any one of the chairs; the bannisters were bees'-waxed, and the very stair-wires made your eyes wink, they were so glittering.

Mrs. Tibbs was somewhat short of stature, and Mr. Tibbs was by no means a large man; he had moreover very short legs, but, by way of indemnification, his face was peculiarly long; he was to his wife what the 0 is in 90—he was of some importance with her—he was nothing without her. Mrs. Tibbs was always talking. Mr. Tibbs rarely spoke; but if it were at any time possible to put in a word, just when he should have said nothing at all, he did it. Mrs. Tibbs detested long stories, and Mr. Tibbs had one, the conclusion of which had never been heard by his most intimate friends. It always began, "I recollect when I was in the volunteer corps, in eighteen hundred and six,"—but as he spoke very slowly and softly, and his better half very quickly and loudly, he rarely got beyond the introductory sentence. He was a melancholy specimen of the story-teller. He was the wandering Jew of Joe Millerism—ever pursuing and ever shunned.

Mr. Tibbs enjoyed a small independence from the pension-list—about £43 15s. 10d. a year. His father, mother, and five interesting scions from the same stock drew a like sum from the revenue of a grateful country, for what particular service it was never distinctly known.

But as this said independence was not sufficient to furnish two people with all the luxuries of this life, it had occurred to the busy little spouse of Tibbs that the best thing she could do with a legacy of £700, would be to take and furnish a tolerable house, somewhere in that partially explored tract of country which lies between the British Museum and a remote village called Somers' Town, for the reception of boarders—Great Coram street was the spot pitched upon. The house had been furnished accordingly; two females and an advertisement inserted in the morning papers, informing the public that "Six individuals would meet with all the comforts of a cheerful musical home, in a select private family, residing within ten minutes' walk of everywhere." Answers out of number were received, with all sorts of initials: all the letters of the alphabet seemed to be seized with a sudden wish to go out boarding and lodging; voluminous was the correspondence between Mrs. Tibbs and the applicants, and most profound was the secrecy which was to be observed, "E." didn't like this, and "I." could not think of putting up with that; "I. O. U." didn't think the terms would suit him; and "G. R." had never slept in a French bed. The result, however, was, that three gentlemen became inmates of Mr. Tibbs' house,

on terms which were "agreeable to all parties." In went the advertisement again, and a lady with her two daughters proposed to increase—not their families, but Mrs. Tibbs's.

"Charming woman, that Mrs. Maplesone!" said Mrs. Tibbs, as she and her spouse were sitting by the fire after breakfast; the gentlemen having gone out on their several avocations. "Charming woman, indeed!" repeated little Mrs. Tibbs, more by way of soliloquy than any thing else, for she never thought of consulting her husband. "And the two daughters are delightful. We must have some fish to-day; they'll join us at dinner for the first time."

Mr. Tibbs placed the poker at right angles with the fire-shovel, and essayed to speak, but recollected he had nothing to say.

"The young ladies," continued Mrs. T. "have kindly volunteered to bring their own piano."

Tibbs thought of the volunteer story, but did not venture it. A bright thought struck him—"Its very likely," said he.

"Pray don't lean your head against the paper," interrupted Mrs. Tibbs—"and don't put your feet on the steel fender; that's worse."

Tibbs took his head from the paper, and his feet from the fender; and proceeded. "It's very likely one of the young ladies may set her cap at young Mr. Simpson, and you know a marriage"—

"A what!" shrieked Mrs. Tibbs. Tibbs modestly repeated his former suggestion.

"I beg you won't mention such a thing," said Mrs. T. "A marriage, indeed!—to rob me of my boarders—no, not for the world."

Tibbs thought in his own mind that the event was by no means unlikely, but as he never argued with his wife, he put a stop to the dialogue, by observing it was "time to go to business." He always went out at ten o'clock in the morning, and returned at five in the afternoon, with an exceedingly dirty face, and smelling very mouldy. Nobody knew what he was, or where he went to; but Mrs. Tibbs used to say, with an air of great importance, that he was engaged in the City.

The Miss Maplesones and their accomplished parent arrived in the course of the afternoon in a hackney-coach, and accompanied by a most astonishing number of packages. Trunks, bonnet-boxes, muff-boxes, parasols, guitar-cases; and parcels of all imaginable shapes, done up in brown paper, and fastened with pins, filled the passage. Then there was such running up and down with the luggage, such scampering for warm water for the ladies to wash in, and such a bustle, and confusion, and heating of servants and curling-irons, as had never been known in Great Coram street before. Little Mrs. Tibbs was quite in her element, bustling about, talking incessantly, and distributing towels and soap, and all the *et ceteras*, like a head nurse in a hospital. The house was not restored to its usual state of quiet repose until the ladies were safe shut up in their respective bed-rooms, engaged in the important occupation of dressing for dinner.

"Are these gals andsome?" inquired Mr. Simpson of Mr. Septimus Hicks, another of the boarders, as they were amusing themselves in the drawing-room before dinner, by lolling on sofas, and contemplating their pumps.

"Don't know," replied Mr. Septimus Hicks, who was a tallish, white-faced young man, with spectacles, and a black ribbon around his neck instead of a neckerchief—a most interesting person; a poetical walker of the hospitals, and a "very talented young man." He

was very fond of "lugging" into conversation all sorts of quotations from Don Juan, without fettering himself by the propriety of their application, in which particular he was remarkably independent. The other, Mr. Simpson, was one of those young men, who are in society what walking gentlemen are upon the stage, only infinitely worse skilled in his vocation than the most indifferent artist. He was as empty headed as the great bell of St. Paul's, and had about as long a tongue. He always dressed according to the caricatures, published in Townsend's monthly fashions, and spelt Character with a K.

"I saw a devilish number of parcels in the passage when I came home," simpered Simpson.

"Materials for the toilet, no doubt," rejoined the Don Juan reader.

"Much linen, lace, and several pair
Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete;
With other articles of ladies' fair,
To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat."

"Is that from Milton?" inquired Mr. Simpson.

"No—from Byron," returned Mr. Hicks, with a look of profound contempt. He was quite sure of his author because he had never read any other.—"Hush!" said the sapient hospital walker, "Here come the gals," and they forthwith both commenced talking in a very loud key.

"Mrs. Maplesone and the Miss Maplesones, Mr. Hicks. Mr. Hicks—Mrs. Maplesone and the Miss Maplesones," said Mrs. Tibbs, with a very red face, for she had been superintending the cooking operations below stairs, and looked like a wax doll on a sunny day. "Mr. Simpson, I beg your pardon—Mr. Simpson—Mrs. Maplesone and the Miss Maplesones,"—and *vice versa*. The gentleman immediately began to slide about with much politeness, and looked as if they wished their arms had been legs, so little did they know what to do with them. The ladies smiled, curtsied, and glided into chairs, and dived for dropped pocket handkerchiefs; the gentlemen leant against two of the curtain pegs; Mrs. Tibbs went through an admirable bit of serious pantomime with a servant who had come up to ask some question about the fish sauce, and then the two young ladies looked at each other; and every body else appeared to discover something very attractive in the pattern of the fender.

"Julia, my love," said Mrs. Maplesone, to her youngest daughter, in a tone just loud enough for the remainder of the company to hear,—*"Julia."*

"Yes, Ma."

"Don't stoop."—This was said for the purpose of directing general attention to Miss Julia's figure, which was undeniable. Every body looked at her accordingly, and then there was another pause.

"We had the most uncivil hackney-coachman today, you can imagine," said Mrs. Maplesone to Mrs. Tibbs, in a truly confidential tone.

"Dear me!" replied the hostess, with an air of great commiseration. She couldn't say more, for the servant again appeared at the door, and commenced telegraphing most earnestly to her "Misses."

"I think hackney coachmen generally are uncivil," said Mr. Hicks, in his most insinuating tone.

"Positively I think they are," replied Mrs. Maplesone, as if the idea had never struck her before.

"And cabmen too," said Mr. Simpson. This remark was a failure, for no one insinuated by word or sign the slightest knowledge of the manners and customs of the cabmen.

"Robinson, what do you want?" said Mrs. Tibbs to the servant, who, by way of making her presence known to her mistress, had been giving sundry hems and sniffs outside the door, during the preceding five minutes.

"Please, ma'am, master wants his clean things," replied the servant, completely taken off her guard.—There was no resisting this; the two young men turned their faces to the window, and "went off" like a couple of bottles of ginger beer; the ladies put their cambrics to their mouths, and little Mrs. Tibbs bustled out of the room to give Tibbs his clean linen,—and the servant warning.

Mr. Calton, the remaining boarder, shortly afterwards made his appearance, and proved a surprising promoter of the conversation. Mr. Calton was a superannuated beau—an old boy. He used to say of himself, that although his features were not regularly handsome, they were striking. They certainly were; it was impossible to look at his face without being forcibly reminded of a chubby street-door knocker, half lion, half monkey; and the comparison might be extended to his whole character and conversation. He had stood still while every thing else had been moving. He never originated a conversation, or started a new idea; but if any common-place topic were broached, or, to pursue the comparison, if any body *lifted him up* he would hammer away with surprising rapidity. He had the tic doloureux occasionally, and then he might be said to be muffled, because he didn't make quite as much noise as at other times, when he would go on prising rat-tat-tat, the same thing over and over again. He had never been married; but he was still on the look-out for a wife with money. He had a life interest worth about £300 a year—he was exceedingly vain, and inordinately selfish. He had acquired the reputation of being the very pink of politeness; and he walked round the park and up Regent street every day.

This respectable personage had made up his mind to render himself exceedingly agreeable to Mrs. Maplesone—indeed, the desire of being as amiable as possible extended itself to the whole party; Mrs. Tibbs having considered it an admirable little bit of management to represent to the gentlemen that she had some reasons to believe that the ladies were fortunes, and to hint to the ladies, that all the gentlemen were "eligible." A little flirtation, she thought, might keep her house full, without leading to any other result. Mrs. Maplesone was an enterprising widow of about fifty; shrewd, scheming, and good-looking. She was amiably anxious, on behalf of her daughters; in proof whereof she used to remark, that she would have no objection to marry again, if it would benefit her dear girls—she could have no other motive. The "dear girls" themselves were not at all insensible to the merits of "a good establishment." One of them was twenty-five, the other three years younger. They had been at different watering-places for four seasons; they had gambled at libraries, read books in balconies, sold at fancy fairs, danced at assemblies, talked sentiment—in short they had done all that industrious girls could do, and all to no purpose.

"What a magnificent dresser Mr. Simpson is!" whispered Miss Matilda Maplesone to her sister Julia.

"Splendid!" returned the youngest. The magnificent individual alluded to wore a sort of maroon-colored dress-coat, with a velvet collar and cuffs of the same tint—very like that which usually invests the form of the distinguished unknown who condescends to play the "swell" in the pantomime at "Richardson's Show."

"What whiskers?" said Miss Julia.

"Charming!" responded her sister; "and what hair!" His hair was like a wig, and distinguished by that insinuating wave which graces the shining locks of those *chef-d'œuvres* of perruquarian art surmounting the waxen images in Bartellot's window, in Regent street; and his whiskers, meeting beneath his chin, seemed strings wherewith to tie it on, ere science had rendered them unnecessary by her patent invisible springs.

"Dinner's on the table, ma'am, if you please," said the boy, who now appeared for the first time, in a revived black coat of his master's.

"Oh! Mr. Calton, will you lend Mrs. Maplesone—Thank you." Mr. Simpson offered his arm to Miss Julia; Mr. Septimus Hicks escorted the lovely Matilda; and the procession proceeded to the dining-room. Mr. Tibbs was introduced, and Mr. Tibbs bobbed up and down to the three ladies like a figure in a Dutch clock, with a powerful spring in the middle of his body, and then dived rapidly into his seat at the bottom of the table, delighted to screen himself behind a soup tureen, which he could just see over, and that was all. The boarders were seated, a lady and gentleman alternately, like the layers of bread and meat in a sandwich; and then Mrs. Tibbs directed James to take off the covers, and salmon, lobster-sauce, giblet-soup, and the usual accompaniments were discovered; potatoes like petrefactions, and bits of toasted bread, the shape and size of blank dice.

"Soup for Mrs. Maplesone, my dear," said the bustling Mrs. Tibbs. She always called her husband "my dear" before company. Tibbs, who had been eating his bread, and calculating how long it would be before he should get any fish, helped the soup in a hurry, made a small island on the tablecloth, and put his glass upon it, to hide it from his wife.

"Miss Julia shall I assist you to some fish?"

"If you please—very little—oh, plenty, thank you;" (a bit about the size of a walnut upon the plate.)

"Julia is a very little eater," said Mrs. Maplesone to Mr. Calton.

The knocker gave a single rap. He was busy eating the fish with his eyes; he only ejaculated "Ah!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Tibbs to her spouse, after every one else had been helped, "What do you take?" The inquiry was accompanied with a look intimating that he mustn't say fish, because there was not much left. Tibbs thought the frown referred to the island on the tablecloth; he therefore coolly replied "Why—I'll take a little—fish, I think."

"Did you say fish, my dear?" (another frown.)

"Yes, dear," replied the villain, with an expression of acute hunger depicted in his countenance. The tears almost started to Mrs. Tibbs' eyes, as she helped her "wretch of a husband," as she inwardly called him, to the last eatable bit of salmon on the dish.

"James, take this to your master, and take away your master's knife."—This was deliberate revenge, as Tibbs never could eat fish without one. He was, however, constrained to chase small particles of salmon round and round his plate with a piece of bread and a fork, occasionally securing a bit; the number of successful attempts being about one in seventeen.

"Take away, James," said Mrs. Tibbs, just as Tibbs had swallowed the fourth mouthful—and away went the plates like lightning.

"I'll take a bit of bread, James," said the poor "master of the house," more hungry than ever.

"Never mind your master now, James," said Mrs. Tibbs, "see about the meat."—This was conveyed in the tone in which the ladies usually give admonitions to servants in company, that is to say, a low one; but which, like a stage whisper, from its peculiar emphasis, is most distinctly heard by every body present.

A pause ensued before the table was replenished—a sort of parenthesis in which Mr. Simpson, Mr. Calton, and Mr. Hicks produced respectively a bottle of sauterne, buccelles, and sherry, and took wine with every body—except Tibbs—no one ever thought of him.

Between the fish and the intimated airloin there was a prolonged interval.

Here was an opportunity for Mr. Hicks. He could not resist the singularly appropriate quotation:—

"But beef is rare within these oxless isles:

Goats' flesh there is, no doubt, and kid and mutton,
And, when a holiday upon them smiles,
A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on."

"Very ungentlemanly behaviour," thought little Mrs. Tibbs, "to talk in that way."

"Ah," said Mr. Calton, filling his glass, "Tom Moore is my poet."

"And mine," said Mrs. Maplesone.

"And mine," said Miss Julia.

"And mine," added Mr. Simpson.

"Look at his compositions," resumed the knocker.

"To be sure," said Simpson, with confidence.

"Look at Don Juan," replied Mr. Septimus Hicks.

"Julia's letter," suggested Miss Matilda.

"Can any thing be grander than The Fire Worshipers?" inquired Miss Julia.

"To be sure," said Simpson.

"Or Paradise and the Peri," suggested the old beau.

"Yes; or Paradise and the Peer," repeated the deeply-read Simpson, who thought he was getting through it capitally.

"It's all very well," replied Mr. Septimus Hicks, who, as we have before hinted, had never read any thing but Don Juan. "Where will you find any thing finer than the description of the siege, at the commencement of the seventh canto?"

"Talking of a siege," said Tibbs, with a mouthful of bread,—when I was in the volunteer corps, in eighteen hundred and six, our commanding officer was Sir Charles Rampart; and one day, when we were exercising on the ground on which the London University now stands, he says, says he, Tibbs (calling me from the ranks) Tibbs"—

"Tell your master, James," interrupted Mrs. Tibbs, in an awfully distinct tone, "tell your master if he won't carve those fowls, to send them to me." The discomfited volunteer instantly set to work, and carved the fowls almost as expeditiously as his wife operated on the haunch of mutton. Whether he ever finished that story is not exactly known.

As the ice was now broken, and the new inmates more at home, every member of the company felt more at ease. Tibbs himself most certainly did, because he went to sleep immediately after dinner. Mr. Hicks and the ladies discoursed most eloquently about poetry, and the theatres, and Lord Chesterfield's Letters; and Mr. Calton followed up what every body said, with continuous double knocks. Mrs. Tibbs highly approved of every observation that fell from Mrs. Maplesone; and as Mr. Simpson sat with a smile upon his face and said "Yes," or "Certainly," at intervals of about four minutes each, he received full credit for what was going forward. The gentlemen rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room very shortly after they had left the dining-parlor. Mrs. Maplesone and Mr. Calton played cribbage, and "the young people" amused themselves with music and conversation. The Miss Maplesones sang the most fascinating duets, and accompanied themselves on guitars, ornamented with bits of ethereal blue ribbon. Mr. Simpson put on a pink waistcoat, and said he was in raptures; and Mr. Hicks felt in the seventh heaven of poetry, or the seventh canto of Don Juan,—it was the same thing to him. Mrs. Tibbs was quite charmed with the new comers, and Mr. Tibbs spent the evening in his usual way—he went to sleep, and woke up, and went to sleep again, and woke up at supper time.

We are not about to adopt the license of novel writers, and to let "years roll on;" but we will take the liberty of requesting the reader to suppose that six months have elapsed since the dinner we have just described, and that Mrs. Tibbs's boarders have, during that period, sang, and danced, and gone to theatres and

exhibitions together, as ladies and gentlemen, wherever they board, often do; and we will beg them, the period we have mentioned having elapsed, to imagine further, that Mr. Septimus Hicks, received, in his own bed-room (a front attic) at an early hour one morning, a note from Mr. Calton, requesting the favour of seeing him, as soon as convenient to himself, in his (Calton's) dressing-room, on the second floor back.

"Tell Mr. Calton I'll come down directly," said Mr. Septimus to the boy. "Stop—Is Mr. Calton unwell?" inquired the excited walker of hospitals, as he put on a bed-furniture-looking dressing-gown.

"Not as I know on, sir," replied the boy. "Please, sir, he looked rather rum, as it might be."

"Ah, that's no proof of his being ill," returned Hicks, unconsciously. "Very well; I'll be down directly." Down stairs ran the boy with the message, and down went the excited Hicks himself, almost as soon as the message was delivered. "Tap, tap."—"Come in."—Door opens, and discovers Mr. Calton sitting in an easy chair, and looking more like a knocker than ever. Mutual shakes of the hand exchanged, and Mr. Septimus Hicks motioned to a seat. A short pause. Mr. Hicks coughed, and Mr. Calton took a pinch of snuff. It was just one of those interviews where neither party know what to say. Mr. Septimus Hicks broke silence.

"I received a note"—he said, very tremulously, in a voice like a Punch with a cold.

"Yes," returned the other, "you did."

"Exactly."

"Yes."

Now, although this dialogue must have been satisfactory, both gentlemen felt there was something more important to be said; and so they did as many in such a situation would have done—they looked at the table with a most determined aspect. The conversation had been opened, however, and Mr. Calton made up his mind to continue it, with a regular double knock.—He always spoke very pompously.

"Hicks," said he, "I have sent for you in consequence of certain arrangements which are pending in this house, connected with a marriage."

"With a marriage!" gasped Hicks, compared with whose expression of countenance, Hamlet's when he sees his father's ghost, is pleasing and composed.

"With a marriage!" returned the knocker. "I have sent for you to prove the great confidence I can repose in you."

"And will you betray me?" eagerly inquired Hicks, who in his alarm had even forgotten to quote.

"I betray you! Won't you betray me?"

"Never; no one shall know to my dying day that you had a hand in the business," responded the agitated Hicks, with an inflamed countenance, and his hair standing on end as if he were on the stool of an electrifying machine in full operation.

"People must know that some time or other—in with a year, I imagine," said Mr. Calton, with an air of self-complacency, "We may have a family, you know."

"We?—That won't affect you, surely."

"The devil it won't!"

"No! How can it?" said the bewildered Hicks.—Calton was too much enraptured in the contemplation of happiness to see the equivocal between Hicks and himself; and throwing himself back in his chair, "Oh, Matilda!" sighed the antique bean, in a lack-a-days-ical voice, and applying his right hand a little to the left of the fourth button of his waistcoat, counting from the bottom. This was meant to be pathetic.—"Oh, Matilda!"

"What Matilda?" inquired Hicks, starting up.

"Matilda Maplesone," responded the other, doing the same.

"I marry her to-morrow morning," said Hicks, furiously.

"It's false," rejoined his companion; "I marry her!"

"You marry her!"

"I marry her!"

"You marry Matilda Maplesone!"

"Matilda Maplesone."

"Miss Maplesone marry you!"

"Miss Maplesone? No; Mrs. Maplesone."

"Good God!" said Hicks, falling into his chair like Ward in Gustavus: "You marry the mother, and I the daughter!"

"Most extraordinary circumstance!" replied Mr. Calton, "and rather inconvenient too; for the fact is that owing to Matilda's wishing to keep her intention secret from her daughters until the ceremony has taken place, she doesn't like applying to her friends to give her away. I entertain an objection to making the affair known to my acquaintances just now; and the consequence is, that I sent to you to know whether you'd oblige me by acting as father."

"I should have been most happy, I assure you," in a tone of condolence, "but you see I shall be acting as bridegroom. One character is frequently a consequence of the other; but it is not usual to act in both at the same time. There's Simpson—I have no doubt he'll do it for you."

"I don't like to ask him," replied Calton, "he's such a donkey."

Mr. Septimus Hicks looked up at the ceiling and down at the floor; at last an idea struck him—"Let the man of the house, Tibbs, be the father," he suggested; and then he quoted, as peculiarly applicable to Tibbs and the pair:—

"Oh, Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?"

"Tis—'tis her father—fixed upon the pair."

"The idea has struck me already," said Mr. Calton: "but, you see, Matilda, for what reason I know not, is very anxious that Mrs. Tibbs should know nothing about it till it's all over. It's a natural delicacy after all, you know."

"He's the best natured little man in existence, if you manage him properly," said Mr. Septimus Hicks. "Tell him not to mention it to his wife, and assure him she won't mind it, and he'll do it directly. My marriage is to be a secret one, on account of the mother and my father; therefore he must be enjoined to secrecy."

[Tibbs was accordingly sent for, and the whole affair made known to him and his good offices bespoke. Tibbs let out a secret in his turn, namely, that Mr. Simpson and Miss Julia Maplesone were also to be married the next morning.]

It would require the pencil of Hogarth to illustrate—our feeble pen is inadequate to describe—the expression which the countenance of Mr. Calton and Mr. Septimus Hicks respectively assumed at this unexpected announcement. Equally impossible is it to describe, although it is much easier for our lady readers to imagine, what arts the three ladies could have used, so completely to entangle their separate partners.—Whatever they were, however, they were successful. The mother was perfectly aware of the intended marriage of both daughters; and the young ladies were equally acquainted with the intention of their inestimable parent. They agreed, however, that it would have a much better appearance if each feigned ignorance of the other's engagement; and it was equally desirable that all the marriages should take place on the same day, to prevent the discovery of one clandestine alliance, operating prejudicially on the others.—Hence the mystification of Mr. Calton and Mr. Septimus Hicks, and the pre-engagement of the unwary Tibbs.

On the following morning Mr. Septimus Hicks was united to Miss Matilda Maplesone. Mr. Simpson also entered into a "holy alliance" with Miss Julia, Tibbs, acting as father, "his first appearance in that character." Mr. Calton not being quite so eager as the two young men, was rather struck by the double discovery; and as he had found some difficulty in getting any one to give the lady away, it occurred to him that the best mode of obviating the inconvenience would be not to take her at all. The lady, however, "appealed," as her counsel said on the trial of the cause,—*Maplesone, vs. Calton*, for a breach of promise, "with a broken heart to the outraged laws of her country." She recovered damages to the amount of £1000, which the unfortunate knocker was compelled to pay, because he had declined to *ring the belle*. Mr. Septimus Hicks having walked the hospitals, took it into his head to walk off altogether. His injured wife is at present residing with her mother at Boulogne. Mr. Simpson having the misfortune to lose his wife six weeks after marriage (by her eloping with an officer during his temporary sojourn in the Fleet Prison, in consequence of his inability to discharge her little mantua-maker's bill) and being dishonored by his father, who died soon afterwards, was fortunate enough to obtain a permanent engagement at a fashionable hair-cutter's, hair-dressing being a science to which he had frequently directed his attention. In this situation he had necessarily many opportunities of making

himself acquainted with the habits and style of thinking of the exclusive portion of the nobility of this kingdom. To this fortunate circumstance are we indebted for the production of those brilliant efforts of genius, his fashionable novels, which so long as good taste, unsullied exaggeration, cant, and maudlin quackery continue to exist, cannot fail to instruct and amuse the thinking portion of the community.

It only remains to add, that this "complication of disorders" completely deprived poor Mrs. Tibbs of all her inmates, except the one whom it would have afforded her the greatest pleasure to lose—her husband.—That wretched little man returned home on the day of the wedding in a state of partial intoxication; and under the influence of wine, excitement and despair, actually dared to brave the anger of his wife. Since that ill-fated hour he has constantly taken his meals in the kitchen, to which apartment it is understood his witticisms will be in future confined, a turn-up bedstead having been conveyed there by Mrs. Tibbs's order for his exclusive accommodation. It is very likely that he will be enabled to finish there his story of the volunteers.

The advertisement has again appeared in the morning papers. Whether it will be productive of any beneficial result, we of course cannot foretell. If it should, we may, perhaps, at no distant period return to Mrs. Tibbs and her "Boarding-House."

THE MOURNER.

I.

Ye are too bright, ye skies! oh, far too bright
On earth's most melancholy child to shine!
Would that around me fell the sable night,
And ye were dark as is this soul of mine!

II.

Hide thee, thou Sun! oh, hide thy glorious face;
I shrink confused before its kingly blaze—
Too mighty art thou in thy loveliness;
Oh! veil thee, Sun! from my bewilder'd gaze!

III.

Ye are too glad, ye birds! be hush'd your songs!
No answering echo find ye in my heart;
The joyful spirit that to you belongs
With mine, alas! can claim no kindred part.

IV.

Ye are too fair, ye scenes! before my eyes
This summer morn in radiant beauty spread;
Oh Nature! streams, and woods, and hills, and skies,
I cannot feel your charms—the spell is fled!

V.

There was a Sun that o'er the cloudless heaven
Of my young thoughts celestial influence threw;
There was a voice, like seraph's lay at even,
That spoke a heart as musical and true;

VI.

There was an eye that when it gazed with me
Gave summer's glory to the winniest scene;
But oh! since death has set thee early free,
Nor heaven, nor earth seem as they once have been!

VII.

All things are chang'd! Joy dwells no more with youth;
And Memory mocks me with her blissful dream;
Dark fears arise, hope is no longer truth—
Even grief denies to ope her fountain's stream!

VIII.

Now do I own thy power, mysterious soul!
My enemy now, all glorious as thou art;
Where can I flee to shun thy stern control?
Why do I live! break, break, poor struggling heart!

TO THE STORMY PETEREL.

THE "MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKEN" OF THE SAILORS.

DWELLER of the beetling surge,
Emblem of the swallow race,
Who thy ceaseless flight dost urge,
In the vessel's foaming trace;

Thou the great wa'r'y waste dost people wide,
And where it rages most delight'st to glide.

Ye never rest your pinion,
Nor roost upon the wave,
Nor yield to sleep's dominion
Whilst angry tempests rave;
Your food ye stoop to snatch from Ocean's heaving
breast,
And midst its wild commotions ye glean your harvest
best.

Say are your airy forms
Endued from sailors' graves,
Whose limbs relentless storms
Have lain in Ocean's caves?
This fancied transformation, Tars opine,
Still makes ye love to trace the vessel's devious
line.

When soaring like the lark,
Secure in buoyant air,
Above the found'ring bark,
And victims of despair,
Oh! say what sympathies your bosoms move?
Or if ye look for mates to join ye as ye rove!

By the Creator's care,
Ye're spread his waters round,
To cheer the desert air,
Above their depths profound,
Thy world is thus, O Father! filled with Thee,
And thus informed with life is all Immensity!

Thanks for your elfish sports, ye flitting crew—
Ye've helped to cheat a tedious month or two—
But to your restless realms I bid a blithe adieu!

MINERALOGY.

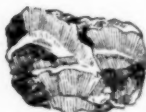
THE next specimen we shall notice, is one that might be mistaken for a piece of black glass, which it certainly very much resembles in its colour, lustre, and the conchoidal, or shell-like form of its fracture. It is called Obsidian, and occurs abundantly in countries where extinct volcanoes exist. In Mexico, there is a mountain of Obsidian, called by the natives "the mountain of knives," which the Spaniards, also, translate "la sierra de las navajas," because they use the thin fragments, which are extremely sharp-edged, instead of knives and razors. Pumice has little external resemblance with Obsidian, but, in composition they are nearly alike; and if Obsidian be exposed gradually to a strong-heat, it will froth and become spongy, like Pumice. This experiment may be made on a small



scale, with a blow-pipe (Fig. 7.) which is a tube with a very small aperture, used to direct and concentrate the flame of a lamp or candle, by means of the breath. In making use of it, the fragments should be held in a pair of pincers made of

Platina, or placed on a strip of Platina foil. Pitchstone, another of the same family, is more opaque than Obsidian; most frequently dark green, and less shining. We will now leave these dull-looking minerals, and turn, for a few moments, to the bright crystallized Zeolites.

Prehnite, which was first discovered at the Cape of Good Hope, is translucent and yellowish, green; but the greater part of the species are colourless. Natrolite (Fig. 8.) so named, from containing Natron, or Soda, occurs sometimes in opaque masses, formed of delicate fibres, of an orange or buff colour, arranged in a radiated form; but the crystals, which are square prisms, terminated by flat pyramids, are transparent and very brilliant: this variety occurs in the extinct volcanoes of the South of France.



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READING.

To read well, is to possess a most useful and agreeable qualification; and though reading is the earliest commenced branch of our education, few acquire that degree of proficiency in it which is attainable. Perhaps this partly arises from injudicious tuition in early life, but chiefly, we incline to believe, from self-neglect in more mature years. For the latter we can offer no remedy; for if any be ignorant of the great uses of reading, and the constant and careful practice which alone will acquire or preserve excellence in this accomplishment, their early education has been to so little purpose, that nothing that we could say would cause them to betake themselves to study.

But to our young readers, who wish to improve themselves, and for whose improvement and amusement we are diligently, and, we trust, not quite unsuccessfully labouring, some hints towards correcting erroneous, and acquiring judicious habits of reading, will perhaps not be unacceptable, more especially as they will be brief.

1. Reading is neither more nor less than speaking another's words for him; consequently, unless you fully understand a composition, you cannot possibly read it even tolerably.

2. The first point then to be attended to, is to put yourself in possession of the author's sense, and also of his peculiar turn of expression, and general tone of thinking; for unless you have secured this possession, nothing but mere chance can enable you so to modulate your voice, and place your emphasis, as to convey to your hearers the meaning of him whose words you are speaking.

3. Bearing in mind what reading is, be careful to read as you would speak; that is, to speak the words of your author in the same key or tone in which you would speak words of your own, expressive of the same feelings upon the same object.

4. A very arbitrary use is made of punctuation; and in many compositions, if you give to each stop precisely the pause which it technically represents, you will most assuredly neither do justice to your author, nor give any satisfaction to your auditors. A proper attention to the sense of your author, a judicious consideration of the connexion of the sentences, and a constant practical remembrance that you are SPEAKING his words, will infallibly direct you to proper pauses, and to correct modulation of tone.

5. In reading, particularly when the composition consists of long sentences, you should take advantage of every pause, however short, to inhale a sufficient supply of air to furnish you with breath to proceed to the next pause, and you should carefully practise the art of taking these inspirations skilfully, avoiding any evident and audible exertions for that purpose.

6. Reading being essentially an imitative faculty, you will undoubtedly derive much benefit from attending to the reading of a skilful teacher. Much, however, must depend upon your own attention and perseverance; and you must be careful to derive instruction from others, rather in the general principles of reading, than in their particular application to practice; because every one has a peculiar manner and peculiar tones, and those which are very graceful in one person, would be equally ungraceful in another.

7. Assiduous practice, careful observation, and a constant recollection of what we now reiterate, that in reading a work, you are speaking the author's words for him, will give you such a proficiency in this important and delightful art, as will be highly creditable to yourself, and equally gratifying to your friends and associates.

LABOUR AND CAPITAL.

In the case of the farmer and the labourer their interests are always the same, and it is absolutely impossible that their free contracts can be onerous to either party. It is the interest of the farmer that his work should be done with effect and celerity: and that cannot be, unless the labourer is well fed, and otherwise found with such necessities of animal life, according to his habitudes, as may keep the body in full force and the mind gay and cheerful. For of all the instruments of his trade, the labour of man (what the ancient writers have called the *instrumentum vocale*), is that on which he is most to rely for the repayment of his capital. The other two, the *semitocule*, in the ancient classification, that is, the working stock of cattle, and the *instrumentum mutum*, such as carts, ploughs, spades, and so forth, though not all inconsiderable in themselves, are very much inferior in utility or in expense; or without a given portion of the first, are nothing at all. For in all things whatever, the mind is the most valuable and the most important; and in this scale the whole of agriculture is in a natural and just order; the beast is as an informing principle to the plough and cart; the labourer is as reason to the beast; and the farmer is as a thinking and presiding principle to the labourer.—Burke.

THE RINGS:

A TALE OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

It was a fine autumnal morning in the year 1520, and the sun was riding high, and gilding with its brightest beams one of the loveliest prospects in all France. The castle of Chateaubriant, on the banks of the river Vilaine, in the province of Brittany, then towered in all the grandeur of feudal strength and majesty, and its massive walls and lofty battlements became softened into gentleness and beauty, in the picture which they reflected on the still and expansive bosom of the river. Vineyards, groaning under the wealth with which they were loaded, extended along the high banks of the river, down to the water's edge. Behind the castle spread an enormous forest, whose myriads of leaves were tinted with an infinite variety of hues by the autumnal sun, while a ridge of lofty but fertile hills, waving with yellow cornfields and purple vineyards, and placed in strong relief against the deep blue sky, terminated the horizon. At the castle-gate stood two steeds, and on each side of the noblest and most richly-caparisoned was a cavalier,—one of whom, from his style and bearing, as well as from his costume, appeared to be of a rank very superior to the other. Between him and a lady of a majestic figure, and such a face as poets and artists have grown mad in contemplating, a conversation of intense interest appeared to be passing.

"Sweet Francoise!" he said, "dry these tears. I go not now on any enterprise of peril, to dye my sword in the blood of the Infidel or of the Spaniard, nor to humble the haughty Islanders who flout us in our fair town of Calais; I go to swell the train of our gallant King in the vale of Ardres, to kiss the hand which laid on my shoulder the badge of knighthood, to make a short and a reluctant sojourn amid scenes which have now lost for me all their attractions, and then to return to these arms, the dear ark within which all my happiness abides."

"Farewell, then! farewell, Henry!" replied the lady; "but you will write to me often?"

A cloud came over the cavalier's brow as he grasped his lady's hand, and said in a suppressed tone, "I will write, Francoise; but trust not, believe not, obey not, aught that I may write upon that subject about which we conversed yesterday, until I send the token. The atmosphere of courts is deceitful and betraying. The tongue utters what the heart does not dictate.—The smile that plays upon the lip there costs a more painful effort than the tear that flows in solitude and seclusion—and the pen traces characters at which the soul revolts as at ignominy and falsehood. My letters, although addressed to thee, are intended for the eyes of others, unless accompanied by this," and then he touched a ring of a singular workmanship, which he wore upon the forefinger of his left hand.

As he spoke these words he parted the dark locks which shadowed the fair forehead of the lady, gazed on her fondly, and imprinted a lingering kiss on her lips. Then springing into the saddle, and motioning to his attendant, he waved his hand to the lovely mourner, and followed by other horsemen, proceeded at a rapid pace down the long avenue of the trees which led from the castle to the road. Often and anxiously did he look back to return his lady's signal, and he sighed as her white kerchief looked less and less in the increasing distance. At length, emerging from the avenue, he lost all sight of the mansion of his ancestors, and found himself on the high road which led to the town of Chateaubriant.

The day was fine, and the scenery through which

the travellers passed was full of that melancholy beauty which autumn impresses upon every object. The fragrance which they inhaled was the last of the year; the leaves which rustled over their heads, denoted by the very beauty and variety of their tints how soon they were to perish; and many, at the very moment that they were glowing under the influence of the autumnal sun, were shaken from their branches and scattered by the somewhat fresh breeze.

"We all do fade as a leaf!" mentally exclaimed the cavalier; "we spring up like trees; but the statelier and nobler we become, the broader is the shadow which is thrown around us. We put forth our most precious hopes and affections only to perish like leaves upon the branches. Some are nipped in the spring-tide of their lives by an untimely blast; some in their summer-strength are plucked away by the hand of violence; myriads fall in the autumn, just as they arrive at beauty and maturity; and a few linger out a cold and lonely existence through the winter of their days, until the blast which tears them up by the root, levels all in undistinguishing ruin!"

This train of thought was becoming painful, and our traveller was about to seek relief from the oppression of his own mind by entering into conversation with his attendant, when a sudden turning of the road brought him into contact with a person richly dressed and well mounted, who was travelling at a very rapid pace. The stranger was about to bow slightly as he passed; but as he caught the eye of our hero, he checked his steed, and exclaimed in a tone of mingled pleasure and surprise, "Chateaubriant!"

"St. Foix!" exclaimed the latter, "what lucky chance brings you into our poor province of Brittany?"

"No lucky chance," replied St. Foix, "but a good steed, and a king's message to the most noble Count de Chateaubriant."

Another of those dark clouds which would sometimes steal across the fine open brow of Chateaubriant, and which had even thrown a gloom over the parting interview with his beautiful Countess, now gathered on his features, and it was not without some difficulty that he contrived to suppress his emotions as he said to St. Foix—"With me, His Majesty's pleasure needs only be known to be obeyed."

"The King," returned St. Foix, "commands me to express his sorrow and surprise at the last intelligence which he received from you. He trusts, notwithstanding, that your lady will accompany you to Ardres. It will look neither seemly nor loyal, that on an occasion when all the rank and beauty in France will surround the throne, the place of so distinguished a lady as the Countess de Chateaubriant should remain vacant."

"I have used, my Lord," said Chateaubriant, "every effort in my power to induce her to accompany me, but she remains inexorable. Indeed, her rustic manners and natural timidity are but ill fitted for such a sphere. You know, St. Foix, that I stooped much below my rank when I married; for, although distantly related to the House of De Foix, she was herself born of humble parents, and has but little to boast of on the score of education and accomplishments."

Although Chateaubriant had completely recovered his self-possession, St. Foix saw, or fancied he saw, a sinister expression on the features of the attendant while his master was speaking, which led him to doubt the truth of the excuse which the latter made for the non-appearance of his lady at court.

"I am sorry, Count," he said, "to inform you that the King takes this matter much to heart, and that he considers it as a slight upon himself. In order to convince him of your sincerity in endeavouring to overcome the inflexibility of your wife, it might be as well for you to send a letter to her by me, once more urging the propriety of her accompanying you to the court."

The attendant, who continued within hearing, and had listened with great apparent interest to this conversation, now fixed his eyes with much curiosity upon Chateaubriant, as if anxious to ascertain the effect which this proposition would have upon his master.—His own features denoted considerable surprise at perceiving those of the latter brighten, and assume an air of gratification at the proposal.

"Most willingly, noble St. Foix," answered Chateaubriant, "will I give my sovereign this proof of my zeal and loyalty. We are now within half a league of the town of Chateaubriant; and if you will turn your horse's head the same way with my own, I will, on my arrival there, give you the letter which you desire."

They had no sooner arrived at the town, and entered the mansion of Chateaubriant, than the latter redeemed his promise by writing the following letter, and putting it into the hands of St. Foix.

"The bearer, beloved Francoise, is the Viscount St. Foix, one of my oldest and most valued friends, who brings a message from our gracious sovereign, requiring you to accompany me to Ardres. As you value my peace and favour with the king, hasten to this place, whence I will provide means for escorting you to Picardy."

"What think you now, Pierre?" said St. Foix to the attendant, as the latter assisted him to his saddle; "is not the twig well limed?"

"I know not, my Lord," answered Pierre; "the bird may be warier than either of us imagines."

"Well! continue faithful and secret, and you shall be rewarded. Some persons may think that you might be more honestly employed; but what task can be nobler and more chivalric than that of rescuing a fair lady from a dull castellated prison in Brittany, and transplanting her into the harem of the gallant Francis?"

"The dull fool thinks my conscience needs a salvo," muttered Pierre, as St. Foix struck his spurs into the horse's flanks, and bounded from his view. "No, no; if gold were not sufficiently powerful, what cannot hate—fixed, invincible, irrevocable hate—achieve!"

"What? soliloquizing, Pierre, and at the gate of an hostelry? It is a goodly place, truly, to whisper to the world your secret machinations!"

The person who uttered these words was a female of apparently little more than twenty years of age, of a slight but pretty figure, and a face in which might be traced the remains of beauty ruined by early sorrow or dissipation, or probably by both. While she was speaking, a melancholy smile played over her wan features, which was quickly succeeded by an expression of a darker and more malignant character, as she added: "You are surprised to see me here; but I bring news—rare, invaluable news!"

"Tell it me, sweet girl! Have our plans succeeded?"

"Nay, not so fast, Pierre! But know, that though Chateaubriant may write, and that often and angrily, Francoise will not leave Brittany, and her lord will smile upon her the more sweetly for her disobedience."

"Thou talkest riddles, Therese; I pry thee unravel them."

"I can unravel them but in part," she replied: "but this I have gathered from the Countess, that Chateaubriant carries about him some token, unaccompanied

by which all his letters are but wasted ink, and all his mandates are but empty air."

"Thanks! a thousand thanks, Therese! for this timely intelligence. St. Foix, who has just started with a letter from Chateaubriant to the Countess, will have but a fruitless errand: but it shall be my care that the next journey speed better; and I trust that ere I have been longer in Picardy, I shall extract from the easy, confiding disposition of the Count all that is necessary for me to know. In the meantime, Therese, be faithful—be secret!"

"Away!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Are not my wrongs heavy as thy own? The vengeance of Therese never—never will be appeased, until she sees him a widower and a murderer, howling over the mangled corpse of Francoise."

There was a tone of truth and earnestness in this avowal of unslaked revenge, which removed every suspicion from the mind of Pierre, if he had before harboured any. He clasped Therese in his arms; but she repelled him with firmness, and even dignity.—"Avant! begone!" she said; and then added in a more melancholy tone—"No, no, never more shall human lover press these lips; the cold worm alone shall revel there. There is no falsehood in his embrace: the heart-ache does not follow it; and the pillow which we shall press together will never be wetted with my tears."

The hard heart of the ruffian who was coolly plotting his master's dishonour was melted by this involuntary ebullition of feeling. He took her hand, and gazed silently in her face, while tears stood in his eyes.

"Pierre," she said, withdrawing her hand, as if she feared that the touch of humanity would soften her from her purpose, "the world is over for me. Hope, fear, sorrow, joy, love, all the emotions of the heart, have perished within me; and what am I but a lifeless corpse, into which Revenge, like a fiend, has entered, and imparted to it a transient animation? The demon will go out of me when his work is accomplished, and then I shall sink into the grave, which has been too long defrauded of its prey."

She looked earnestly at Pierre as she uttered these words; then drew her dark mantle over her face, and gliding down the street, vanished from his sight.

The conversation between Pierre and Therese will have enabled the reader to divine that the Viscount St. Foix returned from his mission without having been successful in its object. The result almost led him to believe in the sincerity of Chateaubriant and the portinacity of his lady; but the short interview which he had with the latter convinced him that what her husband had alleged of her mind was untrue, while her beauty beggared the wildest pictures his imagination had portrayed. He rejoined his friend at the town of Chateaubriant, where they both passed the night, and in the morning St. Foix took the direct road to Picardy; while Chateaubriant, whose affairs required him to pass through the metropolis, made the best of his way to Paris.

As nothing of moment occurred between the departure of the Count from Chateaubriant and his arrival at Ardres, we shall avail ourselves of the interval, by acquainting our readers, with some particulars in the history of the personages who have been introduced to them.

The Count de Chateaubriant was one of the most gallant and accomplished noblemen of France. He had served in Italy, Navarre, and the Low Countries, and had been desperately wounded at the battle of Ravenna. He was not more distinguished for his prowess in the field, than for his polished manners, and the grace and suavity with which he mingled in the gaities of the court, and among the refined society of the French metropolis. During the intrigues which Francis carried on after the death of the Emperor

Maximilian, Chateaubriant finding no employment either civil or military to occupy him, retired to his beautiful domain in Brittany; and soon afterwards his late associates of the court were astonished by the intelligence that he had given his hand in marriage to a person of very inferior rank, without fortune or any thing to recommend her but her personal charms. Of the latter, exaggerated reports circulated in every direction; and when the election of the King of Spain as Emperor, left Francois once more at leisure for his darling pursuit, gallantry, he heard of nothing more frequently than the beauty and accomplishments of the Countess de Chateaubriant. The curiosity of the King, as well as some less venial passions, were excited by these accounts; and when Chateaubriant hastened to Paris to do homage to his sovereign, the latter inquired after the health of his Countess, and begged that she might be introduced at court. Chateaubriant, who knew the amorous and intriguing disposition of the King, and foresaw in this introduction the death-blow of his happiness, excused his lady on the ground of her naturally shy and timid disposition, her unpollished manners, and the invincible repugnance which she felt to mingling in public life. The King, who instantly saw through Chateaubriant's excuses, was not so easily baffled. He set on foot secret inquiries, from which he learned that the mind and manners of the Countess were not surpassed even by her beauty. A deep and uncontrollable passion for this unseen object fired the heart of the King, and he determined to possess himself of the prize at any hazard. In the Viscount St. Foix, an ancient comrade and bosom friend of Chateaubriant when at court, he found a ready and pliant instrument. This man, to great talents and a polished exterior, joined a most depraved mind.—His knowledge of human nature was profound, and his influence over Chateaubriant unlimited. He perceived, however, that to execute his plan thoroughly, he should want confederates, and it was not long before he found in Pierre, the favourite servant of his friend, the very man of whom he stood in need.

This person had been reared from boyhood in the family of the Count, and had been always treated with peculiar favour, and admitted into extraordinary confidence by his master. He had formed an early attachment to a beautiful peasant girl of the name of Annette Delville, who resided in the neighbourhood of the castle. Pierre had been accepted both by the girl and her parents, and a day was fixed upon for their nuptials, when, unhappily for the lovers, Annette caught the eye of Chateaubriant. The youth, the beauty, the wealth and accomplishments of the courtier, soon triumphed over the virtue of the fair peasant girl; she remained for some time the avowed mistress of the Count, who at length, however, grew weary of his easy prize, and neglected her. The beautiful Françoise de Foix soon eclipsed the humbler charms of the poor peasant girl, and in process of time became the Countess de Chateaubriant. Annette no sooner heard the rumour of the intended marriage, than she became moody and melancholy, and one morning was missed from her accustomed chamber in the castle.—A long and anxious search was made for her, for Chateaubriant himself became sensible of his unworthy conduct, but without success. The river in the vicinity was dragged, couriers were despatched to make inquiries in the adjacent towns and villages, and large rewards were offered for the slightest intelligence, but neither Annette nor the faintest clue to her movements, could with all their exertions be discovered.

It may be imagined that these events made no slight impression on the mind of Pierre. From exerting the utmost devotion and fidelity to his master, he became his bitterest and most implacable enemy. His own wrongs, as well as those of Annette, for whom all his fondness revived when he perceived the altered con-

duct of the Count towards her, goaded him to revenge. He did not, however, let his master perceive this alteration in his feelings, but affected to laugh at the loss of Annette, as a prize too worthless to be regretted. He professed still more devotion than ever to the interests of Chateaubriant, in whose favour and confidence he continued to make rapid advances.

In this state of mind he was discovered by the wily St. Foix, while in attendance on his master at Paris. The King's gold, added to the deep-rooted sense of his own injuries, was irresistible, and the ruin of the Countess was determined on. When he found Chateaubriant inflexible in opposing his wife's journey to Paris, Pierre resolved to do what he could towards corrupting her mind at home. For this purpose he introduced a female attendant to her, who was entirely under his influence. He found little difficulty in prevailing on his master to accept the services of any person whom he recommended, and the wishes of the Count were received as laws by his lady. Therese was accordingly received into her service and confidence.

Against this triple and secret league, it may easily be imagined that the unfortunate Chateaubriant found it a task of no slight difficulty to defend himself. To the repeated requests, and even commands of his sovereign, he was obliged to reply by excuses and evasions, which had been practised so often that he could scarcely hope they would continue to be successful.—At length, the period arrived when all the nobility of France were required to attend their sovereign to the Vale of Ardres in Picardy, on his expected interview with the King of England. Chateaubriant aware that he would be more sorely pressed than ever to exhibit his hidden treasure to the wondering gaze of the King and courtiers, and that nothing would satisfy the former but a written mandate under his own hand, to the Countess, resolved upon defeating his purpose by an ingeniously conceived stratagem. He had two rings made, of an ordinary appearance, but of so very peculiar a construction, that it was impossible that they could be mistaken, by those acquainted with the secret, for any others. One of these he kept in his own possession, and he gave to the Countess its counterpart, enjoining her, at the same time, not to obey any message which he might send, nor any message which he might write, unless it was accompanied by the ring which he had reserved to himself. The Countess promised to comply with this request, and Chateaubriant left his paternal mansion lighter of heart than he had felt himself for a considerable time previously.

It was not until the very morning on which the memorable interview of the Field of the Cloth of Gold was appointed to take place, that Chateaubriant arrived in the Vale of Ardres. He found himself at an early hour of that morning, about half a league from the town of Guisnes, and in front of a most magnificent square castellated palace, whose walls were apparently of freestone, raised upon a deep plinth, or basement of red brickwork. Chateaubriant started as if some magical illusion had presented itself to his eyes; for, although he was well acquainted with the vicinity of Guisnes, and had very recently visited this spot, he had never before beheld the stately edifice upon which he was now gazing. It seemed to be near two hundred feet in height; the grand gateway, or entrance, was formed by an arch, whose archivault rested on the capitals of two Corinthian pillars, forming the architrave which covered the jambs of the doorway. On each side of the gateway were two large transom bay windows, separated from each other by a square freestone tower, which was carried up above the battlements of the parapet, and terminated by a large projecting moulded cornice. The walls were kernelled at the top; and fortified at their angles, as also on each side of the grand gateway, by a circular tower of brickwork, pierced with loop-holes.

The building was ornamented with several freestone statues in various attitudes. Above these ornaments was a grand armorial escutcheon, charged with the arms of France and England, quarterly, supported by a lion and a dragon. The initial letters H. and R. were placed one on each side of the escutcheon, and the whole was surrounded by an imperial crown.

On the plain before the castle stood two superb conduits, placed at a small distance from each other; both were running with red wine, and surrounded by a populace which was availing itself, with the least possible loss of time, of the festivity allowed to them on the occasion of the approaching ceremony.

"Heavens, Pierre!" said Chateaubriant, "sure some necromancer has been waving his wand over this place, and has called from the entrails of the earth yonder gorgeous pile."

"No necromancer, my Lord," replied the valet; "but Sir Edward Belknap, by the assistance of the three thousand cunning artificers who accompanied him from England, has reared this pile. This must be the building which my Lord St. Foix informed us was to be sent over by King Henry on the occasion of his interview with our gallant sovereign."

Pierre's account was correct. The building, which was of timber, had been sent ready from England.—The outside was covered with canvass, painted in imitation of freestone and rubbed brickwork, and the interior was ornamented with a variety of sculptures. Chateaubriant, who was gazing in stupefying amazement, was roused from his trance by the report of a cannon which was fired from Guisnes, and was answered after a short interval by another from Ardres.

This was the signal for the two monarchs to proceed to the place of interview; and presently afterwards Chateaubriant perceived, both to the right and left, indications of the approach of a numerous cavalcade.

He turned his eyes in the first instance towards the town of Guisnes, whence the English procession issued. The advanced part of the procession was the Yeomen of the Guard, mounted on bay horses, and carrying halberds in their hands. These were followed by three ranks of men on foot, five in each rank, and all of them unarmed. Five persons on horseback next appeared; the middlemost was dressed in a black gown, and bore in his right hand a cross; on his right was a person in a scarlet gown, carrying a cardinal's hat on a cushion. The two persons on the right and left of these were dressed in black, and wore massy gold chains hanging down from their shoulders, while he on the extreme right was habited in a white linen surplice. These, who, as Chateaubriant afterwards learned, were officers in the household of Cardinal Wolsey, were succeeded by two horsemen clothed in orange-colored gowns, and supported on their right and left by a mace-bearer clad in crimson. Then followed two other horsemen, supported in the same manner, with black bonnets on their heads, and gold chains round their necks.

The thickening crowd, as well as the increasing interest depicted in every countenance, gave Chateaubriant to understand that the more distinguished personages of the cavalcade were approaching. A cry of "Garter! Garter!" resounded over the plain, as a gallant cavalier pricked past him, mounted on a piebald charger richly trapped and caparisoned, whose high mettle he found great difficulty in restraining within the solemn pace of the procession. He was bareheaded, wearing the tabard of the Order of the Garter, and was supported on his left hand by a mace-bearer mounted upon a black horse. These were indications which enabled Chateaubriant to recognise Sir Thomas Wriothsley, the English King at Arms.

He was followed by a nobleman, also bareheaded, mounted on a beautiful dun horse, and carrying in his

hand the sword of state in the sheath, upright. He was superbly dressed in a gown of cloth-of-gold, and by the side of his horse ran a brace of milkwhite greyhounds, with collars round their necks.

Shouts of "Vive le Roi!" intermixed with cries of "Largess, largess!" now resounded on every side; and the Yeomen of the Guard on foot, carrying their partisans on their shoulders, as well as two of the King's henchmen, also on foot, indicated the approach of royalty itself.

Henry was mounted on a stately white courser, most gorgeously caparisoned; the trappings, breast-plate, head-stalls, reins, and stirrups, being covered with wrought gold and highly embossed. On his head was a black velvet cap with a white plume, and studded with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. He wore a damask garment of cloth-of-gold, thickly ribbed with silver over a jacket of rose-coloured velvet; from his shoulders hung a beautiful large collar, composed of rubies and branches of pearl set alternately; and on his breast was a rich jewel of St. George suspended by a ribbon of the order. His boots were of yellow leather, and he held a small whip in his hand.

Abreast of the King, mounted on a bay horse, rode Cardinal Wolsey. He was habited in the full robes of a Cardinal, and the magnificence of his dress surpassed even that of his master; while innumerable multitudes crowded around him, some waving their caps, and some prostrate on their knees, craving his blessing. In his right hand he held a small ivory crucifix, which he pressed to his bosom, while his left was outstretched, as if dispensing his benediction to the populace.—He had tortured his features into an expression of excessive mildness and humility: but master as he was of the art of dissimulation, he had not been able to tame the fiery eye, or to curb the writhed lip, which too plainly indicated his haughty and imperious temper.

A long train of noblemen, knights, and gentlemen of distinction, brought up the rear of the procession. Their fine forms, their gorgeous apparel, and the beauty and spirit of the noble animals upon which they were mounted, begged all description. The whole collected wealth of England appeared to have been lavished on the Vale of Ardres. Here and there a nobleman of more than ordinary distinction was followed by the principal officers of his household and a numerous body of his tenantry, who made the welkin ring with their shouts of "A Howard!" "a Percy!" or "a Clifford." Occasionally a prelate rode by, amid the prayers and genuflections of the assembled populace; and sometimes a renowned warrior, followed by their deafening acclamations.

Chateaubriant's attention had been so much engaged by the splendid cavalcade to the right, that he had not observed what was going forward at a short distance from him on the left. He, however, now spurred his steed towards the French procession, followed by his valet. The van of the procession, consisting of the great officers of state, and other distinguished persons, with their retinue, had already passed by; and was now forming into ranks on the left hand of the palace in front of the English, who were ranged on the opposite side; but the deafening acclamations, the delight and eager interest visible in every face, and the involuntary movement by which the whole crowd appeared to be simultaneously awayed, announced the near approach of the King of France.

Francis was less gorgeously apparelled than his brother monarch, and indeed his whole appearance, as well as that of the gallant steed on which he rode, evinced a less eager love of pomp and magnificence, but at the same time indicated a finer taste and greater simplicity of feeling. His train was as numerous, and composed of persons of as high rank and distinction, as that of his brother monarch.

As the King rode past Chateaubriant, the latter fancied that St. Foix whispered in the monarch's ear.—An indefinable expression played upon the King's features, and our hero hardly knew whether it was one of displeasure or surprise. The King's eye, however, soon caught his, and a smile played on his lip as he beckoned Chateaubriant towards him. He instantly rode up to the King and saluted him. "Ye have been long coming, my lord, but ye see that I have kept the post of honour vacant for you. Ride on my right hand; and although my revenue is not graced with the presence of a cardinal, I shall not be ashamed to meet King Henry, with one of the gallantest Peers of Europe in my train."

A blush of mingled bashfulness and pride mantled the cheek of Chateaubriant, as he made his obeisance to his sovereign, and fell into the ranks of the procession, in the order in which he was commanded. He thought that he heard something like a murmur among the peers of higher and more ancient rank, who rode behind him; and although he could not restrain a certain feeling of exultation in his breast, he was not without some fearful misgivings at this distinguished proof of his sovereign's favour. "Francoise," he mentally said, "is this meant as the price"—with an involuntary shudder he endeavoured to break off from the painful train of feeling which was suddenly awakened in his breast; and apparently with so much success, that during the remainder of the day,

"His brow belied him if his heart was sad."

At a signal from Cardinal Wolsey, the grand master of the ceremonies, the bugles sounded, and the two monarchs rode briskly towards each other.—Henry attended by a young English nobleman, and Francis by Chateaubriant; shouts of "Henri!" "Francis!" "Les deux Grands Rois!" arose on every side.

The Kings of France and England were esteemed the most handsome and accomplished men in Europe, and none who witnessed their appearance on that memorable day could feel disposed to question the accuracy of the general opinion. Both were in the flower of their age, had given signal proofs of their personal gallantry and prowess—were liberal patrons of the fine arts and their professors—and one, Henry, had himself evinced a talent for poetry. Their personal appearance was such as must have claimed the approbation of the most sullen enemy of royalty. The form and features of each were remarkable for manly beauty, and yet were finely contrasted with each other. The bluff, round, ruddy face, blue eyes, and well-proportioned, yet somewhat bulky figure of Henry, were equally admired, although strongly opposed to the keen and intelligent, but, perhaps, too sallow features, the dark fiery eye, and the spare but elegant figure of Francis.

The two monarchs saluted on horseback; then dismounted, and, after having embraced each other with great apparent cordiality, amidst the clang of bugles, the roll of drums, and the deafening shouts of the assembled multitude, retired into the tent which we have described, preceded by Wolsey, and followed respectively by the young English nobleman and the Count de Chateaubriant.

Of the political matters which transpired during this memorable interview, the historians of the age have given full details. We have nothing new to lay before our readers on the subject, and we do not mean to inflict upon them the thrice-told stories of the ancient chroniclers. The most memorable incident which occurred was the circumstance of Henry, when he began to read the proposed treaty, stopping at the words "*I Henry, King,*" and then merely adding, "*of England,*" without subjoining "*and Francis,*" the usual style of the English monarchs. Francis remarked this

delicacy, and expressed by a smile his approbation of it. The treaty was signed and ratified at the same time by both sovereigns; and although attended by fewer and less solemn formalities than the treaties of modern times, it turned out, as our readers well know, to be as hollow and faithless, and as mere waste-paper a contract as ever received the signature of a plenipotentiary or potentate.

"And now," said King Henry, after the mere business of the interview was concluded, and as he surveyed with an approving smile the manly form and gallant bearing of Chateaubriant, "having received and returned the friendly greeting of our royal brother, may we crave to know the name of him by whom he is so worthily attended?"

"It is Henry de Chateaubriant, sire," said the Count, bending his knee, "who has the honour to approach your Majesty's presence."

"By the Mother of God!" said the King, using his favourite oath, "the gallant Breton! the possessor of the noblest mansion and the fairest lady in all Armoric; a lady, my lord," he added, turning to his youthful attendant, "who, if report say true, would prove a dangerous rival to thy far-famed Geraldine."

"Sire," said Wolsey, "the charms of the Countess de Chateaubriant, it would seem, are such as stand in no need of the paltry homage of puling poets, whatever those of the paragon of Kildare may do."

"Ha! ha!" shouted the monarch, as a hearty laugh discomposed the gravity of his bluff features, "my Lord Cardinal looks somewhat askew at the whole tribe of poets, since that rascal Skelton treated him so scurvily. But my Lord Chateaubriant," he added, as he put upon the Count's finger a large and precious emerald, which had sparkled upon his own, "wear this ring for my sake, and tell your fair Countess that Henry of England wishes her well."

Chateaubriant knelt down and kissed the monarch's hand in token of respect and gratitude. "Thanks, my brother," said King Francis, "for my gallant servant's sake; but I take shame to myself that I have allowed you to outstrip me in this race of courtesy. My Lord of Surry," he added, as he plucked a jewel from his bonnet and placed it in the hands of the noble bard, "wear this for my sake. I knew not until now that I stood in the presence of him whom the united voice of Europe acknowledges as the first poet, as well as the most accomplished chevalier of his age. Wear it, and let it sometimes bring to your remembrance Francis of France, who knows and admires the efforts of your genius, although not fitted by being, like your own sovereign, accomplished in the same divine art, to appreciate them duly."

Surry knelt down, and received the French King's courtesy with due grace and thankfulness; while Henry, whose eye at first flashed with the fires of jealousy, was tamed into good humour by the compliment to himself with which Francis concluded. The latter and his attendant then took their leave of the English monarch, and shortly afterwards the bugle was heard announcing the return of the French cavalcade to Ardes.

On the evening of the same day as Pierre was assisting his master to his couch, he observed, on the finger of the latter, the precious ring which had been given him by King Henry.

"Put this, Pierre," said he, "into my escrutoire, and lay the key beneath my pillow. It is a King's gift, and must be guarded carefully."

"It is indeed, my lord," said Pierre, "a jewel of great price and most exquisite workmanship, and methinks becomes your Lordship's finger far better than the poor toy which you used to wear at Paris."

Chateaubriant looked at his finger, and a sudden emotion of distress and surprise appeared to over-

whelm him. "Almighty God!" he exclaimed, and turned as pale as ashes.

"What ails your Lordship?" said Pierre, hastening to the assistance of his master.

"Ruined, Pierre! ruined past redemption. That ring, that toy, as thou callest it, was more precious in my eyes than all the wealth in the united treasuries of France and England. It is the talisman which protects my honour and my peace; it is the magic circle within which all my happiness and my hopes abide, and like a gaudy fool, hastening to sport my bravery amidst these mummeries on the plains of Picardy, I have left my treasure behind me at Paris."

"Nay, my lord, if that be all, it is safe enough where you have left it; and if not, methinks you are compensated for its loss a thousand fold by the splendid gift of King Henry."

"Pierre," said Chateaubriant, "thou art ignorant of the precious prize which is staked upon this cast; and trusty though I know thee to be, I will not even breathe into thy ear the secret of my bosom's happiness. But haste thee, ere the hour-glass is once more turned, to Paris; purchase the noblest and fleetest steed in all Guisnes, and keep it for thy pains; take this key, which will unlock the casket that contains my treasure, bring it to me safely and speedily; and then, to show thee how highly I prize thy service, King Henry's ring shall be thine own."

Pierre gazed at his master for a moment in a stupor of mingled astonishment and delight; then suddenly recollecting himself he made a low obeisance and retired.

"It is done! it is achieved!" exclaimed Pierre.—"Vengeance, thou dear delicious cup which I have thirsted for so long, I now shall quaff thee till my full soul is saturated with the delightful dew! Oh, God! Oh, God! how am I changed! A few short months ago, and for this man—this Chateaubriant, whom I am now hurrying to perdition, I would have bared my neck to the headsman's ax to save a hair upon his head from injury. Annette! Annette! thou who wert the angel of my peace, art now a phantom haunting me to destruction, a fiend beckoning me to the same precipice where thou thyself wert lost; and by thy wrongs, and by my hatred, and by thy invincible spirit of revenge, I will not fail to do thy bidding. I come! I come!"

The next moment saw him in close conference with St. Foix; and shortly afterwards, the fleetest steed that could be selected from the King's stables, bore him proudly on its back towards Paris.

The reader's attention must now be diverted from the plains of Picardy to the forest in the neighbourhood of Chateaubriant's castle in Brittany, in which, as, at the close of a fine autumnal day, Therese was wandering solitary and lost in the contemplation of her own thoughts, she gave utterance to the following soliloquy:—

"Am I turned fiend to plot the destruction of one so good, so gentle, so beautiful? Ha! my heart, wilt thou betray me once again? Hast thou not already paid dearly enough for thy fatal softness? Have not hatred, and injury, and scorn, been thy reward? Is there not poison in these veins, and madness in this brain, and misery on this brow; and do I not see *her* beloved, and blessing, and being blest? Am I turned fiend, did I say? Rather should I ask, am I not relapsing into infantile imbecility? Can I forgive?—Can I forget? Forget! It is a word that is blotted from my vocabulary. It is a word unknown in heaven and in hell, and among the loftier spirits of the earth. Forget!—Therese forget her love or her hatred, her injuries or her revenge! Ha! ha! ha!"

As she concluded this incoherent soliloquy, Therese made the forest in which she was wandering ring with her maniacal laughter. It was repeated in a still louder tone by a voice which seemed to belong to a more

substantial organ than that of the echoes of the forest, and turning round she beheld Pierre at her side.

"Has the passionate expression of my sorrow conjured up a fiend indeed? Welcome, thou unwearied minister of my revenge! welcome to thy native woods!"

"And welcome, a thousand times welcome, sweet Therese, to this devoted bosom."

"Unhand me, fool! what have we to do with the vanities of love! I tell thee, Pierre, again, that my heart is shut to every human emotion, save one. Attempt to disturb that master-passion, or to enthrone a feebler in its place, and, by Heaven! its lightning, although directed mainly at a loftier head, shall not disdain to fall upon thine own."

"Well well," said Pierre moodily, "thou art right; thy heart is constant to its purpose, nor deem that mine has wavered; our work is finished, our vengeance is achieved."

"He is not dead?" asked Therese anxiously; and her face grew black as night as she made the inquiry.

"No, no," said Pierre, "I have not done our work so bunglingly; he lives to write in tortures more exquisite than the malignant wit of man ever invented. The bolt has not yet fallen; but a sign, a breath, a word, Therese, and our feet are upon the neck of our victim."

"Now, thou Almighty Destiny! I will accuse thy purposes no more. Bitter is the cup which thou hast made me quaff, but how does it enhance the sweetness of revenge! Tell me, Pierre, tell me all; my thirsty soul gasps for the delicious draught."

"Behold this ring," said Pierre, taking Chateaubriant's treasure from his bosom; "this is the token, unaccompanied by which, as thou toldest me, all his letters to the Countess are but wasted ink, and all his mandates empty air."

"Is't true, is't possible? My senses stagger; I dare not, must not believe it!"

"Then listen to me girl."

Pierre then related to her the circumstances which led to his mission to Paris, and informed her of his becoming possessed of the precious ring.

"A cunning artificer of Paris, Therese, made such a copy of it, that thy own blue eye bears not more resemblance to its fellow, than this did to its original. The counterfeit I gave to Chateaubriant; the original is the talisman which must lure his Countess to the embraces of King Francis."

"And did he truly reward thee with King Henry's precious gift?"

"Behold it here! take it, Therese, 'tis thine; a mean reward for thy services in our common cause."

"Mean indeed!" she said, as she returned the ring indignantly; "take back your bauble, Pierre; I want no reward but one, and that I shall grasp speedily."

"Speedily, I trust," replied Pierre. "I have come to Brittany in attendance upon the Viscount St. Foix, who is the bearer of a letter from Chateaubriant to the Countess, and have hidden in advance to announce his coming to your lady. His letter contains an earnest request to her to set off with us for Guisnes in the morning; a request her compliance with which will be secured when she sees this ring."

"And when thou hast conducted her to Guisnes what hast thou done, but led her to the longing arms of her husband!—faithful as the turtle dove in his absence, thinkest thou that his presence will tempt her to inconstancy?"

"We must trust to the blandishments of the court, to the art of Francis, and to the weakness and vanity of a woman's heart," returned Pierre.

"Peace, peace, babbler!" said Therese: "what knowest thou of woman's heart, of what it can achieve, or what it can endure? Chateaubriant must be removed from Picardy, or our vessel is wrecked even in sight of port. Give me the ring."

"The ring! Therese,—what ring?"

"King Henry's ring. The bauble has within a few short minutes acquired a value in my eyes, Adieu."

"Adieu, sayest thou? whither art thou going?"

"To the plains of Picardy."

"Surely thou art not mad!" said Pierre, as he attempted to stop her.

"And if I were—and if I were," exclaimed Therese, lifting her hands and eyes to heaven, "have I not cause? But Heaven is not so merciful. It has given me the tortures of madness, without its Lethæan balm. I am going to Picardy; ask not when, or how, or wherefore; delay the departure of the Countess but one day, and then the victory is our own."

"This is illusion," said Pierre, as he gazed upon the slight figure of Therese disappearing amidst the recesses of the forest; "madness is in her eye and on her lips; but her actions, strange and inscrutable as they appear, have tended to one object, and have ever accelerated the completion of our design."

"Why, Pierre," said St. Foix, as he came up with the valet, "thou hast forgotten thy accustomed diligence. I thought that, ere this, thou hadst announced my arrival at the castle: wherefore hast thou loitered thus?"

"I met Therese, my lord, in the forest, to whom I unfolded the history of our plot, and who, I fear, for very joy has gone distracted. She snatched King Henry's ring from off my finger, and darted from my sight to go, as she told me, to the plains of Picardy."

"Fear her not, Pierre; her heart has meditated too long and too intensely on her wrongs to suffer her to deviate from the high road which leads to the accomplishment of her revenge. But now, Pierre, as we are so near to the castle, we may as well proceed together; only, as we must not be seen in its neighbourhood indulging in too much familiarity, do thou fall a little in the rear."

They now continued their journey towards the castle in silence. Each was too much occupied with his own thoughts, to feel inclined to intrude upon the taciturnity of the other. Pierre especially, who with all his dark passions and too well remembered injuries, had more of human feeling in his composition than the heartless courtier, was wrapt up in the contemplation of the business in which he had engaged. "I am a robber, and a traducer! and shall be a murderer!" It was thus that he conversed with his own dark thoughts; "but I cannot arrest the wheels of destiny in their course—that course in which they will eventually crush me as well as mine enemy—me, whom they have already bruised so fearfully. Had I never been injured—had this snake, this reptile of the court, this Chateaubriant, never crawled between me and my love—had he never defiled that couch on which I had hoped to rest my heart and head together, I had not been what I am now, a blighted branch, a cankered flower, poisoning the air in which I breathe, killing the sweet shrubs which grow around me. And yet I mar the sanctity of my hatred, I profane the righteousness of my revenge, by taking bribes to spur me on, by receiving fees from this St. Foix and his master. Therese, thy purpose is as black as mine, but thou walkest toward it in a holier road. I am a villain, a sordid villian—but this trash," he added as he took from his bosom a bag of gold, and surveyed it wistfully, "although love alone could sweeten the cup of life, this trash may help to soften its acidity."

With such reflections as these, in which hatred, revenge, avarice, and self-contempt were mingled, but without the slightest feeling of relentfulness or remorse, was his bosom occupied until the lofty turrets of the castle of Chateaubriant met the gaze of the travellers.

Something of a softer feeling came over his heart as he looked at the birth-place of himself and his

father; but the sight of a little white cottage at the entrance of the avenue of elms which led to the castle gate, seemed to turn all the blood in his veins to poison. "Vengeance is at hand," he exclaimed; "blood must atone for lust—bitter remorse and torturing agony must be the price paid for unhallowed joys and violated oaths!"

The Countess de Chateaubriant had, since the absence of her lord, remained strictly immured within the castle and its adjacent grounds, and had neither paid nor received any visits, except the one short audience which she had given to St. Foix, when he was the bearer of her husband's letter. Her principal attendant and favourite was Therese, with whom she felt more than ordinarily interested on account of her superior intelligence, far beyond her station, and of the indications which she displayed of deep internal suffering, occasionally mixed, as the Countess feared, with symptoms of insanity. The kindness and attentions of the Countess only appeared to root the melancholy of Therese more deeply. Some slight compunctious visitings, not of remorse or of irresolution—for she never once wavered from her purpose—but of sorrow would come across her, that she was obliged to doom to shame and misery a being whom she felt that, under happier circumstances, she could have revered and loved. Could the ruin of Chateaubriant have been effected as completely and signally in any other way, Therese would gladly have saved the Countess. But she was the casket which contained all the jewels of her husband's soul—his hopes, his fears, his joys, his love, his honour. Poverty, or banishment, or disgrace, or death, would be nothing in comparison to the loss of that affection and innocence which he found enshrined in the pure bosom of Françoise.

As these thoughts passed in her mind, Therese became more and more confirmed in her purpose. "She shall die," she said, "but not yet: and he shall be tortured into frenzy,—but it shall be by degrees." The pensive and melancholy expression which deep thought now cast upon her brow, more than ever interested the compassion of the Countess, who little thought that the gloom which she so much commiserated, was only a shadow from those machinations which were plotting for her own destruction. Therese was much addicted to solitary wanderings, and the forest in the neighbourhood of the castle, with whose mazes she appeared to be acquainted in an extraordinary degree, considering the short period of her residence there, was her favorite haunt. Here she would frequently spend whole days, from the earliest hour in the morning, and return at night sinking with hunger and fatigue.

Such was the state of affairs in the castle, when St. Foix and Pierre stood before the Countess. She received the first with much coldness, remembering the purport of his last mission; but her eyes sparkled with delight, which she neither wished nor was able to conceal, when she encountered those of Pierre.

"Welcome, good Pierre! welcome! Tell me how fares my lord? What think the gallants, who are assembled in Picardy, of Henry de Chateaubriant? What says King Francis of his gallant subject?"

"My honoured lord is well, Madam," returned Pierre, "and as happy as he can be while separated from you. The cavaliers, both of England and France, acknowledge him the most accomplished knight in Christendom, and both monarchs vie in testifying the favour which they bear him."

"Now may all good angels shield thee for being the bearer of such happy tidings! And what message sends my lord to me, Pierre?"

"That, Madam, the letter of which my Lord St. Foix is the bearer will best inform you."

A cloud came over the lady's brow. "No message,

Pierre!" she asked faintly; "I would rather listen to ten words warm from his heart, and preserved warm in the memory of a faithful servant, than peruse all the frigid epistles that ever were indited!"

Our fair readers will possibly not agree with the Countess, in her comparative estimate of the value of a lover's message and his letter; but they will remember that Francoise had her lord's own word to assure her that his letters were compositions to which, although penned by his hand, his heart was an utter stranger.

"Madam," said St. Foix, "I have once more the honour to be the bearer of my Lord Chateaubriant's letter to your Ladyship; and the message for which you vainly inquire of Pierre, was also entrusted to me—that you would read his heart's undisguised sentiments in that letter, and that he hoped you would lose no time in complying with the request which it contained."

A melancholy and incredulous smile played over the features of the Countess, as she took the letter and began listlessly to read its contents; and tears gushed from her eyes when she had finished the perusal.

"Heavens, Madam!" said St. Foix, "why this emotion? My lord, I believe, merely requests that you will put yourself under the protection of me and Pierre, who are to be your escort to Guines."

"And it is a request, my Lord St. Foix," returned the Countess, "to which I have only the same answer to make as on the last time when you honoured the castle with your presence. I cannot comply with it. Adieu, my lord, adieu!"

St. Foix now saw that it was necessary to make use of the ring, which he was anxious, if possible, to avoid doing, in order to escape the necessity of making any explanation to Chateaubriant.

"Nay, Madam," he said, as he gently prevented her exit from the apartment; "his Lordship's valet is the bearer of a token, which, I believe, will silence all your doubts."

Pierre approached the countess, and bending on one knee, he took her hand, which he kissed respectfully; and then placed the ring upon her finger.

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed; "can I believe my eyes!" and she looked alternately at both rings. "It is indeed the token which I have so anxiously looked for, and which is to reunite me to my lord. My Lord St. Foix, I pray you, pardon my apparent coldness. But solitude, and hope deferred, and trembling anxiety, have made me cautious and suspicious. Pierre, saddle the fleetest steeds in my lord's stable;—we will depart instantly!"

"Nay, Madam," said St. Foix, smiling, "you will stand in need of repose, before you take so long a journey; and Pierre and I, I fear, would scarcely at this moment be a competent escort. On the day after to-morrow, if your Ladyship pleases, we will bid adieu to Brittany."

"Methinks it is an age, a dreary age," said the Countess; "but I am indeed forgetful of the fatigues incurred by my honoured guest and my lord's faithful servant. These shall bring some refreshment; and then, my lord, I have a thousand anxious questions with which to weary your patience."

She clapped her hands, and a female servant entered. "Where is Therese?" inquired the Countess. "Therese, Madam, has been missing all the day. She was observed to be more thoughtful than usual last night, and this morning her chamber was found deserted."

"Poor Therese!" said the Countess; "it is thus that she will wander for hours together. She has borne my lord's absence even more painfully than I."

A bitter smile played upon the features of St. Foix, and a cloud gathered on those of Pierre, while the Countess spake. The former was incapable of any

deeper feeling than malignity; but a thousand varied emotions agitated the breast of the latter, while they followed the Countess into the refectory.

The day's residence of St. Foix at Chateaubriant afforded no incident worth recording, except that during that period an anxious but fruitless search was made for Therese, whom the Countess wished to accompany her to Guines: and on the second morning after the arrival of the confederates she departed for Picardy in a travelling-carriage, escorted by St. Foix and Pierre on horseback. The English and even the French reader, in the present halcyon days of travelling, will be surprised to hear that the journey from Chateaubriant to Picardy, occupied four days, and that it was not until the morning of the fifth that the travellers found themselves in the plains between Ardres and Guines. Here the Countess, whose heart, as well as her limbs had been shut up in her husband's chateau, and whose wildest wishes never roamed beyond it, except during the absence of Chateaubriant, was positively bewildered by the gay scenes through which she passed. The accomplished and gorgeously appressed cavaliers—the beautiful and still more splendidly attired females—the gallant steeds—the gay equipages—the passage of heralds and messengers between the two kings—the magnificent tents or temporary dwellings erected by the English—the stirring effect of the martial music resounding on every side, and the banners which waved around her, displaying all the colours of the rainbow, altogether formed a scene in which her senses were overpowered with astonishment and delight.

Only one cloud passed over this atmosphere of pleasure, and that was gone in a moment. A carriage, closely guarded by an equal number of French and English soldiers, and apparently containing a prisoner of distinction, came up to them; and as it passed the equipage of our heroine, she heard a dreadful shriek from some one within, and saw an attempt to let down the carriage window, which was prevented by the guards.

"Alas!" said she to St. Foix, who was riding by her carriage window, "what unfortunate person is that?"

"I know not, Madam," said St. Foix, "It is probably some maniac who has been disturbing the festivities, and whom the King has thought proper to send to Paris."

"Alas!" thought she as she sank back in her seat, "even amid scenes of gaiety and magnificence like these, madness and misery will intrude, to teach kings that they are subject to the accidents of mortality, and to breathe into the ears of pleasure the harsher, but truer lessons of pain."

These thoughts filled her mind with sadness, and she sank into a reverie, from which she was not aroused until she heard the carriage wheels rattling over the paved entrance of the fortifications of Ardres.

In the meantime, tilts and tournaments, and every varied species of amusement, had been going on in the plains of Picardy. The nobility of France and England vied with each other in pomp and magnificence; and such was the profuse expenditure of all who accompanied the two kings in this memorable interview, that the spot on which it took place acquired the name of "*Le Champ du Drap d'Or*."

There were still many cautious ceremonials when the two kings met, indicative of mutual suspicion and distrust, which shocked the frank and generous temper of Francis. "The number of their guards and attendants," says Hume, "was carefully reckoned on both sides; every step was scrupulously measured and adjusted; and if the two kings intended to pay a visit to the queens, they departed from their respective quarters at the same instant, which was marked by the firing of a culverin; and the moment that Henry en-

tered Andres, Francis put himself into the hands of the English at Guisnes."

Francis determined to put an end to these ungenerous forms, by an incident which strongly marked his romantic and chivalrous character. Accordingly, on the day before that on which the Countess de Chateaubriant arrived at Andres, the guards at Guisnes were much surprised at seeing the King of France ride up to the gates, attended only by a single cavalier. "You are all my prisoners!" he exclaimed; "carry me to your master." The guards, as soon as they recovered from the stupefaction occasioned by their surprise, opened their gates, and admitted the monarch and his attendant. The news spread with great rapidity, and the whole population of the town had thronged around the illustrious visitor before he arrived at the palace gates. "Chateaubriant," said the jocund king—for it was our hero by whom he was accompanied,—go from us to our brother England, and tell him that we summon him to yield himself and the garrison of this fair town our prisoners; and exhibit in thy own person the mighty armament which we have equipped in order to compel him to obedience." The Count made his obeisance, alighted from his steed, and was ushered into the presence of the King of England.

He found Henry seated under a canopy of state, with Cardinal Wolsey at his right hand, and several yeoman of the guard behind him. He was richly dressed in a garment of cloth of gold edged with ermine. The sleeves were crimson, and the doublet and hose of the same colour, and the badge of the Order of the Garter was suspended from his neck by a collar of pearls of inestimable value.

"A messenger from the King of France, may it please your Majesty," said the usher, "craves admittance to your royal presence."

"Let him enter," said King Henry, in a tone of surprise; and immediately Chateaubriant was on his benched knees before him.

"Ha!" ejaculated the King, while his large eye glowed like a ball of fire, and his brow grew black as midnight. Signs of intelligence passed between him and Wolsey, and the latter whispered one of the yeomen, who immediately left the apartment. "Rise, my lord," said the King to Chateaubriant; "what is our royal brother's pleasure?"

"He bids me, sire, in his name, demand of your Majesty the surrender of your person and of the garrison of this town, as his prisoners. He has himself arrived in Guisnes to enforce this demand with a powerful armament, the whole of which is at this moment in your Majesty's palace."

"Ha!" said Henry, and a hundred varied emotions made their transit in an instant over his capacious brow.

"Is King Francis now in Guisnes?"

"He is, may it please your Majesty."

"And how, say you, attended?"

"By the pomp and power, sire, which reside within the limbs which are now prostrate before your Majesty."

"By St. Thomas of Canterbury!" said Henry, as he again extended his hand to raise Chateaubriant from his knees, "we are fairly outstripped in this race of courtesy. Hasten, my lord, to your master, and tell him that his prisoner waits to surrender himself into his custody."

Francis was soon in the presence of his brother monarch. "My brother," said Henry, "you have here played me the most agreeable trick in the world, and have showed me the full confidence I may place in you. I surrender myself your prisoner this moment." He then took from his neck the precious collar of pearls of which we have already spoken, and putting it about Francis's, he added, "I pray you to wear this for the sake of your prisoner."

Francis received the collar, which was valued at 15,000 angels, but at the same time took a bracelet from off his own wrist which was worth double that sum, and putting it on Henry's, he said—"My prisoner must wear this maracle, the badge of his captivity."

"And now," said King Henry, turning to Chateaubriant, "I marvel, my lord, that you should have come into our presence without that ring, which we placed upon your finger when we saw you last. It was a King's gift, and methinks a fitter occasion could not have been found for wearing it than the present."

Chateaubriant's colour changed. The ring he had given to Pierre, and he was fearful of incensing the King of England by declaring that fact, as well as of exciting the curiosity and suspicion of his own sovereign, as to the nature of the service which could have called for so costly a reward.

"I own myself in fault, may it please your Majesty," said Chateaubriant confessedly; "but I trust it may be excused in consideration of the hasty and unexpected summons which I received from my gracious lord here to attend him this morning."

The eyes of both Kings being fixed upon Chateaubriant as he spoke, increased his embarrassment and confusion. "I trust, my lord," said Wolsey, "that you have not considered the King of England's present so trifling a bauble as to part with it to any loose companion of your hours of dalliance, to any frail female who may have been unable to resist your fascinations and solicitude."

Chateaubriant, whom the first part of this address had somewhat alarmed, felt re-assured by the conclusion of it, and he gave an emphatic negative to the accusation which it implied.

"Call in the witness!" said King Henry; and immediately the yeoman, who had retired from the presence on Chateaubriant's arrival, re-entered, leading by the hand a female, whose face was muffled in her cloak, but by whose dress and figure Chateaubriant easily recognised Therese.

"Know you that female?" asked Henry in a voice rendered almost inaudible by passion.

"I do, sire," said the Count; "she is an attendant upon my wife."

"When did you last see her?"

"At the castle of Chateaubriant, before I had the honour of my first admission into your Majesty's presence."

"Sirrah," said Henry, "you are an attendant upon my royal brother, or I would on the spot make you repent the utterance of so insolent a falsehood to a King. Did you not give the ring which I presented to you to that girl?"

"My last answer, sire," said Chateaubriant, firmly, "is an answer also to this question—I never did."

King Henry's face became swollen with fury. "Death! traitor!" he exclaimed; "do you mean to assert that you are innocent of the crime of triumphing over the innocence and virtue of your wife's servant?"

"I am most innocent," said Chateaubriant; "so help me Heaven and all its saints!"

"Thou art a liar and a slave!" said Therese, throwing back her hood, "wert thou twenty times Count de Chateaubriant."

Chateaubriant retreated several paces, as though he had seen a spectre, and his face assumed the ghastly hue of death, while every limb quivered with astonishment and fear. Therese's hair and brows, which had always been of a jet black hue, were now of a bright auburn colour; and her face, instead of that swarthy glow which denoted an oriental origin, was exquisitely fair. She wore a necklace of pearls, which Chateaubriant recognised as his own gift, round her neck, and King Henry's ring upon her finger, while her dress, being the same as she had uniformly worn before

her disguise, completed the *eclaircissement*, and revealed to the eyes of the astonished Count the form of the injured Annette Delville.

The behaviour of our hero was construed by both the Kings into a confession of his guilt, and Henry's eyes sparkled with the expression of a wild beast's when it has secured its prey; while Francis, whom surprise had hitherto kept mute, said, "I perceive, my brother, that your princely gift has been most unworthily appreciated. The Count de Chateaubriant is your prisoner, to be disposed of as you may think fit."

"Did he owe allegiance to me, my brother, his sentence should be more severe," said Henry; "but your attendant and confidant, however unworthy of his honours, demands some consideration from me. I will therefore beg that he may be sent back a close prisoner to his own castle, under the surveillance of an equal number of French and English guards."

"Be it so," said Francis; and Henry immediately motioned to the yeomen of the guard to take Chateaubriant into custody.

The Count, whom the sudden apparition of Therese had struck dumb, now attempted to speak, but could not obtain a hearing. "Away with him!" shouted the tyrannical Tudor; "and on the morrow, with our royal brother's approbation, he shall be escorted to his place of exile." The sentence was one with which Chateaubriant felt rather pleased than otherwise, as it would restore him to the society of his Countess; and believing that he should have an opportunity of vindicating his honour to the satisfaction of his own sovereign, he did not make any farther attempt at explanation, but bowed respectfully to both monarchs, and retired.

"Farewell, my noble lord, most upright and honourable Count de Chateaubriant," whispered a female voice in his ear, when he had proceeded about twenty yards from the royal chamber. He turned round and beheld Therese.

"Annette," he said mournfully, "perhaps at your hands I have deserved this. And yet, think not that the heart of Henri de Chateaubriant has ever been indifferent to your welfare. I have suffered much on your account, and my bosom is relieved of half its sadness by seeing you again. But tell me, Annette,—tell me truly, how did you become possessed of that ring?"

A bitter laugh was the only answer to this inquiry. "You have dishonoured me before two kings. You have driven me from their presence with the brand of ingratitude and perjury fixed to my name: and yet," he added smilingly, "I can scarcely complain, for you have been the occasion of sending me some months earlier than I expected to the castle of Chateaubriant, the casket which contains the jewel of my soul."

Annette grasped his hand, while a fiend-like smile played upon her lips. "Sayest thou so, fond fool!" she exclaimed, "Go then—go to the valleys of Brittany; you will find the casket safe enough, but the jewel is stolen from it."

"Ha! sayest thou so?" said Chateaubriant, in an agony of surprise: "what meanest thou? Tell me, for the love of Heaven!" he added, endeavouring to detain her, but she eluded his grasp; and as she glided from his sight, he heard the long corridor through which she disappeared, echoing with her boisterous laughter.

That night Chateaubriant remained a close prisoner in one of the English tents; and the brutal Henry refused him even those indulgences and attentions which were suitable to his rank. His mind, however, in consequence of what he had heard from Therese, was in a state which rendered him incapable of feeling, and still more of resenting, this petty malignity. He was far, however, from giving implicit credence to

the intelligence of Annette. He knew that the ring was still in his own possession; and as he gazed at it on his finger, he smiled at the duration in which he was held, since with it he had purchased the safe possession of the precious token.

"It is only a malignant invention of Annette's," he said, "fabricated either for the purpose of disturbing my repose, or of defaming the reputation of my sweet Francoise; only a few hours, heavy and tedious hours indeed, but still only a few, and all my fears will be removed, and all my torturing anxiety will be allayed by the certainty of bliss."

Still his mind was in a state of too great excitation to allow him a moment's repose during the night, and it was not until the noonday sun was pouring its radiance into the tent, that he was discovered asleep by the commandant of the escort which was to convey him to Chateaubriant.

"We wait for you, my lord," said this officer, awakening him. "We have King Henry's commands to lose no time in conveying you to Brittany."

"I shall not give either King Henry or you, sir," said Chateaubriant, "much trouble by delaying you in the execution of his orders. I have seen enough of courts and kings to return without a broken heart to my own peaceful mansion, on the banks of the Vilaine."

"Doubtless, doubtless," said the officer, shrugging up his shoulders, as if expressing a concurrence of opinion; "but it was a dangerous thing in you, my lord, to part with the king's present as you did. Had you been an English subject," added he, looking cautiously round the tent, "your head would have been in a much more precarious situation than it is at present."

"I am innocent, sir, of the crime which has called forth King Henry's displeasure, and am at this moment ignorant of the way in which the ring came into the girl's possession."

The officer shook his head incredulously, and then, with a waggish smile, asked, "Am I to have the honour of escorting the young lady as well as your lordship?"

"No, sir," said Chateaubriant haughtily. "I am now at your service; and as I perceive that I am addressing a person who doubts my word, I beg that we may converse during the journey as sparingly as possible."

Thus saying, they proceeded to the travelling carriage which stood at the door of the tent, and in which Chateaubriant seated himself. The officer then mounted a horse which stood abreast of the carriage, and giving the signal to the six men under his command, three of whom were French and three English, they proceeded on their journey.

Chateaubriant, whose temper had been considerably ruffled by the short conversation which we have just related, was now left to his own thoughts, which again began to assume a painful character. He was soon roused from his reverie by the noise of wheels, and he was panic-struck, as he looked through the carriage-window, to see his own family carriage, which he had left in Brittany, approaching at a rapid pace. He almost doubted the evidence of his senses, until he saw his friend St. Foix riding abreast of it, and Pierre at a short distance; and as it passed him he saw the Countess in the inside apparently buried in deep thought. The horrible conviction of Annette's veracity, and of the cause of his present captivity, flashed upon his brain, and he uttered a heart-piercing scream as he endeavoured to let down the carriage window. In this he was prevented by the commandant, who placed one hand on the window, and with the other brandished his sword.

"Beware! Count," he said; "give me but another instance of a refractory disposition, and I have orders

which I shall be compelled, however unwillingly, to execute."

"For God's sake!" said Chateaubriant, "pursue that carriage. I'll make the fortune of the man who arrests its progress."

"Nay, sir, nay," replied the other; "the men at present under my command have other duties to perform; and as it was formerly your desire, so it is now mine, that we should converse as sparingly as possible—we will, therefore, drop this subject."

Chateaubriant's distress was too great for resentment or anger to find a place in his bosom for a moment: he supplicated the officer in language more humiliating than his pride had ever allowed him yet to use, but the latter was inexorable. In the meantime, the distance between the two carriages widened, and at length Chateaubriant, exhausted by the violence and variety of his emotions, sunk back in the carriage in a state of listless stupor.

Years rolled over the gray turrets of Chateaubriant's castle, but the lovely Countess was no longer seen within its walls, enlivening by her beauty, grace, and intelligence, the gloom around her, or wandering, "herself a fair flower," through the beautiful plantations which were attached to the old castellated mansion. The result of the treachery which lured her to Paris may easily be divined. Exposed to the arts, the fascinations, and (for, if necessary, such would not have been spared) the violence of Francis; receiving no answer to the letters which she almost daily addressed to her lord, but which of course were never suffered to reach their destination, and believing from this circumstance, as well as from having received the fatal ring, and from the protracted absence of Chateaubriant, that he had made a base barter of her freedom and her honour, and was no longer worthy of her regard, she at length fell into the net which was every where spread around her.

The Count in the meantime continued in the mansion of his ancestors. For above a twelvemonth he was a close prisoner; but on a war breaking out with England, Francis did not feel himself obliged to keep one of his own nobles in captivity as the prisoner of his enemy. Long before the period of his liberation, however, Chateaubriant had heard of the dishonour of his Countess; and Paris, which in the early part of his duance he had panted ardently to revisit, was the place which of all others he abhorred. He therefore continued voluntarily shut up in his castle, where his only solace was the society of his daughter, a beautiful child of about nine years of age. Although her extraordinary resemblance in feature, voice, and manner, to her mother, served only to feed his melancholy, still he was never so calm as when in her company. She retained also a strong recollection of her mother, and of the affectionate parting embrace which she had received from her about three years before; and the artlessness and simplicity of the inquiries which she would occasionally make after her, wrung the unfortunate Chateaubriant to the heart.

At length the King of France set out on his Italian wars, and, at the fatal battle of Pavia, was made prisoner by the forces of the Emperor of Germany: of the three brothers of the Countess de Chateaubriant who followed him on that expedition, two were made prisoners, and one was slain. Deprived thus of the protection both of her royal paramour and of her relatives, she found herself in a very forlorn and destitute situation. Among the females, she whom they had once envied now became their scorn; the men persecuted her with addresses, which she received with abhorrence and disgust; and the family of the monarch looked upon her as an object which they were bound to consign to infamy and contempt. At length the King's mother, the Countess of Angouleme, who was regent of the kingdom during her son's captivity,

determined to send her home to her husband, and directed a mandate to the Count, requiring him to receive her into his castle. Passive obedience was the order of those days. The Count bowed submissively, and kissed the royal mandate, although his heart recoiled at its contents, and Francoise became once more an inmate of the mansion which had been the scene of her happiness and felicity.

Chateaubriant, with a mingled feeling of horror at her crime, and dread of her fascinating influence, resolved never to admit her into his presence, but assigned her a suite of apartments, where she lived more like a prisoner than an ordinary occupant. Pierre took care to confirm him in this resolution, dreading nothing so much as an interview, except the *eclaircissement* to which he naturally expected it would lead. This fiend in human shape was also continually goading his master to the destruction of the unhappy Countess, a course towards which he felt but too much inclination; but the recollection of his daughter always intervened like a guardian angel between this purpose and its perpetration. Nevertheless, to carry his designs of revenge and punishment into execution as much as possible, he caused her to be confined in an apartment hung with black, and with a singular refinement in the art of mental torture, he hung upon this gloomy tapestry numerous portraits of the King, so that wherever she turned her eyes they encountered an object of shame and painful recollection.

Francoise, finding all her entreaties for an interview with Chateaubriant of no avail, begged at least that she might be permitted the society of her daughter. Pierre even opposed this indulgence; but the remonstrances of his wife's female attendant, and the tears and entreaties of the child, triumphed over the resolution of Chateaubriant.

In the society of this beautiful, and indeed improved, miniature copy of herself, Francoise forgot half her sorrows. Her daughter had but a very indistinct knowledge of her mother's history; but she saw that she was unhappy, and her heart soon believed that she was ill-used.

The child became more and more attached to her mother, while for her father she gradually learned to entertain feelings approaching to hatred. The pictures with which the room was hung particularly excited her attention, and she would often ask the Countess if the King was as beautiful and as finely formed as his portraits represented him to be, and added, that she had a great desire to see him, and that when he returned from Spain she would ask her father to take her to court.

To observations of this nature, Madame de Chateaubriant could only reply by sighs; but feelings of a still bitterer and more poignant nature would often be excited by the artless inquiries of the child. "Wherefore does not my father come to see you? and why do you never go to him? Why are you always shut up in this chamber, instead of walking out in yonder beautiful wood with us?" Then she would throw herself on the neck of her mother, and with tears in her eyes beseech her to take a walk with her, or to tell her why she refused.

"It is the will of Heaven, my dearest child," said the Countess, "and we ought to submit patiently to all which that will ordains."

"Nay, nay," answered the child, "I know that it is my father who orders this; but I will so besiege him with my supplications and my tears, that he shall grant my request, or I will never see him any more, and will always remain with you."

In vain did the Countess beg her to abandon her intention; on the very day on which it was formed it was executed. As she every evening related to her father all that had passed between her mother and herself, she that night reproached him with his cruelty,

and begged that he would release her mother from her confinement, and that they might all go together to visit some relations in Dauphiny.

The Count regarded her with a severe glance, and bid her, as she valued his favour, to speak no more upon the subject.

"Speak no more upon it!" she exclaimed; "then must I see you no more; for whenever my eyes behold my mother's persecutor, my tongue shall not be silent upon my mother's wrongs." Thus saying, with a lofty brow, but with tears in her eyes, she rushed from the apartment.

"The brat is well tutored, my lord!" said Pierre. "Doubtless you have chosen for her the society of a person well fitted to inspire her with sentiments of filial affection and respect towards yourself!"

"Thou sayest truly, Pierre," said Chateaubriant; "she shall no longer visit Francoise—I mean, that woman. Let her durance be sad and solitary, as her shame was open and avowed."

"Durance!" said Pierre—"durance!" and then, fixing his eyes upon his master, he added, in a subdued tone, "methinks there were a shorter way."

"Rouse not the fiend within my bosom, Pierre. How could the murderer of the mother bear to gaze upon the face of the daughter!"

It was, however, determined that that mother and that daughter should be separated. The former bore her fate with more resignation than had been anticipated, but with the child it was far otherwise; the green stalk of her life

"was snapped,
And the flower drooped, as every eye might see."

She turned away with disgust from every attempt to amuse her, and took scarcely any nourishment. The efforts of her father to console her only redoubled her despondency; and at length a violent fever ensued, which terminated in an affection of the brain. During her paroxysms, she was continually calling for her mother; and when the Count approached her bed, she hid her face from him, and only answered his inquiries by saying that she wanted to see her mother. At length his heart was softened, and he gave his consent once more to an interview between them.

Both mother and daughter derived great consolation from this interview, and the former continued in the sick-chamber until the evening of the day on which it took place. Chateaubriant then caused her to be removed to her own apartment, and himself visited the juvenile sufferer. He found his child in a state of still greater danger than she had ever yet been: the violence of her fever increased rapidly, and after passing several hours in great agony, she expired in the arms of her father.

Thus early did the grave close over the ill-starred existence of the heiress of Chateaubriant. The minds both of the father and mother immediately experienced a revolution. The latter found herself more than ever alone in an inhospitable world, and the former gave himself entirely up to the demon of revenge which raged in his bosom, and which had hitherto been only restrained by his affection for his daughter. The intelligence that the king had returned from his long captivity, which arrived about the same time, gave wings to his design, and Pierre at length obtained from him an authority for the destruction of his Countess.

On the evening of the day on which this deed of blood was to be achieved, Chateaubriant was pacing his apartment with hurried step and fluttering bosom, in expectation of the arrival of his trusty valet with the announcement. At length the dark visage of Pierre, with an expression of malignant delight upon it, appeared at the door of the chamber.

"Is the deed done, Pierre?" asked Chateaubriant, in a low and stifled tone.

"She has not an hour's life in her," returned the other.

"There, there, take thy reward!" said Chateaubriant, throwing a purse to him. "I thank thee; but never let me see thee more."

As soon as Pierre had left the apartment, Chateaubriant sunk down into his seat, and covered his face with his hands; cold drops of sweat stood on his brow, and his whole frame shook with the violence of his emotions.

"Poor Francoise!" he exclaimed, "thy crime is expiated. I could now look upon thee and curse thee not; I could weep in very fondness over thee; I could press thy lips to mine as I used to do. Gracious God!" he added, and started up, "was it for this that I watched so tenderly over thee; that I suffered not the wind to blow too rudely on thee, lest thy fair and fragile frame should suffer injury? Yet, wherefore should I mourn, save that one tomb will not contain us both;—that whilst thou goest down at once into the silent depths of the grave, I must rot piecemeal on the stagnant waters of life, and only know that I exist by the keenness of my misery."

A low, rustling sound attracted his attention, and he started as if he had seen a spectre, when he beheld Francoise enter the apartment.

Chateaubriant fancied that she had never looked more beautiful, although the paleness of death was upon her face. The exquisite fairness of her features was no longer relieved by the blooming roses on her cheeks; but her full black eyes, although wet with tears, sparkled more brilliantly than ever, and her stately figure was drawn up to its utmost height, and appeared to dilate amidst the dubious shadows of the approaching twilight.

"Henry!" she said, in a mournful tone, "I was told that you were about to leave the kingdom, and I came before your departure, not to ask for your blessings, or even your forgiveness, but for your pity—Chateaubriant, your pity!" Tears streamed down her cheeks as she uttered these words.

"Thou hast it, Francoise, thou hast it: my compassion, my forgiveness, my blessing, thou hast them all! and may the God which is to judge thee, be equally merciful!"

"Amen, amen!" responded Francoise. "Noblest of men, farewell!"

Chateaubriant gazed at her as she was about to leave the apartment, with feelings of the bitterest anguish. Cold sweat mingled with his tears; his knees knocked against each other, and a feeling of suffocation was in his throat. All the strength he could command was exhausted in calling "Francoise!" and he sunk feebly into his seat.

She approached at first timidly; but seeing the violence of his paroxysm, she ventured to draw nearer, and supported his head upon her bosom.

"For the love of heaven, Francoise!" he exclaimed, "waste not these precious moments in idle cares for me."

"What mean you?" she said; and then drawing back, added, "true—true, I am not worthy! And yet, Chateaubriant, but for you this bosom might now have afforded you as pure a resting-place as when it pillowed your head in our own peaceful mansion of Brittany."

"Woman," he exclaimed sternly, "no more of this! I would not now utter one reproachful word. That mansion might, however, have been peaceful still, if you had not deserted it."

"And never, never would I have deserted a home so dear; but your strong bidding, accompanied by the fatal token, lured me to destruction."

"I pray thee, Francoise, do not—do not mock me

now! Thou knowest not why I touch so tenderly upon thy frailties; but soon, very soon, the secret will be revealed to thee."

He gazed wistfully in her face. She approached him once more, and with one hand grasping his, held up the other, on which sparkled both the fatal rings.

"God of my fathers!" he exclaimed, and started up, "this is delusion—it cannot be!" He then rushed with frantic haste to the cabinet in which he had deposited the counterfeit token, burst it open, and taking out the ring, compared it with those on the finger of the Countess. Away from its prototype it was impossible to discover the cheat; but when placed in juxtaposition it soon became apparent. A conviction of the horrible truth soon flashed on the mind of Chateaubriant.

"Treason! sacrilege!" he shrieked; "Oh Françoise, how have we been betrayed!"

"Did you not write to me, requiring my attendance at court? and was not Pierre the bearer of your letter?"

"It is most true—say on!"

"And did you not intrust him with this ring, in token that you wished the mandate of that letter to be obeyed?"

"Never, never! Villain! heartless, remorseless, treacherous villain!"

She wrung her hands in agony, and sank upon the ground! Chateaubriant leaned over her in speechless horror. A dreadful pang shot through her whole frame.

"Support me! save me! Oh! whence proceeds this torture? I cannot, will not bear it."

"Oh! Françoise! it is now my turn to sue. Pity me; pardon me! The wine which you just now drank was poisoned!"

A dreadful shriek burst from her lips, which was quickly succeeded by another of those convulsive pangs.

"Oh! save me—save me, Henry! Do not let me die! Have mercy on me—mercy!"

The poison seemed to have imparted a supernatural strength to her, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Chateaubriant held her in his arms. This, however, soon gave way to more than feminine weakness. Her colour varied from black to red, and thence to a mortal paleness. Her eyes, which at first gleamed with an unnatural brightness, became glazed and filmy, and the throes with which her bosom heaved became fainter and fainter, until she lay perfectly motionless in the arms of her husband.

"She's dead! she's dead!" he shrieked, and throwing himself upon the body, gave vent to his agony in tears. He had not been long in this situation before he drew back with redoubled horror; for the corpse, instead of exhibiting those appearances which wait upon "soft natural death," was swollen and distorted, and the face was spotted over like a leper. A bitter fiend-like laugh rang in his ears at that moment, and turning round he beheld Therese.

"What means this intrusion?" he said indignantly; but added, on perceiving who the intruder was, and remembering that she had not before been seen in the castle since her abrupt departure—"Whence and wherefore come you now? Is not thy insatiable spirit of revenge at length satisfied?"

"It is, it is!" she shouted wildly:—"and now, thou base and earth-born clay, yield a passage for the inhabitant who has too long endured thy galling fetters."

As she spake these words she produced a poniard, which was instantly sheathed in her bosom. She fell bathed in blood at the feet of her seducer, who recoiled with horror at the sight of this second tragedy. The wretched girl, however, evinced no feeling but that of exultation; and the last sound which she uttered was a faint and stifled laugh.

Such, gentle reader, is the history of "The Rings;" for little remains to be added. Chateaubriant, as may be easily imagined, felt little attachment to the scene in which so dismal a drama had been acted, and spent the remainder of his days in exile. Of Pierre nothing more was heard; and St. Foix lived to a gray old age, a pimp of quality, in the enjoyment of honour and opulence.

SUPERIORITY OF THE RIGHT HAND OVER THE LEFT.

In speaking of the arteries which go to the hand, it may be expected that we should touch on a subject, which has been formerly a good deal discussed, whether the properties of the right hand, in comparison with those of the left, depend on the course of the arteries to it. It is affirmed that the trunk of the artery going to the right arm, passes off from the heart so as to admit the blood directly and more forcibly into the small vessels of the arm. This is assigning a cause which is unequal to the effect, and presenting altogether, too confined a view of the subject: it is a participation in the common error of seeking in the mechanism the cause of phenomena which have a deeper source. For the conveniences of life, and to make us prompt and dexterous, it is pretty evident that there ought to be no hesitation which hand is to be used, or which foot is to be put forward; nor is there, in fact, any such indication. Is this taught, or have we this readiness given to us by nature? It must be observed, at the same time, that there is a distinction in the whole right side of the body, and that the left side is not only the weaker, in regard to muscular strength, but also in its vital or constitutional properties. The development of the organs of action and motion is greatest upon the right side, as may at any time be ascertained by measurement, or the testimony of the tailor or shoemaker; certainly, this superiority may be said to result from the more frequent exertion of the right hand; but the peculiarity extends to the constitution also; and disease attacks the left extremities more frequently than the right. In opera dancers, we may see that the most difficult feats are performed by the right foot. But their preparatory exercises better evince the natural weakness of the left limb, since these performers are made to give double practice to it, in order to avoid awkwardness in the public exhibition; for if these exercises be neglected, an ungraceful preference will be given to the right side. In walking behind a person, it is very seldom that we see an equalized motion of the body; and if we look to the left foot, we shall find that the tread is not so firm upon it, that the toe is not so much turned out as in the right, and that a greater push is made with it. From the peculiar form of the woman, and the elasticity of her step resulting more from the motion of her ankle than of the haunches, the defect of the left foot when it exists is more apparent in her gait. No boy hops upon his left foot, unless he be left handed. The horseman puts the left foot in the stirrup and springs from the right. We think we may conclude, that every thing being adapted in the conveniences of life to the right hand, as for example the direction of the worm of the screw or of the cutting end of the auger, is not arbitrary, but is related to a natural endowment of the body. He who is left-handed is most sensible of the advantages of this adaptation from the opening of the parlour door to the opening of the penknife. On the whole, the preference of the right hand is not the effect of habit, but is a natural provision, and is bestowed for a very obvious purpose: and the property does not depend on the peculiar distribution of the arteries of the arm—but the preference is given to the right foot, as well as to the right hand.—*Bell's Bridgewater Treatise.*

Original.

**THE POET'S DYING ANTHEM TO HIS
MAKER.**

"I feel my immortality o'erweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears; and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep
Into my ears this truth, "Thou livest for ever."—Byron.

ETERNAL SPIRIT! 'tis to Thee I sing
The dying anthem of my heart and soul;
Thou First, Last, Best, Great Giver, Prince and King!
Deign to inspire! let living numbers roll,
And in one glow of thine immortal fire,
Teach me to emulate thy heavenly lyre.

Teach me, in thine almighty love, to wake
The echoes of eternity! and praise
Thee with my thoughts, heart, life and soul, for sake
Of thy begotten son, that I may raise
Me up to speak of thy benignant truth,
And liquidate the debt I owed in youth.

Oh! for one spark of thine immortal fire,
Like sweet Cecelia's, artless as the dove,
Waking the chords of her celestial lyre,
And drawing angels from the court above—
Let me entice them! that they may adore,
And stimulate me to invoke thee more.

Oh! for Harmodius' or Arcadia's lute,
Beside Velino or some Alpine stream;
That all, but heavenly zephyrs, may be mute,
Fill all my soul in one ecstatic dream,
In thine elysium of immortal love,
Wake up in heaven a plumed and righteous dove!

Thou, who of old, built all created things,
Visible and unseen, living and dead,
Pour down thy lightnings, on my trembling strings,
And pillow up this bowed and humble head!
And let me, like a deep, majestic stream,
Mix in thine ocean when I cease to dream!

Once I was sick! then was my soul inclined
To walk intrepid through the shades of death!
Till hope's sweet promise made my soul resigned;
Then, Father! thy pure, consecrated breath,
Instilled into my heart thy righteous will,
For which I now adore and praise thee still!

Once I was young, but time hath made me old,
The spring tide of my youth is gone from me;—
Once I had friends! but they have left my fold,
Because I would not alienate from thee!
Then did thy whispers, in my midnight dreams,
Sink in my soul, like dew in Pisgah's streams.

Eternal Father! boundless be the strain,
Like David's anthem, to invite my soul;
Wreath me with trophies—let my song remain
A sweet memorial of my love; and roll
Upon my spirit, till its joyful pride
Sinks, like a stream, in Almantana's tide!

Oh! for Castalia to allay my thirst,
And expurgate, at last, my lavished tears!
From my soul's chambers many a streamlet burst—
The spring-tide of my heart in youthful years!
Then to the skies I did my hands uplift,
And begg'd thee tender me one sacred gift—

One gift of Thee! one chaplet from on high,
And from thy chamber a memorial came;
"Ask of thy Father! neither weep nor sigh,
Call me thy Father! and thy mortal name
Shall be recorded in the Book of Life;"
These were thy words, amidst my pain and strife.

As thou hast taught me, from my youth, to sing,
So will I praise thee in my dying dreams!
Thy name shall quiver on each feeble string,
And die in echoes, e'en as Pisgah's streams,
Gliding in moonlight o'er the craggy rocks,
Where Israel's shepherds penned their gentle flocks.

Once I was happy in terrestrial joy,
O'er variegated wale of fount and glen—
Then, I was called my mother's darling boy,
But now I look upon the fates of men,
And see their destiny—Oh! sweet delight!
Beaming with glory on my ravished sight.

I saw, through hope, ten thousand, thousand things!
In eloquence of eve, from birds of song—
Then did I drink from thine inspiring springs,
The bowl of comfort, and continued long;
Till, like a river rushing to the sea,
My soul ran in thine own eternity.

Then did I muse, beneath an aged oak,
Which spread its umbrage on my father's ground—
Then, to my soul, a spirit softly spoke,
And sweet unto my ear's the heavenly sound—
There did I think, when should this manly head,
Bow unto thee, as on this dying bed!

My youth was gone! then up to manhood's verge,
I stood untrammell'd and as undefil'd;
At first, a breeze, then forth a ruthless surge
Dash'd o'er my heart, amid that lovely wild
Then was I wedded unto joy and pain,
But what I felt, I ne'er shall feel again.

Beside the sea, where sapphires calmly glow,
I heard the sea-mew, in responsive cries,
Shriek in the night, as my immortal wo
Went up to God, and cleft the arched skies!
While, hark! the dog on Andalusia's shore,
Howls for the master he shall see no more.

Sweet be the anthem of the wood and dale—
Much sweeter to my soul than harp or lute;
How soothing to my heart the gone-by tale,
But oh, my God! the song of childhood's mute!
With conscious transport, and a feeling pride,
There did my spirit in its love preside.

My Father! whom I love and doth adore,
With heart, life, soul, and all that's near and dear!
Take me, O Lord! to thine untrodden shore,
Without one pain, and with one parting tear!
To praise Thee, as I do this dying hour,
And love Thee, as in youth, with all my power.

My Father! unto Thee I raise my hands,
And supplicate Thee as I did in youth,
When first I followed thy beloved commands,
And lean'd upon Thee as the Rock of Truth;
Now, all I ask, raise Thou my worship higher,
And give me, after death, a heavenly lyre!

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

WEEP not, sad matron! what hath Jesus said!
"Suffer that little children come to me."
Theirs is the house where tears no more are shed;
The glorious realm, whence death and sorrow flee.
Press not those lifeless fingers to thy heart,
Nor call it thine—that pale insensate clay—
Free let the young and innocent soul depart,
And face its Maker in eternal day.
His is the gift for which thy heart hath felt—
Thine but the marble shrine in which the Spirit
dwelt!

THE TOILET—No. 1.

THE TEETH AND GUMS.

"He who pays no attention to the teeth, by this single neglect betrays vulgar sentiment.—Lavaur.

The teeth are bones protruding from the upper and lower jaws, amply supplied with nerves and blood-vessels, and covered with a fine enamel, more or less dense in different persons. When this enamel is destroyed, either by external or internal causes, the tooth cannot long remain sound, and requires to be cautiously treated, if there be a wish to have it preserved; since more teeth are injured and destroyed by ignorant and improper cleaning, than by all the other causes of tooth-ache and rotting put together.

Cleanliness, and fortifying the teeth and gums, are the fittest means of preserving them; tooth-picks, tooth-brushes, dentifrices, and scaling them, are so indiscriminately used, that no little attention is requisite in right ordering these necessary processes. It is well known that savages have uniformly white teeth, and they have no absurd artifices for keeping them in that condition.

Metal tooth-picks, let them even be of gold or silver, injure the enamel more or less, and the hard bristly tooth-brushes and dentifrices act upon this nicely polished surface with equal injury, if not judiciously selected and applied. And if once the smallest portion of the enamel of a tooth is destroyed, it never is restored, consequently the tooth decays, and ultimately breaks down upon the gums.

The best tooth-pick is a quill bluntly pointed, and even this requires judicious management: rinsing the mouth with warm water is the best cleanser of the enamel, where incrustations are not formed.

Cleanliness of the teeth is to the eye what purity of breath is to the sense of smelling. Nothing, indeed, is more pleasing than clean white teeth, and gums of the colour of the rose; nothing more disagreeable than dirty black teeth, thickly encrusted with tartar, a sight alone sufficient to excite disgust; the most beautiful face and vermilion lips being repulsive, if the latter, when they open, exhibit the slovenly spectacle of neglected teeth. It was, therefore, a just observation of Lavater, that the mere sight of the teeth is capable of giving us a perfect insight into the character of a person, and that foul teeth announce vulgar sentiments. The desire to please is not the only motive that ought to induce people to pay the greatest attention to their teeth, both as regards cleanliness and preservation. Health depends, in a great measure, on good, sound, and clean teeth—good, in order to the perfect mastication of food; sound, that they may not impregnate the alimentary substances with a vitiated and unwholesome juice.

The good condition of the teeth is absolutely necessary for the formation of the voice, and the articulation of words. Vacancies, more or less considerable, are always injurious to the plainness of pronunciation, and the harmony of speech; in fine, Cicero compared the teeth with the strings of an instrument which modify the sound. The interest of beauty, above every other, imperiously enjoins the preservation of the teeth.

The teeth have not only their particular beauty, resulting from their regularity, form, and whiteness, but they also necessarily contribute to the general beauty of the figure. When they are gone, the lips and cheeks, deprived of that natural support which they received from them, fall in, and exhibit the not very pleasing image of premature old age. How many reasons thus combine to induce the fair sex in particular, to bestow the greatest care on the preservation of these valuable organs!

The beauty of the teeth particularly consists in their position, their arrangement, their regularity, their cleanliness, and their whiteness. These conditions of

the teeth are essential to beauty. Art cannot, in this case, furnish a remedy for the defects of nature; it presents resources which every woman jealous of her charms ought not to neglect. But these means are not within the range of cosmetics; recourse must be had to the hand and instrument of a skilful dentist, which renders it unnecessary to say much more on this subject. The cleanliness and whiteness of the teeth, and the means of attaining this state of perfection, falling more particularly within the range of our views, we shall here devote some considerations to this desideratum.

Attention to the cleanliness of the mouth is the first step towards preserving the teeth in a sound state, and preventing that dreadful scourge the tooth-ache. For this purpose it is only necessary to wash the teeth daily with luke-warm water, or with salt and water. Hot water ought never to be used with this ingredient. White teeth being a particular object of ambition with females, a number of useless recipes have been invented for this purpose. Many, indeed, of these recipes are extremely pernicious, inasmuch as they will gradually destroy the enamel which more especially contributes to the solidity of the teeth. Among these dangerous nostrums may be reckoned, in the first place, those dentifrices, electuaries, and opiates which contain corrosive powders, such as emery, pumice stone, and others. Such articles wear the enamel by friction. In the next class may be ranged those tinctures, spirits, and elixirs which contain a mineral acid, and which chemically effect the destruction of the enamel.

LIFE.

"LIFE bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands, we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on and still our hands are empty.

"Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and made miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness, but the Infinite and the Eternal.

"And do we still take so much anxious thought for future days, when the days which have gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience that the Creator only is permanent? or shall we not rather lay aside every weight and every sin which doth most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world; and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest we have obtained in his mercies."—Bishop Heber.

THE ENCHANTED GROTTO.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

Imagination waves her fairy wand,
The spirits of the mouldering dead come forth,
The crumbled fane, the column, and the arch
Arise, and with redoubled splendour shine.—Tann.

PASSING through a long tract of country diversified by the ruins of stately cities and temples, o'er whose walls the ploughshare of desolation had been driven, many of which have passed away and left not even a name behind them in the records of Antiquity, I came to Heliopolis (the City of the Sun, as its name indicates) so renowned for its magnificent temple dedicated to Apollo. As I contemplated its dilapidated walls covered with the scurf of time, its magnificent fluted pillars, its colonnades of stucco and marble, and its numerous friezes of men, beasts, birds, fishes and flowers, I noticed an octagonal column, which from its hieroglyphics I soon perceived had been dedicated to the Phoenix.

I felt much interested in the discovery I had made, and being anxious to learn all I could respecting this remarkable bird, commenced deciphering the hieroglyphics with the utmost care; and after some calculation discovered that the five hundred years had elapsed since the appearance of the last, and that consequently the Phoenix must shortly appear.

Elated with this further discovery, I burst into an exclamation of delight, and expressed a wish that I might be so fortunate as to obtain a sight of the extraordinary bird. As I finished speaking I found at my side a person of antique and venerable appearance. His locks were gray and his long white beard flowed upon his breast. In his hand he held a large scroll. His eye was not dimmed with age, but beamed with a mild expression of calmness and intelligence. Addressing me in a tone of familiarity he said, "I have heard thy wishes, follow me and they shall be gratified." Supposing him to be a priest, who, attached to the imposing splendours of the temple, had made a faithful representation of the same with all its sacred appurtenances, I followed him, after instructing my guide to await my return at the ruin.

We proceeded down a little valley whose sloping sides were covered with terebinth, and cocoa and tall cedar trees, interspersed with shrubbery that, exhaling their sweets, filled the air with a profusion of perfume. Twilight had spread her gray mantle over the earth and threw a solemnity over the feelings as we reached the bottom of the vale. The mouth of a dark cave there presented itself, into which my conductor immediately entered. I followed with a mixture of awe and fear, which was heightened by the solemn echo of our footsteps as they sounded through the reverberating cavern. The floor and sides consisted of layers of smooth stones, as evenly disposed as if piled by art, and covered at intervals with moss, which afforded an agreeable relief to the eye. Through apertures in the roof light was admitted sufficient to enable us to discern our way, which we continued forty or fifty feet, until we came to a narrow portal that opened into a hall much larger than the one we had quitted. Following my conductor within, I found myself in the presence of a young female of exquisite form. She was sitting at a table covered with a cloth of gold and purple, in which were wrought some of the principal events of history.

Her attention was deeply fixed on a ponderous volume that lay before her, written in Oriental characters. A gorgeous lamp of fretted gold threw its pale light upon her face, and discovered a set of fea-

tures singularly beautiful. Her complexion was pale, and her countenance wore a soft and languid air approaching to melancholy. Her dark tresses thrown back upon her shoulders, displayed a high, arched forehead, as if destined in an eminent degree to be the "proud empire of thought." Struck with the beauty of the fair mortal before me, I gazed upon her with wonder and admiration, without noticing any thing around me, until the old man, advancing towards her, said, "Daughter, the stranger before thee would behold the Phoenix and the grand festival."

She raised her head, as if for the first time conscious of our presence, displaying a pair of mild blue eyes of the softest expression I ever beheld, and pointing to a dark curtain that covered the eastern part of the cavern, bid me behold what I desired. The curtain began slowly to unfurl, the lamp emitted a paler light, and the grotto itself appeared as if undergoing a change. Emotions of fear began to steal over me, and I turned to look for my conductor, but he was gone. The curtain was entirely unfurled, the grotto appeared to have fled away, and I found myself with the mysterious female by my side, standing on an elevated summit at the banks of the reedy Nile. Far as the eye could reach o'er the dark waters, myriads of light galleys were glancing, each of which was illuminated with a profusion of lights that made the waves appear a sea of glowing flame. The sound of the tabret and cymbal, mellowed by the softer notes of the flute and other instruments of Oriental music, the shouting of the votaries, and the lively chaunts of the priests increasing in loudness as they approached the shore, announced the grand quinquagesimal sacrifice.

Having landed upon the shore, they entered upon the grand and imposing procession. Before went the priests with solemn step, attired in their long hieroglyphical habits: then came the different sacred animals of the Egyptians, all fantastically adorned, among which I observed the Crocodile, curiously ornamented with shells, rings, and chains of gold. Next followed choirs of maidens attired in shining robes, bounding gracefully along to the sound of the music, while countless myriads of votaries and strangers, bearing offerings of gold and frankincense, and myrrh, closed up the long procession. As they continued on I observed at a distance, through the obscurity of night, a huge pile which I concluded was the august temple. The dark shades of night had begun now to soften into the sober gray of morning twilight, after which the mists of the rising god diffused rosy tints over the eastern sky, that soon deepened into the richest crimson and gold.

They played the majestic air usual on such occasions, and prepared to enter the temple. The sun in godlike grandeur now flashed upon the gilded colonnades of the temple, when all thrice bowed reverently to the deity (the last time falling upon their faces) and then entered within.

To attempt describing the gorgeousness of the scene would be vain; the following, however, will serve to give a faint idea of it. The interior of the walls was of the finest Thasian marble, with its beautiful veins heightened and polished until they resembled pictures of the most delicate finish. The floors were tessellated with marble squares of different kinds and colours

united together with gold, and disposed and contrasted so as to have the most striking and beautiful appearance. In one corner of the temple stood the lavers for the priests to wash in before and after sacrificing. They were of the purest ivory, inlaid with gold, and variegated around the brim with studdings of carbuncle and topaz, and other most precious stones. These lavers were supplied with water, that gushed like sparkling silver through pipes of richly fretted gold, terminating in the heads of sphinxes. Among the massy colonnades of curiously wrought marble, that supported the frescoed ceiling, were disposed, in endless variety, statues of the different sacred animals, and small golden pillars, the tops of which were inlaid with gems in such a manner as exactly to form the different sacred flowers; every colour and tint being accurately represented by gems of similar hue. In the centre, upon a throne of polished gold, irradiated with emerald and carbuncle flashing like fire, crowned with a diadem that resembled rays, was a grand representation of the god himself, so placed as to receive the full light of the sun. Circled around his radiant throne, like pages to attend his commands, stood the light-winged hours. Without this circle was formed another circle of months, that, grouped in companies of three each, formed four minor circles, including the four seasons—rosy-coloured spring with her mantle of light green, and her garland of flowers; summer with her crown of golden wheat; autumn, purple as to his buskins, with the juice of trodden grapes, and hoary winter with his glassy eye and snowy beard.

As I gazed on the beauty of the splendid scene, there suddenly reigned universal silence through the temple. Not a sound was heard, save the light footsteps of the priests and their attendants as they prepared for the most august rite of the ceremonies. Presently the smoke of the incense arose until the temple was darkened; the music burst forth in one peal of astounding sweetness, and shouts of "the Phoenix," "the Phoenix," were heard in deafening acclamations, until the confusion of voices and music resembled the rushing of mighty waters, mingled with the awful sound of raging winds. On came the Phoenix, soaring through the air, seemingly without exertion, (for its broad pinions were spread out motionless upon the breeze) and sailing in royal majesty along, it approached the temple, bearing on its broad back, the excavated mass of myrrh in which it had deposited the embalmed body of the parent bird. At the vestibule it alighted, furling up its broad pinions of gold and crimson, and placed on the threshold the sacred burden it had borne: and then spreading its beautiful wings on the breeze, sailed again through the light air towards its spicy country. I continued gazing with admiration on the airy volant, until it was nearly lost in the distance, then turning to look upon the priests who were about closing the ceremonies, I found the temple fading on the view, and receding from the sight, until as it became hardly distinguishable in the distance, the dark curtain began to fall, and shortly universal gloom reigned through the grotto. The mysterious female was gone, but in returning again from the cave, the light of the moon poured through clefts in the rock that formed the ceiling, and on looking up I read, "Grotto of Imagination," the letters of which were formed by light breaking through the openings of the rock. Then did I know that the Genius, who presides over ruins, had transported me to the Cave of Imagination.

CATHERINE I, WIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.

THE history of this female, who was exalted from a low station to the imperial throne of Russia, is known to many.

Catherine was in the humblest capacity, that of servant, when she attracted Peter's regards.

When she became his wife her influence over him was unbounded; not from the solidity of her judgment, or the brilliancy of her wit; but from the sweetness, pliability, and equanimity of her temper.

His companion in all his wars and expeditions, she alone knew how to assuage the ferocity of his temper; her gentle forbearance, her soothing tones, almost invariably served to allay his wildest transports of rage. The influence she possessed she never abused, and used it only for purposes of mercy and beneficence, and many a miserable wretch owed his life to her interference.

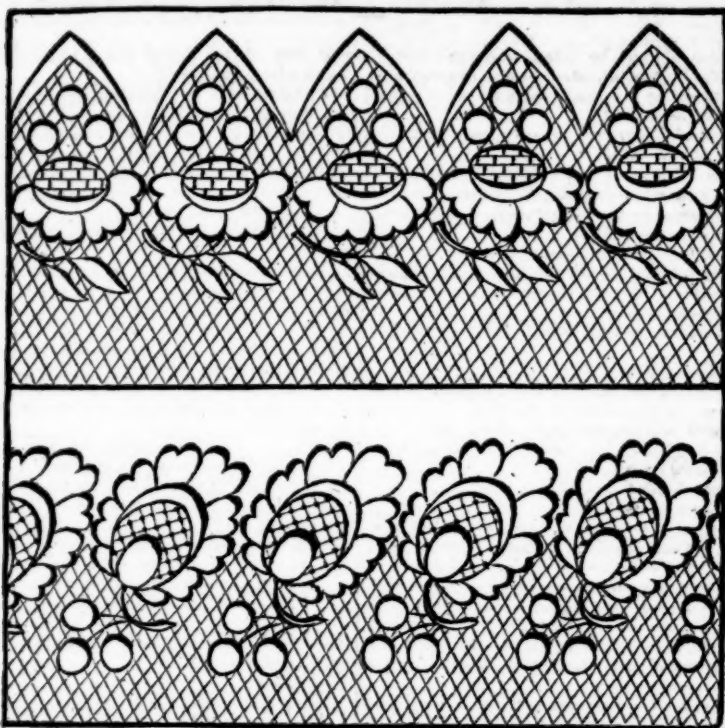
Catherine had once nearly fallen a victim to Peter's resentment; she was suspected of too great intimacy with one of her chamberlains, a very handsome young man of the name of Mons. Peter, in order to be convinced of the truth, pretended to leave Petersburg for the purpose of passing a few days at one of his summer villas, and while he secretly returned to his winter palace in town, he sent a page with a message to his wife, as from the country.

By this finesse, he surprised Catherine in an arbour with Mons; his sister Madame Balke, a lady of the Bedchamber being stationed without on the watch. The Czar struck Catherine a blow with his cane, and without speaking a word he repaired to the apartment of Prince Reptin, assuring him that he would make a public example of the Empress. Dissuaded from this, he sentenced Mons to lose his head, and sending his sister to Siberia, when she had received the punishment of the knout, he conveyed Catherine, after the execution of the chamberlain, in an open carriage under the gibbet to which his head was nailed. Without any change of countenance she said, "Pity so much corruption should be found amongst courtiers."*

When Catherine succeeded to the empire, after the death of Peter, she enjoyed the good-will of her people by her mild and gracious conduct towards them. She reduced the capitation tax, removed the gibbets from the public places, and had the criminals interred who remained unburied. She recalled the exiles from Siberia, and paid all the arrears due to the troops; but averse to business she abandoned herself to pleasure; she drank immoderately of Tokay wine, of which she was extremely fond; this aggravated a cancer and dropsy, with which she was afflicted, and took her off in the thirty-ninth year of her age. Without the smallest pretensions to beauty, her person was nevertheless engaging; her light hair she dyed black; her form in youth, was finely turned and peculiarly delicate, but she grew extremely corpulent as she advanced in years. She was unable to read or write; and her daughter was always obliged to sign her name to all despatches. Sensible, good tempered, and ever willing to oblige, Catherine never forgot a benefit. She had been before her marriage protected in the family of Gluck; and when Wurmb, who had been tutor to Gluck's children, presented himself before her, after her exaltation, she said, "What, thou good man, art thou alive still? I will provide for thee;" and she gave him a handsome pension. Gluck had died a prisoner at Moscow: Catherine did all she could for his distressed family; she pensioned his widow, made his son a page, portioned his two eldest daughters, and appointed the youngest to be her maid of honour.

* This circumstance is contradicted by some historians, and probably very justly. It scarcely appears credible, that a monarch, himself so rigidly observant of conjugal faith, should have pardoned a breach of it in his own wife. The most likely story is, that Mons and his sister Madame Balke, were punished for bribery and corruption; offences, then considered, and treated as capital crimes.

EMBROIDERY.



THE MOON.

* Lady—"Do write something in my album."—"Give me a subject then."
"The Moon."

DEAR object! ever old, yet ever new;
Dear object! ever new, yet ever old;
Why do I love thee with a faith so true,
Though thou art changeable, far off, and cold?

Is't that thou'rt like the sex I love so well?—
For ever varying—never still the same;
Now full of light, as if but bliss could dwell
Within a breast of soft reflecting flame—

Now sharp and pointed, like a little shrew,
Eager to cut, or hang upon a horn;—
Woman has learnt, O Lady Moon! from you
To look so beauteous e'en mid pet and scorn.

Now naught but cloud and storm are to be seen,
And all to rack is driv'n—hope into fears;
And now, with temper calmed and face serene,
Thou smilest us into happiness through tears.

Anon the cloud, the storm, the tears are gone—
'Tis joys and rapture beaming fill our sky;
We feel we would but live for this alone;
We feel for this alone that we would die.

Dear object! ever old, yet ever new;
Dear object! ever new, yet ever old;
Is't strange I love thee with a faith so true,
When old, or new, or dark, bright, warm, or cold?

LIFE'S DAY.

BY W. JERDAN.

My friends of the morning are gone!
They have fall'n away, one after one;
My friends of the morning of life!
When the distant mists roll'd off before us,
And the sun in his splendour shone o'er us,
And bliss sped but more bliss to restore us:
All are gone with the morning of life!

My loves of the noontide are fled;
My soul's sole worshipp'd idol is dead;
And the warmth of the noontide is cold!
When each gay passion brighten'd the eye,
And the deep only love heaved its sigh,
And the heart gush'd in full tides of joy:
All are fled, all for ever are cold.

My calm of the evening is past;
Like the morn and the noon perish'd fast;
Of feelings the still, dreamy end;
And the last ray of sunshine's faint rose,
Stain'd, but cheer'd not, the shades of repose—
'Tis in heayen, not in earth, that it glows,
As dull evening sinks down to the end.

And the night's darkness clips me around,
Close-girdling, entralling, profound,
The dreary descent to the tomb:
Where the morn's tints shall all be forgot,
Where the noon's heat shall penetrate not,
Where the eve's gather'd harvest shall rot—
Untroubled the rest of the tomb.

WANTED, A PARTNER.

"Ah! now, Michael, be quiet,—why can't you?—It brakes the heart o' me, cousin,—so it does thin, and I'll own it,—to see you laugh that way, and the pair of us ruined, as we are!"

"Is it ruined, Thady, and yourself there with a bull and a hog in your pocket?"

"What's half-a-crown and a shilling? A bull and a hog is but three-and-sixpence. I'll be starved intirely whin that's gone; for there's no work for us, far or near. I tell you we're ruined."

"Thin let's go partners; and who knows but we'll make a fine fortune? What's invention but the daughter of necessity! So now's the time to show our abilities, if we have any."

"Divil of any abilities have I, Michael; and you know it."

"Ah! Thady, Thady!"

"I'll give you my oath I hav'n't! so don't be suspecting me. If I'd abilities, do you think I'd be such a blackguard as to consale them? Not I, thin."

"Well but, Thady, boy, hav'n't you three-and-sixpence!—hav'n't you now?"

"I have—I won't deny it."

"And hav'n't I abilities?"

"I won't deny that, either, unless you've lost them since we last saw one another, that's two years ago, I think. I won't deny but you've abilities, Michael; if I did I'd be giving you the lie; for it's often you tould me you had grand ones, if you'd only a field large enough to display them. But where'll we get a field, big or little, for a bull? I wouldn't risk more than that of my money upon your abilities, though it's much I respect them."

"Thady, you're a fool, with your big field and your bull! Besides, I've a reaping-hook and a long rope."

"I see you have: but tell me, Michael, as we're spaking of reap-hooks and abilities, how did you lose your last place? Wasn't your master a good one?"

"Say 'employer; Thady, the next time you minton him. Well, thin, he wasn't so bad, but for two things: being an Englishman, he hadn't exactly got into our mode of transacting things, don't you see, Thady?—he stuck to the letter o' the law too closely for me."

"You didn't rob him, Michael, did you?"

"Of a little time only, Thady; he'd too many eyes to be robbed of any thing else, if I was dishonest; but I'm not, you know."

"So I say, Michael, to every one who spakes of you."

"Thank you, Thady, for that: and faith! the time I took wasn't worth noticing. He put me into a little patch of peas, and bid me reap them as fast as I could. So I began to work as though I'd the strength of ten; and he stood by me and tould me I was a fine fellow. I got on well enough till he wint, and a while after even,—so I did. But I'd over-rated my own powers, and was soon obliged to lay down, just by the way of recruiting myself a little, under the hedge. By-and-by, who should be passing that way again but my employer; and says he, putting his toe in my ribs, 'What did you lie there for,' says he, 'you blackguard?' 'To repose a little, sir,' says I. 'Bad luck to you!' says he, 'didn't I hire you to reap peas?' 'Well, sir,' says I, mimicking his way of spaking, 'and isn't sleep a weary man's harvest? and,' says I, quite pleasant, 'if it isn't in sleep I'd reap ease, how else would I?' 'Don't be quibbling that way,' says he; 'I'll be obeyed to the very letter.' 'Well, sir,' says I, 'O's and P's ar'nt far apart; they're next door to one another in the alphabet.' But it wouldn't do for him; he'd have the letter itself; and if he paid me to reap peas, he wouldn't have me repose: so we parted. But don't let's be

losing time: there's a rope and a reaping-hook, and they're mine, ar'n't they?"

"I'd be wrong if I denied that, when I see them in your hand, and possession is nine points of the law.—But what of your rope and your reap-hook, Michael?"

"Why, thin, let them be our stock, and your three-and-sixpence our capital, and us partners and sole and only proprietors. What say you to that? You'll own it looks like business, I hope."

"Yes, Michael; but where'll the customers come from?"

"Don't bother about them; they'll come fast enough when we want them, as you'll see. It's no use to be reckoning our chickens before they're hatched, is it?"

"Not a bit; what you say can't very soon find one that'll contradict it. It is no use to be reckoning our chickens before they're hatched."

"So far, thin, we go on by mutual consent. Now, Thady, would you like to make a great stroke or a little one?"

"The sooner we make money the better, I think."

"But little fishes are sweet, you fool!"

"So they are, Michael; I'm vexed that I didn't think of that; and it's but little we'll risk by way o' bait to catch them."

"But what's the use, Thady; answer me now, you who set yourself up for a sensible man?"

"Not I, thin! I'd fall out with you if you said so."

"Well, thin, where's the use, I'll ask you, fool as you are, of our catching sprats and wullawaughs, when there's sea-cows and whales in the ocean? A sprat isn't a sea-cow, is it?"

"No, faith?"

"Nor a wullawaugh, a whale?"

"How should it?"

"Then why not try for a sea-cow?"

"Bekase I wouldn't like to risk my silver bull, Michael."

"Why, thin, you're a lunatic,—so you are. Suppose you lost your bull, tell me now, where'd your hog be?"

"Gone to try to bring back my bull, may be. I don't think we'll try for a sea-cow, or a whale, Michael."

"Thin you'll be contint with catching wullawaughs and shrimps, is it?"

"Not exactly; I'd like to try for a whale, but not so as to risk what money I have."

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do; let us set up a show."

"That plazes me. But what'll we show, Michael? Is it your reap-hook, that's worn out doing divil a ha'p'orth but going to the grinstone!—or your rope, because you found it?"

"No, Thady; that wouldn't do: but I think if you'd tar and feather yourself, I might make something of you, by swearing you, were a monster; a big bird I caught on a furze-bush with bird-lime."

"I'll not consent to that; for if you'd be showman, you'd take all the money."

"And what thin?"

"Suppose you took yourself off one day?"

"And what thin?"

"Suppose you took the money with you, thin what'd I do? Sure, you know, I couldn't run after you in my tar and feathers; for, if I did, wouldn't the people see me without paying?"

"That would be a loss, I'll admit, if it happened; but I'd have you to know, Thady"

"Now don't look big, for I'll apologise: but I may spake my mind, I hope."

"You certainly may."

"Well, thin, I won't tar and feather myself; be-
hove how'd we get tar and feathers to do it, without risking
my bull, or my hog at the least?"

"Oh! thin, if you've doubts in your mind, I'll aban-
don the project; but I'll insist upon it that you don't
take advantage of my idea, and tar and feather your-
self for your own benefit."

"I give you my word, I won't; but listen, and I'll
tell you what we'll do, and there's no risk in it."

"I'd like to hear; though I expect you'll be propo-
sing to shoot the stars with a big bow and arrow, and
sell them for diamonds."

"That wouldn't be bad, if we'd a bow and arrow
that could do it; but I'm afraid we'd find it hard to
get one. That's not my plan, Michael; but this is it:
there's a big hole, a stone's throw from this; dark and
deep it is, for I've looked down it; and far below, at
the very bottom, runs a stream that goes under the
waters, and under the land, away off to the Red Sea:
and it's often a big ould crocodile comes to it, for a day
or so, in the summer, by the way of getting a change
of air and retirement."

"Well, Thady, and suppose he does?"

"Why, thin, this is my plan—let us fish for the
crocodile, and make a show of him if we catch him."

"Arrah! Thady! I didn't think it was in you. But
what'll we do for a hook and line?"

"Haven't you your reap-hook and rope?"

"That's true, Thady, so I have; but by way of a
bait—you know crocodiles ates man's flesh, Thady."

"I know it; and it's the beauty o' my plan, that
we've bait, hook, and line—all the materials, without
a penny expense."

"Oh! I see: faith! you're a genius, Thady: you'd
have me bait the hook with yourself."

"Not a bit of it, Michael; I could'n't separate you
from your hook; I wouldn't like to part with my money,
and why should I ask you to part with your hook?"

"But don't you see, Thady, I run all the risk!—may
be I'll lose my property: the crocodile may carry it off.
If we're to be partners, you must risk a little as well
as me. I'll be my hook and my rope, with all the
pleasure in life, if you'll be yourself—if you'll let me
tie you to them by the way of a bait."

"Nonsense, Michael! what good would I be? Sure
he feeds upon blacks—the crocodile does; and, fair as
I am, he wouldn't know I was good to ate. Now, as
you've a fine dark complexion—"

"No, I hav'n't."

"Faith! you have; and it's what you're admired for,
by the among many; I'd like to have it myself. Why,
thin, as you're within a few shades of the real thing,
may be, in the dark, he'd take you for the real thing."

"Oh! thin, crocodiles ar'n't bamboozled so aasily;
we'd better make sure, and I'll tell you how we'll do
it: I'll get some soot, and black you from head to foot."

"I'd be afraid, Michael."

"What harm could happen you, man? Whin he
made his bite, wouldn't my reap-hook stick in his jaws
and stop him from shutting them, until I'd pull him
up?"

"Suppose he'd nibble and not bite; suppose, too,
he'd untie the cord and make a meal of me, and then
pick his teeth with your reap-hook."

"I'd tie the knot so that he can't; or, I'll tell you
what we'll do; we'll toss up which of us shall be bait."

"With all my heart: but what'll we toss with?"

"Isn't it with your money? You'll lend me your
bull?"

"No, I won't lend you my bull, Michael."

"Well! toss your bull yourself, and let me have
your hog."

"I won't do that, either; for I couldn't risk my mo-
ney."

"What! do you suspect me?"

"Far from it; but, as there's grass here, we might
lose it, you know."

"But I'll be responsible; and you can't doubt my
honour."

"Not a bit; but—what's as bad—I doubt your
means. If I lost my bull, and you couldn't give me
another if you would, that's the same thing to me as if
you wouldn't give me another if you could; don't you
see?"

"Well, I've another plan: and I think it must plaze
you: did you ever throw a summerset?"

"I tried once, but didn't succeed."

"That's just my own case; so we're even, and it don't
matter which does it. Now hark to this, Thady: you'll
throw your summerset as well as you can, and while
you're throwing it, I'll cry 'head' or 'tail,' just which
I like; if I say 'tail,' and you fall on your head, it's
you that wins."

"No, Michael; you must toss yourself, for I've no
tail to my coat, and you have."

"Arrah, man! won't I lend you mine? Sure, we'll
exchange."

"Well! but suppose I lost?"

"Thin you'd strip yourself, and I'd black you."

"But why strip myself, Michael?"

"Don't the crocodiles always catch people that's
swimming? And suppose they didn't, don't the blacks
go naked? They do, Thady; so that if you were in
your clothes, the cature couldn't know you were a
man, and we wouldn't catch him. If there was a fish
that ate apples, you wouldn't bait your hook with a
dumpling, would you?"

"I wouldn't; still I couldn't leave my clothes?"

"Why not, thin, eh?"

"Bekease there's my bull and my hog in the pocket,
and I'd not like to risk them, with nobody on the bank
but yourself, to take care o' them."

"I don't know how it is, Thady, but nothing plazes
you; you're too particular by half."

"I'm fool enough to be too fond of my money, I'm
afraid."

"I'm afraid you are; but will I tell you what you'll
do with it, once for all now?"

"What, Michael?"

"Why, thin, you'll just lend me two-and-sixpence,
and I'll go and do something in the way of speculation
with it; so that, whin we meet again, I'll be able to
give you back your bull, with something handsome to
the tail of it."

"That's not bad, Michael, but I'd be afraid we
wouldn't have the luck of meeting whin we'd wish.
Who knows but one of us might be looking for the
other, all over the wide world, like a needle in a bundle
of hay?"

"Thady, is it trash you're trying to talk? People
meets where hills and mountains don't, you know."

"That's true; but I've found out that though one
meets with them one don't want to see nine times a
week, one goes a whole year, and more, without get-
ting a sight o' them one wishes to come across. Who
knows but, if I lent you my bull, the sight o' you
would be good for sore eyes? For that reason, I'll not
lay you under the obligation, I think, Michael."

"Oh! bad luck to you, and every bit of you! Get
out o' that, for I don't like you; giving people trouble,
by making believe you're a fool, whin all the while
you ar'n't."

"I'm beginning to think you'd bad intentions, Mi-
chael."

"Do you think I'd chate my cousin?"

"You would thin: I'll say that for your abilities: if
you could get any thing by it. Ar'n't you trying to
bully me out o' my bull?"

"Get out o' that, I tell you! go away intirely; I dis-
solve the partnership. Go at once, for I'm in a passion."

"Who ares for you, Michael? Go away yourself."

I'll engage you'll find many's the one who wants a partner that's active, and won't mind about capital; but I don't think he'll be a man of property. Why should you crow over me, I'd like to know; is it because you've a cock in your eye?"

Original.

THE TROUBADOURS.

THE Troubadours of the south of France, the earliest poets of western and southern Europe, flourished between 1100 and 1200. They were sought after by the great and the affluent—were the admiration and the delight of all the gay ladies and cavaliers at the different courts of France, Spain and Italy, and they animated and enlivened all festivals by their gaiety and wit. The Troubadours were not only poets but they also recited tales after the manner of the Arabians, and no doubt, did much to introduce a taste for romantic fiction among their countrymen. Many of them were engaged in the crusades, and this also tended to nourish a chivalrous and enthusiastic spirit.

It may perhaps not be amiss to inquire whence arose these facts, and how did they acquire this taste for poetry and romance? As early as between 1000 and 1100 the Arabian kingdom of Spain, had imbibed the taste for learning which was so extremely diffused among the Saracens or Arabians. A great number of schools and academies were founded in Spain, to which the youth from the south of France resorted in great numbers. It is also said, that at one time the Arabians of Spain extended their kingdom into France, and that the two races of people were intimately blended together. In the year 1035, Toledo was conquered by Alphonso king of Castile, and he invited a great number of the lords and knights of France to engage in this war. Toledo was taken, and by this means one of the finest and most celebrated of the schools of Spain was alike open to both Arabians and Christians. The Christians of southern Europe resorted in great numbers to this school and also to others, and thus was diffused a taste for learning and for poetry, and thus may we account for the origin of the Troubadours. The Troubadours were mostly of the south of France—were often knights and noblemen—and we even hear that sovereign princes were votaries of the "gay science." The court of the king of Provence, the most refined of western Europe, was the chief resort of these bards, and their poetic festivals were celebrated among other nations.

But after the commencement of the 13th century, we are surprised that we hear no more of the lovers and cultivators of the "gay science." They have passed away as a shadow, and even their language has sunk into utter oblivion. The flames of religious persecution raged with destructive fury in the south of France. In the memorable crusade against the Albigenses, the inhabitants of Provence were mostly destroyed, and the Troubadours shared the fate of their countrymen. A whole race was utterly destroyed, and even their language was no longer remembered.

The poetry of the Troubadours is altogether original, and unlike that of either the Greeks or Romans. It was exceedingly simple, and love was the principal subject—they sometimes personified love, and then he was represented as a cavalier mounted upon a fine horse. They also personified the attributes of loyalty, mercy, &c. By those who have studied the poetry of the Troubadours, with particular interest, we are informed that it possesses a brilliancy and a charm peculiar to itself, and that while engaged in the perusal we may fancy ourselves transported to a new fairy land, peopled with a race of beings as whimsical and fantastical as we can well imagine.

Among the most distinguished of the Troubadours

was Richard Cœur de Lion, king of England, renowned for his exploits in the Holy Land. Arnaud de Merviel and Arnaud Daniel are also often mentioned, and it is said that their poetry possesses uncommon merit. The history of their lives contains no uncommon incidents. Among all these facts, however, there is no one among them whose history presents such a variety of interesting and romantic adventures as that of Pierre Vidal. He was born in Provence, about the year 1165 or 1170, and at an early age evinced an uncommon talent for writing poetry. He composed a great number of love songs which were mostly addressed to a lady of Marseilles, to whom he made a great many professions of attachment. In the celebrated crusade in which Philip Augustus of France and Richard king of England were engaged, he went to the Holy Land, and entered into the service of Richard. Here his conduct was so extravagant, as to afford great entertainment to his friends, who played all sorts of pranks with him. In short, he was a perfect madman or knight errant, for he supposed himself to be the most valiant of knights, and that he was beloved by all the ladies. At the island of Cyprus his friends contrived a most ridiculous farce of which he was the dupe. They introduced a Greek lady to him, whom they pretended was descended from the emperors of Constantinople. Vidal married her and as he fancied that he should one day mount the throne of the Eastern Empire, he assumed the title of Emperor, and caused a splendid throne to be carried before him when he passed through the streets, much to the amusement of all who beheld him. When he returned to France, he still displayed the same mixture of extravagance and folly, and he fell in love with a lady of Carcassonne, named Louve de Pennatier, and in order to do her honour, and to ingratiate himself with her, he assumed the name of Loup. He clothed himself in the skin of a wolf, and then caused the shepherds to go in pursuit of him. They chased him over the mountains till he was ready to expire, and then he was carried to his mistress, who seems to have taken little or no notice of him. He died in 1229.

His poetry is much extolled: it is said to abound with noble and elevated sentiments; his style was good, and he inculcates many excellent maxims.

A. L. C.

THE COSSACK AND THE PANTHER.

MOGUL TARTARY is cold and rugged in the extreme, and often dangerous to the traveller, in consequence of the great number of wild animals that inhabit it. A singular rencontre took place some time since in the neighbourhood of the Chinese frontier between a Cossack and a panther, an animal, which is exceedingly rare in that country. A young Cossack, inspecting one day a track in the woods, and observing the footsteps of an animal which were strange to him, returned to communicate the circumstance to his father, who mounted his horse, with an axe in his hand, and, followed by his dog, went in search of him. He was soon discovered between some rocks, whence he retreated to another lair, but pursued by the cossack. As the latter approached, the animal made a spring upon the horse, placing one foot on his fore part, and the other on his hind part, with his mouth between, widely open upon his pursuer, who, from the dreadful urgency of the case, thrust his left hand and arm down his throat, and, with his axe, at length destroyed him. The intrepid fellow's arm was, however, so much lacerated, that he has entirely lost the use of it. The animal, which proved to be a panther, was subsequently sent to St Petersburg, where it is now preserved in the museum; and his imperial majesty directed that the Cossack should be provided for, as a recompense for the injury sustained in this extraordinary combat.—*London Times*.

FOND MEMORY'S FLOWERS, OF AZURE DYE.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

BY ADOLPH SCHMITZ.

SLOW.

Rallent: a Tempo.

Fond me-mo-ry's flow'rs of a-zure dye, Per-mit thy hard-earn-

been to crave, When in death's nar-row bed I lie, O

bloom a - round my hum - ble grave; When in death's ear

bed I lie— O bloom a - round my hum - ble grave, My

rall:
hum ble grave.

rall:

II.

And if some tender, faithful friend
Should, led by love, approach the spot,
And o'er thy flowers admiring bend,
Then say for me—"Forget me not;"
And o'er thy flowers admiring bend,
Then say for me—"Forget me not—
"Forget me not,"

FRANK LYGON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN."

THE age in which we live, in spite of its lofty pretensions, is not likely to be ranked by posterity in the class of the heroic. Chivalry, with all its gorgeous pageants and incredible exploits, has long been a dream of romance,—the age of sentiment which succeeded, a theme for philosophic derision,—and the very words "hero" and "heroine" have derived from the associations of the Minerva Press, a tinge of the ludicrous, which it will require centuries of retrograde civilization altogether to remove.

Yet heroes and heroines, and genuine ones too, of the good old romantic stamp, are yet to be found, thinly strewn over the surface of our disenchanting planet; and actions are performed and sacrifices made (though rarely) in boudoirs and drawing-rooms, which the lists of knighthood or the bowers of Arcadia need not have been ashamed to witness.

"*Tout pour la dame*," was the motto of the *preux chevalier* of old—and gallantly did he exalt the lady of his love, at the expense of his own blood, and that of others; wearing her badge on his heart, and her image within it, till with the last life-drop alone it faintly ebbed away. But to tear it from that heart, in the full pride of manhood and success, at the cold whispers of duty or principle—or even the more potent bidding of paternal affection, is an exploit which, to the lover of old, would have appeared as idle and visionary as the battles of him of La Mancha in the eyes of scoffers of our degenerate day.

It is in our day that acts of such quiet, unostentatious martyrdom are still to be detected beneath the iron surface of polished society; and it has fallen to my lot to number among the friends of my bosom a privileged being, who, with the cup of long-cherished happiness mantling at his very lip, could calmly and unflinchingly remove it thence for ever, at the suggestion of feelings which some might deem chimerical, and at whose shrine the world's "honourable men" would laugh at them for sacrificing felicity.

Frank Lygon, my hero, had arrived, when I first knew him, at the age of five-and-twenty,—I think the most animated, and joyous, and exulting creature, that ever the smiles of prosperity cheered without elating. He reminded me always, with his beaming countenance and intense capacity for enjoyment, of a favoured sapling luxuriating in some sheltered nook, where blasts never come, and where it has nothing to do but expand its broad, tender leaves all day to the kindly sunshine, and recruit their vigour by night with refreshing dews.

He had nothing of the world's hard arid look about him. He was every body's *enfant gâté*, and yet—to use an expressive nursery term of commendation, he was one that "would not spoil."

A Benjamin's portion of parental love, had, for affecting reasons hereafter to be mentioned, been his; and while, from the same cause, enjoying much of the importance, privilege, and independence of an elder and only son—there existed one, to whom all these legitimately belonged, and who might, at any moment, rise, as from the dead, to assert his right to their possession. And cheerfully would the resumption have been borne by the disinterested young soldier, on whose bright path the almost hopeless mental malady of his elder brother cast its only shade of gloom!

It is true that this brother, the offspring of a juvenile and ill-assorted marriage, was so much older than Frank, as to be dimly and indistinctly remembered, and that only as one whose grave, unsocial deportment

had sunk deep in the memory of childhood. It is true that his long seclusion and apparent contentment under it, together with the less promising features of his early character, had gone far to reconcile even a parent to see in Frank the eventual heir to his title and estate. But while these alone were at issue, the generous boy would, at any moment, have hailed as a boon the removal from his house's history of the dark cloud which rested, at times, even on his joyous spirit, with ominous weight and pressure.

Year after year, however, it continued to shroud from the sight, and at length nearly from the memory of the world, the unfortunate Walter Lygon; and Frank, at five-and-twenty, was looked upon, to all intents and purposes, as heir of Chevely Hall. His father died;—unable, from the strictness of the entail, to provide to any extent for his favourite younger son; but in full persuasion of, and acquiescence in the decree of Providence, which would ultimately give him all. He had purchased him up as liberally in the army as his youth would permit, and left him with a troop of dragoons, and two or three thousands saved out of his income—only regretting that the sudden inroad of death had prevented his sanctioning the completion of some matrimonial arrangement, by which the delay in Frank's succession might be, in the meantime, compensated.

Frank had saved him the trouble, or rather the united caprices of fortune and an heiress, had anticipated parental solicitude and youthful solicitation, by bestowing the decided partiality of one, accustomed to please herself in every thing, on the young and handsome dragoon; who alone (precisely because he saw every body else courting the smiles of Miss Grosvenor) shrunk from enlisting himself among her avowed admirers.

He admired her not the less in secret, however. He had fallen oddly and romantically in love with this beautiful and fascinating creature, in a chance *rencontre* in the caves of Derbyshire; where, as she did not carry her heiress-ship written on her forehead, and there was no one to play the office of rumour by publishing it, the spontaneous devotion of an agreeable young man could be attributed to nothing but disinterested admiration.

The party met to explore this singular district was enlarged. Frank and a brother soldier (whose name, like his own, was a sufficient introduction,) were invited to join it; and the unrestrained association of a few delightful days of rambling and romance did more to give birth to mutual feelings of partiality, than weeks of more formal intercourse.

It was not, however, immediately followed up. Frank, who had often been told that he *ought*, in his peculiar situation, to marry an heiress, had just that dislike to the measure which such prescriptions are sure to produce; and when he heard that Emma Grosvenor would have ten thousand a-year, half wished he had never seen her, and rejoiced (or thought he did) that he was not likely to see her again. Emma's parents were known to be proud and ambitious; and the idea of being tolerated by them as a suitor, on the sole ground of his brother's misfortune, was too irksome to be voluntarily encountered. No!—though thinking a great deal more than he chose to allow—even to himself—of Emma Grosvenor, it was not till sundry intimations had reached him, of her recollections of the meeting being, at least, equally lively—that he yielded at length to love's sweet promptings, and consented to meet her at a county ball.

There was something in her reception of him so unambiguously flattering—its frankness seemed so amiably designed to make him forget the heiress—while, to all beside, the character was supported with abundant *assurances*—that a heart less prepossessed, and a disposition less susceptible than Frank's, must have been enthralled at once.

Emma Grosvenor, at eighteen, was, in truth, the prettiest little sylph that ever appeared on the surface of our earth, to flutter its clumsy gnomes out of countenance. Her features were so faultlessly regular, that, if larger, they could hardly have escaped insipidity; but there was in her eyes a diamond sparkle, which would have sufficed to illumine a "boundless contiguity of shade." A glance at her foot would have saved Cinderella's lover a royal edict and a world of trouble; and when her fairy fingers rested on its surface, an ordinary-sized guitar seemed designed for Glumdaleitch. Her *tout ensemble* was that of one of the Lilliputian exotic roses, which, lost in the parterre, suit so exquisitely the refined atmosphere of the boudoir or drawing-room. And this form of fairy-land was animated by a spirit of playfulness quite in keeping with its exterior. Others danced,—but Emma floated like a zephyr; and when it was with Frank Lygon, her very slippers (as a less fortunate bystander remarked) seemed instinct with life.

And thus she danced, and sung, and smiled herself into the heart of my poor hero; who, having entered on the game, with a debt of spontaneous admiration already incurred, had fearful odds against him, in beauty, and grace, and *determination*. For this was a word familiar from childhood in Emma's vocabulary; and, as she told her companions first, and ere long, her parents—she was *determined* to have Frank Lygon!

The encouragement—courtship it might almost be called—being thus decidedly on the lady's side, and (tacitly at least) sanctioned by her parents, Frank now felt that to address the heiress, could no longer be ascribed to puppyism or fortune-hunting. In fact, Emma's fortune was, in his eyes, as the envious thorn which prevented his now thoroughly engaged affections from luxuriating freely around their idol. He would have preferred her a thousand times with a pittance like his own; not because he was a fool, or a philosopher,—but because he was a lover, and a proud one. His future expectations were, however, fully a match for hers; and these, though distant, reconciled him to the present disparity.

So they did her parents; who, in consenting with a good grace (instead of a bad one, as they must have done), to their wilful girl's marriage with *poor* young Lygon, the future baronet and owner of Chevely Hall—just made sacrifice enough of ambition to their daughter's happiness (*Anglice*—good pleasure.) to round a neat period in letters of announcement to dear friends, and justify a sigh of sentiment in confidential gossipings with half London.

Frank's love now became, like himself, open, joyous, and confiding; his happiness unsusceptible of increase, and incapable, he fondly dreamt, of change. Whence, indeed, could aught to impair its exquisite perfection arise? Emma had distinguished, nay, singled him from among hundreds more highly gifted—had loved him for *himself*; and he—were friends, fortune, nay, even beauty to desert her to-morrow—felt that, to him, she would ever be the Emma of Matlock—who, amid Cimberian darkness, and all that was dismal and fantastic in external nature, had, like the "Ondine" of romance, conjured him out of his heart by her sportive witcheries.

Thus thought and felt my hero; and thus, at least, spoke Emma Grosvenor. That she ever thought or felt deeply on any subject, there were those who doubted; but not as yet Frank Lygon! Who, indeed, while gazing at a thing so bright and sparkling,

could pause to examine whether it was a planet or a meteor?

Matrimonial arrangements meanwhile proceeded with the usual aristocratic routine and legal deliberation. Mamma and daughter fluttered like butterflies amid silks and jewels—papa and counsel plunged fathom deep in deeds and settlements,—and Frank—exiled thither by long procrastinated business—took refuge, late one evening, in the joyless solitudes of Chevely.

There was something ominous to a young lover, and young heir, in thus arriving as a hermit and an interloper in the untenanted house of his fathers, held sacred to gloom and desolation by the guardian spectre of insanity. He had not crossed its threshold since he left it to lay in the dust the head of the kindest of parents; and the first object that met his gaze in the hall was the picture of his father, where the breathing original had so often given him affection's smiling welcome. Opposite hung his brother, a boy of ten years old; in exploring whose mild, unraffled features, the softened image of their common parent, a pang shot across the kind heart of Frank, that he who bore them should be an outcast and an alien.

He rushed up stairs—but it was to shrink from the chill aspect of the once well-known library; and in the uncertain blaze which the damp logs reluctantly yielded, he could have mistaken the tall, thin figure of the old servant, who glided noiselessly about, for that of his long exiled brother.

To get rid of the idea, and break the spell by a tangible misery, he forced himself (at all times a painful task) to inquire of the old steward what late accounts had been received of the unfortunate abroad. Old Edwards, who, like every one else, had well nigh lost sight of poor Sir Walter in the brighter prospects of a younger favourite, answered, "I ought to be ashamed to say I don't know, Mr. Frank, when there's a letter in the house with the half-yearly report from Lausanne. It was directed to my dear master that's gone, and came just after his death; and I blame myself for not sending it to you at the time. But I didn't like to vex you then, and since that you've been too happy to be troubled; and it's just a mere form—always the same thing over again—Sir Walter will never be better!"

"I fear not," said Frank, mechanically, perhaps, but sincerely; yet he started as if he had uttered a falsehood when he felt with what callous indifference he could open the record of a fellow creature's hopeless aberration of intellect. Poor Frank! narrow was the escape his own senses made as he read, without well comprehending it, the astonishing announcement of his brother's unhoped for amendment, and possible restoration to his place in society, after thirteen years of unvarying alienation of mind!

It was not, under existing circumstances, in human nature to be glad, nor in Frank Lygon's to be sorry; indeed, he was neither at first,—only stunned by so decided an annihilation of the now "baseless fabric" of his wedded happiness. He felt with the unerring instinct of misfortune, that the letter in his hands would, with Emma's parents, have all the effect of a papal interdict of old. With their consent he could no longer hope to call her his; and the fearful question now arose, would she—all determined as she had shown herself—wait three long years for the right to become a poor man's wife? A competent fortune would then be at her disposal—but would she risk the forfeiture of a splendid inheritance and her parents' favour, for obscurity with Frank Lygon? Yesterday he would have said, nay, sworn it,—to-day, in the strong light of reality and calamity, he *doubted*. Not of her love—for none ever loved as he did without conviction—"strong as Holy Writ," of the mutual attachment of the object of such true devotion. But Emma was young, very young; and three long years of parental persecution, and lovers' importunities, and the world's smiles, and

the ordeal of absence! none could love as he did and not tremble.

I need not remark that Frank, without being a greater villain than half the "honourable men" who walk this equivocating world of ours, might have thrown the letter into the fire that blazed so temptingly before him, or into his late father's writing-table drawer, where it would have lain very snug till after his marriage *that day month* with Emma Grosvenor, or till the next half-yearly bulletin from Lausanne, or, perchance, till the arrival of poor Sir Walter himself (like the living ghost of some long wept Crusader) to mar the mirth, and scare the wedding guests with "most admired disorder."

But Frank was a man, and a hero, (at least, so I set out with asserting,) and amid such "pangs as flesh is heir to," when hearts are reuded, and hopes crushed, and joys self-immolated on the altar of principle—he enclosed the Swiss pastor's letter to Mr. Grosvenor, with a hurried postscript, bearing that, after three days' inevitable detention at Chevely (days pleaded for by love to give time for a word from Emma!) it was alike his duty and intention to proceed to Lausanne, to verify the truth of the report, and atone for the delay occasioned by the old steward's culpable negligence. The letter was signed, folded and sealed with the haste of desperation; and Frank went to bed, to sink at length into slumbers of exhaustion, and start from them in hideous struggles with madmen, among precipices of the Alps.

Next day was passed by poor Frank in voluntary exile from the house (where he now felt doubly an intruder) amid the woods, whose refreshing coolness he invoked in vain. He strolled towards evening into his nurse's cottage on their skirts, and endured—as best he might—the congratulations on his approaching marriage.

"I shall never be married, nurse," said he, despondingly; "my brother will be back among you, and who then will care for poor, penniless Frank?"

"I'll care, sure, dear," said the affectionate creature, "and there's one will care twice as much as ever, else she's no bride for Frank Lygon!"

"No bride, indeed, for him, nurse! you've spoken but too truly!" exclaimed poor Frank, glad to escape even from sympathy; and a restless night ushered in another day of wretchedness.

Business—that grand panacea for mental misery, happily enabled Frank to exist, till the return of an express late in the evening, from the post-town five miles off, *might* bring letters from Emma and her father. There were none! Whoever has measured the intensity of another's affection and exertions, by his own possible, nay, in the same circumstances, indubitable energy, and found them wanting, can best estimate his disappointment. This night his dreams were fantastic rather than horrible. The marriage of Emma with his brother, formed their principal and constantly recurring feature.

The third day—the last pride or duty would allow him to devote, was wasted in hope deferred; but deferred only—for that night's post brought a letter from Mrs. Grosvenor, (her lord was too cautious to commit himself,) highly approving of the journey to Lausanne, and tacitly postponing, till its result should be known, all matrimonial allusions whatever. From Emma, too, there were a few precious lines, which, though her mother declined enclosing, she was too independent, and, to do her justice, too much in love to suppress. They were full of incoherent regrets at so important a discovery, and professions of girlish attachment, mixed up with hopes that all would yet end well, *rideficit*, in the continued illness of poor Sir Walter! But Frank, to whose lips the letter had been pressed often, ere he had leisure to remark its deficiencies, sought in vain for that "sober certainty of waking bliss," which a calm yet energetic assurance

of unshaken constancy, *under all circumstances*, would at once have communicated. It was signed, however, "your own Emma;" and the talisman contained in these three words, nerved him for a journey, melancholy, at best, in its object, and probably fatal, in its issue, to all his dearest hopes.

The tenth day from the reading of Monsieur Epernay's letter, found Frank Lygon on the summit of the Jura—looking across to the stupendous panorama of the Alps, and downward on the Eden of the Pays de Vaud. His first genuine feeling of sympathy for his brother now banished more selfish emotions. To see him awakened to the enjoyment of a scene like this, after years of unconscious abstraction, would indeed be worth coming so far, and risking so much for. And to gain a brother might, perhaps, (so wondrous are the ties of nature) make amends for the peril of losing even a bride! But this was too painful to be dwelt on; and Frank, by a strong effort, roused himself to admire the lake of Geneva, as he skirted its lovely margin on his way to Lausanne.

It was in a sequestered valley, stretching northward from that most picturesquely-situated of towns, that the parsonage lay, which had been for thirteen years the asylum of the fever-stricken young Englishman. A *coup de soleil*, followed by imprudent exertions among the mountains, had produced brain fever, and that had subsided into apparently incurable insanity. His father, on being summoned to his son's bedside at a mountain *auberge*, found it attended with brotherly kindness by a young Swiss divine—the accidental comrade of his wanderings,—and when, after more than a year's painful suspense, recovery became worse than doubtful,—the healthy climate, bracing air, and retired situation of the *presbytere* of Charmey, marked it out as the most eligible residence the now harmless patient could inhabit—the pitying pastor having imbibed, from his own Christian attentions to the sufferer, a deep interest in his fate.

Here the days of the handsome and highly-born Walter Lygon had ever since rolled on—unmarked by any gleam of reviving capacity for the business of life, though (except at seasons of unusual depression) the society of the family seemed a tacit enjoyment, and the cultivation of flowers a decided amusement.

The first symptoms of dawning intelligence which (after an alarming attack of bodily illness) drew the attention of those around to a change in his mental condition, was the mention of his little brother Frank, for as such he evidently still remembered him—and a proposal to send him some favourite rose-trees from the invalid's own garden. It was in vain, for some time, to persuade him that the child, whose amusement he wished to promote, was a gay and gallant soldier, as tall as himself, and familiar with battle and glory; but, by degrees, he comprehended it, and then began to express ardent (though short-lived) longings to see and embrace this newly-recovered brother.

Several times were the good Epernays on the brink of writing, to follow up the first report they had hastily transmitted of their patient's returning consciousness—but a relapse had ensued, during which he seemed to forget his brother, and they regretted having tantalized old Sir William with apparently delusive hopes. Accounts of his death in the meantime reached them, and this event seemed likely to afford the most decisive test of the degree of renovation of mind to be expected from his heir.

A suit of deep mourning was substituted for his usual mountain garb; and the family, out of respect, as well as to strengthen the impression, assumed the same dress.

"So poor Frank is gone! poor, poor Frank!" said the unconscious baronet, glancing at the sables around him, "just when I hoped and thought he would have come to see me."

"It is not your brother who is gone, *mon ami*," said the kind Madame Epernay, observing an expression of unusual intelligence on her patient's countenance, "but your worthy father, whose death leaves you a great name, and a princely inheritance, might it please God to restore you to enjoy them."

Walter gazed on her with the anxious look of a child trying to understand a difficult lesson, sighed, shook his head, and no more passed. At dinner, the family studiously addressed him as *le Chevalier*;" a change which he appeared to notice, though not entirely to comprehend. He continued restless and thoughtful for some days, and then suddenly said, "I hope Frank lives at Cheveley now, and keeps open house, as my poor father did before him."

"No one has kept open house at Cheveley, dear *Chevalier*, since your illness threw a damp on every thing there; and no one has a right to live there now but yourself—should you not like to do so?"

The heir of Cheveley looked up in his Swiss friend's face, with a momentary blush of excitement; and then, shaking his head as before, said, "No! I shall never see Cheveley again! But I must and will see Frank,—let him be sent for, before I go to my poor father."

But tidings of Frank's intended marriage in the meantime reached Lausanne, and all there felt reluctant to intrude on his happier prospects, with the often-intermittent sorrows of one, who, when he came, might, perhaps, not be able to recognize or converse with him. The letter (now five months' old) found at Cheveley, spared them all responsibility, by bringing Frank, unbidden, to Charnay; and it was just as Sir Walter, after one of the severe attacks of bodily illness which left him weak but collected, was reiterating his inquiries when his brother might be expected, that Frank, looking little less haggard and exhausted than him he came to see, stood in the vine-clad porch of the *presbytere* of Charnay, before the eyes of its astonished inhabitants.

"How is my brother? will he know me?" were Frank's really agonized inquiries, all personal considerations fairly swallowed up in the approaching interview.

"He has been very ill in body—so ill, that we must be cautious in announcing you; but he has asked for you twenty times this very day."

"Asked for me? Thank heaven I came!" ejaculated Frank, in uncontrollable agitation; "let me see him for God's sake!"

Madame Epernay led the way silently up stairs, and knocked in her usual gentle manner at the invalid's door.

"Come in, *Frank!*" was the unexpected answer, in a voice low indeed from exhaustion, but perfectly clear and distinct.

Frank caught the sound; and wholly unable to command himself, rushed into the room. The supposed maniac, the unshaven, "unkempt," dishevelled looking creature of his dreams and his imagination was no where to be seen. Reclining on a sofa, carefully dressed in his deep mourning habit, lay a mild-looking gentleman-like man, who received his brother, as one long expected, with a calmness of paternal welcome, more overcoming than excess of agitation, or even utter unconsciousness.

"This is kind of you, Frank," said he, pressing his brother's hand with both his own to his heart, "very kind. I knew you were coming, for Madame Epernay told me you could not keep open house at Cheveley without my leave, and I told her to send for you on purpose. I wish every thing to go on there as it did long ago, when we were both boys."

"God grant we may both be there again together, ere long!" said Frank, fervently.

"No, Frank, no!" answered Sir Walter, with the mournful shake of the head habitual to him; "where

the tree falls it must lie. Don't carry me to England. Alive it will never be—and dead, it is worse than useless. Lay me here among my roses; Madame Epernay will water them night and morning."

All this was truly trying to Frank, whose imagination had ranged from the two extremes of raving madness and absolute sanity, without being at all prepared for the affecting incoherence of a mind, fluttering on the confines of the latter, but never, perhaps, destined to pass beyond them.

Two things alone were certain, viz: that Sir Walter was in a situation of possible amendment, which precluded his being set aside as incurable; and that Frank's leaving him at so interesting a crisis, was wholly out of the question. He transmitted, after a few days of this affecting fraternal intercourse, its leading features to Mr. Grosvenor; while to Emma he poured out every interesting particular, with a lover's minuteness, forgetting, absolutely forgetting, in the enthusiasm of new-born brotherly affection, the unfavourable effect his sanguine expressions might have on his own dearest hopes. Even to Emma, he could bless God that he had left her at the call of duty; even to her express heartfelt wishes for his brother's final restoration. In the exaltation of his own feelings, he forgot to conceive the possible existence in others of selfish or interested motives. He felt worthier than ever of Emma, and could she fail to think him so?

She did not. Her letters overflowed with a tenderness which would have delighted Frank still more, had it not seemed uncomfortably blended with carefully gathered opinions, from medical authorities, of the improbability of Sir Walter's ultimate recovery. It was, they asserted, a last rally of nature, not uncommon before dissolution; and on this she dwelt till Frank, who was ransacking heaven and earth for exactly opposite prognostics, could have quarrelled even with his beloved, for founding her happiness on another's woe. Mr. Grosvenor, too, spoke disagreeably of his return to England, *when all should be over*, as if (failing that deplorable contingency) all was indeed "over" between him and his daughter. "Let them talk and act as they like," said Frank to himself, indignantly, "while Walter lives and knows me, my post is by his couch. I may suffer for it, but repent it—never!"

Change of place and scene was an expedient from which the sanguine mind of Frank expected much—and it was tried, but with slender success. Sir Walter continued to hang on for nearly two years, subject to periodical attacks of bodily disease, but awaking from each with clearer perceptions, and more intense enjoyment of his brother's almost filial attentions.

Frank in the meantime, however, was suffering in health and spirits, from protracted anxiety, and the worse than dubious state of his own cherished hopes. Emma, whose letters had long been "few and far between," ceased to write. Rumour represented her as the cynosure of the gay world; and poor Frank began to fear that, come when they might, wealth and hours would be too late for happiness.

Madame Epernay, to whose maternal bosom he had at length confided his secret uneasiness, took upon her the responsibility of peremptorily ordering him home, to look after the interests of his love, and the kind office of reconciling his brother to a temporary absence of him, in whose presence he literally seemed alone to live.

"If I had a favourite rose tree, dear *Chevalier*," said she, "down in the garden, infested by insects, and exposed to dangerous blights, and which I was fearful of losing, would you not spare me gladly to water and look after it?"

"Yes! that I would, *ma bonne!* and regret that I could not go with you to help you in your task, as I used to do when I was stronger."

"Well, *mon ami*, Frank, when he came so hurriedly

to see you, left a *belle fiancée*, a pretty little English girl, to wait till he was at leisure to come home and marry her."

"He shall go directly and do it," said Sir Walter, interrupting her hastily.

"No, *mon cher*, that he cannot do—for she has a *villain papa* who forbids it. Till she is twenty-one, a full year hence, she cannot make your brother as happy as he deserves to be. But it would make him easy in the meantime to go to England for a few days, and look after his rose, and see that no one plucks it in his absence, and leaves him nothing but the thorns. Don't you think he should do this,—you who know all about roses so well?"

"About roses? Yes!" said the invalid, with his melancholy shake of the head. "About roses, well!—about love, nothing! But Frank does, and that will do for us both. Oh, let him go directly, and bid him come back soon. I shall not want him long. Before his 'full year' is out, I shall have done with him."

Sir Walter was now uneasy till his brother's departure—and, how uneasy till his return, kind friends spared Frank the additional pain of hearing. Enough of that awaited him in England. He found Emma, as sad forebodings had presaged—faithless! Tired of the tantalizing fluctuations in Sir Walter's health, which all around her were interested in representing as likely to be indefinitely protracted—spoiled by the adulation of the great world, and unfitted for existence beyond its sphere—piqued at Frank for preferring his brother's sick-bed to the personal cultivation of his interest in her heart (though his letters and conduct would have cherished a holier flame into imperishable brilliancy,) the attractions, which had at first captivated her fickle fancy, faded into oblivion before objects less worthy far, yet, perhaps, more congenial.

Antious to transfer to her parents some share in the blame of her own inconstancy, by marrying before the period of independence should arrive,—yet wilful as ever, even where the heart had little to say in the choice—she preferred to marry a more eligible suitor, a *rose peer*, of decided fashion, but broken fortunes, doubtful character, and dissipated habits, to whom her parents (and no one pitied them) would—ere the knot was actually tied—have, in the bitterness of their hearts, a thousand times preferred the pennyless, nay, even prospect-less, Frank Lygon!

When Frank heard this,—and it met him in the public prints on the very threshold of his country—his first impulse was to re-embark, and abjure it for ever. But a second and manlier feeling determined him to complete the sacrifice he had already made to duty, by a painful but necessary visit to Cheveley; from whence—from that very library where he first gave, by an act of heroic sincerity, the death-blow to his youthful dreams of happiness—he dated their final renunciation. In a few cold lines, to his once "own Emma," inclosing all the letters thus subscribed by a hand, since profaned by coquetry, and about to ratify its own eternal degradation. This done, he returned with a saddened, yet relieved heart, to Lausanne; and, after watching for another year the gentle and almost simultaneous extinction of his brother's maldy and life, he landed with his remains in England, about the very period which made Emma Grosvenor twenty-one.

It was on the day when—with a bridegroom whom a year of wedded life had sufficed already to unmask—the heiress went down to take possession of estates, of which she already found herself a mere burdensome appendage,—that the long funeral train bound for Cheveley, crossed, by a strange coincidence, the bridal pageant from Grosvenor Hall. The bridegroom bit his lips, the bride sunk back in the carriage. What she felt through a few short years of wedded martyrdom, few can tell,—but she died young; and amidst

the horrors of a decline, which opium was said to have soothed, but to accelerate—held sad and disjointed converse with the absent, but never forgotten, Frank Lygon!

PENANCE OF JANE SHORE.

BEFORE St. Paul's cross, in 1483, was brought, divested of all her splendour, Jane Shore, the charitable, the merry mistress of Edward IV., a victim to the malice of crook-backed Richard. He was disappointed (by her excellent defence) of convicting her of witchcraft, and confederating with her lover, (Lord Hastings) to destroy him. He then attacked her on the weak side of frailty. This was undeniable. He consigned her to the severity of the church: she was carried to the Bishop's palace, clothed in a white sheet, with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to the cathedral, and the cross, before which she made a confession of her only fault. Every other virtue bloomed in this ill-fated fair, with the fullest vigour. "In her penance she went," says Holinshed, "in countenance and pace demure, so womanlike, that, albeit she were out of all arail save her kirtle onlie, yet went she so faire and lovelie, namely, while the wondering of the people cast a comelic rud in her cheek, (of which she before had most misse,) that her great shame wan her much praise among those that were more amorous of her bodie than curious of her soule. And manie good folkes that hated her living, (and glad were to see sin corrected,) yet pitied they more hir penance, than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent, than any virtuous affection."

The following letter from Richard the Third, to the Bishop of Lincoln, is one of the strongest evidences against the truth of the traditional story about Jane Shore, and confirms Sir Thomas More's account of her in *his pitiful History*.

That Lord Hastings had succeeded Edward IV. in her affections is well known; but it is probable the reader for the first time, learns, that after her penance she had another *admirer*, who made a contract of matrimony with her.

RICHARD'S LETTER.

Right Reverend Father in God, &c. signifying unto you that it is shewed unto us, that our servant and solicitor Thomas Lynon, marvellously blinded and abused with the late wife of William Shore, now being in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made contract of matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth to our full great marvel to proceed to effect of the same. We, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may, exhort and stir him to the contrary; and if you find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertised; then if it may stand with the law of the church, we be content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London, that upon sufficient surety formed of her good abearing, ye do send for her keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by warrant of these committing her to the rule and guiding of her father, or any other by your discretion in the mean season. Given, &c. &c.

To the Right. Rev. Father in God, the Bishop of Lincoln, our Chancellor.

Hardwicke's State Papers, vol. i. p. 573.

Jane Shore lived to a great age, but in great distress, and miserable poverty; deserted even by those to whom she had, during her prosperity, done the most essential services. She dragged a wretched life, even to the time of Sir Thomas More, who introduces her story into his life of Edward V. The beauty of her person is highly spoken of.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

TRUE and faithful love is a restless feeling, which cannot exist without proving its existence by constant attentions to the object of that love. The true lover prefers the company of his mistress to every other, and to him no amusement is agreeable in which she does not partake.

Love is not love,

Which alters where it alteration finds—
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown although his height be taken.
Love's no time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, and no man ever loved.

A grain of blue vitriol or carmine, will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the colour may be perceived; and a grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years.

In every Roman camp, the general's tent, or pavilion, was called the *Prætorium*, because the ancient Latins styled all their commanders *Prætors*. Scipio Africanus formed a *prætorian cohort*, or a body of select men, who were stationed near his pavilion, holding themselves in readiness to attend their general in all sudden emergencies. In the time of Augustus, the emperor's tent was called *Prætorium Augustale*. The name was continued by his successors; and the soldiers, who formed the emperor's body guard, were called the *prætorian cohorts* under the command of an officer, instituted with special commission, in which he was styled *Præfectus Prætorii*. The soldiers were for some time quartered at Rome, till Sejanus, in order to forward his own dark designs, persuaded Tiberius to form a *prætorian camp* at a small distance from the city.

It is computed that the number of shepherds and cowherds who live on the mountains, and in the meadows of Spain, tending the flocks and herds, amount to upwards of fifty thousand!

Fortune is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.

Rarely drink but when thou art dry; the smaller the drink, the clearer the head, and colder the blood; which are great benefits in temper and business.

Conviction is the effect of our own dispassionate reasoning, either in solitude, or weighing within ourselves dispassionately, what we hear from others, standing uncommitted in argument ourselves.

I have travelled much, and have noticed that where a farmer's house is stocked with books, his children are sure to be intelligent.

Curtail thy sleep and increase thy knowledge; he who knows the value of his object, despises the pains it cost him.

Fine ladies who use excess of perfumes must think men like seals—most assailable at the nose.

Some men get on in the world on the same principle that a sweep passes uninterruptedly through a crowd.

Plato would allow no one under the age of eighteen to drink wine.

Epicurus lived on bread and water, or as a treat, occasionally on herbs.

It was remarked by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a conversation with Johnson, that he took the altitude of a man's understanding by the remarks which he repeated. Johnson argued with him; and Sir Joshua having also observed that the real character of a man was found out by his amusements, Johnson added: "Yes, sir, no man is a hypocrite in his amusements."

The most barren ground, by manuring, may be made to produce good fruits: the fiercest beasts, by art, are made tame; so are moral virtues acquired by custom.

A stone which on land requires the strength of two men to lift, may be lifted in water by one man.

The vestal who talks most on the importance of cherishing the sacred fire, is the most obnoxious to the suspicion of neglecting it.

A small object may cast a large shadow, and the hue of a man's nose reflect his whole character.

It is easier to admire than to imitate; and there is no error more common, than to imagine that talking of virtue is to practise it.

When we look at the hide of a tiger in a furrier's shop, exposed to the gaze of every malapert, and then think of the ferocity of the living beast in its native jungle, we see a beadle before a magistrate—a magistrate before a minister: there is the *skin of office*—the sleekness without its claws.

The celebrated and pious Martin Luther, the reformer, advises young students to confine their attention to some well selected and well informed authors, and not distract and confuse themselves with too great a variety of books. "Miscellaneous readers," says he, "never learn any thing correctly, but are led away by vague and erudite notions; as those persons who dwell every where, and settle in no place, cannot be said to have any certain habitation.

"I am old enough," says Smollet, in a letter to his friend Garrick, "to have seen and observed that we are all playthings of fortune, and that it depends upon something as insignificant and precarious as the tossing up of a half-penny, whether a man rises to affluence and honours, or continues to his dying day struggling with the difficulties and disgraces of life."

This law, they say, great nature's chain connects—

That causes ever must produce effects:

In me behold *revers'd* great Nature's laws—

All my effects lost by a single cause.

The sword of wit, is like the scythe of time, it cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every thing that accidentally lies in its way.

In company set a guard upon your tongue: in solitude upon your heart. The most ignorant have knowledge enough to discover the faults of others: the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.—A great talker never wants enemies: the man of sense speaks little, and hears much.—Though the ways of virtue are rough and craggy, yet they reach to heaven.—Banter, but never make the cheek red.

Original.

RECEIPT—BY MISS LESLIE.

LADY CAKE.

The whites only of sixteen eggs.
 Half a pound of fresh butter.
 Three quarters of a pound of sifted flour.
 One pound of powdered white sugar.
 Two ounces of shelled bitter almonds, or peach kernels.
 Three wine glasses of rose water.

BLANCH two full ounces of bitter almonds or peach kernels, by scalding them in boiling water. Then throw them into a bowl of cold water, and let them lie a while; afterwards take them out, wipe them in a clean cloth, and pound them (one at a time) in a mortar, pouring on each, as you do them, a little rose-water; which will make them white and prevent them from being oily and heavy, and from sinking to the bottom of the cake. Pound them to a fine smooth paste, scraping it every few minutes out of the mortar, and laying it on a plate. When done, set them in a cold place. It is best to prepare the almonds the day before you make the cake. At all events, let them be ready before any of the other ingredients. Put plenty of rose-water.

Having powdered the sugar, put it into a deep pan, cut the butter into it, and set it where it will soon become warm. Then stir together the butter and sugar till quite light. Next, add to it the pounded almonds, stirring them in very gradually, a little at a time. When all are in, mix the almonds thoroughly with the butter and sugar by stirring very hard—then set the pan in a cool place, while you sift the flour, and beat the whites of the sixteen eggs. It will be found more convenient in beating the eggs to have them in two pans, eight whites in each. Beat them till they stand alone. Then stir them hard into the pan of butter, sugar, and almonds, alternately with the flour. When the white of egg and flour are all in, stir the whole very hard. Have ready a tin pan well buttered, put in the mixture, and set it immediately into the oven; which must be previously made of the proper heat.

Let the oven be rather quick, but not so much so as to burn the cake. Bake it from two hours and a half to three hours, in proportion to its thickness.

When cold, you may ice it with white of egg and powdered loaf sugar, flavoured with rose-water, or oil of lemon. Do not cut it till next day. If well secured from heat and air, it will keep a week.

Remember, particularly, to stir the pounded almonds into the butter and sugar before you add the white of egg and the flour; otherwise they will bake in streaks, and make the cake heavy.

This cake when properly made, and well-baked is beautifully white, and very delicious.

For a large one you must have the whites of two dozen eggs, three quarters of a pound of butter, a pound and a half of sugar, one pound and two ounces of flour, five ounces of bitter almonds, and half a pint of rose-water.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1834.

WALKING DRESSES.

No. 1.—The robe is *foulard*; the ground a new shade of *poussiere*, a light pattern in green and lilac. The *corsage* a three-quarter height, is cut bias, seamed down the front, and trimmed with a small round lappel. The sleeves are of the double *bouffant* form at top, moderately full from the elbow rather more than half way to the wrist, and from thence to the bottom arranged in close folds, disposed *en biais*. The folds are retained by a triple piping, the colour of the ground of the dress, which, we should observe, also

borders the lappel. *Canesou* of Indian jaconet muslin, made quite up to the throat, with a deep square falling collar; it sits close to the shape at the upper part, but is drawn in full at the waist by a knot of *taffetas* riband, corresponding with the ground of the dress. The back descends considerably below the waist in the jacket style; the fronts are rounded, and also pass the *ceinture*. The *mancherons* are round, and rather deep. The edge of the collar, &c. &c. is cut in round *dents*, in each of which is a light embroidery in feather-stitch. Rice straw hat, the crown trimmed with a *bouquet* of green and lilac ostrich feathers, and lilac and white gauze riband. The interior of the brim is trimmed in the cap style, with an intermixture of riband and blond lace.

No. 2.—A muslin robe, embroidered in a light pattern round the border. *Pelisse* of *gros de France*; it is of a new and very delicate colour, but one that we hardly know how to designate; it is between a blue and a gray. The *corsage* is made to sit close to the shape, quite high, and a little pointed, but very gracefully so, in front. The *pelerine* is very deep behind, and on the shoulders, and cut out in the heart form on the bosom: it is bordered, as are also the fronts of the skirt, with a new fancy silk trimming, corresponding in colour with the *pelisse*. *Amadis* sleeves. *Pou de soie* hat, of that shade of rose that borders on violet. The brim is very open, and short at the ears; the crown is of the horse-shoe form; a sprig of roses is attached to it on one side by a knot of glazed *taffetas* riband. A band and knots of riband and blond lace *mentonnières* ornament the inside of the brim. Round *colletette* of embroidered muslin, and neck-knot of glazed *taffetas* riband, corresponding with the trimming of the hat.

[The above is a key to the beautiful illustration of the Fashions which is placed in front of this number.]

OBSERVATIONS ON HEAD DRESSES AS NOW PREVAILING IN LONDON.

Small cottage bonnets are at present quite the mode in morning dress. They are composed for the most part of *pou de soie*, or *gros d'orient*. Some are trimmed with knots of riband only, others with a small bouquet of flowers placed on one side. When these bonnets are becoming, their effect is very much so, as they give a very youthful appearance.

Hats and bonnets in half dress have the brims decidedly larger; several of the latter have them brought down so low at the sides of the face, that they almost meet in a point under the chin. The crowns of both are of various forms; some incline to the cone shape, others are of the horse-shoe kind; where these latter are composed of silk, the material is always laid on in drapery, which is sometimes mingled with blond lace. Drawn bonnets are now very much in favour, even for half dress, particularly those composed entirely of rich ribands; they are frequently trimmed under the brim with blond lace, disposed *en ruche*, but looped back at the sides by tufts of rose-buds, violets, or other small flowers, to correspond with one of the colours of the riband, which is generally figured or plaided in two colours; but when these colours are white and green, then the flowers may be of different hues.

We may cite as a model of lightness and elegant simplicity, the *capote Taglioni*; it is composed of *tulle illusion*; the crown is plaited, the brim drawn in large casings by rose-coloured glazed *taffetas* riband; a knot of riband to correspond adorns the crown. Small roses, disposed in tufts *a la Mancini*, decorate the interior of the brim, to the edge of which is attached a short veil, somewhat longer than they are usually made, of *tulle illusion*, embroidered at the bottom in a Grecian border, in rose-coloured silk, and terminated by a deep hem.

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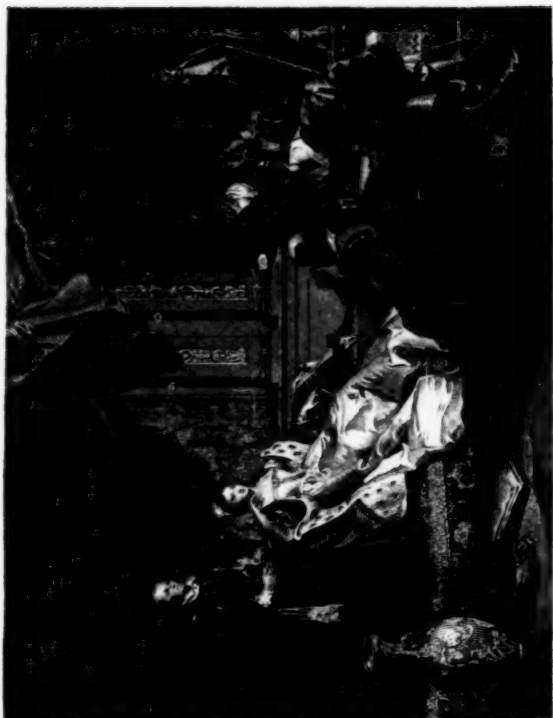


Fig. 10. 1880.

THE TWENTY-NINE AND SANCHEZ.

Monument to the Twenty-Nine and Sanchez, Manila, Philippines.

Photographed by G. H. Fox.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

THE DUCHESS AND SANCHO.

BY MISS LESLIE.

THE Duchess reclines on her cushions of down,
While Sancho delivers his proverbs profound;
And her damsels, unheeding the duenna's frown,
Are listening, and glancing, and smiling around.

And great is the glee of that child of the sun,
The African handmaid, whose broad-grinning race
Ne'er were known to resist the contagion of fun,
No matter the cause, or the time, or the place.

There he dwells on his woful adventures—and
chief,
Dulcinea's enchantment he argues upon;
And mysteriously tells, as his private belief,
That the wits of his master long since have been
gone.

And were this fair dame, and her mirth-loving lord,
These pleasant patricians, mischievous though
kind,
Whose tastes and whose humours so gaily accord,
But phantoms of fiction, creations of mind?

Oh no! let us hope that their pictures, in sooth,
Were painted from life with that pencil divine,
The pencil of nature, whose touches of truth
No fancy can equal, no art can outshine.

Let us hope that they lived, and were known to the
bard;
That they humoured his genius and cherish'd his
fame;
That they made his hard destiny somewhat less
hard;
That their bounty relieved him when poverty
came.

The wreath of the warrior has faded and gone,
While the laurel of genius is green in the land;
And the fight of Lepanto will only be known,
As the fight where Cervantes was maimed of his
hand.

From the Token for 1885.

THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

WE will not deplore them, the days that are past;
The gloom of misfortune is over them cast,
They were lengthened by sorrow and sullied by care,
Their griefs were too many, their joys were too
rare;

Yet know that their shadows are on us no more,
Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before!

We have cherished fair hopes, we have plotted brave
schemes,
We have lived till we find them illusive as dreams,
Wealth has melted like snow that is grasped in the
hand,
And the steps we have climbed have departed like
sand,

Yet shall we despond, while of health unbereft,
And honour, bright honour, and freedom are left!

O! shall we despond, while the pages of time
Yet open before us their records sublime,
While books lend their treasures unfailing, which
still
Have been our high solace when compass'd by ill;
While humanity whispers such truths in the ear
As it softens the heart, like sweet music, to hear!

O! shall we despond, while with vision still free,
We can gaze on the sky, and the earth, and the sea;
While the sunshine can waken a burst of delight
And the stars are a joy and a glory at night;
While each harmony running through nature can
raise
In our spirits the impulse of gladness and praise!

O! let us no longer then vainly lament
Over scenes which have faded, and days that are
spent;
But by faith unforsaken, unawed by mischance,
On hope's waving banner still fix'd be our glance;
And should fortune prove cruel and false to the last,
Let us look to the future and not to the past!

Original.

THE PODESTA'S DAUGHTER.

ABOUT four leagues distant from Savona, and on the road to Genoa, there is a pretty little spot, rather dark and secluded by reason of the dense shade of the forest that surrounds it: massive chestnuts and gigantic elms embowering the path, and mingling their leaves in a lofty arch of verdure. At the extremity of this woody avenue rises an immense rock, which at first sight appears to block up the passage; but on coming up within a few feet of the precipice, the road curves suddenly around a projecting angle, and after describing a semi-circle, resumes its original course. A few stunted plants clinging to the side of the rock evidence the struggles of vegetation, but the summit is entirely barren, and presents a bold, black edge against the clear blue of the heavens.

About three hundred years ago, when the Republic of Genoa was powerful among nations—when her superb gonfalon floated high amidst the banners of Christendom—and when her galleys were known by them of the Crescent, and feared by Venice herself, as they haughtily swept the Adriatic, an event occurred in this quiet and retired scene sufficiently striking to be long held in remembrance, and bearing on it the impress of the manners and habits peculiar to the age.

A party of travellers to Genoa approached this valley on the morning of a bright summer day. In front rode two armed men on strong war-horses, that champed the bit and arched their necks proudly, as their riders held them in to the slow and easy gait of those who followed. On a small, light-limbed and graceful Spanish jennet rode a young girl of exceeding beauty; and at her side ambled lazily a sleek-sided, easy-pacing mule, bearing a personage whose habiliments, no less than the plenitude of his proportions and unctuous visage, indicated an ecclesiastic high in office. Several female attendants followed; and two horsemen, fully equipped, formed the rear of the escort.—Full glad were the travellers to enter beneath the cool branches that overhung the valley, for the sun was gaining the meridian, and beamed with a torrid fierceness.

"But tell me, uncle," said the lady, "why call you this the Valley of the Rock?"

"Look before you, fair niece," replied his Reverence, pointing at the same time to the dark mass, which now suddenly reared its huge form, as it seemed, in the very path.

The lady gazed but a brief space, ere admiration gave way to surprise: a Moorish chieftain, swarthy as a demon, stood on the very verge of the precipice, his black gigantic figure swelling in bold relief on the bright sky beyond; while the sun, flashing on his green turban, his richly jewelled vest and broad Damascus sabre, heightened the fearful grandeur of his appearance. A fear came upon all; the lady trembled as she met the bold glance of the stranger, and sat motionless, inwardly presaging some sudden evil.

The Moor waved his sabre, and, as by magic impulse, there issued from the tangled cove the dark and savage corsairs of the ocean. Not a word was spoken; but there was the flashing of serpent-like eyes, and the rapid gleaming of sabres, ere they closed on the travellers. The men-at-arms died as brave men die, sword in hand and face to heaven; the uncle Cardinal's "de profundis" prevailed not—and his deep, full voice, that so oft had thundered in the church of St. John a Latere, now died away before the sons of Islam. The fair girl was surrounded by beings before whose wild glances her heart quailed

with an agony of fear; but as yet they touched her not, nor seized the fleet little courser on which she sat, trembling as an aspen leaf.

Presently came from behind the Rock their captain, mounted on a superb destrier; as he approached the lady, he spoke a few words to his followers, and they passed off towards the sea, bearing with them their prisoners; and the lady and the pirate alone remained.

"And now, pearl of my heart, know that I had been advised of thy intended passage to Genoa; and if men had told me false of thy beauty, still should the proud Podesta have paid heavy ransom—but, by Allah! thou art beautiful as"—The corsair ceased, and his black orbs flashed as if listening to some unwelcome sound. Indistinct at first and distant, it grew nearer and more near: 'twas the rushing of a heavy steed. The Moor cast one glance where his faithful followers had disappeared, and then was aware of a Christian Knight, armed in proof, spurting his charger as on matter of life and death. "He seeks not us, lady," said the Moor; "stand we aside until he pass;"—and reigning back the two coursers, he awaited the coming warrior with a stern and collected watchfulness.

The knight came on—paused not in his wild career—and had already passed, when the lady, in the quick impulse of despair, bent forward and cried, "For the Holy Virgin's sake, sir knight, save me!"

Nothing had he noted as his fiery steed whirled along in rapid course, but that cry thrilled through him with its plaintive tone; and riding up he beheld with surprise the lovely girl, her little hands clasped in supplication, and her large dark eyes wild with terror.

"Save thee, lady! ay, by St. Jude! were—Ha! traitor!"

Sparks flew from the clashing steel, as the Moor, tiger-like, sprang upon him; and truly, at first the knight bore back from the fearful sweep of the Moslem sabre. Cool and self-possessed, however, he parried with consummate skill each furious stroke, and suffered his foe to exhaust his energy in fruitless assault. Fierce, athletic, and powerful, the Moor had ever been victorious in combat; and now that he had met his equal, his burning rage and indignation knew no bounds. Suddenly the knight, raising aloft his good blade, rose to the blow, and struck as *Cœur-de-Lion* struck for the sepulchre. In vain the Moor raised his arm to check his coming fate: the blue steel came down, shearing with keen and smiting edge full through his nervous wrist, and buried itself deep in his turbaned forehead. A stifled curse, and his eyes assumed the ghastly, stony gaze of death; his powerful frame slowly reeled in the saddle, and falling heavily to the earth, the gigantic corsair lay a cold unconscious corpse.

"Another heathen dog to Eblis," muttered the knight; and raising his vizor, he approached the lady: there she sat, pale with contending emotions, not a thought of flight had urged her to leave the bloody scene, but spell-bound by something more than fear, she had looked on with a high wrought excitement, like a Phidian sculpture, beautiful and motionless.

But now that the knight, with courtly phrase and no small eloquence, begged her to dispose of her faithful servant, the quick blood rushed up, tinged her face with blushes; and with a tremulous voice she thanked her preserver, and hastened to tell him that her father, the Podesta of Genoa, had sent his brother, the Cardinal Guiseppe, and a small escort, to

the Abbey of San Marco in quest of her; that although she was well satisfied to remain with the sweet sisters and the indulgent mother abbess, yet, understanding from her uncle that Genoa was a pearl among cities, and might be termed a paradise on earth, she had consented to accompany him; that they had met no molestation until they had entered the Valley of the Rock; that a band of corsairs had attacked them, killed the men-at-arms, and carried off captive all but herself;—adding, that his valour interposing in her behalf, entitled him to her grateful thanks, and that her father, the Podesta, would be eager to evince—

“Nay, lady,” interrupted the warrior, “you may thank me, for you know me not; as to your father, the Senor Pietro would hardly forgive even this service, done by me, to the house of Spinola.” A sardonic smile for a moment curled his handsome lip, and he was silent.

A few moments elapsed—and not until the young girl felt her blood warming under his bold and passionate gaze, he resumed, “Now for Genoa, gentle lady; and spare not your palfrey:—these pirates may take thought to seek their leader, and the Podesta's daughter were worth her weight in gold.”

No answer was returned; and in a moment both knight and lady were riding rapidly towards Genoa. They wheeled around the base of the massive Rock, and the Valley rung with the quick tread of the jennet and the thundering tramp of the war-horse; on they swept through the open country beyond with a headlong speed that bore them far beyond pursuit; and that evening, when the moon shone full on the southern front of the Ducal Palace, there walked on the terrace, musing in silence, Pietro Spinola, the Podesta of Genoa. The old man was not alone, but ever and anon he looked proudly and affectionately at the young and fair creature who walked beside him—his daughter.

She had told her father of the perils past, and now restored to him, she clung to him with a confiding fondness that warmed the old man's heart with unwonted tenderness. Yet full of joy and affection as was the countenance of Senor Pietro, by times a shade of doubt darkened his bold features, as if some unexplained mystery was presented to his imagination;—without directly addressing himself to his daughter, his thoughts at first found utterance as follows:

“A good knight and a daring, by St. Joseph!—Strange that he should avoid our presence. Your good nurse Teresa said he passed, vizzor down, from the gate like lightning. Marked you not his crest? wore he no favour?”

“Nay, father, I marked him not, save that his speech was noble and courteous, and he bore a princely look.”

The Podesta looked at his daughter earnestly, and observed a slight blush stealing over her countenance as she spoke. Such an indication of interest in an object to him unknown, produced no very agreeable feelings; slight as it was, circumstances might induce a further development, that would materially interfere with his projects of alliance. No further allusion, however, was made to this subject; and when, as they parted for the night, the old man pressed his lips to his daughter's clear and noble brow, her affectionate words seemed to awaken the memory of days long forgotten, a rush of pleasing, though mournful recollections came o'er his soul, and his last glance of paternal pride, saddened it might be with a dim and shadowy apprehension, was yet full of deep and confiding affection.

The survivors of the escort of the lady Julia, including her uncle Cardinal, had been conducted rapidly to the water's edge, where a long raking, corsair-looking brigantine lay close in, hidden as much as possible from observation, her sharp bowsprit running in amongst the trees, and part of her crew, swarthy turbanned fellows, evidently awaiting the return of their

comrades. An hour had passed away, and every thing had become as still as night. There lay the vessel, her white sails scarcely moving in the languid air, and on her heated deck stood a solitary sentinel: his gaze was occasionally thrown over the waters now gleaming in the bright sun, and would then suddenly and earnestly be directed to the deep woods before him. Suddenly a long, low whistle came from the forest; the sentry repeated the signal, and in a few minutes the deck was covered with the swart forms of the sturdy barbarians, and every eye was turned on shore.

Slowly emerging from the tangled copse came four men, their stern and warlike features subdued and awe-struck by some sudden and passionate sorrow: they had found their chief as he lay in the Valley, his sabre still grasped in death, and blood stiffening on his grim features; they had raised him sadly from his last field of battle, and now as they approached the bark, powerful and athletic as they were, their knees trembled under the burthen of the gigantic corpse.

Another hour, and the wind had risen on the rippled waters; the sun was sinking beneath the wave, and the brigantine lay a rapid course, her sails filled and spars bending to the strong breeze, and her prow rushing on through whitening foam. Far away she stretched o'er the blue waters; and when the moon, riding high in the heavens, had silvered each swelling surge, and cast a pure, soft light on her solitary path, the vessel again lay almost motionless on the sea—again those dark figures peopled her crowded deck, and there was a sudden gleam of sabres, and a vow of vengeance on every lip: a large mass was heaved from the ship's side, and the pirate chieftain sank heavily to his ocean grave.

The day had been sultry at Genoa—the air was still and languid, barely stirring the long glossy leaf of the olive; the bay lay calm and motionless, and the sun, now declining in the west, cast an unbroken tract of light along the surface of the waters. At this hour, that luxurious and dreaming tranquillity so peculiar to the Italian siesta, reigned throughout the magnificent Palace of the Podesta.

In the noble apartment commanding on the south a view of the bay, glittering like an immense mirror in the effulgence of the setting sun, reclined the lady Julia. She was, in truth, of rare and exceeding loveliness—a figure sylph-like, but ripening into the most voluptuous beauty; a perfect little foot, seemingly formed but to tread on silk and velvet; a hand that wore the smallest glove in Genoa; a mouth fashioned by nature never to smile in vain, and eyes of a most touching beauty, belonged to this bewitching creature. She inherited, too, no little of her father's haughtiness; but it misbecame her not, for she ever bore her with a queenly majesty. There she sat, playfully tossing in her hand a necklace of rich pearls with that listless musing on nothing which has so much the semblance of deep thought, when she suddenly bethought her that she had been exactly one month in Genoa. And she remembered her own little cell at the convent, and the pure and gentle sisters, who shuddered when they spoke of the sinful world for which she had left them; and then her father, naught but joy and pride was wont to sparkle in his dark eye when in those peaceful days her bounding step met him at the portal of the abbey; here she had watched the cloud that often gathered on his princely brow, and had seen the fond gaze of affection succeeded by the anxious and restless glances of a mind ill at ease.

And then she thought that of all the gallant knights and gay courtiers that fluttered around her path and vowed eternal devotion to her charms, none had so noble a form and so proud a step as the unknown cavalier whom she had met in the forest near Savona;

that passionate gaze that had suffused her cheek with crimson was still impressed on her memory; that deep manly voice still rang in her ear with a pleasing and well remembered melody. "But after all, why should she think of him, whom she had seen but once, and whom she might never see again? This most philosophical reflection was accompanied by a sigh, and the lady looked out again upon the waters, where the sun had set, and the surface was freshened into little ripples, and the light pendants of the proques were beginning to flutter in the evening breeze. A light step in the apartment awakened her attention.

"Terese," said the young lady very languidly, "what think you of this band of pearls?"

"Happy in encircling thy neck, fair lady," replied a voice that thrilled to her very heart with its rich tone.

At her feet knelt the stranger knight; those bright eyes, that with a passionate daring had caused the warm blood to rush to her brow with a quick unwonted tide, were raised to her face in respectful admiration, and anon veiled by their dark lashes, as if awe-struck by her matchless beauty. That graceful form, sought in vain when light and music filled the princely hall, now bowed before her. How hurriedly did her heart beat, but not with fear; there was a fascination in his voice that held her almost breathless, for he spoke of love, and his passionate words fell on her ear like music.

He feared that his presumptuous daring might well call forth a frown on her queenly brow. The lady Julia spoke not, but here she raised her eyes in one timid glance; it must have said somewhat, for her lover ventured to take her little hand, which trembled but withdrew not as he pressed it to his lips; even when that hand was released, for a brief space she feared to look up: when she did, twilight was darkening the rich apartment, and she was alone.

It was about this time that an army from France, led by the celebrated Gaston de Foix, whose heroic valour and chivalric daring, (united to a promptness of apprehension and depth of judgment exceeded perhaps but in one instance of modern greatness,) achieved victories by many ascribed to magic, was rumoured to be rapidly approaching Genoa. France and the proud Republic were nominally at peace; but the Podesta feared every thing from the martial ambition of the young warrior, and neglected naught calculated to ensure the safety of Genoa.

Two days had passed, and many a weariest scout had returned, bearing no further tidings of the French; naught could be discovered from the tops of those hills, that seem to rise as they recede from the fair city purposely to check the sharp and biting winds that come careering from the north: they now remained solitary in all the beauty of their sunny verdure.

Reports now circulated that Count Gaston had marched upon Milan; the hurried anxiety and perturbation that had fallen suddenly upon the Genoese, were dismissed with a feeling of much relief. Gradually all apprehension vanished; evening came on, and the moon arose, flooding hill and spire with silver radiance. The Podesta, nevertheless, placed sentinels on wall and turret, muttering as he did so, peradventure to encourage the timid among the watchers, "Tis but a form; yet give heed to yonder hills."

His highness retired; and for the space of an hour, never was watch kept up with more unceasing vigilance by veteran soldiers, than by the sober citizens who had been appointed to this post of alarm. Each distant object, as it lay bright and clear in the moonlight, was subjected to the most rigid scrutiny; not a tree waved its long boughs in the breeze, but it was noted with a cautious and prudent investigation.—Nothing appeared to excite the least alarm; and as it waxed towards the time when men are wont to

repair to the couch of slumber, the most vigorous watchers began evidently to relax in their efforts.

Later and still later, and their eye-lids grew heavy; ever and anon would one start up and gaze with a desperate effort on the hills that lay stretched calm and bright before him; the night breeze came soothingly with its gentle murmur to the drowsy sentinels. One and another sank down, folding their ample cloaks around their well filled persons, each bidding his fellow to arouse him on the slightest alarm;—each moment the contagion spread, and ere midnight deep sleep had fallen upon the watchers of Genoa.

Early in the morning the Podesta walked forth; no alarm had been given—the night had passed in uninterrupted stillness, and now he doubted not that the conquering de Foix had led his troops on to the south, when he suddenly stopped with an exclamation of surprise. Before him, on those very hills, which but a few hours since had shown a solitary verdant surface to the mellow moonlight, now encamped thousands of warriors. The sun brightened the white tents that chequered the green mounds, flashed from every moving casque and spear, and revealed in the ample silken folds that, on a loftier eminence, waved heavily in the light morning air, a spotless and snow-white field, the banner of Gaston de Foix.

At noon, an envoy from the camp demanded audience from the Podesta; his mission, though courteously expressed, was briefly this: the noble Count Gaston was desirous of guaranteeing the peace between France and Genoa by forming an alliance with the illustrious house of Spinola,—the lady Julia was beautiful and worthy of the celebrated Gaston,—the dowry would be left to the generosity of the Podesta. In addition to this, the envoy intimated that a refusal might be attended with disagreeable consequences—to wit, the capture and sacking of Genoa.

The indignation of the Podesta may be readily imagined; he disembled his wrath, however, being well aware of the defenceless state of the city, and begged some brief space to confer with his daughter, touching the proposal. Hardly had the envoy departed, when he bent his steps towards the lady Julia's apartment. Musing as he went, politician-like, he began to calculate, what at first he had overlooked, the advantages of such an alliance: with the aid and influence of this redoubted warrior, the Republic might well bid defiance to any foe; and personal animosity, he wisely concluded, ought never to endanger the welfare of the state. Having come to this decision, he despatched a messenger to the camp signifying his assent to the proposals, and suggesting that evening for the celebration of the nuptial ceremony.

An unthought of obstacle now opposed his wishes: his daughter, instead of manifesting joy at the communication of her approaching union, in the most decided terms expressed her aversion to the noble Count. In vain the Podesta urged the fame, the magnificence, and the accomplishments of this celebrated chief: her resolution was unshaken; but when she was told that upon her compliance depended the safety of Genoa, perhaps the very life of her father, she trembled with excessive emotion, shedding many and bitter tears.

Without comprehending the secret cause of her grief, yet unable to withstand her imploring looks, the old man sternly muttered: "My own life sooner;"—then addressing her, "Cheer thee, my daughter," said he, "we must e'en fight this rude suitor."

Even as he spoke his countenance fell, for defend himself he could not. Ere long, the fair city of Genoa would be given up to plunder and destruction, and his own palace be violated by a licentious foe. The lady Julia marked his anguish, and throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed in hurried accents, "Father! I will marry this Count Gaston!"

It was immediately bruited abroad throughout Genoa that the famous Captain Gaston de Foix was that very night to wed the fair daughter of the Podesta; and hearts that sank with dread of sack and slaughter, beat joyously at the glad news. The citizens donned their holiday apparel, the houses shone with light, and the streets echoed with festal music. In the sumptuous palace of Spinola every thing breathed an air of princely splendour.

But the lady Julia was not a happy bride; in the very chamber in which she first listened to the voice of love, she sat, pale, sad and motionless; decked with many a rare and costly gem, she awaited in mournful silence the coming of the bridegroom. She seemed to be looking out upon the bay; it may be she saw it not, for a tear slowly gathered in her large dark eye. Again that unknown cavalier stood before her; how or whence he came she wist not; her heart had in time past beat hurriedly as she heard his voice—now she listened sadly to his low and earnest tones. He urged immediate flight; escape was easy—a well manned galley lay waiting in the bay;—falling at her feet, he besought her with all the eloquence of love, to “shun these hated nuptials.”

With anguish on her fair features, she explained her father's danger, resisting his persuasive words with a melancholy firmness. “Here,” said she, “we meet no more. Sayest thou I love not?—have this confession if thou wilt: the hour of parting bitterly reveals that my heart has too long and too fondly dwelt on thee.”

As she spoke, a firm and measured tread was heard; the lady shuddered with apprehension—her lover with a mysterious smile fondly clasped her waist, and seemed madly determined to face the intruder. The Podesta entered; his daughter feared to look upon him as he spoke:

“*Thou here, Count de Foix! Truly, thou woost better for thyself than I for thee. By St. Jude, that wayward one this morning thought naught but ill of thee.*”

The lady, who had faintly struggled to disengage herself from her lover's arms, looked up blushing deeply, and murmured, “*Art thou Gaston?*”

“*So men call me, dearest; and, wretched I were, were I not he—for,*” added he, archly, “*the Count Gaston must needs wed the Podesta's daughter.*”

A LUCUBRATION,

ON THE SYMPATHIES OF THE MAJOR AND MINOR IN MUSIC, WITH THE PERSONAL AND MORAL PECULIARITIES OF WOMAN. BY CLEON.



It was in Germany, the land of fantastic theory, that the whimsical art of classifying characters by chords was first cultivated. It consists in discovering at a glance how far the appearance, manners, and qualities of individuals whom we encounter, may be assimilated to, and represented by the respective sounds of major and minor in music. To reduce to definite rules a system so purely imaginative, can hardly be attempted with success; but to assist the researches of those who may adopt its notions, a few remarks from an old votary of music, and observer of its sympathies with mortal conformation, may not be inapplicable.

The ear may be regarded as the high road to the head and the heart, and the ideas received with the one awaken corresponding emotions in the other. The full major chord, round, swelling, harmonious,

gratifies the sense with a sound to the melody of which nothing is wanting. The minor chord, wild, plaintive, and mysterious, fascinates the imagination by the very incompleteness of its wayward tone. To these musical expressions, the corresponding individuals in human life will be the good-humoured, happy, smiling person, that at once conciliates our good will; and the pensive, romantic character, that attracts our interest and curiosity. To each division appertain peculiar charms or failings, which experience and observation enable us to perceive and classify.

I would fain attempt from womankind,—that connecting link between the nature of man and of angels,—a portraiture of the major and minor variety.

The lady, then, who shall be considered to belong to the first of these classes, is a person of appearance more engaging than striking, and of manners peculiarly retiring and feminine. Her fair hair is parted over her forehead, like that of the Madonna; her laughing large blue eye beams with mingled archness and good humour; the habitual smile of innocence and kindness of heart plays around her lips; and when she speaks, cheerfulness and gentleness are the handmaidens of her words, whether they be addressed in social affability to her friends, in joyous levity to the gay, in language of encouragement to her dependents, or in that of consolation to the afflicted. Her temper is even, and rarely excited; she is more framed for lasting attachment than addicted to ardent passion. Her virtues are of that sterling quality which are best fitted to adorn and endear the scenes of domestic life. The celestial purity of her soul is reflected in every lineament of her face, and each graceful movement of her person is characterised by mingled diffidence and dignity.

Let us now turn to the image my fancy draws of woman in the minor key. “*Oh, what a form was there!*”—a figure of fairy lightness; dark hair in many ringlets; soft black eyes; complexion dark and clear as the summer light of southern Europe; and a countenance alternately lighted up with smiles and shaded by deep emotions. Her words are of poetry and romance; her thoughts of love's passion and constancy; her feelings all enthusiastic, whether for the friend that shares her intimacy, or the lover who will some day perchance with coldness requite her devotion. Music is in her soul and her voice,—not the light strain of joyous hours, but a more soft, more sad, more voluptuous melody. She looks upon life less as the scene of active duties and quiet pleasures, than as a fitful state of alternate happiness and sorrow, dependent on the fantastic fluctuations in her own feelings and sensibilities. Her figure is the portraiture of the tragic muse, and wherever she appears, worshippers fall down before the beauteous vision.

Less by way of comparison than of contrast, I will, on a few points, bring Major and Minor into juxtaposition.

The first is more occasionally generous, the other more habitually benevolent. Major wins all hearts by the unvarying sweetness of her smiles and temper; Minor by the love-lighted gleams which, at times, only illuminate her expressive face. Major endears to us the scenes of every-day life; Minor is the being that haunted our most youthful dreams. Major is the one with whom we would placidly sail along the stream of existence; Minor the one with and for whom we could brave the stormiest waves of passion. Our love for Major is more durable and sincere; for Minor, more fervent and, alas! more fleeting. Major, in fine, is unvarying sunshine; Minor the beautiful beam of moonlight emerging on a sudden from a mass of clouds. The warmth of the first gladdens every hour of life, the brightness of the second illuminates its holiest epochs!

THE PARTY OF PLEASURE.

"My love," said M. Barbeau to his wife, "it is but right that you and the children should have a little amusement to-morrow. You scarcely ever go out; and when you have spent a couple of hours at the Tuileries, you fancy that you and the children have had amusement enough for a whole week."

"But, my dear"—

"But, my love, first hear what I have to say. We must not think about ourselves alone. Leonora is now upwards of fifteen, an age at which a girl wishes to see something more than her mother's petticoats, though certainly your petticoats are very respectable"—

"My dear, you know we expect some visitors to-morrow, and Leonora"—

"Yes, I know it, and also that M. Bellefeuille will be one of them;—that young artist, you know, who has adopted the romantic style because he thinks it is a fine thing to wear large whiskers and a tuft of hair under his mouth; but he is romantic or classic, it is all one to me, provided he succeeds. If he really loves Leonora, why, I'll consider of it. I don't mean to say that I will refuse him for a son-in-law, nor that I will accept him. We have plenty of time to settle that. But about our intentions for to-morrow. We must go to some fete out of town; a village fete is so pleasant!— You have never yet seen one; you'll be delighted with it—you, who never go beyond the city walls. Surely the inhabitants of Paris ought to be acquainted with the neighboring villages. Why, they may almost be considered a part of Paris. The newspapers get there by twelve o'clock, and you pay a sous more for your letters by the *petite poste*—that is all the difference. Many persons of merit and talent live there—poets, painters, and even booksellers—that is to say, retired booksellers, who inhabit those places because living is less expensive than in town. Meat is a halfpenny a pound cheaper—and this is a great saving. On two hundred pounds of butchers' meat, which each consumes in the year, there is a saving of ten francs. It is true, that they spend twenty-five in coming to town by the stage as they are obliged to do; but for all that it is a great saving to live in the country. We will take a jaunt to one of these places to-morrow."

"You know I am a bad walker, and"—

"Oh! we will go in an omnibus or a *citadine*. Are there not coaches every where now? We shall soon go round the world for sixpence. Look, the boy is jumping for joy. Poor Alexander, how you will be amused, won't you, boy?"

"Oh! yes, papa."

"Well, it is all settled. We must start at twelve; for it won't do to set out at four o'clock, if we mean to dine there. I will inquire where the fete will be to-morrow, and you shall see it, my dear."

M. Barbeau left his wife, not, as you might suppose, to inquire about the fete next day—for he had no sooner turned his back than it escaped his memory.—At a short distance from his own house, he met a friend, laid hold of his arm, asked how he was, and followed this up by a thousand other questions, without giving him an opportunity of answering one.—Having thus begun the conversation—if you call it a conversation, when one party has all the talk to himself—M. Barbeau related story after story, and recollected fact after fact, which rendered fresh explanations necessary, and these explanations brought on new stories, so that he could himself no longer remember whence he had set out—as if, for instance, in a story about a theatre, he came at last to speak of Belgium

or Lesage's* pies. It was like "The Thousand and One Nights," one tale leading to another;—and then if his friend tried to get in a sentence or an observation, M. Barbeau would cut him short with "Permit me—I have not yet finished."

For all this, M. Barbeau is a very good kind of man; a round, fat, good-natured being, but who has the strongest antipathy to great talkers, because he is one himself. He is a retired bookseller, and has, therefore, been acquainted with many men of talent. He remembers a saying of one, a good story of another; and he loves to talk about these things. His conversation is entertaining to those who are content to be listeners. He made sundry good speculations in his business;—these alone he recollects, forgetting the bad ones. He is of a happy disposition; he never makes himself uneasy by anticipation, nor even in moments of difficulty, for he always finds a favorable side in the most untoward events. When his business went on badly, and he had a thousand reasons for being uneasy about the present and the future, what did he do? Why, he went from home, and spent the whole day in playing dominoes. But he has continued the friend of every body; and this is his high praise.

Madame Barbeau, his wife, is as calm as her husband is hasty and petulant; and as extremes meet this is a sign that they agree well together. Their daughter, just turned fifteen, is very timid and says but little. Their son has reached his tenth year, and is already as boisterous as his father. These compose the whole family.

Next day, being Sunday, the mother and children were dressed at eleven o'clock, and ready to set out upon the promised excursion. But at twelve they were still waiting for M. Barbeau, who had gone out early, stating that he should not be absent five minutes. The artist had come to call on the ladies; he asked permission to join the party, and said he should take the opportunity of making some sketches.

But time, which never stops, moved slowly on, and M. Barbeau did not return. The young lady sighed as she looked at the clock, the artist sighed as he looked at the young lady, and the little boy sighed as he looked at his new trowsers. Madame Barbeau alone preserved the appearance of good temper; for, after twenty years of marriage, a wife has become accustomed to waiting for her husband.

At length, just as the clock struck two, M. Barbeau arrived, accompanied by a thin, pale, little man, who bowed gracefully to all the family, whilst the master of the house said, "Here I am at last! Only conceive, I had quite forgotten our intended jaunt! I met a friend, with whom I breakfasted. I had not seen him for twelve years, at least! He has met with many adventures during that time which he related to me.—You shall hear them on the road. After breakfast, we were taking a quiet walk in the *Palais Royal*, when I met Grigou here. He said, in the course of conversation, that as the weather was fine, he should like to take a jaunt into the country. Upon this striking my forehead, 'Lord have mercy upon me,' said I, 'they are all waiting for me at home to go to a village fete?' I asked Grigou to go with us; he consented, and here we are—the more the merrier.—My love, send for a coach, and tell the maid to choose a large one."

The coach drew up to the door. Although large, the party found some difficulty in squeezing into it.

* Lesage, a pastry-cook, famous for his veal and ham pies.—T.

because M. Barbeau alone nearly filled one of the seats. They managed it, however, the children being placed next to their mother and M. Grigou almost concealed behind M. Barbeau, to whom he said, "I shall be smothered here;" but the latter replied, "You are in a very good place, only don't move."

"Where to, your honour?" said the coachman. At this very unnatural question, the whole party stared at each other, and Madame Barbeau said to her husband, "Well, my dear, where are we to go?"

"The devil take me if I know. Coachman, in what village is there a fete to day?"

"Why, master," said coachee, "I hardly know.—There's Tivoli—the Chaumiere"—

"That's not the thing. We want to go into the country, where there is some amusement going on."

"Ah! that alters the case. Shall I drive you to the Batignolles, or to Father Latulle's?"

"Oh! we know father Latulle very well. We can get a good dinner there, but it is not far enough out of town."

"Then I think, sir, that there is a fete at Belleville."

"Very well, drive us to Belleville."

"But," said M. Grigou, trying to free himself a little from the immense weight of M. Barbeau, "Belleville is not very rural—it is like one of the faubourgs of Paris. We might do better."

"Oh! there you are again," said M. Barbeau, sharply, "always of a different opinion from any one else. We shall amuse ourselves at Belleville and see the fete. Sit quiet, and don't fidget about as you do."

The little man said no more; he only made an effort to get one of his hands free, so that he might be able to wipe his face. During the journey, M. Barbeau related the adventures of the friend whom he had met that morning.

He talked on incessantly; for he never suffered his family to interrupt him. The artist gazed on Leonora, though he seemed attentively listening to her father. As for friend Grigou, he was not always content to be a mere listener; he also loved his story;—but in the coach he let Barbeau go on. "I shall have my turn in the fields," thought he.

They soon reached Belleville, and the coach stopped opposite to L'île-d'Amour.* The party having alighted and discharged the coach, they walked through the principal street of the village, seeking some indications of the fete. But every thing was quiet; not even a gingerbread stall to be seen. Mama walked gravely on, holding by her daughter's arm; the son had chosen the kennel for his footpath, and was trying to splash himself by way of doing something; the painter was seeking in vain for some view to sketch; and Grigou was looking all around in an ill-humour, and muttering, "Do they call this country?"

On a sudden M. Barbeau stopped. "Here," said he, have we been, for the last quarter of an hour, walking about like fools. Pray are any of you amused?"

"Certainly I am not."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"The Coachman is an ass; there is no fete here.—But we are not obliged to remain. Let us go beyond the village, and get into the Bois de Romainville. The fete is perhaps there."

"Romainville!—I don't like that wood," said M. Grigou. "Once, in endeavouring to get some chestnuts"—

"Come, come, Grigou," interrupted M. Barbeau,— "you are never of the same mind as other people. You must be complaisant in company. You always want to have your own way; it is quite ridiculous.—

Now, I think, on the contrary, that—we'll go to Romainville, that's positive."

After passing through Belleville, they crossed the park of Saint-Fargeau, and the wood appeared in sight. At all events, they were now in the country.

"Look, papa! there's a donkey," cried young hopeful.

"Would you like to ride upon one?"

"Oh, yes, papa."

"Then we will hire some donkeys, and have a ride. We must amuse ourselves in the country. Nora, my girl, you shall ride one too, and so shall you my love."

"Are you mad?"

"What, would you rather have a horse? if so, I will get a pony for you."

"I will ride neither horse nor ass. I should be sure to fall off—I never was on horseback in my life!"

"Grigou, you shall have a horse."

"Not I; I have not been on horseback since"—

"Stop, I have it—no matter—I will hire horses and donkeys for the whole party."

M. Barbeau soon procured two animals of either species, had them saddled and bridled, and made his son and daughter mount the donkeys. In vain did M. Grigou attempt resistance. His friend put him on horseback by main force, mounted the other charger himself, and the whole cavalcade set out, followed by Madame Barbeau, whose feet were already sore, and by the artist, who wanted to make a sketch. The two horsemen soon entered the wood and were out of sight of the donkeys. On coming to a hill, M. Barbeau determined to trot down it, and force M. Grigou to do the same; but the horse of the latter having stumbled, the poor little man was tilted over its head.

"I was sure this would happen," cried Grigou, in a doleful voice, groaning, and rubbing the part which had, according to the law of gravitation, reached the ground first.

"What is the matter?" said M. Barbeau, returning.

"Why, don't you see? I have had a fall."

"It is because you are a bad rider."

"You are the cause of it, however."

"Come, come, you are not hurt!—there is no harm done. You must not mind trifles. We must enjoy ourselves when we are in the country. Let us join the rest of the party."

"With all my heart. But you will not catch me on horseback again. I will lead my horse."

"Ah, you coward!"

As they turned towards the entrance of the wood, they perceived an ass with a side-saddle on, rolling in the sand, after having thrown its rider. A little further on lay a female on the ground, whose face was concealed.

"Oh, how charming!" exclaimed M. Barbeau.— "Look here, Grigou; what a pity Bellefeuille is not here. What a pretty picture that would make!"

Grigou stepped, and took out his spectacles, the better to examine the picture; but before he could put them on, Madame Barbeau ran from the opposite direction, and hastily endeavoured to raise the fallen rider, in whose countenance M. Barbeau then recognized that of his daughter. He did not now think the picture would be quite so pretty; but alighting, ran to his wife, who seemed in great tribulation at the accident.

"What is the matter?"

"Leonora has had a fall. The horrible donkey wanted to lie down."

"I know all that. Art hurt, girl?"

"Oh, no, papa."

"Then let's think no more about it."

"Let's think no more about it! that is easily said," muttered the young lady's mamma; "but Leonora has fallen in a very serious manner, and she"—

* A little island in the Seine.

"I know all that. Did Bellefeuille see her?"

"No, thank heaven! he was far behind."

"Oh! then all is well. There is no harm done, since Bellefeuille did not see her. Hola! Bellefeuille—here, my dear friend, do me the favour to lead back those quadrupeds; they have amused us sufficiently. Meantime, we will go and roll ourselves on the grass, and wait for your return."

The young artist, by no means relishing this employment, dared not, however, refuse. He, therefore, mounted one horse, and led on one side the remaining horse, and on the other the donkey. M. Barbeau told him that he bore a faint resemblance to Franconi.

"We will go to the traiteur's yonder," said M. Barbeau, "and inquire where there is a fete in this neighbourhood."

"I see nothing that indicates one," observed Grigou; "but I am hungry."

"Oh! we have plenty of time; we shan't dine yet."

"Plenty of time! that is a good one. You take it so coolly, because you had beef-steaks for breakfast."

But the ex-bookseller cut the matter short. "My dear," said he to his wife, "do you stay here with Leonora, whilst I go and inquire where the fete is held."

Madame Barbeau, whose feet were tingling with fatigue, from being unaccustomed to such walks, was well pleased at being able to rest. She therefore took her station on the grass by the side of her daughter, and Grigou accompanied her husband.

The traiteur, to whom they applied, was as fond of talking as M. Barbeau. To answer a simple question, he turned, and twisted, and beat about the bush, and involved himself in a labyrinth of sentences from which he could find no outlet. To indicate a road, he would begin by describing the whole neighbourhood; and when you asked what he could give you for dinner, he would enumerate the dishes he could dress, those he had invented, the ingredients of a sauce, and all that, to end the acknowledgment that he had nothing left but roast veal.

M. Barbeau writhed with impatience as he listened to this man. At length, suddenly interrupting him in the midst of a dissertation upon a desert dish of his own composition, he said, "I have been asking you this half hour whether or not there is a fete to day at Romainville, and if we can dine here;—instead of replying to my questions, you talk to me about pickles and preserves! Do you think I came here to learn to be a cook?"

"Sir—what, sir!—Have I insulted you, sir? If you think so, Sir, I am ready to give you every possible satisfaction as a gentleman."

"Go to the devil!" said the enraged Barbeau;—"a pretty joke truly—a knight of the spit and gridiron challenging me to fight a duel. We shall certainly not dine at your house, my fine fellow, because, in the first place, your tongue runs too fast, and next because you can't answer a simple question."

M. Barbeau walked with great dignity out of the house, followed by Grigou, who muttered with a sigh of despondency, "But we must certainly dine somewhere."

On joining the ladies, the party seated themselves upon the grass. M. Bellefeuille had just returned with young Alexander, who walked with a hobbling gait, because he had torn his new trowsers, and wanted to conceal the fact from his mother. But at that instant the mother and daughter were admiring, from the spot on which they were seated, some fine walnuts that were on the trees near them, and M. Barbeau was in the middle of a long story, which he was relating to poor Grigou, whom it did not much amuse, because there was no end to it.

"I was telling you, then," continued the ex-bookseller,

"that being one day in the country with some friends, we had agreed to make one of the party drunk. He was red hot from his province—a fat, good tempered, thick-headed simpleton, named Duloiret."

"Duloiret! why I know him intimately," cried Grigou.

"Well, no matter; your knowing him has nothing to do with my story."

"But it has, though; and as a proof of it, I can tell you the story myself. I had it from his own lips, and"—

"No! permit me; I must know the story better than you, and I flatter myself that I can tell it quite as well."

And without waiting for Grigou's permission, M. Barbeau began the anecdote over again, and proceeded to relate a dozen others arising from it. In the midst, however, of one of his stories, he perceived that his wife and daughter were not listening to him.

"What are you staring at," said he, "whilst I am speaking?"

"We are looking at the walnuts yonder," replied his wife. "They are very fine."

"Shall I climb the tree, papa?" said Alexander.

"No, child," M. Barbeau replied. "I perceive that your trowsers are sufficiently torn already. If you attempted to climb the tree, you'd be in a pretty mess.—Grigou, go and knock down some of those walnuts for the ladies. You see that Bellefeuille is sketching.—Come, you are very ungallant, Grigou!"

"Why don't you knock them down yourself?" said Grigou.

"Because I am not so active as you."

"But are people allowed to?"

"What nonsense. What, man, art really afraid to knock down a few walnuts?"

Grigou could not withstand this insinuation against his courage. Besides, he had a chance of escaping from M. Barbeau's long stories. He therefore approached the walnut tree. Meantime, M. Barbeau stretching his unwieldy limbs upon the grass near the artist, the following conversation took place.

"Were I a painter," M. Barbeau began, "I would sketch every living oddity I met with."

"Sir, it is not so easy to"—

"Permit me to explain my idea; I have had many happy ones in the course of my life. I have often given the subject of a book to an author; and such a book always sold well."

"But a book, sir, is not a"—

"I have not yet done, my friend;—pray don't interrupt me—you put me out. Let us, for instance, examine the persons who are passing before us. This is Paris in the country—that is to say; there are here some citizens, some workmen; in short, there are individuals of all kinds here from Paris; and if I were a painter or an author, I should take advantage of the present moment. There—look at that couple who are passing. They are inhabitants of the city; and from being in their Sunday's best, they cut a tolerably good figure. They converse too closely, and look at each other too often to be husband and wife. The young man seems to pout a little—the lady affects to be sorry that she has trusted herself with him in the wood. But they are going to the traiteur's; they will call for a private room, and all will be made up. They look to me like a dapper linen-draper and a dress-maker. Do you not observe that the lady's frill is very carefully got up, and that the gentleman's trowsers and waistcoat are of the newest patterns? But you need not ask what they are who follow them—laughing, jumping, making such a noise, and kicking up such a cloud of dust. They are grissettes, but of the second order, which is, however, the gayest. These females care not much for appearances. There are

five of them, and not the shadow of a man with them, which will not prevent them from laughing, or even from kicking up a row. These young women would fancy that they were not amused unless they made as much noise as possible. They laugh at every body they meet. Now they stop, and are in consultation about entering the traiteur's. Do you remark how they look at the house! I am certain they are going to count the money they have, to see whether it is sufficient to pay for a good dinner. They are opening their reticules—taking out their purses—casting up the amount of the joint stock. Now for the result.—Oh! oh! it won't do;—instead of going to the traiteur's they are going to the small public house opposite, because their funds enable them only to treat themselves to an omelette-au-lard, washed down with wine of the landlord's own growth. But they will make up for it in the evening, by coaxing the first fool that makes love to them to treat them to cakes and punch. During the rest of the week, as they are binding shoes or making buttonholes, they call to mind the pleasures they enjoy on Sundays! People must have a good stock either of philosophy or good temper, when a single day of pleasure suffices them for a whole week.—It is true that there are men of large fortune, and men in office, who have no amusement even one day out of the seven. Every thing then is balanced in this world. Ah! here are some of the inhabitants of the place.—They are strong and robust, but devilish ugly. The female peasantry near Paris are seldom pretty. Their head-dress is not so graceful as that worn by the women of Normandy and Franche-Comte. The flat caps sported by the two women yonder are hideous; and these females wear, besides, short-waisted gowns which prevent you even from perceiving whether they have good figures or not. The man, by whose arm they are holding, has a foraging cap on, to show that he belongs to the National Guard;—for ever since these good people have been taught their exercise, they think that, even at the plough-tail, they ought to have a military appearance. And why should this be.—Surely it is not a greater crime to wear a smock frock than a soldier's uniform. But here comes a bedecked operative with his family. He is dragging a small wicker carriage containing his two youngest brats, and the provisions for the family dinner upon the grass. His wife brings up the rear. She carries nothing; for she is quite a burden to herself. She is as cross as Old Nick, grumbles the whole of the way, and only speaks to her husband to say: 'Take care, now; you are dragging the carriage upon the stones, and you'll upset the children. How stupidly you draw it!' and the poor man, who is dripping with perspiration as he thus performs the part of a poodle dog, is persuaded that he enjoys himself on a Sunday, and toils like a slave during the week to procure this delightful recreation. Oh! here comes a cavalcade.—Look, Bellefeuille, it is really worth being sketched.—Are not those horsemen in otter-skin caps and ragged trowsers, admirable? As they have no straps under their shoes, their trowsers are up to their knees, and they exhibit their naked legs, which, on horseback, produce an excellent effect. On seeing those riding ragamuffins, one is almost tempted to say to them—'Would it not be better to buy stockings than to hire horses?' But they might answer—'Meddle with what concerns you.' And they would be in the right. I suppose it is for this very reason that people say nothing to them."

Whilst M. Barbeau was pointing out human oddities to the attention of the artist—without, however, including himself—friend Grigou was throwing stones at the walnuts. This exercise reminded him of his youthful days, and he was delighted when ever he succeeded in bringing one down. He had just thrown his twentieth stone, and was picking up his eighth

walnut—which does not say much in favour of his skill—when a little man, with a tin badge upon his chest, a huge sword by his side, and upon his head a cocked hat, the point of which stood just above his nose, sprung upon poor Grigou, seized him by the collar, and cried, "Ah! have I caught you at last!—On Sunday too—and before every body. Come along to prison, Parisian."

Grigou attempted first to free himself from the little man's grasp, then to excuse himself; but the man in authority, who was always half drunk on week days, and wholly so on Sundays, would not listen to reason, but kept good hold of his prey. At the same instant several peasants came up and joined in abusing Grigou. The French peasantry are always delighted when they can inflict annoyance or vexation upon townspeople, and they enjoyed the distress of poor Grigou, nearly beside himself with terror at the thought of being sent to prison. These clothoppers fancy that the inhabitants of Paris never visit them but to spoil and ravage their fields; and yet these labourers—these rustics, who are so often represented as endowed with every domestic virtue, are for the most part cunning, selfish, envious, and addicted to slander and backbiting. What would they do if the inhabitants of cities did not purchase their produce? No doubt the latter would be equally embarrassed, if the tillers of the soil did not cultivate it for their use.—But what does that prove? Why, that we are all dependent upon each other, and ought, therefore, to be actuated towards one another by kindlier feelings.

Grigou's lamentations having reached the ears of the party upon the grass, M. Barbeau rose and waddled to his assistance. Near the walnut-tree he beheld his poor friend in durance vile. In surprise, he asked twenty questions in a breath, without giving time for an answer to one of them; but, on perceiving that the individual who held Grigou by the collar was a garde-champetre,* he guessed the truth.

"What are you going to do?" said he, addressing the police officer. "You surely don't mean to put a man in prison for a walnut."

"Sir, the fact is"—

"I see well enough what the fact is. Is it worth making such a stir about?"

"Oh! sir, when"—

"Is it a fine you want? Well, we'll pay it. Here are five francs; take them and go to the devil."

The garde-champetre spurned the offer, because there were too many witnesses about him; and the peasants, one and all, cried out "Take him before the Mayor of Romainville; these Parisian rascals come here to rob us."

"You are glad, however," said M. Barbeau "when these same Parisians come and buy your milk and your potatoes."

"Oh! that gammon won't do. If they didn't buy 'em, why we should use them ourselves—that's all the difference."

"You would, would you? and pray how would you buy shoes, and clothes, and wine; and how would you pay your taxes?"

The peasants had nothing to reply to this, but set up the shout, "Take him before the Mayor!—take him before the Mayor!" And the garde-champetre, whose heart was beginning to relent at the sight of Grigou's rueful countenance and tearful eyes, shut out compassion from his bosom, fiercely cocked his hat, and dragged his prisoner along.

"Well, we'll all go before the Mayor," said M. Barbeau.

"What is the matter?" asked Madame Barbeau then just arrived with the rest of the party.

"Oh! nothing," her husband replied; "only we are

* Similar to a police constable in a city.—Tr.

just going before the Mayor for a couple of walnuts which Grigou knocked from the tree. It is only a joke, but not a pleasant one neither. However, as we have nothing else to do, we may as well go. It will be a delightful walk for us, and we shall perhaps see the fete when we get to the village."

The party were by no means pleased with this arrangement; but as M. Barbeau was with the accused, and the witnesses already several yards in advance, the ladies, the artist, and young Alexander, reluctantly followed. As they walked on, M. Barbeau told the countrymen story after story, to prove how wrong they were in apprehending a man for knocking down a walnut. At length, Grigou whispered to him, "But you are the cause of all this, for you made me do it."

"Hold your foolish tongue," replied M. Barbeau, giving him a smart blow in the side with his elbow. "Hold your foolish tongue—you will make your case worse if you talk about that."

"When they reached Romainville, they found no more the appearance of a fete than at Belleville.—They proceeded immediately to the house of the mayor, accompanied by all the children of the village, who had joined Grigou's escort, of which M. Barbeau seemed to be the chief. He walked proudly at the head, talking without intermission, and by his pomposity and dogmatical air, he had already intimidated the garde-champetre, who began to doubt whether he had not made a mistake. Even the peasants showed less confidence; for these people generally think that a man who talks continually must in the end be right. In this state of things, an indifferent spectator would have imagined that it was M. Barbeau who had ordered Grigou's apprehension.

The mayor was not at home; he was gone to the Mairie.

"Well, let us go to the Mairie," cried M. Barbeau. But Madame Barbeau and the children being tired, they seated themselves on a stone bench with M. Bellefeuille, who wanted to sketch the entrance to a dairy.

On their arrival at the Mairie, they were informed that the village magistrate was not there; he was gone to father Antoine's pot-house, where there was a quarrel among some of the customers.

The garde-champetre and the peasants looked at one another with an air of indecision. It was easy to perceive that they were tired of walking about with their prisoner, and that the affair might easily be settled with a few conciliatory words and a pot of wine. But Barbeau had no notion of such a thing. Without listening to Grigou, who pulled him by the coat, "Come," said he, "we will go to father Antoine's.—We must see the mayor. I shall be delighted to see him. This gentleman has been taken up, and must be tried."

"But," whispered Grigou, "they seem now disposed to listen to reason."

"No matter, we must go to father Antoine's. I don't choose to have had this walk for nothing. The matter shall not end thus."

They proceeded to father Antoine's; the good man sold cakes, bacon, and wine. The mayor had just left the house, because the quarrel had been settled.—Mother Antoine thought he had returned to the Mairie to decide the cause of Jean Marie and Gaspard, who, having a well common to both, had quarrelled about whose turn it was to put a new rope to the bucket.

"Well, then, we must return to the Mairie," said M. Barbeau. But the garde champetre, accustomed to rest himself, and drink something whenever he passed father Antoine's door, had already taken his seat at a table. The peasants followed his example, saying, "Well, you may let the gentleman go; he won't knock down walnuts another time. We've trudged about

enough for to day. Better let him go, hadn't you garde!"

The garde-champetre replied, filling a tumbler with wine, "Yes, yes, there's been enough said about it this time—the gentleman may go."

Grigou was delighted, and was about to thank every body, when M. Barbeau placing himself between Grigou and the garde-champetre, exclaimed, "I don't agree to any such thing, gentlemen. A man is not to be dragged through the streets like a felon for nothing. I choose to return to the Mairie, and you shall come with me."

At these words, Grigou became purple with rage, and exclaimed, in his turn, "By my mother's wig, M. Barbeau, this beats any thing I ever heard. Now this unlucky business is settled, and these gentlemen have chosen to forgive my folly and let me go, you want to have me taken before the mayor."

"Yes, sir, because I like that things should be done regularly and in proper form; because I detest arbitrary acts, and because"—

"Go to the devil with your arbitrary acts! You told me yourself to knock down some walnuts!"

"What does that prove?"

"That you get people into difficulties and there leave them."

"On the contrary, I am doing all that I can to extricate you."

"You are an obstinate man."

"And you, a cursed ass."

The quarrel between the friends now became so violent that the peasants were obliged to interfere and separate them. At length both were appeased, and harmony again restored. Barbeau now took a seat next the garde-champetre, and treated the whole party with wine. Grigou added to the treat, cakes made with rancid butter. The glass circulated, and the party became the best friends in the world.

In the midst of their conviviality, M. Barbeau inquired where the fete was. "The fete?" replied one of the peasants, "why, sir, there is no fete to day at Romainville."

"The deuce!" exclaimed M. Barbeau; "we came here to see one, however."

"The fete is at Bagnolet," said another.

"At Bagnolet—ah! that's lucky after all. We will go to Bagnolet. Is it far off?"

"No, sir, only about half a mile. Go straight down the high road, till you come to the first turning on the left, and there it is."

"Come along, Grigou. One glass more and away. The ladies are waiting for us on the stone bench. Good bye, my friends; here's a health to you all."

On leaving the pot-house, the ex-bookseller said to his friend, "You now perceive that all is ended well—I was as cool as a cucumber during the whole business."

"It was not your fault, however," Grigou replied, "if matters are not worse."

"Nonsense—you did not understand my tactics. If I had been a poor crying devil like you, we should still have remained prisoners."

They found the rest of the party on the stone bench. Bellefeuille had sketched three cows and the population of a poultry yard.

"We are going to Bagnolet," roared M. Barbeau the moment he caught sight of his wife at a distance.

"To Bagnolet!" Madame Barbeau replied to her husband as he reached the stone bench. "To Bagnolet! Why you are out of your senses, M. Barbeau, to think of such a thing. It is almost dark."

"What has that to do with the matter? You are not frightened when we are with you my love."

"But we are all so tired."

"It is down hill all the way, I tell you."

"We are starved."

"Well, we'll get some dinner at Bagnolet."

No further objection being made, the party set out. It was dark when they reached Bagnolet. This beautiful village consists only of one narrow street, almost as long as the Faubourg St. Martin. As they proceeded, they heard a dreadful noise which seemed continually to increase. They could not distinguish whether it were caused by strife or by laughter and rejoicing, but to the ladies it seemed of sad augury.

"Well," exclaimed M. Barbeau, "there is some appearance of a fete here at all events. Do you hear how the inhabitants are amusing themselves?"

"I know not how they are amusing themselves," Madame Barbeau replied, "but I am frightened at the noise they make."

"So am I," said Leonora, pressing closer to her mother.

"If there is fighting going on," said Grigou, "I had much rather not see the fete; I shall be off."

"Come, come, what nonsense!" cried M. Barbeau. "The people are only laughing and dancing. How can that alarm you? Come along and I'll be answerable for the consequences."

They at length reached the village green, where the fete was held. At one of its extremities was a spot well sanded and surrounded with ropes, within which the young people of the place were dancing to the sound of two squeaking fiddles and a tambourine. Opposite were two moveable shops, one for the sale of gingerbread, and the other of sausages. The green was lit up with a few small lamps, and about a dozen candles in paper lanterns.

Our party arrived during the height of a dispute between some of the peasants, most of whom were intoxicated. The women had withdrawn to the other side of the green, whence they looked at the glorious feats performed by their husbands, their sons, and their brothers. At length, however, the strife ceased, the two sexes once more mingled in the mazy dance, and the peace seemed a durable one. But appearances are often deceitful.

"You see that there is amusement here," said M. Barbeau. "These people make a great noise it is true, but peasants are accustomed to speak loud."

"Is this what you call a village fete?" inquired Grigou.

"Stop, we have not yet seen every thing; but let us find a traiture, and get something to eat."

They looked on all sides for this accommodating personage, but could see no more of a traiture at Bagnolet than they had seen of a fete at Romainville. They discovered, however, a mean public house, over the door of which was a sign, with these words:

RUSTIC GARDEN AND LANDSCAPE.

"Do you know what that means?" said M. Barbeau to the painter.

"Faith, not I."

"Nor I either; but no matter, let's go in, and we will ask for a landscape in which there is something to eat."

They accordingly entered the hovel, but could not remain in the public room, because the smell of garlic was so strong there that it drew tears from their eyes. They therefore went into the rustic garden behind the premises. Here they discovered that the pretended landscape consisted of some paper-hangings pasted upon the wall of the garden, and displaying figures of parrots and canary birds perched upon branches of trees.

The party, almost starved, seated themselves round a table facing the landscape, and inquired what they could have for dinner. There was nothing left but pickled pork and eggs; all the other provisions had been devoured by the peasants who had come to the

fete. Such a dinner, washed down with Bagnolet wine, seemed very rustic to our Parisians, who swallowed it as fast as they could, and returned to the place where the dance was going on, with great animation.

M. Barbeau, who had stuffed the party with gingerbread by way of dessert, now insisted upon their dancing. In vain did his wife resist; he made her stand up, and chose to be her partner himself. Bellefeuille led out Leonora. The music began; the peasants had struck off without waiting for it, and the dance joyously proceeded in the sanded arena. On a sudden, other peasants broke into the ring, and fell upon the dancers with the utmost fury, saying, "We forbade you to dance with our women."

A general battle ensued, for every peasant at the fete took a part in the quarrel, on one side or the other. The women ran off screaming, the children squalled, the dogs barked, and all was in dreadful confusion;—yet the fiddles continued, as if exciting the combatants to deeds of noble daring. In the midst of this tumult Madame Barbeau lost her husband, and her daughter was separated from the artist. It was not without difficulty that the mother and daughter succeeded in getting out of the ring. The one called her husband, the other her little brother—but in vain—their voices were lost among those of the female peasants, who were endeavouring to separate the belligerents. After some time they found Grigou in the corner of the green, dreadfully bruised. Four peasants had been fighting over his body for five minutes, and two men had just lifted him from the ground. Though scarcely able to move, he managed to get beyond the range of the village fete. M. Bellefeuille soon appeared without his hat, but brought back Alexander to his mother.—M. Barbeau was still missing; he, however, joined the others at last, minus a cravat, and with his shirt-collar torn. He was in perfect good humour, and seemed to enjoy the fun.

"Oh! the devils," he exclaimed, "how they battered each other."

"Ah! my dear," said his wife, "where have you been?"

"I have been fighting."

"And for whom?"

"Faith, I don't know. The fact is, every body was fighting, and I thought I might as well do as the others did; so, after I had knocked down two or three, the others made room for me to pass. Ah! what a pleasant excursion! Shall we return home, my love?"

"Yes, indeed, as fast as we can."

"Well, come along then; but I can't answer for our finding a coach at the barriere."

"Ah! friend Barbeau," sighed Grigou, "you shall never catch me at such a party of pleasure again."

HUMAN FRAILTY.

LIFE is a fountain, fed by a thousand streams which perish if one be dried: it is a silver cord, twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish so suddenly and surely at last. We are encompassed with accidents ever ready to crush the mouldering tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by the hand of Nature. The earth and the atmosphere whence we draw our life, are impregnated with death: health is made to operate in its own destruction. The food that nourishes the body contains the elements of its decay—the soul that animates it by the vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its action. Death lurks in ambush along our paths—in the midst of life we are in death."

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A SPIRITED AND CORRECT LIKENESS.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, who must now be about forty-eight or forty-nine years old, was born in the city of Cork, and is the son of Mr. Knowles, a teacher of elocution, formerly one of the masters of the celebrated school at Belfast, and related to a race whose schoolmasters and elocutionists terminated in producing another dramatic genius in a different line, the late eminent Brinsley Sheridan. Mr. Knowles's father, and the author of the "School for Scandal," were cousins, we believe, in the first degree. Sheridan's father was an actor and a teacher of elocution; his grandfather was the celebrated friend of Swift, Thomas Sheridan, of punning, classical, and careless memory;—a genius for a rainy day;—always in difficulties, and always merry. Hence came the wits and beauties who have moved in the polite circles of modern times, and have restored the line to its family honors. Mr. Knowles has added a collateral grace, of a very rare and un-Sheridan-like description,—that of a genius for the serious drama, full of faith in the good and beautiful, and good upon that account.

Our author was sent to England at eight years of age, and educated there, which accounts for his betraying so little of the Irish tongue, considering the time he has spent among his countrymen. The dramatic instinct manifested itself in him at the age of twelve, when, being connected with a juvenile company of private actors, the idea of writing a play for himself first occurred to him. We know not what became of it. This was followed by an opera, founded on the history of the Chevalier de Grillon, and given to Richardson, the friend of Sheridan, by whom, or betwixt whom, it was lost. At fourteen, Mr. Knowles was the author of a little song, of which many who know it well will be glad to learn to whom they are indebted for it. It is entitled the "Welsh Harper," and begins, "Over the sunny hills I stray." At sixteen, he wrote a tragedy in five acts, called the "Spanish Story," which is still in existence; at twenty-four, "Hersilia," a play which never appeared, and was given to Tom Sheridan; and at twenty-six, another called the "Gipseey," which was acted at Waterford, *Kean playing the hero*. Kean told Mr. Knowles afterwards, that "he would have given any thing to know where he was, in order that he might have used it for his first appearance in London." The "Gipseey" was succeeded by "Brien Boroghme," an alteration from a piece by a Mr. Mara, which had extraordinary success in Belfast, and brought hundreds to the theatre. The next play in order of composition (for Virginius was not written before it, as report has given out,) was "Caius Gracchus," performed in the same town, and subsequently in London—after Virginius. Beautiful "Virginius" came next, the subject suggested by Mr. Kean, and not, as is commonly supposed, by Mr. Macready. Mr. Macready performed the principal character so well, and has so established his reputation for excellence in domestic tenderness, that the supposition was natural enough, especially as no one knew that Mr. Kean had ever seen the play. Perhaps the report partly originated in the fact, that Mr. Macready did suggest the subject of the play that followed—that of "William Tell." It is very honorable to those two actors that they thought of subjects so good, and on the side of liberty; especially as this was before the arrival of the Glorious Three Days, which gave such a wonderful turn to things, and made the side of liberty the sunny side of the political world. "William Tell" was followed by the "Beggars Daughter of Bethnal Green"—another failure, to which, however, we owe the piece

which is now so triumphant. Then came "Alfred," which succeeded; and then the "Hunchback," which is succeeding now, and for ever.

Mr. Knowles was intended for the medical profession, and studied for it; but the instinct of genius drew him more and more towards the stage. He became a teacher of elocution: he was an actor for three years in Ireland; and, finally, he has added a name to the list of those extraordinary men, who so remarkably abounded on the stage at one time, as combiners of acting with authorship.

Mr. Knowles is married, and has a family, we believe, of six children. He is somewhat under the middle height, stout, and well built, with a pleasant, ardent, and manly aspect, and a demeanor with a cast of roughness in it, but nothing clownish or ill-bred: it is all cordiality and good-nature, with a relish, as well as a crust upon it, of old port. Mr. Knowles squeezes a hand with right friendly ferocity, and is famous among his friends for the happy buoyancy, as well as the vigor of his feelings. He is not so good an actor as he is an author:—none of his extraordinary class have been; it would have been too much merit for the same man;—but his acting is far from being common-place. So much has been said of his fame as a writer elsewhere, that we shall not add any thing on the subject in this hasty sketch. Suffice it to say, that we have the good fortune to write in his character the two best praises that can be given to any one: he is an admirable writer, and a good man.

The following spirited stanzas were written by Mr. Knowles, immediately after his arrival in this country. They are in praise of the ship Columbus, Capt. Cobb, and addressed to Mrs. Cobb.

Ye mariners that boldly ride
The broad Atlantic wave,
I sing of gallant ships the pride,
A vessel staunch as brave!
The darling of her hardy crew,
A sea-gull under sail!
Close-haul'd, or free, or lying-to,
Or flying 'fore the gale!

'Twas on the 6th of August, she
The British channel cleared,
The wind ahead—how readily
She stay'd, how close she steered!
And how, with scarce a breath on deck,
A ripple on the seas,
As godly way she seemed to make
As others with a breeze!

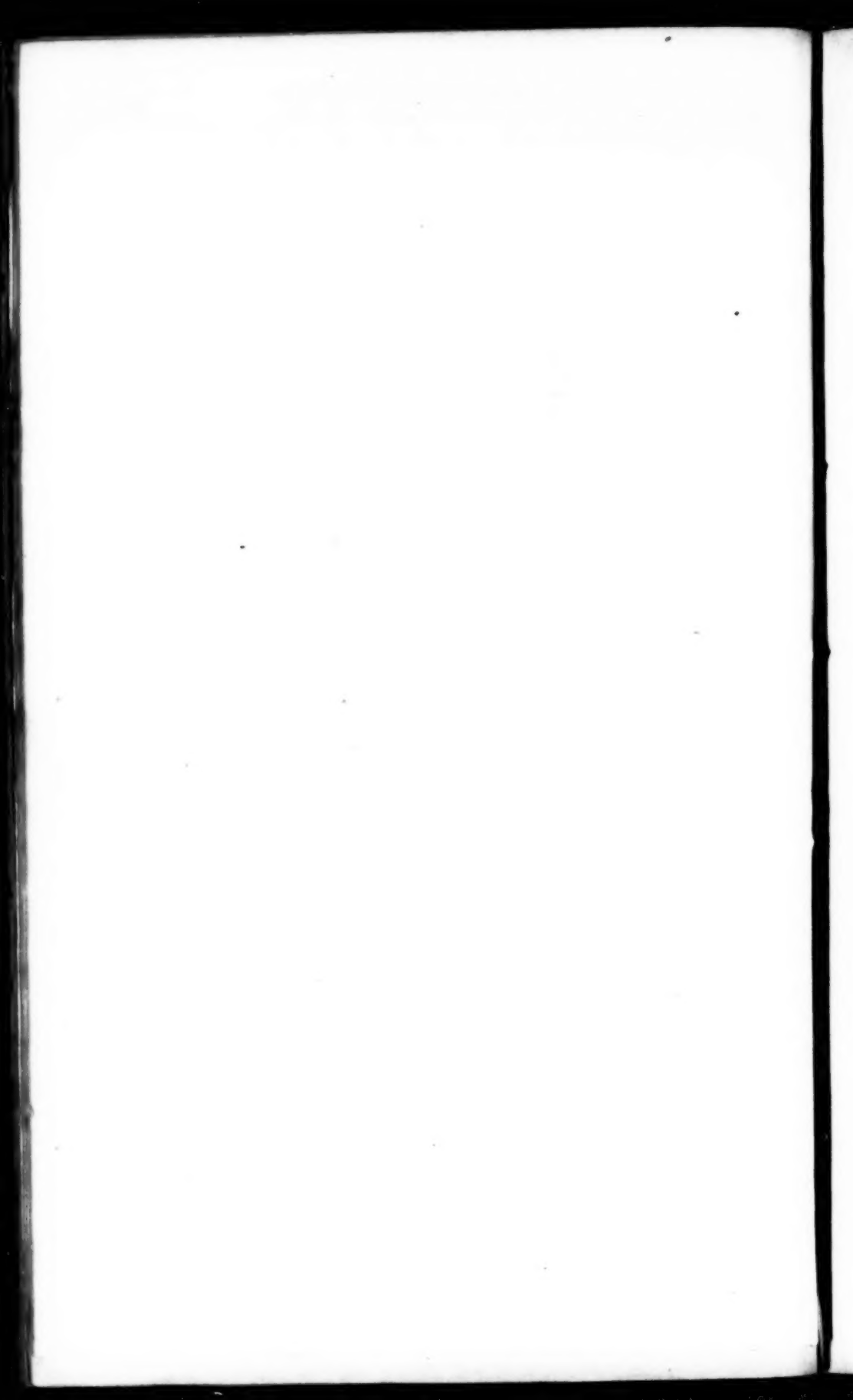
I watch'd her when the gale was on,
The Heavens with night o'ercast,
Her cross-jack yard—main-top-sail gone,
And fore-top-gallant mast!
A span her bright horizon now,
So huge the billow grew,
Yet how she topp'd the mountain!—how
She rode the tempest through!

I saw her scud—a rattling wind
The more it raged, the more
She flung the following wave behind
And spurn'd the wave before.
Yet smooth as inland barks, that spread
No sail, obey no tide,
Her way the lonely vessel sped
In dark and lonely pride!



James Sheridan Knowles

Author of *Virgilius*, *Wm. Tell*, *the Hunchback*, &c.



God speed the ship Columbus! may
 Her star-bright pennant shine
 Abroad, at home, for many a day
 The boast of all the Line.
 God speed her noble Captain!—Land
 I dare defy, or sea,
 To find an abler to command,
 Or kindlier man than he.
 Sept. 10, 1834.

The patriotic drama of William Tell, has been often repeated on our boards, and been always witnessed with interest and enthusiasm by our countrymen. The author, Mr. J. S. Knowles, is now among us—we feel peculiar gratification in being enabled to lay before our readers the following additional scene, which was written and performed at the author's benefit, on a late occasion, at one of the London theatres. We believe it has never until now been republished in this country.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Tell's Cottage—Melchta! asleep upon a couch, at the head of which EMMA is watching. EMMA. (rising, and coming forward.)

I never knew a weary night before!
 I have seen the sun a dozen times go down,
 And still no William—and the storm was on,
 Yet have I laid me down in peace to sleep,
 The mountain with the lightning all ablaze,
 And shaking with the thunder—but to-night
 Mine eyes refuse to close! The old man rests:
 Pain hath outworn itself, and turned to ease.
 How deadly calm 's the night! What 's that? I'm
 grown

An idiot with my fears. I do not know
 The avalanche! Great Power that hurls it down,
 Watch o'er my boy, and guide his little steps!
 What keeps him? 'tis but four hours' journey hence:
 He'd rest; then four hours back again. What keeps
 him?

Erni would sure be found by him—he knows
 The track, well as he knows the road to Altorf!

MELCH. Help! (*in his sleep.*)

EMMA. What 's the matter? Only the old man
 dreaming:

He thinks again they're pulling out his eyes.
 I'm sick with terror! Merciful powers! what 's this
 That fills my heart with horrible alarm,
 And yet it cannot see.

MELCH. (*waking.*) Where am I?

EMMA. Father!

MELCH. My daughter, is it thou? Thank heaven,
 I'm here!

Is 't day yet?

EMMA. No.

MELCH. Is 't far on the night?

EMMA. Methinks, about the turn on't.

MELCH. Is the boy

Come back?

EMMA. No, father.

MELCH. Nor thy husband?

EMMA. No.

MELCH. A woful wife and mother have I made
 thee!

Would thou had'st never seen me.

EMMA. Father!

MELCH. Child?

EMMA. Methinks I hear a step!—I do! (*knocking.*)
 A knock!

MELCH. 'Tis William!

EMMA. No, it is not William's knock. (*Opens the
 door.*)

I told you so! Your will?

Enter STRANGER.

STRAN. Seeing a light,
 I e'en made bold to knock, to ask for shelter,
 For I have miss'd my way.

EMMA. Whence come you, friend?

STRAN. From Altorf.

EMMA. Altorf! Any news from thence?

STRAN. Ay! News to harrow parents' hearts, and
 make

The barren bless themselves that they are childless!

EMMA. May heaven preserve my boy!

MELCH. What says thy news?

STRAN. Art thou not Melchta!—he whose eyes
 'tis said

The tyrant has torn out?

MELCH. Yes, friend, the same.

STRAN. Is this thy cottage?

MELCH. No; 'tis William Tell's.

STRAN. 'Tis William Tell's—And that's his wife
 —Good night.

EMMA. (*Rushing between him and the door.*)

Thou stir'st not hence until thy news be told!

STRAN. My news? In sooth 'tis nothing thou
 would'st heed.

EMMA. 'Tis something none should heed so well
 as I!

STRAN. I must be gone.

EMMA. Thou seest a tigress, friend,
 Spoil'd of her mate and young, and yearning for them.
 Don't thwart her! Come, thy news. What fear'st
 thou, man;

What more has she to dread, who reads thy looks,
 And knows the most has come. Thy news? Is 't
 bondage?

STRAN. It is.

EMMA. Thank heaven it is not death! Of one—
 Or two?

STRAN. Of two.

EMMA. A father and a son?

Is 't not?

STRAN. It is.

EMMA. My husband and my son

Are in the tyrant's power! There 's worse than that!

What 's that is news to harrow parents' breasts,
 The which the thought to only tell, 'twould seem,
 Drives back the blood to thine!—Thy news, I say!
 Would'st thou be merciful, this is not mercy!

Wast thou the mark, friend, of the Bowman's aim,
 Would'st thou not have the fatal arrow speed,
 Rather than watch it hanging in the string?
 Thou'lt drive me mad! Let fly at once!

MELCH. Thy news from Altorf, friend, whate'er
 it is!

STRAN. To save himself and child from certain
 death,

TELL is to hit an apple, to be plac'd

Upon the stripling's head.

MELCH. My child! my child!

Speak to me!—Stranger, hast thou kill'd her?

EMMA. No!

No, father. I'm the wife of William Tell;

Oh but to be a man! to have an arm

To fit a heart swelling with the sense of wrong!

Unnatural—insufferable wrong!

When makes the tyrant trial of his skill?

STRAN. To-morrow.

EMMA. Spirit of the lake and hill,
 Inspire thy daughter! On the head of him
 Who makes his pastime of a mother's pangs,
 Launch down thy vengeance by a mother's hand!

Know'st the signal when the hills shall rise? (*To
 Melchta!.*)

MELCH. Are they to rise?

EMMA. I see thou knowest naught.

STRAN. Something's on foot! 'Twas only yester-
 day,

That, travelling from our canton, I espied
Slow toiling up a steep, a mountaineer
Of brawny limb, upon his back a load
Of faggots bound. Curious to see what end
Was worthy of such labour, after him
I took the cliff: and saw its lofty top
Receive his load, which went but to augment
A pile of many another.

EMMA. 'Tis by fire!

Fire is the signal for the hills to rise!—(*Rushes out*)

MELCH. Went she not forth?

STRAN. She did—she 's here again

And brings with her a lighted brand.

MELCH. My child

What dost thou with a lighted brand?

(*Re-enter EMMA with a brand.*)

EMMA. Prepare

To give the signal for the hills to rise!

MELCH. Where are the faggots, child, for such a blaze?

EMMA. I'll find the faggots, father. (*Exit.*)

MELCH. She's gone

Again?

STRAN. She is—I think into her chamber.

EMMA. (*Rushing in.*)—Father, the pile is fir'd!

MELCH. What pile, my child?

EMMA. The joists and rafters of our cottage, father!

MELCH. Thou hast not fir'd thy cottage!—but thou hast!

Alas, I hear the crackling of the flames!

EMMA. Say'st thou alas! when I do say, thank heaven?

Father, this blaze will set the land ablaze

With fire that shall preserve, and not destroy it.

Blaze on! blaze on! Oh, may'st thou be a beacon

To light its sons enslav'd to liberty!

How fast it spreads! A spirit's in the fire;

It knows the work it does.—(*Goes to the door and opens it.*)

The land is free!

Yonder's another blaze. Beyond that shoots

Another up!—Anon will every hill

Rdden with vengeance. Father, come! What'er

Betides us, worse we're certain can't befall,

And better may! Oh, be it liberty—

Safe hearths and homes, husbands and children. Come,

It spreads apace. Blaze on—blaze on—blaze on!

(*Exeunt.*)

There is a quaint sweetness in the following lines, which is as rare to find as it is impossible to disregard in these "degenerate days." The lyre of Mr. Knowles has various tones of varied excellence.

SONG.

A fair lady looks out from her lattice—but why

Do tears bedim that lady's eye?

Below stands the knight who her favour wears,

But he mounts not the turret to dry her tears;

He springs on his charger—"Farewell!"—he is gone,

And the lady is left in her turret alone.

"Ply the distaff, my maids—ply the distaff—before

It is spun, he may happen to stand at the door."

There was never an eye than that lady's more bright;

Why speeds then away her favour'd knight?

The couch which her white fingers broider'd so fair,

Were a far softer seat than the saddle of war!

What's more tempting than love? In the patriot's

sight

The battle of freedom he hastens to fight!

"Ply the distaff, my maids—ply the distaff—before

It is spun, he may happen to stand at the door."

The fair lady looks out from her lattice—but now

Her eye is as bright as her fair shining brow!

And is sorrow so fleeting!—Love's tears—dry they fast!
The stronger is love, is't the less sure to last?
Whose arm sees her knight round her waist!—"Tis
his own!

By the battle she wept for, her lover is won!

"Ply the distaff, my maids, ply the distaff no more!

Would you spin when already he stands at the door?"

Original.

SCRIPTURAL SKETCHES.—NO. V.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

Eternity of God.

And thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thy hands:

They shall perish but thou remainest; and they shall wax old as doth a garment:

And as a vesture thou shalt fold them up; and they shall be changed, but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.—*Hebrews, chap. i. ver. 10, 11, 12.*

The deep foundations of the earth are thine—

Laid by thy hands Almighty, when of old

From ancient chaos order rose, and light

From darkness, beauty from a shapeless mass.

A glorious orb from its Creator's hands

It came, in light and loveliness arrayed,

Crowned with green emerald mounts, tinted with gold

And wearing as a robe the silver sea,

Seeded with jewels of resplendent isles.

The awful heavens are thine—the liquid sun,

That heaves his fiery waves beneath thy eye—

The ocean-fount of all the streams of light,

That pour their beamy treasures through the wide

Illimitable ether, watering with their rays

The wide-spread soil, to where the burning sands

Of dark immensity eternal barriers throw

Against the flowing of their crystal streams,

Was from the Godhead's urn of glory poured.

The stars are thine—thy character grand

In which upon the face of awful heaven,

Thy hand has traced, in radiant lines, thy grace,

Thy glory, thy magnificence and power,

For eye of man and angel to behold,

And read, and gaze on, worship and adore.

These shall grow old—the solid earth with years,

Shall see her sapless body shrivel up,

And her gray mountains crumble piecemeal down,

Like crypt and pyramid to primal dust.

The sea shall labour: on his hoary head

Shall wave his tresses silvered o'er with age—

The deep pulsations of his mighty heart,

That bids the blood-like fluid circulate

Through every fibre of the earth, shall cease;

And the eternal heavens in whose bright folds,

As in a starry vesture, thou art girt,

Shall lose their lustre, and grow old with years,

And as a worn-out garment thou shalt fold

Their faded glories, and they shall be changed

For Vesture bright, immortal as thyself.

Yea, the eternal heavens on whose blue page

Thy glory and magnificence are traced,

With age shall tarnish, and shall be rolled up,

As parchment scrolls of abrogated acts,

And be deposited in deathless urns,

Amid the archives of the mighty God.

THOU art the same, thy years shall never fail;

In glory bright when every star and sun

Shall lose their lustre and expire in night.

Immortal all when time and slow decay

Imprint their ravages on nature's face.

Triumphantly secure, when from the tower

Of highest heaven's imperial citadel,

The bell of nature's dissolution toll,

And sun, and star, and planet be dissolved,

And the wide drapery of darkness hang,

A gloomy pall of sable mourning round

Dead nature, in the grave of chaos laid.

HENRI D'EGVILLE;

OR, THE DUELLIST.

SHORTLY after my arrival on the other side of the Atlantic, business called me to the island of ——. Although my sojourn there was brief, and I was not possessed of a single introductory letter, yet I found no difficulty in getting into the most respectable society the place afforded. West-India hospitality, in those days, threw open every door to the stranger. "Times have changed;" and, although the planters cannot say, "we have changed with them," inasmuch as they possess the same warm feelings as formerly, unfortunately they have no longer the means to indulge them. Things were otherwise in the times I speak of (1817): it was during that year, in the island of ——, that I dined with a large party who were entertained by a merchant. The dinner was excellent, the dessert superlative, and the Madeira, claret, and Champagne exquisite. During the repast, I was called upon to take wine with every gentleman in company (some twenty in number) and had the gallantry to pledge every lady present. After the dessert, the king's health was drunk, the ladies retired, and the *speechifying* commenced. We all assured each other that these were the happiest moments of our lives. The bottle circulated freely, and, after several songs were sung, our host proposed rejoining the ladies, when one of the party begged, ere we took our coffee, to call upon Captain Stewart for a Gaelic song. To this, our host acceded; but the Captain, a prepossessing, though somewhat melancholy-looking man, objected, for a very sufficient reason; declaring, that although a highlander, he had been educated at Edinburgh, and had been so little among his native mountains, that he could scarcely speak the language of his fathers, nor did he know one highland song. This answer satisfied all, save he who moved the call; this was a Mr. Henri D'Egville, a *ci-devant* colonist of St. Domingo, who, at an early period of his life, had escaped after the revolution in that island. He was a man that, at first view, might be judged to have passed the meridian of life, on account of the dimness of his eyes, and his furrowed brow; yet, on a second view, an observer would judge that he had scarcely reached that period. He was rather bloated and corpulent, and it was easy to perceive that the lustre of his eyes had been quenched rather by intemperance than time. Yet, with all these defects, his form and features bore marks of having been at one time handsome.

D'Egville persisted, in a peremptory tone, on Stewart's singing a Gaelic song. The host endeavoured to appease him, and proposed an adjournment. This would not satisfy the St. Domingian—he became warmer on the subject: one or two of us interfered, amongst the rest myself. I was next to him, and his unreasonable ire was suddenly directed to me. Amid the confusion created by this unpleasant affair, Captain S. put a period to it by declaring, with a smile of good humour, that he now recollected a highland song. Silence was restored, and, to the tune of the "Highland Laddie," the Captain sung an "Ode of Anacreon." The effect produced by this witty ruse is indescribable. D'Egville's education, like most of those instructed in the colonies, was confined to one or two of the living tongues, and some of the exterior accomplishments; so that the Greek ode passed muster well enough with him for Gaelic; besides, his senses were rather obscured by wine. Two or three of the company understood the noble languages in which the bard of Namos sung, and could scarcely restrain their laughter at the whim of chaunting his lay to a Gaelic air. Three or four more of the party knew enough of

the classics to find that Stewart was singing Greek: these smiled; but the most interesting countenance to contemplate, was that of a Mr. Donald M'Phearson, a native of the Highlands: he knew not a word of the dead languages, but he well knew that Greek was not Gaelic; he displayed a gallery of faces: at first he looked most profoundly mystified, not knowing what to make of the fine-sounding tones that Stewart was uttering. Then he seemed highly indignant at the insult the Captain was offering to his mother tongue; but the prudence, for which most of his countrymen are remarkable, got the better of his patriotic ire, and he smiled in applause of the singular stratagem.

The Græco-Gælic song ended; a burst of applause followed; none were louder in their approbation than D'Egville, who, drinking a large claret glass of Madeira to the health of Stewart, said that the *Scotch* was a language almost as soft and musical as the French; and requested the Captain to translate his song. This request the Captain good-humouredly complied with, by turning Anacreon's ode literally into English. D'Egville was so delighted at the gallantry of what he called the Highland poet's praise of beauty, that he shook Captain Stewart by the hand, who looked at the Creole with a very equivocal expression of countenance, which the latter, being "*Bacchi plenus*," could not observe.

Nothing particular occurred during the rest of the evening, when the party broke up. As my path home lay towards the sea-side, I accompanied Captain Stewart on his way to join his boat, which waited to put him on board his ship—a fine West-Indiaman, on the eve of sailing to Europe. He had been a master in the navy, enjoying half-pay, and, by permission of the Admiralty, I believe, was now in the merchant service. During our walk, I had some conversation with him, and congratulated him on his ingenious stratagem of substituting a Greek ode for a Gaelic song, diverting several of us, and at once satisfying and turning to ridicule the silly and impertinent demand of the inebriated French Creole. He told me in reply to a remark I made on his classical attainments, that, at the end of ten years' service in the navy, his trifling collegiate acquirements were nearly forgotten, but being, in 1814, appointed to a signal station on the western coast of England, and having much leisure and little society, he renewed his acquaintance with his long neglected friends of Greece and Rome, "one of whom, you see," he observed, "got me out of the ludicrous dispute with Mr. D'Egville; but he is equally quarrelsome when sober; one of his dangerous description should not be admitted into respectable society."

"Is he a duellist?" At this question of mine, the Captain paused in his conversation, and stopped walking: after a lapse of some time, he said, with agitation,—

"True, sir—most true: a duellist should be shunned by the worthy part of mankind. But you wretched D'Egville is worse than a duellist: he is a murderer!—at least, so I account one who, by continual practice with the pistol, can hit the ace of hearts at fifteen paces; who, by being 'out,' as it is called, so frequently, is so accustomed to human destruction, that he can make *bon-mots* and take snuff the moment before he pulls the trigger;—one whose talent for getting insulted is so exquisite, that he has been known to wear a new hat tied round with *rope-yarn* to attract notice, which notice he has resented, made into a quarrel, and finally brought to a duel. He has the blood of some twenty victims to account for!" I shuddered to think

that I had been in companionship with such a cold-blooded assassin. "Some villains have a conscience," continued the Captain, "but this man seems to have none; he is still on the watch for fresh victims, and seems never so happy as in the prospect of twelve paces and an opponent. I have heard of an assassin who declared that he could never look at a clock at the time the hands pointed to the hour when his black deed was perpetrated, but he beheld the face of him whom he murdered, glaring at him from the dial. Yet, strange to say, D'Egville, having wantonly destroyed many, with a fiendish delight seeks to add to his guilt."—Stewart again paused, then added, in a voice tremulous with emotion,—“while I having, in my youth, slain one man in a duel, the remembrance is permitted to haunt me through life!” The remark was of a nature and made in a manner to preclude reply: after a pause of some minutes, the Captain resumed,—“And yet, according to what is called ‘honour,’ I acted rightly. I sought not the quarrel. My fellow-student, Cameron, in a theatre, brutally insulted a young lady. I interfered, and he struck me. I called on him for ‘satisfaction;’ we met, and, although I never before exploded an ounce of powder, at the first shot Cameron staggered, fell, and, after a few struggles of agony, ceased for ever to breathe! And yet the recollection of this event embitters my days. Do I sleep amid night visions, I behold the prostrate form of Cameron writhing in death-struggles, and hear the mortal rattling in his throat! Am I sick, low-spirited, or lonely, I see him with his smoking pistol dropping from his hand, staggering and falling! Often, on a serene night, when the dark bosom of the ocean glittered with the moon’s rays, have I beheld his shrouded cadaverous form rise from the deep, and glide across the horizon;—plainly, amid the howlings of the storm, have I heard the short cry of agony, between a yell and a groan, that he uttered when this fatal arm slew him!”

We walked in silence some distance further, each busy with his own reflections, until I was preparing to take leave of my companion, when he invited me to go on board his ship, the “Planter.” As the rain had fallen heavily that day, it brought a great cloud of mosquitoes, whose stings I could avoid by sleeping at sea, and my new friend had so won upon me, that I frankly accepted his offer. His gig was waiting for him, in which we embarked, and in a few minutes we ascended the accommodation-ladder. It was late, or, rather early, that is to say, about two o’clock, and we retired to rest, the Captain in his state-room, and I in a cot in the cabin. I slept soundly, and the next morning was awoke by the steward, who acquainted me that breakfast was ready. A head-ache immediately informed me how I had spent the preceding night, to remedy which the Captain advised me to spend the day on board, where the air is much cooler than in town. I had little business on shore, and that little I felt no inclination to go about, so I followed his prescription.

The cargo of the Planter being completed, Stewart had little to do, so that the morning was spent in conversation, he being a great talker, and was, besides, what great talkers are not often—a deep thinker. It is true, he had some singular ideas, yet, if not always just, they were original; he was sometimes erroneous, but never dull or trivial.

“Who can that be coming on board, in a shore-boat?” asked the Captain, looking through his telescope. “As I live, it is that scoundrel Wilthorpe,—Captain Wilthorpe of the Columbian service, as he calls himself.”

“Who may he be?”

“One of the Duellist’s fraternity; reports says he killed a brother republican officer, by the ingenious plan of loading his pistol with a ball cut in quarters, and joined neatly together. I can guess the purpose of his visit.”

The boat came alongside, and a person inquired if the captain was on board; receiving an answer in the affirmative, he mounted the ladder. He was a young man of rather an effeminate appearance, to obviate which, he had cultivated immense whiskers, and a most warlike pair of mustachios. His head was remarkably erect, and his cheeks puffed out with affected importance; his gait was “would-be military.” He wore a rather thread-bare surout, covered with enormous frogs, and a high black stock;—there was a mixture of formality, overstrained politeness, and military non-chalance in his address, that reminded me of a private in the barracks, who affects to imitate his officer.

“Have the honour of addressing Captain Stewart?”

The Captain bowed assent.

“That, sir, being the case, sir, I ah—* have, ah,—to request the honour of ah—a private interview, sir—”

“I cannot conceive that you have any business with me, that this gentleman should not be a party to.”

“May I presume to ask, sir, if, ah—this gentleman has the honour, sir, ah—of being sir, your friend?”—“This he said, eyeing me, and laying a strong emphasis on the last word.

“Whatever this gentleman has the honour of being, can be of little consequence to you, sir;—will you be pleased to open your business?”

At hearing this rebuff, Wilthorpe elevated his head to its utmost height, puffed out his cheeks, pulled up his false collar, and then formally took from his pocket-book a note, which he handed to the Captain, saying, “Will you, sir, be pleased to peruse this, ah,—note, sir?”

Stewart took the note, and read these words, evidently written by a hand whose nerves were none of the steadiest—

“Le Porteur, M. le Capitaine Vilthorpe mon ami, est chargé de l’affaire d’honneur entre le Capitaine Estuarta et moi. “HENRI D’EGVILLE.”

“Well, sir,” said Stewart, after reading this brief epistle, “what does Mr. Henri D’Egville mean by this note?”

“He means, sir, to send me to you as his friend, sir, in order, sir,—ah—that I may explain to you, sir, that he conceives himself greatly insulted, sir, by your conduct in regard to a pretended Gaelic song, sir, last night, at the table of Mr. Invoice, sir; and not doubting, sir, that he has the honour of sending to a gentleman and a man of honour, sir,—ah—he has requested me, sir, to say—ah—that he hopes to have the pleasure of meeting you—ah—to-morrow at gunfire, on the beach behind Iguanna rock, sir—ah.”

“Mr. D’Egville shall not have the pleasure of meeting me, as he calls it: by which he means the pleasure of adding me to the line of the score he has already murdered.”

“Surely, sir, that is not the answer you would, sir, send to a gentleman—ah—whom you have insulted, sir, ah—am I to understand that you refuse to meet my friend?”

“I speak, and you understand English; do you wish me to send an answer in Gaelic or Greek to Mr. D’Egville?”

“Are you aware, sir, that my friend Mr. D’Egville, sir, will conceive your refusing to meet him to be the effects of cowardice?”

“It matters little to me what the conceptions of your friend may be on the subject,” said Stewart, with the admirable coolness he had preserved through the interview.

“And, sir, are you aware, sir,—ah—that my friend,

* The Captain introduced a kind of drawling interjection between every five words.

sir, thinking the—ah—man who would be base enough to insult him, sir, without having the courage to meet him as a gentleman, deserves to be treated as a scoundrel. He will feel himself called on publicly to chastise you."

The cholera rushed into Stewart's face, at hearing this insulting menace; but in a moment he was cool. Putting himself in Wilthorpe's attitude, and admirably mimicking his voice and action, he said—

"Are you aware, sir, that by honouring me, sir, by going down this accommodation-ladder, sir,—ah,—you will save me the disagreeable necessity, sir, of pitching you, sir,—ah,—overboard, sir."

This remark was made in such a manner, that it provoked the mate, carpenter, steward, and two sailors, who had unperceived drawn within earshot, to a boisterous fit of laughter. Wilthorpe coloured deeply, and tried to smile in contempt; but he looked, to use the mate's reading of a passage in Shakspeare, "like patience on a lee-cat-head, smiling at a wet-swab."

"Let us tar and feather the unboiled lobster," said the steward. No sooner was this proposed, than, delighted with the suggestion, the people surrounded Wilthorpe, and the mate bawled out, "Here, cook, bring the tar-pot; here's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot."

"Go forward!" said the Captain, in an authoritative tone; "how dare you interfere with my quarrels!" The seamen reluctantly obeyed.

"I hope," said Stewart, "that Mr. Wilthorpe will not give me the trouble of protecting him from insult."

Wilthorpe thought the hint too good to neglect it; so, descending the ladder, seated himself in the boat, and, darting a revengeful look at the Captain, went ashore.

"I know not," said Stewart, calmly, "nor care I what may be said of my conduct; but, having once shed the life's blood of a man, my conscience forbids my accepting any more challenges. I conceive life too estimable a gift to treat its Giver with ingratitude, by throwing it away, to satisfy the fiend-like propensity of one I despise."

"Your resolution does you honour, but should he—" I was about to express that which I should not on recollection. I took the awkward course of stopping in the middle of my sentence.

"I anticipate your thoughts: you need not fear to utter them. You would inquire how I would act were this D'Egville to put in practice what you cat-faced youth threatened. I have about my person the scars of five wounds in front. These are honourable marks of my having served my country; three of those were obtained on board the *Victory*, the day that the greatest naval hero that ever the ocean bore exchanged a life of glory for immortality. These scars (he displayed two on his breast as he spoke) are too deep to be effaced by the hand of an inebriated duellist."

These resolutions were noble: (but, alas, for human nature) they were not kept. Within an hour of this conversation, Stewart had business on shore to "clear out" his vessel, preparatory to his sailing the following morning. Being free from the disorder with which I awoke, I accompanied him. After we landed, and while Stewart was giving orders to one of his seamen, D'Egville, who had waited for him at a corner, sprang unperceived and unexpected upon him, with an activity that was surprising for a man in his state. He struck the Captain with a small horsewhip across the face; and, ere Stewart recovered himself, vaulted into his saddle and rode off. This was done in the presence of several persons. Never shall I forget the dreadful expression of Stewart's countenance. On ordinary occasions his features were handsome and so regular, that one might judge them incapable of strongly indicating any deep passion; but now they were

inimitably and inexpressibly awful. The most violent indignation and the blackest wrath flashed from his eyes, and distorted every lineament of his visage, which became absolutely party-coloured with conflicting emotions.

After some minutes I lead, or rather dragged, him into my apartments; which happened to be on the ground-floor, within a few yards of us. He was quite passive. I conjured him to moderate his rage; he seemed not to hear what I said, but burst into a terrible laugh. Tears are seldom shed by agony; groans, and even execrations, relieve it; but the laugh of wrath indicates the climax of human passion. After a pause, he walked, with a hurried step, across the apartment several times; then, stopping short, called me by my name, and asked me if I was near. I answered in the affirmative, and he again traversed the room; when he re-paused, and said, in a deep tone—"Yes, it shall be so: I will rid the world of a murderer at the expense of my life—Tropic, where the d— are you?"

"Here, sir." He grasped my hand with a force that brought the blood to my nails; and, looking me in the face, said—

"Will you be my friend on this occasion?" To remonstrate with him for inconsistency in his present state of mind, was madness; besides, I felt too indignant at D'Egville's conduct to attempt to pacify him. I, therefore, answered in the affirmative. "Listen, then, to the terms I intend sending this—" He paused for an epithet; but memory could not supply him any one with which he chose to designate his enemy. He briefly told me of the plan he had formed to rid the world of D'Egville, and, at the same time, sacrificing himself. His proposal was so dreadful that, after a pause, I declined being his second.

"What!" said he, "you would be my friend, as it is called, and place me at ten or twelve paces for the assassin safely to destroy me?—no matter; I will seek some other—but where?—true!—No one will, perhaps, second a man whom they are sure would be killed, so I'll meet him without a second. Wilthorpe, the bullet-splitter, shall officiate for both!"

I was in a horrid dilemma. I had to choose between the alternative of seconding him in an affair in which both the principals were morally sure of being killed, or of leaving him to fall, unattended by a friend—perhaps exposed to the machinations of Wilthorpe, whose conduct and character were infamous. After a moment's consideration, a kind of hope whispered to me that Stewart would escape.

"I will be your friend," I exclaimed, "in this dreadful affair." He said nothing, but embraced me.

"But hold! I must send four of our seamen to dig our grave; then write my will, and give directions to my mate; remember the hour is six; and the place on the beach behind Iguana rock. On no other consideration will I fight."

"I will recollect."

"Away, then!" I left him, sought the dwelling of D'Egville; and was ushered into his presence.

Although it was two o'clock, he was at *dejeune*; this repast consisted of a strongly-seasoned dish, called "pepper-pot," and a bottle of claret. On my entering, he arose, bowed, and said, "A votre service, Monsieur." I briefly thanked him, declined his invitation, and informing him that I bore a message from Captain Stewart. At hearing this his countenance brightened, and took a demonic smile. Anticipating my errand, he said—

"Ah, he at length consents to meet me: I wonder a man of his former profession should give me so much trouble to make him act like 'un homme comme il faut.'"

"You have rightly guessed the cause of this visit; and will, of course, have no objections to meet my

friend, at the place which Captain Wilthorpe proposed?"

"None whatever."

"It now remains with me to name the terms on which Captain Stewart will encounter you."

"Ah, bah! as to the terms, Wilthorpe and yourself will settle them on the ground."

"Pardon me, sir; Mr. Wilthorpe is a man with whom I wish to have as little intercourse as possible. I must, therefore, tell you how you are to fight." I then briefly related to him the preparations Stewart was making to insure his own and his antagonist's death. D'Egville's face grew as dark as a thundercloud.

"I fight as a gentleman; I never turn butcher; I will not agree to those terms!"

"On no other will my friend meet you: you are an excellent shot—he is not; he, therefore, proposes to equalize the chances, or, rather, to wash out your insult and his dishonour with the life's blood of both. Refuse to meet him on those terms, and there is no species of degradation but Captain Stewart will heap upon you. Nay, sir, look not at me so menacingly, but give me your answer." D'Egville eyed me from head to foot with a glance of contempt. I added, "I came not here, sir, to have a personal altercation; but to know from you whether you dare meet my friend on those desperate, but fair conditions; or do you refuse his challenge?"

"I refuse a challenge? I, Henri D'Egville, of Cape Francois, refuse a challenge? I will meet your friend, and on his own terms."

"Precisely at six, behind Iguanna rock."

"I will be there."

I bowed formally, and left him. As I quitted the house, I heard him call out, "Jean Pierre, bring me my pistols; Louis, run and call Wilthorpe; he is next door, at the billiard-table."

At six, the parties met; that is, D'Egville, Wilthorpe, Stewart, and myself, were on the appointed ground, behind an immense black rock, on the sea-coast; in this place had been dug by Stewart's people a grave capable of holding two bodies. The earth or sand that came out of it, had been removed to some distance. It was across the grave that the combatants were to hold a handkerchief, and fire at a signal; escape from death was hopeless. The glorious sun was just setting; Stewart took a melancholy look at the orb of day, assured of its being his last; methought I saw his lips move in inaudible prayer, yet his mien was firm; that of D'Egville was sullen and immovable. The pistols of our principals were loaded by Wilthorpe and myself. The Columbian officer proposed tossing up a dollar to determine who should give the word of command to fire; to this I agreed, and he gave me a coin to decide the wager. I was suspicious of this man from what I had heard of him, and, therefore, glanced at the piece. It was fortunate that I used this caution, for it had two heads, and no reverse; it was the halves of two split dollars, so neatly joined that the eye could not detect it, but by looking carefully at the rim. Wilthorpe, amongst other of his accomplishments, was a professed gambler; the trick of joining two heads, or reverses, of a coin, is an old one among the hopeful fraternity, called blacklegs. I felt certain that something unfair was to be attempted in giving the fatal word; I knew not, nor have I since discovered, of what nature this was to be. Without seeming to notice the cheat, I turned the *rue* against himself, by giving him, with dissembled carelessness, his dollar, and requesting him to toss it; he bit his lips with concealed passion, but could not refuse; I called "head!" and, of course, won. The growl of D'Egville, and his look of gloomy despair, confirmed my suspicions, and convinced me that he was privy to the plan, whatever it was, of his second. The hand-

kerchief was held by the parties across the grave, and the pistols were placed in their hands.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Yes!" was their reply, in low deep voices. I cast a look at the parties. Stewart's looks were calm and firm; D'Egville's eyes gleamed wildly; his teeth were clenched, and he held his breath, as if he mechanically tried to screw his "courage to the sticking pitch." A tremulous emotion was, however, visible on his lips, which increased. I paused, and his agitation became greater;—I resolved not to give the fatal signal for a few moments. I still paused;—it was as I hoped—the whole of the Haytian's features became distorted—his teeth now chattered,—at first the handkerchief and the pistol dropped from his paralyzed hand—his knees shook—his legs refused to support him—he reeled, and fell into the grave!

There he lay on the ground, having the appearance of one attacked at once by palsy and ague. Stewart sprang across the grave: but, seeing the humiliating position of his enemy, threw down his pistol, and, with an aptitude, tone, and manner, that I never saw surpassed for dignity, exclaimed—"Poor fallen wretch! you are too much an object of pity to excite wrath."

He was, indeed, a fallen wretch—fallen as Satan—but how unlike the dauntless "fiend that Milton drew." Henri D'Egville, the dreaded duellist,—the slayer of twenty men—who delighted in the prospect of a mortal combat more than a miser joyed at gaining a treasure, lay on the earth which his presence had too long polluted—its vilest and most despised creature—shuddering like a falcon that I have seen within the reach of a serpent, while the terror-struck bird had neither the power of defence or flight. His acquaintances (friends this man had not) declared that his paroxysm of panic was occasioned by a long course of ill-health and debauchery—whether it was entirely correct I am unable to say. I hurried Stewart to his boat, which was some three hundred yards off, and we embarked—leaving the prostrated D'Egville to the care of his friend.

Two of the boat's crew had been (concealed from our view) spectators to the whole of the transaction. So that, when we got on board, they related all that had taken place. The Planter's crew, who adored their Captain, received Stewart with the most heartfelt joy I ever saw. In spite of his remonstrances, they carried him round the decks on their shoulders, huzzing like madmen. The news of the event spread through a whole convoy of merchantmen in the harbour. The crews of each vessel gave us three cheers, which was replied to by the Planter's.

BENE PLANT.

THE seeds of this plant seem to have been introduced into our southern states by the negroes from Africa, and is cultivated by them in almost every patch, or negro garden, to a limited extent; and is considered by them as a specific in all cases of dysentery, diarrhoea and cholera. For this purpose, about two quarts of cold water are put into a vessel, two green leaves are then taken from the bene plant, and the water kept stirring with them for about five minutes, by which time the water will have assumed nearly the consistence of starch, perfectly colourless and tasteless. Of this water the patient is made to drink freely and often, with the most beneficial effects in those complaints. In this climate, the seed should be sown about the first of April in a hot bed, and may be transplanted into the open air about the first of May, in rows about twelve or fifteen inches apart. As it is only cultivated as a medical plant, a few seeds will probably be enough for any one family. Whether it will preserve its medical qualities after it is dried, I am not informed.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Original.

RETALIATION

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

ISABEL.—Must he needs die?

ANGELO.—Maiden, no remedy.

Measure for Measure.

On a pleasant evening in the May of the year 1782, a family circle was assembled, the unusual animation of whose faces seemed to betoken some joyful expectation. The group consisted of four females. One was apparently the mother of the family, and her countenance, though not less expressive of deep and joyful feeling, was more calm and tranquil than those of the others. They, indeed, were entirely unable to restrain their feelings, or to subdue themselves to any decent degree of composure. By a tacit but common consent, their needle-work, with which they had been endeavouring to employ themselves, was, at length, abandoned, and two of the young ladies proceeded to the two respective windows in the apartment, which commanded a view of the main road, or, to speak more correctly, the main pathway. One advanced slowly and carelessly to the window, as if half ashamed of her own impatience; the other, as if she were anxious to look out, and cared not who knew it. The third leaned her head on her hand, and seemed absorbed in deep, if not painful thought. The mother at length broke the silence.

"I'm afraid, girls, that you'll be disappointed; better sit down to sewing, and think no more about them."

"Oh, mother," said her youngest and most impatient daughter, "don't say so. George wrote most positively that they should be here to-night. Nothing can happen to prevent them. If they don't come," added she, reproachfully, "I shall think it their own negligence."

"Oh, Anna," said her sister, "you cannot think so. Perhaps their presence is necessary, and they cannot; they ought not to leave their duty even to see us."

"I know all that very well. But I know they will come. At any rate, mother, we will look for them a little longer."

While thus engaged, we will make the reader better acquainted with the ladies just introduced. About ten years after her marriage, Mrs. Laurens was left a widow, with two sons, and an equal number of daughters. Though not wealthy, in the present acceptation of the word, she was placed far beyond the reach of want; and, by prudence and economy, was enabled to live comfortably and happily. The state of education in those times being duly considered, Mrs. Laurens might be pronounced a well educated and even an accomplished woman. Her temper was as good as people's generally are, and her feelings kind in the main. That this was the case, she evinced when, at the death of her only sister, she received her orphan child into her own family, with the determination of treating her as her own daughter, and in this she partially succeeded.

At the time of her mother's death, Helen Marshall was nearly ten years of age, but far more interesting and intelligent than children of that age commonly are. As an only child, she had been educated with uncommon care, and, though deprived of her father at an early age, the decision and energy of her mother's character amply supplied the loss. But she died, and poor Helen was consigned to the care, to the mercy, I might almost say, of an aunt whom she had never

known. But, though Mrs. Laurens had been long separated from her sister, the warm love of her girlish days had not entirely died away, and the face of little Helen called up scenes and feelings long gone by, and she resolved to love and treat her as she did her own Mary and Anna. Except when maternal partiality intervened, Mrs. Laurens faithfully kept the resolution; but Helen was so much more beautiful and so much more gifted than either of her daughters, that her aunt at times wished her in her native Virginia.

Helen was now about eighteen, but, from the delicate and graceful style of her beauty, she might have been thought several years younger. Her deep, dark blue eyes contrasted well with her fair, high brow, which might be truly termed "the forehead where the mind her visible temple hath." Her cheek, coloured with the lightest tint of red, and her jet black hair, which clustered in short, close curls around her head, added still more to the singularity as well as beauty of her personal appearance. Her character was as singular and peculiar as her beauty. A timidity and gentleness, unusual even when her sex and age were considered, marked her general demeanour, and her yielding and quiet manner seemed, at a first glance, to announce weakness and indecision. This, at least, was the opinion of her aunt. "Helen," she would frequently observe, "was a good girl enough, but as unfit for this world as she could possibly be. With some one to take care of and direct her, she did very well, but when she came to do any thing of herself, poor thing, she was as ignorant as a child." But Mrs. Laurens was a woman whose keen and eager eye glanced only over the surface. She could not see that the unimpassioned calmness of Helen's manner arose simply from the cause that nothing of sufficient importance had ever occurred to call forth the deep-locked fountains of energy and feeling that were concealed in the inmost recesses of her soul. Here is by no means an uncommon case.

There are many, very many, who live and die with their characters wholly misunderstood and unappreciated. Their feelings, sentiments, and even actions, are so cruelly misapprehended, that it seems to be utterly useless to explain either. But once take your position in the busy, thoughtless multitude, as "among them, but not of them," and your character is settled by common consent, perhaps as unlike that which you really bear, as light is to darkness. It was something like this feeling which modelled the opinion of Mrs. Laurens. She saw that Helen was different from her own daughters, and that, with her, implied inferiority. She was incapable of beholding and appreciating the energy of purpose, dignity of character, and true superiority of intellect, of which Helen was the possessor. We will bestow a word or two upon our other Dramatis Personæ, and then leave them to act for themselves.

Mary and Anna Laurens were good-natured, pleasant girls, differing from each other, inasmuch as Mary was mild and retiring, and Anna ardent and impetuous. They were neither uncommonly gifted or refined, but they were pretty and even graceful. Their two brothers were much like the generality of well-educated, well-bred young men. They were also good tempered and high spirited, and had, moreover, the advantage of a handsome and prepossessing exterior, and Mrs. Laurens considered herself the happiest of mothers.

"Mother," said Anna, "I am sure they are coming.

I can just see them—I am so rejoiced;—but what is the matter with Helen,—she looks as if she were going to faint."

Mrs. Laurens looked at her niece, and was indeed startled by her death-like paleness.

"My dear Helen," she exclaimed, "what can be the matter?"

"It is nothing at all, aunt," faintly answered Helen, "only my head aches, and I feel a little faint. I will go into the porch, and wait for my cousins." So saying, she left the room.

"Anna," said her mother, "why don't you go with your cousin? You look as if her being ill was a very ludicrous affair."

"Why, mother, I have just had a very bright idea. Helen looks so curiously, I think she must be in love with George."

"In love with a fiddle-stick!" said her mother, on whose ear this supposition grated harshly. "Anna, I thought you had more sense; I must go and see how she is myself."

As she left the room, Anna turned to her sister,—
"I'm afraid I have given mother a lasting shock. She is half frightened to death at the very thought of what I said, and is going to manage the matter herself."

"I think you are entirely incorrect," said her sister, with her usual placidity. "Helen has too much good sense to entertain a regard for George. Upon considering the thing, she must have seen that mother would disapprove of it, and, in that case, common prudence would have taught her that her residence with us could not be so agreeable."

"I said," answered Anna, laughing, "that she had *fell* in love—not descended by a ladder. I dare say nobody has thought of the thing but myself, George and Helen not excepted. But here they come."

Mrs. Laurens and her sons entered, and a joyous and happy meeting ensued between all parties. In a few moments Helen entered. The paleness of her cheek was succeeded by an unnatural flush, and her lip quivered, as if with some strong emotion. Anna and her mother both watched with intense interest her meeting with her cousin, but her manner was so singular as to entirely baffle all conjecture.

After slightly greeting her cousins, she commenced a hurried walk through the apartment, and appeared as if struggling with some feeling that she could hardly repress. Though inly wondering, Mrs. Laurens strove to dispel the silence that seemed gathering around the circle by inquiries concerning the momentous events then taking place. We have not before recurred to these events, but it now seems necessary to mention that this was the period distinguished by some of the most interesting events of our American Revolution.

The death, or, more properly, the murder of Captain H——, by the British, had excited a thrill of horror and indignation through the whole country, and at length the American leaders had determined to resort to the terrible expedient of *retaliation*. Any one who is familiar with our Revolutionary history will there read a full and detailed account of this sanguinary execution. Suffice it at present to say that, hardly with the common forms of martial law, Captain H—— had been put to death, by the order of one of the British officers, with circumstances of great cruelty. Both George and Robert Laurens had, by their mother's consent, and even wish, joined the army, and had already been distinguished by their courage and devotion, to the cause.

It was some months since they had visited their mother, and the peculiar scenes of danger in which they were placed, added to the interest they excited. The various incidents, too, which had been, and still were going on in the army, were of a peculiarly interesting nature; and, as all the family were zealous in the cause, as it was then termed, of rebellion, after

the first burst of joy had subsided, all were anxious in their inquiries.

"Well, brother George," exclaimed Anna, "now tell us all about every thing—particularly what our leaders have determined on with regard to the retaliation for the shameful murder of Captain H——. My blood really boils when I think of it."

"My dear sister," said George, "you feel only as any person of generous feelings would do. But fear not—we shall be amply avenged. General Washington has called a council of all the leaders, and measures of retaliation have been resolved upon. The whole affair is settled, and even—but what can be the matter with Helen?"

The eyes of all turned to Helen, who had sat, during this short dialogue, with every feature expressive of the deepest distress. Her cheek first crimsoned, and then grew pale, till the address of her cousin seemed to arouse her.

"Oh! don't ask me!" she wildly exclaimed, "I cannot live much longer. I mean," she added, after a moment's pause, "I have a violent nervous head-ache, and I hardly know what I am saying."

"My dear," said her aunt, "you had better go to your room, and try to sleep."

"I will, only—only I feel rather interested about this affair, and I wish to ask—to know who has been selected as the—victim."

Her breath seemed almost to stop with the last word; and, though surprised at her agitation, her cousin tried to answer her.

"His name,—why, I heard it; it is—how strange that I cannot think. Robert, what is it?"

"Is it"—began Helen. She then stopped as if by some sudden impulse.

"His name," said Robert, "is Russell, a captain in the army, of high rank and connexions. But, Helen, pray go—you are just about to faint."

"Oh! no," said Helen, laughing rather wildly, "no such thing. Aunt, don't let any one go with me,"—for both her cousins rose.

Thus speaking, she darted from the room, and never paused till she reached an upper unfrequented apartment, appropriated to useless lumber. She sunk on the floor, and, resting her head on a low window seat, sobbed in bitterness of heart.

"What can I—what shall I do?" was her first exclamation. "I can tell no one—ask no one's advice or sympathy. Oh! mother, that you were but living, to counsel and aid me!"

After Helen's departure, the young men acquainted the family more in detail with the measures which had been resolved on, and which the stern necessity of war seemed to justify. The fate of Captain Russell was sealed, and nothing remained but to fix the time for his execution. All seemed to approve of the measure, and even the females had so far merged compassion and gentleness in indignation and party feeling as to approve.

After a long and protracted conversation, and after many remarks on the singularity of Helen's indisposition, her aunt declared that she must go and see her, and thus the evening ended.

CHAPTER II.

A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate;—
My doom is closed.—Basil.

What object is there in nature more beautiful than the sun setting in bright and unclouded glory? The trees, the shrubs, and the whole landscape seem tinged with a deeper and more radiant glow, and all appears animated, as it were, with a new principle of life and

intelligence. If there is not thrown around that deep and thrilling charm which belongs to moonlight, or if sunset does not communicate

"The joy that cometh with the morning,
Brightly victorious o'er the clouds of care,"

it certainly diffuses a soft and soothing quiet, a gentle influence, well fitted to hush the sorrows and agitations of the human breast.

It was one of the sunny days in the last of April that was now drawing to its close. The sky was unclouded, and the sun's last beam was sinking over that part of the American army now encamped at Nelson's Point, on the banks of the Hudson. The soldiers, in some measure relieved from their arduous labours, were engaged in various species of amusement, and every face seemed flushed with enjoyment. But there was one melancholy exception. A young man of slight but elegant form was engaged in slowly pacing a narrow strip of greensward, that lay at some distance from the scattered groups that were elsewhere collected. He looked as if worn by some deep and intense mental suffering; and when, at times, the joyous bursts of laughter fell on his ear, his whole countenance expressed the sentiments so common to suffering humanity—"Oh! who can rejoice when my misery is so deep?" but this gradually passed away, giving place to an expression of mingled fortitude and resignation. It was, however, no light cause which had subdued a spirit naturally so buoyant. He was the unfortunate Russell, the victim selected to suffer by the stern laws of relentless warfare, for a crime in which he had no participation. From motives of kindness, the communication of his destiny had been delayed for several hours—but the wretched duty had been at length fulfilled.

After the first few hours of agonizing surprise were over, he requested permission to walk in the open air. The fresh evening breeze removed the sense of suffocation from his heart and brain, and seemed to bring life before him in its sweetest and fairest colours, while an early and disgraceful death grew still more appalling and dreadful. He tried to still the raging fever of his mind, but all in vain.

"O'er his soul
The thoughts like troubled waters roll."

But, though many might draw another inference, Frederick Russell was, in reality, a brave and courageous man, possessed not only of physical courage, but of strong mental firmness. But he was also very young, his age not exceeding nineteen; and, for the last few months, he had, for the first time, been exposed to scenes of peril and danger. The only son of a noble and ancient family, he had been educated with uncommon care and affection, and mind and person alike carefully guarded from danger and suffering. He was now alone, in a foreign land, in the power of enemies, condemned to an ignominious and painful death, and far from all aid, consolation or sympathy. Who, then, can wonder at the agony that now overwhelmed him. There was one ray of light, however, that gleamed bright through the darkness. He had one friend not far distant, and, though he knew her powerless to save, she might be strong to advise and comfort. But the gleam of consolation that these thoughts afforded soon vanished; for how slight was the probability that he should ever again see Helen Marshall, or that she should even hear of his destiny till it was sealed for ever. Sick at heart, he returned to his prison-house, and sought to lose his distress in sleep. A few words will explain how his acquaintance with Helen commenced.

Among Mrs. Laurens's circle of acquaintance, which circle embraced all the families of respectability for

ten miles round, there were a few who, although they took no active part, yet declared, both by demeanour and language, that they espoused the cause of England, and looked on the colonies as contending in the cause of rebellion. Among the most prominent of these, stood Mrs. Clinton, the widow of a gallant English colonel, who fell in the war with France a few years previous. Educated a warm loyalist, she maintained her early principles even when surrounded by neighbours of so very opposite a description. She was much pleased with the beauty and intelligence of Helen, though a child, when she first saw her. Intellectual and well educated, she became to her a kind and judicious friend, and Helen soon regarded her as an object of her warmest affection. It was on one point only that Mrs. Clinton and her protegee differed. But even this exercised no influence over their friendship; for, gentle in all her thoughts and feelings, it was not likely that Helen's political sentiments should be tinged with animosity or bitterness. Under Mrs. Clinton's roof, Helen first saw Frederick Russell. An acquaintance had subsisted for some years between his family and that of Mrs. Clinton, and therefore he deemed it expedient to pay her a visit, and, finding her possessed of so lovely a companion, he began to discover that Mrs. Clinton was a very fine woman, and her house a very pleasant house. Though endowed with much good sense and good feeling, Mrs. Clinton had not a large share of worldly prudence, and being, moreover, rather enthusiastic in her opinions, it never struck her that an attachment might be a very unhappy thing, existing between a very young man, of high rank and expectations, aristocratic connexions, and deeply devoted to the royal cause, and a very young girl, with neither rank nor fortune, and, moreover, thoroughly devoted to the cause of liberty, or, as Mrs. Clinton termed it, of rebellion. At any rate, the thought did not occur to her till the faith and affections of both were so deeply plighted that her advice or interference would have been useless, and all that remained to her was to press upon Helen the necessity of maintaining a profound silence on the subject to her aunt and cousins. In this Helen coincided, and, though several months had passed away since her engagement, yet the whole Laurens family were ignorant even of the existence of Frederick Russell till they heard his name announced as that of the intended victim of military retaliation. Russell and Helen had never met since they parted at Mrs. Clinton's, he to return to the army, and she to her aunt's. By chance she heard he was a prisoner, and finally she heard by her cousins that his dreadful doom was determined. A few days before, Mrs. Clinton had departed to New York, and thus was Helen deprived of the only friend who could sympathize with her. With restless energy Helen sought every means by which she might at least communicate with Russell, but none presented themselves, and she was at last obliged to resign herself to that most wretched of all wretched situations—namely, silent suffering and endurance.

It is not so hard to endure when our exertions are commensurate with our hopes, and when we are exerting every sentiment and feeling to avert impending misfortune; but when we are compelled to almost hopeless inactivity, it is then that the heart has indeed time to feel acutely "its own bitterness."

CHAPTER III.

"Oh what a tale to shadow with its gloom
The happy hall in England."—*Mrs. Hemans.*

It was a clear moonlight evening in the last of the month of June. Merton Park, the ancient family seat

of the Russell's still stood, a proud though silent memorial of their ancestral wealth and dignity. The tall towers and massive arches looked fitted to endure the ravages of time for centuries, the ancient and heavy architecture suiting well with the sombre shadow that the old oaks threw around. The hour and the scene seemed alike fitted for the indulgence of gentle though mournful emotions, and these lady Russell and her daughter experienced, as they gazed with an almost undefined feeling on the quiet landscape around. It is at an hour like this that the soul turns to the distant and the departed, and muses on them, and their fate and happiness, till *present scenes* and *present objects* pass away, and to the *mind's eye*, at least, imaginary forms and scenes appear with almost the distinctness of reality. Strong affection and ardent imagination form a kind of magic mirror, o'er which the shadows of the future are made to pass at the will of the possessor.

"Mother," said Adelaide, "you cannot think how much Frederick has been on my mind to-day; and oh! dear mother, it will not be long before he will be with us again,—and, though it was a bitter hour when he left us, yet we shall be amply repaid when he returns, loaded with praises and honours, his name distinguished not for the courage of his ancestors, but for his own."

"Alas! my dear," said her mother, in a composed but melancholy tone, "I should be well pleased were he to return, and joyful if he returned but in health and safety. I think not of honours or distinction, but of suffering and death."

"Mother, you have no need to indulge these gloomy forebodings. Frederick will not be exposed to much danger. It will not be in America as in other warfare. The enemy consists of a body of unskilled peasantry, for the most part without courage or arms."

"Adelaide," said her mother, "you indulge in the enthusiastic visions of seventeen, and it is no marvel that mine are different. While you think of laurels and rewards, and a nation's thanks, I behold only an early and a violent death, and an unhonoured and obscure grave in a foreign land. But I do wrong to damp your youthful and buoyant hopes. I ought rather to seek comfort from them myself. But your father, Adelaide, is still in danger, though, thank heaven, the physicians pronounce him better."

She was interrupted by the entrance of a servant. He gave a package to lady Russell, and Adelaide, starting to her mother's side, stood breathless as she unfolded it. But the crimson faded from her beautiful cheek, as she watched her mother's countenance, which grew paler and paler as she read on, till she came to the conclusion, when, with a groan of the deepest agony, she sunk back in her chair.

Faint and trembling, Adelaide knelt beside her, not even daring to glance at the letter, which had fallen from her mother's hands, lest her worst fears should be confirmed. It was but a momentary insensibility that came over lady Russell. The object that she first saw was her kneeling daughter, the mute agony of whose countenance she trembled to behold. She tried to speak, but in vain, till Adelaide's bloodless lips faltered her brother's name,—that name so loved and almost adored.

"He was living," faintly exclaimed lady Russell, "but oh! perhaps it is now all over."

With a scream of joy Adelaide started up.—"Alive, mother, alive, only wounded,—oh! I know he will recover. I will go to America and nurse him, and take care of him, and he will soon be well."

"Adelaide," said her mother, "summon all your courage, and all your fortitude,—you never needed them more. Frederick is condemned to die—to die"—the words seemed to choke her utterance—"to die on a gallows!"

Her daughter stood for a few moments as if stupefied,

and then sunk fainting on the floor. But after the first shock had passed away, lady Russell possessed a soul "nothing undervalued to Cato's daughter." Her husband was stretched on a couch of mortal illness, her only son had, perhaps, ere this endured a felon's death in a foreign land, and her daughter now lay insensible at her feet; but her firmness did not desert her. She ordered remedies for the recovery of Adelaide, and, after long and restless thought, she determined to use the only means in her power to save the life of her son,—to apply to her sovereign for his own mediation. She could not turn to her husband or daughter for assistance, but, with the energy of desperation, she clung to the idea that if her son had been spared to the present time, a gleam of hope shone through the darkness.

In this state of mind she repaired to Adelaide, who lay utterly unconscious of joy or suffering, and, therefore, comparatively happy, for there are times when madness is preferable to reason. Alas! how long a time was to pass ere reason was restored to the mind of the one, or happiness to the bosom of the other!

CHAPTER IV.

But I go,
I that have been so loved, go hence alone;
Yet her hour
Bears back upon me with a torrent's power
Nature's deep longings.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

It was a dark, gloomy evening in November. The low moaning sound of the wind, and the splashing of the rain drops, that occasionally fell, were the only sounds that broke the desolate silence; but as the shades of evening deepened, the sound of distant thunder was heard, and one of the heavy autumnal tempests, common to the climate, seemed rising. Helen Marshall stood by her open window, gazing on the coming storm, her feelings harmonizing with it but too well. She appeared not as formerly, glowing with health and beauty, but wasted to a shadow. The thick black curls, that still clustered around her brow, rendered the contrast between them and her pallid countenance still more terrible. The distress and agonizing suspense that she had endured, working upon a naturally delicate frame, so injured her health that her aunt and cousins soon perceived that some bitter affliction was weighing her to the dust.

After much expostulation and entreaty from her aunt and Anna, (for Mary placed her cousin's altered looks to the account of bodily disease) Helen admitted that she was indeed in much affliction on account of the recent misfortune of a friend, but she declined giving his name, alleging that they had no knowledge of him, and she had her reasons for saying no more. Unsatisfactory as this was, Mrs. Laurens had perforce to content herself, and this she did the more readily by resolving that some thing distressing had happened among Helen's friends in Virginia. Helen never breathed Russell's name, and so far overcame her feelings as to listen with apparent composure to the exaggerated accounts given of him and his imprisonment, and the different opinions expressed with regard to his impending fate. These opinions were not of a nature calculated to soothe or comfort.

While the murder of Captain H—— was yet fresh in the minds of all, much sympathy for Russell was not to be expected, and poor Helen was condemned to hear her lover mentioned by her dearest friends as every thing base and treacherous. Thus slowly and wretchedly passed the summer away. Though only five or six miles distant from Russell, she had had the means of communicating with him but once, and that had been through the agency of Mrs. Clinton. As his life was prolonged day after day, she clung more

firmly to the hope that some concession might be made on the part of the British, or some more merciful policy be adopted by her own countrymen. But all hope vanished—when, on the morning of the day we have mentioned, she received, by the hands of an American soldier, a few lines from Russell. They were very few, but what volumes of meaning they conveyed to the mind of the wretched girl.

He was to die the next morning, and had been already warned to prepare his mind for a fate that was now inevitable. He entreated to see her, though but for a moment, and finished by requesting her to contrive some way to visit him, that he might at least have the consolation of departing from earth with the affection and sympathy of one friend still fresh in his mind. Helen had suffered too long and too deeply to be overwhelmed even by this dreadful communication, which, in other and happier days, would have completely stupefied and prostrated her whole soul. She thought of asking the advice and assistance of Anna, but when she considered her cousin's ardent political principles, her hatred to the royalists, and all who even favoured their cause, she felt that this step would be altogether useless, and would only subject her to the censure and opposition of the whole family. Mary was indeed more quiet and gentle, but her want of energy, not to say feeling, would render her a useless confidant. Alone then must she resolve and act, and for this her previous habits of life had almost totally unfitted her. But the strong tide of passionate feeling sweeps all minor things before it, and, with the courage of desperation, Helen resolved to go to the American camp in the coming night, take a last farewell of Russell, and return home. As the distance was so short she could accomplish this before morning. As she resolved on this, she gradually recovered sufficient calmness to meet the family, and just after dark retired to her chamber, to commence her preparations for her night walk. Russell had mentioned in his note that he had told his guards that he had friends in the neighbouring village, and permission had been given for any of them to visit him. She, therefore, feared no obstacle after her arrival. The solitary walk that, at any other time, would have seemed so dreadful, never entered her thoughts. The dying hours of Russell alone occupied her mind. She stood by the window, earnestly hoping that the signs of the coming tempest might pass away.

When the whole house seemed quiet, she wrapped her cloak around her, and, arranging her dress so as to shroud her face and figure as much as possible from observation, she took her way to the American camp. Her way was partly through a wild and narrow road, and partly through rough and unenclosed pasture-ground. The rain had nearly stopped, and though the continued flashes of lightning might, at any other time, have terrified her, she now felt even grateful for the assistance that the transient light afforded her. Though she hurried forward with the greatest rapidity, it was near midnight before she arrived at the American camp. To the guard whom she first met, she explained her errand, and was conducted immediately to the place of Russell's confinement. As she passed through the scattered groups of soldiers, she heard the affair discussed in a manner that made every nerve quiver. For a moment fears for herself glanced across her mind, and she trembled with terror at finding herself alone at midnight in such a place. But she thought of to-morrow, the dread to-morrow, and the thought of every thing beside passed away. She entered the prison with the dreadful fear lest reason should desert her in the coming interview, but it was now too late to retreat, and in a moment she stood beside Russell.

The cold, clear daylight was just tinging the east as Helen Marshall entered her dwelling. The dreadful

excitement which had sustained her through the night scene had vanished, and body and mind were alike quiet and composed, but it was the quiet and composure of weakness and despair. She threw herself on the bed, but, though every power seemed exhausted, she could not sleep. But even the remembrance of Russell's passionate agony as he bade her adieu, failed to excite her mind.

She lay in this state of torpor several hours, till the clock, striking the hour of seven, aroused her. A cold shudder shook her frame, as she recollected that at that hour Russell's earthly existence was to close. At their parting he had given her his sister's miniature, which she still held. As her hand trembled with emotion, she dropped the picture, and this, in some measure, recalled her scattered senses. She sat up, and strove to compose herself to meet the family, when a servant entered with a letter. Helen uttered a scream as she saw Russell's hand-writing, tore it open, read a few lines, and fainted.

When Helen left Russell his last weakness vanished. The last tie that fettered his spirit was broken. With a strong effort he withdrew his mind from England, from his paternal home, his beloved parents and his only sister, and from all the gay hopes and dreams that crowd around opening life. He then tried to turn his thoughts from Helen, or, at least, to think of her only with reference to the time when they should meet "where all tears are wiped away." He had written his last farewell to all dear to him in England, and had settled all his earthly affairs. As day dawned, he threw himself on his hard couch, and slept. He was soon awakened by the voice of the guard.

"So soon ready?" said Russell; "well, my friend, I am prepared. Prepared, I hope to die as one of my name should."

"You have got ready to no purpose," said the man, coolly. "Some of those Frenchmen across the water have written to Congress about you, and here is a letter from General Washington, enclosing your discharge, on condition of your going home, which, I dare say, you are willing to do," added he, throwing a packet on the table.

CHAPTER V.

The original manuscript ends somewhat abruptly.—*Rob Roy.*

Several years from the conclusion of the Revolutionary War had passed away. Peace and quiet was at length restored to those who had so long endured the miseries of war. Every dwelling seemed the abode of rural peace and contentment. Such, at least, the scene appeared to the view of a stranger, who rode slowly along the banks of the Hudson, near West Point, on a pleasant afternoon, pleased with all that he beheld. At length, as he rode through a small village, he drew up his horse before the door of a low, smoky-looking building, called, by popular courtesy, "the hotel."

As the landlord approached—"Does a Mrs. Laurens reside near here?" said the stranger.

"Laurens—yes, there are two or three. Perhaps you are one of George Laurens's wife's brothers?"

"I have not that honour. The lady that I mean is a widow."

"Oh, yes,—George's mother. She lives in the house that she built just before the war."

"Are her daughters living with her?"

"Yes,—the eldest; Miss Anna, the toppingest one of the two, is married."

"And the other young lady, Miss Marshall?"

"She still lives with her aunt, but I hardly ever see her. She was a mighty pretty smiling little girl, but

in the war she must needs fall in love with one of the Tories, and he ran off, or was killed or something, and she has kept pretty close ever since."

"I will no longer detain you," said the stranger, as he rode off, and proceeded to Mrs. Laurons's.

Once more Frederick Russell met Helen Marshall, but how changed her face since he last parted from her in his prison-house. The face now so placid and beautiful was then convulsed and blanched with agony, and the voice now so sweet and joyful then trembled with terror and distress.

Obliged immediately after his liberation to leave America, Russell had only time to write a few lines to Helen, and then was compelled, as it were, to depart. On his arrival in England, he found his father partially restored to health, and his mother and sister almost frantic with joy at his return.

In the first paroxysm of grief, lady Russell had written to the French minister, entreating his mediation with the American Congress. The request for young Russell's life was acceded to, and with great joy on the part of Washington, the young captive, so long an object of public interest, was set at liberty. To return the moment the war closed, and fulfil his contract with Helen, with her who had clung to him in the darkest hour, was his first wish. But the prejudice and pride of his father opposed this step, and in his declining health, the son found a strong motive for obedience.

But his father died, and Russell's first act of independence was to repair to America, and marry Helen Marshall. Her affection and confidence had not been lightly given, and, though a long time had passed since she had heard from Russell, she never doubted his constancy or truth. With the warmest delight lady Russell and her daughter received one so lovely and amiable. With the deepest surprise, also, Mrs. Laurons beheld the end of what she had been pleased to term her niece's "foolish romance." That Helen should, in reality, be the wife of an English baronet completely astonished her, but she contented herself with wishing Helen joy, and then remarking that "people's imperfections sometimes did them good; for, had it not been for Helen's oddity in refusing so many good offers, she might have been married ten times over before Russell came back."

Through a long and happy life, Helen's mind frequently recurred to the scenes of her early youth, and with ardent gratitude to the thought that her earthly happiness had been produced by events in themselves so seemingly unfortunate.

MINERALOGY.

MESOTYPE is found in cavities of the Basalt rocks of the Giant's Causeway, the Isle of Staffa, and other places: the fibres, which are slender crystals, are always radiated from a centre, and the same cavity is sometimes partially filled by Calcined, or the pearly crystals of Stilbite (Fig. 9.) and Analcine, which are both species of Zeolite. With the exception of Prehnite, these minerals, if powdered and mixed with a small portion of muriatic or nitric acid, will, in a short time, acquire the consistency of a jelly.—We must not carry our admiration of the crystals so far, as to neglect or

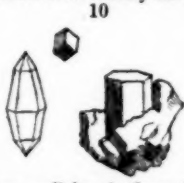
despise the Clays and Slates on account of their want of beauty; for many of them are eminently useful. The Porcelain Clay of a pure white, and soft smooth texture, is extensively used in our potteries; which are supplied with it, from the North of Derbyshire, and St. Austle's, in Cornwall. Bricks are made of a coarse Clay, much discoloured by Iron, and inter-



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mixed with Sand, called Loam, which is abundant in the neighbourhood of London, and many spots of the south-eastern part of England, as well as in other countries. Tripoli is a very Silicious variety, so named from the country whence it was first procured: it is easily reduced to a sandy powder, and is employed in polishing Marble, japanned ware, and other articles. Rotten-stone, which is another production of Derbyshire, of a dark grey colour, and much softer, is used for the same purposes. One of the most useful species of this family is Fuller's Earth: before the invention of soap, it was considered so valuable for the cleansing of woollen cloth, that its exportation from England was forbidden under a severe penalty. Like Loam, it is found chiefly in the south-eastern part of this country. A stiff Clay, from which yellow ochre is prepared, is dug in Oxfordshire.

Of the Slates, the kind which is used for roofing houses is the most abundant; indeed, it forms a great part of the high mountains of Wales, the north of England, and Scotland, and occupies large tracts in several other countries. A harder species, of a light grey or greenish colour, is the Whet-stone, or Turkish Hone, used for sharpening cutlery; and the French and Italian Chalks, of which Crayon pencils are made, are Slate, containing a portion of Charcoal. There is another mineral, called French Chalk, very different from this, both in its appearance and composition: we allude to the substance which is so useful in removing spots of grease from silk and stuff: in Mineralogy, it is called Soap-stone, or Stealite, and belongs to the Magnesian genus, and to the same family as Talc. We are not speaking of Mica, incorrectly called Muscovy Talc, but of a much softer mineral, usually found in Magnesian or Calcareous rocks, and which is not elastic. The most singular species of the Talc family, is Amianth, of which the ancients made the wicks of their everlasting lamps, and wove the cloth in which their dead bodies were burned. Its long cottony fibres may be easily spun with a small intermixture of thread; and when the cloth woven from it becomes soiled, burning it carefully restores it to its original whiteness. This mineral is abundant in some rocks of Serpentine; a mineral which resembles it in composition, and belongs to the same family: Magnesia forms nearly one-half of their weight. The Portsoy and Anglesea Marbles, improperly so called, and the Verde Antique of Corsica, are varieties of Serpentine; which forms, also, a large tract in Cornwall. The Chrysolite, a beautiful but soft gem, is arranged near these; its name, very properly, signifies a stone of golden green colour. The Chrysoberyl, of a paler green, and the Sapphire, which, in hardness, is inferior only to the Diamond, belong to the Ruby family, and the Aluminous genus; indeed, they consist almost wholly of the earth, ALUMINA. Perhaps you are not aware, that Sapphires are of various colours—blue, purple, yellow, rose-colour, white, and, more rarely, greenish: these varieties are usually known by the name of Oriental



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Amethyst, Oriental Ruby, &c. Their lustre is very great, and their specific gravity about four, which is higher than that of most earthy minerals. The crystals of Sapphire are prisms and pyramids of six sides (Fig. 10); but the cleavages are parallel to the faces of the primitive rhomb, which, though rarely found in nature, may, without much difficulty, be obtained by splitting off the alternate angles of the prism, above and below. The cleavages, however, are much more distinct in Corundum, an impure variety of Sapphire. In some specimens, the ends of the prism, when rounded and polished, exhibit a movable six-rayed star of light.

From the *Taken* for 1855.

ST. CATHARINE'S EVE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"All is best though oft we doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close."—Milton.

"On trouve dans la chronique de Raoul, Abbe de Coggeshall, sous cette annee (1201) une histoire touchante qui montre a quel point l'enseignement religieux pouvoit etre perverti, et combien le Clerge etoit loia d'etre le gardien des mœurs publiques."

EARLY in the 13th century Agnes de Meran, the mistress-wife of Philip Augustus, held her court at the chateau des roses Sur-Seine, not many leagues from Paris. The arts and luxuries of the time were lavished on this residence of the favourite. On one side of the Chateau, and leading out of the garden attached to it, was a winding walk, embowered by grape vines which, not being native in the north of France, and the art by which the gardener now triumphs over soil and climate being then in its infancy, were cultivated with great pains and royal expense. The walk, after extending some hundred yards, opened on a sloping ground, bounded by the Seine, and tastefully planted with shrubs and vines formed into arbours and bowers of every imaginable shape. The whole plantation was called *Larigne*. Parallel to a part of it ran the highway, hidden by a wall, excepting where it traversed an arched stone bridge that spanned the Seine, and which was itself almost embowered by tall acacias, planted at either end of it.

Late in the afternoon of a September day, when the warm air was perfumed with autumnal fruits, and the sun glancing athwart the teeming vines, shot its silver beams across the green sward, and seemed, by some alchemy of the flowers to become molten gold as it touched their leaves, tinted with deep autumnal dyes; two ladies, followed by a Moorish servant girl, issued from the walk.

The eldest was tall and thin. The soft round lines of youth had given place to the angles of forty; but though she had lost the beauty, she had retained the grace (happily that charm is perennial) of youth, and added to it the fitting quality of matronly dignity. Born in Provence, she was an exception to the general hue of its natives, her complexion having an extreme fairness, and a texture as delicate as that of infancy. She had that organ, to which the Phrenologist is pleased to assign the religious sentiment, strikingly developed; but a surer indication of a tendency to spiritual abstraction, was expressed in her deep set, intellectual, and rather melancholy eye. Her mouth, when closed, expressed firmness and decision, but, when in play, the gentlest and tenderest of human affections; and the voice that proceeded from it was the organ of her soul, and expressed its divine essence—love. Such was the lady Clotilde—the martyr, who would have been the canonized saint, had she died in the bosom of the orthodox church.

The other female was a girl of sixteen, Rosalie, the daughter of Clotilde, and resembling her in nothing but the purity and spirituality of her expression. Her complexion was of the tint which the vulgar call fair, and the learned Thebans in such matters, brunette; her eyes were the deepest blue, and her eye-lashes long and so black, that in particular lights they imparted their hue to her eyes. Her hair, we are told, was of the colour that harmonized with her skin—what that hue was we are left to imagine. Her features, neck, and whole person (the feet and hands are dilated on with a lover's prolixity) the chronicle describes as cast in beauty's mould, "so that he who once looked on this fair ladye Rosalie saw imperfection in all other creatures."

Rosalie led, by her hand, a little girl of four years, a cherub in beauty.

"Why, dear Mamma," said Rosalie, "are you so silent and thoughtful?—and tell me—pray—why were you so cold to our sweet lady queen to-day, when she bade us prepare the fete for the king?—I would not pry into secrets, but when she spake low to you, did she not say something of sad looks not suiting festive days?"

"She did, Rosalie—and yet she well knows they are but too fitting. Let us seat ourselves here, my child, and while Zeba looks after Marie I will entrust you with what is better suited to your discretion than your years."—She beckoned to Zeba to relieve them from the child, but little Marie, a petted favourite of Rosalie's, sprang on the bench and clung around her neck, till she was won away by a promise of a game of 'hide and go seek,' among the vines and shrubs.

"Rosalie," continued the mother, pointing to Marie, "that child is not the offspring of a union which man deems honourable, and calls marriage, and which it pleases heaven, my child, to authorize to humanity in some stages of its weakness and ignorance, but she is—I hesitate to speak it to your pure ears—the fruit of illicit love."

"Mother! what mean you?—She is surely the child of our good lord king and of his wife—our lady Agnes and our queen?"

"Our lady Agnes de Meran, Rosalie, but not his wife—nor our rightful queen."

"You should not have told me this!—you should not have told me this!" reiterated Rosalie, covering her eyes from which the tears gushed, "I loved her so well!—and Marie!—oh you should not have told me!"

"My dear Rosalie, I have withheld it as long as I dared. The world to you is as a paradise, and I shrunk from exposing to you the traces of sin and evil that are upon it. But evil—temptation must approach you, and how are you to resist it, if you know not its existence? Listen patiently, my dear child. There is much in the story of our lady to excuse her with those compromising consciences that weigh sin against temptation; and much to make her pitied by those who weigh the force of temptation against the weakness of humanity."

"I am sure I shall pity her," interrupted Rosalie.

"Beware, my child. Pity, the gentlest spirit of heaven, sometimes loses her balance in leaning too far on the side of humanity."

"But pity is heaven-born, dear mother."

Clotilde did not reply, for she had not the heart to repress the instincts of Rosalie's affections; and Rosalie added, "I am sure our lady Agnes has sinned unwittingly."

"Alas, my child!—But listen—I must make my tale a brief one. Our royal master, who in his festive hours appears to us so kind and gracious, is stained with crimes, miscalled virtues by his blind guides, and false friends."

"Crimes, mother?"

"Yes, Rosalie, crimes—persecution and murder misnamed, by his uncle of Rheims, zeal—cruelty,

rapine, excess, and what I will not name to thy maiden ears. He was anointed king in the blood of his subjects—for *les fetes de la Toussaint*, when he was crowned, were scarcely past when, set on by the Archbishop, he commanded his soldiers to surround the synagogues of the Jews, on their Sabbath-day, to drag them to prison, and rob them of their gold and silver to replenish the coffers which his father Louis had emptied for offerings to the church. The Jews hoped it was a passing storm, but the king ordered them to sell all they possessed, and with their wives and little ones to leave his dominions. Their property was sacrificed, not sold, and our royal master received the benedictions of the priests! The next objects of his zeal were the violators of the third commandment—the poor were drowned—the rich paid a fine into the king's treasury, for as our chronicle of St. Denis hath it, the king holds *'en horreur et abomination ces horribles sacremens que ces gloutons joueurs de des font souvent en ces cours, et ces tavernes.'*"

"But, dear mother, was he not right to punish such?"

"To fine the rich and drown the poor, Rosalie?"—Rosalie perceived that her shield was ineffectual, and her mother proceeded, but not till she had cautiously looked around her. "To fill up the measure of his obedience to sacerdotal pride and hatred, published an edict renewing the persecution against the Paterins."

"The Paterins, mother?"

Clotilde smiled faintly at her daughter's interrogatory. "The name of these much abused people you have not yet heard, for it is a perilous one to speak in our court; but they are the followers of those pious men who, having obeyed the commands of their Lord, and searched the Scriptures, have changed their faith and reformed their morals. They differ somewhat among themselves, having entered into the glorious liberty of the gospel, and being no longer bound to uniformity by the bulls of the Pope or the word of the Priest. They have all been marked by the purity of their lives—a few by their austerity. Some among them eat no meat, and others deem even marriage criminal."

"Mother!" exclaimed Rosalie, in a tone that indicated a revelation had burst upon her.

"I read your thoughts, Rosalie—yes—I am a Paterin. Here in the very bosom of the court I cherish the faith for which many that I loved were cast into prison, and afterwards 'made (I still quote from our Court Chronicle) to pass through material flames to the eternal flames which awaited them."

"And was it such as you, my mother," asked Rosalie, pressing her cheek to Clotilde's, "that thus suffered?"

"Such, and far better, Rosalie; and who," she added, the ecstacy of faith irradiating her fine countenance, who would shrink from the brief material fire, through which there is a sure passage to immediate and eternal glory?"

If there are moments of *presentiment* when the future dawns upon the mind with all the vividness of actual presence, this was one to Rosalie. She threw her arms around her mother's neck and said in a trembling voice, "God guard my mother!"

"He has guarded me," replied the lady Clotilde, gently unlocking Rosalie's arms, "and while it is best, I shall continue like the prophet safe in a den of lions. 'Take no thought for the morrow,' Rosalie.—But I have been led far away from my main purpose, which was to give you a brief history of the lady Agnes."

"Our lord the king had contracted a marriage with Iseburg of Denmark, daughter of Waldemar le Grand. On his progress to receive her, he visited the castle of one of the Duke of Meranie's adherents, where a tournament was holding. His rank was carefully

concealed. He was announced in the lists as *le Chevalier affiance*, and his motto was *la bonne 'esperance.'*—Our lady Agnes—then in her sixteenth year—just your present age—presided as queen of love and beauty. Philip was thrice victorious, and thrice crowned by the lady Agnes. At the third time there were vehement demands that his visor should be removed. He appealed to Berchtold, the father of our lady, and prayed permission to preserve his incognito to all but the lady Agnes, to whom, if she were attended by only one of her ladies, he would disclose his name and rank. Berchtold allowing that naught should be refused to the brave and all-conquering knight, granted the private audience of his daughter, and she selected me from among her ladies to attend her. Philip, affianced to another, and confessing himself bound to keep the letter of his faith, violated its spirit. He declared himself passionately in love with our lady, and vowed eternal faith to her.—Our poor lady, smitten with love, received and returned his vows. The marriage with Iseburg was celebrated four days after."

"Was he married to Iseburg?"

"Yes, if that may be called marriage, Rosalie, which is a mere external rite—where there is no union of heart—where vows are made to be broken."

"This surely is most sinful—but not so when hearts as well as hands are joined—think you, mother?"

The lady Clotilde proceeded without a reply to her daughter's interrogatory. "It was told through Christendom that the king of France, on receiving the hand of the beautiful Iseburg, was seen to turn pale and tremble, and shrink from her; and when her rare beauty and her many graces were thought on, there was much marvelling, and many there were who attributed the strange demeanour of the king to sorcery! The lady Agnes and I alone knew the solution of the mystery.—Eighty days after the marriage he appealed for a divorce to Bishops and Archbishops assembled at Compeigne—his own servile tools. The marriage was annulled on a mere pretext, and immediately followed by the outward forms of marriage with our fair lady."

"I comprehend not these matters; but, mother, were not the lawful forms observed?"

"Rosalie! beware how in your tenderness for your mistress you confound right and wrong. Priests may not, at their pleasure, modify the law of God. The rules of holy writ are few and inflexible.—Iseburg denied the validity of the divorce, and retired to a convent. The Pope, from worldly policy, has maintained her part. An interdict was laid upon the kingdom. Marriages and interments in consecrated ground were forbidden. Weeping and mourning pervaded Philip's dominions—all for this guilty marriage! Then followed reconciliation with the Pope—then fresh animosities and perjuries—and through all Philip has adhered to our lady."

"Faithful in that, at least, mother."

"Yes, faithful where faith was not due. The lady Iseburg still lives and claims her rights—every true heart in Christendom is for her, and it is only here, in the court of our lady, that her wrongs are unknown, or never mentioned."

"And why, my dear mother," asked Rosalie, recurring to her first feelings, "why, since you have so long kept this sad tale from me, why did you tell it now?"

"I kept it because that, yet a child in years, it was not essential you should know it, and I could not bear to throw a shade over your innocent and all-trusting love for our lady. Now you are entering on the scene of action yourself. Temptation will assault you from which I cannot shield you. Even your mother, my child, cannot keep your account with your Judge."

"Alas, no!—But what temptations have I to fear, dear mother?"

"You are endowed with rare beauty, Rosalie, and in this court there will be many smooth tongues to tell you this."

"They have already told me so," said the ingenious Rosalie, slightly blushing.

"Who?—who?" asked her mother.

"The lord Thiebant, and the young knights Arnold and Beaumont, and the king himself; but indeed, mother, it moved me not half so much as when my lady Agnes commends the manner of my hair, or the fitting of my kerchief."

"Ah, Rosalie, these flattering words have been as yet lightly spoken—as it were to a child, but when they are uttered in words of fire, *par amour*."

"Oh, if you fear for me, mother," said Rosalie, dropping on her knees, and crossing her arms in her mother's lap. "I will now vow myself to the Virgin."

"Will you, Rosalie?"

"In sooth I will. Not to immure myself within the walls of a convent, shut out from that communion which the Creator holds with his creatures through his visible works; and that still better communion vouchsafed to us when we are fellow-workers with Him in missions of mercy and love to His creatures."

"You are somewhat of a Paterin too, my Rosalie," said her mother, rejoicing that her indirect lessons were so definitely impressed on her daughter's mind. "But have you comprehended the perfect spirituality of the Christian's law? Do you know there is no virtue in external obedience, however self-denying and self-afflicting that obedience may be, if the affections, the desires, the purposes, are not in perfect subjection to the will of God? Do you know that if you now vow yourself to a vestal's life, it would be sin should you hereafter, even in thought, repent this vow and sorrow for it?"

"But dear mother that cannot be. I can never love another so well as I love you, and our poor lady Agnes.—Now therefore, in this quiet temple of God, let me make the vow."

Clotilde's face was convulsed with thick coming conflicting thoughts and feelings. In common with many of her sect, she had retained that tenderest and most poetic feature of the Catholic religion, a tender homage for the Virgin. She believed the holy mother would vouchsafe supernatural aid to her vestal followers, and this aid she thought might be essential to one who, with unsuspecting youth, and surpassing beauty, was beset by the changes of a court of which virtue was not the presiding genius. But on the other hand, she feared to take advantage of the inexperience of her child. Her very willingness to assume the shackles, made her mother shrink from their imposition. Rosalie clasped her hands and raised her eyes. "Stay my sweet child—not now," said her mother—"a vow like this demands previous meditation, and much communing with your own spirit. I trust you are moved by heavenly inspiration, and if so, the work now begun, will be perfected. In eight days from this we celebrate the marriage of St. Catharine, that marriage which typifies the sacred spiritual union of the perfected saint with the author of her salvation. I have twice dreamed the day had arrived, and marvellous, and spirit-stirring fancies, if they be fancies, have mingled with my dreams. I witnessed the holy marriage. I gazed at the sacred pair, when suddenly, as St. Catharine was receiving the bridal ring, it was you my Rosalie and not the saint, your face was as vivid as it is now to my actual sense, and instead of the pale slender hand of the saint, was your's, dimpled, and rose-tinted as it now is; but alas! the ring would not go upon your finger. While I marvelled and sorrowed, flames crackled around me, you, the celestial bridegroom, all vanished from my eyes, clouds of smoke rose around me, as I looked up for help, their dense volume collected over my head parted, and I

beheld a crown as bright as if it were of woven sunbeams, a martyr's crown."

"Dear mother, I like not this dream."

"Be not disquieted my child. Our dreams are sometimes heavenly inspirations, but oftener, compounded of previous thoughts and impressions. Martyrdom has ere now been within the scope of my expectations, and that your marriage may be like that of the blessed St. Catharine, is my continual prayer. Look not back, but forward. If it please heaven to strengthen and confirm the good purpose now conceived, on *St. Catharine's Eve* you shall make your vow."

"So be it, mother, yet I would it were now." The ladies were interrupted by a page from the queen who came to summon the lady Clotilde to his mistress's presence.

Little Marie seeing her favourite at liberty left her attendant and insisted, with the vehemence of a petted princess as she was, that Rosalie should take a stroll with her along the bank of the river. Rosalie, scarcely past childhood herself, felt her spirits vibrate to the touch of her little friend, and they ran on sportively together, followed by the Moorish servant, till they came to the shore, where beneath a clump of trees, overgrown with flowering vines, a bench had been placed to afford a *poste restante*, which a painter might have selected, as affording, on one side a view of the turrets of the castle, towering above the paradise in which it was embosomed, and on the other, of the windings of the Seine and the picturesque bridge that crossed it. Just before Rosalie arrived at this point of sight, a cavalcade had passed the bridge on their way to the castle—the Archbishop of Rheims and his retinue. One of them had lagged behind the rest, and stopping on the bridge to survey the river, he had caught a glimpse of what seemed to him the most poetic personifications of youth and childhood that his eye had ever rested on. The spectator was mounted on a Spanish jennet, caparisoned with the rich decorations which the knights of the time, who regarded their steeds almost as brothers in arms, were wont to lavish on them. The bridle was garnished with silver bells, so musical that they seemed to keep time to the graceful motions of the animal. It might have puzzled an observer to decide to which of the two great *faineant* classes that then divided the Christian world, knights, or monks, to assign the rider. Beneath a long monastic mantle, fastened by a jewelled clasp, a linked mailed shirt might be perceived. The face of the wearer had the open gay expression of a *preux chevalier*, with a certain softness and tenderness that indicated a disposition rather to a reflective, than an active life. He had become wearied of the solemn and silent pomp of the archbishop's retinue, and had resigned the distinction of riding beside his highness for a gayer companion and a freer position in the rear of the train.

"By my faith, Arnaud," said he, "I find these lords, bishops and archbishops very stupid, in propria persona."—"Ah, Gervais, had you heeded me! but as the proverb says 'good counsel has no price.'"—"But my good master priest, we have yet to see whether my hope will not give the lie to your experience."

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"Holy Mary!" exclaimed Gervais de Tilbery, checking his horse as he entered upon the stone bridge. "What houri is that!"—"Softly, Sir Gervais," replied his friend, "it is scarcely prudent to utter oaths, and gaze after houri's within a bow-shot of my

rapine, excess, and what I will not name to thy maiden ears. He was anointed king in the blood of his subjects—for *les fetes de la Toussaint*, when he was crowned, were scarcely past when, set on by the Archbishop, he commanded his soldiers to surround the synagogues of the Jews, on their Sabbath-day, to drag them to prison, and rob them of their gold and silver to replenish the coffers which his father Louis had emptied for offerings to the church. The Jews hoped it was a passing storm, but the king ordered them to sell all they possessed, and with their wives and little ones to leave his dominions. Their property was sacrificed, not sold, and our royal master received the benedictions of the priests! The next objects of his zeal were the violators of the third commandment—the poor were drowned—the rich paid a fine into the king's treasury, for as our chronicle of St. Denis hath it, the king holds '*en horreur et abomination ces horribles sacremens que ces gloutons joueurs de des font souvent en ces cours, et ces tavernes.*'"

"But, dear mother, was he not right to punish such?"

"To fine the rich and drown the poor, Rosalie?"—Rosalie perceived that her shield was ineffectual, and her mother proceeded, but not till she had cautiously looked around her. "To fill up the measure of his obedience to sacerdotal pride and hatred, he published an edict renewing the persecution against the Paterins."

"The Paterins, mother?"

Clotilde smiled faintly at her daughter's interrogatory. "The name of these much abused people you have not yet heard, for it is a perilous one to speak in our court; but they are the followers of those pious men who, having obeyed the commands of their Lord, and searched the Scriptures, have changed their faith and reformed their morals. They differ somewhat among themselves, having entered into the glorious liberty of the gospel, and being no longer bound to uniformity by the bulls of the Pope or the word of the Priest. They have all been marked by the purity of their lives—a few by their austerity. Some among them eat no meat, and others deem even marriage criminal."

"Mother!" exclaimed Rosalie, in a tone that indicated a revelation had burst upon her.

"I read your thoughts, Rosalie—yes—I am a Paterin. Here in the very bosom of the court I cherish the faith for which many that I loved were cast into prison, and afterwards 'made (I still quote from our Court Chronicle) to pass through material flames to the eternal flames which awaited them!'"

"And was it such as you, my mother," asked Rosalie, pressing her cheek to Clotilde's, "that thus suffered?"

"Such, and far better, Rosalie; and who," she added, the ecstasy of faith irradiating her fine countenance, who would shrink from the brief material fire, through which there is a sure passage to immediate and eternal glory?"

If there are moments of *presentiment* when the future dawns upon the mind with all the vividness of actual presence, this was one to Rosalie. She threw her arms around her mother's neck and said in a trembling voice, "God guard my mother!"

"He has guarded me," replied the lady Clotilde, gently unlocking Rosalie's arms, "and while it is best, I shall continue like the prophet safe in a den of lions. 'Take no thought for the morrow,' Rosalie.—But I have been led far away from my main purpose, which was to give you a brief history of the lady Agnes."

"Our lord the king had contracted a marriage with Iseburg of Denmark, daughter of Waldemar le Grand. On his progress to receive her, he visited the castle of one of the Duke of Meranie's adherents, where a tournament was holding. His rank was carefully

concealed. He was announced in the lists as *le Chevalier affiance*, and his motto was *la bonne esperance*.—Our lady Agnes—then in her sixteenth year—just your present age—presided as queen of love and beauty. Philip was thrice victorious, and thrice crowned by the lady Agnes. At the third time there were vehement demands that his visor should be removed. He appealed to Berchtold, the father of our lady, and prayed permission to preserve his incognito to all but the lady Agnes, to whom, if she were attended by only one of her ladies, he would disclose his name and rank. Berchtold allowing that naught should be refused to the brave and all-conquering knight, granted the private audience of his daughter, and she selected me from among her ladies to attend her. Philip, affianced to another, and confessing himself bound to keep the letter of his faith, violated its spirit. He declared himself passionately in love with our lady, and vowed eternal faith to her.—Our poor lady, smitten with love, received and returned his vows. The marriage with Iseburg was celebrated four days after."

"Was he married to Iseburg?"

"Yes, if that may be called marriage, Rosalie, which is a mere external rite—where there is no union of heart—where vows are made to be broken."

"This surely is most sinful—but not so when hearts as well as hands are joined—think you, mother?"

The lady Clotilde proceeded without a reply to her daughter's interrogatory. "It was told through Christendom that the king of France, on receiving the hand of the beautiful Iseburg, was seen to turn pale and tremble, and shrink from her; and when her rare beauty and her many graces were thought on, there was much marvelling, and many there were who attributed the strange demeanour of the king to sorcery! The lady Agnes and I alone knew the solution of the mystery.—Eighty days after the marriage he appealed for a divorce to Bishops and Archbishops assembled at Compeigne—his own servile tools. The marriage was annulled on a mere pretext, and immediately followed by the outward forms of marriage with our fair lady."

"I comprehend not these matters; but, mother, were not the lawful forms observed?"

"Rosalie! beware how in your tenderness for your mistress you confound right and wrong. Priests may not, at their pleasure, modify the law of God. The rules of holy writ are few and inflexible.—Iseburg denied the validity of the divorce, and retired to a convent. The Pope, from worldly policy, has maintained her part. An interdict was laid upon the kingdom. Marriages and interments in consecrated ground were forbidden. Weeping and mourning pervaded Philip's dominions—all for this guilty marriage! Then followed reconciliation with the Pope—then fresh animosities and perjuries—and through all Philip has adhered to our lady."

"Faithful in that, at least, mother."

"Yes, faithful where faith was not due. The lady Iseburg still lives and claims her rights—every true heart in Christendom is for her, and it is only here, in the court of our lady, that her wrongs are unknown, or never mentioned."

"And why, my dear mother," asked Rosalie, recurring to her first feelings, "why, since you have so long kept this sad tale from me, why did you tell it now?"

"I kept it because that, yet a child in years, it was not essential you should know it, and I could not bear to throw a shade over your innocent and all-trusting love for our lady. Now you are entering on the scene of action yourself. Temptation will assault you from which I cannot shield you. Even your mother, my child, cannot keep your account with your Judge."

"Alas, no!—But what temptations have I to fear, dear mother?"

"You are endowed with rare beauty, Rosalie, and in this court there will be many smooth tongues to tell you this."

"They have already told me so," said the ingenious Rosalie, slightly blushing.

"Who?—who?" asked her mother.

"The lord Thiebant, and the young knights Arnold and Beaumont, and the king himself; but indeed, mother, it moved me not half so much as when my lady Agnes commends the manner of my hair, or the fitting of my kerchief."

"Ah, Rosalie, these flattering words have been as yet lightly spoken—as it were to a child, but when they are uttered in words of fire, *par amour*."

"Oh, if you fear for me, mother," said Rosalie, dropping on her knees, and crossing her arms in her mother's lap, "I will now vow myself to the Virgin."

"Will you, Rosalie?"

"In sooth I will. Not to immure myself within the walls of a convent, shut out from that communion which the Creator holds with his creatures through his visible works; and that still better communion vouchsafed to us when we are fellow-workers with Him in missions of mercy and love to His creatures."

"You are somewhat of a Paterin too, my Rosalie," said her mother, rejoicing that her indirect lessons were so definitely impressed on her daughter's mind. "But have you comprehended the perfect spirituality of the Christian's law? Do you know there is no virtue in external obedience, however self-denying and self-afflicting that obedience may be, if the affections, the desires, the purposes, are not in perfect subjection to the will of God? Do you know that if you now vow yourself to a vestal's life, it would be sin should you hereafter, even in thought, repent this vow and sorrow for it?"

"But dear mother that cannot be. I can never love another so well as I love you, and our poor lady Agnes.—Now therefore, in this quiet temple of God, let me make the vow."

Clotilde's face was convulsed with thick coming conflicting thoughts and feelings. In common with many of her sect, she had retained that tenderest and most poetic feature of the Catholic religion, a tender homage for the Virgin. She believed the holy mother would vouchsafe supernatural aid to her vestal followers, and this aid she thought might be essential to one who, with unsuspecting youth, and surpassing beauty, was beset by the changes of a court of which virtue was not the presiding genius. But on the other hand, she feared to take advantage of the inexperience of her child. Her very willingness to assume the shackles, made her mother shrink from their imposition. Rosalie clasped her hands and raised her eyes. "Stay my sweet child—not now," said her mother—"a vow like this demands previous meditation, and much communing with your own spirit. I trust you are moved by heavenly inspiration, and if so, the work now begun, will be perfected. In eight days from this we celebrate the marriage of St. Catharine, that marriage which typifies the sacred spiritual union of the perfected saint with the author of her salvation. I have twice dreamed the day had arrived, and marvellous, and spirit-stirring fancies, if they be fancies, have mingled with my dreams. I witnessed the holy marriage. I gazed at the sacred pair, when suddenly, as St. Catharine was receiving the bridal ring, it was you my Rosalie and not the saint, your face was as vivid as it is now to my actual sense, and instead of the pale slender hand of the saint, was your's, dimpled, and rose-tinted as it now is; but alas! the ring would not go upon your finger. While I marvelled and sorrowed, flames crackled around me, you, the celestial bridegroom, all vanished from my eyes, clouds of smoke rose around me, as I looked up for help, their dense volume collected over my head parted, and I

beheld a crown as bright as if it were of woven sunbeams, a martyr's crown."

"Dear mother, I like not this dream."

"Be not disquieted my child. Our dreams are sometimes heavenly inspirations, but oftener, compounded of previous thoughts and impressions. Martyrdom has ere now been within the scope of my expectations, and that your marriage may be like that of the blessed St. Catharine, is my continual prayer. Look not back, but forward. If it please heaven to strengthen and confirm the good purpose now conceived, on *St. Catharine's Eve* you shall make your vow."

"So be it, mother, yet I would it were now." The ladies were interrupted by a page from the queen who came to summon the lady Clotilde to his mistress's presence.

Little Marie seeing her favourite at liberty left her attendant and insisted, with the vehemence of a petted princess as she was, that Rosalie should take a stroll with her along the bank of the river. Rosalie, scarcely past childhood herself, felt her spirits vibrate to the touch of her little friend, and they ran on sportively together, followed by the Moorish servant, till they came to the shore, where beneath a clump of trees, overgrown with flowering vines, a bench had been placed to afford a *poste restante*, which a painter might have selected, as affording, on one side a view of the turrets of the castle, towering above the paradise in which it was embosomed, and on the other, of the windings of the Seine and the picturesque bridge that crossed it. Just before Rosalie arrived at this point of sight, a cavalcade had passed the bridge on their way to the castle—the Archbishop of Rheims and his retinue. One of them had lagged behind the rest, and stopping on the bridge to survey the river, he had caught a glimpse of what seemed to him the most poetic personifications of youth and childhood that his eye had ever rested on. The spectator was mounted on a Spanish jennet, caparisoned with the rich decorations which the knights of the time, who regarded their steeds almost as brothers in arms, were wont to lavish on them. The bridle was garnished with silver bells, so musical that they seemed to keep time to the graceful motions of the animal. It might have puzzled an observer to decide to which of the two great *faineant* classes that then divided the Christian world, knights, or monks, to assign the rider. Beneath a long monastic mantle, fastened by a jewelled clasp, a linked mailed shirt might be perceived. The face of the wearer had the open gay expression of a *preux chevalier*, with a certain softness and tenderness that indicated a disposition rather to a reflective, than an active life. He had become wearied of the solemn and silent pomp of the archbishop's retinue, and had resigned the distinction of riding beside his highness for a gayer companion and a freer position in the rear of the train.

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"Holy Mary!" exclaimed Gervais de Tilbery, checking his horse as he entered upon the stone bridge. "What houri is that!"—"Softly, Sir Gervais," replied his friend, "it is scarcely prudent to utter oaths, and gaze after houri's within a bow-shot of my

lord archbishop, within seven days of St. Catharine's Eve! Are you spell-bound, Gervais?"

Gervais heeded not the prudent caution of his friend, but asking him to bid Hubert (his attendant) come to him, he permitted Arnaud to proceed alone. Hubert came. Gervais gave him the horse to lead to the castle.

Hubert disappeared, and Gervais succeeded in scaling the bridge and letting himself down within the paradise that enclosed the houri, whom he approached (unseen by her) through a walk enclosed by tall flowering shrubs. As he issued from it, he perceived his magnet still standing near where he had first seen her, but now in a state of great alarm. The bench, mentioned above, had been taken from its supporters, and one end of it was projecting over the precipitous bank. An eddy in the river had worn away the bank beneath, and the water there was deep and rapid. Little Marie with the instinct which children seem to possess to find, or make danger, had run on to the bench, and when Rosalie stepped on to draw her back she darted forward to its extremity, beyond Rosalie's reach; she perceiving that if she advanced one inch farther the bench would lose its balance and they must both be precipitated into the river. The child perfectly unconscious of danger was diverted at Rosalie's terror, and clapping her hands and jumping up and down was screaming, "Why don't you catch me, Rosalie?" The Moorish girl threw herself on her knees and supplicated the child to come back, in vain. Rosalie was pale and trembling with terror when she felt a firm tread on the bench, behind her, and turning, saw the stranger, who said to her "fear not, sweet lady, give me your hand—I am twice your weight—the board will not move—now advance a step and grasp the little girl." This was done in an instant, and the mischievous little gypsy was dragged from her tormenting position. Rosalie, after she had kissed and chidden her, bade her return with Zeba to the castle, saying she would instantly follow, and then turned to thank the stranger for his timely interposition. A bright flush succeeded her momentary paleness. It may be that the joy of transition from apprehension to security was enhanced by its being effected by a young and handsome stranger knight, for the young ladies of the middle ages were as richly endowed with the elements of romance as the fair readers of our circulating libraries, who find in many a last new novel but little besides a new compound of the songs of *troubadours*, and tales of *troupeurs*.

The thanks given, and most graciously received, Rosalie felt embarrassed by the stranger continuing to attend her. "Think me not discourteous, sir knight," said she, "if I apprise you that you are within the private pleasure grounds of our lady queen—sacred to herself and the ladies of her court." While Gervais paused for some pretext for lingering, Rosalie kindly added, "I know not how you came here, but I am sure you were heaven-directed."

"Surely then, fair lady, I should follow Heaven's guidance, and not leave the celestial companion vouchsafed to me."

"But," asked Rosalie, smiling, "is not thy mission accomplished?"

"It would be profane in me to say so, while I am within superhuman influence."

"Well," thought Rosalie, "since he persists, there is no harm in permitting him to go as far as the grapery—there we must separate." Some conversation followed, by which it appeared that the stranger was of the Archbishop of Rheims's household, and Rosalie asked him "if he knew aught of Gervais de Tilbery?"

"Ay, lady," replied Gervais, "both good and evil."

"Evil? I have heard naught but good of him."

"What good can you have heard of one scarce worthy to be named before you?"

"This must be sheer envy," thought Rosalie, but the thought was checked when, glancing her eye at the stranger's face, she saw a sweet pleasurable smile there. "Many," she said, "have brought us report of his knightly feats, and some, who note such matters, of his deeds of mercy. Our ladies call him the handsome knight, and the brave knight, and the knight of the spotless escutcheon."

"Oh, believe them not—believe them not!" said Gervais, laughing.

"Seeing is believing, saith the musty adage," replied Rosalie. "Gervais de Tilbery is coming to the Chateau des Roses with the Archbishop."

"And is here, most beautiful lady!" cried Gervais, dropping on one knee, "to bless heaven for having granted him this sweet vision—to ask thy name—and to vow eternal fealty."

"Oh, stop—rise, sir," said Rosalie, utterly disconcerted and retreating from Gervais, "I am a stranger to thee."

"Nay," said he, rising, and following her, "I care not for thy name, nor lineage—no rank could grace thee—do not, I beseech you, thus hasten from me—hear my vows."

"You are hasty, sir," said Rosalie, drawing up her little person with a dignity that awed Gervais, "and now I think of it—have I not heard that it was your purpose to enter the church?"

Gervais became suddenly as grave as Rosalie could have wished. "It was my purpose," he replied, in a voice scarcely audible.

"Then you are already bound by holy vows."

"Not yet—the ceremony of the tonsure is appointed for the festival of St. Catharine."

"St. Catharine!" Rosalie's exclamation was involuntary. Her own purposed vow recurred to her, and she may be pardoned if she (being sixteen) deemed the coincidence a startling one.

They proceeded together: Gervais, in spite of her remonstrances, attending her through the grapery to the garden gate, where Marie stood awaiting her. "Come in Rose—come in," said the impatient child, "and you, sir stranger, go back—I hate you, and mamma will hate you for stealing away my Rose." So saying, she shut the gate in poor Gervais's face, before he had time to speak, or even look a farewell to Rosalie. He had leisure, during his long, circuitous walk to the castle, to meditate on his adventure, to see bright visions of the future, and to decide, if necessary, to sacrifice the course of ambition opened by the Archbishop's patronage to the attainment of Rosalie. Gervais de Tilbery was of noble birth; a richly endowed, gay, light-hearted youth, who was guided by his impulses; but fortunately, they were the impulses of a nature that seemed, like a fine instrument, to have been ordained and fitted to good uses by its author. A word in apology of his sudden passion, and its immediate declaration: In that dark era when woman was sought (for the most part) only for her beauty, a single view was enough to decide the choice; the wife was elected as suddenly as one would now pronounce on the beauty of a fabric or a statue. Gervais de Tilbery, for the first time in his life, felt that woman was a compound being, and that within the exquisite material frame, there dwelt a spirit that consecrated the temple.

It was on the evening of the day following Rosalie's meeting with the young knight, that Clotilde was officiating at her daughter's toilette. She was preparing for a masked ball, where she was to appear as a nymph of Diana. She was dressed in a light green china silk robe, fitted with exquisite skill to a form so vigorous, graceful and agile, that it seemed made for

svlan sports. Her luxuriant hair was drawn, a la Grecque, into a knot of curls behind, and fastened by a small silver arrow. A silver whistle, suspended by a chain of the same material, richly wrought, hung from her girdle. Her delicate feet were buskined, her arms bare. She had a silver bow in her hand, and by her shoulder was attached a small quiver of the finest silver net-work, filled with arrows. After her mother had finished her office of tire-woman, which she would permit none to share with her, and before tying on Rosalie's mask, she gazed at her with a feeling of pride and irrepressible triumph. A sigh followed this natural swelling of her heart.

"Why that sigh, dear mother?" asked Rosalie.

"I sighed, my child, to think how little you appear in this heathen decoration, like a promised votary of the blessed Virgin."

"Not promised," replied Rosalie hastily, and blushing deeply.

"Not quite promised, my child, but meditated."

"Mother," said Rosalie, and paused, for the first time in her life hesitating to open her heart to her parent; but the good impulse prevailed, and she proceeded. "Mother, in truth the more I meditate on that, the less am I inclined to it."

"Rosalie?"

"It is true, dear mother; and is it not possible that you directed me to defer the vow in obedience to a heavenly intimation?—I have thought it might be so."

Clotilde fixed her penetrating eye on Rosalie's. "There is something new in your mind, Rosalie; keep it not back from me, my child; be it weakness or sin, I shall sorrow with, not blame you."

"It may be weakness, mother, but I am sure it is not sin. I told you of my meeting with Gervais de Tilbery, in la Vigne."

"Yes, and of his rescuing our little Marie, but else naught."

"There was not much else—and yet his words and looks, and not my vow to the Virgin, have been in my mind ever since." Rosalie, after a little stammering and blushing, gave her mother a faithful relation of every particular of the meeting, and though she most dreaded her mother's comments on that part of her story, she did not disguise that Gervais was destined for holy orders.

Her mother embraced her and thanked her for her confidence. "Dear child," she said, "forewarned, I trust you will be forearmed. This young Gervais will see no barrier to his pursuit of you in the holy vows he assumes. The indulgence and absolutions of our corrupted church license all sin; but we are not thus taught of the Scriptures, whose spiritual essence has so entered into our hearts that we believe marriage, even performed with all holy ceremony and legal rites, is not permitted to the *saint*, albeit allowed to human infirmity."

"I always believe what you say to me, mother; yet"—

"Yet—speak freely, Rosalie."

"Yet it does seem to me incomprehensible that the relation should be wrong, from which proceeds the tie that binds you to me and me to you; that opens a fountain of love that in its course is always becoming sweeter and deeper—hark! the bell is sounding—I must hasten to the queen's saloon—tie on my mask, and be assured no mask shall ever hide a thought or feeling from you, my mother."

"Go, my sweet child, remember pleasure enervates the soul, and be watchful—I remain to pray for you."

How did the aspect and the spirit of the scene change to Rosalie, from the quiet apartment of her saintly mother, to the queen's saloon brilliantly illuminated; filled with the flower of French chivalry and

with the court beauties, whom the lady Agnes, either from a real passion for what was loveliest in nature, or to show how far her conjugal security was above all envy, delighted to assemble about her in great numbers. She was seated at the king's right hand, under a canopy of crimson and gold. The king was in his royal robes, and both he and the lady Agnes were without masks. She was dressed in the character of Ceres, and her rich and ripened beauty personified admirably the Queen of Summer. Her crown (an insignia which, probably from her contested right to it, she was careful never to omit,) was of diamonds and gold, formed into wheat-heads, the diamonds representing the berry, and the gold the stem and beard. Her robe was of the finest Flanders cloth, glittering with embroidery, depicting the most beautiful productions of the earth which, as her ample train followed her, seemed to spring up at her tread. The young Philip sat at his father's feet on an embroidered cushion, Marie at her mother's, both personifying Bacchantes. The ladies of the court, in the costume of nymphs, muses, and graces, were at the queen's right hand; the lords and knights, in various fantastical characters, at the king's left. It was suspected, from several persons wearing the symbols of a holy profession, that the Archbishop's party was present, but as he was precise in observances, and severe to cruelty in discipline, none ventured to assert it. Rosalie was met at the door by one of the appointed attendants, and led to the lady Agnes's side, a station always assigned her as the favourite of her mistress. "Ah, my little nymph of the chase," said the queen, as Rosalie knelt at her feet and laid down her bow in token of homage, "you are a rebel to-night; what has Ceres to do with Diana's followers?"—"True," said a young knight who had a pilgrim's staff in his hand, "one is the bountiful mother, and the other the nun of mythology—more unkind than the nun, for she does not impute the charms which it is profanity to admire."

"Gervais de Tilbery," thought Rosalie, instantly recognising his voice; "your words seem to me prophetic."

"There is no false assumption in this character of yours," continued the pilgrim knight, "for the arrow loosed from thy bow is sure to pierce thy victim's heart."

"Hush all!" cried the queen. "Our minstrel begins and our ears would drink his strain, for his is the theme welcome and dearest."

Philip Augustus, as in some sort the founder of the feudal monarchy, has made an epoch in history. His reign seemed to his subjects to revive the glorious era of Charlemagne. It was the dawn of a brilliant day after a sleep of four centuries. He enlarged and consolidated his dominions. France, till his reign had been divided into four kingdoms, of which that governed by the French king was the smallest. He made a new era in the arts and sciences. He founded colleges and erected edifices which are still the pride of France. Notre Dame was reconstructed and enlarged by him. He conveyed pure water by aqueducts to the city of Paris, and in his reign that city was first paved and redeemed from a pestilential condition. His cruelties, his intolerance, and his infidelities were the vices of his age. His beneficent acts were a just theme of praise, but that which made him an inspiring subject to his poet laureate minstrel was his passion for chivalric institutions, his love of the romances of chivalry, and the patronage with which he rewarded the inventive genius of the Trouveres. "In truth," says his historian, "it was during his reign that this brilliant creation of the imagination, (chivalry,) was in some sort complete."—The court minstrel, with such fertile themes, sung long, and concluded amidst a burst of applause.

The dancing began, and again and again the pilgrim knight was seen dancing with Diana's nymph.

"Ah, Gervais!" whispered a young man to him, "this I suspect is your *hoari*. A dangerous preparation this for your canonicals."

"Why so, Arnaud? Do angels never minister to priests?"

"Never, my friend, in such forms," replied Arnaud, laughing.

"Then heaven forbid that I should be a priest!"

A Dominican friar, in mask, approached Gervais and said in a startling voice, "Thou art rash, young man—thou hast lain aside thy badge of sanctity," alluding to his pilgrim's staff.

"What signifies it, good friar," replied Gervais, "if I part with the sign, so long as I retain the thing signified? I am not yet a priest."

"Have a care, sir," replied the friar, in a tone that indicated he was deeply offended by Gervais's slur upon the priesthood, "speak not lightly of the office that hath a divine commission!"

"And assumes divine power, good master friar!"

The friar turned away, murmuring something of which Gervais heard only the words "*edged tools*." His mind was full of other matters, and they would have made no impression, had not his friend Arnaud whispered to him, as soon as the friar was again lost in the crowd, "Are you mad, Gervais? Knew you not the Archbishop?"

"The Archbishop!—in that humble suit, how should I?"—"N'importe," added the gay youth, after a moment's panic, "the devil, as the proverb says, must hear truth if he listens."

"And the proverb tells us too, to 'bow to the bush we get shelter from.'"

"My thanks to you, Arnaud. I have changed my mind, and shall not seek the bush's shelter."

"Then beware! for that which might have afforded shelter, may distil poison."

"Away with you and your croaking, Arnaud. This night is dedicated to perfect happiness, and you shall not mar it."

"Alas, my friend!—the brightest day is often followed by the darkest night."

But Gervais heard not this *word of prophecy*. The dance was finished, and he was leading off his beautiful partner. She permitted him to conduct her through the open suite of apartments, each one less brilliantly illuminated than the last, till they reached an apartment with a single lamp, and one casement window which opened upon a balcony that overlooked the garden. The transition was a delicious one from the heated and crowded apartments, to the stillness of nature, and moonlight—from the stifling atmosphere to the incense that rose from the unnumbered flowers of the garden beneath them. Rosalie involuntarily threw aside her mask, and disclosed a face, lit as it was by the sweet emotions and enthusiasm of the occasion; more beautiful than the memory and imagination of the enraptured lover had pictured it. It was a moment when love would brook no counsel from prudence; and Gervais, obeying his impulses, poured out his passion in a strain to which Rosalie, in a few, faintly spoken words, replied. The tone and the words sunk to the very depths of Gervais's heart, assuring him that he was beloved.

An hour flew, while to the young lovers all the world but themselves seemed annihilated—then followed the recollection of certain relations and dependencies of this mortal life. "My first care shall be," said Gervais, "to recede from this priesthood."

"Thank kind heaven for that," replied Rosalie. "As they say in Provence, 'any thing is better than a priest.'"

The lovers both fancied they heard a rustling near them. They turned their heads, and Gervais stepped

within the embrasure of the window. "It is nothing—we are unobserved," he said, returning to Rosalie's side. "But tell me, my Rosalie, (my Rosalie!) where heard you this Provence scandal?"

"From my dear mother, who spent her youth at the court of the good Raymond."

"St. Denis aid us! I believed Treres Gui and Regnier had plucked up heresy by the roots in Languedoc. Heaven forbid that she be infected with heresy!"

"I know not what you call *heresy*, Sir Gervais de Tilbery, but my dear mother drinks at the fountain of truth, the scriptures, and receives not her faith from man, be he called bishop, archbishop, or pope."

"By all the saints, I believe she has reason in that. But, dear Rosalie, we will eschew heresy—it is a thorny road to heaven, and we will keep the safe path our fathers have trodden before us, in which there are guides who relieve us of all the trouble of self-direction—will we not?"

"My mother is my guide, Sir Gervais."

"So be it, my lovely Rosalie, till her guidance is transferred to me—and thereafter you will be faithful to God, St. Peter, and the Romish Church? And when shall your orthodoxy begin—on *St. Catharine's Eve*?"

"I know not—I know not. All these matters must be referred to my dear mother and the queen. Rise, Sir Gervais, (her lover had knelt to urge his suit)—we linger too long here. Again there was a sound near them, and Gervais sprang forward to ascertain whence it proceeded—Rosalie followed him, and they both perceived the figure of the friar crossing the threshold of the next apartment. "Could he have been here?" exclaimed Gervais—"he might have been hidden behind the folds of this curtain—but would he?"

Gervais paused—"Whom do you mean?"

"The friar," answered Gervais, warily, for he feared to alarm Rosalie by the intimation of the possibility that the Archbishop of Rheims had overheard their conversation.

Rosalie did not sleep that night till she had confided all, without the reservation of a single particular, to her mother. The lady Clotilde grieved that she must resign her cherished dearest hope of seeing Rosalie self-devoted to a vestal's life, but true to her spiritual faith that all virtue and all religion were in the mind, and of the mind, she would not persuade—she would not influence Rosalie to an external piety.

She saw much advantage would result to Rosalie from an alliance with Gervais. It would remove her at once and for ever from the contagion of the court atmosphere—from lady Agnes's influence, so intoxicating to a young and confiding nature. Gervais was of noble rank and fortune, and when that distinction was almost singular among the young nobles of France, he was distinguished for pure morals. "It is possible," thought Clotilde, as she revolved in her mind all the good she had heard of him, "that the renovating Spirit of Truth has already entered his heart. It has not pleased heaven to grant my prayer, but next best to what I vainly asked, is this union of pure and loving hearts." The ingenuous disclosure Rosalie had made, awakened in her mind a vivid recollection of a similar experience of her youth, and produced a sympathetic feeling that perhaps, more than her reason, governed her decision. Rosalie that night fell asleep on her mother's bosom with the sweet assurance that her love was authorized.

The next was a busy, an important, and a happy day to the lovers. "Time trod on flowers." Alas, the periods of perfect happiness are brief, and one might say with the fated Moor—

"If it were now to die

'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

Every thing seemed to go well and as it should. The Archbishop, with a gloomy brow, but without one comment or hesitating word, acquiesced in Gervais's relinquishing his purpose of entering the church. The lady Agnes, loath to part with her favourite, yet graciously gave her consent, and persuaded the king to endow the young bride richly, and even the little Marie, though she at first stoutly and with showers of tears, refused to give up *her own* Rose, yet was at last brought over to the party of the lovers, by the promise of officiating as bridesmaid on *St. Catharine's Eve*.

Would that we could end our tale here; but the tragic truth which darkens the page of history must not be suppressed.

The Archbishop of Rheims was devoted to the aggrandizement of his own order—to extending and securing the dominion of the priesthood. His faith might be called sincere, but we should hardly excuse that man who, having been born and educated in a dark room, should spend his whole life in counteracting the efforts of others to communicate the light of heaven to him, and in stopping the little crevices by which it might enter. He was ready to grant any indulgence to errors, or even vices, that did not interfere with the supremacy of the church. He was the uncle of Philip, and, contrary to his inclination, he had been induced by that powerful monarch to countenance him in his rejection of the queen Isemburg, and had thereby involved himself in an unswerving contest with Innocent III. This pontiff, whose genius, his historian says, "embraced and governed the world," was equally incapable of compromise and pity. He had, a few years antecedent to the events we have related, proclaimed the first crusade against the Albigois, and had invested the dignitaries of the church throughout Christendom with the power "to burn the chiefs (of the new opinions) to disperse their followers, and to confiscate the property of all that did not *think* as he did. All exercise of the faculty of thinking in religious matters was forbidden." The Archbishop of Rheims was eager to wipe out his offences against the head of the church by his zealous co-operation with him in this persecution. As has been seen, he was nettled by Gervais's contemptuous hit at the priesthood. It was an indication that the disease of heresy had touched even the healthiest members of the spiritual body, as the general prevalence of corresponding symptoms announced the approach of a wide wasting epidemic. He became restless and uneasy, and, in wandering alone through the apartments of the chateau, he had found his way to the window of the balcony occupied by our lovers, just in time to hear poor Rosalie's betrayal of her mother. He devoted the following day to a secret inquisition into the life and conversation of Clotilde. He found that she had long ceased to be a favourite of the lady Agnes, who tolerated her only on account of her daughter, and who felt somewhat the same aversion to her (and for analogous reasons) that Herodias cherished against John the Baptist. This feeling of the lady Agnes was rather discerned by the acute prelate than expressed by her, for there was not a fault of which she could accuse the pure and devout woman. Her offences were the rigid practice of every moral virtue. Her time and her fine faculties were all devoted to the benefit of her fellow creatures, so that she fell under the common condemnation, as set forth by a contemporary writer. "L'esprit de mensonge, par la seule apparence d'une vie rette, et sans tache, soustrayoit ces imprudens a la verite." Besides this, she was found deficient in the observance of the Romish ritual, and she ate *no meat*.

This last sin of omission, being in accordance with the practice of the strictest among those early reform-

ers, was an almost infallible sign of heresy; and on the day following the arrangements for Rosalie's marriage, the lady Clotilde was summoned before the Archbishop and a council of priests. Her guilt was assumed, and she was questioned upon the several points of the prevailing heresy. We cannot go into details. Our story has already swelled beyond due bounds. The lady Clotilde, unsupported and alone, answered all the questions of her inquisitors, with a directness, simplicity, a comprehension of the subject, and a modesty, that, as a contemporary chronicler confesses, astounded all who heard her. But it availed naught. She was convicted of denying the right of the Romish church to grant indulgences and absolution, and, in short, of wholly rejecting its authority. The Archbishop condemned her as deserving the penalty of death, and the pains of everlasting fire, but he offered her pardon upon a full recantation of her errors.

"I fear not him who only can kill the body," she replied, with blended firmness and gentleness, "but Him who can destroy both soul and body, and to Him," she added, raising her eyes and folding her hands, "I commend that spirit to which it hath pleased Him to vouchsafe the glorious liberty of the gospel." Her celestial calmness awed her judges—even the Archbishop hesitated for a moment to pronounce her doom, when a noise and altercation with the guard was heard at the door. It opened, and Rosalie rushed in, threw herself into her mother's arms, and all natural timidity, all fear of the tribunal before which she stood, merged in one overwhelming apprehension, she demanded, "what they were doing, and why her mother was there?"

"Peace, rash child!" answered the Archbishop. "Shame on thy intrusion—know that thy mother is a convicted heretic."

"What wrong has she ever done? Who has dared to accuse my mother?" cried Rosalie, still clinging to Clotilde, who in vain tried to hush and calm her.

"Who was her accuser?" retorted the Archbishop, with a cruel sneer—"dost thou remember, foolish girl, who revealed the source of the *Provence scandal*?"

The recollection of the sound she had heard during her fatal conversation with Gervais in the balcony, at once flashed upon Rosalie. She elevated her person, and, stretching out her arm towards the Archbishop, exclaimed, with ineffable indignation, "Thou wert the *listener*!"

For an instant his cheeks and lips were blanched with shame, and then stifling this honest rebuke of conscience, he quoted the famous axiom of Innocent III.—"Dost thou not know, girl, that *it is to be deficient in faith, to keep faith with those that have no faith*?"—Stand back, and hear the doom of all those who renounce the Romish church."

"Pronounce the doom, then, on me too!" cried Rosalie, kneeling and clasping her hands. "I too renounce it—I hate it—I deny all my mother denies—I believe all she believes."

"Oh Rosalie!—my child!—my child!" exclaimed her mother. "My lord Archbishop, she is wild—she knows not what she says."

"Mother, I do!—have you not taught me?—have we not prayed and wept together over the holy gospels, so corrupted and perverted by the priesthood?"

"Enough!" said the Archbishop—"be assured we will not cut down the dry tree, and leave the green one to flourish."

"Thanks!—then we shall die together," said Rosalie, locking her arms around her mother's neck. The delirious excitement had exhausted her—her head fell on her mother's bosom, and she was an unconscious burden in her arms. Clotilde laid her on a cushion at her feet, and knelt by her while the Archbishop, after a few words of consultation, doomed the

mother and daughter "to pass through material to immaterial flames," on St. Catharine's day.

They were together conveyed to a dungeon appertaining to the chateau.

St. Catharine's Eve arrived. The hour that had been destined for Rosalie's bridal found her in a dungeon, seated at her mother's feet, her head resting on her mother's breast, and her eyes fixed on her face, while Clotilde read by the light of their lamp the fourteenth chapter of St. John. She closed the book. The calmness which she had maintained till then forsook her. She laid her face to Rosalie's, and the tears from her cheeks dropped on her child's. "Oh!" she exclaimed, nature subduing the firmness of the martyr, "it is in vain! I read, and pray, and meditate, but still my heart is troubled—the spirit is not willing."

"Dear mother!" cried Rosalie, feeling as if the columns against which she leaned were tottering,

"My child, it is not for myself I fear or feel. My mission on earth is finished—and I have an humble, but assured hope, that my Saviour will accept that which I have done in his service. For me death has no terrors. I should rejoice in the flames that would consume this earthly tabernacle and set my spirit free; but oh, my child!" She closed her eyes as if she would exclude the dreadful vision, "when I think of thy sweet body devoured by elemental fire my heart fails. I am tempted, sorely tempted. I fear that in that hour I shall deny the faith, and give up heaven for your life."

"Mother, mother, do not say so. I hoped it was only I that had sinful thoughts, and affections binding me to earth." The weakness of nature for a moment triumphed over the sublime power of religion, and the mother and child wept, and sobbed violently.

So absorbed were they in their emotions that they did not hear the turning of the bolts of their prison, nor were they conscious of any one's approach till Rosalie's name was pronounced in a low voice; when they both started and saw, standing before them, Gervais de Tilbery, the lady Agnes and her confessor. Gervais threw himself on his knees before Rosalie, took her hand and pressed it to his lips. She returned the pressure, but spoke not.

"There is no time to be lost my dear friends," said the lady Agnes. "Clotilde," she continued, "I have vainly begged the boon of your life—it is denied me—but your child's—yours—my own dear Rosalie, I can preserve. It boots not now to say by what means I shall effect it."

"Can she live," cried Clotilde vehemently, "without renouncing her faith? without denying her Lord?"

"Without any condition but that she now give her hand to Gervais de Tilbery—the priest is ready."

"Oh tempt me not! tempt me not," exclaimed Rosalie, throwing herself on her mother's bosom. "I will not leave her. I will die with her."

"Hear me, my child," said her mother in a voice so firm, sweet, and tranquillizing that it spoke peace to the storm in Rosalie's bosom. "Hear me. I have already told you that for myself this dispensation has no terror, but my spirit shrinks from your enduring it—spare me, my child. God has condescended to my weakness and opened for you a way of escape—do you still hesitate? On my knees Rosalie I beg you to live—not for Gervais—not for yourself—for me—for your mother—give me your hand." Rosalie gave it.

"Now God bless thee my child—shield thee from temptation and deliver thee from evil!" She put Rosalie's hand into Gervais's and bidding the priest do his office, she supported her child on one side while Gervais sustained her on the other. Rosalie looked more like a bride for heaven than earth, her face as pale as the pure white she wore, and her lips faintly, and inaudibly, repeating the marriage vows.

As the ceremony proceeded, her mother whispered again, and again, "courage my child! courage! It is for my sake Rosalie." The priest pronounced the benediction. Rosalie had lost all consciousness. Her mother folded her in one fond, long protracted embrace, and then, without one word, resigned her to Gervais.

The lady Agnes signed to the priest. A female attendant appeared. Rosalie was enveloped in a travelling cloak and hood, and conveyed out of the prison. Clotilde remained alone. We may say without presumption, that angels came and ministered to her.

We have only to add the conclusion of the contemporary record. "One of the condemned escaped from punishment, and it is maintained that she was carried off by the devil; the other without shedding a tear or uttering a complaint submitted to death with a courage that equalled her modesty."

REMARKABLE WOMEN.

It is worthy of notice that those women whose excellencies have obtained the esteem of posterity, have invariably united to their more remarkable qualities, the gentleness and delicacy characteristic of the sex. Had they not done so, they would, indeed, scarcely have been loved; and love is a sentiment, with regard to the future as well as the present, which ought to be the chief ambition of a woman to excite. She should desire to be remembered, not only with admiration, but with tenderness; and, therefore, in her, nothing can compensate for the absence of those qualities which call forth affection. In looking back, then, upon our celebrated women, it is with pleasure that we remark, that kindness gave the polish to their characters.—They were not the stern mentors of society; on the contrary, they were as distinguished for mildness as for any other virtue; and we feel, that besides being the objects of our esteem, they would have been, had we known them, the companions of our choice. Their humility is no less deserving of praise. There has always been an absence of pretension in superior women, which is consistent with our preconceived notions of what they ought to be, and with our own actual observation. The position which they occupy is conceded to them, not because they assume it, but because it naturally belongs to them. And the influence they exert is of a quiet and gentle kind. In considering the lives of the most illustrious among them, we cannot but be struck with the power they possessed of swaying opinion. Contrast, for instance, the influence of Lady Russell and Mrs. Hutchinson with ordinary women. The latter may be, indeed, allowed the control in all minor matters, may be supreme in their domestic arrangements, may be petted and indulged; but if their minds can take no higher range, they will either not be consulted in things of greater moment, or their opinion will have no weight. Yet lady Russell and Mrs. Hutchinson never obtruded their advice, or made any show of their power—their counsel was asked because it was needed, and followed because it was found to be of value. The influence of such women has not been confined to domestic life, but has embraced and adorned an ample sphere. To say nothing of the effect of their example, the success that has sometimes attended them as authors, may be considered a gratifying tribute to their usefulness.—Society will acknowledge the debt it owes to those of them who, as moral and religious writers, have attracted public attention, and so materially affected the tone and habits of their sex. Of this, perhaps, the most eminent example has shed its lustre on our own day.—*Mrs. Sanford's Female Worthies.*

THE TOILET—No. 2.

MOUTH, TONGUE, THROAT, TEETH, AND GUMS.

The mouth and tongue require particular care. The former should be rinsed every morning, after dinner, and the last thing at night, with cold water; but in the winter the chill may be taken off it. The frequent washing of the mouth is otherwise necessary, because the viscid slime, and small particles of food which settle about the interstices of the teeth, are very apt to putrefy, and if not removed will affect the breath, and gradually injure the teeth themselves. Besides, this slime settles on the tongue, covers the papillæ or little eminences which are the organs of taste, and renders the palate less sensible. The tongue ought no less to be cleansed every morning, either with a small piece of whale-bone, or with a sage leaf, which is also useful for polishing the teeth. To clear the throat it should be gargled with fresh water, and a mouthful of the same fluid swallowed every morning fasting—the latter practice must not, however, be attempted too hastily, but when once accustomed to it, it will be attended with advantage.

Acids in general possess the property of making the teeth white, in the same manner as aqua-fortis does coloured marble, namely, by destroying its polish and solidity. An experiment, which any one may repeat, proves that the teeth grow soft sooner or later in acid liquors, and that the earthy and calcareous part which constitutes their solidity, appears at the bottom of the vessel, under the form of a sediment. Vinegar is not the only acid that injures the teeth by making them white for a short time; all acid substances which set them on edge, such as sorrel, lemon, cream of tartar, and especially mineral acids, in whatever form they are employed, produce the same effect.

The teeth are liable to lose their whiteness by the influence of various causes—for instance, they become encrusted with tartareous matter, and are tarnished either by the actions of certain elements, or by the exhalations of the stomach. When the loss of whiteness is occasioned by the production of tartar, a coral stick may be used to clean the teeth, and to remove the tartareous salt. The blackness of the teeth may be corrected by the following process:—pulverise equal parts of tartar and salt, and having washed your teeth fasting, rub them with this powder.

The preservation of the teeth depends not only on the particular pains necessary to be taken with them, but also on the regimen best adapted to health. The teeth do not long continue sound with bad digestion, with unwholesome food, with a stomach which but imperfectly discharges its functions, and with vitiated digestive juices. All these causes may contribute to the decay of the teeth, and the bad state of the gums.

The following precautions are necessary to preserve the teeth.

1. Cold applications are injurious to the teeth.
2. Too hot aliments are likewise hurtful. It has been observed, that great tea-drinkers commonly have yellow teeth.
3. Cutting thread or silk with the teeth is a bad habit which wears the enamel, loosens them, sometimes breaks pieces off, and in time spoils their form. The shortness of the incisor teeth in some females is a mark of this bad habit.
4. Avoid cracking nuts or walnuts, or biting hard substances of any kind with the teeth. If you do not break them always by such unnatural violence, you at least loosen them, and painful tooth-aches are not unfrequently the consequences.
5. Dangerous diversions, such as carrying or lifting weights with the teeth, are very destructive both of teeth and gums.
6. In masticating food both jaws ought to be equally used. Where one side is only put in action, the teeth

on the inactive side are more liable to accumulate tartar, and to decay; they are also less firm in their sockets, and are sometimes subject, especially the grinders, to be partly covered by the gums.

7. The use of metallic toothpicks, pins, forks, &c., with which people are in the slovenly and thoughtless habit of picking their teeth, ought to be studiously proscribed.

8. Abstain from washing the head.

9. Cold feet are another cause of tooth-ache.

10. The naked costume, damp night air, and the fashion of wearing the hair too short, very frequently contribute to disorder the teeth.

The principal precautions for the preservation of the teeth, consist above all things, in securing them from tartar, their greatest enemy, and caries, which is sometimes the consequence of their being too much exposed to the action of that corrosive matter.

The gums cannot be healthy unless they are firm and red, and adhere to the roots of the teeth. These qualities depend in a great measure on the state of the health.

The gums are liable to a variety of accidents which impair both their health and beauty, and which often transform them into objects most disgusting to the eye. Sometimes they grow soft, swell, and appear full of livid and corrupted blood—at others they project, and cover great part of the teeth; they also become inflamed and painful, and covered with offensive and malignant ulcers.

NAPLES.

At Naples, the men are of a handsome race, but the women possess less beauty than throughout the rest of Italy.—Very few pretty females are found, and in general the expression of their countenance is far from being agreeable. Their gaze is too bold, their voice is hoarse and masculine, their complexions are pale and yellow. Corpulence here passes for an appendage to beauty. The Moors have the same idea, and on this point, as on many others, Naples is still affected by its African vicinity. The want of beauty, and especially of grace among the greater part of the Neapolitan women, is traceable to the gross food on which they subsist, the violence of their passions, their entirely sedentary life, and the little care they take of their persons.

All these defects are particularly striking to a stranger arriving from Florence, Rome, or Genoa—those three nurses of beautiful forms. The Neapolitans, however, are perfectly contented with their native women; young or old, pretty or ugly, there is none without an admirer. In this respect Naples may pass for the paradise of the ladies. It must be confessed, also, that the heat of the climate, and the volcanic and sulphureous atmosphere of Naples, cannot but deprive them of their personal charms. A woman is old at thirty; at fourteen she is all that she can be. But neither the climate nor their mode of life can deprive them of the lustre of their black eyes; the charming expression of their lips, when not disfigured by their drawing and affected pronunciation; and the perfection of their feet and hands. In this respect they vie with the beauties of Spain.

Love is not at Naples a light derived from Heaven; a ray of that immortal flame which constitutes the existence of angels, and excludes all sublunary desires. Neapolitan love is of a less exalted description; it is the blind child of nature; it is entirely physical, without disguise or restraint. As to the women, the indecent scenes which are continually passing under their eyes, the bad example which surrounds them from earliest infancy, and finally, the corrupt morals of the men—all these causes, joined to the heat of the climate, and the immoderate use of wine and spices, are more than sufficient to explain the relaxed morality and free manners of the sex.

VALUE OF LETTERS TO WOMAN.

OPINION is now more than ever it was in favour of the diffusion of knowledge; and it is only to be expected that woman should profit by this enlargement of feeling. Not that the *bas bleu* is not as unpopular as ever; but as female acquirement has become more common, it attracts less notice, and its utility and importance are better understood.

Still, however, there is no possession of which men are so tenacious as that of learning. Perhaps it is because knowledge is power, that they are therefore not disposed to share it with woman; or perhaps it is because, instead of improving it to good purpose, she sometimes only uses it as a plea for assumption.

It is to be feared that their reluctance is to be ascribed principally to the latter cause; for it must be allowed that literary ladies have not been always very prepossessing. The disciple of Wollstonecraft threw off her hat, and called for a boot-jack; and imagined that by affecting the manners of the other sex, she should best assert her equality with them. The female pedant appears in a disordered dress, and with inky fingers; and fancies that the further she is removed from feminine grace, the nearer she approaches to manly vigour. And we cannot wonder that, with such examples, men should prefer proficient in housewifery to smatterers in science; and that they would rather see on their wife's table Mrs. Dalgrains on Domestic, than Mrs. Marcet on Political, Economy.

But then there is no reason why female acquirement should be identified with all this folly. On the contrary, it is the tendency of real knowledge to make her sensible, as well as humble; and it is on this very account so valuable to women.

To produce, however, this good effect, acquirement must not be superficial. It is not the occasionally reading a review, or skimming a periodical, that will improve the mind or afford us solid satisfaction. A very little knowledge gathered in this way enables a woman, indeed, to shine in conversation, and gives her the credit of being very intellectual; but she is at the same time conscious of the weakness of her pretension, and is not unlikely to endeavour to compensate by mere fluency for what she feels her deficiency in depth.

Women are by no means wanting in ready talent: their perception is very quick; and they are dexterous in applying the knowledge they possess. Thus they sometimes seem to make a rapid progress, and even to outstrip minds of greater vigour. But, on this account, intellectual discipline is, in their case, the more essential, that it may teach them how really to improve their talent, and that it may check an exuberance which is generally disappointing because it is precocious.

It is to superficial attainment that we may trace most of the mistakes which persons fall into with respect to literature. We are never so likely to be conceited as when we estimate our proficiency solely by the number of our acquirements. And this is not unfrequently the case with women. They know a little Latin, a little Italian, a little German, perhaps a little Hebrew, or a little Greek, and they immediately imagine themselves scholars. And they are not unfrequently encouraged in their belief by the flattery of their friends: for to construe a page in a classic author, to read a German play, or to quote a stanza of an Italian poet, is quite sufficient to establish their claim to superior talent. Can we wonder, then, that they should be a little prone to vanity, when so much

is thought of very trifling attainments; or that they should be somewhat ambitious of literary fame, when it may be so easily obtained?

It was different with the ladies of an earlier century—with the Morica, and Bilibaldica, and Blauresica, of whom Erasmus makes honourable mention. The daughters of More, and the sisters of Pirckheimerus, the associate of Edward, and the pupil of Rôger Ascham, enjoyed, indeed, no common advantages. But what would the female *bel esprit* of the nineteenth century think of maintaining a Latin correspondence with the first scholar of the age? Or what would our modern blue-stockings make of a dialogue of Plato, or a play of Sophocles? Or, to refer to a later period, how would our lady philosophers solve a problem in the "Ladies' Diary?"

Literature, indeed, was a rare accomplishment amongst women of former days; but when they did attempt it, they were satisfied with no ordinary proficiency. It is a pity that their industry and good sense are not oftener imitated; for, though we may not wish all women to be, like them, Grecians or mathematicians, we cannot question the superiority of intellectual pursuits to many of the usual ways of getting rid of time. Why should not the leisure of women be employed in storing and strengthening their minds? Why, if they are spared the fatigues of active life, should they be debarred from the pleasures of literature? The lives of too many of them are spent almost in idleness, and the alleged inappropriateness of intellectual pursuits furnishes a plea for listlessness and trifling. They fancy themselves not called to mental exertion, and they, therefore, throw away their time in frivolous occupation, or still more frivolous amusement. *Passant la moitié de leur temps à ne rien faire, et l'autre moitié à faire des riens.* But though all may not have taste or capacity for the higher branches of learning, all may not be able to paraphrase Job, or to translate Epictetus—yet there are few who may not improve their talents, and would not be much more agreeable, as well as useful, if their minds were cultivated and enlarged.

There are some branches of knowledge which are strictly feminine, and from which there can be no reason for discouraging the sex. We may doubt the appropriateness of the crucible and the blow-pipe, or may wish the fair naturalist a better employment than breaking stones; but what is so calculated to embellish and refine the mind as the *belles lettres* of every age and country? Only we should be always on our guard against imperfect attainment, and against making the enlargement of our sphere an excuse for being rambling and desultory.

There is a mistake with regard to languages into which women sometimes fall. They imagine that they cannot know too many tongues; and they forget that it is chiefly as a key to literature that these are valuable. Thus, when they have mastered one or two books, they are only anxious to pass on to another continental dialect. And yet, if the labour lavished on verbal criticism has sometimes been regarded as mis-spent, how much more so is that which tends to convert the mind into nothing but a dictionary!—It is not with a view of accumulating words merely, but of acquiring ideas, that it is useful to be a linguist.

But we are all apt to estimate acquirements by their rarity, and to neglect what is easy and essential for the sake of what is more difficult and uncommon. A young woman, for instance, will attempt Dante,

who cannot construe Metastasio; and, what is infinitely worse, will puzzle herself with German inflections, before she is familiar with Lindley Murray. We have heard of a lady, who, when at a loss how to spell a word, put a dash under the questionable letters, that, if wrong, they might pass for a joke. Modern education ought to prevent the necessity of such expedients; but even where women are adepts in orthography, they are not always so in punctuation: though they may affect to be linguists, it by no means follows that they are good English scholars.

It is most important, not only that the mind should be well informed, but that there should be a taste for literature; and that knowledge should be appreciated for its own sake, and not merely as a distinction. The superiority of cultivated women is, in every thing, very apparent. They have been accustomed to think, and to discriminate, and their opinion is not a mere momentary impulse. Their sphere, too, is enlarged—they are not so much actuated by selfish feelings, or so liable to receive partial, and consequently erroneous, impressions. They view every subject more calmly, and decide more dispassionately, and are generally more correct in their own sentiments, and more liberal to those of others.

It is mediocrity that is intolerant and opinionative. A woman who, without reflection, takes up the views of others, is peculiarly accessible to party spirit; and this is one reason why women, in general, are more zealous partisans than the other sex: their minds are more contracted, their knowledge more confined, and their prejudices stronger. We can quite understand the strictures of Addison on the female sectarists of his day; for, though we have no patches now to mark our distinctions, the spirit of party is equally exclusive.

As a corrective to this, as well as a preservative from error, letters are very useful, and in this view, perhaps, almost as much so to women as to men; especially now, in these days of progress, when every class should be prepared for its advance, and when even the female mind should be strengthened for the increase of light. What an easy dupe to empiricism or design is a half-educated woman! With sufficient acquirement to be vain, and sufficient sensibility to be soon imposed on, she may be easily seduced from principles which she has received only on the authority of others, and which she is therefore ill prepared to defend. It was want of knowledge, of which the priest of Rome availed himself, when he assailed the female devotee with all the pliancies of his superstition, and prevailed on her to forsake real duties for the quietism and asceticism of the convent. And it is want of knowledge, of which the modern heretic equally makes use, when he too "leads captive silly women," and finds none so accessible to his influence as the weak, the sensitive, and the unenlightened.

Piety may be misguided, though it cannot be excessive; and the female mind, constitutionally less stable than that of man, needs especially the ballast of sound knowledge and good sense. It is apt to pursue opinions to extremes, and to allow too much to its favourite bias; and on this account an accurate acquaintance with truth is the more essential.

No character commands more respect than that of the religious and cultivated woman; and it is to the credit of the sex that letters and religion have usually been associated. We dwell with pleasure on the piety of Lady Jane Grey, if that of Elizabeth be questionable. And we may surely hope that she, who, when copies of the Scriptures were still scarce, presented the Hebrew Pentateuch to a scholar too poor to buy one, could herself appreciate the sacred gift. Neither can we forget more recent examples. The names of Russell and of Hutchinson, of Rowe, Chapone, and Smith, of the amiable authoress of *Father Clement*, and of the revered *Hannah More*, are together trea-

sured in our minds as happy reminiscences of the union of female piety and accomplishment.

We cannot, indeed, for a moment question the advantage of letters to a religious woman. They afford her occupation, refresh her mind, and increase her power of usefulness. Religion itself is an intellectual as well as spiritual exercise; and its doctrines, though level to ordinary capacities, involve the highest speculations. They inform and discipline, as well as spiritualise the mind—and it is delightful to observe the intelligence of many who have no other teacher.

Neither can we suppose that men are altogether averse to female literature. They would not, especially when they are themselves superior, wish to encounter, even in a female companion, the contractedness of ignorance, or the ineptitude of folly. They can have little pleasure in associating with those whose only conversation is *médisance* or gossip.

Rather would they desire to meet in a domestic circle a companion who could sympathise, if not participate, in their higher pursuits, who could appreciate literary excellence, and taste intellectual pleasure, and to whom knowledge had given elevation and refinement.

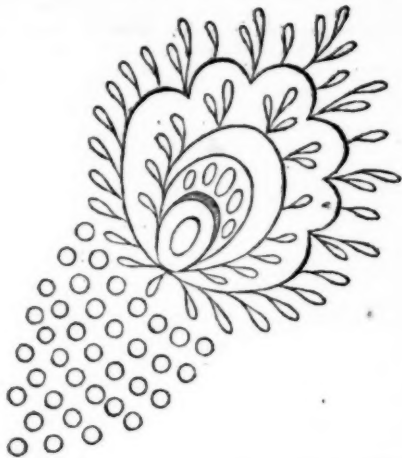
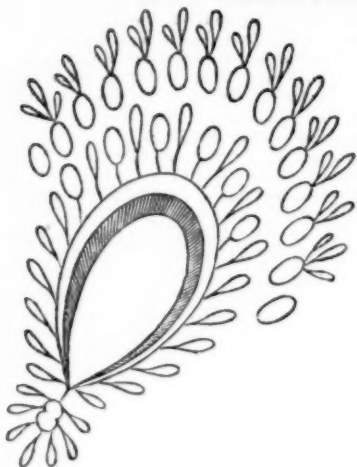
Nor would her accomplishments, in any degree, indispose her for active domestic duties. Order is the symptom of a well regulated mind, and the woman who has felt the importance of interior arrangement, will scarcely be indifferent to her *ménage*. And if experience has ever seemed to militate against this conclusion, the exceptions may be attributable to nature rather than education, and have probably proceeded from a constitutional defect, which intellectual discipline may have in some degree amended, but which it has not been able altogether to correct. Disorder is the accident, not the consequence, of talent; and as it is the more conspicuous, so is it the less excused when accompanied with mental superiority. The irregularities which proceed from indolence or frivolity receive far more indulgence.

Censorship is, indeed, always severe on female talent, and not infrequently is a woman prejudged a slattern, because reputed a genius. Slovenly attire, an ill-conducted household, and an ill-arranged table, are in the minds of many identified with female acquirement. Yet lighter accomplishments may be the more likely cause of such disorder; and she who has spent her life at her harp, or at her frame, will be less disposed to active duties than one to whom exertion is habitual. If the woman of mind bears with equanimity petty vexations—if she lends a reluctant ear to family tales—if she is not always expatiating on her economy, nor entertaining by a discussion of domestic annoyances—she is not the less capable of controlling her household, or of maintaining order in its several departments. Rather will she occupy her station with more dignity, and fulfil its duties with greater ease.

At the same time she should ever bear in mind that knowledge is not to elevate her above her station, or to excuse her from the discharge of its most trifling duties. It is to correct vanity and repress pretension. It is to teach her to know her place and her functions; to make her content with the one, and willing to fulfil the other. It is to render her more useful, more humble, and more happy.

And surely such a woman will be, of all others, the best satisfied with her lot. She will not seek distinction, and, therefore, will not meet with disappointment. She will not be dependent on the world, and thus she will avoid its vexations. She will be liable neither to restlessness nor *ennui*; but she will be happy in her own home, and by her own hearth, in the fulfilment of religious and domestic duty, and in the profitable employment of her time.

PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERING ON HANDKERCHIEFS, WITH SPACES FOR
THE INSERTION OF NAMES.



PAST AND PRESENT STATE OF ITALY.

KINGS were her tributaries; every sea
Unlock'd its spoils to waft them to her breast;
The Doria led her fleet, and Freedom's tree,
And freemen flourished, on her mountain crest
Intrrenched impregnable; Prosperity
Poured in her golden tide from East to West—
Alas, how changed!—her deeds of other years
Are now a tale—a tale for woman's tears.

And here, in secret, bitter tears are shed,
Fresh, fruitless yearnings—weak resolves—again,
To perish like a vapour!—O'er her head
The brandish'd rod, and on her limbs the chain,
And in her heart distrust—despondence feel—
She drags the wheel that might have held the rein;
And still might rule—united did she know
Her native strength, and dared to strike the blow!

Widowed and sad, the slave is in her gate—
The stranger on her throne—the shackled limb
Clanks in her streets!—That once redoubted State
Dreams in her dotage: void on ocean's brim,
The Doria's sculptured halls are desolate!
Damp freedom's hearth, hushed the triumphal hymn!
The glory he bequeathed, the blood he shed,
Rouse not the living—can they wake the dead?

Her golden sun is set; an age of brass—
But forged in chains—succeeds her glorious day!
To rival marts the freighted galleys pass:
The haughty merchant halts not in her bay—
That beautiful bay! where once upon its glass
The keels of every shore reflected lay!
But now her moles in crumbling masses rise,
To tell how commerce droops—where freedom dies!

HOPE.

THE wretch condemned with life to part
Still—still on Hope relies;
And every pang that rends his heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the humble taper's light,
Illumes and cheers our way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

I LOVED thee once—perchance still love—
Though time impair the dream;
For still thy smile my heart could move,
Thy name is still my theme.
But now thy name I seldom hear,
Thy smile I never see,
And thus in each succeeding year
I think the less on thee.

I saw thee last 'mid beauty's throng
Sustain the fairest part;
Then pleasure poured her syren song,
And hope embalmed thy heart;
But now, perchance, thy beauty's past,
Thy pleasure turned to wo,
And thou art changed from what thou wast,
Or dead—for aught I know.

Perchance thy heart is beating yet,
And sorrows haunt thy sleep,
And thou a prey to vain regret,
Mays't only live to weep:
Or, oh! in cold oblivion's aisle
That heart may darkly rest,
And sculptur'd marble mock the smile
Thy living lip possessed.

If, still surviving all that's past,
'Mid pleasure's festive throng,
These words should meet thine eye at last,
Thine ear should hear this song—
Then true to him, whose faithful love
With life alone can die,
Oh! breathe, while floats the strain above,
Remembrance's fondest sigh!

ENIGMA.

MY complexion's dull and dark,
Yet I have a lovely sire;
I am wingless, but the lark
Thro' the skies ascends not higher;
Griefless tears I cause the fair;
And at my birth dissolve in air.

Upon my word, 'tis quite a joke,
That six such lines should end in smoke.

GARRICK.

ACCOUNT of Garrick, from the letters of Mr. Sturtz, a German gentleman, to his friend in Germany.—Year 1768.

"I yesterday spent one of the pleasantest days of my life at Garrick's country-house. I left London early, in company with Murphy; it was a voluptuous summer's morning; a transparent mist trembled through the warm expanse, as in Claude Loraine's landscapes, and nature gained additional beauty through her veil; I felt as if borne on ether—happiness smiled around me.

"Garrick's house is a little palace, and built in good proportion; it is situated on the banks of the Thames, which there winds through a well-inhabited and richly cultivated country; but what he calls his garden, is nothing more than a large grass-plot, kept in good order, on which are scattered without symmetry various bushes, and interwoven trees.

"Near the water stands the temple of Shakspeare, a sanctuary to every Briton, in the strictest sense of the word. The statue erected to the memory of the immortal bard, is of white marble, and as large as life.

"In the house, neither magnificence nor fashion are to be discovered; but, instead of these, a pleasing, noble simplicity, which seems to belong to a country life: and here and there, marks of the genius, as well as the disposition of the owner. All the rooms are light and agreeable to the eye; they are ornamented with pictures of celebrated actors and actresses, in principal scenes, which are well executed. Among the various works of art, I must not forget to mention a box made of the sacred mulberry tree, under whose shade Shakspeare is said to have reposed. However, you may want to be acquainted with Garrick: you already know that he is handsome, but under-sized, for he is scarcely of the middle stature; his person is remarkably well formed; he is nervous and delicate; stout, but not fat; and every motion of his muscles, every external expression, agrees precisely with the internal sensation, which appears as evidently in the movement of his hand, as in the expression of his countenance.

"At first sight, you instantly determine that nature intended him for mirth, for ridicule, and consequently for comedy. From his eyes beam humorous penetration and satiric, Hudibrastic archness; which, however, being softened by open manners, rather attract than affront. You will conceive how sure must be his art, how creative the power over his physiognomy, if in the lofty walk of tragedy, he can rub off this stamp of nature; yet in vain will you search for it, when in the character of Lear he utters his prayer of horrors to the storm, or with the look of hell, starts from his couch in Richard.

"Garrick lives with the first society, in which he is respected and beloved. In conversation he is full of the most interesting anecdotes, and, when he relates, he also acts—every difference of character appears on his countenance, and speaks in his voice—the smallest story becomes a drama. What he is able to effect without speaking, I lately witnessed in Macbeth; when he, with the satanic look of a man resolved on murder, fancies he sees a dagger, and grasps at the handle; a foreigner in the same box with myself, who was totally ignorant of the piece, for he did not understand a word of English, sunk overpowered with horror at my feet.

"I have now heard, from Garrick himself, a confirmation of the story relative to the likeness of Fielding, prefixed to Murphy's edition of his works. Hogarth drew it from memory, after Fielding's death; and being unable to call to mind a remarkable turn of the mouth, Garrick imitated it, and thereby refreshed Hogarth's imagination. This reminds me of an anecdote, respecting Garrick at Rome.—In a society of artists, the conversation turned on the expression of the passions, when Garrick rose, and exhibited them, individually,

with dreadful exactness. I have myself seen something of this kind, in his repetition of a short piece, wherein he had no character, yet represented every part, even those of the women, to the performers, with incredible minuteness. It is unaccountable how a texture of nerves, so finely woven can bear so constant a distension, without the total destruction of his health, for you must not suppose that the storm of passions only affects his surface.

"I saw him once, after having played the part of Richard, stretched like the expiring Germanicus in Poussin's picture, on a sofa, pale, panting, speechless, covered with perspiration, and unable to raise his arm. He still speaks of the celebrated Mrs. Cibber, in terms of warm sensibility. 'She felt,' said he, 'and made all others feel. Since her death, I have not been able to perform the part of a lover.'

"It is true that his services are most bounteously rewarded. His fortune is valued at an hundred thousand pounds, and the theatre produces him, as proprietor, and actor, about four thousand a year more. If wealth, understanding, and fame, can make a man happy, Garrick must be happy; and in his own house he is so; for his wife is amiable and beautiful, retaining nothing of her former situation of dancer, but grace."

Mrs. Garrick survived her husband many years, and her adoration of him was as enthusiastic when she was in her ninetieth year, as it had been in her bloom of youth. She was an Italian by birth, and the illegitimate daughter of an English nobleman, who upon her marriage with Garrick, presented her with fifteen thousand pounds. Garrick left her the use of his fortune during her life, with the strict injunction that she should reside in England. Of Garrick's talent she ever spoke with an ardour, almost surprising in a person so very aged.

GERMAN CEMETERIES.

BEYOND Frankfurt, on the great road to Breslau, there is almost as little to interest the eye as before; the Oder is left to the right, and the verdure which clothes its banks is the only beauty that nature wears. A solitary enclosure, on the summit of a small rising ground, turned out to be a Jewish burying place, as lonely in its situation, and as neglected in its appearance, as can well be imagined. In so dreary a scene, these habitations of the dead look doubly dreary. The inscriptions were all in Hebrew, and the stones were overgrown with coarse rank grass. The Christian cemeteries, on the contrary, in this part of Germany, are kept with great neatness. Every grave is, in general, a flower bed. I walked out one morning to the great cemetery of Berlin, to visit the tomb of Klaproth, which is merely a cross, and announces nothing but his name and age. Close by, an elderly-looking woman, in decent mourning, was watering the flowers with which she had planted the grave of an only daughter (as the sexton afterwards told me), who had been interred the preceding week. The grave formed nearly a square of five feet. It was divided into little beds, all crossed, kept with great care, and adorned with the simplest flowers. Evergreens, intermixed with daisies were ranged round the borders, little clumps of violets and forget-me-not were scattered in the interior, and in the centre a solitary lily hung down its languishing blossom. The broken-hearted mother had just watered it, and tied it to a little stick to secure it against the wind—at her side lay the weeds she had rooted out. She went round the whole spot again and again, anxiously pulling up every blade of grass—then gazed for a few seconds on the grave—walked towards the gate and hurried out of the churchyard.—*Russell's Tour in Germany.*

FAREWELL, GUITAR.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM D. BAKER, ESQ.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

Andante con Espressione.

p *f*

f

Fare - well, Guitar, no more thy chords Shall cheer my break - ing

heart; Sweet min - strel - sy no joy affords, No

f

com - fort can im - part: 'Tis true, I lov'd thee,

love thee yet, With thee I've sung of Love; By

thee learn'd sor - row to forget, And giance at joys a - bove.

II.

And thou, Guitar, hast taught the tear
 To gush for others' wo,
 And thou hast made Love yet more dear,
 And Lovers feel it so:
 In strangers' hands, Guitar, again
 Thy tone may joyful swell;
 To me belongs the mournful strain—
 Guitar, farewell, farewell!

THE IRISH HEIRESS.

Sure now this is much better than being in love! ha! ha! ha! There's some spirit in this! What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises—all that 's of an consequence, you know.—*The Swain.*

My father left the Connaught Rangers some years before the Irish rebellion of ninety-eight. Like greater warriors, the crop of laurels he collected in that celebrated corps, was but a short one. It is true, he had seen service: his sword, like Butler's knight's, of "passing worth," had been unshathed in executing "warrants and exigents;" and more than once had stormed a private distillery, under the leading of a desperate gauger.

He was, however, a stout, slashing, looking fellow, and gained the affections of my mother in a manner quite romantic. One evening, while enjoying a lonely walk in the company of her nurse, amidst the wilderness of her native province, she was assailed by a son of Mars, whose professions of love were far too ardent for the scene, considering that he was an entire stranger to the ladies. Regarding them as beyond the reach of assistance, he proceeded to take liberties with the younger female, which were not warranted by any code of gallantry; and heaven knows how far his violence had carried him, were it not for the opportune arrival of my father, then on his way to the barracks, having straggled from a still-hunting party, which, less poetical than my sire, had kept the main road. Attracted by distressing cries, he quickly turned the angle of a projecting rock, and was not a little surprised at seeing one of his officers engaged in an affair so dishonorable. His gallantry overcame his sense of military duty; and, without the fear of a court-martial before his eyes, he raised the butt-end of his musket and forced the unmanly ruffian to his knee. Another blow disarmed him of his sword, and as he was about to repeat it, his victim begged for mercy.

In the mean time, the ladies had retreated, but the nurse quickly returned and begged that the deliverer would honor their home with a visit: he did so, was cordially received; and the officer, learning that the insulted lady had thirty-three cousins, all good shots, he prudently begged my father to conceal his name. To this he readily consented; and, as "none but the brave deserve the fair," he was honored at no distant period with the hand of the maiden whom he had so gallantly rescued from imminent danger. My mother was an heiress; but the estate of Killnacoppal owed "a trifle of money:" now a *trifle*, in Connaught, is sometimes a sweeping sum; and you cannot safely calculate on rents in Connemara being paid exactly to the day.

I never exhibited precocity of intellect: but before I was sixteen, I discovered that our establishment occasionally suffered from a scarcity of specie. At these times, my father was sure to be afflicted with cold or rheumatism, and never left the house; and, I suppose, for some fear of disturbing him, the hall door was but seldom opened, and then only to a particular friend; while an ill-favoured tradesman, or suspicious-looking stranger, received their commands, in the briefest manner, from an upper window.

What was to be done with me had cruelly puzzled both my parents: whether I should ornament the church, or benefit the revenue, was for a long time under consideration. The law, however, held out more promising prospects than either; and it was decided that I should be bound to an attorney.

Duncan Davidson, of Dorset street, was married to my mother's sister. He was of Scotch descent, and,

like that "thinking people" from whom he sprung, he held "a hard grip of the main chance." Duncan was wealthy and childless; and if he could be induced to bring me up at his feet, God knows what might be the consequence. My father accordingly made the application, and the gracious Duncan consented to receive me for a time on *trial*.

What a bustle there was in Killnacoppal when my uncle's letter arrived! Due preparations were made for my departure; and as the term of my absence was computed at seven years, I had to take a formal and affectionate leave of my relatives to the fifteenth degree of consanguinity. My aunt Macan, whose cat's legs I had unfortunately dislocated, and who had not spoken to me since Candlemas, was induced to relent on the occasion, and favored me with her blessing and a one-pound note, although she had often declared she never could banish the idea from her mind, but that I should travel at the public expense, if my career was not finished in a more summary manner.

I arrived safely in Dublin. Awful were my feelings when first ushered into the presence of my uncle Duncan. He was a short, fat man, in a brown coat and flax-colored scratch, perched upon a high office-stool. Considering his dimensions, I used to marvel much how he managed to get there. Holding out his fore-finger, which I dutifully grasped, he told me to be steady and attentive, and that my aunt would be happy to see me up stairs. On leaving the room, I heard him softly remark to the head clerk, that he did not much like my appearance, for that I had "a wild eye in my head."

I was duly put to the desk, and the course of trial was not flattering to me, or satisfactory to my intended master. It was allowed on all hands, that my writing was abominable; and my spelling, being untrammelled by rules, was found in many material points to differ from modern orthographers. Nor was I more successful in comparing deeds. My desk and stool were unluckily placed beside a window, which looked into a narrow court, and a straw-bonnet maker occupied the opposite apartment. She was pretty, and I was naturally polite; and who, with a rosy cheek before him, would waste a look upon a tawny skin of parchment? I mentally consigned the *deed* to the devil, and let the copy loose upon the world "with all its imperfections upon its head."

The first trial was nearly conclusive. Never before had such a lame and lamentable document issued from the office of the punctilious Duncan. I had there omitted setting forth "one hundred dove-cots," and, for aught I know, left out "one hundred castles," to keep them company. My uncle almost dropped from his perch at the discovery; and Counsellor Roundabout was heard to remark, that a man's life was not safe in the hands of such a delinquent. I was on the point of getting my *conge*, and free permission to return to the place from whence I came; but my aunt—good, easy woman, interfered, and Duncan consented to give me a farther trial, and employ me to transport his bag to the courts, and his briefs to the lawyer.

Any drudgery for me but the desk. With suitable instructions the bag was confided to me, and for three days it came back safely. On the fourth evening, I was returning: the bag was unusually full, and so

had been my uncle's admonitions for its safety. I had got half way down Capel street, when, whom should I see, on the other side of the way, but Slasher Mac Tighe! The Slasher was five akin to my mother, and allowed to be the greatest back at the last fair of Ballinasloe. Would he acknowledge me, loaded as I was like a Jew clothesman? What was to be done? I slipped the cursed bag to a ragged boy—promised him some halfpence for his trouble—prudently assured him that his cargo was invaluable—told him to wait for me at the corner, and next moment was across the street, with a fast hold of the Slasher's right hand.

The Slasher,—peace to his ashes! for he was shot *stone dead* in the Phoenix Park: we never well understood the quarrel at Connemara, and it was said there that the poor man himself was not thoroughly informed on the subject,—appeared to support his justly-acquired reputation at the late fair of Kallinasloe. Not an eye in Capel street but was turned on him as he swaggered past. His jockey boots—I must begin below—were in the newest style; the top sprang from the ankle down, and was met midleg by short tights of tea-colored leather; three smoothing-iron seals, and a chain that would manacle a deserter, dangled from the fob; his vest was of amber kerseymer, gracefully sprinkled with stars and shamrocks; his coat sky-blue, with basket buttons, relieved judiciously with a purple neckcloth, and doe-skin gloves; while a conical hat, with a leaf full seven inches broad, topped all. A feeble imitation of the latter article may still be seen by the curious, in a hatter's window, No. 71, in the Strand, with a label affixed thereto, denominating it "Neck or Nothing."

Lord, how proud I felt when the Slasher tucked me under his arm! We had already taken two turns—the admiration of a crowded thoroughfare—when I looked round for my bag-holder: but he was not visible. I left my kinsman hastily, ran up and down the street, looked round the corners, peered into all the public-houses; but neither bag nor boy was there. I recollected my uncle's name and address were written on it, and the urchin might have mistaken his instructions, and carried the bag home. Off I ran, tumbled an apple basket in Bolton street, and, spite of threats and curses, held on my desperate course, until I found myself, breathless, in my uncle's presence.

He sternly reproached me for being dilatory.—"What had detained me? Here had been Counsellor Leatherhead's servant waiting this half hour for his papers—bring in the bag." I gaped at him, and stammered that I supposed it had been already here; but it would certainly arrive shortly. Question and answer followed rapidly, and the fatal truth came out—the bag was lost!—for the cad, advertised of the value of his charge, had retreated the moment I turned my back; and although, on investigation, he must have felt much disappointed at the result of his industry, yet, to do him justice, he lost no time in transferring the papers to the tobacconist, and pocketing the produce of the same.

For some moments, Duncan's rage prevented him from speaking. At last he found utterance:—"Heaven and earth!" he exclaimed, "was there ever such a villain? He was ruined: all the Kilgobbin title-deeds—Lady Splashboard's draft of separation, and papers of satisfaction for sixteen mortgages of Sir Phelim O'Boy! What's to be done?"

I muttered that I supposed I should be obliged to give Sir Phelim satisfaction myself. "Oh! curse your satisfaction," said my uncle; "these are your Connaught notions, you desperate do-no-good. What an infernal business, to let any one from that barbarous country into my house! Never had but two clients in my life on the other side of the Shannon. I divorced a wife for one; and he died insolvent the very day the decree was pronounced, and my costs, and

money advanced, went along with him to the devil. The other quarrelled with me for not taking a bad bill for my demand, and giving a large balance, over my claim, in ready cash. I threatened law, and he threatened flagellation. I took courage, and sent him down a writ; and the sheriff returned a *non est inventus*, although he was hunting with him for a fortnight. I ran him to execution, and got *nulla bona* on my return. As a last resource, I sent a man specially from Dublin: they tossed him in a blanket, and forced him to eat the original; and he came back, half dead, with a civil intimation, that if I ever crossed the bridge of Athlone, the defendant would drive as many slugs through my body as there were hoops on a wine-pipe!"

I could not help smiling at the simile: the client was a wag; for my uncle, in his personal proportions, bore a striking resemblance to a quarter-cask.

"But, run every soul of you," he continued, "and try to get some clue by which we may trace the papers."

Away clerk and apprentice started: but their researches were unsuccessful; for many a delicate cut of cheese was before now encased in my Lady Splashboard's separation bill; and the Kilgobbin title-deeds had issued in subdivisions from the snuff shop, and were making a rapid circle of the metropolis.

My aunt's influence was not sufficient to obtain my pardon, and mollify the attorney; and I was despatched, per mail, to that *refugium peccatorum*, as Duncan styled Connemara.

The gentle auditor may anticipate that on my return no fatted calf was killed; nor was there "joy in Aztlan," as the poet-laureate has it. I re-entered Killnacoppal without beat of drum; and indeed my demeanour on this occasion was so modest, that I had been in undisturbed possession of the front attic for two whole days, before my worthy parents were advertised that I had retired from the study of the law, with no future intention to "stick to the woollack."

To communicate the abrupt termination of my forensic pursuits to my aunt Macan, was an affair of nice and delicate management. When acquainted with the unhappy incident which had drawn down the wrath of my uncle Duncan, she particularly inquired "if there had been any money in the lost bag," and requested to see the last "Hue and Cry."

God knows whether I should have been enabled to weather the gale of family displeasure, as my aunt had again resumed the mantle of prophecy, when, lucky for me, the representation of the county of Galway became vacant, by the sudden disease of Sir Barnabas Bodkin: the honest gentleman being smothered in a hackney coach, returning comfortably from a corporation dinner at Morrison's.

On this distressing event being known, Mr. Dennis Darcey, of Cunaghahowby Castle, declared himself. He was strongly supported by Mr. Richard Martin, the other member; and his address, from the pen of the latter gentleman, was circulated without delay. In it he stated his family and pretensions; pledged himself to support Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of still fines; humanely recommended his opponent to provide himself with a coffin previous to the opening of the poll; professed strong attachment to the House of Brunswick, and the church by law established; and promised to use his utmost exertions to purify the penal code, by making accidents in duelling amount only to justifiable homicide; and abduction of heiresses and dogs, felony without benefit of clergy.

A person of Dennis Darcey's constitutional principles was a man after my father's own heart; the Killnacoppal interest was accordingly given him, and I was despatched at the head of sixscore freeholders, "good men and true," untrammelled with tight shoes or tender consciences, to give our "most sweet voices" in the ancient town of Galway.

But I was not entrusted with this important command without receiving full instructions for my conduct on the occasion. My father, no doubt, would have led the Killnacoppal legions to the hustings in person, had it not happened that the sheriff was on the other side; and, therefore, his public appearance within the bailiwick of that redoubted personage would have been a dangerous experiment. "Frank," said my father, "don't overdo the thing: poll your men twice! and more cannot be expected; but mind the outwork, for its there the tinints will shine."

I obeyed him to the letter; and, without personal vanity, I ascribe the happy return of my esteemed friend Dennis Darcey to the unwearied exertions of the freeholders of Killnacoppal. What between pelting the military, smashing the booths, and scattering the tallies, we managed to keep up such eternal confusion, that our adversaries could hardly bring forward a man. If dispersed by a charge of cavalry here, we were rallied in a few minutes in the next street, cracking heads and crashing windows; if routed by the riot act and a row of bayonets, before the sheriff was well round the corner we had a house pulled down, to the tune of "Hurrah for Killnacoppal!"

At last, all human means being found unavailable by our opponents to bring in a freeholder, the booths were closed, and Mr. Dennis Darcey declared duly elected.

After such feats, how could it be wondered at that I was

"Courtied and caressed,
High placed in halls a welcome guest;"

seated within seven of the chairman, at the election dinner, drank wine with by the new member, toasted by the old one, I mean Dick Martin—and embraced by Blakes, Brownes, and Bodkins, in endless variety; nor did the reward of "high desert" end here: for in the next gazette I was appointed to a lieutenancy in the — Mayo militia.

With very different feelings I now returned to my paternal mansion—I, who had left the little lawyer in Dorset street in disgrace, and been happy to effect a sort of felonious re-entry of the premises of Killnacoppal—I now came home a conqueror; an hundred black-thorns rattled above my head; an hundred voices yelled "Kinnidy for ivir!"—a keg of potheen was broached before the door; a stack of turf was blazing in the village; and all was triumph and exultation. We had brought back, of course, the usual assortment of broken bones, left some half-score damaged skulls to be repaired at the expense of the county, and carried back one gentleman totally defunct, who had been suffocated by tumbling, dead drunk, into a bog-hole. My fame had travelled before me, and my aunt Macan had taken to her bed, not from vanity, but "vexation of spirit."

My leave of absence having expired, I set out to join my regiment. My mother consulted the Army List, and discovered she had divers relatives in my corps; for there was scarcely a family from Loughrea to Belmullet with whom she was not in some way connected. Some of her relations in the — Mayo she mentioned as being rather remote; but there was Captain Rattigan: his father, Luke Rattigan, of Rawnacreeva, married Peter Fogarty's third daughter, and Peter Fogarty and my aunt Macan were cousins-german. No doubt the gallant captain would know and acknowledge the relationship, and take that lively interest in my welfare which was natural; but, for fear of mistakes, she wrote a letter of introduction with me, having very fortunately danced fifteen years before with Mr. Rattigan, at a fair ball at Ballinasloe.

For the second time, I left my father's house. The head-quarters of the regiment were in Naas, and there I arrived in safety; was recognised by Captain Ratti-

gan; presented by him in due form to the colonel; introduced to the corps; paid plate and band-fund fees; dined at the mess; got drunk there, as became a soldier of promise, and was carried home to my inn by a file of the guard, after having overheard the fat major remark to my kinsman—"Rat, that boy of your's will be a credit to the regiment; for, as I'm a true Catholic, he has taken off three bottles of Page's port, and no doubt he'll improve."

A year passed over—I conducted myself creditably in all regimental matters, touching drill, duty, and drinking, when an order suddenly came for a detachment to march to Ballybunnion; in the neighborhood of which town the pleasant part of the population were amusing themselves nightly in carling middlemen, and feathering the proctors. Captain Rattigan's company (in which I was an unworthy lieutenant) was selected for this important service.

The morning I left Naas for Ballybunnion will be a memorable day in the calendar of my life. My cousin Rattigan frequently boasted, after dinner, that "he was under fifty, and above five feet three;" but there were persons in the corps who alleged that he was above the former and under the latter; but let that pass—he is now, honest man, quietly resting in Craughane church-yard, with half a ton weight of Connemara marble over him, on which his virtues and his years are recorded.

Now, without stopping to ascertain minutely the age and height of the departed, I shall describe him as a thick, square-shouldered, under-sized man, having a short neck and snub nose—the latter organ fully attesting that Page's port was a sound and well-bodied liquor. The captain, on his pined pony, rode gallantly on at the head of "his charge;" I modestly followed on foot, and late in the evening we marched in full array down the main street of Ballybunnion, our fife and drum playing, to the best of their ability, the captain's favorite quick step, "I'm over young to marry yet."

My kinsman and I were peaceably settled over our wine, when the waiter announced that a gentleman had called upon us. He was shown up in proper form; and having managed, by depressing his person, which was fully six feet four inches, to enter the apartment, announced himself as Mr. Christopher Clinch; and, in a handsome speech, declared himself to be an ambassador from the stewards of Ballybunnion coterie; which coterie being to be holden that evening, he was deputed to solicit the honor of our company on this occasion. Captain Rattigan returned our acknowledgments duly; and he and the ambassador having discussed a cooper of port within a marvellous short period, separated with many squeezes of the hand, and ardent hopes of a future acquaintance.

There was a subject my kinsman invariably dwelt upon whenever he had transgressed the third bottle. It was a bitter lamentation over the numerous opportunities he had suffered to escape of making himself comfortable for life, by matrimony. As we dressed together, for we were cantoned in a double-bedded room, Rat was unusually eloquent on the grand mistake of his early days, and declared his determination of even yet endeavouring to amend his youthful error, and retrieve his lost time.

The commander's advice was not lost upon me. I took unusual pains in arraying myself for conquest, and in good time found myself in the ball-room, with thirty couples on the floor, all dancing "for the bare life," that admired tune of "Blue bonnets over the border."

The attention evinced in his visit to the inn, by Mr. Christopher Clinch, was not confined to a formal invitation: for he assured us on our arrival, that two ladies had been expressly kept disengaged for us.—Captain Rattigan declined dancing, alleging that exer-

cise flurried him, and he could not abide a red face, it looked so very like dissipation. I, whose countenance was fortunately not so inflammable as my kinsman's, was marshalled by Mr. Clinch to the head of the room. "He was going," he said, "to introduce me to Miss Jemima O'Brien—a lady of first connexions—large fortune, when some persons at present in possession dropped off—fine woman—much followed—sprightly—off-handed—fond of military men. Miss O'Brien, Captain Kennedy."

I bowed—she ducked—seized my offered hand, and in a few minutes we were going down the middle like two-years-olds starting for "the Kirwans." Nor had Captain Rattigan been neglected by the master of the ceremonies: he was snugly seated in a quiet corner at cribbage, a game the commander delighted in, with an elderly gentlewoman, whom my partner informed me was her aunt.

Miss O'Brien was what Rattigan called a spanker. She was dressed in a blue lutestring gown, with a plume of ostrich feathers, flesh-colored stockings, and red satin shoes. She had the usual assortment of beads and curls, with an ivory fan, and a well-scented handkerchief.

She was evidently a fine-tempered girl; for, observing my eye rest on an immense stain upon her blue lutestring, she remarked, with a smile, "that her aunt's footman had spilled some coffee on her dress, and to save him from a scolding, she had assured the dear old lady that the injury was but trifling, and that it would be quite unnecessary to detain her while she should change her gown: it was quite clear she never could wear it again; but her maid and the milliner would be the gainers." Amiable creature!—the accident did not annoy her for a second.

The first dance had concluded, when the long gentleman whispered softly over my shoulder, how I liked "the heiress?" The heiress!—I felt a faint hope rising in my breast, which made my cheek colour like a pony. Rattigan's remorse for neglected opportunities rushed to my mind. Had my lucky hour come? and had I actually an heiress by the hand for nine-and-twenty couples? We were again at the head of the room, and away we went—she cutting and I capering, until we danced to the very bottom, "The wind that shakes the barley!"

I had placed Miss O'Brien, with great formality, on a bench, when Rattigan took me aside: "Frank, you're a fortunate fellow, or its your own fault; found out all from the old one—lovely creature—great catch—who knows?—strike while the iron's hot," &c.

Fortune, indeed, appeared to smile upon me. By some propitious accident; all the men had been provided with partners, and I had the heiress to myself. "She was, she confessed, romantic: she had quite a literary turn; she spoke of *Lady Morgan's Wild Irish Girl*;—she, Jemima, loved it, doted upon it;—and why should she not? for Lieutenant-Colonel Cassidy had repeatedly sworn that *Glorvina* was written for herself;" and she raised her fan

"The conscious blush to hide."

Walter Scott succeeded. I had read in the "Galway Advertiser" a quotation from that poet, which the newspaper had put in the mouth of a travelling priest, and alleged to have been spoken by him in a charity sermon, which I fortunately now recollected and repeated. Miss O'Brien responded with that inflammatory passage—

"In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed."

"And could she love?" I whispered with a look of tender inquietude. "She could; she had a heart, she feared, too warm for her happiness; she was a creature

of imagination: all soul—all sympathy. She could wander, with the man of her heart, from

"'Egypt's fires to Zembla's frost.'"

There was no standing this. I mustered all my resolution—poured out an unintelligible rhapsody—eternal love—life gratefully devoted—permission to fall at her feet—hand—heart—fortune!

She sighed deeply—kept her fan to her face some moments, and, in a voice soft as the harp of Eolus, murmured something about "short acquaintance," and a gentle supplication to be allowed time, for ten minutes, to consult her heart. Rat again rushed to my mind; procrastination had ruined him; and I was obdurate—pressed—raved—ranted. She sighed, and in a timid whisper told me she was mine for ever!

Heavens! was I awake?—did my ears deceive me? The room turned topsy-turvy; the candles danced a reel; my brain grew giddy. It was true—absolutely true: Jemima O'Brien had consented to become Mrs. Kennedy!

Up came Captain Rattigan as my partner left me for an instant to speak to her aunt. Rat was thunder-struck; cursed his fate, and complimented mine.—"But, zounds! Frank, you must stick to her. Would she run away with you? These damned lawyers will be tying up the property, so that you cannot touch a guinea but the half-year's rent—may-be inquiring about settlements, and ripping up the cursed mortgages of Killnacoppal. At her, man; they are all on the move. I'll manage the old one: mighty lucky, by-the-by, at cribbage. Try and get the heiress to be off; to-morrow, if possible—early hour. Oh! murder, how I lost my time!"

All was done as the commander directed. Rat kept the aunt in play; I pressed the heiress hard; and so desperately did I pourtray my misery, that, to save my life, she humanely consented to elope with me at twelve o'clock next day.

Rattigan was enraptured. What a chance for a poor lieutenant! He shrewdly observed, from the very unpretending appearance of Mrs. Cogan's mansion, that "my aunt's" purse must be a long one. We settled ourselves joyfully at the inn fire—ordered two bottles of mulled port—arranged all for the elopement—clubbed purses—sum total not burthensome—and went to bed drunk and happy.

Next morning—the morning of that day which was to bless me with fortune and a wife, Captain Ratty and I were sitting at an early breakfast, when, who should unexpectedly arrive but Cornet Bircham, who was in command of a small party of dragoons in Ballybunnon, and was an old acquaintance of my kinsman.

"How lucky!" whispered Rat; "he has been quartered here for three months, and we shall hear the particulars of the O'Briens from him."

While he spoke, the trooper entered. "Ah! Ratty, old boy, how wags the world? Just heard you had been sent here to exterminate carders—cursed scoundrels!—obliged me to leave a delightful party at Lord Tara's; but, Rat, we'll make them smoke for it."

"Mr. Bircham, my cousin Kennedy. Come, cornet, off with the scimitar, and attack the congo. Any news stirring?"

"Nothing but a flying report that you had determined on sobriety, and forsworn a drop beyond the third bottle; but, damme, that shake in your claw gives a lie direct to the tale. And you were dancing, Rat, last night. How did the carnival or coterie go off? Any wigs lost, or gowns tattered? Any catastrophe?"

"Why, no; pleasant thing enough,—some fine women there."

"Were they, faith? Why, Rat, you're a discoverer; for such a crew as figured at the last, mortal eye never looked upon."

"I only particularly noticed one—by Jove, a fine woman! a Miss O'Brien.

"Miss *Jemmy* O'Brien, as the men call her. Why, Rat, what iniquity of your's has delivered you into the hands of the most detestable harpy that ever infested country quarters?"

"Detestable harpy!" Rat and I looked cursedly foolish. "Bircham—hem!—are you sure you know the lady?"

"Know the lady! to be sure I do. Why, she did me out of an ivory fan, one unlucky wet day that the devil tempted me to enter Mrs. Cogan's den. Phoo! I'll give you what the bundle calls 'marks and tokens.' Let me see. Yes, I have it. Blue dress, cursedly splashed with beer—she says, coffee; soiled feathers; and tricked out like a travelling actress."

I groaned audibly—it was *Jemima* to a T. Captain Rattigan looked queer.

"My dear Bircham—hem!—you know among military men—hem!—honorable confidence may be reposed—hem! My young friend here danced with her. Represented as an heiress to him"——

"By a cursed hag who cheats at cribbage, and carries off *negus* by the quart."

"True bill, by ——!" exclaimed the captain.—

"Complained eternally of thirst and the heat of the room, and did me regularly out of thirty shillings."

"Ha! ha! ha!—Rat, Rat, and wert thou so soft, my old one?"

"But, Birchy," said the captain, "the devil of it is, my young friend—little too much wine—thought himself in honorable hands, and promised her"——

"A new silk gown. Ah, my young friend, little didst thou know the *Jezebel*. But it was a promise obtained under false pretences. She told you a cock-and-bull story about *Lady Morgan*—sporting *Watty Scott*—dealt out *Tom Moore* by the yard—all false pretences. See her hanged before I would buy her a yard of riband. What a pirate the woman is!"

Rat jumped off his chair, drew his breath in, and gulped out: "A gown! Zounds, man, he promised to marry her!"

Up jumped Bircham. "To marry her! Are you mad, or are you hoaxing?"

"Serious, by St. Patrick!" said Rat.

"Why, then its no longer a joke. You are in a nice scrape. I beg to tell you that *Jemmy O'Brien* is as notorious as *Captain Rock*. She has laid several fools under contribution, and has just returned from Dublin, after taking an action against a little, drunken, one-eyed Welsh major, whom her aunt got, when intoxicated, to sign some paper or promise of marriage. The major, like a true gentleman, retrieved his error by suspending himself in his lodgings the day before the trial; and it is likely that *Jem* and her aunt will be judged for the law expenses."

Rat and I were overwhelmed. We looked for some minutes in silence at each other. At last I told Bircham the whole affair. The dragoon was convulsed with laughter.

"So," said he, "at twelve o'clock the little *Jemmy* is to be spirited away. But come, there's no time to lose. Sit down, Rat, get a pen in thy fist, and I'll dictate and thou inscribe."

"Madam,

"Having unfortunately, at the request of his afflicted family, undertaken the case of *Lieutenant Kennedy*, of the —— *Mayo* regiment, I beg to apprise you that the unhappy gentleman is subject to occasional fits of insanity. Fearing, from his mental malady, that he may have misconducted himself to your amiable niece last night at the coterie, I beg, on the part of my poor friend, who is tolerably collected this morning, to say that he is heartily sorry for what has occurred, and requests the lady will consider any

thing he might have said only as the wanderings of a confirmed lunatic.

"I am, madam, your obedient servant,

"TERENCE RATTIGAN,

"Capt. —— M —— Militia.

"To Mrs. Cogan, &c. &c."

How very flattering this apology was to me, I submit to the indulgent auditor. I was indubitably proven to be an ass over night, and I must pass as a lunatic in the morning. We had barely time to speculate on the success of Bircham's curious epistle, when my aunt Cogan's answer arrived with due promptitude. The cornet separated the wet waffer with a "faugh!" and holding the billet at arm's length, as if it exhibited a plague-spot, he favored us with the contents, which were literally as follows:—

"CAPTAIN RATIGAN,

"SIR—I have read your paltry appology for your nephew's breach of promise. I beg to tell you, that a lady of the family of *Clinch*, the prime cause of all our misfortunes, presented himself. He persisted in standing, or more properly, stooping,—for the ceiling was not quite six feet from the floor,—coughed—hoped his interference might adjust the mistake, as he presumed it must be on the part of *Lieutenant Kennedy*, and begged to inform him that *Miss Jemima O'Brien* was ready to accompany the said Mr. Kennedy, as last night arranged. Captain Rattigan took the liberty to remark, that he, the captain, had been very explicit with Mrs. Cogan, and requested to refer to his letter, in which Mr. Kennedy's sentiments were fully conveyed, and, on his part, to decline the very flattering proposal of *Miss Jemima O'Brien*. Mr. *Clinch* stated that an immediate change of sentiment, on the part of Mr. Kennedy, is imperative, or that Mr. K. would be expected to favor him, Mr. C., with an interview in the *Priest's Meadow*. Captain Rattigan acknowledged the request of Mr. *Clinch* to be a very reasonable alternative, and covenanted that Mr. Kennedy should appear at the time and place mentioned; and Mr. *Clinch* was then ceremoniously conducted down stairs by the polite commander.

"HONOR COGAN, otherwise CLINCH.

"Hawthorn Cottage, Friday morning."

Twelve o'clock passed. We waited the result of Mrs. Cogan's threats, when the waiter showed up a visitor, and Mr. *Christopher Clinch*, the prime cause of all our misfortunes, presented himself. He persisted in standing, or more properly, stooping,—for the ceiling was not quite six feet from the floor,—coughed—hoped his interference might adjust the mistake, as he presumed it must be on the part of *Lieutenant Kennedy*, and begged to inform him that *Miss Jemima O'Brien* was ready to accompany the said Mr. Kennedy, as last night arranged. Captain Rattigan took the liberty to remark, that he, the captain, had been very explicit with Mrs. Cogan, and requested to refer to his letter, in which Mr. Kennedy's sentiments were fully conveyed, and, on his part, to decline the very flattering proposal of *Miss Jemima O'Brien*. Mr. *Clinch* stated that an immediate change of sentiment, on the part of Mr. Kennedy, is imperative, or that Mr. K. would be expected to favor him, Mr. C., with an interview in the *Priest's Meadow*. Captain Rattigan acknowledged the request of Mr. *Clinch* to be a very reasonable alternative, and covenanted that Mr. Kennedy should appear at the time and place mentioned; and Mr. *Clinch* was then ceremoniously conducted down stairs by the polite commander.

Through motives of delicacy, I had, at the commencement of the interview, retired to the next apartment; as the rooms were only separated by a boarded partition, I overheard, through a convenient chink, with desperate alarm, Captain Rattigan giving every facility to my being shot at in half an hour in the *Priest's Meadow*.

No wonder Rat found me pale as a spectre, when, bursting into the room, he seized me by the hand, and told me he had brought this unlucky business to a happy termination. He, the captain, dreaded that *Jemima* would have been looking for legal redress; but, thank God! it would only end in a duel.

I hinted at the chance of my being shot.

"Shot!" exclaimed my comforter. "Why, what the devil does that signify? If, indeed, you had been under the necessity of hanging yourself, like the one-eyed major, it would have been a hardship. No funeral honours—no decent wake—but smuggled into the earth like a half-bale of contraband tobacco;—but in your case, certain of respectable treatment—reversed arms—dead-march—and Christian burial;—

vow to God, quite a comfort to be shot under such flattering circumstances! Frank, you have all the luck of the Rattigans about you!"—and, opening a door, he hallooed, "Myke—Mykke Boyle! bring down the pace-makers for the parlor."

In a few seconds I heard the captain and his man busily at work, and by a number of villainous clicks, which jurred through my system like electricity, I found these worthies were arranging the commander's pace-makers for my use in the Priest's Meadow.

At the appointed hour I reached the ground, which was but a short distance from the inn. Rattigan and Bircham accompanied me, and Myke Boyle followed with the tools. Mr. Christopher Clinch and his friends were waiting for us; and a cadaverous-looking being was peeping through the hedge, whom I afterwards discovered to be the village apothecary, allured thither by the hope of an accident, as birds of prey are said to be collected by a chance of carrion.

The customary bows were formally interchanged between the respective belligerents—the ground correctly measured—pistols squibbed, loaded, and delivered to the principals. I felt devilish queer on finding myself opposite a truculent fellow of enormous height, with a pair of projecting whiskers, upon which a man might hang his hat, and a pistol two feet long clutched in his bony grasp. Rattigan, as he adjusted my weapon, whispered, "Frank, jewel, remember the hip-bone; or, as the fellow's a terrible length, you may level a trifle higher;" and, stepping aside, his conductor pronounced in an audible voice, one!—two!!—three!!!

Off went the pistols. I felt Mr. Clinch's bullet whistle past my ear, and saw Captain Rattigan, next moment, run up to my antagonist, and inquire if he was much hurt. Heavens!—how delightful! I had brought the engagement to a glorious issue, by neatly removing Mr. Clinch's trigger-finger, and thereby spoiling his shooting for life.

With a few parting bows, we retired from the Priest's Meadow, leaving Christopher Clinch a job for the vampire apothecary, and a fit subject for the assiduities of Mrs. Cogan and the gentle Jemima.

If Captain Rattigan had registered a rash vow against port wine, it is to be lamented: for never were three gentlemen of the sword more completely done up at an early hour of the evening than we.

Next day we were informed that Clinch was tolerably well, and that their attorney had been closeted with the ladies of Hawthorn Cottage. We held a council of war, and while debating on the expediency of my retiring on leave to Connemara, where I might set Jemmy and her lawyer at defiance, the post brought us intelligence that "turn-out for the line was wanted;" and if I could muster the necessary number, I should be exchanged into a regular regiment. Off Rat and I started for Naas, and with little difficulty succeeded in making up the quota; and the first intimation the prototype of Glorvina received of our movements was being seduced to the window by the drums, as I marched past Hawthorn Cottage, with as choice a sample of "food for gunpowder" as ever left Ballybunnion. I saluted the once-intended Mrs. Kennedy with great respect; the fifers struck up "Fare you well, Killeavey;" and Captain Rattigan, who accompanied me the first day's march, ejaculated, as he looked askance at this second Ariadne, "May the devil smother you, Jemmy O'Brien!"

After an affectionate parting with Captain Rattigan, on the second evening I marched into the metropolis at the head of my "charge of foot!" I made my grand *entree* in full regimentals, and recalled, with no small vanity, the difference of my present appearance in the redoubted capital of the Emerald Isle, with the unassuming manner in which I first sought the residence of my uncle Davidson, when bent on studying juris-

prudence at the feet of that gifted Gamaliel. Who, indeed, could have recognized the staring rustic bestriding a trunk upon the roof of the Galway mail, in the spruce and jaunty commander, who was now leaving, Theseus-like, the Ariadne of Ballybunnion?

I found my uncle perched on his well-known stool. He made a most formal bow when I entered; and when, in a most dutiful strain, I inquired after his and my aunt's health, and he discovered that the smart soldier before him was no other than his quondam disciple, myself, I never witnessed such a display of astonishment, excepting that occasioned by the abstraction of the Kilgobbin title-deeds. There would have been a demur touching my re-entry of the premises, I verily suspect; but, then my aunt, what would she say if her nephew should be rejected like hearsay evidence? The little lawyer summoned up all his civility, and taking my protruded hand between a couple of his fingers, as gingerly as my mutilated friend Kit Clinch would have done, assured me he was glad to see me, that he had a room at my service, provided I did not outstay the end of term—an event, by-the-by, of some three or four days; and telling me that my aunt was paying a sick visit, and that his niece was in the drawing-room, warned me from entertaining the latter lady with any love or nonsense, and pointing to the door, signalled me to retire.

I mounted the drawing-room stairs, leisurely communing with myself. I had heard that Duncan had an only niece, to whose education he had been most attentive, and that moreover she was young and lively; and my aunt Macan delighted in prognosticating that she would inherit "every sixpence." But I rather looked down upon the little solicitor in his proper person; the blood was clearly on our side of the house, and my mother a thousand times averred that my aunt's marriage with Duncan was the first introduction of an attorney into the house of Killnacoppal.

"But, God help him, poor man!" said I; "little does he imagine what a heart-scald love and sentiment have given me. I'll insure Miss Davidson against similar consequences as far as I am concerned." As I soliloquised, I opened the drawing-room door: there she sat, with her back to me, playing with might and main Tom Cooke's overture to Mother Goose, which was at that time adding and distracting man, woman, and child. I nearly levanted without a further cultivation of our relationship; for, object of my aversion—not Tom Cooke's overture—there she was, literally and absolutely invested in a blue bombazine! "Oh! for one speck of coffee," thought I, "and I'm off for ever." But the frock bore my scrutiny, and I set down the colour as a lamentable instance of bad taste, and determined the first moment of our intimacy to supplicate a total abandonment of blue for the term of her natural life.

Whether she really had not heard me, or pretended it, I know not; but I was obliged to approach close to her elbow before she would exhibit any symptoms of acknowledgment. I bowed—she bowed—and both were silent. I mustered courage—I, a soldier, and be afraid of attacking a cousin, and that, too, on Duncan's side of the house! "Madam, I presume—my fair cousin, Miss Lucy Davidson?"

"Exactly, sir."

"I have the honour—a-hem!—to be Mr. Kennedy, of the 88th."

"So I supposed," said she, with perfect unconcern. "Is this ease or stupidity," thought I. "You have heard of me before, then?"

"O dear, yes! repeatedly; my uncle spoke of nothing else for a year;—you're the man that lost the bag."

"Lost the bag, madam! has not that boyish mistake been yet forgotten?"

"Don't call it a mistake: it was a cause of great

service to the community. Lady Splashboard tired of her lover before a new deed could be engrossed, and is now living with her noble spouse in the greatest connubial felicity; and Sir Phelim O'Boyl popped off suddenly in a passion, before half his mortgages could be resatisfied, and thereby discharged his debts, and concluded a chancery suit; two events which would otherwise have been left incomplete till the day of judgment."

I stared at her during the singular dialogue. I had made a wrong estimate of my cousin; of us two, it was clear that she was the stouter vessel; and I at once determined to give in. At this moment my aunt's knock was heard at the door. Lucy turned to me with arch good nature: "Come, cousin Frank, here's my hand—we are friends; and excepting when *tete-a-tete*, we will never allude to the title-deeds;" and sitting down to the piano, she recommenced Mother Goose.

I had been an inmate in my uncle's house but a few days, when I discovered I was absolutely in love with Lucy. She was a clever, warm-hearted girl; a compound of wildness and good nature—teazing me this moment, and softening me the next. We strolled arm-in-arm through the city; and as the time for my departure drew on, I found that Lucy had, as Duncan would have said, ejected former occupants, and taken undisputed possession of my heart. Full of the idea of my fair cousin, we were returning home through Capel street, when, on coming abruptly round the corner of Mary's Abbey—blessed apostle of Ireland! whom should we meet, full front, but Christopher Clinch, with one arm in a sling, and the other supporting Jemima O'Brien. I thought I should have died on the spot; and, indeed, Kit was not apparently on a bed of roses; and Jemima, notwithstanding her brass, had rather what we call in Ireland "a bothered look about her."

We passed hastily on, none of the party having any inclination for salutations in the market-place. Lucy was too clever not to remark, that some more than common understanding existed between this amiable pair and myself: and when we reached home, finding we were alone, she pressed her inquiries with such tact and pertinacity, that no alternative but a full confession was left. Accordingly, amid roars of laughter, I made a clean breast, and only brought my unhappy story to a close when Duncan's peculiar cough was heard in the hall.

"Why, Frank, this far exceeds the title-deeds; ah! my poor cousin, two such scrapes in one short twelve-month!" and tapping my cheek with her glove, she ran out of the room before our gracious uncle entered.

While congratulating myself on the rapid advance in my cousin's estimation, which no doubt my character had just acquired, by her being more particularly acquainted with my private memoirs, my sergeant arrived with written orders for our embarkation the next morning. Any chance I might have had of gradually removing Lucy's impression of my idiocy was now over, and I should leave Ireland, satisfied that my mistress considered me the veriest ass that was permitted to go at large through the world. No wonder, when I joined her after dinner, my spirits were any thing but buoyant.

I approached her at the piano. "What is the matter with you, Frank? You are sorry that you admitted me farther into your confidence than you at first purposed. Come, I won't play with your feelings—indeed I won't; don't be depressed."

"How can I be otherwise, Lucy? here is the order for my embarkation; and I leave you in the full persuasion that I must appear a weak and contemptible imbecile in your eyes—a fit subject for being fooled by flirts and bullies."

"No, no—not by bullies. You have enough of

your country's pugnacious properties to prevent your being dragooned;—but when do you go? and when do you probably return?"

"I go to-morrow; I return probably never. Oh! Lucy; on this, our last meeting, forgive me if I tell my secret: I never felt I loved a woman till I met you."

She turned her eyes quickly upon mine; she read there the sincerity of my declarations, and coloured deeply, as I continued: "Lucy, how shall I woo you? how shall I win you? Be mine—mine own. Love!—boundless, eternal love!"

"Hush! for Heaven's sake! some one is on the stairs;" and turning hastily some leaves of music, she continued, with apparent unconcern, "it is composed by my master. I'll sing it for you, and of its merits you will then be a better judge."

As Lucy sang, she cast a look of arch stipulation to me: "Ladies have been loved, and ladies have been left before now, Frank."

Again I commenced rhapsodising: "What! leave you, Lucy, were you once mine! Never, by Heavens! I would live for you—labour for you—die for you—but never!"—and my cursed voice was pitched so loud as to prevent me hearing the opening of the door—"I will never leave you—never leave this house till!"

"There's a writ of *ne exeat regno* served on you, at the suit of Jemima O'Brien, spinster, for breach of promise;" and, to our unutterable dismay, Duncan Davidson was standing at the back of my chair. "Oh! Frank, Frank Kennedy, what will be your end? By you, Lord Splashboard lost his divorce: I lost my costs; Sir Phelim lost his life; Jemima O'Brien lost her character; and Mr. Clinch, as I am instructed, lost the use of his hand."

I felt hurt and mortified at these multifarious allegations; and with some heat, told him I should remove myself forthwith from the house of a relation, who seemed to extend a scanty share of hospitality to one who had never been a trespasser on it.

"No, no—don't be in a passion: Poucett, my scrivener, heard of the intended proceeding by chance, and gave me the earliest information—but you sail in the morning; be on board before the court sits; avoid the *ne exeat*; and God speed you! To your bed, Lucy!—what keeps the girl up?"

With a significant look, my mistress rose and left the room.

As I was to be off very early in the morning, my uncle availed himself of this opportunity of bidding me farewell. Having calculated that the odds were against my ever troubling him again, he made me a parting present of a five-pound note.

I retired to my chamber, but not to sleep; and was gazing listlessly from the window, hearing the sleepy watchman tell the droning hours, when a gentle tap called me to the door, and, on tiptoe, my fair cousin glided into the apartment. She placed her finger on her lip, and producing a small parcel, carefully sealed, spoke to me in a cautious whisper: "I have brought you, Frank, a trifle—a bauble—it is for a recollection of your cousin, when you are far away; but give me one promise, or I take my present with me. Can you patiently wait a given time before you open this enclosure?"

I had thrown my arm around her, but an emphatic gesture prevented me from catching her to my breast; I murmured a hasty promise.

"Will you swear it?"

"By your own self," I whispered.

"Enough!"—she smiled—"the oath is certainly an awful one! Have you nothing to give me in return?" I looked confounded. "Nothing," I ejaculated, "but this poor hand."

"Nothing!" she repeated. "Has woman never had an offering of your hair?"

SPANISH WOMEN.

A GENTLEMAN, who appears to have made use of much discrimination and observation in his travels, and to have studied pretty closely the character and manners of the female sex, has recorded the result of his studies, in reference to the ladies of Spain, as follows:

Women, in every country, have some peculiar attractions which characterize them. In England, you are charmed by the elegance of their shape, and the modesty of their behaviour; in Germany, by their rosy lips and by the sweetness of their smiles; in France, by their amiable vivacity, which animates all their features. The sensation which you experience at the approach of a handsome Spanish lady, has something so bewitching that it sets all description at defiance. Her coquetry is less restrained than that of other women. She cares little about pleasing the world in general. She esteems its approbation much more than she courts it; and is perfectly contented with one, if it be the object of her choice.

If she neglect nothing which is likely to carry her point, at least she disdains affectation, and owes very little to the assistance of her toilet. The complexion of a Spanish woman never borrows any assistance; art never furnishes her with a colour which nature has denied to her, by placing her under the influence of a burning sun. But with how many charms is she not endowed, as a compensation for her paleness! Where can you find such fine shapes as theirs, such graceful movements, such delicacy of features, and such lightness of carriage? Reserved, and sometimes, at first sight, even rather melancholy, when she casts upon you her large black eyes, full of expression, and when she accompanies them with a tender smile, insensibility itself must fall at her feet. But if the coldness of her behaviour do not prevent you from paying your addresses to her, she is as decided and mortifying in her disdain, as she is seducing when she permits you to hope. In this last case, she does not suffer you to be long in suspense; and perseverance is followed by success. The bonds of a handsome Spanish woman are less pleasant to support than difficult to avoid. Their caprices, the natural offspring of a lively imagination, are sometimes obstinate and absurd. But it is not easy to reconcile with these transient humours the constancy of most of the Spanish women in their attachment. The infatuation which they occasion, and which they experience, so different from all extreme situations that do not last long, is often prolonged beyond the ordinary time; and I have seen in this land of ardent passions more than one lover die of old age.

Original.

RECEIPTS—BY MISS LESLIE.

POKEBERRY JELLY.

This jelly has no taste, and is perfectly harmless. It is used for colouring ice-cream, floating island, syllabub, &c. It imparts a beautiful pink tint, very superior to that derived from cochineal.

When the pokeberries are quite ripe, pick them from the stems, and put them in a jar. Set the jar (well covered) into a pot of boiling water. When the pokeberries have boiled long enough to burst, put them into a linen bag, and squeeze the juice into a white pan. To a pint of juice allow a pound of loaf-sugar, broken small. Put the sugar into an enamelled preserving-kettle, pour the juice over it, and when it has dissolved, hang it over a moderate fire. Boil it twenty minutes, skimming it well. Pour it warm into glasses, and tie it up with white paper dipped in brandy.

A pint of juice and a pound of sugar will make as much jelly as you will be likely to use for colouring in a year.

APPLE CUSTARD.

Nine large pippin apples.

A lemon.

A quarter of a pound of brown sugar.

A quart of milk, with a bunch of peach leaves or a few bitter almonds boiled in it.

Eight eggs, or the yolks only of sixteen.

Four table-spoonfuls of Havana sugar.

Tie together a few peach leaves, or break in pieces a dozen bitter almonds or peach kernels, and boil them in milk. Then strain it, and set it away to get cold.

Pare nine large pippins or bell-flowers, and extract the cores with the point of a knife, leaving the apples unbroken. Lay them over the bottom of a large deep dish. Fill the holes (from whence the cores were taken) with brown sugar, and stick in each a slice of lemon, pressing it down into the sugar. Put them into a moderate oven; and when they are about half baked, take them out, and set them away to get cold.

Beat the eggs till very light, and then stir them into the milk, alternately with the sugar. When the custard is well mixed, pour it over the apples, set them again into the oven, and bake them till quite soft, but not till they break. When done, set the dish away, and let it get cold before dinner.

Be sure to have the milk quite cold before you stir in the eggs, and let the apples be cold also before you pour the custard over them, previous to their second baking. Else the whole will curdle and go to whey.

If you have no fresh lemon, the oil of lemon will answer the purpose for flavouring the apples. Rose-water is a tolerable substitute.

Peach leaves for custards may be dried in bunches during the summer, to use in the winter.

BREAD PANCAKES.

Seven eggs.

A quart of milk.

Grated stale bread, sufficient to make a thick batter.

Grate some stale bread. Beat seven eggs very light, and stir them by degrees into a quart of rich milk, alternately with the grated bread, a little at a time of each. Put in enough of the bread to make a thick batter. Bake it on a griddle allowing a ladleful for each cake. Butter them while hot, and strew over them powdered white sugar, and powdered cinnamon.

Pancakes made with grated bread are much lighter and more wholesome than those made with flour.

Waffles are also very fine when made with grated bread instead of flour.

MRS. WIGMORE'S MOLASSES CANDY.

One quart of West India molasses.

Half a pound of brown sugar.

The juice of a large lemon, or twelve drops of strong oil of lemon.

Mix together the molasses and sugar. Butter the inside of a skillet, put in the mixture, and boil it over a moderate fire, for three hours. Then put in the lemon, and boil it another half hour. Stir it frequently, and take care that it does not burn. When it is thoroughly done, it will cease of itself to boil.

When it is quite done, butter a square tin pan and pour the mixture into it to cool. If sufficiently boiled, it will be crisp and brittle when cold. If not boiled enough, it will be hard, tough, and ropy.

If you prefer it with ground nuts, blanch half a pound that have been roasted and shelled, and stir them into the mixture, after it has boiled three hours.



ABBOTSFORD,
The Residence of the Late Sir Walter Scott.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

DECEMBER, 1834.

ABBOTSFORD,

SEAT OF THE LATE SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, as will be seen by the engraving, is a singular, antique-looking building, about one hundred and fifty feet long. It was built at two onsets, and presents at each end a tall tower, differing from each other, with many gable ends—parapets; labelled windows, with painted glass; balconies heraldic, carved stones in the walls, and a noble projecting gateway.

Before proceeding with this sketch, we quote an interesting extract from the letter of a distinguished American, relating to the spot where Abbotsford stands, as it appeared some time ago:—

"Some fifteen or sixteen years ago there was not a more unlovely spot in this part of the world than that on which Abbotsford now exhibits all its quaint architecture, and beautiful accompaniment of garden and woodland. A mean farm-house stood on part of the site of the present edifice; a "kale yard" bloomed where the stately embattled court-yard now spreads itself; and for many thousand acres of flourishing plantations, half of which have all the appearance of being twice as old as they really are, there was but a single, long, straggling stripe of unthriving firs. The river, however, must needs remain in *statu quo*: and I will not believe that any place so near those clearest and sweetest of all waters could ever have been quite destitute of charms. The scene, however, was, no doubt, wild enough—a naked moor—a few little turnip fields painfully reclaimed from it—a Scotch cottage—a Scotch farm-yard, and some Scots' firs. It is difficult to imagine a more complete contrast to the Abbotsford of 1825."

The towers of Abbotsford show themselves at a distance above the beautiful birch and oak trees which surround it. The entrance to the front enclosure, of about half an acre, is by a great gate, beneath a lofty arch rising out of an embattled wall. This enclosure is protected by a high wall on each side, along which is a beautiful walk, decked and shaded with roses and honeysuckles. The garden on another side contains many architectural ornaments, of turrets, vases, urns, &c. The garden loses itself gradually among the forest trees; and the back-ground is one range of woodland rising above another, with here and there a glimpse of the Tweed.

From a large and airy porchway in front, adorned with petrified stag-horns overhead, a pair of folding doors opens into the hall. Every thing here looks picturesque. The only two lofty windows are covered with coats of arms, which give the apartments a mellow twilight, while the "storied panes" carry the fancy back to former centuries. The hall is about forty feet long, by twenty high, and the same in breadth; the walls are of dark oak, richly carved. The arches of the roof are of the same; the beams of which are blazoned with shields of arms. Over the door, at the east end, are memorials of the poet's own personal connections. There are many other blazoned shields and inscriptions in different parts of this noble room. The floor is of white and black marble,

and the upper walls are completely hung with arms and armour. Near this armour is an inscription something like the following:—"These be the coat armories of the clannis and chief men of name wha keepit the marchyes of Scotlande in the auld tyme, for the Kinge. Trewe ware they in their tyme, and in their defense God them defendyt."

Two suits of splendid steel are placed in niches at one end of this room, one of which is of Henry the Fifth's time. Helmets, swords, spurs, and a variety of warlike weapons, are dangling about in every direction; and among these is a complete suit of chain mail, from the corpse of one of Tipoo's body guard at Seringapatam. It is supposed that Sir Walter Scott had the history of each article in this curious collection.

From this room you enter into a low, narrow arched room, with a blazoned window at each end, and lined all over with smaller armour and weapons of every description. Many of these are memorable relics.—Here is Rob Roy's gun—a magnificent sword, the gift of Charles the First to the great Montrose, and Bonaparte's pistols, found in his carriage at Waterloo, with many other curious articles. Stag-horns are suspended over all the doorways, and in one corner of the room is an assortment of old Scotch instruments of torture.

The drawing-room and dining-room open from this apartment. The dining-room is very handsome, the roof of which is likewise of richly carved oak. The walls are hung in crimson, but almost covered with pictures, many of which are rare and valuable specimens. All the furniture of this room is massy Gothic oak; which, with square and oval windows sculptured in stone, gives the whole an appearance of the interior of some old monastery.

A passage leads from this to a pretty breakfast-room, which overlooks the Tweed on one side, and towards Yarrow and Ettrick on the other. At the end of this is another pleasant room, fitted up with novels, romances, and poetry, and the walls covered with water coloured drawings. Over the chimney-piece is an oil painting—the Wolf's crag of the Bride of Lammermoor, a majestic and melancholy sea-piece. This room is also full of singular cabinets and boxes. On returning towards the armory, on one side is a beautiful green-house, with a fountain playing before it.

The drawing-room is a large and splendid saloon, with antique ebony furniture, mirrors, and splendid crimson silk hangings, &c. Among the portraits here is one of "glorious John Dryden." From this room a door opens into the Library, which is the largest of all the apartments. This room is fifty feet long by thirty wide, with a projection in the centre. This roof also is of richly carved oak. The collection of books is from fifteen to twenty thousand volumes. British history and antiquity fill the whole of the chief wall. Many of the books are rare curiosities, and there are many manuscripts among them. In one corner is a magnificent set of Montfaucon, in ten volumes, folio,

splendidly bound in scarlet, and stamped with the royal arms, the gift of George the Fourth to the poet. The only picture here is Sir Walter's eldest son, in hussar uniform. On a corner-stand is a silver urn, containing some bones from the Piræus, with the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart." It formerly contained Byron's letter that accompanied the gift, which has been stolen. We add here an admirable description of the poet's own study, by one who was there and took a minute survey of every particular. Speaking of the library noticed above he says:—

"Although I saw abundance of comfortable looking desks and arm-chairs, yet this room seemed rather too large and fine for work, and I found accordingly, after passing a double pair of doors, that there was a *sanctum* within and beyond this library. And this, you may believe, was not to me the least interesting, though by no means the most splendid part of the suite. The lion's own den proper, then, is a room of about twenty-five feet square, containing of furniture nothing but a small writing table in the centre, a plain arm-chair, covered with black leather—a very comfortable one though, for I tried it—and a single chair, besides plain symptoms that this is no place for company. On either side of the fire-place there are shelves filled with duodecimos and books of reference, chiefly, of course, folios; but except these, there are no books save the contents of a light gallery, which runs round three sides of the room, and is reached by a hanging stair of carved oak in one corner. There are only two portraits—an original of the beautiful and melancholy head of Claverhouse, and a small full length of Rob Roy. Various little antique cabinets stand round about, each having a bust on it. In one corner I saw a collection of really useful weapons, those of the forest craft, to wit: axes and bills, and so forth, of every calibre. There is only one window, pierced in a very thick wall, so that the place is rather sombre. The light tracery work of the gallery overhead harmonizes with the books very well. It is a comfortable looking room, and unlike any other I ever was in. In one corner of this *sanctum* there is a little holy of holies, in the shape of a closet, which looks like the oratory of some dame of old romance, and opens into the gardens; and the tower which furnishes this below, forms above a private staircase, accessible from the gallery, and leading to the upper regions. Thither also I penetrated, but I suppose you will take the bed and dressing-rooms for granted."

The view of the Tweed from all the apartments is represented as extremely beautiful:

"You look out from among bowers over a lawn of sweet turf upon the clearest of all streams, fringed with the wildest of birch woods, and backed with the green hills of Ettricke Forest." The place is altogether romantic and charming. A Frenchman called it a romance in stone and lime.

We close this sketch by a few beautiful lines from Blackwood's Magazine, which are appropriate here:—

ABBOTSFORD.

The calm of evening o'er the dark pine wood
Lay with an aureate glow, as we explored
Thy classic precincts, hallowed Abbotsford!
And at thy porch in admiration stood;
We felt thou wert the work, the abode of him
Whose fame had shed a lustre on our age;
The mightiest of the mighty! o'er whose page
Thousands shall hang until Time's eye grow dim:
And then we thought, when shall have passed away
The millions, now pursuing Life's career,
And Scott himself is dust—how, lingering here,
Pilgrims from all the lands of earth shall stray
Amid thy massy ruins, and survey
The scenes around with reverential fear.

Sir Walter Scott was a native of Edinburgh, originally, by profession, an advocate in the chief Law Court of Scotland, but afterwards settled in the respectable office of a clerk to that court, from which, however, he retired. Walter Scott began his literary career as a collector of old Scottish ballad poetry, and an imitator of that style of writing. He published, about the beginning of this century, a collection of ballads, under the title of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which was looked upon as a very pleasing and very learned work. He next published, under the title of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, a romantic poetical tale of his own composition, being somewhat in the style of those old ballads. This book was in one volume, and it was so much liked that twenty-five thousand copies were sold in the first six years. In 1808, two years after the *Lay* had appeared, he published a second and similar romantic poem, under the title of *Marmion*, for which a bookseller paid him no less a sum than one thousand guineas. It was fully more admired than the former work; and his next attempt, the *Lady of the Lake*, was most admired of all. The success of these fine poems induced him to write two others in succession, styled *Rokeby*, and the *Lord of the Isles*; but either the story was not in those cases so interesting, or the style of the author was becoming a little too familiar, for they were not nearly so much admired as the previous productions. Mr. Scott, who was a man of much worldly sagacity, as well as great poetical genius, saw that it was necessary to write in a different manner, in order to please his customers, the public; and so he began to write romances in prose. Having an idea that his name was getting somewhat hackneyed, he resolved to publish these works anonymously. The first that appeared was *Waverley*, a story founded upon the rebellion of the Scottish Highlanders in 1745, in three volumes. It met with as great success as the first of his poems. Every one who read it was delighted with its lively descriptions of scenery, its natural delineations of character, and a peculiar romantic charm, which this author invariably gives to every incident of past history to which he alludes. *Waverley* appeared in the year 1815; and this great author continued to publish every year one or more narratives of the same kind, generally relative to some incident in Scotch or English, or occasionally foreign history. As he derived a great deal of money from his writings, he was enabled to purchase a considerable quantity of land in one of the southern counties of Scotland, where he built the house called "Abbotsford." In consideration of the literary honour which he reflected upon his country, King George IV. conferred upon him the dignity of a baronetcy, in the year 1820. He continued to publish without putting his name upon the front of his books down till 1826, when his Edinburgh bookseller became a bankrupt, and involved him in pecuniary embarrassments, which rendered it impossible for him any longer to conceal that he was the Great Unknown who had so long delighted the world with his romances. It was understood that Sir Walter was engaged for this bookseller in obligations to the amount of sixty thousand pounds, being a great proportion of all that he had ever received for his writings. Thus, in one respect, a series of literary exertions, the most splendid the world has ever known, was, in a great measure, rendered ineffectual. Sir Walter, however, was enabled to gain so much money as cleared off nearly the whole, if not the whole, of this vast debt. It is only to be lamented that his health, in a great measure, sunk under the effort. The personal character of this great man is as much to be admired as his literary merits. He was conspicuous all his life for the amiable and dignified simplicity of his manners—the perfect purity of his moral conduct—his benevolence and kindness towards all his fellow-creatures—and a total want of those mean, nar-

row feelings, such as jealousy or envy, which so often have degraded genius to a level with ignorance. He was married in early life to a French lady of the name of Carpenter, who left her native country in consequence of the revolution, and who died in 1826. By this lady he had two sons and two daughters, all of whom are now arrived at maturity.

After labouring for many months under severe bodily affliction, WALTER SCOTT closed his splendid career on the twenty-first of September, 1832; having, during a life well-spent, accomplished more for the improvement and credit of modern literature than any other writer of the same period. The annexed is a concise and accurate account of the last testimonies of respect paid to his remains, from the pen of an officer in the regiment of Highlanders:—

The 26th of September being appointed for the interment of the mighty magician of the north, I journeyed from where my regiment was quartered, towards the monastery of Dryburgh, to follow the honoured remains to the tomb. No day could have been better fitted for the mournful ceremony than that on which it took place; the year was drawing to a close, the fields were cleared of their crops, the trees were in the "sere and yellow leaf," the wind sighed through the dry branches, and, as the sun was hidden with gray clouds, a shade of melancholy was cast over the otherwise fair landscape of Tweeddale.

I passed through Coldstream, where Monk raised a distinguished regiment of Guards,—and arrived at the pleasant town of Kelso, with its venerable cathedral; here the people were aware of the demise of Sir Walter and of his funeral, so that I had considerable difficulty in procuring horses; but I met with a civil landlord (and what will not the sight of the Tartans effect,) who not only got a pair for me, but also accompanied me four miles on the road to Dryburgh, to show the way to a strange postilion.

At every turn of the road, the country became more and more beautiful;

"Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,"

winded on the left between gentlemen's seats; and fields, enclosed with hedge-rows, in which were scattered trees. Clumps of plantation occupied the more elevated spots, and the valley gently swelled up from the river on either side in picturesque undulations. To the south, was the blue and varied outline of the Cheviots. On the right, on a conspicuous site, was the border fortlet of Smallholm, a square tower, on a ridge of bare and wild rocks. At a farm-house, near Smallholm, Sir Walter passed several years of his boyhood with his grandfather. These lines apply to his residence here:—

"And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wild flower grew;
And still he thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power."

Beyond Smallholm were seen the three peaks of the Eildon Hills, in Selkirkshire, standing forth in the distance, with their forms clearly defined. A legend says, that on them, in the days of yore, whilst a shepherd tended his flock, he was addressed by a venerable personage, who conducted him under ground, and showed him a stable, in which knights in black armour, with sword and bugle by their side, slept at the bridle of chargers ready caparisoned. These were the companions of King Arthur, waiting for his disenchantment and second appearance on earth. In the sage, the shepherd recognized Thomas the Rhymer.

After some steep ascents and descents, I approached Dryburgh; in passing through a hamlet, I remarked that the people followed their usual avocations, un-

mindful of the procession which would shortly pass near them. The countryman whistled to his horses as he followed his plough on the hill side, and the lively clink of the hammer was heard in the smithy. The apparent insensibility of the peasantry may be explained: I thought few of them are perhaps aware that one of Scotland's noblest sons, and one who has conferred such lasting benefits on his country, is about to be laid in his parent earth.

Sir Walter Scott was buried five days after his death—an unusual circumstance in Scotland, where a week, at least, commonly intervenes—but before his breath had quitted his body, corruption had commenced its ravages, and it was necessary to hurry the remains to the grave.

A few boys seated on a log of wood at the gate leading into the monastery, were the first expectants of the funeral I encountered. Within the grounds were several groups of females, apparently farmers' daughters, and farm servants; also a few men in surtouts, apparently connected with the press, or artists. There was no crowd assembled,—no throng of eager or idle gazers.

Within a hundred yards of the ruins of Dryburgh, is the modern residence of Sir David Erskine now lying, and surrounded with flowering shrubs and fruit trees. The river here makes a bold sweep, and encloses the grounds in a peninsula, whilst the monastery, on the verge of a wood, rears its dark red walls over the embowering foliage. On the front steps of the house, with Lady Erskine, I awaited the approach of the procession, which had to journey seven miles.

I now recalled to mind the short, but most interesting sojourn I had made at Abbotsford, exactly two years before. Sir Walter was then apparently in robust health, and though complaining of his imperfect limb, and walking with greater difficulty than usual, yet his manly frame and healthy complexion promised length of days, which expectation, alas! was not realized. In imagination, I saw the worthy man in the morning at the breakfast-table, at which were seated his distinguished son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, and his wife; also Mrs. Scott, the wife of Major Scott, of the 15th Hussars, and the family of the Skenes of Rubeslaw; whilst Miss Scott presided over the tea equipage.

Above the mantel-piece of the dining-room, was, and I suppose is still, a portrait of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden; and Sir Walter, turning to it, said to me, "The descendant of that great warrior, Prince Gustavus, with whom you were at college, once sat below the portrait of his ancestor; the resemblance between them was very striking, and I was proud to have such a worthy scion of an illustrious stock under my roof."

After breakfast, Sir Walter said, "I make no apologies for leaving the company, for you know that I have some heavy duties to perform, and much business to transact, which will detain me till one, then I shall be happy to take a walk." The author of "Waverly" then retired to his study, with its high-backed chairs and ancient arms and armour dispersed around it.—Here he remained with his amanuensis, until, his labour at end, he sallied forth, dressed in a short green coat, plaid trowsers and gaiters; with staff in hand, and attended by his two stag-hounds, he took the road through the plantations, on the hill side overlooking the towers and battlements of his favourite seat, amidst its young groves, near the silver Tweed; and walking painfully, he yet seemed amused with the gambols of his dumb followers.

Returned to the house, we dressed for dinner, and then assembled in a small drawing-room or boudoir, with Gothic furniture and wainscoting, and on the walls some choice paintings, consisting of Chevy Chase, a deer on its native heath clad hills, and some originals by Turner. At dinner, Sir Walter ate and drank sparingly, was in excellent spirits, and anecdote

succeeded anecdote, they chiefly relating to old Scotch women, their strange notions and quaint sayings; one was about a wife who had a drunken husband, but from whom she contrived to conceal their joint earnings, till the sot fell upon a plan to get at the pose. It chanced that on one occasion the old couple were talking of stone growing in certain situations, (a common belief of the vulgar.) "Weel, John," said the wife, "Do you think that siller grows too?" "'Deed, do I," answered John, "if ye pit it upon a high and dry place, it will be sure to grow." Bell took the hint, put her pig of brown earthenware containing the treasure, on a high niche near the chimney corner—whilst John, from time to time, quietly made several sixpences grow into one shilling, and thus had a constant supply of drink money.

A small wooden quach, with some excellent whiskey, was passed round before the dessert, and in the bottom of the shallow vessel was a gold Jacobus. After a modicum of wine, we joined the ladies in the library, a room of noble dimensions, and filled with a valuable collection of books. In one of the cases I remarked many scarce and curious tomes on demonology and witchcraft. Over the fire-place was a full length of Major Scott, in the rich uniform of the 15th Hussars.

To one of his grand-children, John Hugh Lockhart, better known as Hugh Littlejohn, to whom the "Tales of a Grandfather" are dedicated, Sir Walter was particularly attentive and kind, for the boy was in delicate health. The old man asked him about what he had been reading, and then said, that as "Little Johnny" was about to go to London, grandpapa had got something for him in his pocket, on which he produced a purse with a sovereign, which Hugh said he would lay out in books. Sir Walter then gave the manuscript of the introduction to the new edition of "The Abbot" to Mrs. Lockhart, a part of which she read, and, at the request of her father, commented upon. The scene was one of domestic happiness and rational enjoyment.

I thought of all these incidents connected with the wonderful man, and of more, (which a fear of offending the living prevents me from recording) whilst I awaited the advent of the funeral procession. Ever and anon a sound came up through the trees, as if of wheels; but it was only the river rushing over its pebbly channel. I then strolled towards the ruins, and examined the open grave.

I passed the remains of the monastery, with its time-worn walls shrouded in ivy, and beautiful Catharine-wheel window, and approached an aisle separated from the principal ruins by a grass walk, once the choir and nave of the church. The aisle (originally part of the north transept) consisted of a few lofty Gothic arches, and above them a gallery; the roof covered the sepulchres of several families, separated from each other by iron railings. In the north-east corner of the aisle was the resting-place of Sir Walter Scott, derived from his grandmother's family, the Haliburtons of Merton.

The grave opened in the floor of the aisle, and was lined with an iron or mort safe, the cross-bars of which form a sort of cage, in which the coffin is contained until the body is of no value to the resurrectionist; the cover of the safe is then unlocked, (after six weeks or two months) and the bars withdrawn to guard another tenant of the tomb. Why a safe should have been required for Sir Walter Scott I did not learn, as he was placed in a leaden and oaken coffin; perhaps the safe is never to be removed from his precious body.

Planks surrounded the mouth of the grave, and the earth was thrown up on one side against the back wall, and over the tomb of Lady Scott. I observed fragments of bone among the earth, which ought (as is wont) to have been carefully collected, and re-interred

in a black bag. A young gentleman standing by, whom I afterwards discovered to be a medical student, giving me a knowing look, said, "I have got a relic from that heap of earth." I expressed my surprise that he should have taken any of the mouldering remains of Sir Walter's kindred. "Oh, it is only a piece of rib," he answered. I felt vexed and annoyed, and recommending him to restore his relic to its place, I contented myself with a few leaves of honeysuckle, which grew beside the clustered columns, and opposite some ancient stone coffins.

I then returned to the house, and after a short delay, two mounted mutes rode into the grounds, with black cloaks, and rods with gilt balls, and crape at the top. These heralds of Death were followed by a small hearse, ornamented with plumes, and drawn by four horses at a trot, ridden by postilions with crape hats and cloaks; then, in a green *caleche* and pair, were Major Sir Walter Scott and his brother Charles, of the Foreign Office; in the next vehicle was Mr. Lockhart and two children; then followed from forty to fifty conveyances, of different descriptions, about two dozen horsemen, and a few pedestrians; in all about two hundred people, among whom were some sportsmen, in shooting jackets!

The hearse drew up under a magnificent chesnut at the end of Sir David Erksine's house, and the door being opened, the foot of the large coffin was seen, with gilt and plated ornaments. A pause of some minutes took place, until all the company had left the carriages, and were ready to join in the train; at last the coffin was lifted from the hearse by the servants of the deceased, and on being covered with a velvet pall, the procession moved to the grave in the following order:—

THE MUTES.

The Rev. Mr. Williams, rector of the Edinburgh Academy, reading the funeral service of the Church of England.

THE BODY.

At the head Major Sir Walter Scott. The pallbearers were Messrs. Charles Scott, J. G. Lockhart, Charles and James Scott, of Nisbett, William Scott, of Raeburn, Robert Rutherford, W. S., Colonel Russell, of Ashiesteel, and Hugh Scott, of Harden, all cousins of the deceased.

At the foot was William Keith, Esquire, of Edinburgh.

Among the company of mourners were—Lords Melville and Napier, Sir John Pringle, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Sir William Rae, Sir David Erksine, Colonel O'Reilly, Colonel Scott, Major Riddell, Capt. Alexander, Mr. Ogilvy, of Chestres, Mr. Pringle, of Clifton, &c.

Passing along the shady walk, the procession reached a green spot, opposite the aisle in the north transept; here the coffin was deposited on trestles,—the mourners then stood round uncovered, whilst Mr. Williams continued to read the service. The scene was worthy of the occasion. There was no ostentatious display of funeral pomp or ceremony;—the whole was in perfect keeping with the modest and retiring habits of the illustrious dead. The sky was still overcast, the decaying leaves were gently agitated by the autumnal breeze, whilst the river and trees formed an amphitheatre to complete a most impressive picture.

The service ended at half-past five; the coffin was borne into the aisle and lowered into the tomb, the earth thrown upon it, the iron safe securely locked, and there lie the remains of one whose grave will be visited as long as the world lasts, whilst the mausolea of mighty potentates will be passed by unheeded.

"So fades, so perishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that the world is proud of."

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

A TALE.

For days, for weeks, for months, for years, did I labour and toil in the pursuit of one bewildering, engrossing, overwhelming object. Sleep was a stranger to my eyelids; and night after night was passed in undivided, unmitigated application to the studies, by which I hoped (vainly, indeed,) to attain the much desired end; yet all through this long and painful period of my existence, I trembled lest those who were my most intimate friends, and from whom, except upon this point, I had no concealment, should discover, by some incautious word, or some unguarded expression, the tendency of my pursuits, or the character of my research.

That I had permitted the desire with which my heart was torn, and my mind disturbed, to obtain such complete dominion over every thought, every wish, every feeling, seems, at this period of my life, wholly unaccountable; and I recur to the sufferings I endured in concealing its existence, with a sensation of torture little less acute than that by which I was oppressed during the existence of the passion itself.

It was in the midst of this inatuation, that one evening in summer, when every body was out of town, and not more than eight hundred thousand nobodies were left in it, I had been endeavoring to walk off a little of my anxiety by a tour of the outer circle in the Regent's Park, and hearing a footstep close behind me, turned round, and beheld a venerable looking old gentleman, dressed entirely in green, with a green cravat tied round his neck, and wearing a low-crowned hat upon his head, from under which his silver hair flowed loosely over his shoulders. He seemed to have his eyes fixed on me when for a moment I looked round at him; and he slackened his pace (however much he had previously quickened it to reach his then position relative to me,) so as to keep nearly at the same distance from me as he was when I first noticed him.

Nothing is more worrying to a man, or to one so strongly excited as I then was, more irritating, than the constant *pat pat* of footsteps following him. After I had proceeded at my usual pace for about ten minutes, and still found the old gentleman behind me, I reduced my rate of going, in order to allow my annoyance to pass me. Not he; he equally reduced his rate of going. Thus vexed, and putting faith in inferior age and superior strength, I proceeded more rapidly; still the old gentleman was close upon me; until before I reached the gates of Park-crescent, leading to Portland-place, I had almost broken into a canter, with as little success as attended my other evolutions. I therefore resumed my original step, and thinking to effect by stratagem what force could not accomplish, I turned abruptly out of Portland-place into Duchess street—the old gentleman was at my heels; I passed the chapel into Portland street—for a moment I lost sight of him: but before I reached the corner of Margaret street, there he was again.

At that time I occupied lodgings in the house of two maiden sisters in Great Marlborough street, and considering that the police-office in that neighborhood would render me any aid I might require to rid myself of my new acquaintance should he prove troublesome, I determined to run for my own port at all events.

I crossed Oxford street, and in order to give myself another chance of escape, darted down Blenheim-steps, and along the street of that name; but the old man's descent was as rapid as mine; and happening, as I

passed the museum and dissecting rooms of the eminent anatomist Brooks, to turn my head, my surprise was more than ever excited by seeing my venerable friend actually dancing in a state of ecstasy along the side of the deal wall which encloses so many subjects for contemplation. At this moment I resolved to stop and accost him rather than make the door-way of my own residence the arena of a discussion.

"Sir," said I, turning short around, "you will forgive my addressing you, but it is impossible for me to affect ignorance that I am, for some reason, the object of your pursuit. I am near home; if you have any communication to make, or desire any information from me, I would beg you to speak now."

"You are perfectly right, sir," said the old gentleman, "I do wish to speak to you; and you, although perhaps not at this moment aware of it, are equally desirous of speaking to me. You are now going into your lodgings in Marlborough street, and as soon as you shall have divested yourself of your coat, and enveloped yourself in that blue silk gown which you ordinarily wear, and have taken off your boots and put your feet into those morocco slippers which were made for you last March by Meyer & Miller, you purpose drinking some of the claret which you bought last Christmas of Henderson & Son, of Davies street, Berkley square, first mixing it with water; and immediately after you will apply yourself to the useless and unprofitable studies which have occupied you during the last five or six years."

"Sir," said I, trembling at what I heard, "how, or by what means, you have become possessed of these particulars, I"—

"No matter," interrupted my friend; "if you are disposed to indulge me with your society for an hour or so, and bestow on me a bottle of the wine in question, I will explain myself. There, sir," continued he, "you need not hesitate; I see you have already made up your mind to offer me the rights of hospitality; and since I know the old ladies of your house are advocates for early hours and quiet visitors, I will conform in all respects to their wishes and your convenience."

Most true indeed was it that I had determined *coute qui coute* to give my new old friend an invitation and a bottle of wine; and before he had concluded his observations we were at the door of my house, and in a few minutes more, although my servant was absent without leave, we were seated at a table, on which forthwith were placed the desired refreshments.

My friend, who continued to evince the most perfect knowledge of all my most private concerns, and all my most intimate connexions, became evidently exhilarated by the claret; and in the course of one of the most agreeable conversations in which I had ever participated, he related numerous anecdotes of the highest personages in the country, with all of whom he seemed perfectly intimate. He told me he was a constant attendant at every fashionable party of the season; in the dull time of the year the theatres amused him; in the term the law-courts occupied his attention; and in summer, as he said, I might have seen, his pleasures lay in the rural parts of the metropolis and its suburbs; he was at that time of the year always to be found in one of the parks or in Kensington Gardens. But his manner of telling his stories afforded internal evidence of their accuracy, and was so captivating, that I thought him without

exception the pleasantest old gentleman I had ever encountered.

It was now getting dark, the windows of my drawing-room were open, the sashes up, and the watchman's cry of "past ten o'clock" was the first announcement to me of the rapid flight of time in the agreeable society of my friend.

"I must be going," said he; "I must just look in at Brooks's."

"What, sir," said I, recollecting his grotesque dance under the wall in Blenheim street, "over the way?"

"No," replied he, "in St. James's street."

"Have another bottle of claret," said I, "and a devil!"

At this word my friend appeared seriously angry, and I heard him mutter the word "cannibalism." It was then quite dark, and, as I looked in his face, I could discern no features, but only two brilliant orbs of bright fire glittering like stars: those were his eyes, the light from which was reflected on his high cheekbones and the sides of his nose, leaving all the rest of his face nearly black. It was then I first heard a thumping against the back of his chair, like a gentleman "switching his cane;"—I began to wish he would go.

"Sir," said the old gentleman, "any disguise with me is useless; I must take my leave; but you must not imagine that this visit was unpremeditated, or that our meeting was accidental: you last night, perhaps unconsciously, invoked my aid in the pursuit to which you have so long devoted yourself. The desire of your heart is known to me; and I know that the instant I leave you, you will return to your fascinating study, vainly to seek that which you so constantly languish to possess."

"I desire"—I was going to say, "nothing;" but the pale fire of his dreadful eyes turned suddenly to a blood-red color, and glistened even more brightly than before, while the thumping against the back of his chair was louder than ever.

"You desire, young gentleman," said my visiter, "to know the thoughts of others, and thirst after the power of foreseeing events that are to happen: do you not?"

"I confess, sir," said I, convinced, by the question and by what had already passed, that *he*, whoever he was, himself possessed the faculty he spoke of—"I confess, that for such a power I have prayed, and studied, and laboured, and"

"You shall possess it," interrupted my friend—"Who I am, or what, matters little: the power you seek is wholly in my gift. You last night, as I have just said, invoked me—you shall have it, upon two conditions."

"Name them, sir," said I.

"The first is, that however well you know what is to happen to others, you must remain in ignorance about yourself, except when connected with them."

"To that," said I, "I will readily agree."

"The other is, that whatever may be the conduct you adopt in consequence of possessing the power of knowing the thoughts of others, you are never to reveal the fact that you *do* possess such a power: the moment you admit yourself master of this supernatural faculty, you lose it."

"Agreed, sir," said I; "but are these all the conditions?"

"All," said my friend. "To-morrow morning, when you awake, the power will be your own; and so, sir, I wish you a very good night."

"But, sir," said I, anxious to be better assured of the speedy fulfilment of the wish of my heart, (for such indeed it was,) "may I have the honor of knowing your name and address?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the old gentleman; "my name and address—Ha, ha, ha!—my name is pretty familiar

to you, young gentleman; and as for my address, I dare say you will find your way to me some day or another, and so once more good night."

Saying which, he descended the stairs and quitted the house, leaving me to surmise who my extraordinary visiter could be;—I never *knew*; but I recollect, that after he was gone, I heard one of the old ladies scolding a servant-girl for wasting so many matches in lighting the candles, and making such a terrible smell of brimstone in the house.

I was now all anxiety to get to bed, not because I was sleepy, but because it seemed to me as if going to bed would bring me nearer to the time of getting up, when I should be master of the miraculous power which had been promised me: I rang the bell—my servant was still out—it was unusual for him to be absent at so late an hour. I waited until the clock struck eleven, but he came not; and resolving to reprimand him in the morning, I retired to rest.

Contrary to my expectation, and, as it seemed to me, to the ordinary course of nature, considering the excitement under which I was labouring, I had scarcely laid my head on my pillow before I dropped into a profound slumber, from which I was only aroused by my servant's entrance into the room. The instant I awoke I sat up in bed, and began to reflect on what had passed, and for a moment to doubt whether it had not been all a dream. However, it was daylight; the period had arrived when the proof of my newly acquired power might be made.

"Barton," said I to my man, "why were you not at home last night?"

"I had to wait, sir, nearly three hours," he replied, "for an answer to the letter which you sent to Major Sheringham."

"That is not true," said I; and to my infinite surprise, I appeared to recollect a series of occurrences of which I never had previously heard, and could have known nothing: "you went to see your sweetheart, Betsy Collyer, at Camberwell, and took her to a tea-garden, and gave her cakes and cider, and saw her home again: you mean to do exactly the same thing on Sunday; and to-morrow you mean to ask me for your quarter's wages, although not due till Monday, in order to buy her a new shawl."

The man stood aghast: it was all true. I was quite as much surprised as the man.

"Sir," said Barton, who had served me for seven years without having once before been found fault with, "I see you think me unworthy of your confidence; you could not have known this if you had not watched, and followed, and overheard me and my sweetheart; my character will get me through the world without being looked after: I can stay with you no longer; you will please, sir, to provide yourself with another servant."

"But, Barton," said I, "I did not follow or watch you; I"—

"I beg your pardon, sir," he replied, "it is not for me to contradict; but, you'll forgive me, sir, I would rather go—I *must* go."

At this moment I was on the very point of easing his mind, and retaining my faithful servant by a disclosure of my power, but it was yet too new to be parted with; so I affected an anger I did not feel, and told him he might go where he pleased. I had, however, ascertained that the old gentleman had not deceived me in his promises; and elated with the possession of my extraordinary faculty, I hurried the operation of dressing, and before I had concluded it, my ardent friend Sheringham was announced: he was waiting in the breakfast-room; at the same moment a note from the lovely Fanny Hayward was delivered to me—from the divine girl who, in the midst of all my scientific abstraction, could "chain my worldly feelings for a moment."

"Sheringham, my dear fellow," said I, as I advanced to welcome him, "what makes you so early a visitor this morning?"

"An anxiety," replied Sheringham, "to tell you that my uncle, whose interest I endeavored to procure for you, in regard to the appointment for which you expressed a desire, has been compelled to recommend a relation of the Marquess; this gives me real pain, but I thought it would be best to put you out of suspense as soon as possible."

"Major Sheringham," said I, drawing myself up coldly, "if this matter concern you so deeply, as you seem to imply that it does, might I ask why you so readily agreed to your uncle's proposition, or chimed in with his suggestion, to bestow the appointment on this relation of the Marquess, in order that you might, in return for it, obtain the promotion for which you are so anxious?"

"My dear fellow," said Sheringham, evidently confused, "I—I—never chimed in; my uncle certainly pointed out the possibility to which you allude, but that was merely contingent upon what he could not refuse to do."

"Sheringham," said I, "your uncle has already secured for you the promotion, and you will be gazetted for the lieutenant-colonelcy of your regiment on Tuesday. I am not to be told that you called at the horse-guards, in your way to your uncle's yesterday, to ascertain the correctness of the report of the vacancy which you had received from your friend Macgregor; or that you, elated by the prospect before you, were the person, in fact, to suggest the arrangement which has been made, and promised your uncle 'to smooth me over' for the present."

"Sir," said Sheringham, "where you picked up this intelligence I know not; but I must say, that such mistrust, after years of undivided intimacy, is not becoming, or consistent with the character which I hitherto supposed you to possess. When by sinister means the man we look upon as a friend descends to be a spy upon our actions, confidence is at an end, and the sooner our intercourse ceases the better. Without some such conduct how could you become possessed of the details upon which you have grounded your opinion of my conduct?"

"I"—and here again was a temptation to confess and fall; but I had not the courage to do it.—"Suffice it, Major Sheringham, to say I knew it; and, moreover, I know that when you leave me, your present irritation will prompt you to go to your uncle and check the disposition he feels at this moment to serve me."

"This is too much, sir," said Sheringham; "this must be our last interview, unless indeed your unguarded conduct towards me, and your intemperate language concerning me, may render one more meeting necessary; and so, sir, here ends our acquaintance."

Saying which, Sheringham, whose friendship even to my enlightened eye was nearly as sincere as any other man's, quitted the room, fully convinced of my meanness and unworthiness; my heart sank within me when I heard the door close upon him for the last time. I now possessed the power I had so long desired, and in less than an hour had lost a valued friend and a faithful servant. Nevertheless, Barton had told me a falsehood, and Sheringham was gazetted on the Tuesday night.

I proceeded to open Fanny Hayward's note; it contained an invitation to dinner with her mother, and a request that I would accompany them to the opera, it being the last night of the last extra subscription. I admired Fanny—nay, I almost loved her; and when I gazed on her with rapture, I traced in the mild and languishing expression of her soft blue eye, approbation of my suit, and pleasure in my praise. I took up my

pen to answer her *billet*, and intuitively and instinctively wrote as follows:

"Dear Miss Hayward—

"I should have much pleasure in accepting your kind invitation for this evening, if it were given in the spirit of sincerity which has hitherto characterized your conduct; but you must be aware that the plan of going to the opera to-night was started, not because you happen to have a box, but because you expect to meet Sir Henry Witherington, with whom you were so much pleased at Lady G.'s on Thursday, and to whom you consigned the custody of your fan, on condition that he *personally* returned it in safety at the opera to-night; as I have no desire to be the foil of any thing in itself so intrinsically brilliant as your newly discovered baronet, I must decline your proposal.

"Your mother's kindness in sanctioning the invitation would have been more deeply felt, if I did not know that the old lady greatly approves of your new acquaintance, and suggested to you the necessity of having me to play propriety during the evening, call up her carriage, and hand her to it, while Sir Henry was making the *amiable* to you, and escorting you, in our footsteps. Tell Mrs. Hayward that, however much she and you may enjoy the joke, I have no desire to be admitted as a 'safe man,' and that I suggest her offering her *cotelette* to Sir Harry as well as her company. With sympathetic regards,

"Believe me, my dear Miss Hayward,

"Yours, _____"

This note I immediately despatched, overjoyed that the power I possessed enabled me to penetrate the flimsy mask with which Mrs. Hayward had endeavored to disguise her real views and intentions, and had scarcely finished breakfast before Mr. Fitman, my tailor, was ushered in, in company with a coat of the prevailing color, and the most fashionable cut; in less than five minutes it was on, and the collar, the cuffs, the sleeves, and the skirts, became at once the objects of the author's admiration.

"Him is quite perfect, I declare," said the tailor, who, of course, was a foreigner.

After his high eulogium upon the cloth, I told him that it was not what he represented, and actually detailed the place at which he had bought it, and the name of the shopkeeper who had sold it; this irritated the tailor, who became extremely insolent, and our interview ended with my kicking him down stairs; from the bottom of which he proceeded to the police-office, in my own street, and procured a warrant for the assault, by which I was compelled to appear before the magistrates on the following day, knowing before I went the whole course the case would take, and the decisions they would make, in precisely the terms which they subsequently adopted.

Still, however, I stood alone in power, unless indeed my old friend in green did actually share the talent I possessed; and not being able to make up my mind to put an end to the enjoyment of an object I had so long laboured to attain, I contented myself with resolving to be more cautious in future, and less freely or frequently to exhibit my mysterious quality.

After the little disagreeable adventure I have just recounted, I thought perhaps I had better proceed to the Temple, and consult my lawyer, who, as well as being professionally concerned for me, had been for a long time my intimate acquaintance. I knew what the decision of the justices would be, but I thought the attendance of a legal adviser would make the affair more respectable in the eyes of the public, and I accordingly bent my steps city-wards.

When I reached the Temple, my worthy Maxwell was at home; as usual, his greetings were the warmest,

his expressions the kindest. I explained my case, to which he listened attentively, and promised his assistance; but in a moment I perceived that, however bland and amiable his conduct to me might appear, he had several times during the preceding spring told his wife that he believed I was mad. In corroboration of which, I recollected that she had on the occasion of my last three or four visits placed herself at the greatest possible distance from me, in the drawing-room, and had always rung the bell, to have her children taken away the moment I entered.

In pursuance of my cautious resolution, however, I took no notice of this; but when I spoke of the length of time which had elapsed since I had seen Mrs. Maxwell, I found out, from what was passing in her husband's mind, that she had determined never to be at home when I called, or ever dine in her own house if I was invited. Maxwell, however, promised to be with me in the morning in time to attend the magistrates, and I knew he meant to keep his promise; so far I was easy about that affair, and made several calls on different acquaintances, few of whom were at home—some were—but as I set down the exclusion which I found so general as the result of the wild abstracted manner consequent upon my abstruse studies, and my heart-wearing anxiety, I determined now to become the gayest, most agreeable person possible, and, profiting by experience, keep all my wisdom to myself.

I went into the water-colour exhibition at Charing-cross; there I heard two artists complimenting each other, while their hearts were bursting with mutual envy. There, too, I found a mild, modest looking lady, listening to the bewitching nothings of her husband's particular friend; and I knew, as I saw her frown and abruptly turn away from him with every appearance of real indignation, that she had at that very moment mentally resolved to elope with him the following night. In Harding's shop I found authors congregated to "laugh the sultry hours away," each watching to catch his neighbour's weak point, and make it subject matter of mirth in his evening's conversation. I saw a viscount help his father out of his carriage with every mark of duty and veneration, and knew that he was actually languishing for the earldom and estates of the venerable parent of whose health he was apparently taking so much care. At Howell and James's I saw more than I could tell, if I had ten times the space afforded me that I have, and I concluded my tour by dropping in at the National Gallery, where the ladies and gentlemen seemed to prefer nature to art, and were actively employed in looking at the pictures, and thinking of themselves.

Oh! it was a strange time then, when every man's heart was open to me, and I could sit and see and hear all that was going on, and know the workings of the inmost feelings of my associates: however, I must not detain the reader with reflections.

On this memorable day of my first potency, I proceeded after dinner to the opera, to satisfy myself of the justness of my accusation against Fanny. I looked up to their box, and immediately behind my once single-minded girl, sat Sir Henry Witherington himself, actually playing with the identical fan, of which I had instinctively and intuitively written without ever having seen it before. There was an ease and confidence about the fellow, and he was so graceful and good-looking, and Fanny gazed at him so long and so frequently, that I could bear it no more, and thinking that after our long intimacy my letter of the morning might have gone for nothing, I proceeded to their box, determined to rally. Of Sir Henry's thoughts about me I was utterly ignorant, for he did not even know my name, so that I could have shared none of his consideration. I was aware, however, that the mother was downright angry, and Fanny just so much

piqued as to make our reconciliation a work of interest and amusement.

I certainly did not perfectly appreciate Mrs. Hayward's feelings towards me, for when as usual I entered her curtained territory, her glance was instantly averted from me to Fanny, who looked grave, and I found was seriously annoyed at my appearance; however, I knew I had influence, and with my commanding power I resolved to remain. After a pause, during which Sir Henry eyed me and the ladies alternately, he inquired of Mrs. Hayward if I were a friend of hers.

"Assuredly not, Sir Henry," said Mrs. Hayward. "I did know the person, but his conduct renders it impossible that our acquaintance should continue."

Fanny's heart began to melt; she would have caught me by the hand, and bid me stay. I relied on this, and moved not.

"Pray, madam," said Sir Henry, "is this person's presence here disagreeable to you?"

"Particularly so, Sir Henry," said the old lady, with all the malice of offended dignity.

"Then, sir," said Sir Henry, "you must leave the box."

"Must I, indeed, sir?" said I, becoming in turn much more angry than the old lady.

"Pray! pray!" said Fanny.

"Be quiet, child," said her obdurate mother.

"Yes, sir," said Sir Henry, "must! and if this direction is not speedily obeyed, the boxkeeper shall be called to remove you."

"Sir Henry Witherington," said I, "the society you are in, seals my lips and binds my hands. I will leave the box, on condition that for one moment only you will accompany me."

"Certainly, sir," said Sir Henry; and in an instant we were both in the passage.

I drew a card from my case, and putting it into his hand, said, "Sir Henry Witherington, your uncalled for interference of to-night must be explained; here is the card of one who has no other feeling for your insolence but that of the most ineffable contempt."—Saying which, I walked out of the opera-house, and he rejoined the ladies, who were in a state of serious agitation: Fanny on my account, and her mother on account of her.

The affair ended, I returned once more to bed, and once more fell into a deep slumber, from which I was aroused by Barton, who informed me that Colonel MacManton was waiting to speak a few words to me in the drawing-room.

Of course I knew the object of his visit: he came to invite me to Chalk Farm, where, probably, he had already ordered pistols for two, and breakfast for four; and I hastened down stairs, rather anxious than otherwise to exhibit my person in the field of honor, that I might at once become the friend of the brave, and the idol of the fair.

I entered the drawing-room, and found my visitor waiting.

"Sir," said the Colonel, "I imagine, after what past last night between you and my friend, Sir Henry Witherington, I need hardly announce the object of my visit. I will not offend you by mentioning the alternative of a meeting, but merely request you to refer me to some friend of yours, with whom I may make the necessary arrangements as speedily as possible."

"Sir," replied I, speaking, as it were, not of myself, "I must decline a meeting with Sir Henry Witherington; and I tell you in the outset of the business, that no power will induce me to lend myself to any arrangement which may lead to one."

"This is a most extraordinary resolution, sir," said the colonel. "I can assure you, although I have stated the matter as delicately as I could, that Sir

Henry will accept of no apology; nor indeed could I permit him to do so, even if he were so inclined."

"You have had my answer, sir," said I; "I refuse his challenge."

"Perhaps," inquired the colonel, "you will be good enough to state your reason?"

"Precisely this, sir," I replied. "Our quarrel and rencontre of last night arose out of the perverseness of an old lady, and the inconsiderateness of a young one: they both regret the circumstance as much as I do; and Sir Henry himself, in thus calling me to account, is obeying the dictates of fashion rather than those of feeling."

"But that, sir," said the colonel, "is Sir Henry's affair. I must endeavor to extract some better reason than this."

"Well then, sir," I rejoined, "if Sir Henry meets me he will fall—it must be so—and I will not consent to imbrue my hand in the blood of a fellow-creature in such a cause."

"Is that your only motive, sir, for declining this invitation?" exclaimed the gallant colonel, somewhat sneeringly.

"It is."

"Then, sir, it becomes me to state, in distinct terms, that Sir Henry Witherington must in future consider you unworthy to fill the station of a gentleman in society; and that he will, on the first opportunity, exercise the only means, left him under the circumstances, of satisfying his offended honor, by inflicting personal chastisement on you wherever he meet you."

Saying which, the colonel, believing me in his heart to be the arrantest coward alive, took his leave; but however annoyed I felt at the worldly consequences of this affair, I gloried in my privilege of prescience, which had informed me of the certain result of our hostile interview. I then prepared myself to receive my lawyer, and attend the magistrates: that affair was soon settled; the tailor entered into sureties to indict me at the sessions, and I knew that the worshipful personages on the bench calculated on no slight punishment, as the reward of my correction of Fitman's insolence.

The story of Sir Henry's challenge soon got wind. Those who had been my warmest friends saw something extremely agreeable on the other side of the way, if they met me walking; and remarks neither kind nor gentle assailed my ears as I passed the open windows of the club-houses in St. James's street. Although I yet had not had the ill-fortune to meet my furious antagonist, I did not know how long it might be before he would return to town, I therefore decided upon quitting it; and driven, as it were, out of society, fixed my abode in one of the prettiest villages in the kingdom, between forty and fifty miles from the metropolis.

How sweet and refreshing were the breezes which swept across that fertile valley, stretching to the feet of the lofty South Downs—what an expanse of view—what brightness and clearness of atmosphere—what serenity—what calm—what comfort! Here was I, domesticated with an amiable family, whose hearts I could read, and whose minds were open to me: they esteemed, they loved me; when others would oppress and hunt me from the world, their humble home was at my disposal.

My friends had been married many years, and one only daughter was their care and pride. She was fresh and beautiful as a May morning, and her bright eyes sparkled with pleasure as she welcomed me to the cottage; and then I knew, what years before I had desired to know, but never yet believed, that she loved me. "This effect of my knowledge repays me for all that is past," said I; "now shall I be truly happy."

I soon discovered, however, that although Mary's early affection for me (for we had been much together in our younger days,) still reigned and ruled in my heart, that I had a rival—a rival favored by her parents, for the common and obvious reason that he was rich; but the moment I saw him, I read his character, and saw the latent workings of his mind—I knew him for a villain.

The unaffected kindness of Mary for her old playmate, and the endearing good-nature with which she gathered me the sweetest flowers from her own garden; the evident pleasure with which she recurred to days long past, and the marked interest with which she listened to my plans for the future, soon aroused in her avowed lover's breast hatred for me and jealousy of her; and although to herself and the family his manner remained unchanged, I, who could fathom depths beyond the ken of other mortals, watched with dreadful anxiety the progress of his passion: the terrible workings of rage, and doubt, and disappointment, in his mind. Mary saw nothing of this; and considering her marriage with him a settled and fixed event, gave him her society with the unreserved confidence of an affianced bride. And although I knew that she would gladly have left his arm to stroll through the meadows and groves with me; that, which she considered her duty to her parents and to her future husband, led her to devote a great portion of her time to him. Still he was not to be satisfied with what, he could not but feel, was a divided affection; and gradually the love he once bore her began to curdle on his heart, until it turned, as I at once foresaw, to deadly hate; and the predominate passion of his soul was revenge on me, and on the ill-fated innocent girl for whom he once would have died.

At length the horrid spectacle presented itself to my all-searching and all-seeing eye of two "minds o'erthrown." Mary, as the period fixed for their marriage approached, sickened at the coming event; and too sincere, too inartificial for concealment, owned to me the dread she felt of marrying the lover accepted by her parents;—there she paused, but I knew the rest; and pressing her to my heart, received from her rosy lips the soft kiss of affection and acceptance. She had resolved to fly with me from the home of her parents, rather than fulfil the promise they had made. My prescribed ignorance of my own fate, and of my own affairs, hindered my knowing that her intended husband had overheard this confession. We had fixed the hour for flight the evening following that on which she owned her love, and preceding the day intended for his marriage. The blow was too powerful for him to resist: rage, jealousy, disappointment, and vengeance, occupied his whole mind; and the moment that my individual and particular conduct was disconnected from his proceedings, I discovered his desperate intentions towards Mary.

That evening—the next she would be mine—that evening we had agreed that Mary should take her usual walk with her lover; and although he had appeared gloomy during the day, I had detected nothing in his thoughts which could justly alarm me; but when the evening closed in, and he by appointment came to fetch her for their ramble, then my power enabled me to see the train of circumstances which were to follow. The weapon was concealed in one of his pockets which was to give his victim her death-blow; its companion, which was to rid him of life, rested in the other. The course of his thoughts, of his intentions, was before me: the spot where he intended to commit the double murder evident to my sight. As she was quitting the garden to meet him, I rushed after her; I entreated, I implored her not to stir. I foretold a storm—I suggested a thousand probable ills which might befall her if she went; but she told me that she had promised to meet Charles,

and go she must: it was for the last time, she said—she must go. Was I jealous of her?

"No, no, my sweet girl!" said I; "your life, dearer to me than my own, depends upon your compliance with my desire that you will stay."

"My life?" said Mary.

"Yes, beloved of my heart!" exclaimed I; "your cruel lover would be your murderer!"

"Charles murder me!" said she, half wild, and quite incredulous; "you are mad."

"No, no; I know it," said I, still holding her.

"This is the height of folly," replied Mary, calmly; "pray let me go—I have promised—it will lull suspicions—am I not yours?"

"Yes, yes, and go you shall not."

"Tell me how you have gained this information," said she, "and I will attend to it."

"If you go, you perish!" said I. "Stay, and the rage which this desperate madman now would vent on you will turn upon himself."

"What a thought!" said the half-distracted girl—"I'll go this instant!"

"No, no, my beloved! What shall I say to hinder you?"

"Tell me how or by what means you have attained this knowledge, and I repeat, I will stay."

"Mary," said I, "I have a supernatural knowledge of events—I surrender it—stay!"

At that instant the report of a pistol near the place of appointment roused our attention from ourselves; and running to the place whence the noise proceeded, we found the unhappy victim of jealousy stone dead, and weltering in his blood: the pistol intended to take my Mary's life was yet clenched in his cold hand.

From this moment my power was gone, and I began

again to see the world as my fellow-creatures do.—Mary became my wife with the consent of her parents; and as I was returning from church, I saw, amongst the crowd before the village inn, my old friend in green, who accosted me with great good-nature, and congratulated me upon my enviable situation.

"Sir," said I, "I thank you; and I thank you for having, by some means inexplicable by me, gratified the ruling passion of my heart. In the ignorance of my nature, I desired to possess a power incompatible with the finite character of the human mind. I have now learnt by experience that a limit is set to human knowledge for the happiness of man; and in future I shall be perfectly satisfied with the blessings which a wise and good Providence has afforded us, without daring to presume upon the bounty by which we are placed so pre-eminently above all other living creatures."

"A very moral and proper observation," said my friend, evidently displeased with my moralizing.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Saying which, he turned upon his heel, and was lost among the throng.

I have several times since seen the old gentleman walking about London, looking as hale and as hearty as ever, but I have always avoided him; and although I have reason to believe that he has seen me more than once, by a sort of tacit consent we never acknowledge each other.

I returned to my home, blest with an affectionate wife; hoping for the best, profiting by the past, enjoying the present, and putting our trust in God for the future.

NATIVE ATTACHMENT.

THOUGH year after year has rolled on to the deep
Where their sorrows and joys in oblivion sleep,
Since my eye fondly lingered to look an adieu,
As the home of my childhood was fading from view,
Not a flower nor a vine round my loved native cot,
Through time's ceaseless changes, has e'er been forgot.

The song of the robin that sang on the bough
Of the neighbouring pine, is as dear to me now;
The brook looks as clear to my memory's eye,
And the verdure as fresh on the banks it played by;
The lamb bounds as joyous and light o'er the glade,
As when 'mid those scenes I in infancy strayed.

And oft my dark hours of their cares are beguiled,
As fancy's bright wand turns me back to the child
That followed the flight of the butterfly's wing,
And plucked the red berries that danced ere the spring;
Or reached for the fair purple cluster, that hung
Where round the bowed alder the wild tendrils clung.

The splendour of cities, the polish of art
May seek my devotion, and sue for my heart;
But, no fount of delight on life's landscape will gush
Like that which leapt down by the violet and rush;
No notes come so sweet as the song of the bird
Which the ear of the child from the coppice first heard.

I find not a gem in my pathway so bright
As the fire-fly, pursued by my young feet at night.
Earth offers no flowers like the wild ones I wreathed;
No breeze comes from heaven like the air I first breathed.

No spot seems so pure in the wide vault on high,
As that which sent down the first light to my eye!

From the *Taken* for 1835.

TO A LADY,

WHO CALLED ME CAPRICIOUS.

CAPRICIOUS truly? As the gleams
Of sun and shade, in April skies,
And changing as the myriad dreams
That fit before thy radiant eyes.
An ornament ill-placed, a hue
Too bright or pale upon the brow,
A riband of too gay a blue,
Too kind a nod, too cold a bow,
Will stifle in my yielding clay,
Love I have nursed the livelong day.

Inconstant? Are the waters so,
That fall in showers on hill and plain,
Then, tired of what they find below,
Ride on the sunbeams back again?
Pray are there changes in the sky,
The winds, or in our summer weather?
In sudden change, believe me, I
Will beat both clouds and winds together;
Nothing in air or earth may be
Fit type of my inconstancy!

Thus dreamed I but an hour ago,
When thought was wild and fancy free;
When all my pulses told me so,
And I had never met with thee.
But one bright glance has touched my heart,
And a new fount of joy unsealed;
And as its hidden waters start,
Firm hope, fixed purpose, are revealed;
And now, no time or change can sever
Ties that must bind my soul for ever!

THE TOILET—No. 3.

WHEN disease of the gums proceeds from internal causes, these must be first attacked with adequate remedies: in this case recourse must be had to medical advice; we shall only here, therefore, consider such cases for which local applications are sufficient.

Tincture for the Teeth and Gums.

Take Peruvian bark coarsely powdered one ounce, and infuse it for a fortnight in half a pint of brandy.

Gargle the mouth morning and night with a teaspoonful of this tincture, diluted with an equal quantity of rose-water.

A liquid Remedy for Decayed Teeth.

Take a pint of the juice of the wild gourd, a quarter of a pound of mulberry bark and pellitory of Spain, each three ounces. Rock alum, sal gem and borax, of each half an ounce. Put these ingredients into a vessel, and distil, in a sand heat, to dryness. Take of this liquor and brandy, each an equal part, and wash the mouth with them warm.

The mixture removes and corrects all putrid substances in the mouth or teeth.

To give Firmness to Soft Gums.

Take Spanish wine, and distilled water of bramble leaves, of each one pint; cinnamon, half an ounce; cloves and Seville orange peel of each two drachms; gumlac and calcined alum, of each one drachm. Reduce the whole to a fine powder, and add two ounces of Narbonne honey. Put this mixture into a glass bottle, set it on hot ashes, and let it stand four days; on the fifth, strain the liquid by pressure through a thick linen cloth, and then put it away in a well-corked bottle till used.

When the gums want hardening, take a spoonful of this liquid, and pour it into a glass. Use half of it at first to rinse the mouth, in which it must be retained for a minute or two. Then spit it out and take the other half, which also hold in the mouth a longer or shorter time, accordingly as the gums have more or less occasion to be strengthened. Rub them at the same time with the finger; then wash the mouth with lukewarm water.

Obs.—This operation is to be performed the first thing in the morning, and the last at night. To render the remedy still more effective, add to the whole of the liquor half a pint of cinnamon water distilled with white wine.

To reduce the gums when swollen with vitiated lymph; gargle with red wine, in which a small quantity of Florentine iris has been boiled. If the gums are ulcerated in consequence of the scorbutic tendency or bad state of the blood, use scurvy-grass to cleanse and strengthen them; but at the same time a commensurate internal treatment must be adopted.

The Turkish ladies chew mastic fasting to give their breath an agreeable odour, as well to prevent the toothach.

Dentifrices to clean the Teeth and Gums.

Take an ounce of myrrh in fine powder; two spoonfuls of the best white honey, and a little green sage in very fine powder. Mix them well together, and wet the teeth and gums with a little every night and morning.

Obs.—This preparation will make flesh grow close to the root of the enamel.

Tooth Powder.

Take myrrh, roche-alum, dragon's blood, and cream of tartar, of each half an ounce.

Obs.—This, though simple, is an efficacious denti-

frice, though it ought not to be used too often, for fear of injuring the enamel.

Another.

Take pumice stone, and cuttle-fish bone, of each half an ounce; vitriolated tartar, and mastic, of each a drachm; oil of rhodium, four drops. Mix all into a fine powder.

Another.

Take prepared coral and dragon's blood, of each an ounce; cinnamon and cloves, of each six drachms; cuttle-fish bone, and calcined egg-shells, of each half an ounce; sea-salt, decrepitated, a drachm, all in a fine powder. Mix them in a marble mortar.

Another.

Dip a piece of clean rag in the oxymel of squills, and rub the teeth and gums with it. This not only whitens, but fastens and strengthens the roots of the teeth, and corrects an offensive breath.

Another.

Take rose water, syrup of violets, clarified honey, and plantain water, of each half an ounce; spirit of vitriol one ounce; mix them together. Rub the teeth with a linen rag moistened in this liquor, and then rinse the mouth with equal parts of rose and plantain water.

Another.

Rub them with nettle or tobacco ashes, or with vine ashes, mixed with a little honey.

Obs.—Charcoal alone stands pre-eminent in the rank of dentifrices. From the property it possesses of destroying the colouring particles, it has been turned to a good purpose as a tooth powder for whitening the teeth; and as it attacks only the colouring matter on the teeth, it does no injury to the enamel. It possesses besides the property of opposing putrefaction, of checking its progress, and even causing it to retrograde; hence it is calculated to destroy the vices of the gums, to clean them, and to correct the factor which may accumulate in the mouth and among the teeth: in these two respects, powdered charcoal is the tooth-powder, for excellence, and is accordingly recommended by many eminent physicians and chemists. It may occasionally be used either with myrrh, Peruvian bark, cream of tartar, or chalk.

COLUMBUS.

By the Genoese and the Spaniards he was regarded as a man resolved on a "wild dedication of himself to unpathed waters, undreamed of shores;" and the court of Portugal endeavoured to rob him of the glory of his enterprise by secretly despatching a vessel in the course which he had pointed out. He used to affirm that he stood in need of God's particular assistance in that voyage of discovery; like Moses when he led forth the people of Israel, who forbore to lay violent hands upon him, because of the miracles which God wrought by his means. "So," said the admiral, "did it happen to me on that voyage." "And so easily," says a commentator, "are the workings of the evil one overcome by the power of God!" "His person," says Herrera, "had an air of grandeur. His hair, from many hardships, had long been gray. In him you saw a man of unconquerable courage and high thoughts; patient of wrongs, calm in adversity, ever trusting in God: and had he lived in ancient times, statues and temples would have been erected to him without number, and his name would have been placed among the stars."



LADY BLESSINGTON.

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"Most gorgeous Lady Blessington." Here she is; and, for want of a better, we apply to her ladyship the liquorish epithet with which the late Dr. Parr, of Whig and wig memory, addressed her, in a note of thanks for a large, spicy, delicious, and magnificent twelfth cake, and because it is well known, all the world over, that there is no such judges of beauties and sweets as the priesthood.

It is clear that our ancient and venerable friend,

"With twinkling eyes and visage chubby,"

did in this renowned adjective endeavor to express, by one word, the many rare and racy qualities for which the countess is distinguished, blending the saccharine remembrance of the cake with his relish of her intellectual piquancy. As to her beauty, it would not have been becoming his cloth to have made more than a remote allusion; for, in consideration of their professional privileges, the clergy have renounced the enjoyments of the world, and only consent to plenish the earth in obedience to the first commandment given to him in the Book of Genesis.

The old doctor had, among the alloy of his Whigish predilections and penchants, a very rich vein of opinion concerning Lady Blessington's understanding, and once said that she would be more interesting when an old woman, with her shrewd and masculine mind, than even now with all her beauty; adding, with a luxurious laugh, quite ineffable, "that meteors were not stars, however bright, though more gazed at."

Though Lady Blessington is not sufficiently of a "certain age" to entitle her to rank among the *bas bleus*, yet the prediction of the perspicacious doctor begins to be fulfilled, and she is now dawning to the public with the radiance that has long delighted her friends.

Since the publication of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, nothing of the kind so good as her *Conversations with Lord Byron* has appeared: their only fault arises from showing his lordship always in his best bib and tucker, as if he had some innate apprehension that she saw through him. Indeed, it is a truth she did; for with a keen perception of his good qualities, she has not hesitated to show his ridiculous affectation of seeming worse than he could be, by her verbatim version of what he said.

But she has been very indulgent, and put herself under a greater restraint than was at all necessary.—She should have given the uninitiated world the names at full length, and told us something of the amiable sentiments which his lordship cherished towards Lord Brougham, who did so much in the *Edinburgh Review* to make him a poet. Considering her sex, however, it is natural to suppose she stood in awe of the Lord Chancellor's—wig; for throughout her composition it is evident she had a due regard for the dogmatic critic who wrote in the aforesaid Review that exceedingly judicious article respecting the Spaniard Cavallos, and therefore she withheld every thing concerning him likely to render him ridiculous.

Her ladyship when abroad made, we understand, many sketches of eminent characters, which we hope she will be induced to publish; for if the *vraisemblable* is equal to the mirror-like reflection of Byron, they will be as acceptable, though some of the originals may perhaps not prove to be so well known here. It is in the exercise of the feminine faculty of discerning the peculiarities of character that her ladyship excels; and in her talent for this species of portraiture she possesses a wand of enchantment that can only be duly appreciated by those who are acquainted with the subjects of her art and potency.

But we must conclude; for our brief limits only allow us to remark, that, although the *Conversations with Lord Byron* derive particular interest from the

noble poet, the countess would "show the glory of her art" better in an original work.

We copy from the *Court Journal* the following Key to the principal characters who figure in Lady Blessington's new novel, "*Grace Cassidy; or, the Repealers.*"

Duchess of Hamilton,	Duchess of Northumberland.
Marchioness of Burwood,	Marchioness of Lansdowne.
Countess of Grandison,	Countess of Grantham.
Lord Albany,	Lord Alcanley.
Lady Elmsore,	Lady Tullamore.
Lady Sidney,	Lady Sidney.
Duke of Limore,	Duke of Devonshire.
Mrs. Granly,	Mrs. Norton.
Countess of Guernsey,	Countess of Jersey.
Lord Rey,	Earl Grey.
Marchioness of Stuartville,	Marchioness of Londonderry.
Lord Montague,	Lord Rokeby.
Duchess of Lenox,	Duchess of Richmond.
Marchioness of Burton,	Marchioness of Conyngham.
Marquis & Marchioness of Monagh,	Marquis & Marchioness of Anglesca.
Lady Augusta Yaring,	Lady Augusta Baring.
Marchioness of Glanricarde,	Marchioness of Clairricarde.
Lady E. Hart Butley,	Lady E. S. Wortley.
Lady Vesterfield,	Lady Chesterfield.
Mrs. Branson,	The Honorable Mrs. Anson.
Lady Lacre,	Lady Dacre.
Lady Morley,	Lady Morley.
Mr. Manley,	Mr. Stanley.
Sir Robert Neil,	Sir Robert Peel.
Mr. Haller Serguon,	Mr. Cullar Ferguson.
Mr. Enier,	Mr. Edward Ellice.
Mr. Thiel,	Mr. Shell.
Lord Refton,	Lord Sefton.
Lady Castlemont,	Lady Charlemont.
Lord Leath,	Lord Meath.
Duke and Duchess of Cartowe,	Duke and Duchess of Leinster.

APHORISMS.

DELICACY—Fastidiousness has committed so many forgeries on the firm of delicacy, that this poor virtue is nearly reduced to a state of bankruptcy. Familiarity inevitably destroys delicacy. Perhaps this is the reason why the society of strangers is sometimes more agreeable than that of our most intimate relatives. Delicacy respects the feelings of every body. It not only abstains from wounding the sensibilities of a modest woman, but even from trifling with the fancies of a nervous hypochondriac. Human life is full of so many grossnesses, each of which gives a fresh wound to delicacy, that at length she expires under repeated blows. At fifteen, our feelings are in their most sensitive state; at thirty, we regard with indifference things which, in younger and purer years, would have annoyed us exceedingly; at fifty, our beauty and our delicacy are both withering together—it is but paint for the former, and affectation for the latter; and, in old age, to find those emotions of the soul, would be as wonderful as to meet a smooth and rosy complexion. To a certain degree, delicacy is a virtue; let it get a step beyond, and it becomes the most childish imbecility.

DECEIT—Some people continue under such gross and habitual self-deception, that the most blundering observer of human nature can understand them better than they do themselves. There are persons who have so accustomed themselves to all the arts and tricks of falsehood, that to gain a plain end in a plain way, would be to them as tasteless and insipid as warm water.

DECISION—A woman of irresolute constitution, gives herself a treat of the rack every time she is called to make up her mind respecting some petty domestic arrangement. The poorest arguments will make their way, when delivered with firmness and decision. Indecision arises from two very opposite causes: seeing our way too far, or not far enough.

Original.

THE MONARCH'S DOOM.

—“*Arisee arise, and with great solemnity loosened the golden chain by which the Beryl was suspended to the ceiling, and suffered it to drop on the floor; saying at the same time, in a voice of deep emotion, ‘I resign thee for ever.’*”—*The Maid of the Beryl, by Mrs. Heyland.*

In silence trod that youthful knight: his haughty head
was bowed,
And from his lips, compressed and pale, no word or
accent flowed;
Through long and vaulted halls he trod—through cells
of darkened gloom:
Long was it ere his weary feet paused at that mystic
room.

His hand was on the heavy bar—alone it backward
flew;
The massive door was flung aside—what visions met
his view!
A thousand—*thousand* glittering lamps gave forth
their dazzling blaze,
A thousand jewelled vases gleamed upon his wildered
gaze!

Upon the floor of that vast room were gems and jewels
strewn,
As if all valueless the wealth which kings might seek
to own;
And from the high and fretted roof there hung one
opal ball,
Beneath which sat the mighty one, who reigned in
pride o'er all.

It was no old and hoary man—no seer in wisdom
gray,
Whose powerful art had mingled all these trophies of
his sway:
A woman's hand had wrought the charm—a woman's
form was there,
As beautiful and bright as are the fabled things of
sir.

Her garb was one of other lands, perchance of ages
flown,
And glittering in each fold that fell beneath the jew-
elled zone;
And veil-like round her ivory throat the dark luxuriant
hair,
From its rich starry crown, hung long unbound and
waving there.

Oh, beautiful she was, with eyes dark glorious in their
light,
And lip on which her mystic power seemed breathing
to the sight;
And on her young and marble brow there was the
deep impress
Of thought, to give a prouder sway to her rich love-
liness.

Oh, beautiful she was—yet pale, save where the
crimson blood,
Called upward by some hidden source, would rush in
one wild flood;
And as some carved and sculptured thing, her feet and
hands were bare—
Snow-like and small, and exquisite, in their pale beauty
there.

The young knight's footstep crossed that hall, and by
her side he stood;
Then spake she: “Who art thou, to burst upon my
solitude?

What dost thou seek, unwelcome guest, in this my
bright domain?
Speak quickly; I would be alone in my dark mood
again.”

“The knowledge of thy magic art hath reached my
ear at last:
I come to know what changes yet shall on my life be
cast;
These eyes would look on deeds of years which yet
are far and dim—
Let the realm of veil'd futurity be open flung for
them.”

She looked a moment on his hand, a moment on his
face,
And her low voice came earnestly—“Ah! seek not
now to trace
The wild and warring scenes which yet must shade
thy destiny.”
A curl upon the stranger's lip gleamed forth his sole
reply.

She pointed to that opal ball with her pale moulded
hand,
(It was her charm of mystery, she knew no other
wand.)
And, as if lit by that faint sign, all mirror-like and
bright
Became that instrument of art upon the gazer's sight.

All mirror-like and bright it seemed; and in its fairy
maze
Strange forms and scenes were mingled up in one
bewildering blaze;
But gradually distincter grew each faintly-outlined
form,
And the knight gazed long and silently upon the won-
drous charm.

There was a proud and regal throne, and high upon
it sat
The ruler of a mighty realm, and of a nation's fate;
The diadem was on his brow, the sceptre in his
hand;
His eye shone forth in conscious power, his lip in proud
command.

Men high in rank and wealth were near; yet ever
and anon
Strange, bitter sneers electric-like throughout that
crowd would run;
And searching looks and flashing eyes were bent upon
that king,
As if the deep and hidden cells of his fearless heart to
wring.

A flush came o'er the stranger's cheek—he turned in
scorn aside;
A broken murmur passed his lips—it spake of hate
and pride;—
Once more that marble hand was raised towards the
mystic ball:
“Young knight! young knight! look yet again—thou
hast not witnessed all!”

He gazed ; the scene was changed : a crowd,—dense,
motionless,—was there ;

Yet every face seemed fraught to him with dark and
savage glare ;

A scaffold hung in black—a priest—a form in dark
array

Came on his sight—Why sprang the knight so sud-
denly away ?

He hath looked upon the victim's brow—hath seen
the severed head—

Hath marked the features, wild and stern, that hailed
the noble dead ;

Then from his pale and quivering lip burst forth one
fearful cry :

" 'Tis Charles of England ! 'tis their King ! Oh, God !
'tis I ! 'tis I ! "

The monarch leant upon his sword, and the heavy
drops of dew

Stood on his high and ashen brow, and his pale lips
paler grew ;

Long was it ere he spake—even then his words were
few and weak,

And a troubled tint played fearfully upon his pallid
cheek :—

" I thank thee for the mighty test of this thy wondrous
art ;

Yet hast thou left a deadly sting within a monarch's
heart—

A lingering and a haunting pang, which years may
not decay.

Oh, superstition ! this the gift of thy dark rigid sway ! "

Then rose that young mysterious one : " King ! on thy
destined head

The knowledge of futurity is darkly, sternly shed ;
Yet sadder is my destiny : to perish in my spring—

To die !—for that my art hath told the downfall of a
King !

" The bitter yow is on me yet, which swayed my daily
breath :

' When I have read a monarch's doom, then am I
thine, Oh, Death ! "

All my aspirings high and proud of never dying
power,

My life, my glorious dreams of fame, must perish
within this hour !

" Yet will I not, victorious Death, that my proud life
should wane

Beneath thy stern and withering grasp in long and
lingering pain :

I have quicker means wherewith to burst all my vain
earthly ties,

With that bright ever-changing globe my soaring
spirit dies ! "

A wildered light was on her brow—she seized that
opal ball,

And flung it on the marble floor of that high sculptured
hall ;

There was a wild and whelming crash—a loud and
sudden roar,

And the glory and the mystery of that young heart
was no more !

The monarch, 'mid the wrecks of power and beauty,
stood alone ;

The hall was dark and desolate, with its dream of
pride o'erthrown ;

And prostrate on the marble floor—her high dominion
fled—

She lay, the gifted and the bright—Wo for the early
dead !

NIGHT.

BY MRS. NORTON.

NIGHT sinks upon the dim gray wave,

Night clouds the spires that mark the town ;
On living rest, and grassy grave,

The shadowy night comes slowly down.

And now the good and happy rest,

The wearied peasant calmly sleeps,

And closer to its mother's breast,

The rosy child in slumber creeps.

But I !—The sentry, musing lone—

The sailor on the cold, gray sea,

So sad a watch hath never known,

As that which must be kept by me.

I cannot rest, thou solemn night !

Thy very silence hath the power

To conjure sounds and visions bright,

Unseen—unheard—in daylight's hour.

Kind words, whose echo will not stay

Memory of deep and bitter wrongs:

Laughter, whose sound hath died away,

And snatches of forgotten songs:

These haunt my soul ;—and as I gaze

Up to the calm and quiet moon,

I dream 'tis morning's breeze that plays,

Or sunset hour, or sultry noon.

I hear again the voice whose tone

Is more to me than music's sound,

And youthful forms for ever gone,

Come in their beauty crowding round.

I start—the mocking dreams depart,

Thy loved words melt upon the air,

And whether swells or sinks my heart,

Thou dost not know—thou dost not care !

Perchance while thus I watch unseen,

Thy languid eyelids slowly close,

Without a thought of what hath been,

To haunt thee in thy deep repose.

Oh weary night, oh endless night,

Blank pause between two feverish days,

Roll back your shadows, give me light,

Give me the sunshine's fiercest blaze !

Give me the glorious noon ! alas !

What recks it by what light I pray,

Since hopeless hours must dawn and pass,

And sleepless night succeed to day ?

Yet cold, and blue, and quiet sky,

There is a night where all find rest,

A long, long night :—with those who *die*

Sorrow hath ceased to be a guest !

SONG.

I HEARD, when winter's frown

Was dark upon the sky,

Amid the forests brown,

The wild winds sweeping by:

A dirge for summer's pride,

Upon their wings they bore,

And to my heart I sighed,

" Even thus thy joys have died—

Love thou no more."

I heard on every bough,

A song for spring's return ;

And shining waters flow

From many a pebbly urn:

Then whispered bird and bee,

And chimed the gentle rain ;

And murmured every tree,

" There's hope, O heart ! for thee—

Love thou again."

THE BOARDING HOUSE—No. II.

"WELL," said little Mrs. Tibbs to herself, as she sat in the front parlour of the Coram-street mansion one morning, mending the piece of stair-carpet off the first landing;—"well! things have not turned out so badly either, and if I only get a favourable answer to the advertisement, we shall be full again."

Mrs. Tibbs resumed her occupation of making worsted lattice-work in the carpet, anxiously listening to the twopenny postman, who was hammering his way down the street at the rate of a penny a knock. The house was as quiet as possible. There was only one low sound to be heard—it was the unhappy Tibbs cleaning the gentlemen's boots in the back kitchen, and accompanying himself with a buzzing noise, in wretched mockery of humming a tune.

The postman drew near the house. He paused—so did Mrs. Tibbs—a knock—a bustle—a letter—post-paid.

"T. I. presents comt. to I. T. and T. I. begs To say that i see the advertisement And she will Do Herself the pleasure of calling On you at 12 o'clock to-morrow morning.

"T. I. has To apologise to I. T. for the shortness Of the notice But i hope it will not inconvenience you.

"I remain yours Truly

"Wednesday evening."

Little Mrs. Tibbs perused the document over and over again; and the more she read it, the more she was confused by the mixture of the first and third person; the substitution of the "I" for the "T. I." and the transition from the "I. T." to the "you." The writing looked like a skein of thread in a tangle, and the note was ingeniously folded into a perfect square, with the direction squeezed up into the right-hand corner, as if it were ashamed of itself. The back of the epistle was pleasingly ornamented with a large red wafer, which, with the addition of divers ink-stains, bore a marvellous resemblance to a black beetle trod upon.—One thing, however, was perfectly clear to the perplexed Mrs. Tibbs. Somebody was to call at twelve.—The drawing-room was forthwith dusted for the third time that morning; three or four chairs were pulled out of their places, and a corresponding number of books carefully upset, in order that there might be a due absence of formality. Down went the piece of stair-carpet before noticed, and up ran Mrs. Tibbs "to make herself tidy."

The clock of New Saint Pancras Church struck twelve, and the Foundling, with laudable politeness, did the same ten minutes afterwards. Saint something else struck the quarter, and then there arrived a single lady with a double knock, in a pelisse the colour of the interior of a damson pie; a bonnet of the same, with a regular conservatory of artificial flowers; a white veil, and a green parasol, with a cobweb border.

The visitor (who was very fat and red-faced) was shewn into the drawing-room; where Mrs. Tibbs presented herself, and the negotiation commenced.

"I called in consequence of an advertisement," said the stranger, in a voice like a man who had been playing a set of Pan's pipes for a fortnight without leaving off.

"Yes!" said Mrs. Tibbs, rubbing her hands very slowly, and looking the applicant full in the face—two things she always did on such occasions.

"Money isn't no object whatever to me," said the lady, "so much as living in a state of retirement and obtrusion."

Mrs. Tibbs, as a matter of course, acquiesced in such an exceedingly natural desire.

"I am constantly attended by a medical man," resumed the pelisse wearer: "have been a shocking unitarian for some time—have had very little peace since the death of Mr. Bloss."

Mrs. Tibbs looked at the relic of the departed Bloss, and thought he must have had very little peace in his time. Of course she could not say so; so she looked very sympathizing.

"I shall be a good deal of trouble to you," said Mrs. Bloss; "but for that trouble I am willing to pay. I am going through a course of treatment which renders attention necessary. I have one mutton chop in bed at half-past eight, and another at ten, every morning."

Mrs. Tibbs, as in duty bound, expressed the pity she felt for any body placed in such a situation; and the carnivorous Mrs. Bloss proceeded to arrange the various preliminaries with wonderful despatch.

"Now, mind," said the lady, after terms were arranged: "I am to have the second-floor front for my bed room?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you will find room for my little servant Agnes?"

"Oh! certainly."

"And I can have one of the cellars in the area for my bottled porter."

"With the greatest pleasure; James shall get it ready for you by Saturday."

"And I'll join the company at the breakfast table on Sunday morning," said Mrs. Bloss; "I shall get up on purpose."

"Very well," returned Mrs. Tibbs, in her most amiable tone; for satisfactory references had been "given and required," and it was quite certain that the new comer had plenty of money. "It's rather singular," continued Mrs. Tibbs, with what was meant for a most bewitching smile, "that we have a gentleman now with us, who is in a very delicate state of health—a Mr. Gobler.—His apartment is the back drawing-room."

"The next room?" inquired Mrs. Bloss.

"The next room," repeated the hostess.

"How very promiscuous!" ejaculated the widow.

"He hardly ever gets up," said Mrs. Tibbs, in a whisper.

"Lor!" cried Mrs. Bloss, in an equally low tone.

"And when he is up," said Mrs. Tibbs, "we never can persuade him to go to bed again."

"Dear me!" said the astonished Mrs. Bloss, drawing her chair nearer Mrs. Tibbs. "What is his complaint?"

"Why, the fact is," replied Mrs. Tibbs, with a most communicative air, "he has no stomach whatever."

"No what?" inquired Mrs. Bloss, with a look of the most indescribable alarm.

"No stomach," repeated Mrs. Tibbs, with a shake of the head.

"Lord bless us! what an extraordinary case!" gasped Mrs. Bloss, as if she understood the communication in its literal sense, and was astonished at a gentleman without a stomach finding it necessary to board any where.

"When I say he has no stomach," explained the chatty little Mrs. Tibbs, "I mean that his digestion is so much impaired, and his interior so deranged, that his stomach is not of the least use to him;—in fact, it's rather an inconvenience than otherwise."

"Never heard such a case in my life!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloss. "Why, he's worse than I am."

"Oh, yes!" replied Mrs. Tibbs;—"certainly." She said this with great confidence, for the set of the damson pelisse satisfactorily proved that Mrs. Bloss, at all

events, was not suffering under Mr. Gobler's complaint.

"You have quite incited my curiosity," said Mrs. Bloss, as she rose to depart. "How I long to see him!"

"He generally comes down once a week," replied Mrs. Tibbs; "I dare say you'll see him on Sunday." And with this consolatory promise Mrs. Bloss was obliged to be contented. She accordingly walked slowly down the stairs, detailing her complaints all the way; and Mrs. Tibbs followed her, uttering an exclamation of compassion at every step. James (who looked very gritty, for he was cleaning the knives) fell up the kitchen-stairs, and opened the street-door; and, after mutual farewells, Mrs. Bloss slowly departed down the shady side of the street.

It is almost superfluous to say, that the lady whom we have just shown out at the street-door (and whom the two female servants are now inspecting from the second-floor windows) was exceedingly vulgar, ignorant, and selfish. Her deceased better-half had been an eminent cork-cutter, in which capacity he had amassed a decent fortune. He had no relative but his nephew, and no friend but his cook. The former had the insolence one morning to ask for the loan of fifteen pounds, and by way of retaliation he married the latter next day; he made a will immediately afterwards, containing a burst of honest indignation against his nephew (who supported himself and two sisters on £100 a year) and a bequest of his whole property to his wife. He felt ill after breakfast, and died after dinner. There is a mantelpiece-looking tablet in a civic parish church, setting forth his virtues, and deploring his loss. He never dishonoured a bill, or gave away a halfpenny!

The relict and sole executrix of this noble-minded man was an odd mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, liberality and meanness. Bred up as she had been, she knew no mode of living so agreeable as a boarding-house; and having nothing to do, and nothing to wish for, she naturally imagined she must be very ill; an impression which was most assiduously promoted by her medical attendant, Dr. Wosky, and her handmaid, Agnes, both of whom, doubtless for excellent reasons, encouraged all her extravagant notions.

Since the catastrophe recorded in our last, Mrs. Tibbs had been very shy of young lady boarders. Her present inmates were all lords of the creation, and she availed herself of the opportunity of their assemblage at the dinner table, to announce the expected arrival of Mrs. Bloss. The gentlemen received the communication with social indifference, and Mrs. Tibbs devoted all her energies to prepare for the reception of the valetudinarian. The second-floor front was scrubbed, and washed, and flannelled, till the wet went through to the drawing-room ceiling. Clean white counterpanes, and curtains, and napkins; water-bottles as clear as crystal, blue jugs, and mahogany furniture, added to the splendour and increased the comfort of the apartment. The warming-pan was in constant requisition, and a fire lighted in the room every day.—The chattels of Mrs. Bloss were forwarded by instalments. First there came a large hamper of Guinness's stout and an umbrella; then a train of trunks; then a pair of clogs and a bandbox; then an easy chair with an air cushion; then a variety of suspicious-looking packages; and—"though last not least"—Mrs. Bloss and Agnes, the latter in a cherry-coloured merino dress, open-work stockings, and shoes with sandals; looking like a disguised Columbine.

The installation of the Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, was nothing in point of bustle and turmoil to the installation of Mrs. Bloss in her new quarters. True, there was no bright doctor of civil law to deliver a classical address on the occasion; but there were several other old

women present, who spoke quite as much to the purpose, and understood themselves equally well. The chop-eater was so fatigued with the process of removal that she declined leaving her room until the following morning; so a mutton-chop, a pickle, a two-grain calomel pill, a pint-bottle of stout, and other medicines, were carried up stairs for her consumption.

"Why, what do you think, ma'am?" inquired the inquisitive Agnes of her mistress, after they had been in the house some three hours; "what do you think, ma'am? the lady of the house is married."

"Married!" said Mrs. Bloss, taking a draught of Guinness,—*"married! Impossible!"*

"She is indeed, ma'am," returned the Columbine; "and her husband, ma'am, lives—he—he—he—lives in the kitchen, ma'am."

"In the kitchen?"

"Yes, ma'am; and he—he—he—the housemaid says, he never goes into the parlour except on Sundays; and that Mrs. Tibbs makes him clean the gentlemen's boots; and that he cleans the windows, too, sometimes, and that one morning early, when he was on the front balcony cleaning the drawing-room windows, he called out to a gentleman on the opposite side of the way, who used to live here—Ah! Mr. Calton, sir, how are you?"

Here the attendant laughed till Mrs. Bloss was in serious apprehension of her chuckling herself into a fit.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Bloss.

"Yes, and please, ma'am, the servants give him gin-and-water sometimes; and then he cries, and says he hates his wife and the boarders, and wants to tickle them."

"Tickle the boarders!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloss, seriously alarmed.

"No, ma'am, not the boarders, the servants."

"Oh, is that all!" said Mrs. Bloss, quite satisfied.

"He wanted to kiss me as I came up the kitchen stairs, just now," said Agnes indignantly; but I gave it him—a little wretch!"

This intelligence was but too true. A long course of snubbing and neglect; his days spent in the kitchen and his nights in the turn-up-bedstead; had completely broken the little spirit that the unfortunate volunteer had ever possessed. He had no one to whom he could detail his injuries but the servants, and they were almost of necessity his chosen confidants. It is no less strange than true, however, that the little weakness which he had incurred, most probably, during his military career, seemed to increase as his comforts diminished. He was actually a sort of journeyman Giovanni in the basement story.

The next morning, being Sunday, breakfast was laid in the front parlour at ten o'clock. Nine was the usual time, but the family always breakfasted an hour later on the Sabbath. Tibbs enrobed himself in his Sunday costume—a black coat, and exceedingly short thin trowsers, with a very large white waistcoat, white stockings and cravat, and Elucher boots—and mounted to the parlour aforesaid. Nobody had come down, and he amused himself by drinking the contents of the milk-pot with a tea-spoon.

A pair of slippers were heard descending the stairs; Tibbs flew to a chair, and a stern-looking man of about fifty, with very little hair on his head, and "*The Examiner*" in his hand, entered the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Evenson," said Tibbs, very humbly, with something between a nod and a bow.

"How do you, Mr. Tibbs?" replied he of the slippers, as he sat himself down, and began to read his paper without saying another word.

"Is Mr. Wisbottle in town to-day do you know, sir?" inquired Tibbs, just for the sake of saying something.

"I should think he was," replied the stern gentleman. "He was whistling the '*Light Guit*' in the next room to mine, at five o'clock this morning."

"He's very fond of whistling," said Tibbs, with a slight smirk.

"Yes—I an't," was the laconic reply.

Mr. John Evenson was in the receipt of an independent income, arising chiefly from various houses he owned in the different suburbs. He was very morose and discontented. He was a thorough radical, and used to attend a great variety of public meetings for the express purpose of finding fault with every thing that was proposed. Mr. Wisbottle, on the other hand, was a high Tory. He was a clerk in the Woods and Forests' office, which he considered rather an aristocratic employment; he knew the peerage by heart, and could tell you off hand where any illustrious personage lived. He had a good set of teeth, and a capital tailor. Mr. Evenson looked on all these qualifications with proud contempt; and the consequence was that the two were always disputing, much to the edification of the rest of the house. It should be added, that, in addition to his partiality for whistling, Mr. Wisbottle had a great idea of his singing powers. There were two other boarders besides the gentleman in the back drawing-room—Mr. Alfred Tomkins and Mr. Frederick O'Beary. Mr. Tomkins was a clerk in a wine house; he was a connoisseur in paintings, and had a wonderful eye for the picturesque. Mr. O'Beary was an Irishman recently imported; he was in a perfectly wild state, and had come over to England to be an apothecary, a clerk in a government office, an actor, a reporter, or any thing else that turned up—he was not particular. He was on familiar terms with two small Irish members, and got franks for every body in the house. Like all Irishmen when they first come to England, he felt convinced that his intrinsic merits must procure him a high destiny. He wore shepherds' plaid inexpressibles, and used to look under all the ladies' bonnets as he walked along the streets. His manners and appearance always forcibly reminded one of Orson.

"Here comes Mr. Wisbottle," said Tibbs; and Mr. Wisbottle forthwith appeared in blue slippers and a shawl dressing-gown, whistling "*Di piacer*."

"Good morning, sir," said Tibbs again. It was about the only thing he ever said to any body.

"How are you, Tibbs?" condescendingly replied the amateur; and he walked to the window and whistled louder than ever.

"Pretty air that!" said Evenson with a snarl, and without taking his eyes off the paper.

"Glad you like it," replied Wisbottle highly gratified.

"Don't you think it would sound better if you whistled it a little louder?" inquired the mastiff.

"No; I don't think it would," rejoined the unconscious Wisbottle.

"I'll tell you what, Wisbottle," said Evenson, who had been bottling up his anger for some hours, "the next time you feel disposed to whistle the 'Light Guitar' at five o'clock in the morning, I'll trouble you to whistle it with your head out o' window. If you don't, I'll learn the triangle—I will by!"

The entrance of Mrs. Tibbs (with the keys in a little basket) interrupted the threat, and prevented its conclusion.

Mrs. Tibbs apologized for being down rather late; the bell was rung; James brought up the urn, and received an unlimited order for dry toast and bacon.—Tibbs sat himself down at the bottom of the table and began eating water crosses like a second Nebuchadnezzar. Mr. O'Beary appeared and Mr. Alfred Tomkins. The compliments of the morning were exchanged, and the tea was made.

As we had occasion in a former paper to describe a dinner at Mrs. Tibbs's, and as one meal went off very like another on all ordinary occasions, we will not fatigue our readers by entering into any other detailed account of the domestic economy of the establishment.

We will, therefore, proceed to events, merely promising that the mysterious tenant of the back drawing-room was a lazy, selfish, hypochondriac; always complaining and never ill. As his character in many respects closely assimilated to that of Mrs. Bloss, a very warm friendship soon sprung up between them. He was tall, thin, and pale; he always fancied he had got a severe pain somewhere or other, and his face invariably wore a pinched, screwed-up expression; he looked like a man who had got his feet in a tub of exceedingly hot water against his will.

For two or three months after Mrs. Bloss's first appearance in Coram-street, John Evenson was observed to become every day more sarcastic and more ill-natured, and there was a degree of additional importance in his manner, which clearly showed that he fancied he had discovered something, which he only wanted proper opportunity of divulging. He found it at last.

One evening, the different inmates of the house were assembled in the drawing-room engaged in their ordinary occupations. Mr. Gobler and Mrs. Bloss were sitting at a small card-table near the centre window, playing cribbage; Mr. Wisbottle was describing semi-circles on the music stool, turning over the leaves of a book on the piano, and humming most melodiously; Alfred Tomkins was sitting at the round table with his elbows duly squared, making a pencil sketch of a head considerably larger than his own; O'Beary was reading Horace, and trying to look as if he understood it; and John Evenson had drawn his chair close to Mrs. Tibbs's work-table, and was talking to her very earnestly in a low tone.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Tibbs," said the radical, laying his fore-finger on the muslin she was at work on; "I can assure you, Mrs. Tibbs, that nothing but the interest I take in your welfare would induce me to make this communication. I repeat that I fear Wisbottle is trying to gain the affections of that young woman Agnes, and that he is in the habit of meeting her in the store-room on the first floor, over the leads. From my bed-room I distinctly heard voices there last night. I opened my door immediately and crept very softly on to the landing; there I saw Mr. Tibbs, who, it seems, had been disturbed also.—Bless me, Mrs. Tibbs, you change colour."

"No, no,—it's nothing," returned Mrs. T. in a hurried manner; it's only the heat of the room."

"A flush!" ejaculated Mrs. Bloss from the card-table; "that's good for four."

"If I thought it was Mr. Wisbottle," said Mrs. Tibbs, after a pause, "he should leave this house instantly."

"Go!" said Mrs. Bloss again.

"And if I thought," continued the hostess with a most threatening air, "if I thought he was assisted by Mr. Tibbs—"

"One for his nob!" said Gobler.

"Oh," said Evenson, in a most soothing tone;—he always liked to make mischief—"I should hope Mr. Tibbs was not in any way implicated. He always appeared to me very harmless."

"I have generally found him so," sobbed Mrs. Tibbs, crying like a watering pot in full play.

"Hush! hush! pray—Mrs. Tibbs—consider;—we shall be observed—pray, don't," said John Evenson, fearing his whole plan should be interrupted. "We will set the matter at rest with the utmost care, and I shall be most happy to assist you in doing so."

Mrs. Tibbs murmured her thanks.

"When you think every one has retired to rest to-night," said Evenson, very pompously, "if you will meet me without a light, just outside my bed-room door, by the staircase window, I think we can ascertain who the parties really are, and you will afterwards be enabled to proceed as you think proper."

Mrs. Tibbs was easily persuaded; her curiosity was excited, her jealousy was roused, and the arrangement was forthwith made. She resumed her work, and John Evenson walked up and down the room with his hands in his pockets, looking as if nothing had happened. The game of cribbage was over, and conversation began again.

"Well, Mr. O'Beary," said the humming-top, turning round on his pivot, and facing the company, "what did you think of Vauxhall the other night?"

"Oh, it's very fair," replied Orson, who had been enthusiastically delighted with the whole exhibition.

"Never saw any thing like that Captain Ross's set-out—eh?"

"No," returned the patriot with his usual reservation—"except in Dublin."

"I saw the Count de Canky and Captain Fitzhompson in the Gardens," said Wisbottle; "they appeared much delighted."

"Then it must be beautiful!" snarled Evenson.

"I think the white bears is particulerly well done," suggested Mrs. Bloss. "In their shaggy white coats they look just like Polar bears—don't you think they do, Mr. Evenson?"

"I think they look a great deal more like omnibus cads on all fours," replied the discontented one.

"Upon the whole, I should have liked our evening very well," gasped Gobler; "only I caught a desperate cold which increased my pain dreadfully; I was obliged to have several shower baths before I could leave my room."

"Capital things those shower baths!" ejaculated Wisbottle.

"Excellent!" said Tomkins.

"Delightful!" chimed in O'Beary. (He had seen one once, outside a tinman's.)

"Disgusting machines!" rejoined Evenson, who extended his dislike to almost every created object—masculine, feminine, or neuter.

"Disgusting, Mr. Evenson!" said Gobler in a tone of strong indignation. "Disgusting! Look at their utility—consider how many lives they've saved by promoting perspiration."

"Promoting perspiration, indeed," growled John Evenson, stopping short in his walk across the large squares in the pattern of the carpet; "I was ass enough to be persuaded some time ago to have one in my bed room. 'Gad, I was in it once, and it effectually cured me certainly, for the mere sight of it threw me into a profuse perspiration for six months afterwards."

A general titter followed this announcement, and before it had subsided, James brought up the tray, containing the remains of a leg of lamb which had made its debut at dinner; bread, cheese; an atom of butter in a forest of parsley, one pickled walnut and the third of another, and so forth. The boy disappeared, and returned again with another tray, containing glasses and jugs of hot and cold water. The gentlemen brought in their spirit bottles; the housemaid placed divers brass bedroom candlesticks under the card-table, and the servants retired for the night.

Chairs were drawn round the table, and the conversation proceeded in the customary manner. John Evenson, who never ate supper, lolled on the sofa, and amused himself by contradicting every body. O'Beary eat as much as he could conveniently carry, and Mrs. Tibbs felt a due degree of indignation thereat; Mr. Gobler and Mrs. Bloss conversed most affectionately on the subject of pill-taking and other innocent amusements; and Tomkins and Wisbottle "got into an argument;" that is to say, they both talked very loudly and very vehemently, each flattering himself that he had got some advantage about something, and neither of them having more than a very indistinct idea of what they were talking about. An hour or two passed away; and the boarders and the brass candlesticks re-

tired in pairs to their respective bed-rooms. John Evenson pulled off his boots, locked his door, and determined to sit up till Mr. Gobler had retired. He always sat in the drawing-room about an hour after every body else had left it, taking medicine, and groaning.

Great Coram-street was hushed into a state of the most profound repose; it was nearly two o'clock. A hackney coach now and then rumbled slowly by; and occasionally some stray lawyer's clerk on his way home to Somers Town struck his iron-heel on the top of the coal-cellar with a noise resembling the click of a smoke jack. A low, monotonous, gushing sound was heard, which added considerably to the romantic dreariness of the scene. It was the water "coming in" at No. 11.

"He must be asleep by this time," said John Evenson to himself, after waiting with exemplary patience for nearly an hour after Mr. Gobler had left the drawing-room. He listened for a few moments; the house was perfectly quiet; he extinguished his rushlight and opened his bed-room door. The staircase was so dark that it was impossible to see any thing.

"S—s—fit!" whispered the mischief-maker, making a noise like the first indication a catherine wheel gives of the probability of its going off.

"Hush!" whispered somebody else.

"Is that you, Mrs. Tibbs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Here;" and the misty outline of Mrs. Tibbs appeared at the staircase-window, like the ghost of Queen Anne in the tent-scene in Richard.

"This way, Mrs. Tibbs;" whispered the delighted busy-body: "give me your hand—there. Whoever these people are, they are in the store-room now, for I have been looking down from my window, and I could see that they accidentally upset their candlestick, and are now in darkness. You have no shoes on, have you?"

"No," said little Mrs. Tibbs, who could hardly speak for trembling.

"Well; I have taken my boots off, so we can go down close to the store room door and listen over the bannisters," continued Evenson; and down stairs they both crept accordingly, every board creaking like a patent mangle on a Saturday afternoon.

"It's Wisbottle and somebody I'll swear," exclaimed the radical in an energetic whisper, when they had listened for a few moments.

"Hush—pray let's hear what they say," exclaimed Mrs. Tibbs, the gratification of whose curiosity was now paramount to every consideration.

"Ah! if I could but believe you," said a female voice coquettishly, "I'd be bound to settle my missis for life."

"What does she say?" inquired Mr. Evenson, who was not quite so well situated as his companion.

"She says she'll settle her missis's life," replied Mrs. Tibbs. "The wretch! they're plotting murder."

"I know you want money," continued the voice, which belonged to Agnes; "and if you'd secure me the five hundred pounds, I warrant she should take fire soon enough."

"What's that?" inquired Evenson again. He could just hear enough to want to hear more.

"I think she says she'll set the house on fire," replied the affrighted Mrs. Tibbs. "Thank God I'm insured in the Phoenix!"

"The moment I have secured your mistress, my dear," said a man's voice in a strong Irish brogue, "you may depend on having the money."

"Bless my soul, it's Mr. O'Beary!" exclaimed Mrs. Tibbs in a parenthesis.

"The villain!" said the indignant Mr. Evenson.

"The first thing to be done," continued the Hibernian, "is to poison Mr. Gobler's mind."

"Oh, certainly!" returned Agnes, with the utmost coolness.

"What's that?" inquired Evenson again, in an agony of curiosity and a whisper.

"He says she's to mind and poison Mr. Gobler," replied Mrs. Tibbs, perfectly aghast at this awful sacrifice of human life.

"And in regard to Mrs. Tibbs," continued O'Beary. —Mrs. Tibbs shuddered.

"Hush!" exclaimed Agnes, in a tone of the greatest alarm, just as Mrs. Tibbs was on the extreme verge of a fainting fit. "Hush!"

"Hush!" exclaimed Evenson, at the same moment to Mrs. Tibbs.

"There's somebody coming up stairs," said Agnes to O'Beary.

"There's somebody coming down stairs," whispered Evenson to Mrs. Tibbs.

"Go into the parlour, sir," said Agnes to her companion. "You'll get there before whoever it is gets to the top of the kitchen stairs."

"The drawing-room, Mrs. Tibbs!" whispered the astonished Evenson to his equally astonished companion; and for the drawing-room they both made, plainly hearing the rustling of two persons coming down stairs, and one coming up.

"What can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Tibbs. "It's like a dream. I wouldn't be found in this situation for the world."

"Nor I," returned Evenson, who could never bear a joke at his own expense. "Hush! here they are at the door."

"What fun?" whispered one of the new comers.—It was Wisbottle.

"Glorious!" replied his companion in an equally low tone. This was Alfred Tomkins. "Who would have thought it?"

"I told you so," said Wisbottle in a most knowing whisper. "Lord bless, you, he has paid her most extraordinary attention for the last two months. I saw 'em when I was sitting at the piano to-night."

"Well, do you know I didn't notice it?" interrupted Tomkins.

"Not, notice it?" continued Wisbottle. "Bless you: I saw him whispering to her, and she crying; and then I'll swear I heard him say something about to-night when we were all in bed."

"They're talking of us," exclaimed the agonized Mrs. Tibbs, as the painful suspicion, and a sense of their situation flashed upon her mind.

"I know it—I know it," replied Evenson, with a melancholy consciousness that there was no mode of escape.

"What's to be done—we cannot but stop here," ejaculated Mrs. Tibbs in a state of partial derangement.

"I'll get up the chimney," replied Evenson, who really meant what he said.

"You can't," said Mrs. Tibbs in despair. "You can't—it's a register stove."

"Hush!" repeated John Evenson.

"Hush—hush!" cried somebody down stairs.

"What a d—d busting!" said Alfred Tomkins, who began to get rather bewildered.

"There they are!" exclaimed the sapient Wisbottle, as a rustling noise was heard in the store-room.

"Hark!" whispered both the young men.

"Hark!" repeated Mrs. Tibbs and Evenson.

"Let me alone, sir," said a female voice in the store room.

"What's that?" exclaimed Tibbs with a start.

"What's what?" said Agnes, stopping short.

"Why, that!"

"Ah! you have done it nicely now, sir," sobbed the frightened Agnes, as a tapping was heard at Mrs. Tibbs' bed-room door, which would have beat any twelve woodpeckers hollow.

"Mrs. Tibbs! Mrs. Tibbs!" called out Mrs. Bloss. "Mrs. Tibbs, pray get up." (Here the imitation of a woodpecker was resumed with tenfold violence.)

"O dear—dear!" exclaimed the wretched partner of the depraved Tibbs. "She's knocking at my door. We must be discovered. What will they think?"

"Mrs. Tibbs! Mrs. Tibbs!" screamed the woodpecker again.

"What's the matter?" shouted Gobler bursting out of the back drawing-room, like the dragon at Astley's—only without the portable gas in his countenance.

"Oh, Mr. Gobler!" cried Mrs. Bloss, with a proper approximation to hysterics; "I think the house is on fire, or else there's thieves in it. I have heard the most dreadful noises."

"The devil you have!" shouted Gobler again, bouncing back into his den, in happy imitation of the aforesaid dragon, and returning immediately with a lighted candle. "Why, what's this? Wisbottle! Tomkins! O'Beary! Agnes! What the deuce, all up and dressed?"

"Astomishing!" said Mrs. Bloss, who had run down stairs, and taken Mr. Gobler's arm.

"Call Mrs. Tibbs, directly, somebody," said Gobler, turning into the front drawing-room. "What! Mrs. Tibbs and Mr. Evenson!"

"Mrs. Tibbs and Mr. Evenson!" repeated every body, as that unhappy pair were discovered, Mrs. Tibbs seated in an arm-chair by the fire-place, and Mr. Evenson standing by her side.

We must leave the scene that ensued to the reader's imagination. We could tell how Mrs. Tibbs forthwith fainted away, and how it required the united strength of Mr. Wisbottle and Mr. Alfred Tomkins to hold her in her chair; how Mr. Evenson explained, and how his explanation was evidently disbelieved,—how Agnes repelled the accusations of Mrs. Tibbs, by proving that she was negotiating with Mr. O'Beary to influence her mistress's affections in his behalf; and how Mr. Gobler threw a damp counterpane on the hopes of Mr. O'Beary, by avowing that he (Gobler) had already proposed to, and been accepted by, Mrs. Bloss;—how Agnes was discharged from that lady's service; how Mr. O'Beary discharged himself from Mrs. Tibbs' house, without going through the form of previously discharging his bill; and how that disappointed young gentleman rails against England and the English, and vows there is no virtue or fine feeling extant, "except in Ireland." We repeat that we *could* tell this, but we love to exercise our self-denial, and we therefore prefer leaving it to be imagined.

The lady whom we have hitherto described as Mrs. Bloss, is no more. Mrs. Gobler exists: Mrs. Bloss has left us for ever. In a secluded retreat in Newington Butts, far—far removed from the noisy strife of that great boarding-house the world, the enviable Gobler, and his pleasing wife, revel in retreatment; happy in their complaints, their table, and their medicine; wafled through life by the grateful prayers of all the purveyors of animal food within three miles round.

We would willingly stop here, but we have a painful duty imposed upon us, which we must discharge. Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs have separated by mutual consent, Mrs. Tibbs receiving one moiety of the £43 15s. 4d. which we before stated to be the amount of her husband's annual income, and Mr. Tibbs the other. He is spending the evening of his days in retirement, and he is spending also annually that small but honourable independence. He resides among the original settlers at Walmorth, and it has been stated, on unquestionable authority, that the conclusion of the volunteer story has been heard in a small tavern in that respectable neighbourhood.

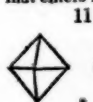
The unfortunate Mrs. Tibbs has determined to dispose of the whole of her furniture by public auction, and to retire from a residence in which she has suffer-

ed so much. Mr. Robins has been applied to to conduct the sale, and the transcendent abilities of the literary gentlemen connected with this establishment, are now devoted to drawing up the preliminary advertisement. It is to contain, among a variety of brilliant matter, seventy-eight words in large capitals, and six original quotations in inverted commas.

We fear Mrs. Tibbs' determination is irrevocable.—Should she, however, be induced to rescind it, we may become once again her faithful biographer. Boz.

MINERALOGY.

THE species called Spinel, or Balass Ruby, is prized for its very rich crimson tint, which is attributed to a small quantity of the oxide of a metal called Chrome, that enters into its composition. The form of the Spinel crystals is the octahedron (Fig. 11.)



one of the five regular or platonic solids; these are found loose in the sand of Ceylon, with crystals of Sapphire, Chrysoberyl, Topaz, and Zircon. From the latter mineral

the earth ZIRCONIA was named, being first discovered as the principal constituent of the little crystals of Zircon (Fig. 12;) they are so called by the Cingalese: the word signifying, in that language, four-cornered. This is the heaviest of all earthy minerals, but not quite so hard as Spinel.—It is a curious



fact, that the metal, Chrome, which tinges the Ruby with crimson, is the cause of the beautiful green of the Emerald. And, surely, the Emerald is, after all, the most lovely of the precious stones! The eye, after roving from the Diamond to the Ruby, the Sapphire, the Amethyst, and the Topaz, fatigued by excess of brilliancy and variety of colours, rests with delight on its refreshing green—Nature's favourite tint.

TOMBS AT THEBES.

THE ancient Egyptians, from the monarch to the subject, believed that their souls, after many thousand years, would come to re-inhabit their bodies, in case these latter were preserved entire. Hence arose the embalming, and the situation of the sepulchres, in places not subject to the inundation of the river. These tombs at Thebes consist of sepulchral grottoes, made in the side of a hill, from its base to within three quarters of its summit. The lowest are the best executed, and the most spacious. The plan of all is nearly the same. A door, open to the east, leads to a gallery, supported by columns or pilasters. At the end is a wall, which leads to the catacombs, where the mummies were deposited. These walls, from forty to sixty feet deep, abut upon long subterranean alleys, terminating in a square room, supported by pillars, in which are still remains of mummies. In the upper galleries are bas-reliefs, or paintings on the subjects relating to the funeral ceremonies; and every grotto had a ceiling painted in a fanciful manner, much resembling our paper for rooms. The tombs of the kings are particularly noticeable. The ancient road to them has not been found. Every grotto communicated with the valley by a large door. This leads into a succession of galleries, with chambers on both sides. One of these contains the actual sarcophagus, in which was placed the mummy of a king. It retains its cover, upon which is the royal effigy. They exhibit all the arts of civilization which obtained in Egypt, such as relate to the manufacture and agriculture, saddlery, carriages, pottery, counters for trade, rural employment, hunting, fishing, marches of troops, punishments in use, musical instru-

ments, habits and furniture. But there also prevails a great bizarrery of subjects, from which the Romans borrowed the grotesque, so commonly found in the pictures of Herculaneum.

SENTENCES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FELHAM," "EUGENE ARAM," ETC.

I.

"No hostility between nations affects the Arts."—So said the old maxim—but it has rarely been found a truism. They who feel it, feel also the virtue which dictated the aphorism. Men whose object is to enlighten the notions or exalt the judgment—or—(the least ambition)—to refine the tastes of others—men who feel that this object is dearer to them than a petty and vain ambition—feel also, that all who labour in the same cause, are united with them in a friendship which exists in one climate as in another—in a republic or in a despotism—these are the best cosmopolites—the truest citizens of the world.

II.

It is a sight of gratification and pride to behold a labourer in the vineyard of letters, escaping from the envy—the jealousy—the rivalry—the leaven of all uncharitableness—with which literary intercourse is so often polluted. The writers of England have been tardy in their justice not only to the progress, circumstances, and customs of America, but to her intellectual offspring; and the time is not remote—may, has already dawned—when, in this regard, the Spirit of Change wields his wand, and finds obedience to his prerogatives.

III.

An author, who has a just confidence in his attainments and powers, who knows that his mind is impishable, and capable of making daily additions to its own strength—is always more desirous of seeing the censures, (if not mere abuse,) than the praises of those who aspire to judge him; and any suggestions or admonitions thus bestowed, are seldom disregarded. But if he is to profit by criticism, the *motive* must be known to him. It is by no means natural to take the advice of an enemy. When the critic enters his department of literature, in the false guise of urbanity and candour, merely to conceal an incapable and huckstering soul—he only awakens for himself the irrevocable contempt of the very mind that he would gall or subdue;—since that mind, under such circumstances invariably rises *above* its detractor, and leaves him exposed in the same creaking gibbet that he had prepared for the object of his fear or his envy. Seldom, indeed, is it, that injustice fails to be seen through, or that the policy of interested condemnation escapes undetected. They first produce the excitements, then furnish the triumphs, of Genius.

IV.

There is a charm in writing for the pure and intelligent Young, worth all the plaudits of sinister or hypocritical wisdom. At a certain age, and while the writings that please have a gloss of novelty about them, hiding the blemishes that may afterwards be discovered as their characteristics—then it is, that the young convert their approbation into glowing enthusiasm. An author benefits in a wide and most pleasing range of public opinion, by this natural and common disposition in the young; and the only cloud ever thrown athwart the rays of pleasure, thus saluting his spirit, is flung from the thought that they who are thus moved by the movings of his own mind, may come in a few years to look upon his pages with hearts less ardent in their sympathies, and with altered eyes, that have acquired additional keenness by looking longer upon the world.

From the *Trojan* for 1886.

FORT MYSTICK.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—
 And in the flood of fire that scath'd the glade—
 The roofs went down. How deep the silence grew,
 When on the dewy woods, the day-beam play'd;
 No more the cabin smokes rose wreath'd and blue,
 And ever by their lake, lay moor'd the light canoe."—*Dryand.*

The infancy of Connecticut was replete with peril. The dangers that surrounded its cradle were sufficient to have extinguished any common germ of colonial existence.

The pilgrim fathers at Plymouth possessed some advantages over the other settlers of New England. They held the right of primogeniture, a prescriptive claim to the regard of posterity. They came first to its solitary shores. They first breathed amid its unbroken forests, the name of Jehovah. Their footsteps have been traced with somewhat of the same enthusiasm with which we follow the voyage of Columbus, the world-finder. There was a severe and simple majesty in their attitude, which history has preserved, and mankind venerated. Their privations have been recorded and remembered. If they have not monopolized our sympathies, they have concentrated them. They have made the rock of Plymouth a Mecca to the patriot pilgrim. And it is right that it should be so.

Still it is questionable whether their sufferings surpassed, or even equalled, those of the little band, who, in the year 1635, took leave of their friends in the Massachusetts, and came, as pioneers, to the banks of the Connecticut. A trackless wilderness lay before them. The compass and the stars of heaven were their guides. Mountains, and thickets, and morasses, and unfordable streams, were among the obstacles of their path. The shortening days of autumn interrupted their progress, and for the chill and dreary nights, they had neither shelter, nor bed, save the forest and the earth.

Among the sharers of this adventurous expedition, were delicate women, accustomed to affluence in the softer British clime; and young infants, who must have perished, had it been possible for the heart of the mother ever to grow cold. The season was inauspicious, and marked by violent storms. So protracted had been their journey, that ere they could make preparations for safety and comfort, winter coming before his time, surprized them. The river, toward which they had looked, as the eye of the dying prophet explored the far summits of Canaan, presented a broad surface of ice. It is recorded as almost an unparalleled circumstance, that it was that year frozen entirely over on the fifteenth of November.

There was no welcome from nature, to the toil-worn strangers. The trees were leafless and silent. The birds had migrated, and the provident animals had hidden themselves from winter's frown. The snow came deep and drifted, and the winds swept through their insufficient habitations. The vessels which contained their provisions, and articles for household comfort, were wrecked in a tempest: and the sufferings of famine were added to the other hardships of new colonists.

The red men of the forest were then numerous and powerful. They looked with pity on the pale and perishing race. While they were feeding upon acorns, they brought them corn, and covered them with the skins of the beaver, from the terrible cold. They discovered, and lent them aid in their perils through the wilderness. They took the sick and feeble in

their arms, and bore them through swamps and rivers. "They made of their bodies, bridges and boats unto our people," said a historian, in the quaint dialect of the day.

But where now, are the vestiges of that race, whose friendship preserved our ancestors? They, who to the number of twenty thousand, spread themselves by the fair streams, and along the sea coast of Connecticut, *where are they?* Is a single one of their arbour-like dwellings to be found? Does a solitary canoe, break the surface of any of our streams? And is there one heart to remember those who gave bread to our fathers, when they were ready to perish; one hand to repay the deed of gratitude to their wandering and degraded children?

The scene of our tale is laid in Hartford, in the year 1637. A year had scarcely elapsed, since the arrival of the first settlers in Connecticut, when the clergymen, Hooker and Stone, with their congregation, poured their whole souls into a new enterprize. The same intervening wilderness was to be traversed; but they wisely selected the season of summer for that labour.

Hooker, to whose learning and eloquence, the noble and the pious, in his own native land, had borne high testimony, took part in every hardship, with the most cheerful courage. Sometimes bowing his shoulder to the litter in which his sickly wife was carried; then raising in his arms some child of the party, whose little weary feet lingered behind; then comforting the faint-hearted, and again, with inspiring smile, recounting the joy of Jarmel, drawing near the promised land; until his flock fancied, that in their own path, was the same guiding "pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night."

A fortnight was spent in their journey; and like their predecessors, they slept without shelter. Yet their faith, continually sustained by the zeal and patience of their guides, communicated vigour to their bodies, and they endured without murmuring. The forest through which they passed, and whose echoes had hitherto replied only to the wolf, or the panther, or the hunter's cry, became familiar with other sounds. For as the Christians proceeded,

"They shook the depths of the forest-gloom,
 With their hymns of lofty cheer."

Not a year had transpired since their choice of locality on the banks of the beautiful river, which was to give name to a state. May morning smiled on them, for the first time in their new abode. Green and delightful verdure quickened beneath their feet, and nature seemed anxious to efface the memory of winter's unkindness. But deep care was on the brow of those who watched over the welfare of the young colony. The fathers of Connecticut met on that first day of May in solemn council. A delegation from the senior settlements of Windsor and Wethersfield, were convened with the magistrates of Hartford, on affairs of high import.

The Pequots, a fierce and powerful native tribe, had discovered a spirit of aggression. Inroads upon property, and destruction of life, were charged against them. The expediency of a war was immediately decided upon; the number of soldiers determined, and preparations commenced without delay. To meet these requisitions, every family contracted the sinews of its strength, or put in jeopardy the springs of its existence.

It was on Wednesday the tenth of May, that ninety soldiers, with military equipments, stood on the banks of the Connecticut. True and faithful to their need, their red browed allies were ranged by their side.

The Mohegan king, with seventy warriors, waited the signal of his pilgrim friends.

It was an hour of stirring emotion. None spoke, or moved. It was felt that but one man could break that silence, and that his words must be to God. Hooker came forward. At his right hand were his brethren, his flock, who had crossed with him a tempestuous ocean; exiles from the land of their fathers. Which of these should return no more? Who should fall in blood, and see his home no more? Mingled with these, was a more helpless group; the wife, the mother, the sister, and the babe. They had come down to the waters for their parting.

The holy man felt that he "bare their griefs, and carried their sorrows," as he came forth into the midst. His prayer was to the God of battles, the "God of the spirits of all flesh;" and it lifted up the souls of those who were to go, and of those who remained behind, till there seemed to them, neither danger, nor sorrow, in this brief world, worthy to appal, or to bring them low.

The voice of supplication ceased. There was a brief pause. Then stretching forth his arms, he blessed the people, in the name of the God of the armies of Israel. In that high faith they parted. Tender ones restrained the tear, lest it might weaken the heart of some loved protector. Children imitated the dignity of their parents.

The barks received their freight. The sails were unfurled. One man lingered yet a moment behind the rest. It was the Reverend Mr. Stone, the chaplain of the expedition. He staid to press the hand of his colleague in the church, and his friend in the gospel. "Go forth," said Hooker, "blessed and holy brother, bearing the armour of the gospel. Be as the dove to the ark that rode the deluge. When the waters of strife are abated, give heed to pluck the *first leaf of olive*, for so it cometh a servant of the Prince of peace."

The little fleet moved slowly and gracefully from the shore. The fair river sparkled in the sunbeam, and gave back the tint of the deep blue sky. The foliage upon its banks was of surpassing beauty. The towering oak lifted its unshorn head, and the elm spread its umbrageous arms in rival majesty. Amid the interstices of the forest, the sassafras and dogwood thrust forth their pale flowers; the wild cherry hung out its feathery banner, and the fragrant breath of the indigenous apple-blossom was detected in every breeze. Animal life, in its unresting forms of pursuit, or enjoyment, roved amid the luxuriant vegetation. The squirrel threw itself from bough to bough, as if ambitious to belong to the winged tenantry; the fox ventured fearlessly from his covert, and the otter from some sloping declivity, plunged suddenly into the deep waters, and quickly emerging, resumed his amphibious pastime. The thrush poured forth from her newly built habitation, wild strains of the richest melody; the azure plumage of the jay, gleamed in strong contrast with the sombre tint of the blackbird, whose keen eye was ever searching for some planted maize field; the partridge rose up heavily on the whirring wing; the shy quail sent forth her clear, shrill whistle, and throngs of pigeons darkened the bending branches.

"This is truly a land," said Mason, the commander of the expedition, "for which a warrior might be willing to fight."

"God hath given us a goodly heritage," replied the chaplain. "Would it were his will that we might keep it for our sons, without this shedding of blood."

And there they stood together, on the prow of the leading vessel; the bold, strong man, who had made war his trade, when the banner of England was borne high in the battles of the Netherlands; and the meek, yet unswerving servant of the cross, who deemed war as among the judgments of the Almighty. They seemed not inaptly to personify their different professions; like Gerizzim and Ebal, amid the mountains of Israel; one, announcing the blessings of Jehovah, the other, keeping in charge the penal thunders of his law.

As twilight drew her curtain, the banks between which they glided became bold and steep. Rude rocks reared their castellated summits, till their frowning shadows mingled on the bosom of the tide. The river became compressed, and rushed on complainingly, like an unsubdued spirit, when first chastened by adversity. It seemed faintly to imitate the majesty with which the more imposing Hudson wins the pass of the Highlands, and then expanded in freedom and beauty to embellish the romantic scenery, where Middleton was to choose her seat.

Yet the Connecticut gave but a tardy passage to her first naval armament. On the third day of the voyage, the Indian king demanded to be put on board of the vessel of the commander.

"Chief of the white men," said he, "my warriors are uneasy. They say your tall white winged birds, tread not the waters so well, as their own light canoes. They see the salmon leap up, and there is none to take it. They see the horns of the deer glancing through the forest, and their bows are hot in their hands."

"The waters and the winds are in the hands of the Great Spirit," replied Mason. "They obey him and not us. King of the red men, what shall be done, to satisfy your people?"

"Put our feet upon the green earth. Let these great water birds go on without us. We will meet you at your foot, where the river weds the sea."

The Indians, according to their request, were set on shore. They were seen pressing through the closest thickets, and ascending the steepest rocks, with fleet foot and unbending form. In a few minutes they disappeared amid the deep green of the forest. But their shouts of wild delight were longer heard, as they traversed their native soil, inhaling with free spirit, the pure, elastic atmosphere.

Five days these three vessels toiled on their tedious voyage. Unskilled in the navigation of the river, the mariners repeatedly ran aground, or laboriously ploughed their way in the teeth of opposing winds. Before their eyes was no vision of that stupendous power, which was to arise, binding both blasts and billows in strange obedience. The plodding and patient people of that age, were cheered by no pageant of steam-propelled palace, instinct, as it were, with a living soul, and treading down, in the pride of its own strength, all elemental opposition. They would not have believed, that on the very tide they buffeted so wearily, an agent should come forth, resistless as the planet in its orb, yet not formed by Him who made the mountain and the cataract, but fashioned in the weakness of human hands. They would have marvelled at the assertion, that the mightiest effort of man, since he became lord of this lower world, was not to rear the wall of China, or to erect the cathedral at Rome; but to render the potent and tremendous power of steam, the vassal of his will; to "play with him as with a bird, and to bind him for his maidens."

The arrival of the fleet at the fort of Saybrook, was an occurrence of no slight moment. The tossing pinnaces were moored, and the slender junction of the marine and land forces effected, where the Connecticut with her dower of mountain rills, and hoarded streamlets, meets her imperious lord, and loses her sky-born tint, and her own identity, in his fathomless wave.

The welcome of Captain Underhill, with his garrison of twenty men, notwithstanding the simplicity of the times, was not wholly devoid of "pomp and circumstance." A broad banner floated, and a rude flourish of martial music sounded from the shore, as the troops disembarked. The two commanders tendered each other the salutes which military courtesy prescribes.

"We can spread for you no field of the cloth of gold," said Underhill; "nor even bid you to a palace; notwithstanding we chance to be the highest representatives of England's sovereign majesty, in this corner of the New World."

"Yet our meeting," replied Mason, "involves higher consequences, than the boasted interview of Henry Eighth and Francis First. No point of kingly etiquette is here to be settled, but the life or death of the nation. Here, too, are truer friends, than are wont to wait upon royalty," pointing to the Mohegan allies, and cordially taking the hand of Uncas.

"Indian friendship," said the chaplain, "shows itself by deeds, more than words. It does not think first of its own safety, or stop to calculate expediency, when its object is in danger."

The hospitality of the fort was as ample as the resources which could be commanded in a primitive state of society. The game furnished by the Mohegan hunters, at their arrival, was an important and acceptable addition. In that stage of the colony, hospitality was not, like the careful sister of Bethany, "cumbered with much serving." Her aim was not to consult variety, or indulge cost, or to display competition; but simply to satisfy appetite. The climax of her ambition was to hear her guest say, *it is enough*.

During detention from a storm, the two commanders conversed freely on the plan of their projected expedition.

"The instructions of the court," said Mason, "are precise; to land at Pequot harbour, and proceed directly to the fort. But the moment our sails are discerned, we shall be watched with Indian vigilance, and the attempt to land, may cost the lives of half our men. After the embarkation is effected, we may be entrapped in some ambuscade, ignorant as we are of their country. So that it is possible for us to fall without a battle, leaving none to bear tidings of our fate. My advice is, therefore, to come upon them unawares, through the Narraganset country, and attack them by surprise."

"I am averse," said Underhill, "to depart from the injunctions of the honourable court. Neither do I like that resort to stratagem, which we blame so much in the Indians. Our men would dread a march through the wilderness. By detaining them longer from their homes, the agriculture on which their subsistence depends, must suffer. Perhaps, also their families, by this protracted absence, might be exposed to savage massacre."

"Delay," said Mason, "is a lighter evil than extermination. You will not, I trust, doubt my courage. Yet prudence is an essential ingredient of a well balanced courage. With all our devotion to our country we are not a match for twenty times our number. By passing through the territory of the king of the Narragansets, we may obtain his aid. Uncas, what is your counsel in this matter?"

The red browed chieftain had been a silent but deeply attentive listener. Now, though summoned to give his opinion, he answered reluctantly.

"Miantonimoh looks one way, and rows another.

"What does he mean?" said Mason.

"That the Narraganset king is double minded, and not to be trusted," replied Underhill.

"Uncas has somewhat of the wily policy of Ulysses," said Mason. "He fears to commit himself. In this case, he has probably some personal pique. His suffrage goes for nothing."

Neither commander was disposed to recede from his ground. Their officers were also divided in opinion. In this dilemma, they agreed to submit to the decision of their respected chaplain. In those days, veneration for the sacerdotal character, was held honourable by men of the highest rank, and inculcated as a radical principle of education. The pious man was fully aware of the importance of this arbitration. Perhaps he would willingly have avoided its responsibility. But his creed taught him not to shrink from duty. That night, no slumber visited his eyes. In deep solitude he viewed the contested point in all its bearings. He weighed every argument that had been adduced. He pondered their probable results. He spread the cause before Him who heareth prayer, and implored the guidance of his wisdom.

With the early light of morning, he communicated to the council his opinion in favour of the route through the Narraganset country. That day, the captains, Mason and Underhill, sailed, with their forces, for Narraganset Bay, leaving twenty men behind, for the defence of the colony. It was on Saturday, May twentieth, that they landed and marched to the plantation of the sachem Canonicus. From thence, they sent an embassy to Miantonimoh, asking permission to pass through his territory, and soliciting his confederacy against the common enemy. He came to meet them, with a large body of warriors. He was tall, and slightly made, and of a less commanding presence than the Mohegan king. The plan of thus assaulting the Pequots, surprised him by its boldness. But he maintained that unmoved manner and countenance, beneath which the pride of the Indian conceals all emotion. He received the confidence of the colonial commanders in silence, but requested an interview with Uncas.

"Does Mohegan go with the pale faces?" was his first question.

"The chain of our friendship is bright," replied Uncas. "One end of it is in the hand of the Great Spirit, and the other in the grave of my nation. Until she sleeps there, the chain must not rust or be broken."

"Sassacus can bring as many arrows, as the spring puts forth green leaves in the forest."

"We shall steal upon Sassacus, as the snake winds amid the sleeping grass. He shall see blood, ere he knows what hand hath drawn it."

"Sassacus hath a quick ear and a long arm. Twenty-six chiefs obey him. Whom he will, he slayeth. He is among them as a god." And a gleam of superstitious awe passed over the brow of Narraganset's king, at the thought of that fierce monarch, who struck terror into every foe.

"Miantonimoh, will you go with us? You are a brave man. If we can shake the Pequots from their strongholds, you may sit down upon the seacoast, and be as great as Sassacus."

This double appeal to ambition and cupidity, was not in vain. The king of the Narragansets paused, as if balancing the probabilities of profit and loss. He then suddenly exclaimed,

"But what are these English, for whom you are so ready to raise the tomahawk? Before the Pequot warriors, will they not be as old women?"

"Come, and see," was the laconic, and somewhat indignant reply.

"I will go with you," said Miantonimoh, proudly.

"Five hundred bows shall accompany me."

Ucas imparted the result of his negotiation to the commanders, who greatly rejoiced, and viewed it as a divine interposition in their favour. Leaving their vessels, they commenced their march through the wilderness. Tangled forests, thorny thickets, and protracted swamps of bent grass, which sometimes attained a height of three or four feet, opposed their progress. Added to these obstructions, were the oppressive warmth of the weather, and a scarcity of provisions. The new corn having been recently planted, and that of the previous year expended, they had scarcely a better substitute for bread, than the roots dug at random, in their march. A small quantity of parched corn, from their Indian friends, was esteemed a luxury.

Exhausted with their labours through this trackless country, they arrived, at the close of a sultry day, within two miles of Fort Mystick. There they made their simple encampment, in a valley between two hills. Even the rocky pillow was sweet to our wearied ancestors. Little did they imagine that they rested so near the spot, where Grotton Monument should arise, to tell the traveller of battle and carnage between the sons of the island of their birth, and the country of their adoption. Had their profound slumbers been visited by visions of this warfare between their children's children, would they not then have accounted it as the strife of the brothers of Eden, and mourned, like our first parent, when it was shown him by the archangel?

The sentinels, who were placed considerably in advance of the army, heard echoes of wild laughter, and savage mirth, breaking upon the stillness of midnight. They came from the fort, where the Pequot warriors held a festival, their last on earth, ominous as the revelry of the French, on the eve of the battle of Agincourt. At length, deep silence settled on the fortress of the red men. The moon came up clear in the heavens. Mason and Underhill roused their soldiers. They quickly arrayed themselves, and the chaplain in few and solemn words, commended them to God. They bore with them those deep, low tones, linking their hopes with the high name of the God of Israel, as they pursued their way, without whisper or sound, guarding even their lightest footfall. In the heart of every man, was a picture of his home, where wife, or children, or aged parents slumbered, whose helplessness he felt himself commissioned to defend. The valour that springs from such guardianship, is not like other valour. It imagines itself an image of his might, who protects a slumbering world, and believes that even its severity is holy.

They reached the hill which was crowned by the rude, yet formidable fortress. As they began to ascend, their allies, the Narragansets, were perceived hanging back, like a dark cloud around its base. Mason commanded them to advance. They still lingered.

"Is it perfidy or terror, that detains them?" he demanded of the Mohegan king.

"They fear Sassacus," he replied, calmly, "more than the spirit of evil. Miantonimoh's heart is now like water, at the sight of their fort."

"Give them orders not to fly," said Mason, "but to stand still and see how brave men fight."

He then divided the little band of seventy-seven soldiers between himself and Underhill, for the attack. So silent were their movements, that they stood under the very walls of the fort, without discovery. Just at that moment, a dog barked. Like the winged sentinel of Rome, he alarmed the beleaguered citadel, but could not save it.

Starting from the brief and deep sleep, which had succeeded their revel, the Indians evinced a lion-like courage. They rushed unarmed upon drawn swords; they grasped the bayonet in their hands; they wrested the weapons from their foes; they grappled with

desperate strength, and yielded only when they were cut in pieces. While blood was pouring in torrents, Mason gave the terrible order to burn the fort and the village that was sleeping beneath its wing. Columns of fire sprang up from seventy cone-like roofs; and so combustible were their materials, that only a few minutes elapsed, ere one broad sheet of flame, encompassed the horizon. The affrighted inmates, whose dream was broken by the smoke that suffocated them, rushed forth. Mothers with babes in their arms, and little ones shrieking in vain for protection, appeared and disappeared. Death was ready for them. Scarce one escaped. Some, at the sight of their enemies, fled back to their flaming dwellings to die there; as the miserable Jews preferred the burning coals of their consuming temple, to the mercy of the Romans.

Scarcely, in the records of history, has war done her work with greater despatch, or more entire desolation. The hour opened upon a slumbering village, and a fortress quietly crowning the green and woody hill-top. That hour closed, and six hundred souls had taken their flight, and every dwelling was ashes, and every family extinct. Where the tower of their strength frowned, was a mound of blackening cinders, smouldering in the blood of their bravest hearts.

The victorious army commenced their returning march. They had not escaped unscathed, though but two were left among the slain. A fourth of their party were disabled by wounds. In this emergency, the friendship of their Mohegan allies was invaluable. Constructing litters of the woven branches of trees, they bare the sufferers on their shoulders, and by their knowledge of the styptic and healing virtues of plants, assuaged their sufferings.

But the retreat was not without danger. The uproar of conflict had been heard afar, startling the ear of night. Throngs of enraged Pequots hung upon their rear, and took deadly aim at them from the shelter of rocks and trees. Mason found himself called upon like Xenophon, to the difficult task of conducting a retreat through the enemy's country, as he also afterwards imitated him, in becoming the historian of his own expedition. A distance of six miles was to be achieved, with the foe in their footsteps. But for the aid of their red brethren, they would probably have been intercepted, and cut off. They protected the harassed army, often forming a circle, and literally receiving the exhausted veterans in their friendly and faithful bosoms. At length, the white sails of the waiting vessels were seen, expanded by a favouring breeze; the harbour attained, and the wasted and wearied, yet triumphant band, embarked on their homeward voyage.

During the tumult of battle, the chaplain retired to a deep-woven thicket, and lifted up his prayer to the Father and Judge of all. He besought the preservation of his brethren, and that the needless effusion of blood might be restrained. While faith maintained a painful struggle with the emotions of his gentler nature, there was a rushing towards the thicket, as of a deer pursued by the hunters. Ere he could arise from the humble posture of devotion, a young girl threw herself on the earth, and clasped his feet. It was with difficulty that he disengaged himself. Her grasp was like the rigour of death. Fixing her wild eyes, for a moment, on his countenance, she shrieked fearfully and long, and closed them, as he thought, for ever. There was blood on her forehead and bosom. He believed, that in the torture of a mortal wound, she had fled, not knowing whither.

"The Saviour, of whom thou hast never heard, have mercy upon thy poor soul," said the man of peace. Bending over her with pity, as she lay at his feet, like a beautiful bronze statue, he thought, "surely my people might have spared the life of the child."

She seemed at that period when childhood and

youth mingle in doubtful yet pleasing union, as differing tints may blend without destroying each other, and still fail to produce a perfect colour. At length, her respiration became distinct, by a succession of deep sighs. Again life stirred in her deadened cheek. The trance of fear was broken. She partially raised herself, but when she saw the face of a white man, she covered her eyes, with a shrill, shuddering cry. It was not her own blood that was upon her breast, but the blood of her mother, and of her little sisters, to whom she had clung through the flame, and under the sword. The holy man laid his hand upon her throbbing forehead, and strove to assure her spirit by the smile and tone of kindness, that universal language, intelligible to the heart of the savage, and whose tablet even the heart of the brute can read.

"Poor bird, God hath sent thee unto me, perhaps, to save a soul alive," and he threw his mantle around the shivering child. When the battle was done, and the shouting victors sought him in their joy, he led her through ranks of scowling soldiers and wondering red men.

"God hath given her to me," said he, and they were silent. He protected her through the perilous retreat, and upon the waters, and brought her to his home, and gave her to his wife, and to his daughters. And at their family altar, morn and even, was a petition, that the soul of the red-browed orphan, might be dear to their Father in heaven.

Gentle treatment and Christian culture, were as the dew and sunbeam to this broken forest flower. Her feelings expanded in gratitude, and confirmed into the most affectionate trust. Every service within the measure of her power, was cheerfully rendered to her benefactors. She learned to love the God of Christians, and early sought permission to enrol herself among the followers of the Redeemer.

Seven years passed away, and brought to this gentle creature the ripeness of youth. There was about her a flexibility of form and movement, approaching to grace; and that sweetness of voice, by which our aboriginal females are distinguished, was in her pre-eminence. Her raven locks, profuse and glossy, twined in thick braids around her head, gave strong relief to a complexion, whose darkness did not prevent the eloquent blood from revealing its frequent rush to cheek or temple. Every physical and intellectual development, indicated exquisite sensibility, over which pure religion diffused a serenity which made her interesting to the most careless beholder.

I have said that seven years had elapsed since the destruction of Fort Mystick. Connecticut had rapidly gathered strength and importance. Already had she stretched forth her hand to aid the incipient efforts of her elder sister, Massachusetts, in the cause of education. Her simple offerings, though of only a few bushels of corn, or strings of wampum, came up with acceptance to ancient Harvard's mite-replenished treasury.

Hartford had also assumed an aspect of comparative comeliness and vigour. One of its beautiful heights was adorned with a spacious mansion, far exceeding in elegance, the other structures of that newly planted colony. It was the seat of the Wyllys family, whose founder was not less conspicuous for wealth, than for saintly piety. A garden and grounds, in imitation of his own fair estate in Warwickshire, appeared, attracting the admiration of travellers, and the wonder of roaming hunters. Among the ornaments of his domain was an oak, the monarch of the forest, honoured in tradition, as the refuge, not of his "sacred majesty," but of the charter, which his sacred majesty's brother, would fain have rifled. Still revered, and introduced to strangers as the "Charter Oak," it flourishes in green old age, though generation after generation, have withered beneath its shade.

At the period of which we speak, the year 1644, a funeral train passed forth from that stately dwelling. The head of that ancient house was no more. Not slightly mourned, did he part from a colony, which had conferred on him the highest office in its power to bestow. Hartford and the vicinity, poured forth their inhabitants, from the child to him of hoary hairs, to attend those obsequies. There Hooker lifted up his voice, and with fervid eloquence, blessed the dust of him, who "for righteousness' sake had preferred a wilderness, to the palaces of mammon, and like the prophet, borne on angel's wings from Pisgah, esteemed the reproach of Christ, greater riches than the treasures of Egypt."

"Behold," he said, "in what manner death despoileth man. He doth not uproot the groves which he planted, or the gardens that he adorned, but he chaineth the foot that walked there. He taketh not away the pleasant pictures from the walls, but he taketh light from the eye that looked upon them. The desirable children, the loving wife are left, but the head and husband is cut down with a stroke. He burneth not the fair and goodly mansion, but he taketh the master out of it. He doth not destroy his honours, but he summoneth him away from them. *This night! This night!* is the cry, and immediately he giveth up the ghost."

His eulogium upon the departed was minute, and according to the quaint taste of the age. He spoke of his doctrines, and of his deeds, of his genealogy, clearly traced back to the times of the fourth Edward, in wealth and honour, and throughout the stormy feuds of the houses of York and Lancaster, maintaining a consistent valour. Yet his aim was not to magnify adventitious distinction, but the grace of God, and to show that the "glory of man, at his best estate, is altogether vanity." Impressed with these sentiments, the weeping multitude, followed in solemn order, the corpse to its last narrow habitation. The long procession moved slowly down the hill, and extended itself toward the cemetery. Scarce one remained behind, save the Indian maiden, who pensive and alone, wandered to the brow of the eastern declivity, which commanded a noble view of the valley of the Connecticut. She fixed her eye upon its line of blue, seen in sparkling snatches, through the foliage of embowering trees. But her reverie was broken, by a muffled form, springing towards her from a copse, just beneath the height where she stood. She would have started away like the bounding fawn, but the complexion, the gesture of her own people, the murmured tones of her native language, arrested her. With a consciousness as rapid as the memory of the heart, she recognized the young warrior Ontologon, of the ancient line of her nation's royalty. In the accents of one, anxious to avoid discovery, and more by actions than words, he signified that he had tidings of importance to communicate, and requested an interview in the grove that skirted her residence. Scarcely had she assented, ere he vanished so suddenly as to leave on her mind the bewildering recollection of a phantom visitant. Twilight had but faintly taken the hue of evening, when she repaired to the grove, in which the simple garden of her protector terminated.

"*Orramel!*" said a voice, whose deep inflections thrilled through every nerve, and the lofty young chieftain of her people stood before her. Then he contemplated her fervently, and in silence, with the keen glance of the eagle, who balanced on the cloud, scans its nest on the cliff beneath, to see if aught evil hath befallen its nurslings in its absence, and to exult in their beauty.

"Orramel, thou rememberest me. I saw it in the flash of thy wondering eye, when on the hill-top I stood suddenly before thee. I knew it from the blood in thy cheek, which spoke its message ere thy lips parted."

"Ontologon, thy tones open all the cells of memory. They call back the dead. I see my mother fondling her babe. I sit by her side, with my little sisters. Again our home seems peaceful and happy, as when thou didst bring to my childish hand, birds of bright plumage, which thy young bow had taken."

"Where is that mother and those little ones, playful and timid as the fawns? Where is thy home, so softly visited by the sea breeze? Where are thy people? Black ruins and the grass that grows so rankly where blood is spilt, answer thee. Thou canst tell me of the flame and the battle, when our fortress fell. Would that I had been there, that I might have died, when my people died, or cut in pieces their oppressors."

The maiden replied not, save with deep sobs, and the warrior continued.

"Where are all our nation? Parcelled out as slaves, or covered in the grave. *The grave, did I say?* That were too blest a refuge. They cast us out from thence. The ploughshare turneth up the bones of our fathers, for the dogs of white men. They hunt down the Pequot, like the wolf. How long have I lurked among these hated dwellings, that I might thus look upon thee? Were it known that my feet rested upon this earth, what, suppose ye, would be my doom? *The tender mercies of the honourable court?* the tomahawk of Uncas? or the *friendship* of the Narragansets? the torture? or the flame?"

Orramel bent on him her humid eyes, through which the soul of tender pity looked forth.

"Lonely maiden! are we not the last of our race? I have braved every peril to find, and to save thee. I seek to bear thee to the far west, where the eye of the pale race dare not follow. I will build our cabin where are many warriors, and thou shalt be their queen. My voice shall control them, as the blast drives the swelling wave. We will sweep down like the mountain torrent, and destroy those accursed whites. We will quench our thirst in their blood, till not a drop remains."

"Ontologon, the desolation of my race, the destruction of my kindred, are heavy on my heart, both when I lie down and when I rise up. Henceforth, there will be another burden there, the thought of thy sorrows. Yet curse not the people, who have given me bread and a shelter, and taught me of Jesus Christ, and the hope of a heavenly home."

"And so, thou art at peace with the white man's God?" exclaimed the chieftain, with an eye that flashed through the darkness, like kindled flame. "They have spoken soft words to thee, and thou hast forgotten the wrongs of thy people, and thy mother's blood. *Art thou the daughter of the red man*, and yet content to crouch at the feet of his murderers? And to take bread from hands stained with his blood, and rusted with the chains that have eaten into his soul? Wert thou not dearer to me than heaven's light, I should have cleft thy brow, when thou didst speak of loving him, whom white men worship."

"Ontologon, I have told thee truth. *The God of Christians is my God.* I have sworn at his altar. I will not turn back from following him. I have said to thee, that no music like thy voice had met my ear, since I sat on my mother's knee. And I could find it in my heart to dwell with thee in the deep forest, as the dove dwelleth with her mate. But I cannot forsake the Saviour, to whose keeping I have committed my soul."

The stately form of the chief was shaken with violent and contending emotions, as the oak reels in the storm.

"Meet me yet once more, Orramel, only once more. For thy sake I will endure to hide yet another day, amid the haunts of those I hate. When again the sun sleeps and the stars begin their watch, come to me where the rivers mingle. My boat shall be moored

there. If thou wilt go with me, it shall bear us away together, to a happier region. If thou wilt not, thou shalt be free to return, as the forest bird to her nest."

He plunged into the thicket, and in a moment was lost to her view. The meditation of that sleepless night, and of the day that ensued, were trying and tumultuous to the red browed maiden. He who had prepared her innocent childhood for the germ of love, had suddenly come, like the husbandman, to claim the fruits of the vineyard, when she supposed him buried with her fellow kindred. To her kind benefactors she dared not resort for counsel, since a knowledge of the proximity of her lover would endanger both his liberty and life. Often during this period of agitation, was she on her knees, in her solitary chamber, imploring His aid, who confirmeth the doubting heart, and "giveth discretion to the simple."

Evening tardily spread her curtain over the spot appointed for their meeting. It was at the conjunction of the Connecticut with a considerable tributary. The Dutch, who exhibit the same shrewdness in the appropriation of sites favourable to commerce, with which the monks of England anciently discovered warm and sheltered nooks for their convents and cloisters, had originally erected here a fortress or trading house, which they denominated the "Hirse of Good Hope." Though their occupancy was transient, the locality still retains the designation of "Dutch Point," and is distinguished by its gentle and graceful undulations, and the velvet richness of its shaven lawn.

The rising moon, as its broad disk silvered the tree tops, revealed the slight form of the maiden, seated on the projecting root of a mighty elm, while the stately warrior sitting on the ground at her feet, bowed his head on his hand in melancholy thought.

"Orramel, I spake strong and stormy words to thee, when last we parted. My heart burned within me to see thee in the coil of the serpent. Thou art as the moon to my midnight path. Without thee, what would be my life, but a weed to be thrown away. I was maddened with the fear of losing thee. But now, I read other language in thy gentle eye. I know that thou wilt go with me. I will make thine home in the heart of the green forest, where the thrush and the wood-robin sing. And thou shalt be more to me than the music of birds or the breath of spring to the ice-bound stream."

The maiden replied not. There was in the tones of his deep and tender voice, something that made her heart a listener, when he ceased to speak.

"Our race have vanished away," said he, mournfully, "like the shadow, like the dew when the sun riseth. From these waters, from the shores of the broad sea, where our kings held dominion, our power has departed. Our council fires are quenched. Upon the very lands that were his at the beginning, the Pequot dares not set his feet. As for me, who of all my kindred are left? Is there *one* to take Ontologon by the hand, and call him brother? When he is sick, has he a mother or a sister to spread the blanket over him? When he dies, who shall bury him with his fathers? There is none left to remember him, or to shed one tear over his grave."

"Ontologon, I cannot bear to hear thee say that our whole race have perished. My heart is sad at the thought that thou hast neither brother, nor sister, nor mother. *I will go with thee*, that thou mayest no more lament in loneliness, or be sick, and find no comforter. For thee I will forsake those who have been to me as parents. But thou wilt not refuse that I should remember their God, and my God, that I should speak to him when the light fades, and when the morning rises, and that I should keep his Sabbaths in my soul."

"Orramel, I may not deceive thee. The white man would promise thee with the oath on his lips, whatsoever thou desiredst. But when thou wert in his power,

his vows would be lighter than the summer wind. He would mock at thee, that thou hadst trusted them. The red man dares not thus to sin. He knows that the Great Spirit hath an ear, which the lightest breath of falsehood reaches. I will not consent that thou shouldst love the Christian's God. I could not rest, if the plague spot of our foes, was upon thy bosom."

"Ontologon, is not my request small? Doth the flower offend its companion, when it turneth toward the sun? Doth the stream dishonour its fountain, when it findeth rest in the sea? Would it wrong thee, that my hope was in Him, who made heaven and earth? or that my prayer went up for thee while thou wert sleeping?"

"Maiden of the dark and tender eye, the path in which we walk upon earth is short. Hoary headed men say that it is to them, but as a little dream. When thou diest, could I see thee go to the white man's heaven? Could I go there with thee? Could I remain in that heaven, if *his soul* dwelt there? No. No. Our home after death must be the same. Could I bear to miss thee for ever in those fields of light, where our fathers roam, above the roll of the thunder? Oramel! it shall not be so. Let me lead thee gently back to the Great Spirit. He will forgive thee, that thou hast wandered. He knoweth that the heart of woman is weak. When thou leapest upon me, thou shalt fall no more."

"Ontologon, thou art more noble than the kings from whom thou art descended. Thou hast not hidden the truth from me. Now could I lay down my life for thy sake. *But I dare not lay down my faith.* While I live the book of God is my guide, and when I die, my soul must go unto its Redeemer."

"Is it then for this," said the warrior, "that I have borne long years of darkness, whose only light was thy childish smile, which memory held forth to me, like a feeble lamp? For this, that when life grew hateful, and I was about to cast it away, I again walked onward, with a strong step, and a lifted brow, at the sound '*Oramel liveth!*' Is it for this that I have bowed my pride, to grovel as a snake in the thicket, that I might breathe the same air that thou didst breathe, and look once more upon thee? All these troubles were forgotten, when the sound of thy voice fell upon my ear. At the words '*I will go with thee,*' a new existence entered into my soul. And now have I found this treasure, only to lay it down? Have we met but to part for ever? Must the rest of my path be as midnight, till I sink into the grave, the last of all my race?"

"Let me be to thee, Ontologon, the light which thou hast sought. When thou art weary and sad, let me teach thee how to smile. And we will walk together, till that dark angel divide us, who cometh but once to all. Yet let me speak to thee of my story. Long after my abode was with white men, I was sorrowful, and without hope. He who saved me from destruction, was as a father, and his wife a mother, and their children spake kind words to me. But I found no comfort. Every night my pillow was as a fountain of tears. And thus it ever was, till their sweet religion entered into my soul. It set the seal of peace on my eyes, when I lay down to slumber, and when I awoke, it talked with me. All day long, it put meek and happy thoughts into my heart, and it promised to pluck for me, the sting from death, and to take away the victory from the grave. Then I partook of its holiest rite, and bound my soul by an everlasting covenant, and took that Holy Book to my heart, which teaches of its precepts. Gladly would I read to thee, from those blessed pages, of a clime without sorrow or injustice, where none shall be forced from his inheritance, and where all the righteous shine forth as the 'sun, in the kingdom of their Father.' Yet if it troubleth thee, I will not speak of my faith. I will shut it close in

my soul. Thou shalt see it only by the smile that beams from it, and the courage which it brings at the gate of death."

The lofty chieftain threw himself upon the earth. Groans burst from his labouring bosom, and his whole form was convulsed. Let none believe that he has seen anguish, till he witnesses the agony of the strong, proud man. He may have beheld the lightning and the tempest, but not the earthquake rending the rock in pieces.

At length, the strife of passion yielded. He rose, as if in heightened majesty. His voice was firm and awful, as he extended his hand towards the maiden.

"If thou wilt be mine, wholly and for ever, put thy hand into my hand, and not even death shall part us. But if thou chooseth the faith of the murderers of thy people, and to dwell in their heaven, rather than in the heaven of our fathers, say so, and let me see thy face no more."

The answer was distinct, though the heart's tears gushed with it:

"I may not renounce my Redeemer."

With a rush that seemed superhuman, the chieftain threw himself from the high bank into his boat. A few strokes of the oar, as from a giant's arm, threw it from the deep shadow where it lay, out upon the broad, bright waters. Then it seemed to drift onward at its will. In that despairing re-action which succeeds passionate excitement, he lay prostrate, with a powerless arm, submitting to the guidance of the tide, and reckless of life or death.

Oramel stood upon the point of the promontory, where the rivers mingle. She watched the boat of her lover, until the sinuous and projecting shores shut it from her view. But he raised not his head, nor waved his hand. He gave no farewell signal, to soften that bitter parting. She listened for some echo of his voice. Nothing was heard, save the rush of the waters and the sigh of the gale through the boughs of the drooping willows.

A strong burst of feeling swept over her. She returned to the place where they had parted. She seated herself on the rock where he had sat. She strove to recall every word that he had spoken. She wove every tone into the tissues of memory. It was late ere she roused herself from her grief, and recovered strength to retrace her homeward way.

She still continued faithful in all her duties, full of gratitude to her benefactors, and humble as the weaned child. It was evident to a close observer, that some sorrow had passed over her, but a sorrow in which remorse had no part. A pure conscience so girded the swelling heart, that it broke not. Peace that the world giveth not, made her brow its tablet. Thus she lived, till youth faded, respected by the race, among whom she had found refuge. Yet the soul of her lover was ever upon her prayers, and when the last pale messenger came to summon her, and her eye brightened at the welcome of that Saviour, in whom she had believed, the ear that approached nearest to her dying lips, perceived that their faint, parting whisper, was "*mercy for Ontologon.*"

In reviewing the circumstances which have given to this sketch a subject and a name, we are struck with the prominence and discordance of some of the features in the character of our ancestors: the bravery, with which, in the very birth of their colonial existence, they hazarded this formidable enterprise, the cruelty with which it was consummated, and the piety to which they turned for a sanction, even when the deed and motive seemed at variance. Their extreme responsibility, as planters of a New World, the proximity of heathen foes, and the danger of utter extermination, with which they conceived themselves to be environed, partially reconciles points otherwise incongruous. Yet the vengeful and unresting vigilance, with which they

blotted out the very name of Pequot, partitioning the last remnant of that race in vassalage between the Mohegans, the Narragansets, and themselves, was not less arbitrary than the dismemberment of Poland, and savoured more of the policy of heathen Rome, than of Christ.

Mason, with the usual consistence of heroes, adopted a system, which he had himself decried. In common with the historians of that age, he loudly condemned the Indians for stratagem in war; though it was their acknowledged creed, the very essence of their tactics. Still, he chose to illustrate what he had despised. And he proved himself an adroit scholar, able to foil the professors at their own game.

In the annals of pagan warfare, there is nothing more sanguinary than the destruction of Fort Mystick. Women, children, the decrepit, and the babe, were alike made victims. The murder of the unresisting, and the flame kindled over the head of the infant, sleeping in its mother's arms, are its traces upon our annals. How such carnage of the helpless, may be made to harmonize with the prayers and thanksgivings of the followers of Jesus we pretend not to say. Probably, some perverted train of reasoning, justified this "doing of evil that good might come." The need of "working out their own salvation," was at that time more imperative than the law of mercy, and the charity which is "well-pleasing in the sight of God," took flight, when an Indian stood before her.

Yet we would contemplate with filial respect, the memory of our fathers. We venerate their exalted virtues, and in viewing their faults, would ever bear in mind due extenuation. The light which visits our advancing age, had not beamed on them. Luminous minds had not then arisen, to present the *war-spirit* in its true aspect, and to analyze and disrobe it of that false glory, with which Antiquity in her folly had invested it. No moral philosopher had demonstrated the utter incompatibility of the "Christian character with the heroic." No statesman had designated war as an "instrument wholly inefficient to redress wrong, and which multiplies instead of indemnifying losses." No divine had eloquently pointed out that "universal ballot, by which mankind might cast from its seat of power, the bloody idol of a long infatuated world." Believing war to be a necessary appendage of the condition of man, which had existed from the beginning, and must continue to exist till the second coming of Christ, the peculiarity of their own attitude, led to those revolting traits of barbarism, which we cannot survey without abhorrence and regret.

Let the young student of American history, record the date of May twenty-sixth, 1637, as the day in which a once powerful aboriginal tribe, received its death-wound. It indeed breathed for a short season, but only in distortion and convulsion, with gasping and fierce pangs. It perished without a hand to write its epitaph: an emblem of the fate of all those red-browed nations, to whom the brotherhood of the white man has been as the kiss of Judas.

CHINESE ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE Chinese, in their mode of eating and drinking, are as uncleanly as in their persons, says M. de Guignes, and they esteem it an act of good breeding to give, on rising from the table, very sensible evidences of their *full* satisfaction.—Small vials are distributed to the servants on quitting the house, and a vote of thanks for being so well fed is sent to the host the next morning. The nature of their government makes the Chinese frugal and retired in their mode of living; and, remaining so much at home, they naturally acquire a regularity and invariableness of domestic habits not common elsewhere. Rising at day-break, and retiring to rest at sun-set, they are seldom awake except when all is busy and moving; they have,

therefore, few inducements for purposes of social intercourse and amusement. Even their children have scarcely any active sports and pastimes. Games of chance are almost the only objects that bring them together; and a basin of rice, a dish of tea, or a pipe of tobacco, are the only refreshments ever offered. The entertainments given by the higher classes are merely occasional, and are wearisome in the extreme. Every look and movement are regulated by etiquette; the guests are seated at small tables, admitting only two or three persons, and arranged in lines, so that every one may see the master of the house. The first ceremony is to drink his health, by lifting up a cup with both hands to the forehead, emptying it, and turning it hand to show that it is empty. Every person's mess is then set before him, large or small, according to his rank or dignity; and his leavings, if any, are sent in solemn procession to his house. A few cups of wine or tea are drunk at intervals; the dishes are frequently changed; and after the company have risen for a short space, a desert follows, on which each resumes his place. A play, or a dance, is often performed for the amusement of the guests; and after four or five hours have elapsed, they return home.

THE SUMMER IS PAST.

THE three short months of summer have passed, and autumn with its yellow and seared leaf is before us. It seems but yesterday when the earth put forth the flowers and blossoms of spring, and yet during this short period, summer has succeeded to spring, and now autumn to summer.—Day follows day and year follows year in quick and rapid succession, and amidst the turmoil and excitement, and bustle of life, we forget how rapidly we are moving on that "journey from whose bourne no traveller returns."

The summer is passed! What a sad and instructive lesson does the rapid change of seasons leave us of our destiny. In the spring-tide of life our hearts have beat high with the hopes and delightful anticipations of future years of promise. The summer's sun may have risen upon us without a cloud, and its last rays of light may have been more beautiful than the first. And when the autumn gathers around us, testing the hopes of our earlier years, and stamping upon all either disappointment or success, according as we have treasured up the talents bestowed upon us by our Maker. Then comes the winter of life, when the joyous hopes of boyhood are looked upon as wild enthusiasm, and when the judgment, matured by experience, will unite with the wise man of Israel in saying vanity of vanities—all is vanity.

The summer is past, and perhaps with the writer and reader it has passed for ever. To us the balmy breath of spring may never come again. We may never again see the budding rose and springing flower of that beautiful season. Change is stamped upon all things of this world, "here to-day and gone to-morrow," and then all that remains of us is a little handful of earth, an affecting comment on our vanity and folly. Ah! did we realize and feel this important truth, how different—how very different would be the course of our lives. Did we in our moments of temptation, when we find our hearts turning towards the things of this world, but reflect that all its enjoyments are as fading as a dream, how little should we care for all its honours. What to us would be the homage of thousands—what to us the adulation and applause of the multitude? A few rapid rolling years, and our heads will lie as low in the dust as theirs, and "the places that now know us will then know us no more for ever."

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
So generations pass and new ones rise.

Original.

THE PLAGUE.

NUMBERS, XVI.

DAY stole above the east. The sun's rays glanced
Upon the noiseless wilderness, and from
Their slumbers, man, and beast, and bird, awoke.
The Hebrews left their tents. Some idly stood
On sunnied mounds; some ran to limpid streams
And in their waters bathed, and few were seen
Stealing on singly to some shaded grove,
To offer up their orisons to God.

The sultry mid-day came. A fearful shout
Arose from Israel's multitude—a shout
Of myriad tongues—and thrillingly it rang
Through all the wilderness, o'er hill and plain.
Then sad confusion reigned among the tents:
The hoary man of eighty summers snatched
His staff, and hurried on, he knew not where.
The young man shook with fear—his temples throbb'd,
His cheeks were bloodless as the silent dead's;
The beauteous wife, and aged mother, left
Their household work, now flying here, now there,
And frantically all cried—"THE PLAGUE! THE
PLAGUE!"

It was a frightful day. The labouring man
Leaned on his implement, and as he breathed
The nauseous air, he stretched his limbs, and died!
And by the way-side was the traveller seen,
His fingers clenched—his eyelids sealed and cold—
His festering flesh just peeling from the bones!
As neighbour talked with neighbour, one beheld
The plague upon the other seize, and ere
He fled ten paces, sickened, gasped, and fell!
The husband folded to his beating heart
The wife he loved, and on her pallid cheek,
Impressed a burning kiss—then faltered, sighed,
And soon, along his threshold was he stretched!
His weeping wife kneeled at his side to pray;
She wildly gazed upon his ghastly cheek—
She thrust her fingers through his clustering locks,
And from his rotting skull they fell—and ere
His corse was cold, she swelled the lifeless throng!
The children gathered round, and wept and prayed,
On father and on mother called; then shook
Their loathsome limbs as they would rouse them from
A quiet sleep; and once the prattling one
Crept slow and slyly to its mother's side,
And with its puny fingers tried t' unclose
Her bloodless eyelids—but in vain—and soon
It trembled, choked, and on her bosom died!

There were no burials—men died so fast
The living could not excavate their graves.
Yet some of strong affections, and of souls
Which freely bled for others' woes, essayed
To shape a tomb, within some cherished grove,
For parent, wife, or child, or favoured friend.

The tents were scenes of sorrow—old men wept
Who knew no tears for two score years, or more;
Men, strong and robust, tore their uncombed beards,
And women screeched and howled, their garments
rent,
And to their bosoms pressed their little ones,
As they would guard them from approaching death.
None laughed the while; lips parted not with smiles,
Nor sound of revelry was heard among
The fearful multitude.

The mid-day passed—
And suddenly their groans and cries were hushed,
Hope beamed upon their worn, and haggard cheeks,

For they beheld an aged man afar,
Just from the altar hastening. His gray hair
Streamed on his shoulders broad; his long, thick beard
Upon his bosom laid, and in his hand
He bore a censer, and upon it threw
The incense consecrated to his God.
He had seen many summers; yet his step
Was firm, and fleetly through the tents he ran.
His countenance bore the meekness of a child's;
Upon his brow sat innocence enthroned,
And one could read within his mild, blue eye,
The perfect language of a blessed heart.
His name was Aaron—and he stood between
The living and the dead, and staid the plague!
Then that assembly vast, its murmurs ceased,
And every man went lightly on his way,
And on their faces fell, and worshipped God.

MISSIONARY ODE.

Sultans have been a cliché since the following "Missionary Ode" was written, but I have not altered the allusion to them. It is unnecessary to mention that this Ode is indebted to a national song well known, and to a poem of Campbell's, for the metre and some of the ideas.

YE messengers of England,
Away o'er land and seas!
At God's command the billows dare,
Nor heed repose or ease:
The Cross's banner bold unfurl,
Wide waving, shore to shore:
Onward urge through the surge, though storms and
thunders roar!

Go, bearing news of gladness,
To savage and to slave;
To Eastern climes afar advance,
And o'er the Western wave;
From zone to zone, with seraph zeal,
The Gospel trumpet sound:
Off! away! through the spray, though tempests howl
around!

On India's plain now burning,
Behold the frantic bride;
Her babe, the mother spurning,
Whelms deep beneath the tide;
No touch of soft compassion
The hearts of heathen know;
Ah then sail, through the gale, though loudest tempests
blow!

See, 'mid the snows of Greenland
The church of Christ appear:
In bread-fruit isles, and palm-tree groves,
God's temple now they rear:
Where Gambia rolls his tide along,
The land of slaves before,
Hark! they raise songs of praise; though dread torna-
does roar!

The knowledge of the Lord who died,
Shall spread o'er all the globe,
As ocean's depths are quite concealed
Beneath his watery robe:
Then, heralds of the King of Kings,
Your joys will ever flow,
As ye rest, with the blest, when storms have ceased
to blow.

Christians, whom thoughts eternal
Engage while others sleep,
With voice of prayer successful urge
Our pathway through the deep;
If Christ, in Salem crucified,
Our chiefest thought we know,
Ah! how sweet, once to meet, where tempests never
blow!

Original.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

BY MARC SMETON.

She died away like the tones of a lyre.—Unpublished Poem.

THE glories of an Italian sky were waning away, one by one; and as the shades of evening thickened over Verona, one of the principal hotels of the city became the scene of a most extraordinary activity.—Groups were fast forming in the *salla* which extended to the yard; while each of the individuals, who composed them, gesticulated and talked with all the warmth and vehemence characteristic of the southern people. To the mind of a stranger the thought might readily have been suggested that some great political question was being agitated; for to a nation, almost exclusively devoted to the pursuits of the fine arts, the exposition of a picture—the debut of a *tenore*—or the success of an opera are as powerful motives of interest, as would be to us a change in the cabinet, or a declaration of war.

On this occasion, the cause of the excitement grew out of the rumoured re-appearance of the *Prima Donna*, Gina Marini—the unrivalled singer, once the delight of Verona; but for many years a truant from the wild witcheries of the stage. Her name rung from every lip, accompanied with the epithets of *diva! angelica!* While some expressed their feelings in those nameless words of endearment, which abound in the Italian language; others, giving a broader sweep to their enthusiasm, addressed her with the burden of one of those melodies, which she so sweetly warbled, and called blessings on the mother that gave her birth:—

*"Benedetta sia la madre
Che te fece così bella!"*

These bursts of transport, however, were soon followed by a sudden silence. Every eye was turned to a young man, who had just entered, and thrown himself on a half-broken chair in seeming despair. His features were remarkably handsome;—but there was something strange and unsettled in their expression. He wrapped his mantle round his sword and laid both on a table which stood by—buried his right hand in his bosom and gradually fell into a deeply abstracted mood.

"Valterna!" cried one of the by-standers, tapping him on the shoulder—"Valterna!" but he moved not; his large and brilliant black eye slowly rolled in the socket, and took the direction of the clock dial.

"Not yet," he muttered to himself, "not yet! The hour has not come!" And the look which had kindled with momentary animation, was again veiled by his long and glossy eye-lashes.

"Who is that man?" asked a young foreigner, who had not been over an hour in Verona, and had kept a fixed look on the strange being from the moment he entered the *stanza*.

"That's Cosmo di Valterna," answered one of those willing cicerones, who constantly hang round the precincts of an Italian *ostello*.

"Is he an officer?" said the foreigner, looking inquiringly at the sword on the table, and the thin moustaches, which curved the lip of the young man.

"No, signor, *forastero*—he is a *dilettante*."—"A traveller round the world," said another.—"A madman and a fool," added a third officious expounder.

"Not so much of a madman, perhaps, as is thought for," said the first speaker; "but who can know the truth? *E pazzo, davvero!* His is a singular story;—and one which none but he can relate." The stranger, strongly prepossessed by Valterna's appearance, and

yielding to a feeling of irresistible interest, followed up his train of inquiries. Some said that Valterna was the discarded lover of Gina Marini—*la diva cantatrice*—others that he was the favoured suitor of the duchess di Rivoli.

"If you feel any curiosity to know him, try and make him talk; it may be that he will be more communicative with you than with his old friends; though it may happen also that he will turn his back upon you without an answer or notice—for he is singular, fitful, and inexplicable—though, *il povero*, I do assure you, is quite harmless. *Era gran core, prima che fosse matto!*"—he was, indeed, a noble fellow before he got crazed."

The traveller took a seat at the table, occupied by Valterna, and then for the first time he thought that those features had once been familiar to his eyes. He ran back over the waste of the past to gather his recollections of the period and place, where he should have known the man; when the latter, with as much assurance as though he had left him but the last eve, threw himself in his arms, addressing him by the appellation of "dear old friend," and pronouncing the name he used to be called by in his younger days.

"What! Cosmo Malatesta!"

"Ay! formerly; but now Cosmo di Valterna—a name I got from an uncle, together with broad lands on the Po, after his death!"

The traveller looked musingly on him—fancied himself a boy again—and pressed to his heart an old companion, whose features and name had nearly been obliterated from his memory; but whose dark and enthusiastic disposition left an indelible stamp on the hearts of those, who had once known him.

"You find me altered," said Cosmo, after those delightful effusions, which flow from the hearts of meeting friends—"you find me much altered—time has looked on both of us; but disease and wretchedness have worked with sterner power, than the rush of years."—His friend broke the subject of the *Prima Donna*; but with that delicate reserve, which inspires while it exacts confidence.

"Gina?" answered the Veronese—and a ghastly smile quivered on his ashen lip—"Gina! why she is the whole history of my life!"

"Who can this Gina be, whose name finds so many echoes?" added the young foreigner.

"Why, don't you know?" said Valterna, with bitterness. "She is the duke of Rivoli's wife—the *duchess of Rivoli!* Did you never hear that he had married an opera singer of the theatre of Verona?"

"True, I did—I remember it now."

"Gina! poor Ginetta! they spoke of her happiness—the men praised and the women envied—yet she was the only one that would not believe in that happiness. *She*, certainly, can tell of all the living evils that lurk beneath the gaudy splendours of wealth. She was fair formerly—the young and careless girl, singing each night on the theatre of Verona, drawing life from the plaudits of the public, which she intoxicated with the magic of her voice, and which thrilled her, in turn, with the rapture of their enthusiasm—the young girl so fair, and so ravishing to the eye and ear, that she could not be seen and heard at the same time. Had you but seen her appear, cold at first, but beautiful as an ancient statue, absorbing with her look a whole crowd of silent and anxious listeners!

Had you but seen her lips quiver, her bosom swell, her whole countenance kindle, with the first wellings of the bewildering concord of sounds—and then how her voice, pouring its harmonious flood, would flow in soft cadences or break into passionate bursts! Sounds of heaven—sounds of hell—stirring all hearts—vibrating through every soul, soothing them with homied melodies—or torturing with lacerating accents! I—I have seen that woman, like an exhausted athlete, reeling under the weight of victory, stop at the end of a slave, with hanging arms and quenched eyes; and you might have heard her burning breath panting forth in pressed and unequal sounds from her heaving throat;—and the crowd would stand there voiceless—powerless—scarcely breathing. Then it was like a dream, from which they were awakened, as by a bolt of lightning—there was but one shout—but one enthusiasm—made up of a thousand shouts—of a thousand enthusiasms—and the young girl would smile—her trembling arms cross her full bosom, and tears of happiness and of glory sparkle on her downcast lashes." Valterna dropped his head on his breast.

"You love her, Valterna," said his friend, grasping one of his hands, with a pressure of keen sympathy.

"Love her! oh! she was my life! To see her, hear her, be where she had been, all my joy. Before I had seen her, my days passed on darkly and cheerlessly;—I lived without aim—without a feeling or desire: I saw and heard her, and my days were spent in wishing for the evening—and when the evening came, I felt, by my tears, that I was born for happiness—for tears are happiness, sometimes. Others admired her aloud; while I blessed her in silence; they felt enthusiasm for her; and I had shrined her, as a thing to be worshipped, in my inner soul;—she was but the evening of their days;—to me she was life itself, with its full measure of days. You know not the listlessness, the overpowering weight of a monotonous life, void of all pleasures or wishes, stripped of even the rapture of agony.—Yet such was my life, when she stood before me, a blessing and a joy;—a new existence was kindled from her look; and my soul formerly wrapped in gloom and apathy, bounded forth powerful and enthusiastic, under the Promethean influences of her voice. You'll scarcely believe it—yet true that my hand had never touched hers;—I thought that even my looks had never attracted her eye; but she had poured into my soul an alchemy of emotions, which kill with the intoxications of passion. She became a feeling to me—a second principle of life. From each recurring night I asked the happiness—the torture—the madness of the preceding one. My feelings for her were like a spirit worship, which I hoarded up in my soul—a worship to which I devoted the energies of the new being which she had imparted to me. Had Gina ever noticed me? Had the report of my fanatical admiration ever reached her ears? Had her young soul ever dreamed of the other soul, to which it had given joy, delight, and existence? I knew it not: but through one of those unaccountable contradictions of my destiny, I was happy—I thought that the love of glory filled up her whole life, and left no room for any other passion. She wept before the plaudits of the idolatrous crowd, and laughed at a protestation of love;—there worked the leaven of fame—there spoke the spirit of an artist, drunk with success and applause. I knew that I had no rival but glory, to fear. After the happiness of loving, I could have wished for no purer joy than that of being requited with her love; yet I never could have believed in such a requital, even in the wildest scope of my wishes; and convinced as I was that she spent her whole heart in her ravishing melodies—that she threw it unhalved to the admiration of the scene, I drew from the activity, which she had infused within me, a pure and exquisite feeling of unalloyed felicity. After speaking of my first bliss on earth, I shall not

tell of the surmises which my romantic love of Gina created in Verona—nor of the strange commentaries which each one attempted on my score. The common mass—chained to the meaner exigencies of our nature—bound to the positive requirements of the herd of humanity, can never come to a conception of those wilder and exorbitant feelings, which spring out from the sphere of their duller life; and by way of revenge, they laugh at what they cannot understand, as the growth of folly.

"One day—may it be lost for ever, or stamped with curses, in the reckoning of my life—one day two noblemen arrived in Verona—two noblemen travelling for fashion's sake, and dragging tedium over all their travels: the younger, Count Balba—a coxcomb by nature, and a sceptic through vanity—doubting of every thing except his own stupidity;—the elder, the Duke di Rivoli—a heartless egotist and worn out libertine—sated with coarse pleasures—ready for any sacrifice that might throw a colouring, however faint, over the pale-faced life, which he had been luging through fifty years.—Gina had reached the summit of her fame; her success was blazoned by every lip, while all joined in praises of her virtues. Aware that they could not *halce* her person, the noblemen drew lots. She fell to the duke di Rivoli;—Gina laughed at the duke and the award of chance. His vanity was wrung in its tenderness folds. "I will have her!" he exclaimed one morning—and the following night she was his; Gina had blighted her chaplet of glory with a coronet of diamonds—she was no longer *Gina la dita*—the earthly divinity—but the duchess di Rivoli, tottering under the gorgeous insignificancies of opulence.

"Do not ask me the reasons which could have led her to barter her happiness for a title;—I have never been able to ascertain. Did she think of rising higher in public opinion, by heaping tinsel on gold—and adding false splendour to the real halo which her talent had flung about her brow? Was it weakness? Did she deem herself beneath the high-born ladies, who applauded her aloud and envied her in secret? I cannot tell.

"Verona lost its nights of pleasure, and I all relish of life. A burning fever preyed upon my brain, and I escaped the tomb but to be the sport of conflicting feelings. The fiend! he had disenchanting my life—scattered my dream to the blast;—and that woman!—that woman, whom I idolized—that woman whom I revered even in my wildest hours of passion—she was his—his alone—bought for a handful of gold, and a few sparkling pebbles! There were madness and desolation in this damning conviction. I had not even the comfort of hearing that she was happy, in order to assuage the wo, which consumed my days. Poor Gina! the flower that grows on the crag of the mountain, withers away in the shadows of the valley. Her marriage was splendid and dark—the sacrifice of a flower-crowned victim. Her happiness was envied by all—and she was dragged tremblingly to the altar. From the first day of her union she felt narrowed up in the limits of this new life. Farewell, from that day, to the artist's life—so full, rich, glowing and picturesque; farewell to the agitations of the scenic boards—the intoxications of glory! Then came the positiveness of existence—cold and unfeeling as the heart of the wealthy; hers had been shivered on heaps of gold. Poor Gina! luxury and opulence became her not—her lungs asked for a freer and wilder atmosphere. Her cheeks were hollowed; and marbled over with livid hues. Sad, at first, without any defined cause for sorrow, she was afterwards seen mirthful without gaiety. If at night, in her brilliant halls, in which were gathered all the nobility of Verona, she gave herself up to the workings of her genius—if she recalled her burning inspirations, you might have seen

her cheeks crimson—her eye kindle, and something of sybilline enthusiasm pervade her eloquent face. She was still fair and fascinating! Yet even while they surrounded and complimented her, the bright look would suddenly be quenched; and the drooping head fall sadly on her breast. No longer those breathless ecstasies—the deep, contemplative silence—the frantic agitation;—no longer the fair host of dazzling ladies, parched with the intensity of her own feelings and waving their handkerchiefs in token of approbation;—no longer the gorgeous candelabra, beneath the vocal dome—the shower of chaplets and wreaths that fell at her feet; no longer the loud and continued plaudits, that recalled to her mind the triumphs of the scene:—every thing was cold and cheerless in those splendid rooms of hers, compared to the *bis cunei plausus*, which was wont to reward her exertions. In vain did she seek to master the bitter recollections, which poisoned her wretchedly opulent life;—in vain did she seek to soothe her dejection by lively and joyful songs: if she ran her fingers over the piano—if she forced her voice into light and hurried measures—alone in the midst of the enraptured crowd, she fell back into the gloomy musings, which brooded over her mind—those fingers slowly wandered over the more plaintive keys of the instrument—the voice would falter—musical phrases of most poignant harmony came hollowly from her breast—and the song, which began in the tone of joy expired with the accents of grief.

“Her health became more and more shattered; the canker-worm was at her heart, and its inroads were read in the hollow cheek and sunken eye. Vainly did her husband wrap her round with all the elegancies of external life, or sated her with the thousand comforts which wealth can compass: happiness had fled from its hearted throne, and the passing of each day swept away one wreck of her once unearthly beauties.”

Valterna made a stop—repeatedly passed his hand across his brow—looked at the clock, and resumed his narrative, after a few moments’ silence. His voice was altered and husky; a fading gleam of joy lighted his features, and his breast heaved deeply as he renewed the thread of his story:—

“I travelled in the hope of outstripping memory and driving away the fiend that gnawed at my peace; and I returned, more than ever wretched—hopeless and broken-hearted! Gina’s image had followed me in my travels, like a spirit of desolation, ever clinging to my heart. I found her every where—her voice haunted me in every spot—I heard it in the rush of the wind—the dashing of the wave—the solitude of the desert. Gina! the sun of burning climes had consumed me with all the fierceness of unallayed fires—bleeding and exhausted, I had panted up the ascent of the steep rock—I had laid me to rest on the snow of the mountain—yet was I insensible to bodily pain—my heart was tortured by her remembrance only. My spirit was crushed and my feelings were soured: I returned to Verona, dead to all the gentler emotions of our nature. Wrath and despair—such were the feelings which I experienced, as I revisited the theatre—the solitary spot, where I had quaffed long draughts of life—on that very spot, where she had poured torrents of delight on my soul, it felt but madness and jealousy. About this time, her mind was shaken from its hinges. Her high born lord became harsh to her, and charged her with ingratitude—the accusation of the master against the slave, whom he has purchased! It was in his nature to start at every thing that interfered with his lukewarm happiness; and to fret at the throes of humanity—not from the impulses of sympathy—but from a spirit of selfishness. The time then came when the poor creature would get up every night—dress herself in silence—curl her black hair, and after gazing with a melancholy smile, on the glass which had once reflected her image in beauty—ramble about the vast

apartments of the ducal palace. Fancying that she was still on the boards—thinking that she still had a public to move—crowds to animate—she would stop in her wanderings, and just as fancy suggested, would assume the character of Anna, Giuletta, or Amenaide. Her voice swelled through the sounding vaults—the softest modulations issued from her lips—and the most harmonious of musical phrases flowed in gentle cadences, like the murmurs of water rippling over the polished pebble. They say that once, after her song had ceased, her haggard and restless eye seemed to question the throng; but in vain—her looks wandered over vacancy—she answered the death-like silence around her with a shriek, and fell, cold and senseless as the mosaic pavement, on which she had swooned.

“They tell me that I lost my reason about that period.—Of one thing am I certain; a feeling dark and strange was continually brooding over my mind—I know not by what infatuation, I worked myself into a belief that Gina loved me;—that in happier days my head had rested on her bosom—and that she still called on me in the wildness of her delirious nights. What shall I say?—Why, I was crazed—mad with love and wretchedness.—With what aim, I do not recollect;—but I do remember, that one evening, when the duke di Rivoli had a *conversazione*, I mingled with the elegant crowd, which pressed through the palace yard, and glided, unperceived, to the marble colonnade of his sumptuous portico—I felt the balmy freshness of night, cooling my throbbing brow, and found myself in a garden, bowered by an alley of limes, which defied the lapses of an intolerably bright moonlight.—Dark, gloomy, and maddening as I felt, I wandered about, mocked by the sounds of a mandolin, and the love-burden of a *tarentella*.—When I shook off the vague and painful ideas, which crushed me with the weight of a hideous nightmare—the song of merriment had ceased—the echoes of the feast had died away—the torch-lights were quenched—and the palace towered, before me, silent—silent as the voiceless tomb. Cooled into reflection by the night-breeze, which wafted to my senses the perfume of the flowering cistus, I gazed on the intricate architecture of the gorgeous mansion, nor sought to account to myself for my presence in that place, or for the impulse that had directed my steps. I was suddenly drawn from my reverie by the glare of a light, falling mellowly on the crimson curtains of an oriel, which was flung open over my head. A voice trembled on the solem stillness of night; and the song vibrated softly on the glasses, which, struck at the same time by the rays of the moon, glittered into a thousand silver spangles. I started:—it was her voice—her voice, which had soothed the bitterness of my anguish, when anguish was at its wildest—and been to me, in my wanderings, as a dream of heaven! I felt my heart grow young again; and the rush of happier days coursed through my veins, with the kindling blood;—it was Gina!—And I heard her once more!—Several doors rolled on their hinges—the voice welled on more grave and more sonorous—the grass creaked under the pressure of a light step;—the rustling of a dress shook the alley of limes and myrtles—and I saw Gina slowly advancing towards me.—There she stood pale and motionless as a disembodied spirit—her hair parted on her forehead, into two raven and glossy tresses—and lighted up by the moon, which flung its whimsical traceries over the folds of her white and flowing dress.—Her arms were bare—and a scarf, loosely flung around her shoulders betrayed, rather than concealed, the emaciation of the fair frame, which the restlessness of a burning spirit was daily wearing out. She sat down on an eminence of dewy turf—there, resting against a tree—without any art—almost without any grace—in a low and plaintive key, she began that melody, which must wring tears from the most cold-hearted—that

delightful aria: 'Assisa, al pic d'un salice.' It was Disdemona—Shakespeare's, or rather Giraldo Cinthio's Disdemona!—thoughtful as the night, which seemed to mourn around her—forecasting her terrible destiny—predicting it in each of her looks—telling it in each of her tones! I listened to her in worshipful ecstasy;—all at once she shrieked a delirious shriek—and I answered that shriek with the very fibres of my heart. In the frenzy of her mind—the reminiscences of her life—she saw Othello's coldly atrocious countenance glare upon her from the surrounding shadows:—she had just learned that she must die, and leave the tarnish of a wanton's deed on her patrician name!—Oh! but you should have seen her, wild as the fear of childhood, or bitter as the smile of scorn, hold discourse with vacancy and pass on from the fear that deprecates to the indignation that sears with its lightning. She would rise, towering and sublime, in the might of woman's offended pride—but to sink again into the supplications of the young girl, who feels the madness of love and the want of forgiveness! You should have seen her knit her lithe and snowy arms, round the rude and swarthy neck of the jealous Moor!—You should have seen her threaten and pray—and threaten, again to pray—and, at last, chilled by the hand of terror, fall at his feet, like a panting dove under the talons of a bloody vulture!—And her indignant protestations of fidelity—her harrowing cries of despair—her rapid bursts of sobe—her melodious song of tears—had you but heard them, as I did, in the deep stillness of the night, made vocal with this concert of agony!—Weep on!—weep on!—poor Venetian girl! That thou should'st have left thy native isle—thy sunny *lagunas*—thy father's hearth—and its ancestral glories—to follow a weak and credulous love! Thy hour is come!—the dagger is gleaming—and the night is dark. Poor Venetian! thou must die!—Die!—And she fled, pale, haggard, sublime, with the horror of death on her countenance;—and at the very moment, when the love of life was displayed in all its energy;—at the moment when her voice racked the soul with the poignant harmony of its expiring tones—she stopped of a sudden, and with fixed look, and outstretched neck, in the attitude of deep listening:—

"I do not hear the orchestra," she slowly muttered, 'the lights burn dimly—every thing is silent around me!—Oh! God!' she cried with a deeper accent of despair.—'He too!'—and her hand seemed to point at a spot, where her look was directed.—'He, too, is silent! He, whose life-breath, they said, I was!'—she added with a mysterious voice.—'Why is he not there?—Why comes he not?'

"My brain was bursting;—I sprung to her—tried to draw her to my bosom; but I had barely touched her dress, when a shudder crept over her from head to foot, and her features revealed a physical suffering which chilled me into terror.

"Stay! oh! stay, Gina!" I exclaimed. 'I have suffered so much since I saw thee last—so much! Oh! come nearer to me—let me touch thee—touch thee but this once, Gina! Torments, absence, disease, madness—a song of thy voice has melted them all away!' She looked at me with a dreamy eye, as she hurriedly passed her hand across her brow, as though searching the records of memory.

"Oh! yes! yes, I know thee—know thee well, now—thy name is—Hist!—*Nessun maggior dolore, che ricordarsi!*' and she began to sing the first lines of an episode of Dante's *Inferno*—the tearful tale of Francesca da Rimini, so aptly and beautifully introduced as a gondola song in the opera *d'Otello*. My look was lightning—there was a huskiness in my voice, which broke my utterance:—the very ground crumbled under my foot. I sprung—I locked her in my arms—my parched lips all but stamped her brow with a kiss—a glowing seal of purity and love, hoarded, like

a stolen treasure, for years within my breast. But she laughed a maniac, chilling laugh—wrenched herself out of my grasp, and disappeared like a shadow through the foliage. I pressed on her steps—but the moon shone no longer; the clouds had veiled her light, and the sky was dark—dark as my own feelings. Frenzied with despair, madness, and love, I scaled the garden walls, and after wandering over the deserted streets of Verona, not knowing, nor seeking to know whither I went, I reached my dwelling with a burning fever. I may not say what happened to me during that time; for the days rolled unnoticed around my unconscious senses. Restored to life and to reason, that night of tears, of passion, and of delirium, haunted me with its vague hopes and mysterious words. I remembered me that all Verona had formerly spoken of the sympathy, which the Prima Donna cherished for me; as incredulous as formerly, I smiled at my reminiscences: but I had the conviction, at least, that my passion had told in the sum of her feelings;—I had not crossed her life, like a joy which passes on and is forgotten as soon—like a day which another day sweeps on its wing, to make room for another and another! And then a fearful uncertainty tossed me into a thousand tortures. I thought of my days of madness: I fancied that I was still deluded by the feverish dreams which mocked me then;—that night of delightful agonies vanished in the doubtful distance—my mind was too weak to bear the load of this overpowering happiness—and even vanity dwelt on its remembrance as a mockery of the brain. And yet, like a fallen angel, I knew not what gloomy despairings, brightened by a confused idea of heaven, worked madness within me—what memories of the past beat the blood back to my heart, whenever Gina's image passed across my mind. In this state of physical and moral prostration, I lingered for a long time—I don't know how long—as soon as I had recovered my strength I resolved to visit the theatre, which had once been the world to me. I painfully dragged myself through its peristyle, and fell exhausted on the last seat, next to the orchestra. For me, Gina still hovered over the desert hall; and the past, with its real dreams, rose up before me. I shall never tell you of my joys nor of my sorrows. Who has not visited sometimes, after the conflicts of life, the batterings of the storm, the pure, the holy spot, where the morning of our existence was spent? Who has not wept over a tomb? Sighed over hearted memories—those wrinkles of the mind, which time writes on the spirit?

"The curtain was not yet drawn—the first accordances of the overture had not stolen, in shivering influences, over the spectators, when an unwonted stir was visible in the assemblage. Every look was directed, with a blended feeling of pity, interest and admiration, towards one of the front boxes, next to the proscenium, in which a veiled female had just appeared. I need not to have looked at her features—to have heard her name echoed by the idolatrous crowd: I knew her intuitively; her appearance brought to my heart something like the remembrance of a heavenly melody. I listened not to the *Don Giovanni*; and yet all the emotions of that sublime of musical conceptions, I felt it, were clashing and contending in my frame. I came as near as possible to the box, whence Gina drew painful pleasures from another's triumphs. There—next to her—parted but by one board—I breathed the perfumes, which floated around her, redolent of heaven. I told the palpitations of her full bosom, as it heaved to the wild concord of sounds. The actress, who bore the part of Anna, was rapturously applauded—each burst of acclaim was a jar on my feelings—I mournfully shook my head, and felt a secret spite against the deserving artist; I was as jealous of Gina's glory as it had been mine own. Yet Rosetta was Gina's friend: younger than she, by a few years, she had received

instruction at her hands—to her she was indebted for her talent—her success—as well, perhaps, for a high sense of generous and delicate gratitude. Gina cheered her on with her looks and gesture; the triumph of the young aspirant was complete: she was called for and crowned at the close of the performance; but, with a look of deep, eloquent affection, she advanced to the front box and held out the chaplet to her friend, who put by the proffered tribute. I sprang from my seat—caught it up as it fell from Rosetta's hand, and bending over her, the loadstar of my life, I placed it on her head, and exclaimed, in the enthusiasm of my long pent up feelings: 'To Gina, the queen of song!' Thunders of applause answered my voice. Gina rose up, weak, and sickly as she was, but radiant with joy. She rested her hand on my shoulder; in the very wildest of the intoxication of her glory, she had a look for me; her lips murmured my name as she sunk, exhausted, into her seat. At that instant Rivoli rushed in the midst of this scene of delirium, and tore his wife from those fitful gleams of joy, which momentarily flickered across the waste of her days.

"I was convinced now, it was no dream of mine—no vision of my feverish nights. Gina knew my name—was aware of my admiration; and perchance she remembered that she had spoken to me in one of her nights of wandering. A faint hope restored me to something like reason: I shaped scheme after scheme—I understood events that passed around me—Gina was dying hourly—I spent my days and nights, devising means to restore her to health and life. I heard of a famed physician, who had lately come from London and taken lodgings in this house. I went to him. 'Should you save her,' said I, 'I am bound to you. Not my fortune alone; but my blood, my heart, my life shall be yours.' He questioned me. He had already been called for, and had found her in the last stage of a hopeless marasmus, the cause of which he could not define. The only man that could have enlightened him, the duke de Rivoli, kept him in ignorance on the subject. I resolved to instruct the doctor. 'Can you not see that this aspiring spirit, baffled in its thirst of excitement and emotions, is pining away under the weight of tedium, to which she is condemned by the necessity of rank and opulence? The artist has put on the ducal coronet, and yet they ask why Gina is withering away! Glory! give her but the breath of glory!—do but restore her to her element, and she will bloom again!' The doctor advised, and the duke repelled the idea with something of scorn. The man of physic insisted on the necessity; Rivoli became convinced, beyond doubt, that his wife must die, unless the means, in contemplation, should be immediately resorted to. She was essential to his happiness: he did for self what he would not have done for her. He promised all that the physician required. Hope and joy have somewhat recalled Gina's strength; to-night she will be restored to the boards, to Verona, to life! Five minutes hence, and I shall again hear her voice. Do, tell me, do you think that excess of bliss has the power to kill?"

The clock told seven. The crowd rushed out of the hotel, and took the direction of the theatre. Valterna clasped his sword, flung his mantle across his shoulder, grasped the foreigner's arm, and soon reached his seat by the orchestra.

After the performance of the overture of *Romeo and Gioletta*, the curtain was slowly raised; the orchestra was hushed, and such was the religious silence, which settled over the hall, that the last echoes of music could be plainly heard as they rose in the air, like a vocal cloud, vibrating over the spelled audience, and breaking against the frescoes of the dome, like the undulations of the tossed waters against the marble basin that prisons their play. When Gina appeared every head was uncovered, and with one spontaneous

move the whole crowd rose up, like a single man. Not a shout, not a murmur, not a gesture—no joy, no enthusiasm came from the voiceless audience; there was but sympathy and commiseration; and it was a rare sight to mark all those dark and eloquent faces, bronzed by the Italian sun, stamped with the evidences of a common grief, in the midst of the glare of luxury and the elegance of fashion. Gina slowly stepped forward, with fireless eyes and sunken cheeks, yet beautiful, still, in the extremity of her sufferings, in her long widowhood of glory—beautiful as the young and bereaved bride, who has just laid by her mourning dress, yet cannot all conceal the traces of her tears. When she reached the edge of the scene and gracefully bowed to the speechless admirers; then did the crowd, like a bomb over a sleeping city, burst in one simultaneous and deafening acclaim. The lights flickered as the oscillations of the voices, like an air spout, rose from the pit to the galleries; the boxes gleamed with the sparklings of jewels, and then there was a waving of scarfs, a nodding of feathers, through the perfumed atmosphere, and a scattering of flowers about the idol: she was truly sublime at that hour. Her dark and feverish eyes glared with the light of inspiration; she stood like the pythonesse, panting under the obsession of the deity; the springs of her spirit had resumed all the buoyancy of youth. Oh! how beautiful she looked, with her pale and passionate face—her bosom, heaving impatient of the torrent of harmony, that struggled for a burst! She sang as she had never done in her proudest days! Excited by the frantic plaudits, throughout the whole of the opera, she towered above every thing that Italy had hitherto boasted of in her proud array of genius and harmony. The very energy which she poured in her strains astonished even herself; and she told Rosetta, at the end of the third act, that it seemed to her that a voice, other than her own—a magic voice—exhaled, full, deep, and sonorous from her lungs. The part of *Romeo* was sustained by Rosetta. Her deep-toned and incisive *contralto* voice had been successfully tutored by Gina's instructions; and now she shared in her triumphs, her enthusiasm, and her inspirations. She laid her in the coffin, which, at the close of the third act, receives the sleeping Gioletta under the seeming appearances of death, loosened her rich and raven tresses, fixed the chaplet of white roses on her brow, and kissing her with sisterly affection: "Happy and restored," she whispered, and Gina smiled a kindly answer.

The crowd were plunged in deep expectation—the curtain rose amidst the lugubrious accompanees of a solemn dirge. *Romeo* appears, sings the *recitativo* of the last act, removes the lid from the mouth of the sepulchre, and finds his love in the room of the foe-man, whom he has killed—wings his arms with all the energy of despair—drinks the poison cup, which is destined to unite him with his Juliet—comes back to give her a last farewell—raises her in his arms—

Here the public rose up in a body. Rosetta shrieked in terror, and the frame, which she had lifted, fell stiff and stark into the coffin, where Juliet should have awakened—Juliet woke not.

So many and deep emotions, long lost, and long wished for, when found, and experienced with so delirious a power, had shattered the frame, already worn by disease.—Gina had died, with the last and proudest of her triumphs, amidst the soft and religious strains of the godlike Zingarelli. The truth flashed more powerfully on two of the spectators; they sprang on the theatre from two opposite points. The duke of Rivoli was the second; Valterna the former, who yelling with fury, blaspheming heaven, fell at the feet of the lifeless corpse, and woke from this trance, a crazed, gray-haired man; seared in feelings and blasted before his time.

PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERING.



FAC SIMILES OF THE SIGNATURES OF

James Monroe

J. C. Calhoun

THE WIDOW.

BY T. H. BAYLY.

THERE has always been to me a fascination about OLD WOMEN! Some may deem this a strange avowal,—but why? It is the glory of man to avow admiration for the fairer, and, alas! the weaker sex; and if woman, in bloom of youth, and pride of beauty, be weak, and dependent on the attentions of manhood, how much more is she an object of interest and compassion when, sinking into the vale of years, we see her deprived of those who once loved and protected her, and no longer possessing the attractions which, while they last *may* win for their fortunate owner "friends in all the aged, and lovers in the young!"

I am no longer young myself, and this may perhaps account for the eccentricity of my partiality. But let not the reader imagine that I would marry an old woman; far from it. It is at a respectable distance that I admire her, and the tender interest which I feel for her is of that nature, that when I look upon her loneliness, her poverty, her friendless condition—when I see her *as she is*, and think of what *she may have been*, spite of myself my eyes will fill with tears.

I am aware that many sensitively sentimental persons, who would shed tears over the unreal distresses of an imaginary heroine in a novel, would ridicule my sympathy for my old woman; yet I cannot but think that my feelings are excited by a more legitimate cause than theirs.

I have recently lodged in a country town, occupying the first floor of a small house in the high street; and over my head, on the second floor, lives Mrs. Saunders, the widow of a captain in the army. When I took the lodgings I was told that I would find them very quiet, for Mrs. Saunders saw no company, and was "a very regular genteel old lady." And so I found her; her step was noiseless, and her very cough, when she had one, was almost inaudible: she saw no company; and indeed, excepting when she addressed her maid, seldom heard the sound of her own voice. Well might they say that she was *regular*. It is in a cathedral town that we dwell, and regularly every day in the week she attends morning service; twice on every Sunday is she to be seen in her accustomed seat; her daily walk, her meals, her outgoings, her incomings, nay her "down sittings, and her uprisings," seem regulated by clock-work! As she still wears the widow's "inky cloak," stiff cap, and deep-veiled bonnet, I at first concluded she had but recently been deprived of her husband; but I afterwards learned that she had been a "lone woman" for thirty years! She is now upwards of sixty; and she was scarce thirty when he on whom her young heart had lavished all its affections—he whom she had "loved" with enthusiasm, "honoured" with sincerity, and "obeyed" implicitly, was suddenly snatched from her in the very flower of his age. She then thought it impossible to survive him,—yet, thirty years have passed since she knelt by his bedside, with his cold hand in hers; and she still lives, and may live for years!

There comes to many a time when they can say with truth, "I shall never again be happy." But they who speak of "death" as the certain *early* termination of their sorrows, little know how long human nature may survive all its fondest hopes, and all its warmest affections. Like poor old Mrs. Saunders, we may find them after a lapse of thirty years; withered indeed, and changed in appearance, but still, like her, in the garb of wo; or, if that be thrown aside, still bearing in the widowed heart the memory of the past.

I have owned my predilection for OLD WOMEN; had

it not existed, Mrs. Saunders and I would probably have been to this hour unknown to each other. Besides, *all* old women do not indiscriminately interest me: had the widow been a woman of ringlets and rouge; with a bonnet with a pink lining, short petticoats, and shoes with sandals, I should have hated the sound of her venerable *trip*, and should probably have done every thing in my power to annoy her.

But *my* old woman had none of these; deep was the crape upon her black bombazeeen gown, but often deeper were her sighs as she walked slowly down our little staircase. There was a dejection in her manner that interested me; and as I watched her from my bay window walking slowly down the street, I thought I never had seen a more sad, nor a more respectable looking old personage.

Loving old women as I had always loved them, *this* old woman appeared more loveable than any I had ever seen!

I was determined to make her acquaintance; but how to manage it without an appearance of impertinent intrusion was not easy: however, though no longer *very* young, I was twenty years her junior, and therefore hoped, that if, by any accident, we became on speaking terms, no imputation of an amatory nature could by any possibility be cast upon her, nor upon myself, even by the inhabitants of a country town.

The opportunity I had often sought at length occurred. I had long seen and admired a fair young girl, the daughter of a gentleman who was my opposite neighbour; for be it known that my due appreciation of old women has not by any means hardened my heart *against*, nor led me to turn my head away *from*, those who have the advantage of being still young and beautiful; but then, I believe I must allow, the consideration that they must certainly one day become old, and lose their beauty, and may possibly become sad and desolate, gives them, in my eyes, an additional interest.

My fair young neighbour was the belle of the place, and her youth, animation, and loveliness entitled her to the distinction: she was the pet of her father and mother, and the charm of her comfortable home; but though idolised by her parents, and admired by all the young beaux of the place, she was not spoilt. She laughed with them *all*, but smiled particularly upon *none*; she was too well brought up, and too innocent, to trifle with the feelings of any.

Our town at length became more gay than was its wont; a regiment was quartered in the immediate neighbourhood, and the officers, in the pride of scarlet cloth and feathers, daily paraded the high street. They were particularly fond of walking on my side of the street, and taking short turns immediately under my window; not that, participating in my love for old women, they were attracted by venerable Mrs. Saunders, but because it gave them an opportunity of looking at the opposite house, the residence of Mr. Mapletoft, the father of our belle.

Mary Mapletoft behaved herself exceedingly well, and did not look at the new arrivals *more* than young people may always be expected to look at novelties of any kind. One young man, however, subsequently joined the regiment, who brought a letter of introduction to old Mapletoft; he was, therefore, asked to dinner, and day after day I saw him call; then join Mary in her walks, and then go at the dinner hour with something like a flute in his hand, or with a little volume resembling a music book. I began to *hope*

that all would end well, as good-natured people always do, when they know nothing about the matter, and mean to hint that they *fear* the worst. It would have been a source of real annoyance to me had I discovered that the young lady over the way was a flirt, only secondary indeed to that which I should have experienced had I found out that the old lady upstairs had been guilty of a similar indiscretion.

I soon ascertained that all was going on prosperously. The officer now visited officially in his capacity of accepted lover, and the happy day was fixed.

What strange commotions did I see on the opposite side of the way! commotions to me (a bachelor) most inexplicable. The knockings and the ringings, and the lawyer-like-looking man, with the boy after him, bearing a blue bag; and then the mantuamakers, with huge receptacles covered with oil-skin, and the sempstress, and the shoemaker, and dozens of persons (whose calling were to me unknown) called daily at the Mapletofts! It was a memorable time—the footman never had a moment's rest!

The day before the wedding, uncles, and aunts, and cousins, arrived from distant places; every room in the house must have been occupied, and where they could have stowed away the servants to this hour I have never been able to conjecture. I never left my window all that day! Of course they must have had a large family party at dinner; yet in the evening, I saw the young couple steal out to walk together alone; and though it was the *last day* Mary was to pass in the home of her youth, she could not resist bestowing an hour of that day upon him with whom she was to pass her life!

Whatever his merits may be, thought I, I am sure she is worthy of *him*; and is *he* worthy of *her*? or, however estimable his character, will their tempers, their dispositions, their habits, suit each other? Will they love in ten years hence as they love now?

This was an unanswerable roverie; and had it called for a reply, there was no one to answer me. My eyes were dim with foolish tears. Though unknown to them, I silently blessed them; and ere I could again see distinctly, the closing door concealed them from my view.

The happy day arrived—the day which was to unite the young officer to his young bride, and to introduce me to my old woman!

Again I took my station very early at the window, and saw the carriages arrive which were to convey the bridal party to church. I then heard Mrs. Saunders leisurely ascending the staircase with her accustomed slow and dejected step; and thinking that the bridal procession would have departed before she could have reached her own chamber, I ran to my door, opened it, and, with great civility, requested that she would “do me the honour of walking in to see the sight.”

I have no doubt she thought that a refusal would appear ungracious and uncivil; for though at first she hesitated, she said, “Thank you, sir—I will not refuse your offer, though the sight you invite me to see is, to my feelings, a melancholy one.”

“A melancholy one?” said I.

But the bustle of departure commenced, and poor old Mrs. Saunders, with unaffected interest, drew a chair to the window.

Old Mapletoft's carriage was first in the line of procession, one of fifteen years' standing, and of the kind which bears the appellation of family coach; but he came as fast as gout and age permitted, and handed into the vehicle his own venerable helpmate. He was in his very best clothes, and his lady adorned with the roses of June, and the feathers from the tale of the ostrich. I must be excused for dwelling on her appearance, for she is one of my *old women*. She was in a terrible flurry, not knowing whether to laugh or to

cry, to be happy or miserable. Mr. Mapletoft then turned to the house, and led forth the bride, who, with her veil down, hastily entered the carriage; then followed another *old woman*, an aunt: and to give due weight to the arrangement, slowly and surely did the old gentleman deposit himself by her side, and away went the carriage.

The next was a new chariot, built for the occasion, belonging to the bridegroom, who sprang into it with a brother officer, who acted as bridesman, and away they went.

The other carriages were to me insipidities. They followed, laden with relatives, and bridesmaids, white satin, and orange blossoms.

Mrs. Saunders rose to depart; “Will you not stay and see them come from church?” said I.

“I have not had my breakfast,” she replied; “I thank you, sir, for your civility, and shall be happy to see you, if you feel inclined to return the visit.”

She left me; but what a point had I gained in one short quarter of an hour! My own old woman had called upon me, and had graciously condescended to say she would receive me in her upper story!

The procession returned from church, and the party partook of a dejeuner; and then I saw one solitary equipage standing at the door. It was the bridegroom's chariot with four post horses, and adorned with the customary bows of white riband. They will soon set off, thought I; and now I think of it, I am sure I should see much better from the room above; of course I should, so I'll go up, and knock at Mrs. Saunders's door.

I did so, explaining that I expected a better view from her elevation. She received me kindly; but seeing her handkerchief in her hand, and her eyes very red, I began to repent my intrusion.

“You will think me very foolish, sir, I fear, but you are welcome; pray bring your chair to the window: do not mind me. It is forty years since I was at a wedding—my own—and—and—I have always avoided being present at bridal processions, and these sad leave-takings; but this happening so immediately opposite to me, and having seen the young bride daily until I felt involuntarily interested for her, it would be folly to draw down the blind.”

“Oh certainly,” said I, pulling the one nearest to me up as high as it would go; “and see they are coming,” I added.

The drawing-room windows were open, and the assembled party crowded into the balcony. The door opened; and, almost carried between her father and her husband, came the bride in her travelling dress. Old Mapletoft gave her one more hearty kiss, and then retreated to the step at the door, meaning to wave his handkerchief as the carriage drove off; but it would not do—the handkerchief went to his eyes, and he made a precipitate retreat. We had but a dim view of the interior of the carriage; but I suspect the bride was leaning back in tears, as I distinctly saw the husband bending over her to offer consolation.

Mrs. Saunders's maid, who was standing behind us, exclaimed, “La! dear me! what a shame to be sure, to make the young lady marry a man what she don't like!”

Mrs. Saunders gave her a look which silenced her; and as the carriage then drove off, and she had seen all that she wanted to see, she went to put away the tea things.

Mary Mapletoft was married to the man of her choice—the only man she had ever loved; and the deep feeling that she displayed, the natural tears she shed at leaving the home and the friends of her early years, were the best surety she could offer to her chosen husband, that to him, and to the home to which he was conveying her, she would become fondly and devotedly attached. The simpering bride who leaves her

parents and her home, thinking of her flounces, and the bows in her bonnet, will make a heartless wife.

But where was the mother all this time? Not at the door with her husband; not on the balcony with her guests! Did she not see the carriage drive away? Yes; and I detected her, and so did the old woman at my elbow. When the bustle of departure began, after kissing her dear Mary again and again, she mounted the staircase more nimbly than was her custom, and locked herself into one of the front bed-chambers.—There she stood; and believing herself unseen by mortal, stretching from the windows to gaze after the last departing carriage, and shedding tears into the handkerchief which she unconsciously was *trying* to wave! It was in Mary's deserted chamber that she stood, and when they were quite out of sight, the blind was hastily drawn down, and I was *glad* I could not see her.

I am not one of those who can look on such scenes unmoved. I passed my handkerchief over my face, gave a nervous sort of cough, and turned round to speak to Mrs. Saunders. She was in an agony of tears! I wanted to be civil, but she waved me away with her hand; and so I thought I would take no notice, and walked to the fire-place. Over the mantel-piece two miniatures were suspended; one represented a very handsome young man in regimentals; the other a very beautiful young girl, in the costume of forty years ago, and to my astonishment it was the exact counterpart of a miniature which I remembered in the possession of my mother, and which, as a boy, I have been permitted to look at *as a treat*.

And a treat it certainly was, for boy or man—Nothing could exceed the beauty of the face and figure; and there was an animation, a laughing expression about it, which would have well suited a representative of Thalia.

As soon as the widow appeared equal to conversation, I told her that I had often seen the *fac-simile* of that miniature, and that I well remembered my mother's having said it was the picture of her early friend Lucy Summers.

"Your mother's maiden name was Fairfield?" said the widow.

"It was," I replied.

"She was the friend of Lucy Summers; and when Lucy was married, she received as a gift the counterpart of the miniature you see there."

"You then," said I, "were also the friend of Lucy Summers, and for you that miniature was painted."

"No," said Mrs. Saunders; "it was not painted for me"—she paused, and then added, "But I remember Lucy well, I remember her as she was when your mother saw her last. Is your mother living?"

"She is," I replied.

"And does she still remember Lucy Summers?"

"So well does she remember her," said I, "that I really think were I to meet her I should know her from my mother's description: she has often talked to me about her, and always spoke of her as the most animated girl she ever knew, and one too whose lot in life had been most happy."

"Did she say *more* about her?" asked Mrs. Saunders.

"A great deal more," I replied; "and as you seem to be interested about her, I will try and remember it. Lucy was the most beautiful girl in the town where she was born; nay, my mother always said that she was allowed by every one to be the belle of the county: she was an only child, the idol of her father and mother, the favourite of all who knew her: her vivacity was contagious; her merry laugh so musical, and so truly from the heart. No party could be dull if Lucy Summers was present. Of course she was much admired by the men, and the offers which she was supposed to have had were not to be counted. I say *supposed*, because Lucy was not one of those who made a

boast of her refusals. If any thing ever made her sad, it was the necessity of saying "*No*," to persons who declared to her that their whole chance of happiness in this life depended upon her saying "*Yes*." At length she was in love herself—a young soldier won her heart; so young a man indeed, that she being herself just "*come out*," it was decreed that they could not be allowed to marry yet. He was to go with his regiment abroad; if on his return after a probation of two years both parties remained of the same mind, the marriage was to take place. The young soldier was in despair, but not so Lucy; she cried indeed most bitterly when he left her, but she did not doubt his constancy; and often has my mother seen her flying to the post office, and returning in triumph with a long expected letter. When at length her lover returned, he found her the same gay laughing beautiful Lucy he had left—only more maturely beautiful, and more gay when meeting him than ever. My mother said that her cheerfulness was that of buoyant nature, that it seemed calculated to resist the buffets of the world; and that if she be now living she is in all probability the most active, cheerful, smiling, round-faced, chatty old body that ever was seen."

"It is not improbable that your mother and she may yet meet," said Mrs. Saunders; "and then she will have an opportunity of judging for her herself: I am acquainted with her present residence, and—but go on."

"I have said nearly all I know," said I. "The young couple were married; and though Lucy deeply felt her separation from her parents, she was devotedly attached to her husband; and when my mother last saw her, it was at her own house, by the side of the husband she adored, and her face was as beautiful and her laugh as merry as ever."

Mrs. Saunders was silent for a moment, and then said, "I was thinking of Lucy Summers's marriage this morning when you saw me so deeply affected.—Like her the bride is married to a soldier—like her she wept at leaving her parents' roof. Oh that the similitude may end there! Lucy Summers became an early widow. For weeks, for months she watched by the bedside of a dying husband—without hope she saw him linger, and at length he died in her arms."

The old lady became much agitated, and when she paused, I said,

"You knew her well, it seems, and must sympathise with her. It is fortunate, however, that misfortune fell upon one of her cheerful disposition—so buoyant, so elastic, as my mother said, that though deeply afflicted by her loss, she doubtless has long since rallied."

The pale, wrinkled, dejected, desolate old woman before me, removed her handkerchief from her eyes and in a faltering voice exclaimed—"I was Lucy Summers!"

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

The competent American *litterateur* has a glorious career before him. So much is there in that magnificent country, hitherto undescribed and unexpressed, in manners, scenery, morals—that all may be wells, from which he may be the first to drink. Yet, it cannot be expected—for it has passed to a proverb, that escape from persecution and detraction, can never and no where be the lot of literature—that there will not be many instances, even in America, where every attempt, on the part of gifted writers, (and young writers especially, who are commonly regarded with eyes of invidious jaundice by the elders, whose waning reputations they may through industry either supplant or explode)—will be rendered an uneasy struggle, and sometimes almost a curse, by the envy of those who deny approval, while blind to success; and the affected disdain of those who exaggerate demerit. Yet these obstacles warm the spirit of honest ambition, and enhance its inevitable conquests.—*Bulwer*.

GOD BLESS LAFAYETTE.

WRITTEN AND DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE,

BY SAMUEL CARELS, JUN.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY L. MEIGNEN.

MODERATO.

dolce. *mf* *>*

Peace be with him, who fill'd with patriots' fire, Stood forth to

have the bloody des-pot's ire; To save a peo-ple burst from

ty-rants' chains, To soothe their hearts, and mi-li-gate their pains:

p *mf* *p* *f*

Detailed description: The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'MODERATO.' and a dynamic of 'dolce.' The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the first line of lyrics: 'Peace be with him, who fill'd with patriots' fire, Stood forth to'. The third system contains the second line of lyrics: 'have the bloody des-pot's ire; To save a peo-ple burst from'. The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics: 'ty-rants' chains, To soothe their hearts, and mi-li-gate their pains:'. Dynamics include 'p' (piano), 'mf' (mezzo-forte), and 'f' (forte). The piano part features various textures, including arpeggiated chords and block chords.

God bless La - Fayette! God bless, God bless La - Fayette.

p *mf* *f*

f *ff*

2d VERSE.

A foe to slav'ry, and blest freedom's friend, He always had a
will - ing hand to lend; His aim to aid the virtuous and the just; To
go in peace from whence he came, to dust: God bless La - Fayette! God bless, God bless La - Fayette!

3d VERSE.

The solemn tomb now holds those blest, those blest re - remains, That once were fill'd with
care and world - ly pains; And on the o'er-topping slab is mark'd the name Of La - Fayette, who acted
not for fame: God bless La - Fayette! God bless, God bless La - Fayette!

SCRIPTURAL SKETCHES---No. VI.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

Destruction of Jerusalem.

He stood beside the temple. On its domes
 And garnished capitals the sunlight played
 In chequered radiance, like the changing hues
 That fleck the dying dolphin. At his feet
 The "city of ten thousand columns" lay
 Basking in marbled beauty—a vast tomb—
 A whitened sepulchre of living death—
 A hideous Golgotha of dead souls.
 As from the temple's heights his eye looked down
 Upon the guilty millions, his full breast,
 As a fond mother's o'er an erring child,
 Yearned o'er the city he had failed to save,
 Like a devoted Sodom.

His mission had been slighted—time there was
 For mercy and for penitence; but now
 The cup of their iniquity was full,
 And e'en as on her golden pillars gleamed
 The fading light, the sun of peace went down
 To rise no more on Salem; and he stood
 With pensive face and mournful pitying eye,
 And as the page of history unrolled,
 He read her guilt—her destiny—her fall,
 And o'er the coming devastation wept:

Jerusalem! Oh! that to thee the time
 Of thy blest visitation had been known;
 Then thy vast palaces, and towers sublime,
 Earth-strown and lone,
 Had not become a seat for desolation's throne.

Peace and the things of peace from thee are hid,
 Removed for ever from thy guilty eyes;
 And shrouded hopes sleep 'neath her coffin lid;
 Hadst thou been wise,
 Thou hadst not dared the storm of God's dread
 mysteries.

The sunshine of thy glorious radiance sets
 In tarnished lustre on thy beauteous home;
 And gloom is gathering round thy minarets,
 In clouds that come
 To bathe in fire and blood, gold pinnacle and dome.

Foes shall beleaguer thy devoted wall,
 Thy ramparts fail—thy battlements be riven—
 The heathen shout amid thy temple's fall;
 And fierce be driven
 The ploughshare o'er thee, of the wrath of heaven.

Jerusalem? how have I sought to bring
 Thy gates to gladness: Oh what have I done
 To woo thy children under mercy's wing;
 Ah stiff-necked one!
 Thou hast despised my love, and art, alas! undone.

Sedition now the reeking blade had sheathed,
 To lift her blood-stained hands in prayer to heaven;
 And from Judea's distant mounts had poured
 The living tide of votaries, to swell
 The pious pageant of the solemn feast.
 It was the hour of eve—the busy hum
 Of enterprise had ceased—still was the air,
 Each drowsy echo slumbered in its cave,
 And the vast city's supplication rose
 In voiceless mockery of prayer to heaven.

Upon the ear of silence stole the sound
 Of martial music, and the distant tramp

Of marching legions—louder grew the peal,
 And nearer, till the tramp of battle rung
 In blast of death adown the valley's side,
 Startling its echoes; and upon the top
 Of Olivet, the Roman eagle waved
 Her wings above embattled legions there,
 Gleaming, amid a grove of shining spears,
 In all the golden panoply of war.

Then shrunk the timid bosom with dismay,
 While the roused blood, like lightning, coursed the
 frame
 Of Judah's warriors, waking all their ire,
 And in the burst of passion was exchanged
 Worship for warfare—the soft timbrel's notes
 For the loud trump—the censor for the sword,
 And sacrifice for murder.

Salem's sons,
 In garb of battle, mailed proof, arrayed,
 Stood forth the guardians of her holy towers,
 Fencing the wall with palisade of spears,
 Or cooling in the fount of Roman blood
 Their thirsty falchions in the flying rout.
 Beneath the walls in wildest horrors raged
 Making sad havoc warfare; while within,
 Faction with torch infernal lit the fires
 Of hellish anarchy and fanned their blaze;
 Hate raised the steel against his brother's life
 And smote—the battlements ran streams of gore—
 And corpses blackening in the sun bestrewed
 The streets, by fratricidal arm struck down.

Dire discord flapped her wings, dripping with blood,
 Mad murder raged. In their paternal halls
 Children were slaughtered in their parents' view,
 Parents before their children; and the steel
 Steeped in the life-fount of the bridegroom's breast,
 Sluiced with its crimson rain the bride's white robe.
 Pious and impious fell—the man, whose heart
 Gloried in slaughter and dark deeds of death,
 Vengeance o'ertook—and the meek worshipper,
 While at the altar yielded up his life,
 E'en with the victims he had brought to God—
 His ephod sheltered not the priest; oppressed
 He sunk profaning with his blood the fires
 His hands had kindled up for sacrifice.

The pestilence from between her livid lips
 Blew poison, and the atmosphere was death;
 Gaunt famine raised her pale and spectral form,
 And hunger, with its sharp and skeleton claws,
 Tore the pained vitals of all things that breathed.
 Whole families fell by fasting; faint arose
 The cry of bread from children as their tongues
 Husky cleaved to their palate; sucklings cooled
 Their burning lips in their dead mothers' blood;
 Parents the morsel from their offspring wrenched;
 And mothers tore the delicate infant limbs
 Their wombs had borne, and gorged themselves
 thereon.

All hope—all love—all pity was extinct,
 All natural affection had grown cold,
 Benumbed by the torpedo touch of wo;
 And as the fainting thousands fell around,
 Straining their eyeballs to the holy house,
 Their only hope, they called on Israel's God,
 And mingling prayers and curses madly died.

Gloom and a deadly night hung brooding o'er
The fated city—unremitting pealed
The thunder of the engines at the wall,
Cleaving its rocky side—fiercely arose
The din of battle in the deadly breach,
The clash of arms and the victorious shout,
As o'er the prostrate battlement the tide
Of war rushed headlong, and the Roman bands,
Bristling with spears, circled the house of God.

Here hope's last anchor rested to the Jew,
And in the expiring struggle fury nerved
Each arm with desperation—ferce around
The conflict maddened—from the temple's top
As from a citadel the deadly shower
Of darts streamed wildly—and the very priests
Poured down in iron hail, the palanques
Uprooted from the roof, with impious hands.

Then, when the firmness of the rocky wall
Defied the engine's iron shock, the torch
Raised its dread voice of vengeance, and consigned
To devastation's flames the holy pile.
Within the sacred courts, where 'mid the wings
Of cherubim veiling the mercy seat,
The awful presence of the Mighty sat
In shadowy glory, sacrilegious waved
Her plumes, the Roman eagle; where came down
Upon the sacrifice the hallowed fire,
Breathing to heaven its savour, rolled on high
The heathen brand its clouds of smoke and flame;
And in the holiest holy, where the foot
Of priest with no irreverent echo broke,
The sacred stillness of th' indwelling God,
Sounded the heavy tread of bloody feet
And the loud curse of battle.

Mute despair

Held for a time their senses as entranced;
But as the fiery ruin wider spread
One long loud voice in wildness pierced the air.
Mount Poreas' distant tops and Olivet,
In awful echoes uttered back the sound;
And the insensate dying op'd their eyes,
Gazed wildly on the scene, summoned their strength
Into a desperate effort—shrieked and died.
Fierce blazed the temple's dome—its pinnacles
Towered up to heaven in pyramids of flame,
'Till the heaved pillars from their bases reeled,
And the vast house of God in thunder came
Strewing the earth with ruins.

Fire and sword

Sped onward, till of all that holy pile
On whose high capitals the clouds reposed,
Whose pillars with rich garnishing of gems
Poured back the sunlight in a stream of fire,
Not e'en a solitary stone remained
To mark the desolation.

Original.

**LINES, SUGGESTED BY A VIEW OF
POTOMAC RIVER.**

BY J. A. YOUNG.

I stood by the side of that dark flowing river,
When the wind swept in blasts o'er the silver-
capt wave,
And heard the loud scream of the curlew and plover,
As they flapp'd their light wings o'er the lone Indian's
grave.
No more shall the flame of the blithe beacon burning,
Cast its gleam on the wave of Potomac's dark water,
To tell to the heart of the father returning,
The bliss that awaits him, the smiles of a daughter;

That smile is no more, and the rude sounds of mirth,
Are banished the home of the wild Indian rover,
And gone is the fire that once blazed on his hearth,
Which the fiend must have paus'd ere he darken'd
for ever.

The stars are as bright, when at midnight they pour
Their soft flood of light o'er the deep swelling tide,
But the Indian is seen to brave tempests no more,
To bear his rude gifts to the home of his bride.
Her song has been hush'd 'neath the lone weeping
willow,
And she twines not the wreath for her warrior's
brow,
The bride now is sleeping on death's icy pillow,
And the warrior dreams not of blood yet to flow.

But who is the stranger that shrinks from the gale?
Which howls for revenge o'er the dark flowing river,
Is such the destroyer, now trembling and pale,
Who quench'd those blithe fires, to blaze again,
never?
Loud at night, 'mid the noise of the dread threat'ning
storm,
A voice seems to mourn when that tempest is howl-
ing,
And I think that I see the red warrior's form,
Glide o'er the dark wave, in sullen pride scowling;
But he may not revenge the foul wrongs of his race,
His betrayer still lives to betray and deride,—
Then peace to his shade in its lone resting place,
And the shades of his kindred who sleep by his
side.

Original.

AUTUMN.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

Upon the summer bowers,
Where beauty's fingers twined,
In gay festoons, the flowers,
To tempt the amorous wind:
Death and decay are stealing,
Sadly their gloom revealing;
For there have blown
Autumn's day withering breezes,
Bringing its pale diseases
Like love's sirocco breath,
Which glooms to lingering death,
Its victims lone.

Sadly the streamlet gusheth
In low and plaintive tone,
The pale grove hectic flusheth
Its joy and greenness gone;
While melancholy sighing,
For their pale children lying,
Come from the trees,
As o'er their cold grove spreading
Their arms, their tears are shedding
At eve the dews of wo,
While mournings deep and low
Swell on the breeze.

Decay is on the mountain,
Darkness upon the hill,
A shade upon the fountain,
A shadow on the rill;
The frost the glade is cropping.
Fruits, flowers, and shrubs are dropping.
Beauty—perfume,
Are gone, and robbed in sadness
The face that once was gladness,
Nature with mournful eye
Shows man his destiny,
This certain doom.

Original.

AMERICAN CHARACTER.

NO. 1.

EVERY man not wholly destitute of sentiment or sensibility is feelingly alive to the preservation of his character, and must feel a deep interest in the character of his nation, in the *bonne* or the *mauvaise odeur* of which he must more or less participate. Such a man will rejoice when she is duly appreciated; lament when she merits reproach; and feel indignant when she is assailed by calumnies, as we have so very often and so provokingly experience! and his indignation will rise in proportion to the extent of the calumny, and more especially when it proceeds, as it too frequently does, from those who make that base return for boundless kindness and hospitality, which, on no other ground than their being strangers, could they claim; for, in many instances they have been deficient to that address and those manners, which might entitle them to a kind and cordial reception.

There is no country on the globe, that has been more foully belied than this; and, for the honour of human nature it is to be regretted, that among the chief of the calumniators are to be found men who had experienced a degree of kindness and hospitality that would have warranted them in overlooking and drawing a veil over real defects or vices, or at least placing the good national qualities in strong relief against their opposites, instead of adding to the torrent of slander, which, from the commencement of the *Quarterly Review*, to the present hour, has been discharged upon this country.

Feeling indignant at this state of things, and desirous of applying a remedy as far as possible, I have made a selection of extracts bearing strong testimony in favour of the United States, or offsets derived from the manners of their own countries, from various travellers in this country, and, among others, from some who have slanderously abused us. To the favourable testimony of the latter assuredly no objection can be made.

I know this undertaking will be regarded by many persons as superfluous. They assert that we ought to treat the aspersions with silent contempt, as wholly unworthy of notice. With this doctrine I cannot by any means agree. It is unfortunately too true that the purest private or the most exalted national character is in a greater or less degree, injured by calumny. When a Spaniard, a Frenchman, or a German, who knows nothing of this country from personal experience, reads the accounts of a Weld, a Parkinson, an Ashe, a Trollope, *et hoc genus omne*, and finds the national character portrayed in degrading colours, how can he tell whether or not the whole is a tissue of falsehood or a genuine portrait? In what other mode than by the narrations of travellers is national character generally appreciated? Nineteen twentieths, perhaps I might say ninety-nine in a hundred of mankind "never go abroad to roam," and therefore have to depend for the character of nations on those narratives.

I am far from pretending that travellers, even of the most candid and friendly disposition towards us, may not find much to censure. Were it otherwise, we would form an exception to all general rules respecting national character. It is a melancholy truth, that we have not fully availed ourselves of the inestimable advantages that we possessed, to an extent never surpassed, when our national career commenced; and it is to be regretted that we do not profit by the judicious castigation which we sometimes receive from those travellers, who, though kindly disposed

towards us, see and point out our failings, and that we do not try to reform our faults as we ought to do.

We are, on the subject of the criticism of foreigners, a strange people. We cannot bear either praise or censure. We have been full as much dissatisfied with some of those who have lauded us, as with those by whom we have been vituperated. In fact, those works, in which we have been abused, have had treble the circulation of those in which candour and fairness have guided the pen of the writer. M. C.

Philadelphia, Nov. 7, 1834.

"When I began to enter into the company of the backwoodsmen, quite off the roads, and where a traveller was seldom or never seen, I found the character of the settlers quite different from what I had supposed. In general they were *open-hearted and hospitable, giving freely whatever they had, and often refusing any recompense*. It is true they always treated me as their equal; but at the same time there was a sort of *real civility in their behaviour which I have often looked for in vain elsewhere*."—*An Excursion through the U. S. by an English Gentleman*.

"Some of our travellers are in the practice of detailing all the disagreeable scenes of low life, which they have witnessed at the taverns; and hence lead their readers to form a very incorrect view of the whole people. If an American traveller in England were to do the same, he would have no difficulty in proving us the most profligate, immoral, and cheating nation on the face of the earth."—*Idem*. p. 147.

"Many of my countrymen, because they have not met with much comfort in these out-of-the-way places have, upon their return home, most unjustly and ridiculously imputed the same want of comfort to every part of the United States. But let us consider that from Vincennes to Louisville is a distance of 120 miles, and that from thence to Washington, by the ordinary route up the Ohio river, and through Wheeling, is 731 miles: so that one of those delicate travellers would be equally entitled to abuse the whole of Great Britain because he might meet with bad accommodations in the Orkneys."—*Idem*. p. 155.

"There is no subject upon which the people of England have been more completely misinformed than upon that of the American character. The writings of interested or ignorant individuals have raised a cloud of prejudice against the inhabitants of the United States, that superior information is only just beginning to dissipate. I, myself, before visiting the country, had imbibed a great deal of this erroneous opinion; and on landing on the American shore I expected to find a people very little civilized, compared with Europeans, and so rough and brutal in their manners towards strangers, that when they knew I was an Englishman they would be almost certain to insult me. Judge then of my astonishment when my own experience proved to me that the people were kind and hospitable; that the manners of the higher classes were nearly as polished as could be found in any European country, and that the name of an Englishman, far from provoking insult was a certain passport to the kindness and attention of every one."—*Idem*, p. 500.

"A traveller passing through the different states cannot fail to remark the great purity with which the English language is every where spoken: indeed, although the population is so much smaller than that of the British empire, yet I am certain that, in the United States, there is a greater number of persons who speak

pure English than even in England itself."—*Idem*, p. 504.

What a contrast between this statement and the ridiculous and absurd assertion of Captain Hall that he never was in a country where he found it so difficult to understand the people or to be understood by them!

"Those vile dialects of which nearly every county in England has its own, are unknown to the Americans; and it is amusing enough, that while we suppose they speak corrupt English, they imagine that we do."—*Idem*, p. 505.

"During this journey, I much admired the forbearance of the Americans and their general good temper. An English Radical travelled in the coach, who had left his own country in disgust, but finding himself a very insignificant personage in America, he did nothing but abuse the institutions of the States, and the people to their face, in the most intolerable manner. I quarreled with him, which was more than the Americans did, who bore with him very patiently, much to their credit and to his disgrace."—*Captain Alexander's Transatlantic Sketches*, p. 350.

They are "polite without being affected, liberal without being ostentatious, and their test of their fellow men is neither the unphilosophical doctrine of *Caste*, the fruit of barbarism, nor the possession of 'the damned earth that places thieves and gives them title, knee, and approbation with senators on the bench,' but moral worth and the cultivation of the natural gifts of God—the only true touchstone of his creatures."—*America and the Americans*, p. 9.

"The disinterested and friendly attentions of the Americans to strangers, had been proved to us in numberless instances previous to our arrival in this quarter of the Union; but in none were they displayed more conspicuously than in the city of Boston, where our reception was such as to cause us instantly to feel at home."—*Idem*, p. 274.

"Although I have more than once had the pleasure to record the polite attentions of the Americans, I cannot omit to mention an instance of the most disinterested kindness, shown to us by some of our fellow-travellers who landed at this place.

"The party had come several hundred miles to visit some of their friends near Plattsburgh with whom they proposed to remain a few weeks. Without the slightest acquaintance with either myself or my wife, beyond that which travellers of congenial sentiments form while journeying together, these friendly individuals invited us in the most pressing manner to accompany them, and to remain as long as we could make it convenient, assuring us of a most hospitable reception, and of their desire to render our stay agreeable."—*Idem*, p. 379.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVERS.

THERE are at Cairo, in Egypt, two very remarkable monuments which attract the attention and observation of travellers and the respect of the inhabitants. The one is called the mosque of Toulon, the other fountain d'El Goury. It is the latter which popular credulity has rendered famous under the name of the *Fountain of Lovers*. The following fragment is extracted from the *Musee des Familles*.

"A thousand tales, contrived by the superstitious imagination of the multitude, enhanced the renown of this fountain: there was not one inhabitant of Hart-Toulon but had always ready a story, more or less absurd, about the singular properties of its miraculous waters—properties very singular indeed as this philter acted, not by attraction, but by repulsion; it created, not love, but hatred. A few drops of it drunk out of the same cup, and at the same moment, were sufficient to inspire horror for the object most tenderly loved.

Affections of long standing, that had overcome the greatest obstacles, found there a sudden end; and more than once had it caused murder to succeed the gentlest feelings.

"All those tales were traced back to a very distant epoch; their ancestors only had been witness to them. What was the origin of that wonder? Why and when had it ceased to manifest itself by facts? Did its miracles partake exclusively of the nature of the liquid, or of the virtues of the personage whom that reservoir had served for a coffin? All these questions remained insoluble. Two things only were positive: the supernatural effects of the fountain existed no more, for indeed the most jealous Mussulman had not, for a great many years back, hesitated to send there for the drink of the Harem; and horses, camels, and asses came there to quench their thirst without giving their masters the least uneasiness about the peace of the stable, or the safety of their loads and riders.

"The Fountain of Lovers possessed, after all, a greater and more real merit. The sarcophagus, which supplied the place of a reservoir, was a cause of despair and envy to all the European antiquaries. The destructive rage of the Arabs and Turks, as well as the excessive avidity of the European antiquaries, had seldom extracted so beautiful a monument from the numerous hypogea of ancient Egypt. Formed of a single piece of granite, this magnificent monolith is cut square at one of its extremities; the other is round. Some authors think they have seen in the beautiful sculptures, which invest it on all its faces, the work of Grecian artists; this opinion, however, has found no credit; now a-days the learned are unanimously attributing the hieroglyphics which decorate it to the chisel of the sculptors of ancient Egypt.

"During the occupancy of the country by the French, the sarcophagus was extracted from the fountain. It was intended to occupy in our museum of antiquities a distinguished place by the side of the objects of art taken away from the gallery of Medicis and from those of Naples and the Vatican. But the stupidity of general Menou, successor to Kleber in the chief command of the army, having occasioned the forced evacuation of Egypt, our *Saxons* saw themselves compelled to leave that monument on the soil from which art had extracted it. The English more fortunate, however, had it shipped on board a man-of-war, and transported to their island. To-day it is one of the principal riches of the chief museum in London.

"This spoliation has been fatal to the renown of the Fountain of Love. The pilgrimage of foreigners has ceased; the mass of the population as they pass take no notice of it; only a few old inhabitants of Hart-Toulon make it at times the subject of their controversy. In one or two generations more, the little stream of water of the mosque d'El Goury, divested of all recollections, will only receive the visits of the ass-drivers and water-carriers in the neighbourhood."

A CHEAT.

A cheat is a freeman of all trades, and all trades of his. Fraud and treachery are his calling, though his profession be integrity and truth. He spins nets, like a spider, out of his own entrails, to entrap the simple and unwary that light in his way, whom he drowns and feeds upon. The common ignorance of mankind is his province, which he orders to the best advantage. He is but a tame highwayman, that does the same thing by stratagem and design which the other does by force, makes men deliver their understandings first, and after, their purses. Oaths and lies are his tools that he works with, and he gets his living only by the drudgery of his conscience.—*Butler*.

Original.

RECEIPTS—BY MISS LESLIE.

LEMON PUDDING WITHOUT A PASTE.

A large lemon, or two small ones.
 Half a pound of butter.
 Half a pound of white sugar.
 Three crackers, grated or pounded to powder.
 Six eggs.
 A tea-spoonful of white wine, one of brandy and one of rose-water.

Grate the rind of the lemon and squeeze the juice, having first softened the lemon, by rolling it under your hand on a table. Grate the crackers, or an equal quantity of stale bread. Stir together the butter and sugar till very light. Then having beaten the eggs very light, mix them gradually with the butter and sugar, alternately with the pounded biscuit. Then stir in the lemon and the liquor.

Butter a deep dish, pour in the mixture and bake it. When cold, grate loaf sugar over it.

Orange pudding may be made in the same manner, adding the juice of two limes to the orange.

A YANKEE INDIAN PUDDING.

One quart of rich milk.
 One pint of molasses.
 Three pints of yellow Indian meal, sifted.
 One large lemon.
 One tea-spoonful of salt.

Pare off and cut into small pieces the yellow rind of a large lemon; lay it in a saucer and squeeze the juice over it. If you prefer flavouring the pudding with spice, prepare a table-spoonful of ground cinnamon, or a powdered nutmeg. Sift your Indian meal.

Warm the molasses, and while it is warm, stir it into the milk, and then stir in the meal, a little at a time. Lastly, add the salt, and the lemon peel and juice; or else the spice.

Dip your pudding-cloth into a pot of boiling water, and then sprinkle it thickly with wheat flour. Pour the mixture into the cloth. There is no better pudding-cloth than a square of coarse thick linen. It is more convenient in every respect than a bag.

If you find that the mixture runs through the cloth, thicken it with a little more Indian meal. Leave a space of about a finger-length all round, for the pudding to swell, and tie up the cloth very tightly, so that no water can get in. If there is the smallest opening at the tying place, stop up the hole with a plastering of wheat flour.

Put the pudding into a large pot of boiling water: and boil it very hard for three hours at least, or rather for three and a half. Keep ready a kettle of hot water to fill up the pot as it boils down. The pudding will not be the worse for boiling four hours.

Eat it with butter and molasses, or with wine-sauce.

With the addition of a pound of currants (washed, dried, and well dredged with flour) or of a pound of raisins stoned, cut in half, and well floured, this pudding will be found greatly to resemble an English plum-pudding, and is much more wholesome, as it may be eaten with safety by children and invalids.

SUET PASTE.

Take some beef suet, and clear it from the parts that are skinny and stringy. Weigh half a pound of the best, and chop it as fine as mince meat. Take a pound and a quarter of sifted flour, put it into a deep dish, scatter a small tea-spoonful of salt among it, and mix with it, gradually, the chopped suet; moistening it by degrees with a very little cold water, till you have made it into a stiff dough.

Then spread some flour on your paste-board, lay on it the lump of dough, and roll it out. Fold it up and roll it out a second time. Then fold it again, and put it away in a cool place till you are ready to use it.

Suet paste should always be used for apple-dumplings, pot-pie, and every thing for which boiled dough is required. If properly made it is much lighter and more wholesome than any boiled paste made with butter. Also it is more economical.

WHITE GINGERBREAD.

Three pounds and a half of sifted flour.
 Two pounds and a quarter of brown sugar.
 Ten eggs.
 A pound and a half of butter.
 A large tea-cup of ginger.
 A large tea-cup of milk; sour, if you have it.
 Two small tea-spoonfuls of sal eratus or pearl-ash.

Stir together the butter and sugar. Beat the eggs till very light, and then stir them into the butter and sugar alternately with the flour, a little at a time. Then stir in gradually the ginger. Warm the milk (which ought to be sour) and while warm, dissolve in it the sal eratus. Stir it (while foaming) into the mixture, and then stir the whole very hard. You may add, at the last, a tea-spoonful of oil of lemon.

Butter some square baking pans. Put in the mixture, as thick as you please, and bake it in a moderate oven. When cold, cut it into squares.

See that the oven is hottest at top, when you bake the cake.

You may make the mixture into a dough, roll it out about an inch thick, and cut it into round cakes with the edge of a tumbler.

It will keep much longer than molasses-gingerbread, and is very nice.

IMMORTALITY.

In antiquity this high theme had some few worshippers, and we of a better day may admire and wonder and be confused at the earnestness and energy of their devotion. "Few and far between" were the rays that reached from immortality to their encumbered vision. The dark dispensation to which their lives were allotted scarcely allowed—much less induced—any reachings beyond the grave. Yet hemmed in and bent as were their wishes and their aims by the evanescence of Time—with what frequency soever and certainly the thought was sealed upon their hearts, as generation buried their dead, that at most a hundred years was the limit of their being—and reckless as this reflection must have rendered them to the true dignity of nature; YET we are informed that the intimation of a mysterious, impalpable and stupendous future, sometimes struck upon them a mark, how, in the whirl of their temporal ambitions and wars and glorious aims and national collisions (the highest aspirations they knew) how they pursued and gazed and stretched forth and strove to catch the dim vision—and when it flitted away, leaving them again starless and trackless—mark how they strained every nerve to follow after and trace back the divinity to her source.

They pierced into the recesses of every science, buried their Genius among the arcana of Nature—sought the subtleties of philosophy, established schools—reasoned, wrote—retired from the palling, paltry world into caves, grottoes, and there mooted the unknown, unseen something.

Then did Socrates, more favoured than the rest, push forward an intense and restless investigation, even until he had well nigh been introduced within the awful veil, to a glimpse of the undiscovered splendours of that scene. There he held the undeviating gaze of his life! There he pointed his faithful followers, and turning his infatuated countrymen there, that they might see and live for ever, he suffered a glorious martyrdom!

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